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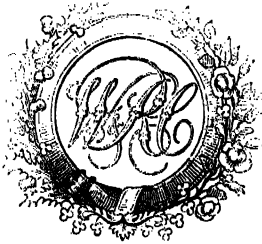
CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

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

VOLUME XI.

Nos. 262 to 267. JANUARY—JUNE, 1849.



EDINBURGH:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,
AND W. S. ORR, LONDON.

1849.

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1849.

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

No. 262. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1848.

AT the close of the year 1847, want of employment, coupled with the information that the particular branch of my trade in which I was mostly employed was unknown in Paris, induced me to leave my wife and four little ones in our native village near the western suburbs of London, and set out for the French metropolis. My voyage, which was a stormy one, was marked by nothing of importance besides my forming an acquaintance with a young sailor named George Barges, who, being of French extraction on the father's side, had friends in Paris whom he was now to visit after a separation of eighteen years. My conversation with this young man in the vessel and in our Boulogne hotel led me to feel a deep interest in him; and finding that his finances were low, I offered him the loan of a sovereign, which with some difficulty he accepted. We arrived in Paris together at six o'clock on New-Year's morning, and drove to the residence of my companion's brother, in an upper floor of a large house in the Rue de la Harpe. I was kindly received by the family, consisting of James Barges, a young *ouvrier*, of handsome figure, but a strong dash of melancholy in his countenance; and his wife, a delicate-looking person, who, like himself, spoke good English. It being a fête day, James dressed himself in his best clothes, and conducted us to some of the gayest scenes in Paris, as the garden of the Luxembourg, and the Champs Elysées, with all of which I was of course much pleased.

We returned in the evening to dinner, when I found a party assembled for the purpose of merrymaking. My host introduced me to M. Vachette, his brother-in-law, whose wife, I gladly found, could likewise converse in the English tongue. It was afterwards explained to me that the two sisters were the daughters of a deceased gentleman; and that, after vainly endeavouring to support themselves by tuition, they had been fain to avail themselves of offers of marriage from a couple of honest workmen. These men, however, found that elegant accomplishments, such as music, painting, and language, but badly compensate for the more homely ones of cooking and cleaning.

The evening passed very cheerfully away, and the kind-hearted James insisted upon my spending a few days with him, while a lodging was prepared for me at his brother-in-law's, M. Vachette, who resided in the Battignolles. In the course of a few days I removed to my lodgings, and then set out, in company with George, in quest of what had brought me to Paris—employment. The first few days we met with no success, it being difficult to convince the French dyers that the English way of finishing was superior to their own. At length, when I had almost despaired of ob-

taining any employment in Paris, and was seriously meditating my return to England, we fortunately entered the shop of Messrs Jolly and Blanc, in the Rue St Martin.

Finding one of the partners within, I exhibited my book of patterns, which seemed to take his eye very much. He asked me a few questions, and then gave me something to do, by way of obtaining a specimen of my work. I returned with it the next day, and was at once engaged at 30 francs [about 24s.] per week, with promises of an advance being made as work became more plentiful. The next day I entered into my new occupation, and found myself an object of no small curiosity to my fellow-workmen, and no small diversion to a bevy of young girls and workwomen at work in an adjoining room; but all were courteous and obliging, and I never was subjected to those cruel mockeries and insults to which we too frequently subject the unfortunate foreigner whom chance may throw among us.

In the establishment of Messrs Jolly and Blanc there were employed nearly sixty individuals, the greater number being females, as, from the low wages given in Paris, it would be impossible to maintain a family without the joint labour of both man and wife, who therefore know but few of the comforts of domestic life as compared with us in England. The meal times in this establishment strangely varied with those in England. We commenced work at six in the morning, and went to breakfast at eleven. At the expiration of one hour, labour was resumed until seven in the evening, at which hour work for the day was done, and we all went to dinner, and for my own part with a very good appetite. I am not disposed to set this system up as an example, as I am convinced, from experience, that nature requires recruiting more than twice a day, when a person's occupation is at all laborious. I am disposed to come to the conclusion, that the employer loses in the end when wages are not sufficient to procure the necessary food to keep up a man's stamina. I am sure, from actual observation, that ten Englishmen would perform the work of fifteen Frenchmen in the same space of time. Doubtless the reader may think me rather prejudiced; but I am ready to admit, at the same time, that my countrymen, with the same quantity and description of food, would perform even less work than the Frenchmen.

It was my custom to take my *déjeuner*, or eleven o'clock breakfast, at a *cuisine bouvyéris* in the Rue Royal, close by the Rue St Martin, where I had ample opportunity of making observations on the mode of living usually adopted by the Parisian workpeople, as the house was much frequented by that class, being the cheapest in the quarter. The *déjeuner* usually consisted of a basin of very poor soup, with a spoonful of any vegetable that you might choose to have put into it,

doubtless to impart a richness to the appearance, if it did not add much to the flavour. For this dish the charge is two sous: after which it is usual to have some very doubtful beef, with a few more vegetables, the charge being four sous; and then, indeed, if money is plentiful, you may indulge in a glass of wine, or some dried fruit, cooked or not, according to taste, for two sous more. It is worth remarking that all the wine and spirituous liquors are very cheap in Paris; the chief drink of the poorer classes is water to both breakfast and dinner, some few mixing with it a little wine. The dinner consists of nearly the same, with little variety, unless you choose roast meat instead of boiled. At both meals it is customary to eat a large quantity of bread.

The Parisian workmen take much more pride in their appearance than the English. It has been the subject of notice with many that few untidy or ragged persons are to be met with in the streets; and I observed that most of my fellow-workmen kept a working suit at the factory, which they changed night and morning.

I soon became accustomed to manners and habits which had been at first rather strange to me. I found my master very kind and affable with all his workpeople, treating them more as his equals than his dependents; and I think in return he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness to serve under him. The whole of the people in his establishment seemed to live on the beat of terms with each other, and all were kind and obliging to me. The laughter of light hearts, and the merry song, sounded loud and often through the factory.

The first few weeks passed pleasantly enough. Monsieur and Madame Vachette did all that lay in their power to render my situation at their home comfortable; and from the kindness of Madame Vachette, who had once been a teacher of the English language, I soon made considerable progress in my French studies. My evenings were chiefly spent in company with my friend George, at the lodgings of his brother, who always received me with the greatest of hospitality—sometimes, I was even fearful, with more than their limited means justified. The frost at this time was very intense, the Seine being in some places completely blocked up with ice. Towards the middle of February the weather became mild and genial. Trade, which had received some check from the frost, began to revive. I found full employment for both time and money, as it was necessary that part of my wages should go towards the support of my little ones at home.

It was about this time that I first heard of the proposed banquet, the forbidding of which ultimately cost Louis Philippe his throne, and led to much bloodshed and disorder. On the ever-memorable morning of Tuesday the 22d of February, I was proceeding as usual to my employment, when on reaching the Boulevards, I found groups of workmen and others reading the official proclamation prohibiting the meeting. The crowds seemed very much excited, and gave vent to their feelings in loud and angry exclamations. At the guard-house, instead of the one solitary sentinel, the whole front was occupied by the military, all armed and ready to act at a moment's warning. On reaching my place of work, I found those who had arrived before me clustered in groups, discussing the probable events of the day.

Nothing of any note attracted my attention during the morning, beyond vague and contradictory reports of conflicts between the troops and the people. At eleven, I went as usual to breakfast, when I was somewhat startled by observing a large tumultuous assemblage enter Rue St Martin from the Boulevards. The foremost was an *ouvrier en blouse*, bore a piece of red cloth on a staff, as a substitute for the terrible *drapeau rouge*, and for the first time I heard the French cry, 'Vive la Réforme!' The progress of this mob, although unmarked by any species of wanton outrage that I could observe, spread consternation and alarm through all the neighbourhood. I was somewhat amused

by observing a perfumer who lived nearly opposite removing, with all possible despatch, the royal arms from the front of his shop.

On returning to my work, I found the shop closed, and all the workpeople departed, as now indeed were all the shops in the street. On reaching the Boulevards, I found everywhere immense assemblages of people, and great excitement. The shops were closed the whole length of the Boulevards, from the Porté St Martin to the Madeleine, and thousands of heads protruded from the windows, all very evidently expecting something to confirm or ease their apprehension. I proceeded down Rue Royal to the Place de Concorde. Here I found a strong military force of horse and foot. I next visited the Rue St Honoré. Here things wore a more serious aspect. Some omnibuses and cabriolets had been overturned in several places, the stones had been removed, and an attempt made to form a barricade.

A troop of dragoons were employed to keep the mob from assembling together. They used the flat of their swords, with no very great delicacy of touch, on all who chose to disobey their commands. Much ill-feeling here exhibited itself between the soldiery and the people. The noise of drums now struck my ear: it was the *rappel* beating for the *Garde Nationale*, strongly guarded both in front and rear. A number of young men and boys followed, singing the 'Marseillaise' and 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' Finding the angry feeling far from subsiding, I deemed it most prudent to return homewards; so made the best of my way to the Battignolles.

The next morning I found but few shops open. The guardhouses along the line of the Boulevards, and especially by Portes St Martin and St Denis, were occupied by strong detachments of troops. On reaching my workshop, I found but few of the hands assembled for work. The shop, however, was opened, and I began my daily occupation. It was between nine and ten in the morning that my attention was attracted by a strange hubbub and confusion in the courtyard, immediately under my window. Several persons rushed in from the street, evidently in a state of great terror and alarm. The porter of the house immediately closed the outer gates of the courtyard. Doors were opened and slammed with great violence; the sound of many footsteps hurrying to and fro, the quick shutting of windows, and the hum and confusion of many voices, produced a strange din.

Presently a young girl, who was usually occupied in the front shop, entered my room, and with hurried accents begged that I would assist in shutting up the shop, as most of the men were absent. On descending into the street for that purpose, I found the people running in all directions, pursued by a troop of mounted municipal guards, who laid about them with their swords without mercy. I had scarcely closed the last shutter when the municipals reached the spot opposite our shop, and I was glad to make a hasty retreat. When the shop was secure, I went to work again, the noise still increasing: drums beating, men shouting, women screaming, with crashing of timber, and breaking of glass. But presently I heard the sharp crack of carbines, with louder cries and screams, mingled with yells of defiance and savage imprecations. Gradually the noise became fainter, and soon all was pretty quiet.

Finding all my fellow-workmen were gone, I was reluctant to continue alone; and my curiosity being somewhat excited by the occurrences of the morning, I struck work, and descended into the street, which I found now completely deserted, except by the military; strong detachments of which held it at both ends. They allowed me to pass through them into Rue Royal, where I found the mob had constructed a barricade, which the soldiers were now busily employed in destroying. A vast crowd occupied this street, and all the streets adjoining. Many of them were armed with such weapons as most readily came to hand—as thick bludgeons, pitchforks, hatchets, and sledge-hammers.

Bars of iron wrenched from railings were general; but I observed several with muskets and pistols.

A few paces farther on I saw a crowd surrounding some object on the ground, and singing the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.' On looking through the throng, a melancholy spectacle presented itself: extended on its back lay the corpse of a young man covered with mud and gore.

The people seemed very much excited, and I momentarily expected to see a renewal of hostilities. The turmoil, however, had not taken away my appetite; and I knew, from certain inward signs, that the breakfast-hour was either at hand or past. So, after some hard knocking, I induced Monsieur Macqurie, mine host, to open his door, and prevailed on him to allow me to breakfast. On attempting to return up the Rue St Martin, I was repulsed by point of bayonet, so I passed through a short passage which connects it with the Rue St Denis. This I found also occupied by troops. I gained the Boulevards by another route. On arriving at the guardhouse of the Boulevard des Bonnes Nouvelles, I saw a mob advancing with drums beating in front and flags flying.

There was a strong body of the municipal guards at this spot, with a regiment of the line. The soldiers formed right across the Boulevard, and seemed determined to resist the approaching multitude, who, by their glittering bayonets, appeared well armed. The head of the column halted; a short consultation was held, and then the column wheeled off, crying 'Vive la Réforme,' and singing the never-dying 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

I had promised on the Sunday evening previous to visit my friend George at the apartments of his brother, M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe; and as I had a wish to know how matters stood in that quarter, I determined to keep my appointment. Accordingly I proceeded thither by the way of the Rue Poissonniere, crossing the Seine at the Pont Neuf. I observed a sharp fusillade going on at Pont au Change, the next bridge, while troops were crowding to that point from every direction. The firing soon ceased, and the people gave way. At this moment a fresh body of military, who, by their appearance, had just entered Paris from some distance, passed along the *quais*. They consisted of lancers, dragoons, and horse artillery, with riflemen, and several regiments of the line. Both men and horses seemed dreadfully fatigued, being covered with mud, looking wet and miserable.

All the bridges and *quais* were swarming with troops—light horse, dragoons, and cuirassiers—who were incessantly employed in dispersing the numerous groups, who took every opportunity of assembling together, and venting their displeasure in loud outcries against the ministry, mingled with 'Vive la Ligne!'—'Vive la Réforme!'—'A bas Guizot!'

On reaching the apartments of M. Bargues, in the Rue de la Harpe, I found my landlady, Madame Vachette, there, in great anxiety respecting her husband, from whose well-known republican principles she dreaded some harm would befall him.

James, who was a thorough Communist, spoke in raptures of the approaching struggle, but lamented the blood that must necessarily be spilt before France could break the chains that bound her liberties. Like the best part of those misguided men, he thought the wild theories of Socialism and Communism capable of affording lasting happiness and prosperity to all the human family, and worthy of any sacrifice for their promotion; although I am sure no one possessed a better heart, nor more of the milk of human kindness, than James Bargues; showing how fearfully a false philosophy may distort the best of natures.

His brother George not being within, I offered my protection to Madame Vachette in our way to the Battignolles, as we should have to pass through the thickest of the tumult; the Battignolles being about four miles distant from the Rue de la Harpe. On reach-

ing the Quai de l'Ecole, an officer, dressed in a general's uniform, mounted on a superb horse, halted before a crowd who had assembled there; taking off his hat, he bowed to the populace, and then cried in a loud voice, 'The ministers are changed!' This was received with acclamations, and seemed to give universal satisfaction; at least so far as my own observations went.

On reaching my home in Rue de l'Ecluse in the Battignolles, everybody seemed anxious for information respecting things in Paris; and all now fondly hoped, as the Guizot ministry were fallen, that the disorders would quiet down.

After dinner, it being rather late, for we had waited the coming of M. Vachette, I was engaged in writing a letter to my friends, when George entered and informed us that the people were storming and destroying the Barrier Clichy, an office in the wall of Paris, where the *octroi*, or duties on provisions, are collected on their passing into Paris. I ran down into the street, when I heard tremendous firing in the direction of the Boulevard des Capucines. Three distinct volleys followed each other in rapid succession. The people in the streets stood still amazed. All inquired, but none could tell the cause that led to the firing. I ran through Barrier Clichy, which I found in the possession of the people, and then down Rue d'Amsterdam towards the Madeleine, and on reaching the Boulevard des Capucines, I found all in uproar and confusion; people were hurrying to and fro uttering cries of vengeance. The soldiers had fired on the mob before the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and great numbers were killed and wounded. Two men were carrying the body of a female in their arms; her long hair hung down wet with blood; some others placed the dead in a cart, following it with torches and iron bars, which they had torn up in their fury. They formed a sort of procession, their numbers augmenting every moment. A wild frenzy seemed to animate them. As they proceeded onward, numbers sung, in a low mournful strain, 'Mourir pour la Patrie;' but soon the song of death was chanted to a wild cry for vengeance, 'Mort à Guizot!' 'Vive la République!'

Leaving this column to pursue their mournful march, I returned to the Barrier Clichy by the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and in the Rue Clichy every lamp was broken and extinguished; all the shops closed; and it presented a singular contrast, by its loneliness, to the scene that was now going on in the Boulevard. I had just reached the Barrier. A mob, composed chiefly of young men and boys, armed with clubs and axes, came through: they halted opposite a gunsmith's named Rozvy, in the Rue Clichy: in a few minutes the door and shutters were dashed in, and all the arms plundered. They were engaged in distributing the guns, swords, &c. among themselves, when the sound of horses' feet at a sharp trot came from outside the Barrier, and I could distinguish through the gloom the form of an officer, followed by two dragoons, galloping down the street. Crack—bang—bang went several guns at their heads; with what effect I did not observe, as the night was very dark. The sound of a bullet whistling through the air at no great distance from my head made me think it most prudent to beat a retreat; so I returned to my lodgings, where I found my landlady had arrived before me, and thus allaying his wife's fears for his safety.

I retired to bed, and, strange to say, slept soundly. I awoke about my usual time, dressed, and descended into the streets, more with the intention of gratifying my curiosity than the idea of being able to get to my work.

At the Barrier I found a regiment of the line on guard: I passed through them to the Rue Boulogne, when I beheld two men beating the *rappel* on their drums, followed by about twenty others *en blouse*, with guns. As I proceeded farther into Paris, I heard drums beating in all directions, bells tolling, and the sound of the pickaxe and crowbar. At the church of our Lady

de Lorrette, the people were dragging down the iron railing in front, and removing the stones in the street.

Proceeding onwards, I saw barricades forming about every hundred yards right and left of me. A captain of the National Guards endeavoured to persuade them to desist; but they refused. The *rappel* was beating in all quarters: everywhere National Guards, singly or in parties, were hastening to their places of rendezvous, clambering on the best way they could, for march they could not, the road was now so dreadfully cut up. I would beg my reader to imagine Cheapside in London strewn with broken glass, bottles, pots, and iron railings, diligences, omnibuses, carts, wagons, wheelbarrows, and watering-carts, planks and scaffold-poles, with ladders, barrels, buckets, and articles of household furniture, in fact everything a mob can lay their hands on; and they then may form some notion of the scene which all the principal thoroughfares in Paris presented on that day.

On reaching the bottom of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, I was stopped by the people, who were constructing a very strong barricade, and desired to assist. This I had no particular wish to do, as I knew not how long before it might be the scene of a sanguinary struggle. The method pursued in constructing these street defences was nearly in all cases the same. Where any street vehicles could readily be obtained, they were used in preference to other materials; but as these things were now nearly used up, the mob had no resource but that of paving-stones.

A band of labourers formed line across the street, with crowbars, pickaxes, or bars of iron, with which they loosened the stones. These were rapidly taken up by another line, who passed them on to a third, and so on to the barricade. By these means a barricade was formed in an incredibly short space of time. My station being nearest to the barricade—for they had selected me, on account of my being taller than most of them, to place the stones on the top—I took the opportunity of passing over to the other side, and finally gave them the slip.

On reaching the Boulevards, I found all the fine trees cut down, and placed across the road. Everywhere were traces of the destructive activity of the preceding night. Advancing towards Porte St Denis, I passed a very large body of troops. Dragoons dismounted, standing by their horses; troops of the line, with their scarlet trousers covered with mud; riflemen in their dark-green uniforms; and artillery standing by their guns. With the exception of the military, I was alone on the Boulevard, and the sound of my own footsteps sounded painfully on my ear; for the silence of death reigned amidst thousands, all standing still and motionless as statues. A long line of watch-fires were smouldering, round which they had evidently bivouacked; and the men looked pale and spiritless with excessive fatigue. At the farther extremity of this body of soldiery were placed several pieces of cannon, pointed towards Porte St Denis. My heart sunk within me, and tears started in my eyes, as I thought how soon they might be used in the destruction of my fellow-creatures. I never shall forget the sensations those murderous engines of war occasioned within me.

After passing these troops, and arriving at Porte St Denis, I found an enormous barricade. I climbed over, and was made prisoner in an instant. Again I was set to work, as they were forming four massive barricades at this point—one across Rue St Denis, one in the Faubourg, and the two others across the Boulevard. My condition at this moment was not to be envied: surrounded by savage-looking men, armed to the teeth, in the midst of four stone walls; while opposite the one on which I was employed several pieces of cannon were mounted. Their murderous-looking muzzles, crammed with grape, ready in a moment to pour destruction on all opposed to them, made me feel anything but comfortable.

At this work I was kept, as high as I can guess, about four hours, lifting great stones above my head. At length I sank down upon a heap of stones, perfectly overpowered by fatigue, although my fellow-labourers worked on with undiminished zeal. Perhaps I did not enter into the spirit of the thing so much as they did, for I never shall forget the activity displayed by all classes. The man of evident wealth, in morning-gown and slippers, worked side by side with the labourer in blouse and sabots. All seemed actuated by the same indomitable zeal, and perfect order and good-will seemed to exist among them.

A respectably-attired individual came up to me and inquired in a compassionate tone if I was not fatigued. I showed him my hands, torn and bleeding, my heated brow dripping with perspiration, and my soiled and muddy dress. He entered a wine-shop, and gave me a bottle of wine and a small loaf, which I very thankfully received, and quickly devoured.

Presently I heard a great beating of drums, and on looking over the barricade, saw a body of military approaching from the Faubourg, their glittering bayonets extending as far up the Faubourg as I could well see.

The barricades were manned in a moment, and my heart beat furiously within my bosom. I thought of England, of home, my pretty cottage, my wife and four little ones. I cast a despairing look around, but no chance of escape this time. Still the drums advanced, beating thunders, and then the troops halted; the noise of the drums ceased, and then came a moment of intense excitement. A parley took place between the troops and the people. One orator spoke at great length, and evidently very much to the purpose, although I could not understand half of what he said; but it ended by the soldiers giving up their arms to the people. This was scarcely finished, when another body of National Guards came up. A National Guard, who was with the people, stood on a broken pillar, and waved his hat on the point of his bayonet. The men came rushing over the barricade, and boldly fraternised with the people.

The mob, now mingled with the National Guards, formed line on the Boulevard between Porte St Denis and Porte St Martin. Nearly all now had muskets, although many were armed with every species of weapon. Some had evidently furnished themselves from the theatres and old curiosity shops; some were armed cap-a-pie, like the knights of old; some with Indian war clubs and tomahawks. Among other things, I recognised a very large sword which I remembered seeing exposed for sale as the sword of the executioner of Paris.

A cry now burst from many lips of 'Aux Tuileries! Aux Tuileries!' They formed column, with drums at their head, and began a scrambling march over the numerous barricades down Rue St Denis.

I had read, when a boy, of the awful and sanguinary struggle attending the taking of that abode of royalty; and so, suffering my curiosity to get the better of prudent fears, I followed the throng, who advanced beating their drums, and roaring in chorus the 'Marseillaise,' particularly the words, 'Aux armes, citoyens!' varying it, however, with the eternal 'Mourir pour la Patrie.'

They took the direction of the Tuileries, by the way of Rue Thevenot, crossing Rue Petite Carreau, to the Place des Victoires. At this place they halted, in order to induce a body of National Guards assembled there to join them.

There was here a general inspection of the revolutionary irregulars. Those who had no ammunition were supplied by those who had: a captain of the National Guard took the command; the revolutionary forces formed line, and marched and countermarched round the place. They were now a formidable-looking body—truly picturesque in their blouses and caps—their beards and savage-looking moustaches adding much to the effect, with their now half-military costume, for several wore dragoons' helmets, or the steel cap of days long past. The masquerade rooms had

evidently supplied much to the adornment of many of this motley assembly.

Now again thundered the drums, and again a thousand voices roared the 'Marseillaise,' commencing with 'Allons enfans de la patrie;' but many preferred beginning with the finish, and shouting at the top of their voices 'Aux armes, citoyens!' and by way of variety, gave a few lines of the 'Chor des Girondistes'—

' Mourir pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie !'

for they seldom got over those lines.

'Aux armes! Aux armes! Aux Tuileries!' shouted a thousand voices; and so to the Tuileries they went, and I followed.

On reaching the back of the Palais Royal, a short street separated me from the main body of the insurgents, when suddenly I heard the discharge of a single gun, and then another, and another. This was succeeded by a dead silence; and the few persons who were in the street stopped short, and turned pale, as I daresay I did myself. This lull of a few short moments was succeeded by a deafening roar, produced by the discharge of some hundreds of muskets, with a proximity so close, that the smoke whirled in white wreaths over my head. At this moment a youth, who could not screw his courage to the shooting point, proffered me his gun. I politely declined the offer. Then succeeded an irregular firing, which gradually increased in strength every moment. Then another, and another heavy discharge, fully convinced me that the people were engaged in regular battle with the military.

Gradually the excitement overcame my fears, and my pulse, though quick, beat more regularly. Wishing to obtain a view of the action, I passed into the Rue de Valois, formed on one side by the Palais Royal. At the end of this street the people were firing over a barricade, at what or whom, the volumes of smoke prevented me seeing. One party, with sledge-hammers and crowbars, were busily engaged in forcing the iron gates of the Palais Royal, while others amused themselves by breaking the plate-glass windows with stones and oyster-shells. The lower windows, which were defended by strong iron bars, were battered in, bars, stonework, and all, and the mob entered. This part of the building, I imagined, must have been used as a store, from the immense quantity of wearing apparel that was thrown out and burned in the street. From one window was thrown an immense quantity of bedding, which was likewise heaped on the flames, until the heat became insupportable, and the smoke all but blinding. Some, indeed, set fire to the building itself, which others extinguished, much, however, to their own personal risk.

As the fighting continued, I lost all sense of danger, and soon found myself close to the barricade which ran across the Rue de Valois, from the Palais Royal to a wine-shop opposite.

On looking across the square in which stands the façade of the Palais Royal, I found that the firing on the part of the military proceeded from a guardhouse called the Château d'Eau. On a terrace that ran across the front of this building were stationed three ranks of municipal guards, while immediately below them stood a body of the troops of the line, the whole joining in keeping up a constant fire.

The scene at this moment was one of great excitement. The flash! flash! of the musketry through the white smoke from the terrace and every window of the guardhouse, the beating of drums, waving of flags, and brandishing of swords and pikes, all conspired to deaden the sense of danger, although the sound of the balls striking the barricade, or whistling over my head, bade me remember that I was witnessing a real battle.

As yet I had seen no one hit on our side of the barricade; but suddenly a young man who stood rather above me on the barricade fell backwards among the stones and rubbish at my feet. His teeth were firmly

fixed in his under lip, and his eyes distorted by a fearful squint. In a moment the blood came bubbling through a small purple spot in his forehead, and his features were soon covered with the sanguine dye. His white shirt was also soaked with blood, which ran in a puddle among the broken stones. He was soon picked up and carried away, and I could not refrain my tears at the sight.

In a few moments another fell, shot through the shoulder. His gun fell from his hands: and then what possessed me I do not know, for my excitement was more than can be well imagined, but I had taken the gun of the wounded man before I had given myself a moment's time to consider, and immediately bung went my piece over the barricade! A Garde Nationale supplied me with some cartridges, and from that moment I took my place among the defenders of the barricade.

Although I could never boast of a great share of courage, yet at this moment all thoughts of danger, of home, wife, children, were all forgotten in the fierce delirium of battle. It was like skating on very doubtful ice—we all know it is dangerous, but yet all think they will escape the drowning.

The battle began about twelve o'clock, and it was now nearly one. The people had now possession of the Palais Royal, and the houses on the other corner of the street, from which they fired on the troops below.

Some fought very bravely, standing on the top of the barricade, loading now, firing then. Others, almost on their hands and knees when under the barricade, would rise up and fire, retiring to load. Some indeed stood at the corner of a street some distance up, and fired off their pieces there, which greatly added to the danger of those who held the barricade.

Every time the soldiers fired very heavily, a panic would seize some of the combatants, and these would make off, to take up a safer position high up the street. A little man, who was armed only with a sword, behaved very bravely. He rallied the faint-hearted, stamped and swore, and, followed by a few as desperate as himself, leaped over the barricade. They were received with a deadly discharge, and many a poor fellow rolled over in the mud. The few who were left standing came rushing over the barricade. A panic seized the rest, and some ran out of the street altogether.

But although foiled in their first attempt, again they rushed over the barricade, again to meet with the same repulse, and many with their deaths. It was now indeed a hideous scene. The dying and the dead lay heaped together in pools of blood. Their shrieks and groans rose into the air, mixed with the frantic yells and horrid imprecations of the mob; the muskets kept up a deafening roar, and their red flashes streamed incessantly through the stifling sulphurous smoke. The faces of the combatants were distorted with rage, and many fought on, mangled and bleeding, till they could no longer stand to load and fire.

About this time an officer, whom I afterwards learned to be General Lamoriciere, rode into the square: both horse and rider rolled instantly into the mud. The general rose wounded, I believe, and made his escape.

A captain of the Garde Nationale, the same I think who first led the insurgents, now stood on the barricade waving his sword, and inciting the mob to charge. He was shot through the body, and fell on the other side. But the mob rushed from three barricades at the same time, two being across Rue St Honoré, and engaged in deadly combat, hand in hand, with the soldiers. A deadly discharge came from every window of the post, while louder yells, and cries of agony and rage, mixed in wild and savage din with the unceasing roar of the guns.

As I did not choose to pass over the barricade myself, I could not well distinguish what was doing at this moment, from the mingled forms of the combatants, and the blinding smoke from a quantity of straw, which, plundered from the royal stable, was on fire in front of the guardhouse. Several men passed me with trusses

of straw, and one carrying a large copper vessel filled with oil. At once the dreadful truth flashed across my mind: those human fiends intended to burn the wretched soldiers with their guardhouse. To aid this human sacrifice, the royal carriages were dragged out, and one after the other fired, until at last seventeen gilded carriages stood burning in the square, with an insufferable stench, in one costly conflagration.

The noise of the firing, which had for two hours continued without intermission, now became fainter. I passed over the barricade, and was horror-struck on perceiving the flames rushing from every window of the Château d'Eau, and mounting high above the roof. A few scared and desperate wretches rushed out on the terrace shrieking, and were shot one by one as they appeared; the rest remained inside, and were all burned to death. Of the whole troop, as I afterwards learned, not one escaped.

Heart-sick at this frightful butchery, I made my way over dead and wounded, burning fragments of carriages, and blackened stinking heaps of half-burned straw, through a short street that led to the Place Carrouzel, in which stands the Château of the Tuileries.

The chief portion of the combatants who had been engaged in the destruction of the Palais Royal and the Château d'Eau had again formed into column. Here I naturally expected a repetition of the scene I had just quitted. I threw myself into their ranks. I now had a musket and bayonet, besides a naked sword thrust through my belt, which I had found by the side of an officer of the Garde Municipale, in the Place du Palais Royal. A ferocious-looking ruffian was mounted on a dragoon's horse, which he fastened to one of the royal carriages, and drew it blazing, body and wheels, in front of our column.

Onwards we marched; still no sign of resistance. With drums beating in front, we passed through the triumphal arch that ornamented the chief entrance of the Tuileries. There was still some firing going on, but nothing to wince at. Onward we still marched, crossing the courtyard in front of the château, and entering by the principal gate.

Here was a scene which, though difficult to describe, will never be obliterated from my memory. It was a most splendid palace, glittering in crimson and gold; beautiful mirrors and paintings adorned the walls, and magnificent chandeliers hung from the richly-sculptured and gilded roofs. Marble statues and busts of celebrated generals stood in one magnificent saloon. Rich crimson hangings, fringed deeply with gold, were festooned from the lofty windows, which reached from the roof to the floor, opening to a magnificent terrace overlooking the garden. I ran from room to room, admiring all that in the lapse of centuries art could produce or unbounded wealth purchase.

I found myself at one time in the royal chapel, as yet uninvaded by the lawless rabble that were quickly spreading themselves all over the château. A feeling of reverential awe came over me as I walked up towards the high altar, where stood a large crucifix, seemingly of solid gold. Large wax candles, in massive candlesticks, stood by the altar. This scene of religious solitude contrasted strangely with the work of death and destruction I had so recently quitted, and the noise and turmoil resounding through the building.

After leaving the chapel, I hurried through many splendid saloons and spacious halls, until I entered the throne room. Here the work of destruction had commenced. The throne was torn from under its canopy, and borne away in frantic triumph by the mob. I tore a piece of the gold lace from the gorgeous crimson hanging, to preserve as a memento of the struggle.

And then began the plunder. Beautiful gilt panels were dashed in; desks, boxes, and bureaux were broken open, and their contents scattered over the floor; and soon the palace was one scene of rapine and destruction. Myself and a few others got into what I took to be the housekeeper's room. A fire was still burning on the

hearth, a white cloth spread on the table, and every preparation for the morning repast. I took a loaf as my share of the eatables, for which a fellow offered me a bottle of brandy. I divided the loaf with him, and drank rather too freely of the brandy. Stimulated by the drink, I began to plunder with the rest, filling and emptying my pockets a dozen times, as I found things of more value.

Among other things, I found a large packet of various commissions, ready signed and sealed with the royal arms. How many months, and perhaps even years, had some waited for those very commissions which I now tossed into the courtyard as useless lumber! Hanging in a wardrobe I found a large and handsome cloak, and as I had no pocket in which to place my ill-gotten treasure, I enveloped myself in its capacious folds, and sitting down on a sofa covered with rich crimson velvet, with my gun on my arm, and my sword by my side, quite enjoyed the fine prospect of the garden below.

Remembering that in 1830 the Tuileries were retaken by the troops, I thought it most prudent to decamp while I yet possessed the liberty. Descending the grand staircase for that purpose, I came opposite a large mirror, and never shall I forget my own disgusting appearance—my face flushed with excitement and drink, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and my lips black with powder, while my eyes looked wild, bloodshot, and unearthly.

On leaving the Tuileries, I was suddenly seized from behind, and a man in a stentorian voice demanded where I had procured my cloak. Having no wish to dispute the possession, I unfastened the chain, and threw it at his feet, and then mingling with the mob, made my exit.

On revisiting the Palais Royal, I found the work of destruction still going on. Three large fires blazed in the courtyard, consuming silk and velvet hangings, gilded sofas, couches, arm-chairs, and massive pictures. Hundreds now staggered about in every stage of intoxication, while a plentiful supply to continue their Bacchanalian revels was momentarily obtained from the cellars. Passing through the court of the Palais Royal, I saw a large arcade, usually filled by the fashionable and gay, now converted into an hospital. Two long lines of those very beds that I had seen thrown out of the windows now supported the wounded, whose moans and cries sounded mournfully in the ear. Not knowing how the fight had gone on in other parts of Paris, I thought it prudent to part with my gun before passing through the Barrier Clichy; but hiding my sword under my blouse, I reached home in safety.

[The remainder of this paper next week.]

MRS JAMESON'S LEGENDARY ART.

THE present age is accused, not without reason, of being too utilitarian. The people generally, it is alleged, have been intellectually sharpened and instructed in materialities, while but little attention has been paid to the imaginative feelings: existence has been robbed of its poetry. Efforts, however, we are glad to say, are now making to redeem the passing generation from reproaches of this nature. Matters of taste and refined art are now more attended to, than they were a dozen years since; and in nothing is this more visible than the improved style of church architecture and decoration. The day is clearly gone when purity of religion was supposed to be uncongenial with any building better than a barn; painted windows are no longer heretical; and the gospel, it is now believed, can be preached with equal zeal and effect from a decently-draped pulpit as from the top of a tub.

In all this, and much more, we see the reaction which is the natural consequence of carrying out extreme views adverse to those imaginative feelings that may be dor-

mant in the human heart, but which no mere persuasion of judgment or prejudice can utterly extinguish. While thus in the dawn of a revival in the *spiritual* in art, and when society is looking back, as with a sigh, to the long and needless abasement of the beautiful, an author has stepped forward to enlighten us respecting many of those things which helped, in the olden time, to invest religion with poetry, and which, though possibly in themselves worthless, tended in some degree to impart a charm to the realities of existence. The work of Mrs Jameson, to which we refer,* is professedly connected with the arts of the sculptor and painter; but it likewise, from necessity, embraces much of the legendary lore on which artists founded their creations, and in this respect it may be said to be a useful handmaid of history. At all events, the book will not be perused without pleasure by those whose fancy is inclined to soar towards the confines of the spiritual world. It treats of the origin of devotional legends, of emblems and attributes of general application; angels, archangels, and hierarchies; apostles, fathers, and saints—the whole illustrative of art, and particularly of church decoration. Let us exemplify some of these interesting subjects.

Any one on entering one of the fine old cathedrals of England, will not be less struck with the general grandeur of effect, than curious as to the meaning of a variety of emblematic objects. In one or more of the gorgeously-painted windows he will see figures of the apostles: one depicted as holding a key; another with a sword in his hand; a third holding a book; and so on. Now, whence the origin of these fancies? From what source has the artist learned to drape the figures, and give each his suitable appointments? Again he sees that certain figures representing saints are invested with a halo of glory round the head. How did this idea originate? Again he observes that the representations of those beatific beings, angels, are furnished with large and feathery wings, while, as in the case of the demon which the archangel Michael is seen trampling under foot, the wings are those of a bat. On these, and other curiosities of archæology, the work before us offers explanations which cannot but suggest many interesting views of mental progress. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the production is the author's disquisition on angels. 'There is something,' says she, 'so very attractive and poetical, as well as soothing to our helpless finite nature, in all the superstitions connected with the popular notion of angels, that we cannot wonder at their prevalence in the early ages of the world.' To quote from Spenser:—

'How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
And come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And then bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward!
Oh why should heavenly God to men have such regard!'

After referring to the principal notices of angels, and their attributes, in Scripture, the author refers to the belief in angels which anciently prevailed in the East, and the treatment of the subject by different schools of painters. As messengers and as choristers, angels have been depicted in the most lovely forms; but little, it is observed, has been done to illustrate their functions as guardians. On this neglect Mrs Jameson has some happy observations. 'They are the deputed guardians of the just and innocent. St Raphael is the prince of the guardian angels. The Jews held that the angels deputed to Lot were his guardian angels. The fathers of the Christian church taught that every human being, from the hour of his birth to that of his death, is accompanied by an angel, appointed to watch over him. The Mohammedans give to each of us a good and an evil

angel; but the early Christians supposed us to be attended each by a good angel only, who undertakes that office, not merely from duty to God, and out of obedience and great humility, but as inspired by exceeding charity and love towards his human charge. It would require the tongues of angels themselves to recite all that we owe to these benign and vigilant guardians. They watch by the cradle of the new-born babe, and spread their celestial wings round the tottering steps of infancy. If the path of life be difficult and thorny, and evil spirits work us shame and wo, they sustain us; they bear the voice of our complaining, of our supplication, of our repentance, up to the foot of God's throne, and bring us back in return a pitying benediction, to strengthen and to cheer. When passion and temptation strive for the mastery, they encourage us to resist; when we conquer, they crown us; when we falter and fail, they compassionate and grieve over us; when we are obstinate in polluting our own souls, and perverted not only in act, but in will, they leave us; and wo to them that are so left! But the good angel does not quit his charge until his protection is despised, rejected, and utterly repudiated. Wonderful the fervour of their love—wonderful their meekness and patience, who endure from day to day the spectacle of the unveiled human heart with all its miserable weaknesses and vanities, its inordinate desires and selfish purposes! Constant to us in death, they contend against the powers of darkness for the emancipated spirit. . . . When at length the repentant soul is sufficiently purified, the guardian angel bears it to the bosom of the Saviour.'

This may be wild, according to the world's notion, but we confess we are sufficiently poetical to embrace the belief in almost its literal sense. It gives us comfort to know that a messenger of God—a spirit of Divine grace—is watchful over our temporal concerns. Better at least for mankind that they should possess so confiding a faith, than that they trampled the spiritual altogether under foot.

With respect to legendary art as applied to representations of the saints and fathers of the church, it is instructive to observe how circumstances and appearances have led to myths, which ultimately obtained universal credence. The human mind longing after the infinite and marvellous, ignorant of the principles which produce the ordinary phenomena of nature, has been prone to myths; and indeed all knowledge may be said to pass through the mythic stage. A myth is a story of the marvellous and preternatural, such as the history of the heathen gods; but it is frequently associated with local appearances, which are supposed to be accounted for by its details. Every village has its myth: If there be a huge mound of earth, which nobody knows the origin of, it is said to be the grave of a giant, who lived in these parts long ago. If there be two round holes in the face of a rock at the distance of perhaps a foot from each other, they are Samson's span. If there be a row of large boulder stones on a moor, these were laid down by a celebrated wizard. Such are familiar examples of the *myth*. The pictures of the fathers are half mythic. St Jerome was reputed to be as bold as a lion; this talk of his lion-like character was expanded into a story, in which a lion performs a part; and the saint is accordingly always painted in company with a lion. Here is the myth:—'We read in the legendary history of St Jerome,' proceeds our authoress, 'that one evening, as he sat within the gates of his monastery at Bethlehem, a lion entered, limping, as in pain; and all the brethren, when they saw the lion, fled in terror. But Jerome arose, and went forward to meet him, as though he had been a guest; and the lion lifted up his paw, and St Jerome, on examining it, found that it was wounded by a thorn, which he extracted; and he tended the lion till he was healed. The grateful beast remained with his benefactor, and Jerome confided to him the task of guarding an ass which was employed in bringing firewood from the forest. On one occasion, the lion having gone to sleep while the ass was at pasture, some

* Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs Jameson. 2 vols. Illustrated with Engravings. Longman, London. 1843.

merchants passing by carried away the latter, and the lion, after searching for him in vain, returned to the monastery with drooping head, as one ashamed. St Jerome, believing that he had devoured his companion, commanded that the daily task of the ass should be laid upon the lion, and that the fagots should be bound on his back; to which he magnanimously submitted, until the ass was recovered; which was in this wise: One day the lion, having finished his task, ran hither and thither, still seeking his companion; and he saw a caravan of merchants approaching, and a string of camels, which, according to the Arabian custom, were led by an ass; and when the lion recognised his friend, he drove the camels into the convent, and so terrified the merchants, that they confessed the theft, and received pardon from St Jerome.

The stories of patron saints overcoming huge serpents and fiery dragons are all myths, founded on the discovery of saurian remains of a large size. The skeleton of a marvellously large reptile is found somewhere, and forthwith an imaginary hero called St George is mounted on a charger, and kills the terrible creature with his spear. We are, however, half sorry for having to unveil these popular myths; and recommending Mrs Jameson's fascinating book to the perusal, and not too prosaic judgment of our readers, we conclude with a very pretty myth, founded on the reputed bodily strength of St Christopher:—

Christopher was of the land of Canaan, and the name by which he was there known was Offero. He was a man of colossal stature, and of a terrible aspect, and being proud of his vast bulk and strength, he was resolved that he would serve no other than the greatest and the most powerful monarch that existed. So he travelled far and wide to seek this greatest of kings; and at length he came to the court of a certain monarch who was said to exceed in power and riches all the kings of the earth, and he offered to serve him. And the king, seeing his great height and strength—for surely, since the giant of Gath, there had been none like to him—entertained him with joy.

Now it happened one day, as Christopher stood by the king in his court, there came a minstrel who sung before the king, and in his story there was frequent mention of the devil, and every time the king heard the name of the Evil Spirit he crossed himself. Christopher inquired the reason of this gesture, but the king did not answer. Then said Christopher, "If thou tellest me not, I leave thee!" So the king told him. "I make that sign to preserve me from the power of Satan, for I fear lest he overcome me and slay me." Then said Christopher, "If thou fearest Satan, then thou art not the most powerful prince in the world; thou hast deceived me. I will go seek this Satan, and him will I serve; for he is mightier than thou art." So he departed, and he travelled far and wide; and as he crossed a desert plain, he beheld a great crowd of armed men, and at their head marched a terrible and frightful being, with the air of a conqueror; and he stopped Christopher on his path, saying, "Man, where goest thou?" And Christopher answered, "I go to seek Satan, because he is the greatest prince in the world, and him would I serve." Then the other replied, "I am he: seek no farther." Then Christopher bowed down before him, and entered his service; and they travelled on together.

Now when they had journeyed a long long way, they came to a place where four roads met, and there was a cross by the wayside. When the Evil One saw the cross, he was seized with fear, and trembled violently; and he turned back, and made a great circuit to avoid it. When Christopher saw this he was astonished, and inquired, "Why hast thou done so?"—and the devil answered not. Then said Christopher, "If thou sellest me not, I leave thee." So, being thus constrained, the fiend replied, "Upon that cross died Jesus Christ; and when I behold it, I must tremble and fly, for I fear him." Then Christopher was more and more astonished; and he said, "How, then! this Jesus,

whom thou fearest, must be more potent than thou art! I will go seek him, and him will I serve!" So he left the devil, and travelled far and wide, seeking Christ; and having sought him for many days, he came to the cell of a holy hermit, and desired of him that he would show him Christ. Then the hermit began to instruct him diligently; and said, "This king whom thou seekest is indeed the Great King of heaven and earth; but if thou wouldst serve Him, He will impose many and hard duties on thee. Thou must fast often." And Christopher said, "I will not fast; for surely if I were to fast, my strength would leave me." "And thou must pray!" added the hermit. Said Christopher, "I know nothing of prayers, and I will not be bound to such a service." Then said the hermit, "Knowest thou a certain river, stony, and wide, and deep, and often swelled by the rains, and wherein many people perish who attempt to pass over?" And he answered, "I know it." Then said the hermit, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ, whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee!" To which Christopher replied joyfully, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!" So he went, as the hermit had directed, and he dwelt by the side of the river; and having rooted up a palm-tree from the forest—so strong he was and tall—he used it for a staff to support and guide his steps, and he aided those who were about to sink, and the weak he carried on his shoulders across the stream; and by day and by night he was always ready for his task, and failed not, and was never wearied of helping those who needed help. So the thing that he did pleased our Lord, who looked down upon him out of heaven, and said within himself, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, yet hath found the way to serve me!"

Now when Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore: it was the plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him in the same words a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, "Christopher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew; and the infant on his shoulders became heavier, and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight, and he began to fear; but nevertheless taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burden had not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christopher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy work of charity; and behold I have accepted thy service; and in testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm-tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates; but the miraculous child had vanished. Then Christopher fell on his face, and confessed and worshipped Christ.

In virtue of his services on the above occasion, Offero, the bearer, added the prefix Christ to his name,

forming the word Christopher. The legend has been finely illustrated by Albert Durer, who represents Christopher wading through a deep river, leaning on a staff, and carrying the infant Saviour on his shoulders. By a superadded myth, St Christopher is the helper of those who struggle with dangers and difficulties.

A CHAPTER ON ODD PEOPLE.

'Yes, sir,' said Dr Johnson once in reply to a remark of Boswell; 'every man who has brains is eccentric, because he sees and thinks for himself; and if he did not, minds would be all cut with compasses, and no rational man could endure society.' Doubtless the leviathan of literature, as both friends and enemies called him in his day, had learned, by means of his proverbial love of 'a good talk,' how much social life is enlivened by occasional obliquities of taste, and even of judgment.

'Defend me from pattern ladies and men of rule!' was the *petition* of a rather unruly poet, in which many who are not poets will be found to concur, for there seems a natural association between dullness and uniformity. Yet the widest deviations from received ideas, as regards external matters, are not always made by the ablest thinkers. All the world has heard, and probably by this time got tired, of the eccentricities of genius. They have been largely reported, and still more largely imitated, particularly those of the discreditable kind, since it was found out that great wit was allied to madness. Numbers who could never reach the former have adopted the latter as its nearest relation, forgetful that they were affecting only what had disgraced their betters, and too frequently that which would have disgraced any grade of mind.

But the age for such affectations, even of the harmless order, is past; eccentricity is now known to be one of the liabilities, not the consequence, of genius, and has been most prominently displayed in those who had no genius at all.

These are smoothing-down days, and peculiarities appear above the surface more rarely than they did in less polishing times; but uncelebrated oddities may still be encountered in every by-way and corner of life. The upland hamlet, the rural village, or the small country town, can generally boast a Miss or Mr Whimsy of its own, whose out-of-the-way sayings and doings will return among the pleasures of memory to some of its scattered denizens in far-off scenes and years. Even in great cities, where the perpetual though changeful currents of business and society are calculated to wear away the angularities of minds and manners, it is wonderful in what perfection they still exist.

The first Charles Mathews used to describe three meagre brothers, all men of business in New York, who always had their garments made double the fitting size, in order to save time and trouble in case their respective corporations should increase, an occurrence which appeared probable to them alone. The residents of another busy street in that same western city, about twenty years ago, may recollect an old man whose whim was still more remarkable. He was a bachelor with a decent income; and, strange to say, no miser, though he lived utterly alone, acted as his own attendant in every department of housekeeping, and never admitted a single feminine assistant, as his special ambition was to be what he called independent of women. There were those who said the old boy had been alighted or aggrieved by some of the sex in his younger days;

perhaps the story originated only in conjecture, but the advocates of woman's rights and mission would have been astonished at the legion of wrongs he could muster up when denouncing female tyranny, under which he affirmed the whole creation groaned. No misfortune, great or small, ever happened to any man within his knowledge which he could not trace, by a most elaborate process of reasoning, to some female hand. And one of his chief doctrines was, that no man could admit one of the fair (by courtesy) within the walls of his domicile and escape absolute slavery. To preserve his own liberty, therefore, this original philosopher superseded the ladies in actual service, from stitching shirts to making tea. He is said to have acquired extraordinary proficiency, particularly in the former art, and always boasted to his friends that he was one independent man.

Spinners in the state of celibacy are popularly believed to be more addicted to eccentricity than the wedded of mankind; on which belief a minutely ingenious philosopher once suggested the inquiry, 'Whether being single was the cause of their singularity, or *vice versa*?' Certain it is that the special characteristics of the New York bachelor could exist in no other condition; yet it may be hoped that all the single are not singular, especially as some odd actors are occasionally found among the doubly-blessed.

I knew a married lady whose peculiar taste in dress formed the standing topic of conversation to the fairer portion of a country parish. She had been an heiress in a small way, and could therefore command some of the sinews of fashion; but she said no milliner should ever dictate to her, for she had an original fancy, and would not be put in uniform. This resolution she kept with the zeal of a patriot; never was the regimentalism of costume more defied than in the cut of her garments, while the boasted originality was displayed in an arrangement of colours, and an adaptation of materials, which set at naught all toilet regulations. Her favourite winter attire was a white flannel cloak lined with scarlet. She delighted in tartan boots; and when I last heard of her, she had just horrified the ladies of the neighbourhood by trimming her bonnet with broad-cloth.

Perhaps the most ordinary and unobtrusive form of eccentricity is favouritism with regard to certain articles. There was a man of rank some years ago in Paris, known to his acquaintances by the *soubriquet* of 'the shoe-gatherer,' from his habit of heaping up boots and shoes, new and old, till a large room in his residence was necessarily set apart for the purpose of containing them; and he was said rarely to have passed a shop of the kind without ordering home an additional supply.

A clergyman of my native village took a similar delight in wigs; and a hundred and fifty 'time deflers,' as a London wit designated those articles, were sold by auction on the good man's premises after his death. The rarest instance of this description I ever knew was that of a farmer whose enthusiasm rested on pots. He bought them, large and small, on every possible pretext, to the confusion of the kitchen-maid and the annoyance of his helpmate; till the latter, having a small taste of the Tartar in her composition, at length declared war against pot metal, and eventually won the day so far, that, on her husband's occasional visits to the nearest market town, she was wont to shout after him the following adjuration, 'Mind, bring no pots home with you!' Her injunction was generally obeyed, for the lady might not be provoked with impunity. But when

a supernumerary dram warmed the farmer's fancy, it would sometimes revert to the ancient channel, and he has been known to deposit a pot or two at a neighbouring cottage, as the dread of probable consequences occurred with the sight of his own chimney smoke.

Some persons are eccentric in their curiosity, and a troublesome kind of oddity it is at times to their neighbours, as they are apt to ask all manner of inconvenient questions. A family dispute, a lost situation, or a failure in business, is among their chosen subjects; and by way of securing authentic information, they make a point of applying to the parties most concerned. It was a genius of this order who, when Talleyrand was dismissed from office by the Emperor, sent him a long letter explicitly detailing all the reports in circulation against him, and concluding with a polite request to be informed which of them was true. A similar character on our own side of the British Channel one day mistaking Tyrone Power for a captain of his acquaintance who had just quitted the service under equivocal circumstances, seized the comedian by the button at Charing Cross, with, 'Oh, Captain Blake, I was sorry to hear it—'pon my honour I was—but were you actually cashiered for cowardice?'

'I have not the honour to be Captain Blake, sir,' said Power, still led along by the button; 'and when you meet that gentleman, I advise you not to press the question.'

'Why,' said the blunt of brain, 'couldn't he tell me best?'

'Ah yes, my dear fellow,' responded Power benevolently; 'but he might kick you!'

Probably the most eccentric expression of grief recorded is that of Madame du Deffand, of Walpole notoriety, who, being informed in the midst of a large party that one of her intimate friends had died some hours before, ejaculated, '*Heu!* I shall not be able to take any supper!'

Eccentric prejudices are comparatively common: one occasionally meets with individuals who regard the use of animal food as the cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to; and a gentleman, formerly residing in Kent, put his confidence entirely in turnips as their universal remedy: Constitutional antipathies or affinities, unaccountable as they are in themselves, would perhaps account for these notions, as well as for those eccentric preferences of sights, sounds, and odours, which are otherwise inexplicable. Persons have been known to dislike the smell of roses, and rather prefer that of garlic; others have relished the rasping of a file; and the Dutch doctor, who saw nothing in all Paris to admire but the shambles, has doubtless brethren in many lands.

There are, however, peculiarities of taste which have their origin in the higher ground of our nature, and belong to minds of a finer fabric. Charles Lamb confessed that he admired a squint, because a girl to whom he had been attached in early life squinted prodigiously; and a lady of my acquaintance once thought a club-foot interesting, from similar recollections. It is strange how seldom eccentricity takes an elevating or even an agreeable form: odd ways are rarely those of pleasantness, or peace either; though many of the world's notables have indulged in them, as stands recorded by better pens and ampler pages than mine. It is not always genius that makes one differ from his neighbours, but some heavy strength of character, considerable obstinacy, and at times right royal virtues, may be found among the oddfellows of creation.

One of the best-principled women I ever knew was possessed with a restless anxiety to learn not only the Christian names of every person she chanced to encounter, but those of all their relations in the ascending line. Her inquiries, which were vigorously pushed forward

in all companies, sometimes created most ludicrous annoyance to the parties interrogated, though I cannot recollect an instance of her getting beyond the great grandfather.

It has been observed that singular tastes and habits are less frequently found among the working-classes than in the superior ranks; the pressing necessities of life generally requiring the utmost exertions of the former in continuous labour, leave them neither time nor means for indulging in peculiarities. There is no scope for eccentricity in such circumstances; yet where the bent is strong, it will make room for itself. Some years ago a northern town of England, once famous in Border history, and now of some importance on one of our great railway lines, received an addition to its inhabitants, whose mode of conducting his pilgrimage through life, considering the path in which he journeyed, was something original. He was a man about thirty, tall, handsome, and of that sort of air generally known as genteel, on which point his singularity seemed to rest. The man avowed himself to be a native of London; his business was the sale and manufacture of muffins; and no one, so far as I heard, thought of inquiring after his name. He lived in a small cottage in the suburbs of the town, to which neither assistant, attendant, nor visitor was known to have been admitted. There he made his muffins, and thence he issued to supply his various customers as regularly as the English breakfast-hour came round. But no London exquisite, prepared for a lounge in Bond Street or the Park, could appear with more fashionably-cut coat; faultless hat, or more stainless linen; from the polish of his boots to the whiteness of his gloves he was a perfect Brummel, always excepting the basket over his arm, which, however, was ingeniously contrived to resemble that usually carried by anglers. Out of that array he was never seen on the street. How it could be obtained or kept in order was a daily renewed wonder. People said there was a very different dress worn at the cottage; and all the tailors of the town affirmed he made his own garments, as to the business of none had he given the smallest addition. His solitary leisure was spent in cleaning gloves, brushing up matters generally, and disciplining a couple of shirts; for that morning-sally was the joy of his life, and to be occasionally mistaken for a gentleman dandy, his only aim and reward. This devoutly-wished-for consummation he attained at times, and one instance of it served to amuse the townspeople, to whose knowledge it came, for many a day. The daughter of a respectable merchant who had just returned from a London boarding-school, with a large importation of airs, and a profound admiration for everything showy and useless, chanced to meet the incomparable recluse on the first of her morning walks. The young lady came home overflowing with what she called the romantic circumstance of a distinguished young nobleman actually coming to rusticate in such a place on pretext of angling in the celebrated salmon river. She knew he was Frederick Beauchamp, the brother of her particular friend Lady Theresa, daughter of the Earl of —, who had introduced him to her just before leaving school. He had looked very much at her: she would bow to him on the next occasion.

True to her resolution, she sallied forth on the following day after an hour's extra dressing, and encountered the object of her solicitude on his usual morning rounds. Miss took the opportunity of saluting him in the crowded street before two elderly acquaintances, and her nod was most gravely returned.

'He cannot recollect me, I am so much grown!' said she in a loud whisper.

'Do you know him?' inquired one of the ladies in company.

'Oh yes!' responded miss. 'I met him frequently in London.'

'Indeed!' replied the querist; 'he has been here for two years, and they call him the Muffin-Man.'

Her neighbours averred that, after that revelation,

the particular friend of Lady Theresa was never in a hurry to recognise distinguished-looking strangers; but with the eccentric muffin-man close my recollections of oddities.

CURIOSITIES OF TRADE.

AMONG the benefits which civilisation confers on mankind, the friends of utility have ever included the number and variety of employments it furnishes for their various talents and abilities. Since labour is evidently appointed to man, not only by the constitution of his nature, but by those necessities to which the great majority of our species are born, and since laws equally inevitable have produced an endless difference of individual capacity, the increase of occupations, always excepting those of a demoralising tendency, by enlarging the scope of energy, and multiplying the means of subsistence, is at once the natural resource and the best protection of society.

Doubtless the oldest professions were those of the hunter, the fisherman, and the husbandman. They are all that now exist among savage tribes; and it is remarkable that the last is invariably the least valued. The cultivation of the soil, natural and primitive as it seems, has always been considered beneath the savage man, and left to the inferior abilities of his wife. 'Would you have me lay aside the bow and spear, and hoe corn like a squaw?' said a Mohawk Indian, when, after complaining of the scarcity of game to a Moravian missionary, the latter advised him to employ himself in planting with maize a piece of rich prairie ground on which they stood. Probably the ancient British warriors, who wore the hide of the wild bison, and made their javelins of deers' horns, regarded what they knew of agriculture with no less contempt. Unluckily, a respect for useful industry does not yet remain to be acquired only by savages, nor has the proper distribution of labour advanced as far beyond the Mohawk's ideas as one may hope the progress of things will carry it; but the paths which human ingenuity has already struck out for itself in the course of that progression, are not more varied than remarkable in their windings through the different phases of civilisation.

The modes of daily labour generally denominated trades, present some varieties curiously adapted to the demands of times and countries in which they are found to flourish.

In the east of Asia, where black teeth are admired, from China to Kamtekakka, the profession of a tooth-stainer is quite as extensively followed, and in no less repute, than that of the European dentist, whose place it occupies. The duties annexed are, however, less comprehensive, being almost restricted to the blacking process, which, in a thousand cases, must be found more convenient than our contrary requisition. Dental diseases are by no means of such frequent occurrence in those regions as among the nations of Europe; and physicians have ascribed the fact to the simpler diet of the people, and the thoughtless, indolent current in which their lives flow on—scarcely more chequered by change or mental excitement than those of their sheep or cattle, which keep their teeth equally sound. The blacking business is practised by both sexes, and some of its chiefs enjoy considerable reputation and emolument from the permanence of their dye, and the jetty polish imparted by their art; the secrets of which are kept with Oriental tenacity, more especially from the barbarians, as Europeans are politely termed, the profession being determined against sharing their profits with them.

There is a description of trade, we believe, confined to China, and highly characteristic of its social condition. The Chinese name, which literally signifies gossip-monger, may sound rather new to British ears in connection with a paying vocation; yet such it is, and it is handsomely remunerative. A number of elderly ladies, generally widows, make it their business to collect gossip,

on *dits*, and stories of all sorts, with which they repair to the houses of the rich, announcing their arrival by beating a small drum, which they carry for that purpose, and offer their services to amuse the ladies of the family. When it is recollected that shopping, public assemblies, and even morning calls, are all but forbidden to the beauty and fashion of China by their country's notions of both propriety and feet, some idea may be formed of the welcome generally given to these reporting dames. They are paid according to the time employed, at the rate of about half-a-crown an hour, and are besides in the frequent receipt of presents—their occupation affording many opportunities of making themselves generally useful in matters of courtship, rivalry, and etiquette. On these accounts they generally retire from business in easy circumstances, but are said never to do so unless obliged by actual infirmity; and the Chinese remark that theirs is the only profession to which its practitioners are uniformly attached by inclination.

In most Mohammedan countries there exists a trade not less indicative of their peculiar customs. It is followed by a similar description of persons, but somewhat inferior in rank to the gossip-dispensers of China. Like them, they are generally old and solitary women, and called *dellalchs*, or female brokers. They go from house to house, collecting those specimens of needlework on which the inmates of the harem employ their abundant leisure. Purses, veils, embroidered shawls, and other appendages of Eastern fashion, are thus fabricated and intrusted to the *dellaleh*, who sells them to wealthier or less industrious ladies. From the very nature of her business, she knows where one article may be found and another is wanted, and so conducts a species of domestic commerce, from which considerable profits are said to be realised by the workers. Their industry is encouraged by the exclusive possession of the money thus acquired, it being inalienable, even in the case of slaves; and Lane, in his edition of the 'Arabian Nights,' supplies an instance of one of these girls, who privately gave her lover a sum of money from her own earnings, sufficient to purchase her in the public market. The *dellalehs* receive a small commission on their sales, and are usually trustworthy, as the contrary conduct would upset their business. They are also enabled to do a trifle in the gossiping line, and there are none more welcome visitors to an Eastern household.

The profession of a dancer is common over all Asia, and practised chiefly by women. In social position and general repute they resemble the ballet-girls of Europe; but wanting the accessories of the stage, which has scarcely a representative in Eastern lands, they never attain to the extravagant success of our Taglionis or Elsslers. Their business is to attend at banquets and merry-makings of all sorts, and dance for the amusement of the company, being remunerated according to time, and generally receiving some gratuity from the richer or more liberal guests, who admire and criticise their performance; but no person of respectability would be seen to dance in those countries, where a ball, therefore, is out of the question.

There was a trade transplanted in old times to Italy, it was said, by the early Crusaders, who brought it, with some other arts, from Asia, where remnants of the profession still exist, particularly among the Arabs: the practitioners were called in Italian *ricondetti*, or story-tellers, and their trade consisted entirely of relating long and marvellous narrations, many of which they were believed to invent for the purpose of keeping the time of the nobility from hanging heavy on their hands when it was not employed in either war or tournament. In times when none but priests could read, these men must have done some service to the community. Many of the wealthier barons retained story-tellers of their own in constant pay; and others of the profession went from castle to castle, and from town to town, in search of custom, charging so much per tale;

and they are said to have preserved and transmitted in this manner most of the old and popular romances of Europe.

The progress of the press, comparatively slow as it has been in Italy, has long since superseded this profession, as it is probable the advance of the schoolmaster will that of the letter-writer, which is still a tolerably remunerative business in the southern division of the continent. About the middle of the last century it had attained its zenith in Paris, and many of the chief practitioners kept regular offices, with numerous clerks, appointed, according to their abilities, for the different orders of epistles, the composition of which they were expected to manage as well as the penmanship. Thus one was in the application line, which province included all letters of inquiry addressed to public offices, and those of people in search of situations. Next came the friendly division: it comprehended all correspondence with relatives or mere acquaintances. But the principal and most laborious was the love department, which required a double supply of hands. A facility in the imitation of different handwritings was an acknowledged recommendation to this employment, and its confidential secrecy was respected even by the police of the period.

It is worthy of remark that the professed letter-writer never appeared among the trades of England, in those very times of education so graphically described by a popular poetaster—

'When not a man in twenty score
Knew how to make his mark.'

The nearest approach to it was the occupation of a small number then called clerks, but generally poor unbeneficed clergymen, or ill-provided students, residing in large towns, who were employed to write news-letters, or summaries of the current intelligence, to the more curious of the nobility when abroad or in the country: their vocation flourished chiefly in the Elizabethan age, at the close of which it began to wane before that great adjunct of modern life—the newspaper; but some remains of it are observable in the time of the Protectorate, and it does not seem to have been totally extinct at the Revolution.

There are still older and equally superannuated trades that figure in the records of what may be called England's rustic times. One of them (and a contrast it is to the last-mentioned) was that of a pewterer. The manufacture of pewter-ware appears to have been almost peculiar to England, and was esteemed an affair of national pride and profit about the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the guild of pewterers was incorporated in the city of London, and a law, dictated by the narrow policy of the age, prohibited under severe penalties any who understood the art and mystery of pewter-making from going beyond the four seas of Britain, or taking the son of an alien as an apprentice, on any pretext whatever. It is strange to look on the old disused plates and flagons which may yet be seen in some out-of-the-way farm-house—the only remnants of once bright and ample rows—and think on how many subjects public opinion has changed, as well as on pewter, since parliament passed that statute.

A trade in many respects contemporary with the pewterers, was that known as a woman's tailor; for singular as it may sound, the dressmakers of our female ancestors belonged entirely to the rougher sex. Whether this arrangement originated in the fashions of former times, which prescribed the same substantial materials for the external garments of both lord and lady, dividing their rich velvets, heavy silks, and fine broadcloths equally between them, with comparatively small difference of form; or whether it was owing to a practical paradox in their social economy, similar to that which occupies tail fellows with gauze and gumflowers in our modern shops—is now too distant for our discovery; but the profession continued to stitch and prosper till the beginning of Charles I.'s reign, when his queen, Henrietta

Maria, introduced at once that article of dress called the mantua, and its feminine fabricator, as a French improvement, to the ladies of her court; on which account the term mantuamaker was applied to needlewomen in general, almost to our own times. Shakspeare, in one of his dramas, introduces a disciple of the art referred to, in terms which indicate how low a place the kirtle-making man held in popular respect.

A branch of female industry which rose with his decline, has long since merged in the complicated duties of the laundress; but in the latter days of Elizabeth, few professions in England were more remunerative than that of a starcher. Stiffness was then the order of dress; and a divine of the period complains that the court starchers were more esteemed and better paid than the court chaplains. How far that preposterous preference may have weighed with the pulpit, it is not for us to decide; but sundry sermons were preached against starch: yet in the reign of Charles II. it appears that the apprentice fees required by a professor of the art were £.10 for boiling, and £.5 for putting on—a smart sum, as money was then estimated.

An observant statist has remarked that the only trade which has become extinct in Scotland for many centuries, is that of the professional beggar or blue-gown, a humble but significant feature of his times. One of the most primitive and longest-perpetuated trades is that of the gem-seeker of Bohemia, the rocks of that mountainous and yet wild country being known to contain a great variety of stones valued by the jeweller. The opal, jasper, and amethyst, are found imbedded in their crevices; and in the search for these the gem-seeker spends his days. He goes into the wilds a solitary man, like the chamois-hunter of the Alps; but carrying, in lieu of his rifle and ammunition, a chisel, a hammer, and a small wooden mallet stuck in his belt, from which hangs a pouch to contain the gems. He is generally of the peasant class, and not particularly regular in his habits, a too frequent accompaniment of uncertain earnings, which those of the gem-seeker must be; but as a class, their patience and skill in tracing out the objects of their search are said to be almost incredible; and there are current a thousand tales of fortunate men who bought lands and built castles with the proceeds of a single day's discovery. However, these stories generally date from distant times.

Popular superstition or credulity has given ground for several singular and sometimes profitable trades; such as the rain-makers of Africa, the serpent-charmers of India, and the fortune-tellers, dream-readers, and finders of stolen goods, so trusted in Europe's darker days, and still known through some lowly representatives in its backward corners. It is, however, consolatory to think that so few really useful trades have been lost or superseded in the course of ages, compared with the many avenues of exertion opened by an increased demand for the conveniences and refinements of life. Strange it is, too, in spite of the familiarity consequent on everyday recurrence, to reflect how many of the employments of mankind are full of risk and danger: the diver, the miner, and the fireman, have dreadful trades, as well as the 'one that gathers samphire.' They are indeed, to quote from a German philosopher, 'ennobled by utility;' and as the butcher remarked of his own ungentle craft, 'somebody must do it.' Doubtless the reconciling power of habit may be largely reckoned on; and in this portion of the curiosities of trade, an honest Savoyard's experience, though belonging to the last century, seems to deserve a place for its singularity. He had been obliged to leave his native valleys in search of work, and could find none but that of making wooden shoes for the French peasants among whom he settled; in process of time the sabots such as the Savoyard made went out of fashion, and then he betook himself to the sweeping of chimneys. Some years after a mine was opened in the district, and the Savoyard became a collier, but still

varying matters with his second profession: when he went down a shaft, the worthy man was wont to thank his stars that it was not up a flue; and when on the sooty ascension, his thanksgivings were equally fervent that he was not going down to the mine; but he always assured his friends that neither of them was so bad as the making of sabots.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

It is strange that the immense island, or small continent, of Australia, although bordered with British colonies, should be still in great part a land of darkness and mystery, similar to those expanses on which, when figured in their maps, our ancestors used to write the words *terra incognita*. But so it is. Repeated attempts have been made to explore its interior; but to the present moment we cannot tell whether this portion of the British dominions contains such inland seas as we find in America, or is laid out in almost interminable deserts of sand, earth, or stones. Captain Sturt, one of the most persevering and enterprising of the Australian pioneers of science, has just published a narrative of his explorations; and although he is far from solving the enigma, we think it may be well to relate briefly what he has really accomplished, and thus to put our readers in possession of the question as it at present stands.*

There is little doubt that South Australia is the point from which the expedition must set out which is destined to bring the whole region within the pale of geographical science; that is to say, it must draw a line, south and north, from the eastern angle of the great Australian bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria, crossing the tropic of Capricorn. The farthest point gained by Captain Sturt was 24° 40' south latitude, or a little more than half-way between the head of the bight and that of the gulf. His account of this adventurous journey wants compactness. If it were merely rough, we should like it all the better; but its redundancy in unimportant details brings forward unpleasantly the want of literary style and artistical keeping, and will perhaps render the captain's audience fewer than his labours deserve.

South Australia, the starting-point, is, as our readers know, a rather flourishing settlement, placed about the middle of the southern side of the island or continent, between Port Philip on the east, and Swan River colony on the west, and extending northwards into the interior to the 26th parallel of latitude. On the sea-board there is plenty of good anchorage, and several secure and capacious harbours; and Port Adelaide forms an excellent shipping entrepôt for the capital, which stands at a distance of six miles from the sea. The city contains a population of about 10,000 souls, with churches and schools on a respectable scale, and shops overflowing with almost every article of European produce, generally at a very trifling advance on home prices.

A considerable part of the province is well wooded for some distance inland; but the trees decrease in number as you proceed towards the north, till at length the country is laid out in open downs. The proportion of unavailable land is, in Captain Sturt's opinion, greater than that of good land; indeed he thinks the quantity of the latter very limited in proportion to the extent of the territory. Its quality, however, has been hitherto under rather than over-estimated; and the province is, upon the whole, well fitted for a rural peasantry, and calculated to support likewise by its agricultural products large masses of a mining and manufacturing population. The average crop of wheat is upwards of twenty-five bushels to the acre on the better soils; but in some localities it exceeds forty; and it has been known to reach fifty-two.

The whole area of the province contains about 300,000 square miles, or upwards of 190,000,000 acres; but the actual location does not exceed 7,000,000 acres, and even in this there is included a considerable portion of unavailable land. Of the available land, 470,000 acres have been purchased; but the extent of country occupied by sheep and cattle stations is not known. Agricultural operations have increased so rapidly within the last few years, that the produce far exceeds the wants of the settlers; and the flour which in 1839 was L.120 a ton, is now from L.12 to L.13. Live-stock has increased in a similar ratio; the number of sheep being now about 1,000,000, with an annual increase of 200,000; whereas in 1844 the number assessed was only 355,700. Even before this prosperous course began—that is, in 1843—the discovery of rich mines gave a powerful impulse to the rise of the colony; but the mineral thus opened to the industry of the inhabitants is looked upon by our author rather as an auxiliary than as the main cause of the turn of their fortunes. The copper ores of Australia are more valuable in the Swansea market than those of any other region; but the necessity of sending them thither for smelting—owing to the want of coal, and the scarcity of wood near the mines—is the great drawback upon the rising fortune of the colony. The Burra Burra mine, however, in 1847 paid three dividends to its proprietors, amounting to 200 per cent. on the subscribed capital.

Proceeding into the interior from the coast towards the north, the features of the country become exaggerated; and in the midst of vast deserts, we arrive at extensive oases of woods and pastures. The author's geological theory is, that the continent of Australia was at one time an archipelago, but that the land covered by the sea was suddenly raised to its present level by igneous agency. The country sinks from the north and north-east towards the south and south-west, and in this direction there came, during the convulsion referred to, a rush of waters, which, being divided by interposing obstacles, sought the sea on one side by the channel of the river Darling, and on the other by the great Australian bight. This hypothesis accounts for various appearances our traveller observed on the surface of the country. He supposes that the two parts of the country, in the direction of the torrent, were originally separated by water; and that there will still be found the traces of this separation in one or more inland seas. Captain Sturt's expedition, however, was limited in its object. He was absolutely forbidden to conduct his party through the tropical regions to the Gulf of Carpentaria, but was directed to ascertain the existence or non-existence of a chain of hills supposed to trend from the north-east to the south-west, and form a great natural division of the continent. This chain may be considered, from the result of his inquiries, to have no existence; but he did not quite reach the tropic, and was 150 miles to the east of the centre of the continent.

In his dreary journey he passed through successive deserts of sand, earth, and stones. The first was perhaps the most tormenting, the travellers being lost in small basins or hollows, from which they were unable to see to any distance. There was no grass for their horse, no water. 'We were then in one of the most gloomy regions that man ever traversed. The stillness of death reigned around us; no living creature was to be heard. Nothing visible inhabited that dreary desert but the ant; even the fly slurred it; and yet its yielding surface was marked all over with the tracks of native dogs.' Day after day they continued traversing this wretched country, unable to see a mile in any direction. They at length reached a small round hill, which they eagerly ascended; but 'there was no apparent change; for the brush in the distance was darker than that nearer to us, as if plains succeeded the sandy desert we had passed over. The whole landscape, however, was one of the most gloomy character, and I found myself obliged to turn from it in disappointment.

* Narrative of an Expedition into Central Australia, &c. By Captain Charles Sturt, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols. London: Dooms, 1849.

As far as I could judge, we passed about a mile beyond the 28th parallel.'

We shall now, by way of a change, introduce the reader to the Stony Desert. 'On travelling over the plain, we found it undulating, with shining hollows, in which it was evident water sometimes collects. The stones, with which the ground was so thickly covered as to exclude vegetation, were of different lengths, from one inch to six. They had been rounded by attrition, were coated with oxide of iron, and evenly distributed. In going over this dreary waste, the horses left no track, and that of the cart was only visible here and there. From the spot on which we stopped no object of any kind broke the line of the horizon: we were as lonely as a ship at sea, and as a navigator seeking for land, only that we had the disadvantage of an unsteady compass, without any fixed point on which to steer. The fragments covering this singular feature were all of the same kind of rock, indurated or compact quartz, and appeared to me to have had originally the form of parallelograms, resembling both in their size and shape the shivered fragments lying at the base of the northern ranges, to which I have already had occasion to call attention.'

Another extraordinary feature followed—the Earthy Desert; 'resembling in appearance a boundless piece of ploughed land, on which floods had settled and subsided. The earth seemed to have once been mud, and then dried. Over this field of earth we continued to advance almost all day, without knowing whether we were getting still farther into it or working our way out. About an hour before sunset, this point was settled beyond doubt by the sudden appearance of some hills over the line of the horizon, raised above their true position by refraction.' These hills, however, soon disappeared; and when reached the next day, they proved to be merely lofty ridges of sand. 'It is a remarkable fact that here, on the northern side of the desert, and after an open interval of more than fifty miles, the same sand ridges should occur, running in parallel lines at the same angle as before, into the very heart of the interior, as if they absolutely were never to terminate. Here, on both sides of us, to the eastward and to the westward, they followed each other like the waves of the sea in endless succession, suddenly terminating, as I have already observed, on the vast plain into which they ran. What, I will ask, was I to conclude from these facts?—that the winds had formed these remarkable accumulations of sand, as straight as an arrow lying on the ground, without a break in them for more than ninety miles at a stretch, and which we had already followed up for hundreds of miles—that is to say, across six degrees of latitude? No; winds may indeed have assisted in shaping their outlines, but I cannot think that these constituted the originating cause of their formation. They exhibit a regularity that water alone could have given; and to water, I believe, they plainly owe their first existence. It struck me then, and calmer reflection confirms the impression, that the whole of the low interior I had traversed was formerly a sea-bed, since raised from its submarine position by natural though hidden causes; that when this process of elevation so changed the state of things as to make a continuous continent of that which had been an archipelago of islands, a current would have passed across the central parts of it, the direction of which must have been parallel to the sandy ridges, and consequently from east to west, or nearly so—that also being the present dip of the interior, as I shall elsewhere prove. I further think that the line of the Stony Desert being the lowest part of the interior, the current must there have swept along it with greater force, and have either made the breach in the sandy ridges now occupied by it, or have prevented their formation at the same time, under more favourable circumstances, they would have blown up on either side of it.'

During some portions of the journey the heat was terrible. Under its effects every screw in our boxes

had been drawn, and the horn handles of our instruments, as well as our combs, were split into fine laminæ. The lead dropped out of our pencils; our signal rockets were entirely spoiled; our hair, as well as the wool on the sheep, ceased to grow; and our nails had become as brittle as glass. The flour lost more than 8 per cent. of its original weight, and the other provisions in a still greater proportion.' One day the wanderers of the desert saw a number of small black specks in the upper air, which increased every moment in size, till presently they found themselves surrounded by hundreds of the common kite, stooping down to within a few feet of them, and then turning away after a steady gaze. The birds had doubtless wondered in their turn what the small black specks were that moved, as if at random, upon the bosom of the desert, and had come down merely to satisfy their curiosity. They had, however, a formidable aspect; and as some of them, on approaching close, threw themselves back, as if to avoid contact, and opened their beak and spread out their talons, the travellers could not help fearing the result of a combat with so numerous a body if the visit should really prove to be hostile.

On another day their attention was attracted by a black and solitary object on a little rising ground in front of their camp. The dogs flew towards it, and were seen worrying some creature, notwithstanding a brave resistance. This was a human being, a native of the desert, half-dead with hunger and thirst. 'Whence this solitary stranger could have come from we could not divine. No other natives approached to look after him, nor did he show anxiety for any absent companion. His composure and apparent self-possession were very remarkable, for he neither exhibited astonishment nor curiosity at the novelties by which he was surrounded. His whole demeanour was that of a calm and courageous man, who, finding himself placed in unusual jeopardy, had determined not to be betrayed into the slightest display of fear or timidity.'

Generally speaking, the natives they met in the more remote regions took to flight on being observed, and exhibited in other respects the greatest awe of the Europeans. Sometimes, however, they were of a very different character, as may be seen in the following interesting family group. 'Their families generally were on the opposite side of the river, but one man had his *lubra* and two children on our side of it. My attention was drawn to him from his perseverance in cutting a bark canoe, at which he laboured for more than an hour without success. Mr Browne walked with me to the tree at which he was working, and I found that his only tool was a stone tomahawk, and that with such an implement he would hardly finish his work before dark. I therefore sent for an iron tomahawk, which I gave to him, and with which he soon had the bark cut and detached. He then prepared it for launching by puddling up its ends, and putting it into the water; placed his *lubra* and an infant child in it, and giving her a rude spear as a paddle, pushed her away from the bank. She was immediately followed by a little urchin, who was sitting on the bank, the canoe being too fragile to receive him. But he evidently doubted his ability to gain the opposite bank of the river; and it was most interesting to mark the anxiety of both parents as the little fellow struck across the foaming current. The mother kept close beside him in the canoe, and the father stood on the bank encouraging his little son. At length they all landed in safety, when the native came to return the tomahawk, which he understood to have been only lent to him. However, I was too much pleased with the scene I had witnessed to deprive him of it; nor did I ever see a man more delighted than he was when he found that the tomahawk, the value and superiority of which he had so lately proved, was indeed his own. He thanked me for it; he eyed it with infinite satisfaction; and then turning round, plunged into the stream and joined his family on the opposite bank.' Sometimes the native

camps were highly picturesque. Their denizens sat up to a late hour at night; the women employed in beating between two stones the seed for cakes, with a noise resembling that of the working of a loom factory, and the men moving about from hut to hut. The whole encampment, with the long line of fires, looked exceedingly pretty; and the dusky figures of the natives standing by them, or moving from one hut to the other, had the effect of a fine scene in a play. At eleven all was still, and you would not have known that you were in such close contiguity to so large an assemblage of people.

Captain Sturt speaks very favourably of the Australian savages; but even from his account their civilisation would appear to be hardly possible. In the schools of the settlements the native boys and girls are taught to read, write, and cipher as well as European children of the same age; but here their capacity of receiving instruction ends. An appeal to any higher department of intellect is always vain. They desert the schools, and betake themselves to their ancestral wilds; and notwithstanding all the efforts of philanthropy, not the slightest improvement has been made in the social condition of the race. Captain Sturt thinks that if the children experimented upon were separated entirely from their parents and tribe, the result might be different; but it may be a question whether we are authorised to sever in this way the bonds of nature, even for the presumed good of the individuals themselves.

The results of the expedition, as we have said, go far towards proving that there is no mountain range in the interior of Australia, but that, on the contrary, its central regions are nearly on the sea level, and its northern and southern coasts as completely separated by deserts as if an ocean rolled between them. Captain Sturt still thinks there must be an inland sea; but he has no hope of any fertile country being discovered. 'Although I did not gain the direct centre of the continent,' says he modestly, in concluding some general remarks, 'there can be very little doubt as to the character of the country round it. The spirit of enterprise alone will now ever lead any man to gain it, but the gradual development of the character of the yet unexplored interior will alone put an end to doubts and theories on the subject. The desert of Australia is not more extensive than the deserts in other parts of the world. Its character constitutes its peculiarity, and that may lead to some satisfactory conclusion as to how it was formed, and by what agent the sandy ridges which traverse it were thrown up. I would repeat, that I am diffident of my own judgment, and that I should be indebted to any one better acquainted with the nature of these things than I am to point out wherein I am in error.'

Before concluding, it will be proper to advert shortly to the other measures that have been taken, or are in progress, for exploring the continent. To say nothing of Dr Leichhardt's successful expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, Sir Thomas Mitchell, the surveyor-general, discovered a great river in the interior, trending towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, and having its embouchure, as he imagined, in that supposed outlet for the drainage of the region. He pursued the river, which he named the Victoria, for ten days, through a splendid country, covered with luxuriant pasturage. 'That the river,' says he, 'is the most important of Australia, increasing as it does by successive tributaries, and not a mere product of distant ranges, admits of no dispute; and the downs and plains of Central Australia, through which it flows, seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food.' To ascertain the further course of this remarkable stream, Mr Kennedy, a young officer who had accompanied Sir Thomas Mitchell,

* The sand ridges described by Captain Sturt appear to be of the same character with the *arsars* of Sweden, the *skars* of Ireland, and the *barres* of Scotland, all of which are now regarded as having been formed by some peculiar action of the sea, while the land was as yet covered by that element.—Ed.

was deputed; but his account was by no means favourable to the sanguine views of the surveyor-general. The Victoria, instead of continuing to trend towards the north, turned to the south-west, and was then divided into several branches, 'spreading over a depressed and barren waste, void of trees or vegetation of any kind, its level surface being only broken by small doones of red sand, like islands upon the dry bed of an inland sea, which I am convinced at no distant period did exist there.' This river appears to be identical with Cooper's Creek, discovered by Captain Sturt, and, in his opinion, is either lost in the Stony Desert, or terminates through it in the conjectured inland sea.

Dr Leichhardt in the meantime set out about a year ago on a journey from Moreton Bay to Swan River, in which he will traverse the continent in a transverse direction from that of Captain Sturt, from east to west, having a distance before him of more than 5000 miles in a direct line. He had already made an attempt in the same course, but was obliged to return, his party being disabled by the ague, and the loss of all their animals. We cannot expect to have news of this adventure for a year to come; but after all, the most favourable result we can expect from it is the gratification of scientific curiosity. As a grazing and agricultural region, Australia has already been sufficiently discussed; and the unoccupied tracts of New South Wales alone would of themselves afford an almost boundless field for the industry of Europe. 'The only thing to be regretted,' says Captain Sturt, 'is, that the want of an industrious population keeps it in a state of nature, and that the thousands who are here (in England) obtaining but a precarious subsistence, should not evince a more earnest desire to go to a country where most assuredly their condition would be changed for the better.'

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

THE striking process of which we are now to give some account, affords a beautiful example of the adaptation of purely scientific knowledge to the details of productive industry. Not many years have elapsed since electricity was looked upon as a mysterious agency, more to be prosecuted as a subject of speculative science, than as affording means for obtaining practical results applicable to the production of articles of taste and utility in our arts and manufactures. Now the case is different; and for such ends the agency of electro-galvanism, one of the branches of the parent science, is in daily requisition.

Professor Daniell having constructed what he called his 'Constant Galvanic Battery,' found that, by the peculiar action of the galvanic current, the copper contained in the solution of sulphate of copper, used as one of the exciting liquids, was deposited in a thin film on the sides of the vessel containing it, and that a fac-simile of any projection or indentation thereon was at the same time faithfully given in the metallic deposit.

Mr Spencer of Liverpool, Mr Jordan of London, and Professor Jacobi of Petersburg, aware of the above fact, almost simultaneously, and without any communication with each other, conceived the idea that the circumstances might be taken advantage of in producing fac-similes of medals, engravings, &c.; and with this view instituted experiments, which proved the interesting fact, that impressions might be taken in copper of any article prepared for its reception, by suspending it in a solution of sulphate of copper, and causing a galvanic current to pass through it. By a natural train of thought, certain persons were led to try whether the more valuable metals, as silver or gold, could be deposited by galvanic agency. It was left for the Messrs Elkington of Birmingham, by a very extensive course of experiments, to prove the perfect possibility of the plan, which formed the subject of the patents granted to them for improvements in electro-typing or electro-metallurgy. Before detailing a few of the curiosities of this wonderful process, we will briefly explain the mode of operating. To obtain fac-similes of engravings in copper, the following apparatus is required:—A box divided into two portions by a porous partition is provided; and in one of these cells the copper-plate is suspended by a wire attached to a metallic rod stretching across the mouth of the box, and in the other a zinc plate, of smaller size than the copper. The

galvanic communication is effected by an intervening rod, having screws attached to it for the convenience of manipulating. Into the cell containing the copper, water and crystals of sulphate of copper are put; and into the zinc cell, water and pulverised sal-ammoniac. To prepare the plate for the deposition, the parts not required to be coated with the metallic film must be protected from the action of the fluid; and this is done by covering them with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine. The galvanic action goes on, gradually depositing on the exposed parts of the plate a film of copper; and when this is of sufficient thickness, the plate is withdrawn, and the film removed. But the fac-simile, although correct, is in relief, and to be of use, a copy in intaglio must be produced; and this is at once obtained by submitting the relief to the same process as the original plate, of which the new deposition of copper is an exact fac-simile. Mr Smee, however, has made public a very beautiful and still more striking process for obtaining copper-plate engravings without the use of an engraved copy at all. He proposed to draw the required design on a smooth copper-plate, with a pigment or varnish insoluble in water, and then to expose the plate to the galvanic action; when, the film of copper being deposited on all the parts not varnished, a copy in intaglio would be produced. Casts of seals, medals, &c. can be obtained in copper by this method. To prepare the articles for deposition, the mode of rubbing or covering their external surfaces with black-lead, discovered by Mr Murray, must be adopted; for the copper having what may be called an affinity for the black-lead, easily deposits itself on any surface covered with it. Articles so prepared can be copied in great numbers at a small expense.

For obtaining duplicates for printing from wood-engravings, the electrotype is employed. The engraving, after being black-leaded, is bound round the edges with a strip of tinfoil, and suspended, and kept perpendicularly in the fluid. Copies of plaster casts are easily taken, as also of wax models, by means of the same process. But perhaps the most beautiful exemplification of the process is seen in the ease by which natural organised substances are covered with a thin film of copper. The leaf or branch to be operated upon is covered, by means of a soft brush, with the black-lead, and suspended in the fluid. Butterflies and moths are also easily covered; shrub-flowers are extremely beautiful, with thin delicate fibres fully and clearly developed on their metallic covering. Mr Smee thus writes of them:—The beauty of electro-coppered leaves, branches, and similar objects, is surprising. I have a case of these specimens placed on a black ground, which no one would take to be productions of art. In the same room with them are a couple of these cases in which Ward has taught us to grow in this smoky metropolis some of the most interesting botanical specimens. In these cases are contained varieties of fairy-formed *adiantums*, verdant *lycopodiums*, brilliant *orchideae*, rigid *cacti*, and other plants, all growing in their natural luxuriance. The electro-coppered leaves, however, are beautiful when placed by the side of the productions of this miniature paradise; and when I state that the numerous hairs covering the leaves of a *melastoma*, and even the delicate hairs of the *salvia*, are all perfectly covered, the botanist must at once admit that these specimens have rather the minuteness of nature than the imperfections of art. In plating articles with the precious metals, the weight of metal deposited is found by weighing the article previous to insertion in the liquid, and again after receiving the deposition, when the difference is the weight of metal. For silver, the article is suspended in a solution of the cyanide of potassium and silver; and for gold, the cyanide of potassium and gold. The articles now plated with silver are very numerous—forks, spoons, salvers, &c. The solution of silver is kept charged with sheets of pure silver suspended in the vessels; from which the metal is dissolved as fast as it is deposited, leaving finally a lace-like piece of silver of extremely delicate and beautiful fibres. In coating articles of value with a film of gold the same process is gone through, but of course on a much smaller scale. The solution is supplied with the precious metal by placing a small strip of pure gold round the vessel. Small articles, such as watch-chains, buttons, &c. that can be suspended on a wire, are inserted in the solution, and gilt in a remarkably short space of time. A writer in the 'Penny Magazine' states that he saw ten gross of coat buttons strung upon a wire, and all perfectly gilt, by an immersion of less than one minute. Having now glanced at the methods of plating the external

surfaces of articles with gold and silver, we will briefly explain what we may term the chief triumph of the art—the production of solid articles in the precious metals.

We will suppose a vase to be required in gold: a delicate wax model, containing all the figures in relief to be on the surface, is first prepared; from this wax model a leaden mould is produced, and from this a brass model or pattern is cast; on which the engraver finishes the designed parts more fully, and from this finished pattern a mould in an elastic substance is obtained, composed in some instances of glue. This, by its elasticity, allows the mould to be separated easily from the parts of the pattern which are undercut; and it is used to provide a model in wax, suet, and phosphorus, on which a film of copper is laid by the galvanic agency. The wax forming originally a foundation for the copper, is again used as a foundation for the more precious metal. It is melted from the inside of the copper deposit, and the copper shell left has in its interior an exact fac-simile of the original design. The copper mould is next introduced to the solution of cyanide of potassium and gold, the exterior being protected by the resisting medium. The gold is gradually deposited equally over the raised and depressed portions of the mould; and the process is allowed to go on till sufficient thickness is obtained, when the whole is withdrawn, and the outside film of copper melted off by the action of an acid, leaving a solid and pure vase of gold. The gold and silver, whether of solid or superficial deposit, after coming from the solution, have a dull dead appearance; and to obviate this, the articles undergo the operation of burnishing. To prove that in solid deposit the particles are as closely united as if they had passed through the melting-pot, they give a clear sonorous ring when struck on an anvil with a hammer.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHENE'ER I feel this rare excess of health
 Thrill suddenly throughout my frame, as now,
 Forgetting hoary hair and furrowed brow,
 I turn a bragart of my fancied wealth
 Of stalwart strength and life. I seek the glow
 Of sunshine, singing; gather (not by stealth,
 But with an honest boldness) fruits that grow
 Out of my reach at other times; and offer
 The sweets I taste to others—letting go
 Sickness and its entailments from my mind;
 And, like the miser near his rifled coffer,
 Unconscious that it holds no more his gold,
 I glory in delusion—till I find
 Some old-recurring pang recall me to myself!

NEWSPAPERS.

I am sure that every person will be willing, as I am, to acknowledge, in the most ample terms, the information, the instruction, and amusement derived from the public press.—*Lord Lyndhurst*. The newspaper is the chronicle of civilisation, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink; it is the newspaper which gives to liberty practical life, its perpetual vigilance, its unrelaxing activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, that reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of your country, and its interests at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislation of the public opinion, and it informs people of the acts of legislation; thus keeping up that constant sympathy, that good understanding between people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity for revolution.—*Sir E. L. Bulwer*.

INCORRECTNESS OF CONVERSATIONAL LANGUAGE.

The influence which common parlance exerts on the acquisition of correct notions on scientific subjects has often an unfortunate tendency. Thus, when we say in dull weather, 'The day is heavy'—'The air is thick and heavy,' it is not generally supposed that the air is really *lighter* than on a fine day; but the fall of the barometer indicates that this is the fact.—*Isaiah Deak*.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M. GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 263. NEW SERIES. • SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

It has become a settled point that the people of Scotland are remarkable for a cold and cautious temper. Has it never occurred to any of the multitudes who receive and repeat this doctrine, that it is strangely at issue with a vast proportion of the facts known regarding the Scottish people? We make no apology for briefly discussing the subject, because it is manifestly a curious circumstance that a people should generally act in contradiction of one of their most notable attributes.

A potent English monarch had, at the close of the thirteenth century, by craft and force completely established a right of dominion over this poor little northern country. A private gentleman rose in rebellion. The people for years supported him in a guerilla warfare, which scarcely was blessed with a hope of success. Wallace at length came to the end that might have been expected. He was put to death by the ungenerous usurper. Within two years, one of the claimants of the crown, who might have continued to be a great lord under Edward, is found taking up the same dangerous game. In the whole series of transactions which followed, down to the battle of Bannockburn, there is a show of almost every quality on the part of Bruce and the Scots *except* caution. That battle itself would have never happened, if Bruce had not been a romantic knight rather than a politic king, for it was obviously impolitic for a leader with thirty thousand troops to meet an enemy with a hundred thousand in the open field.

Throughout the almost incessant wars, external and internal, in which the Scotch were engaged for two hundred years after this period, there is no trace of a Fabian policy: all is headlong ardour. A pretty young French queen, wishing to make a diversion against the king of England, with whom her husband was at war, sends a ring to the king of Scotland, with a request that he would ride three miles into English ground for her sake. The Scottish monarch, though a married man above forty years of age, immediately invaded England under this call. In a few weeks, while resting with his army on a Northumbrian hill, he saw an English army deploying over a bridge to fight him. A politic man would have attacked it when half over, and beaten it. James was too gallant to take any such advantage. In the consequent battle, he lost his life, along with the flower of his nobility and people. One is astonished at the utter want of caution and consideration in the whole of this affair; yet it did not serve as a lesson. The son of this gallant king sent an army against England in nearly similar circumstances, and on its coming to the destruction which was to be expected, he died of grief. In all of these collisions, the English leaders appear as the wary men. Scotland

seems as a simple reckless child in comparison. Where was Scottish caution on the day of Pinkie fight? In the connection of the affairs of Elizabeth and Mary, on which side lay the astuteness, and on which the impulsiveness? Were the Walsinghams, the Wottons, and the Burleighs, a set of frank heedless Englishmen, allowing themselves to be tricked by the cold calculating ministers of the beautiful queen of Scots?

The national attribute is brought into a strong light in the affair of the Covenant. The king, with England at his back, attempts little changes in the ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland. In the month of May 1639, this cold-blooded people present themselves in arms on Dunse Law, to bide the worst which that great monarch could bring against them. England had by that time some grievances of her own to bear; but it was the cautious Scotch who first took to pike and gun for the good cause. The affair ends for the meantime in a capitulation; but next year, on a fine day in the month of August, this cool-headed people, once more in arms, are seen crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, in order to fight Charles on his own ground. Their whole conduct throughout the civil war is the oddest possible for a cautious people. After all they had suffered from Charles, twenty thousand of them followed the poor Duke of Hamilton to Uttoxeter, with a vain hope of redeeming their unhappy monarch from the bondage of the sectaries. Not content with thus knocking their heads against Cromwell, they must, two years after, defy him and republican England for the sake of Charles II. Their attack on Oliver at Dunbar, their march to Worcester, are most extraordinary doings for a people eaten up by the spirit of selfish calculation. Never certainly was caution more whimsically shown, or more inappropriately rewarded.

It was the fate of Scotland in the next reign to be put under a church establishment which represented the opinions of only a handful of the people, but which was supported by a powerful and merciless government. The peasantry of a single county rose in rebellion, and fell in scores under the bullets of Dalryell. The peasantry of another county, some years later, exposed themselves in the same way to the sabres of Claverhouse. A thousand of these calculating people were offered liberty if they would say 'God save the king'—the alternative being Barbadoes and Maryland. Strange for a cautious people, they refused, and the cold strand of Orkney was strewn with their corpses before the year was out. What a series of strange proceedings for such a people, those conventicles which they would attend, gentles as well as commons, though ruinous fines stared them in the face, and no man knew but Claverhouse might be behind the next hill with his dragoons! The scores of men who, for conscience' sake, sang their last psalms under the gibbet in the Grassmarket, how

strange to think of them as specimens of a nation who, while allowed to have tolerably clear heads, are yet set down as generally distinguished by frigid hearts!

The two rebellions in behalf of the exiled House of Stuart will of course appear as notable illustrations of this national torpor of feeling. In 1745, the Scotch Jacobites came out in thousands to the open field, braving for their principles loss of life and possessions; while the English Jacobites, equally engaged, remain quietly at home, and read of Prince Charlie's progress in the newspapers. Even of the Welsh, hotheaded as they are reputed to be, not a man draws his sword. It is pleasant for a Scotchman to think of eighty of his 'cautious' countrymen getting themselves hanged at Carlisle, Preston, and Kennington Common, for daring to rank themselves up against King George and his army; many of them declaring, too, with their last breath, that, if it were to do over again, they would do it. The affair of 1745 was almost the only occurrence for a century after the accession of the House of Hanover that forcibly attracted the attention of the English to Scotland; and strange to say, it presents this so-called cautious people in an attitude purely romantic, audacious, and unwise.

After ages of war and civil broils, the Scotch bethought themselves, at the close of the seventeenth century, of applying their energies to commerce. The first ventures of so cautious a people one would have expected to be on an exceedingly moderate scale in proportion to their resources. All the circumstances ought to have been marked by prudence and forethought. What was the actual fact?—a plan of extraordinary boldness, for an entrepôt at Darien, involving a capital of four hundred thousand pounds, being about half of the whole circulating medium in the country. The total destruction of their expeditions, and the perdition of their money, bear strong witness indeed to the national attribute! About that time, who was the Scotsman most conspicuous in England?—was he a paragon of caution? It was William Paterson, who projected the Bank of England—one of the most adventurous beings perhaps that ever breathed. Twenty years later, France was thrown into an extraordinary ferment by a new bank, on which came to be engrafted a scheme for colonising Louisiana. The projector was a foreigner, a daring schemer in monetary matters. So successfully did he impart his enthusiasm to others, that people of all ranks flocked to convert their actual capital into his paper. A stranger entering the Rue Quinquempoix at that crisis would have found a hunchback making a good livelihood by letting out his back as an extempore desk on which the transfers of an imaginary stock were negotiated. If introduced at court, he would have found the son of the projector admitted to the circle of noble youths who were privileged to join in the dances of the young king. Strange to say, the man who produced the universal madness in Paris, to be followed by an equally universal ruin, was a member of that nation so celebrated for its cautious calculations: it was John Law, a native of Edinburgh. Banking, it will be said, has been conducted cautiously and successfully in Scotland. Not so fast. The success of Scotch banking arose in reality from a feature of incaution, a large issue of notes. But for the smallness of the country, allowing each man to know something of another's affairs, and the general probity of the men engaged in banking, an issue of notes so much beyond the means of their ready and immediate withdrawal would have been attended by the greatest danger. It has, in fact, been an adventurous system all along, one in which credit has been stretched to an extent which we rarely see exemplified in larger countries. Nor has it been uniformly successful. There are a few counties in Scotland, the proprietary of which has been perhaps as much ruined in consequence of misadventures in banking, as Fermanagh was by the Cromwellian settlement. The extreme case was that of Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank, established in 1769, ruined in 1772. They

issued notes like a snow-drift, and gave large quantities of them out to individuals to be put into circulation in different parts of the country, and accounted for at certain periods. These notes used to come back for payment at the central office, before their various circulators had accounted for them. Anybody with a coat on his back and a little brass on his forehead could get a bill discounted with Douglas, Heron, and Company. It is told that there was a back-going farmer about the Pentland Hills, who, having exhausted all his friends and neighbours, and being reduced to desperation, was told that money was to be got almost without ceremony at a house in the Canongate. He came with a bill for £50, accepted by one of his ploughmen, and had the money in his hand as quickly as 'if it had been only change for a guinea. He packed it slowly up in his pocket, strode to the door, and there turning coolly about, said pretty audibly, 'Faith, billies, this canna gang on lang!' The damage to the shareholders, who were of all classes, was dreadful. Sir Walter Scott speaks with a bitter grudge of the loss incurred by his father through Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank; yet we observe the old gentleman stands in the list for only £500 of stock. Mr Islay Campbell, the most successful advocate of his time, told a friend that it would have been better for him never to have made one penny by his profession, than to have made a venture in that bank. Some men paid quotas of loss every now and then during the greater part of their lives; and, as we are assured only a very few years have elapsed since the books were finally wound up, it is not improbable that in some instances the sufferings from Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank extended through three generations.

Any one living in Scotland at the present day, and looking round him with the eye of a man of the world, would be at no loss, we believe, to discover such examples of things done under false calculations, or no calculations at all, as would leave him a good deal at a loss to account for the character which the people have acquired on the score of caution. He would not see what are called 'fast men' in great numbers; but of heedless speculators and half-crazy projectors he would find no lack. However strange it may sound in an English ear, there are plenty of rash and thoughtless people in Scotland. We really must claim to have our fair proportion of folly as well as our neighbours. Only inquire into family histories: where is there one without its wayward member, who is continually coming back upon them ruined and undone, to be once more set up in the world, or once more and finally shipped off for the colonies? Ask in the share-market—look into the Gazette—inspect the shipping list at Glasgow. Hopes you will everywhere find as ripe as fears. On all sides ruin bears its part beside success. One does not hear much now-a-days of such a spirit among religious people as that which fills the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth century with wonders. Yet only in 1843, about a third part of the established clergy of Scotland abandoned their livings on a point of conscience. Other people, ourselves amongst the number, are at a loss to understand their reasons: opposite partisans try to extenuate the matter in various ways. In plain truth, whatever might be the merits of the prompting cause, it was an astonishing example of self-sacrifice, one which any people might be proud to have in their history, and which, we venture to say, the whole nation will yet be proud to see there. We strongly recommend the particulars to the consideration of those who regard the Scotch as wholly made up of cold and selfish calculation.

We might go on to ask if the most eminent Scotsmen of past times have been noted for caution. Was Bruce a cautious man when he exposed himself to the attack of Sir Henry Bohun at Bannockburn? Was John Knox a cautious man?—he of whom Morton said, as he saw him laid in the grave, 'There lies one who never feared the face of man!' Was Mar-

trose cautious at Kilsyth, or Dundee at Killecrankie? Was Fletcher of Salton cautious when he killed Dare at Torquay? Burns proclaims in his verse that 'prudent cautious self-control is wisdom's root;' but, himself, 'o'er fast for thought, o'er hot for rule,' could never practise the maxim. Scott looked a prudent man till near the end of his days, when it was found that not a son of the Muses in their most reckless times had acted more inconsiderately than he. A hardy ardour and enthusiasm seems to belong to the whole of the great men of our country. Caution is the last peculiarity which a biographer would attribute to them.

How, then, comes it that the Scotch, with such a history, obtain such a character? We cannot undertake to solve the mystery to universal satisfaction; but we see a few peeps of daylight through it. The Scotch, in the ordinary affairs of life, exhibit a tolerably clear intellect; they do not rush into acts and situations with the precipitancy of the Irish. But there is nothing extraordinary about them in this respect. The English, however, whose judgment on the point is the subject of debate, see their neighbours in two limited aspects. They either see the northern adventurer plodding his way among a people richer than himself, and anxious to make up by prudence for his original want of means; or they themselves come as mercantile travellers into Scotland, seeking to press off all sorts of English goods upon such shopkeepers as they think trustworthy. The Scotch trader has to be on the defensive both against the trading sharpness of the English, and against taking an over-quantity of their goods, all of which he knows must be paid for. He therefore presents a somewhat hard and slow manner to the *empressement* of his visitor. The Scotch are accordingly, as a nation, judged by the English from a few specimens, who are either unfair representatives of the mass, or are presented in circumstances so peculiar, that their actual character is not represented. It is like judging the people of Italy from the wandering image-venders, or the people of France from the conduct of the actors in the Théâtre Français. It gets, however, a specious sort of sanction from the fact, that the Scotch do bear themselves with something like an average degree of prudence amongst the nations; and so it passes. The English, meanwhile, have no more idea of the style of living and dealing pursued by the bulk of the Scotch people, than they have of the *ménage* of an Esquimaux, or perhaps less. The many who live in an open-handed and elegant manner, the still greater number who live in comfort, the generous charities supported in the large towns, the sacrifices made by the poorest under the influence of their higher sentiments, remain totally unknown, and therefore enter not into the account. If these remarks do not explain the mystery, then we despair of it, and must leave it as a problem to be solved by wiser heads than ours. R. C.

AN ENGLISH WORKMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS IN 1848.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

AFTER the Revolution, business of all kinds seemed to have received a decided check. Work at M. Jolly's was not resumed for more than a week, and then only on short time. Thousands walked the streets without any employment at all, excepting planting trees of liberty, which they did at every possible place, amid great firing of guns and other rejoicings. M. Vachette, my landlord, was one who suffered much from the late changes, for he had been employed by the royal saddler and harness-maker. To compensate him in part for his loss, he had been chosen by his comrades as corporal in his company of the National Guard. Although feeling sorely the pressure of the times, he managed to save a small weekly sum towards his uniform. He was a gay thoughtless being enough, with sparkling black eyes, and a black bushy beard, and a devoted admirer of republican principles as advocated by Vergniaud,

Bailly, Roland, Brissot, and other Girondins, and so ably contended for now by Lamartine. He saw with pain the wide spread of Communism. His wife, a woman of good education, and much natural talent, seemed in a continual melancholy, as if under some foreboding fear that she could not contend with.

About this time my friend George, finding his hopes of obtaining employment in Paris at an end, was compelled reluctantly to quit the bosom of his family, and to go to sea once more. James Barygues, his brother, who was a man of excellent disposition, and a sincere lover of his species, had for his abilities been chosen secretary of one of the most violent democratic clubs, and was himself imbued with a corresponding quantity of their enthusiasm and folly.

The first act of the Parisian workmen was, by threats held out to their employers, to expel all the English employed in Paris; and indeed, as I afterwards found, this was pretty general throughout France. The only excuse I can find for this conduct, was the misery and destitution they were suffering themselves. This gave rise to much bitterness of feeling on the part of my countrymen, and not without cause. It was a sad blow for the keepers of English houses in Paris, as they were nearly all obliged to close their shops and follow their customers.

My own work continued very slack for some time after the Revolution; but I had the pleasure of observing that the branch of the business in which I was employed gradually increased, which I attributed to the superiority of the English method over the French. Accordingly, as the spring advanced, I found full employment, occasionally even working five quarters in the day, though trade in general was extremely dull. Still no symptoms appeared of the wretchedness of the majority of the working-classes. The people, everywhere decently clad, laughed, looked happy, and sang their songs with that *gaieté du cœur* for which the Parisian stands unrivalled.

On the 16th of April, there was a great Communist demonstration; the *rappel* was beating in all quarters of Paris. The day passed without any particular disturbance; but it caused trade, which was slowly reviving, again to languish. I found every such popular demonstration followed by a corresponding depression in business; for the rich, alarmed by the constant marching of immense bodies of men, beating their eternal drums, were rapidly leaving Paris, thus rendering employment still more scarce, and the masses still more discontented. To provide for the wants of the working-classes, the *Ateliers Nationaux* were instituted, which, to my thinking, was a fatal mistake on the part of the government, as a complete system of organisation was at once framed, which, as was afterwards shown, was fully taken advantage of.

On the 20th took place the Festival of Fraternity, which exhibited no extraordinary feature besides the astonishing length of the line of troops which passed in review before the members of the Provisional Government. It was generally believed after this fête that trade would revive; but those who thus fondly hoped, were doomed to disappointment. Trade in all branches, instead of getting better, got worse. Thousands of discontented and hungry men roamed through the streets, by their threatening appearance making bad worse. I was particularly struck with the appearance of poor James Barygues and his wife, whom I had not seen for some time past. Although in their dress there was an evident struggle between pride and poverty, and no tale of distress came from their lips, yet their pale and famished looks told how much they had suffered. On this occasion the conversation naturally turned to the existing state of things in Paris, and rather a hot discussion ensued between the two brothers-in-law, James contending that the men now at the head of affairs had betrayed the trust reposed in them, and that nothing but their expulsion would save France from ruin. The other thence

the whole blame on the Communists, who, by their constant *émeutes*, had ruined the trade of Paris. It ended by M. Vachette commanding James to leave the room, which he did, never again to cross the threshold. I was much grieved, on account of the two sisters, that politics should thus part friends, and different opinions engender such bitter feelings.

As summer approached, the weather became delightful. I had heard and read of sunny France. Her poets had apostrophised her bright blue skies, and sung in raptures of her corn-fields and vineyards: I found the picture not overdrawn. The sky was bright and beautifully clear for many weeks together. From the absence of smoke, there was a particular freshness in the air, by which the intense heat of the sun was much relieved. The Boulevards now swarmed with people, especially on Sundays, which here is a kind of fête-day, instead of being set apart for religious observance. Jugglers, tumblers, and showmen lined the path; bands of music sounded in the air; while all kinds of vehicles crowded along the road. In the evening, the cafés were filled with company, thousands being seated outside in the cool of the evening, enjoying the soothing fragrance of the cigar and sipping their coffee, and the ladies their sugared water. The Boulevards outside of Paris were, if possible, more gay. From the numerous cafés, ball-rooms, and summer-gardens, the sound of song and revelry met the ear, instead of the more decent tolling of the Sabbath-bell.

On the 15th of May Paris was again thrown into a state of ferment by the attack of the Communists on the National Assembly. Some of my shopmates I knew to be adherents of Barbès, Blanqui, and the other Communists; and I noticed their absence on this particular morning. The drum beat the *rappel*, and again shops were shut, and the streets filled with military. I hastened down to the hall of the National Assembly, the front of which was guarded by a troop of dragoons, while immense numbers of the Garde Nationale were hastening down the quais.

I was standing nearly opposite the Chambers when Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin left the Assembly on horseback. A thousand voices cried, 'Vive Lamartine!' and a few, 'Vive Ledru-Rollin!' Many pressed forward to shake the former by the hand. I, wishing to have that honour, pressed forward with the rest, and grasping his hand a little too tightly I fear, cried at the top of my voice, 'Vive Lamartine!' I felt as if it was something to have shaken hands with the then greatest man in all France.

The fête of Concord followed quickly afterwards: it was a most splendid affair, but failed to produce the contentment which was expected of it. As for myself, I had no great reason to complain: my work still increased, and I fondly hoped that I might be allowed to remain many years in the land of my adoption; my master was kind and indulgent, using me more as an equal than was in partnership with him than as a workman employed by him; my shopmates were courteous and obliging; the climate I felt to be delightful; all public places were free; and the manners of the people such as made me blush for the ignorance and rudeness of my own.

My prospects in business being so cheering, I resolved to purchase a little home, and send for my family. I immediately began to put this resolution into effect, and living frugally and working hard for the next five or six weeks, purchased at every opportunity such articles of household furniture as I judged would be most serviceable. Amongst these were a bed mattress and bedstead, a rather stylish chest of drawers with a marble top, a table, some chairs, and a looking-glass. The articles, as I bought them, were placed in a room which I had taken in the Rue Faubourg St Martin. It was with some degree of pride and satisfaction that I looked round my little apartment, longing for the time when I should behold my wife and children once more comfortably settled beside me. I had meanwhile written to

my wife, directing her to sell to the best advantage our household goods at home, and likewise a small business which had formed the chief support of my family. It was with great reluctance that I informed Monsieur and Madame Vachette of my intention to leave them, as they had treated me with uniform kindness, and I knew my money, trifling as it was, was now an object with them.

Upon further consideration, seeing the difficulties my wife would have to encounter on her journey with four young children, I thought it would be better for me to ask a week's holiday, and fetch them from England myself. A week previous to my intended departure, which I had fixed for Sunday the 25th of June, as it was the last Sunday I should spend in the Battignolles, I went, in company with my landlord and his wife, to Versailles, M. Vachette having an uncle residing there. On the previous night he had brought home his new uniform, and now for the first time put it on. He had, in common with most Frenchmen, a smart military air, and, with the help of some padding, made really a handsome figure. So to Versailles we went, and spent the day most comfortably, all little imagining how the next Sunday would pass.

I had noticed every evening, on leaving my work, bands of idle fellows loitering about the Portes St Martin and St Denis. These mobs the military were called out several times to disperse; and it was no unusual thing to find both horse and foot at the Porte St Martin as I was returning from work.

On the evening of Friday the 23d, as I was preparing to leave work, I was alarmed by the noise of a sharp firing in the street. I quickly dressed, and ran out. All was confusion and alarm. Rebellion again had reared its hydra head, and the fair city of Paris was about to become an immense slaughter-house. A barricade had been formed at the Porte St Martin, before which several of the Garde Nationale had already fallen.

As I had no wish this time to take any share in the movement, I avoided the Boulevard by taking by-streets, until I reached the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The *rappel* was now beating in every quarter, and the Garde Nationale mustering in great numbers. Armed men passed me every moment; but of which party it was impossible to judge, as thousands of the Garde Nationale were without uniforms. I rushed across the Boulevard, and then up Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to Rue Clichy. I passed through the barrier of that name, and reached my lodgings in Rue de l'Ecluse in safety. I had not been at home many minutes, when M. Vachette, who worked in the Rue St Honoré, entered. The *rappel* now sounded loudly in the Battignolles. I helped my landlord to equip, belted on his sword and cartridge-box, and handed him his gun from the corner in which it was usually kept. He shook me by the hand, kissed his wife, and then departed.

I endeavoured to calm the agitation of Madame Vachette, by assuring her that it was nothing but an ordinary *émeute*, of which several had lately taken place. So, wishing madame good-night, I took my lamp, and retired to my chamber.

At daybreak I was awoke by something jarring my window, which, from the heat of the weather, I had left unfastened. Suddenly it shook again, and the boom of cannon struck my ear. I sprang from my bed, and threw back my window. The first streaks of day had just begun to crimson the eastern sky. A sharp, quick knocking at my door, and the voice of my landlady calling me, drew me from the window. I threw on some articles of clothing, and admitted her. With pale and quivering lips she besought me to make some inquiries as to the cause of the firing. I promised her I would, and went out with that intention.

On ascending the hill of Montmartre, which stands at the distance of a short walk from the Battignolles, and commands a fine view of Paris, I saw the white smoke of the combat already curling above the houses. The discharges of artillery became every moment more fre-

quent, mingled with the rattling of musketry, until the whole became one deafening roar, as the combat was more general, and the line of action more extended. I returned to my lodgings, and found my poor landlady in a sad state; her anxiety respecting her husband and other relations in Paris being very great. She expressed her determination to proceed in search of M. Vachette, in spite of all dangers that she must necessarily be exposed to. At her earnest intreaty I consented to accompany her, knowing that, from the politeness of the French of all grades towards a female, my protection to her was a guarantee for my own safety. Avoiding the quarter in which fighting was going on, we reached the Boulevards by the way of Rue d'Amsterdam and the Madeleine. The Boulevards were crowded with troops, and several pieces of cannon passed on their way to the scene of combat. On making inquiries of an officer as to the station of the legion from the Battignolles, he politely informed us that they had passed the night in the gardens of the Tuileries. This for the present somewhat calmed poor Madame Vachette's apprehension.

We now proceeded to Rue St Honoré, where resided her father. The old gentleman very much blamed our rashness in venturing out amid such a scene; so, leaving her with her father, I endeavoured to reach the Tuileries; but all approach was strictly forbidden. I next endeavoured to reach the Rue de la Harpe; but even approach in that quarter was cut off, either by the military, or by enormous barricades. As I had no wish to be again concerned in the making of street defences, I in every possible manner avoided coming in contact with the men employed in their construction. Having thus failed in every effort to obtain intelligence, I returned to Rue St Honoré, and taking Madame Vachette again under my protection, proceeded home.

Night at length closed upon the long day of Saturday, during which the cannon had thundered without intermission; and when at last the twilight of a short night in June shrouded the dying and the dead, the sky was crimsoned in many places by the light of conflagration. Sleep that night visited but few eyes in Paris, unless it was the sleep of death, which now weighed heavily on thousands who had risen hale and hearty with the morning's dawn.

All night was heard the heavy tramp of armed legions, and the clattering of horses' hoofs, with the jingling of sabres and accoutrements, as the troops continued to pour into Paris from the provinces. On the following day (Sunday) the combat increased in fury, approaching still nearer our immediate locality; and a tremendous cannonade being directed on Barriers Rochecouart and Poissonniere, both of which were plainly discernible from our windows.

The sight was one of extreme horror. From the immense strength of these two positions, the carnage in attempting to take them was very great. Notwithstanding that the cannon thundered at them from day-break till dusk, they still remained in possession of the insurgents. The streets of the Battignolles were now swarming with troops, and the houses filled with the dying and the dead. As for poor Madame Vachette, she sat the image of despair, rocking her body to and fro in mental agony. No food had yet passed her lips. Again we passed a wretched night, and again the thunder of artillery aroused me from a sort of dose that I had fallen into towards the morning. As the day advanced, the firing slackened, and then ceased. The insurrection was now quelled, and the silence of death succeeded the roar of the cannon.

The legion of the Battignolles returned at night, and many anxious wives rushed from rank to rank. There were joyful meetings of friends, and piercing shrieks of agony and we from wife and daughter when those they sought returned not. One such scream burst from the lips of poor Madame Vachette, as she sank in strong hysterics on the ground, although his comrades assured her that her husband was only wounded.

I went with her next day to the Hôtel-Dieu, to inquire after him, and the dreadful sights that everywhere met our gaze make the heart ache to think of. On arriving at the gate of the hospital, we found a melancholy group surrounding it with pale faces and tearful eyes, all anxiously waiting to ascertain the fate of near and dear ones. There was a long interval of painful anxiety, and then came the dreadful truth: poor M. Vachette was numbered with the dead! He had died of his wounds immediately on his admission.

His wife, poor soul, bore this stroke better than I expected. No tears this time; although, when the fatal truth was made known, a groan burst from her lips as if her very life would leave her body. Her eyes were dry and bloodshot with long watching; her lips no longer pale, but black and parched, as with fever. She begged to see the corpse in a low husky voice, that showed what ravages grief had already made on a constitution at all times delicate. Those whose visits have only been confined to an hospital under ordinary circumstances can form no idea of the horrors of the scene, or the fearful medley of dreadful sounds that struck the ear. The low moan of agony, the wild cry of some who were delirious, and the still louder shrieks of those undergoing painful surgical operations, combined to produce a most appalling effect. We passed through many long lines of poor suffering wretches, many of whom closed their eyes with no friend to minister to their last wants—to wet the parched lips, to lift the aching head or smooth the pillow, or to give up with them the last prayer to the throne of mercy. In many cases the last sounds that fell on their dying ear were the wild imprecations and fearful yells that came from the lips of a new-made madman, whose disordered fancy still kept wandering to the scene of the late fearful conflict.

Soon we were in the hall of death, and a heart-rending scene it was. Although some attempt had been made to give the dead a decent appearance, yet the majority were sadly disfigured with wounds and clotted gore. The eyes of the wife were quicker than mine, for I was occupied in viewing the frightful cuts and slashes that some of the bodies exhibited, while many, very many, only showed a small blue mark to tell the manner of their death. She grasped my arm, as if to prevent herself from falling, stopped short for a moment, and gasped for breath. My eyes mechanically followed the direction of hers; and there he lay, poor fellow, still in his uniform—for he was either dead when brought in, or died immediately afterwards. She stooped down to kiss his pale bloodless lips, the cold contact of which seemed to freeze her very heart. She trembled in every limb, and her teeth chattered. I bore her unresistingly away from this painful sight, and with a heavy heart returned to the Battignolles.

Being anxious to ascertain the fate of my friends, I returned towards the quarter Latin, in which was situated the Rue de la Harpe. My journey to this place was one of extreme difficulty, for I was stopped and searched in every quarter. In some places I had to scramble over high barricades half destroyed, and then wade knee-deep in mud, passing perhaps under buildings that threatened every moment to fall and crush the luckless passenger. In many places I was repulsed and forced back by the military; and when permitted to proceed, only in company of one or more of the Garde Nationale or Garde Mobile. At length I reached the Rue de la Harpe, and mounted the many stairs to the apartment of James Barges. I rang softly at the bell. The door was opened by his wife. On seeing me, the first word she uttered was, 'Have you brought me any news of my husband?' Upon inquiry, I found that he too had been absent since the fatal evening of Friday. Poor soul! the consolation that I could afford her was small indeed. His fate I could but too readily guess; he was either with the slain, or languishing in the dungeons of the Tuileries. The party he would embrace in the conflict I knew too well.

I now thought it would be well to see how matters stood with myself. I passed those places where the fighting had been thickest. Everywhere the traces of the fearful conflict were visible. On the *Quai aux Fleurs*, a large clothing establishment, where, a few days previous, I had purchased a pair of trousers, was now riddled with cannon balls. I crossed *Pont Notre Dame* to the *Rue St Martin*. Our establishment was closed, the masters mounting guard somewhere, and no one to give me any information.

Passing through *Porte St Martin* to the *Faubourg*, I found the traces of the struggle still more evident. Barricades half-destroyed continually impeded the progress of the passengers. On reaching the house where I had placed my goods, I found it turned into a temporary guardhouse, and it was occupied by a party of the *Garde Mobile*. I inquired for the *concierge*. He had disappeared. I asked permission to visit my apartment. The man on guard shrugged up his shoulders, and said I might please myself about that. I thanked him, and mounted the stairs; when, oh my poor *ménage*, what a wreck! My bed and mattress had disappeared, doubtless for the service of the wounded: my drawers—doubtless the marble top had broken the head of some luckless wight in the street below. The last of my bedstead was burning on the hearth, cooking the mess for the soldiery. I returned to the *Battignolles* very low-spirited indeed, and there found a note from my employer, recommending me to remain some time in England until better days should permit me to return to Paris, as he thought London for the present presented a better chance of success. So I prepared to depart from this city of mourning and desolation. Previous to my departure I again visited *Madame Bargues*, in company with her sister. The meeting of the two was very affecting. Both were alike bereaved; for my fears were too well-founded: James had been taken with the insurgents, and now awaited a court-martial in the dungeon of the *Tuileries*. The rest is told in a few words. On my return to England, I found that my wife, acting on my instructions, had broken up our little home, and parted with her business. So I found myself in no enviable situation. But my case is not an isolated one of the misery brought by civil war.

W. E.

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

MONTAIGNE—RATICH.*

EDUCATION, according to the idea of it which prevailed during the period from the revival of letters to the sixteenth century, was confined to a repetition of the words and theories of the ancient authors and philosophers. The object was only to know what they said, not what was right. The efforts of Erasmus, of Melancthon, and, above all, of Luther, and the influence of the greater diffusion of knowledge, introduced a more extensive course of instruction; and the new school boasted that they taught realities instead of the pedantic verbalism of the old. And yet the difference was not so great as was imagined. History and science were taught, not for themselves, but with a view to the elucidation of the classics, and they were taught on the old principle of authority instead of experiment. Astronomy was learned without observation of the stars; anatomy without dissection; botany without botanising; everything was taught from books, implicit faith being still given to the theories of Aristotle, Pliny, and Galen; and nature herself, when she was investigated, was so, not in order to correct the authorities, but only in order to come round again to, and explain the infallible books. This was *verbal realism*—the teaching of things not by the understanding, but the memory. It was when education had reached this stage of development that the system of Bacon, producing realism in philosophy,

produced realists in education also. The great principle of this school was, to teach things instead of words; and their method, to teach through the understanding instead of the memory. Accordingly, the general characteristics of the new system, as displayed at its birth, may be stated as follows:—They asserted the necessity of teaching the arts and sciences, history and modern languages—in short, knowledge in general, as well as the classics, and maintained the practicability of teaching both simultaneously. With regard to their method of teaching, they attacked the universal domination of the Latin language, and took the mother-tongue as the foundation of all education; their special objection was to the 'memory-cramming' of the old system, which, said they, is dead, and useless, since the pupils are made to learn by heart much which they cannot understand, and yet that which is understood can alone be impressed on the memory.

Before passing to those individuals whose systems were the direct offspring of the Baconian philosophy, it is necessary to advert to a man who, living contemporaneously with Bacon, certainly was not in anyway indebted to him for his opinions, and yet whose views bear the strongest analogy to those subsequently developed by the systematic realists, under the influence of the inductive philosophy. This man was Montaigne. His remarks, from the very circumstance, perhaps, that he had no practical experience of teaching, are as acute as they are original; whilst in his writings may be found the germ of much which was broached long afterwards as newly discovered, by authors who were not candid enough to own their obligations to the Gascon philosopher. As a whole, Montaigne's idea of education was thoroughly realist; not that his works contain any digested system. None of the works of this vivacious author can be called systematic, except in their egotism. The man himself is the centre on which all his reflections turn, and he scatters his opinions abroad, crude and unconnected, as they occurred to himself. This being the case, we shall not attempt to reduce Montaigne's observations to any system, but content ourselves with quoting such portions of his writings as may best illustrate his views.

'The end of study,' he observes, 'is to become wiser and better, and the object of the tutor should be to make his pupil a man of abilities rather than a mere scholar.' Proceeding on this principle, he inveighs against the pedantic learning then in vogue. 'We take pains only to stuff the memory, and leave the understanding and the conscience unfurnished. We can exclaim, says Cicero, these were the morals of Plato; these the very words of Aristotle; but what do we say ourselves that is our own? Compare in the man truly educated one of those college Latinists, who has thrown away fifteen or sixteen years in only learning to speak. We are subjected four or five years to learn the meaning of words, and to tack them together into clauses; as many more to distribute one copious discourse into four or five parts; and the remaining five years at least to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle manner.' And he goes on, as an illustration, to relate a story of his meeting two scholars, one of whom being asked, with regard to his companion, what gentleman that might be, replied, 'He is not a gentleman; he is a grammarian, and I am a logician.' 'Now, we who, on the contrary, do not aim to form a grammarian or a logician, but a gentleman, leave them to mispend their time; our business lies another way; for let our pupil be well furnished with things, words will flow but too fast; he will drag them after him if they are not ready to follow.' For the word gentleman, here substitute man, and the object of education, according to the realists, is described almost in their own words. In the same spirit Montaigne maintains that education ought to be the teaching to think for ourselves, rather than to repeat the thoughts of others. 'The tutor should at the very first, according to the capacity of his pupil, begin to put it to the test by

* An article presenting the opinions of three earlier educationists appeared in No. 20.

permitting his pupil himself to taste things, and to choose and distinguish them, sometimes opening the way for him, and sometimes not. For if he embraces the opinions of Xenophon and Plato, in his own conviction these opinions will be no longer theirs, but his. He that follows another follows nothing, finds nothing, nay, does not seek for anything. To know by rote is no knowledge.'

Since Montaigne's plan is thoroughly to inform the mind, he insists much on the necessity of studying history, and especially what we now call the philosophy of history; and he also recommends travelling, and an early acquaintance with, and an interest in, the events and opinions of the day. Since, too, he was to educate the whole man, his system comprehends the training of the body as well as the mind. Pursuing in everything his realist crusade against teaching without experience, he exclaims, 'I could wish that Palnel or Pompey, those famous dancing-masters of my time, could have taught us to cut capers by only seeing them do it, without ever stirring from our seats, as these men pretend to improve our understanding without exercising it; or that we had learned to ride, handle a pike, touch a lute, or sing, without the trouble of practice, as these pretend to make us think; and speak well without exercising either our judgment or our voice.' In all these points we shall presently see the exact similarity of the opinions of Montaigne to those of the systematic realists; and in another point of still more importance there is the same agreement—the uselessness and impropriety of harshness. 'Away with this force, this violence,' says he: 'youth should be allured to instruction, not driven to it, that where their profit is, their pleasure may be also.' As a last hit at the pedantic quibbles of the schools, he asks, 'But what shall our young gentleman do if he be attacked with the sophistical subtlety of some syllogism? A gammon of bacon makes a man drink, drink quenches thirst; ergo, the bacon quenches thirst. Why let him laugh at it, and it will be the more discretion to do so than to answer it.'

Essentially realist as Montaigne was, his writings do not appear to have exercised much direct influence on the earlier educationists who professed the same opinions. The first of the systematic realists was Wolfgang Ratich, who was born in Holstein in 1571. His general idea will be best understood by a short account of his method of teaching Latin, on the analogy of which he formed his method of instruction in all branches of learning.

Ratich rejected the old system of teaching the grammar in the first place, and then proceeding to read; on the contrary, he chose Terence, as being the Latin author best known by translations, and insisted on each play being read once, twice, or even three times in German before proceeding to the original. The teacher was then to go over the play, act by act, and scene by scene, explaining the drift and meaning thereof, as if the translation were in the hands of the class. He then went over the whole scene, translating word by word from the Latin, the pupils listening; a second verbal translation was then made, the pupils repeating word by word after the teacher; and lastly, they translated it themselves in the same manner, the teacher assisting them in any difficulty. When the author had thus been concluded for the third time, the class proceeded to the grammar (written in Latin), which was expounded to them in the same manner as that pursued with Terence, analogies to the German grammar being pointed out. Each particular portion of the grammar was then translated word for word several times, each rule being illustrated by examples chosen from Terence. Short sentences analogous to examples given in the author were then translated from German into Latin; and lastly, written exercises on the same principle were composed and corrected. The first step having been thus thoroughly mastered, the pupils proceeded to other authors.

The system of classical teaching above described presupposes a thorough mastery of the mother tongue. Strange, however, as it may seem, Ratich's original plan was, to proceed to Latin as soon as the merest elements of reading had been acquired in the mother tongue, or rather to teach those elements in Latin. His disciple Kromayer rejected this doctrine, maintaining that pupils must first of all learn German thoroughly before applying to Latin or any other foreign language, 'for as it is absurd to give children Latin books until they can read German perfectly, it is still worse in the very beginning, before they can read at all, to teach them to read in Latin primers.' With this view, Ratich's disciple commenced by teaching to read in German, using the Lutheran Bible as his class-book. The pupils were taken over their lesson several times, word by word, in Ratich's fashion, applying the grammar in their later perusals; and it was not till they were thorough masters of the reading and grammar of the mother tongue that Latin was attempted.

Preposterous as the attempt to teach the elements of reading and spelling in a foreign tongue appears in the present day, we must remember that the exactly analogous absurdity of teaching the rudiments of Latin grammar by means of books written in that language, has only very lately been abandoned in our own schools, if indeed it can yet be said to have altogether fallen into desuetude. Ratich's idea seems to have originated in a yet lingering feeling of the far superior importance of Latin as compared with the mother tongue. He could not divest himself of the old superstition, that Latin ought to be the mother tongue of the educated man. Montaigne, whose shrewd common sense ought to have guarded him against such an error, is liable to the same imputation. Ho describes, as highly to be recommended, the system under which he was himself taught. His eccentric father conceived the plan of never allowing his son, even in his earliest years, to hear or to speak any language but Latin, the result of which was that the boy was upwards of six years old before he could understand French, although he spoke Latin perfectly. To say nothing of the impracticability of such a system in the vast majority of cases, the question of the advantage to be derived still remains. In Russia, the native language used to be considered so vulgar and inelegant as to be unfitted for the use of those of gentle rank; fashionable people were ashamed to own that they understood it, and children were consequently trained from infancy to speak French. If all other nations are contented to look on their own language with Russian contempt, they may take to Montaigne's system; but the reason for such a preference has yet to be shown. The same observations do not apply, however, to the practice of making a foreign language, and especially Latin, the foundation on which the rudiments of grammar are taught. The pupil's familiarity with the idioms of the mother tongue, renders the application and comprehension of exact rules in regard to it a perplexing task; whilst, viewed abstractly, apart from the meaning of the words, which is of course to be given at the same time, there is no more difficulty in explaining a grammatical principle by means of a language imperfectly, than one thoroughly mastered. On the other hand, to say nothing of the superiority, as regards regularity of construction, of the Latin over most modern languages, the very unfamiliarity gives each rule, as clearing away an obstacle to translation, an importance otherwise unfelt. In the one case, the mother tongue has to be learned over again; in the other, each advance made in the grammar of a foreign tongue insensibly throws a light upon the construction of our own. 'The advantages of Ratich's system,' says one of his followers, 'are, that useful sciences and languages can be more easily, expeditiously, and correctly taught, than they ever have been. By his method, either young or old may in a year, or even in half a year, learn any language as thoroughly as their mother tongue; and the

same method is still better adapted for instruction in the arts and sciences, since these are, by their nature, free from the anomalies which have crept into language.

That a superficial knowledge of languages and science may, by a system of preceptorial repetition such as Ratieli's, be easily picked up, is true enough; but it is a very different question whether that knowledge will be as thorough and as essentially beneficial as if the pupil had devoted his individual energies to the acquisition. Ratieli's method is neither more nor less than a more laborious form of the Hamiltonian system of interlinear translation. The whole labour, with the exception of a mere act of memory and attention, devolved on the teacher: he was to explain, to expound everything; the pupil had nothing to do but to listen and to follow. The effect of this can scarcely be called questionable. When to the labours of the teacher he added the greater part of the labours of the scholar, Ratieli forgot his own principles, and fell into the very error against which himself and Montaigne declaimed so vehemently, of depriving his pupils of all freedom of thought and mental action.

For to distract the attention with several things at once, is as absurd as to try to cook porridge, meat, milk, and fish in the same pot.' But was Ratieli's procedure according to the order of nature when he surfeited his pupils day after day with translation upon translation of the same play by the same author? Is not a change of study just as necessary as a change of diet? Would it be according to the order of nature to keep a school for eight months on a particular kind of meat or fish, without a piece of bread or drop of milk, as Ratieli kept his for eight months hammering at Terence? Again: 'Too great a reliance on memory is injurious to the understanding and apprehension of the thing taught; since, in attaining this one object of remembering, the mind is bound down to the word alone, and no room is left for a consideration of the thing. Moreover, the labour itself is unnecessary, there being a far better method of attaining the same object; for when a thing is by frequent repetition thoroughly pictured to the understanding, the memory retains it of itself without any farther trouble.' And so one of his golden rules is the necessity of frequent repetition. But what is repetition but a committing by rote—nay, what is Ratieli's whole system but a committing of translation by heart, with this peculiarity, that the teacher is brought in for an immense share of the merely mechanical labour?

In making these observations, it is not to be supposed that anything more is intended than to expose the fallacy of Ratieli's theory—that it is possible altogether to dispense with learning by rote. There can be no greater absurdity than that of loading the memory without informing the understanding, and on this point it is impossible not to see the force of Ratieli's rules, 'First, the thing itself, then the manner of the thing,' and 'Everything by experiment and practical observation'—or, as the Latinists have it, 'Per inductionem et experimentum omnia.' 'It is useless,' says he, 'to give rules until you have given the author and the language. For what use can he make of any language who has never read a single author in it, though he be stuffed full of rules? A careful and compendious course of reading will teach the rules and the application of them. The rules, then, ought to be taught, neither as the preparation nor as the foundation, but in order to confirm and fix in the mind the thing taught. And so every rule must be tested and explained by the examples found in the course of the pupil's own reading.' Might not attention to these remarks obviate many a weary hour now spent over 'Propria quæ maribus,' and such like?

From these remarks it will be seen how it was that Ratieli, the earliest of the systematic realists, fell into that error which we have described as the stumbling-block of all his brethren—namely, that though he laid

down true principles, he was not in practice true to his own principles; or, as the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern expressed it, he exposed the evils of the prevailing system well enough, but the remedies which he proposed were scarcely adequate to cure them.

As the foundation of his system, Ratieli enounces several principles, most of which are sound enough in themselves; it is only the application of them to his method which appears difficult. Thus he maintains that everything must be done according to the course of nature; that only one thing is to be attempted at a time; and that no new thing should be undertaken until all which preceded it has been thoroughly mastered. In each language a particular author is to be chosen, from whom that language is to be learned, and others are not to be read till this has been completely digested.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARCH ASSIZE.

SOMETHING more than half a century ago, a person, in going along Holborn, might have seen, near the corner of one of the thoroughfares which diverge towards Russell Square, the respectable-looking shop of a glover and haberdasher named James Harvey, a man generally esteemed by his neighbours, and who was usually considered well to do in the world. Like many London tradesmen, Harvey was originally from the country. He had come up to town when a poor lad to push his fortune, and by dint of steadiness and civility, and a small property left him by a distant relation, he had been able to get into business on his own account, and to attain that most important element of success in London—a connection.' Shortly after setting up in the world, he married a young woman from his native town, to whom he had been engaged ever since his school-days; and at the time our narrative commences he was the father of three children.

James Harvey's establishment was one of the best frequented of its class in the street. You could never pass without seeing customers going in or out. There was evidently not a little business going forward. But although, to all appearance, a flourishing concern, the proprietor of the establishment was surprised to find that he was continually pinched in his circumstances. No matter what was the amount of business transacted over the counter, he never got any richer.

At the period referred to, shopkeeping had not attained that degree of organisation, with respect to counter-men and cashiers, which now distinguishes the great houses of trade. The primitive till was not yet superseded. This was the weak point in Harvey's arrangements; and not to make a needless number of words about it, the poor man was regularly robbed by a shopman, whose dexterity in pitching a guinea into the drawer, so as to make it jump, unseen, with a jerk into his hand, was worthy of Herr Dobler, or any other master of the sublime art of jugglery.

Good-natured and unsuspecting, perhaps also not sufficiently vigilant, Harvey was long in discovering how he was pillaged. Cartwright, the name of the person who was preying on his employer, was not a young man. He was between forty and fifty years of age, and had been in various situations, where he had always given satisfaction, except on the score of being somewhat gay and somewhat irritable. Privately, he was a man of loose habits, and for years his extravagances had been paid for by property clandestinely abstracted from his too-confiding master. Slow to believe in the reality of such wickedness, Mr Harvey could with difficulty entertain the suspicions which began to dawn on his mind.

At length all doubt was at an end. He detected Cartwright in the very act of carrying off goods to a considerable amount. The man was tried at the Old Bailey for the offence; but through a technical informality in the indictment, acquitted.

Unable to find employment, and with a character gone, the liberated thief became savage, revengeful, and desperate. Instead of imputing his fall to his own irregularities, he considered his late unfortunate employer as the cause of his ruin; and now he bent all the energies of his dark nature to destroy the reputation of the man whom he had betrayed and plundered. Of all the beings self-delivered to the rule of unscrupulous malignity, with whom it has been my fate to come professionally in contact, I never knew one so utterly fiendish as this discomfited pilferer. Frenzied with his imaginary wrongs, he formed the determination to labour, even if it were for years, to ruin his victim. Nothing short of death should divert him from this the darling object of his existence.

Animated by these diabolical passions, Cartwright proceeded to his work. Harvey, he had too good reason to know, was in debt to persons who had made him advances; and by means of artfully-concocted anonymous letters, evidently written by some one conversant with the matters on which he wrote, he succeeded in alarming the haberdasher's creditors. The consequences were—demands of immediate payment, and, in spite of the debtor's explanations and promises, writs, heavy law expenses, ruinous sacrifices, and ultimate bankruptcy. It may seem almost too marvellous for belief, but the story of this terrible revenge and its consequences is no fiction. Every incident in my narrative is true, and the whole may be found in hard outline in the records of the courts with which a few years ago I was familiar.

The humiliated and distressed feelings of Harvey and his family may be left to the imagination. When he found himself a ruined man, I daresay his mental sufferings were sufficiently acute. Yet he did not sit down in despair. To re-establish himself in business in England appeared hopeless; but America presented itself as a scene where industry might find a reward; and by the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to make preparations to emigrate with his wife and children. Towards the end of February he quitted London for one of the great seaports, where he was to embark for Boston. On arriving there with his family, Mr Harvey took up his abode at a principal hotel. This, in a man of straitened means, was doubtless imprudent; but he afterwards attempted to explain the circumstance by saying, that as the ship in which he had engaged his passage was to sail on the day after his arrival, he had preferred incurring a slight additional expense rather than that his wife—who was now, with failing spirits, nursing an infant—should be exposed to coarse associations and personal discomfort. In the expectation, however, of being only one night in the hotel, Harvey was unfortunately disappointed. Shipmasters, especially those commanding emigrant vessels, were then, as now, habitual promise-breakers; and although each succeeding sun was to light them on their way, it was fully a fortnight before the ship stood out to sea. By that time a second and more dire reverse had occurred in the fortunes of the luckless Harvey.

Cartwright, whose appetite for vengeance was but whetted by his first success, had never lost sight of the movements of his victim; and now he had followed him to the place of his embarkation, with an eager but undefined purpose of working him some further and more deadly mischief. Stealthily he hovered about the house which sheltered the unconscious object of his malicious hate, plotting, as he afterwards confessed, the wildest schemes for satiating his revenge. Several times he made excuses for calling at the hotel, in the hope of observing the nature of the premises, taking care, however, to avoid being seen by Mr Harvey or his family. A fortnight passed away, and the day of

departure of the emigrants arrived without the slightest opportunity occurring for the gratification of his purposes. The ship was leaving her berth; most of the passengers were on board; Mrs Harvey and the children, with nearly the whole of the luggage, were already safely in the vessel; Mr Harvey only remained on shore to purchase some trifling article, and to settle his bill at the hotel on removing his last trunk. Cartwright had tracked him all day; he could not attack him in the street; and he finally followed him to the hotel, in order to wreak his vengeance on him in his private apartment, of the situation of which he had informed himself.

Harvey entered the hotel first, and before Cartwright came up, he had gone down a passage into the bar to settle the bill which he had incurred for the last two days. Not aware of this circumstance, Cartwright, in the bustle which prevailed, went up stairs to Mr Harvey's bedroom and parlour, in neither of which, to his surprise, did he find the occupant; and he turned away discomfited. Passing along towards the chief staircase, he perceived a room of which the door was open, and that on the table there lay a gold watch and appendages. Nobody was in the apartment: the gentleman who occupied it had only a few moments before gone to his bedchamber for a brief space. Quick as lightning a diabolical thought flashed through the brain of the villain, who had been baffled in his original intentions. He recollected that he had seen a trunk in Harvey's room, and that the keys hung in the lock. An inconceivably short space of time served for him to seize the watch, to deposit it at the bottom of Harvey's trunk, and to quit the hotel by a back stair, which led by a short cut to the harbour. The whole transaction was done unperceived, and the wretch at least departed unnoticed.

Having finished his business at the bar, Mr Harvey repaired to his room, locked his trunk, which, being of a small and handy size, he mounted on his shoulder, and proceeded to leave the house by the back stair, in order to get as quickly as possible to the vessel. Little recked he of the interruption which was to be presented to his departure. He had got as far as the foot of the stair with his burden, when he was overtaken by a waiter, who declared that he was going to leave the house clandestinely without settling accounts. It is proper to mention that Mr Harvey had incurred the enmity of this particular waiter in consequence of having, out of his slender resources, given him too small a gratuity on the occasion of paying a former bill, and not aware of the second bill being settled, the waiter was rather glad to have an opportunity of charging him with a fraudulent design. In vain Mr Harvey remonstrated, saying he had paid for everything. The waiter would not believe his statement, and detained him 'till he should hear better about it.'

'Let me go, fellow; I insist upon it,' said Mr Harvey, burning with indignation. 'I am already too late.'

'Not a step, till I ask master if accounts are squared.'

At this moment, while the altercation was at the hottest, a terrible ringing of bells was heard, and above stairs was a loud noise of voices, and of feet running to and fro. A chambermaid came hurriedly down the stair, exclaiming that some one had stolen a gold watch from No. 17, and that nobody ought to leave the house till it was found. The landlord also, moved by the hurricane which had been raised, made his appearance at the spot where Harvey was interrupted in his exit.

'What on earth is all this noise about, John?' inquired the landlord of the waiter.

'Why, sir, I thought it rather strange for any gentleman to leave the house by the back way, carrying his own portmanteau, and so I was making a little breeze about it, fearing he had not paid his bill, when all of a sudden Sally rushes down the stair and says as how No. 17 has missed his gold watch, and that no one should quit the hotel.'

No. 17, an old, dry-looking, military gentleman, in

a particularly high passion, now showed himself on the scene, uttering terrible threats of legal proceedings against the house for the loss he had sustained.

Harvey was stupefied and indignant, yet he could hardly help smiling at the pother. 'What,' said he, 'have I to do with all this? I have paid for everything; I am surely entitled to go away if I like. Remember, that if I lose my passage to Boston, you shall answer for it.'

'I very much regret detaining you, sir,' replied the keeper of the hotel; 'but you hear there has been a robbery committed within the last few minutes, and as it will be proper to search every one in the house, surely you, who are on the point of departure, will have no objections to be searched first, and then be at liberty to go?'

There was something so perfectly reasonable in all this, that Harvey stepped into an adjoining parlour, and threw open his trunk for inspection, never doubting that his innocence would be immediately manifest.

The waiter, whose mean rapacity had been the cause of the detention, acted as examiner. He pulled one article after another out of the trunk, and at length—horror of horrors!—held up the missing watch with a look of triumph and scorn!

'Who put that there?' cried Harvey in an agony of mind which can be better imagined than described. 'Who has done me this grievous wrong? I know nothing as to how the watch came into my trunk.'

No one answered this appeal. All present stood for a moment in gloomy silence.

'Sir,' said the landlord to Harvey on recovering from his surprise, 'I am sorry for you. For the sake of a miserable trifle, you have brought ruin and disgrace on yourself. This is a matter which concerns the honour of my house, and cannot stop here. However much it is against my feelings, you must go before a magistrate.'

'By all means,' added No. 17, with the importance of an injured man. 'A pretty thing that one's watch is not safe in a house like this!'

'John, send Boots for a constable,' said the landlord.

Harvey sat with his head leaning on his hand. A deadly cold perspiration trickled down his brow. His heart swelled and beat as if it would burst. What should he do? His whole prospects were in an instant blighted. 'Oh God! do not desert a frail and unhappy being; give me strength to face this new and terrible misfortune,' was a prayer he internally uttered. A little revived, he started to his feet, and addressing himself to the landlord, he said, 'Take me to a magistrate instantly, and let us have this diabolical plot unravelled. I court inquiry into my character and conduct.'

'It is no use saying any more about it,' answered the landlord; 'here is Boots with a constable, and let us all go away together to the nearest magistrate. Boots, carry that trunk. John and Sally, you can follow us.'

And so the party, trunk and all, under the constable as conductor, adjourned to the house of a magistrate in an adjacent street. There the matter seemed so clear a case of felony—robbery in a dwelling-house—that Harvey, all protestations to the contrary, was fully committed for trial at the ensuing March assizes, then but a few days distant.

At the period at which these incidents occurred, I was a young man going on my first circuits. I had not as yet been honoured with perhaps more than three or four briefs, and these only in cases so slightly productive of fees, that I was compelled to study economy in my excursions. Instead of taking up my residence at an inn when visiting—, a considerable seaport, where the court held its sittings, I dwelt in lodgings kept by a widow lady, where, at a small expense, I could enjoy perfect quietness, free from interruption.

On the evening after my arrival on the March cir-

cuit of the year 17—, I was sitting in my lodgings perusing a new work on criminal jurisprudence, when the landlady, after tapping at the door, entered my room.

'I am sorry to trouble you, sir,' said she; 'but a lady has called to see you about a very distressing law case—very distressing indeed, and a very strange case it is too. Only, if you could be so good as see her?'

'Who is she?'

'All I know about it is this: she is a Mrs Harvey. She and her husband and children were to sail yesterday for Boston. All were on board except the husband; and he, on leaving the large hotel over the way, was taken up for a robbery. Word was in the evening sent by the prisoner to his wife to come on shore with all her children and the luggage; and so she came back in the pilot boat, and was in such a state of distress, that my brother, who is on the preventive service, and saw her land, took pity on her, and had her and her children and things taken to a lodging on the quay. As my brother knows that we have a London lawyer staying here, he has advised the poor woman to come and consult you about the case.'

'Well, I'll see what can be done. Please desire the lady to step in.'

A lady was shortly shown in. She had been pretty, and was so still, but anxiety was pictured in her pale countenance. Her dress was plain, but not inelegant; and altogether she had a neat and engaging appearance.

'Be so good as sit down,' said I, bowing; 'and tell me all you would like to say.'

The poor woman burst into tears; but afterwards recovering herself, she told me pretty nearly the whole of her history and that of her husband.

Lawyers have occasion to see so much duplicity, that I did not all at once give assent to the idea of Harvey being innocent of the crime of which he stood charged.

'There is something perfectly inexplicable in the case,' I observed, 'and it would require sitting. Your husband, I hope, has always borne a good character?'

'Perfectly so. He was no doubt unfortunate in business; but he got his certificate on the first examination; and there are many who would testify to his uprightness.' And here again my client broke into tears, as if overwhelmed with her recollections and prospects.

'I think I recollect Mr Harvey's shop,' said I soothingly. 'It seemed a very respectable concern; and we must see what can be done. Keep up your spirits; the only fear I have arises from the fact of Judge A— being on the bench. He is usually considered severe, and if exculpatory evidence fail, your husband may run the risk of being—transported.' A word of more terrific import, with which I was about to conclude, stuck unuttered in my throat. 'Have you employed an attorney?' I added.

'No; I have done nothing as yet, but apply to you, to beg of you to be my husband's counsel.'

'Well, that must be looked to. I shall speak to a local agent, to prepare and work out the case; and we shall all do our utmost to get an acquittal. To-morrow I will call on your husband in prison.'

Many thanks were offered by the unfortunate lady, and she withdrew.

I am not going to inflict on the reader a detailed account of this remarkable trial, which turned, as barristers would say, on a beautiful point of circumstantial evidence. Along with the attorney, a sharp enough person in his way, I examined various parties at the hotel, and made myself acquainted with the nature of the premises. The more we investigated, however, the more dark and mysterious—always supposing Harvey's innocence—did the whole case appear. There was not one redeeming trait in the affair, except Harvey's previous good character; and good character, by the law of England, goes for nothing in opposition to facts

proved to the satisfaction of a jury. It was likewise most unfortunate that A— was to be the presiding judge. This man possessed great forensic acquirements, and was of spotless private character; but, like the majority of lawyers of that day—when it was no extraordinary thing to hang twenty men in a morning at Newgate—he was a staunch stickler for the gallows as the only effectual reformer and safeguard of the social state. At this time he was but partially recovered from a long and severe indisposition, and the traces of recent suffering were distinctly apparent on his pale and passionless features.

Harvey was arraigned in due form; the evidence was gone carefully through; and everything, so far as I was concerned, was done that man could do. But at the time to which I refer, counsel was not allowed to address the court on behalf of the prisoner—a practice since introduced from Scotland—and consequently I was allowed no opportunity to draw the attention of the jury to the total want of any direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt. Harvey himself tried to point out the unlikelihood of his being guilty; but he was not a man gifted with dialectic qualities, and his harangue fell pointless on the understandings of the twelve common-place individuals who sat in the jury-box. The judge finally proceeded to sum the evidence, and this he did emphatically *against* the prisoner—dwelling with much force on the suspicious circumstance of a needy man taking up his abode at an expensive fashionable hotel; his furtive descent from his apartments by the back stairs; the undoubted fact of the watch being found in his trunk; the improbability of any one putting it there but himself; and the extreme likelihood that the robbery was effected in a few moments of time by the culprit, just as he passed from the bar of the hotel to the room which he had occupied. 'If,' said he to the jury, in concluding his address, 'you can, after all these circumstances, believe the prisoner to be innocent of the crime laid to his charge, it is more than I can do. The thing seems to me as clear as the sun at noonday. The evidence, in short, is irresistible; and if the just and necessary provisions of the law are not enforced in such very plain cases, then society will be dissolved, and security for property there will be none. Gentlemen, retire and make up your verdict.'

The jury were not disposed to retire. After commencing a few minutes together, one of them stood up and delivered the verdict: it was *Guilty!* The judge assumed the crowning badge of the judicial potentate—the black cap; and the clerk of arraigns asked the prisoner at the bar, in the usual form, if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

Poor Harvey! I durst scarcely look at him. As the sonorous words fell on his ear, he was grasping nervously with shaking hands at the front of the dock. He appeared stunned, bewildered, as a man but half awakened from a hideous dream might be supposed to look. He had comprehended, though he had scarcely heard, the verdict; for on the instant, the voice which but a few years before sang to him by the brook side, was ringing through his brain, and he could recognise the little pattering feet of his children, as, sobbing and clinging to their shrieking mother's dress, she and they were hurried out of court. The clerk, after a painful pause, repeated the solemn formula. By a strong effort the doomed man mastered his agitation; his pale countenance lighted up with indignant fire, and firm and self-possessed, he thus replied to the fearful interrogatory:—

'Much could I say in the name, not of mercy, but of justice, why the sentence about to be passed on me should not be pronounced; but nothing, alas! that will avail me with you, pride-blinded ministers of death. You fashion to yourselves—out of your own vain conceits do you fashion—modes and instruments, by the aid of which you fondly imagine, to invest yourselves with attributes which belong only to Omnipotence; and

now I warn you—and it is a voice from the tomb, in whose shadow I already stand, which addresses you—that you are about to commit a most cruel and deliberate murder.'

He paused, and the jury looked into each other's eyes for the courage they could not find in their own hearts. The voice of conscience spoke, but was only for a few moments audible. The suggestions that what grave parliaments, learned judges, and all classes of 'respectability' sanctioned, could not be wrong, much less murderous or cruel, silenced the 'still, small' tones, and tranquillised the startled jurors.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said the judge with his cold, calm voice of destiny, 'I cannot listen to such observations: you have been found guilty of a heinous offence by a jury of your countrymen after a patient trial. With that finding I need scarcely say I entirely agree. I am as satisfied of your guilt as if I had seen you commit the act with my own bodily eyes. The circumstance of your being a person who, from habits and education, would have been above committing so base a crime, only aggravates your guilt. However, no matter who or what you have been, you must expiate your offence on the scaffold. The law has very properly, for the safety of society, decreed the punishment of death for such crimes: our only and plain duty is to execute that law.'

The prisoner did not reply: he was leaning with his elbows on the front of the dock, his bowed face covered with his outspread hands; and the judge passed sentence of death in the accustomed form. The court then rose, and a turnkey placed his hand upon the prisoner's arm, to lead him away. Suddenly he uncovered his face, drew himself up to his full height—he was a remarkably tall man—and glared fiercely round upon the audience, like a wild animal at bay. 'My lord,' he cried, or rather shouted, in an excited voice. The judge motioned impatiently to the jailor, and strong hands impelled the prisoner from the front of the dock. Bursting from them, he again sprang forward, and his arms outstretched, whilst his glittering eye seemed to hold the judge spell-bound, exclaimed, 'My lord, before another month has passed away, you will appear at the bar of another world, to answer for the life, the innocent life, which God bestowed upon me, but which you have impiously cast away as a thing of naught and scorn!' He ceased, and was at once borne off. The court, in some confusion, hastily departed. It was thought at the time that the judge's evidently failing health had suggested the prophecy to the prisoner. It only excited a few days' wonder, and was forgotten.

The position of a barrister in such circumstances is always painful. I need hardly say that my own feelings were of a very distressing kind. Conscious that if the unfortunate man really was guilty, he was at least not deserving of capital punishment, I exerted myself to procure a reprieve. In the first place I waited privately on the judge; but he would listen to no proposal for a respite. Along with a number of individuals—chiefly of the Society of Friends—I petitioned the crown for a commutation of the sentence. But being unaccompanied with a recommendation from the judge, the prayer of our petition was of course disregarded: the law, it was said, must take its course. How much cruelty has been exercised under shelter of that remorseless expression!

I would willingly pass over the succeeding events. Unable to save his life, I endeavoured to soothe the few remaining hours of the doomed convict, and frequently visited him in the condemned cell. The more I saw of him, the deeper grew my sympathy in his case, which was that of no vulgar felon. 'I have been a most unfortunate man,' said he one day to me. 'A destiny towards ruin in fortune and in life has pursued me. I feel as if deserted by God and man; yet I know, or at least would persuade myself, that Heaven will one day vindicate my innocence of this foul charge. To think of being hanged like a dog for a crime at which my

soul revolts! Great is the crime of those imbecile jurors and that false and hard-hearted judge, who thus, by an irreversible decree, consign a fellow-mortal to a death of violence and disgrace. Oh God, help me—help me to sustain that bitter, bitter hour! And then the poor man would throw himself on his bed and weep.

But the parting with his wife and children. What pen can describe that terrible interview! They knelt in prayer, their wo-begone countenances suffused in tears, and with hands clasped convulsively together. The scene was too harrowing and sacred for the eye of a stranger. I rushed from the cell, and buried myself in my lodgings, whence I did not remove till all was over. Next day James Harvey, a victim of circumstantial evidence, and of a barbarous criminal code, perished on the scaffold.

Three weeks afterwards, the court arrived at a populous city in the west of England. It had in the interval visited another assize town, and there Judge A— had left three for execution. At the trials of these men, however, I had not attended. So shocked had been my feelings with the mournful event which had taken place at —, that I had gone into Wales for the sake of change of scene. After roaming about for a fortnight amidst the wild solitudes of Caernarvonshire, I took the stage for the city which I knew the court was to visit, and arrived on the day previous to the opening of the assizes.

'Well, are we to have a heavy calendar?' I inquired next morning of a brother barrister on entering the court.

'Rather light for a March assize,' replied the impatient counsel as he bustled onward. 'There's Cartwright's case—highway robbery—in which I am for the prosecution. He'll swing for it, and perhaps four or five others.'

'A good hanging judge, is A—,' said the under-sheriff, who at this moment joined us, rubbing his hands, as if pleased with the prospect of a few executions. 'No chance of the prophecy yonder coming to pass I suppose?'

'Not in the least,' replied the bustling counsel. 'He never looked better. His illness has gone completely off. And this day's work will brighten him up.'

Cartwright's trial came on. I had never seen the man before, and was not aware that this was the same person whom Harvey had incidentally told me he had discharged for theft; the truth being, that till the last moment of his existence, that unfortunate man had not known how much he had been a sacrifice to this wretch's malice.

The crime of which the villain now stood accused was that of robbing a farmer of the paltry sum of eight shillings, in the neighbourhood of Ilfracombe. He pleaded not guilty, but put in no defence. A verdict was recorded against him, and in due form A— sentenced him to be hanged. An expression of fiendish malignancy gleamed over the haggard features of the felon as he asked leave to address a few words to the court. It was granted. Leaning forward, and raising his heavy scowling eyes to the judge, he thus began:— 'There is something on my mind, my lord—a dreadful crime—which, as I am to die for the eight shillings I took from the farmer, I may as well confess. You may remember Harvey, my lord, whom you hanged the other day at —?'

'What of him, fellow?' replied the judge, his features suddenly flushing crimson.

'Why, my lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! I did the deed! I put the watch in his trunk! And to the unutterable horror of the entire court, he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight on bringing him to the gallows.'

'Inhuman, execrable villain!' gasped the judge in extreme excitement.

'Cleverly done, though! Was it not, my lord?' rejoined the ruffian with bitter irony. 'The evidence, you know, was irresistible; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday; and if, in such plain cases, the just and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged! Ha!—ha!—ha! Capital!—capital!' shouted the ferocious felon with demoniac glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.

'Remove the prisoner!' cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.

'I suppose, my lord,' continued Cartwright in low and hissing tones, as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face—'I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself. The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. I know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, knew, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord—and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—'we shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!' The rest of the appalling objur-gation was inarticulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.

Judge A— had fallen forwards on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.

Two days afterwards the county paper had the following announcement:—

'Died at the Royal Hotel, —, on the 27th instant, Judge A—, from an access of fever supervening upon a disorder from which he had imperfectly recovered.'

The prophecy was fulfilled!

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS.

Among the contributions to natural science which tend to enlarge its boundaries and increase its utility, Mr Gould's 'Birds of Australia' must long hold a prominent place. This valuable work, which for several years has made its appearance in quarterly parts, is now complete; and to the lover of natural history, few pleasures can be greater than turning over its leaves, where, with few exceptions, are represented, of the natural size, and in all their gorgeous colours, the feathered inhabitants of our Australian dominions. These interesting countries, already remarkable for phenomena the very opposite of our European experiences—rivers, for example, which do not discharge themselves into the sea, and quadrupeds with a bill—are not less noteworthy as regards the birds which inhabit their boundless plains and tangled forests.

Mr Gould in his descriptions omits no opportunity of recommending the naturalisation in this country of such birds as are likely to survive the change of climate; and among the resources open to wealth, we think this of adding to the stock of living things which may please the eye or charm the ear not the least. The *Gymnorhina tibicen*, or piping crow-shrike, is instanced as one that may be easily domesticated and removed. With its blue bill, bright eye, and white and black markings, it would be an interesting acquisition. 'To describe the notes of this bird,' says Mr Gould, 'is beyond the power of my pen; and it is a source of regret to myself that my readers cannot, as I have done, listen to them in their

native wilds, or that the bird is not introduced into this country in sufficient numbers for it to become generally known: a more amusing and easily-kept denizen for the aviary could not be found.' Another crow-shrike, the *Gymnorhina organicum*, has one kind of note when hopping on the ground, and one altogether different when perched on a tree—a position which it generally takes soon after daybreak. It then utters tone after tone similar to a hand-organ out of tune, which has led to its being named Organ-bird by the settlers. A third, the Hill crow-shrike, has so metallic a voice as to resemble the clink of hammers on an anvil heard at a distance. The *Geopelia cuneata*, a species of dove, instead of cooing as doves in this country, gives utterance to a note said to sound like the distant crowing of a cock. Then we have one, the shining fly-catcher, which, while creeping about in search of food in the dense thickets, croaks like a frog, but when on the upper branches of trees, pours forth a cheerful note; on being disturbed, it immediately drops, and resumes the croak. The brown fly-catcher has a morning, noon, and even song: early in the day it sits warbling and chirping; at noon it soars upwards, as the lark, till nearly or quite invisible, singing melodiously during the ascent and descent; in the evening it perches, and again warbles and chirps, in tones, however, different from those of the morning. These birds are so pugnacious, that although not larger than a linnet, two of them attacked and drove away a crow, which was probably considered as an intruder upon their domains. The traveller, in his wanderings, occasionally hears an inward sound resembling the drone of a bagpipe, or purring of a cat; this is produced by birds. The *Ptilonorhynchus viridis*, or cat-bird, while devouring the fruits which constitute its food, squalls in an extraordinary, but not unfamiliar style. 'In comparing it,' observes Mr Gould, 'to the nightly concerts of the domestic cat, I conceive that I am conveying a more perfect idea of the note of this species than could be given by pages of description. This concert, like that of the animal whose name it bears, is performed either by a pair or several individuals; and nothing more is required than for the hearer to shut his eyes from the neighbouring foliage, to fancy himself surrounded by London grimalkins of house-top celebrity.' The musk duck, an almost solitary animal, utters a singular note, 'resembling the sound caused by a large drop of water falling into a deep well.' The author could never force this bird to fly; when disturbed, it invariably dived, and remained under water a long time, only rising for a hasty breath, until all danger was over.

For a dweller in the northern regions it is difficult to imagine the brilliant atmosphere and delicious climate of the southern tropic; and when, as in Australia, the forests are tenanted by birds of the most splendid plumage, the effect, particularly to a stranger, is greatly heightened. Multitudes of paroquets, or parrakeets, of singularly beautiful appearance, flit among the branches; some of the pigeons, especially the *Pipinopus superbus*, are gorgeously coloured. At times, too, the traveller may see a thousand magnificent white cockatoos sporting in the dark foliage over his head, and screeching with a vivacity almost deafening. Not unfrequently he will fancy himself to be near to a sheep-run, as he will hear the tinkle-tinkle of the animals' bells. This sound, however, is produced by the elegant bell-bird, whose colours—brown, olive, and yellow—render it a prominent object. It continues this strange note for a long time without intermission; and so much does it resemble a sheep-bell, as often to deceive shepherds. When a hundred or more are tinkling all at once, the effect is most singular. The *Dacelo gigantea*, or great brown kingfisher, is another Australian marvel. 'In its disposition it is by no means shy; and when any new objects are presented to its notice, such as a party traversing the bush, or pitching their tent in the vicinity of its retreat, it becomes very prying and inquisitive, often perching on the dead branch of some neighbouring tree, and watching with the greatest curiosity the kindling of the fire and the preparation of the meal: its presence,

however, owing to the quietude with which it passes through the forest, and the almost noiseless manner in which it settles, is seldom detected until it emits its extraordinary gurgling, laughing note, which generally calls forth some exclamation according to the temper of the hearer, such as—"There is our old friend the laughing jackass," or an epithet of a less friendly character. Not unfrequently does its life pay the penalty of its temerity; for if, as is often the case, the traveller's larder be ill-provided, and his appetite keen, but a few minutes elapse before it is roasting over the fire it was lately surveying with so much curiosity.' The gurgling laugh of this bird may be heard at the beginning, middle, and end of the day; some travellers compare it to a mocking voice, or chorus of wild spirits.

Most persons would doubtless prefer a stroll through English woods to one in an Australian forest with its extraordinary assemblage of sounds: it is fortunate that some of the birds are endowed with such melodious powers as to compensate for the cacophony of the others, of which one or two yet remain to be noticed. The *Phosphodes crepitans*, coach-whip-bird, utters a full ringing note, terminated abruptly, as by a sharp smack of a whip. The voice of the brush wattle-bird resembles that of a person retching or vomiting, which sounds have led the natives to give it the name *Goo-gear-ruck*. Besides these, there is a ventriloquist, the crested oreoica; to the hunter, the strain of this bird sometimes sounds very remote, while the creature at the time is seated on a branch but a few feet above his head. Presently the note is close by; and thus it goes on, now near, now distant, throwing in at times a stroke of a bell.

The habits of many Australian birds are not less remarkable than their voices. The forests abound in mosses which enwrap the trunk, and droop from the ends of the branches in masses resembling narrow bags or purses a yard or more in length; sometimes so low as to touch the head of the traveller passing underneath. The yellow-throated sericornis makes choice of one of these dependent clusters for a residence; and 'although,' as Mr Gould observes, 'the nest is constantly disturbed by the wind, and liable to be shaken when the tree moves, so secure does the inmate consider herself from danger or intrusion of any kind, that I have frequently captured the female while sitting on her eggs, a feat that may always be accomplished by carefully placing the hand over the entrance—that is, if it can be detected, to effect which, no slight degree of close prying and examination is necessary.' Some of these nests, not to be reached by climbing, were obtained by Mr Gould by shooting in two the branch to which they are attached. Considerable ingenuity is exhibited by the black-capped sitella, which makes its nest of pieces of bark, fastened to a branch by cobwebs; this substance, however, is not merely twisted round, but 'felted on.' When placed in the fork of a tree, the nest so closely resembles an excrescence of the bark, as to defy, and often escape detection. Some of the robins also construct their nests in the same manner. The striated reed-lark builds a dome-shaped nest on the ground, but most artfully concealed by the surrounding grass; and for further security, it forms a passage or burrow two or three feet in length, by which it is approached.

In this country we generally find that during incubation the male bird sits on a branch near the nest, attendant on its mate, but in Australia the same arrangement is carried out with an attempt at greater ease or comfort. The yellow-tailed acanthiza, which frequents its carelessly-built nest for several years in succession, often constructs 'a small cup-shaped depression, or second nest, as it were, on the top or side of the other, and which is said to be either the roosting-place of the male, or where he may sit in order to be in company with the female during the task of incubation.' The white-headed osprey, which always builds near water, on a rock, or at the top of a tall tree, makes a nest fifteen feet in diameter, of sticks, some of which are as thick as a man's arm; the interior is lined with seaweed. The whistling eagle's nest is of the same description; and, singularly

enough, the spotted-sided finch, *Amadina Lathamii*, chooses the rough sticks forming its base as a site for its own habitation. Mr Gould took one of these nests with eggs while the eagle was sitting only a few inches above.

The districts frequented by particular birds are sometimes as clearly definable as the boundaries of a country. In Australia, the fairy martin appears never to be found within twenty miles of the coast. This favourite little bird generally selects steep river banks as a secure place for its domicile. The nest is in the shape of a bottle gourd, nine or ten inches long; sometimes thirty or forty are built in a cluster, with the necks projecting from the bank, either horizontally or downwards. Seven or eight birds work together at a nest; one remains inside, to receive and deposit the clay brought by the others. The rock-warbler, *Origma rubricata*, appears to be of analogous habits to the bird just mentioned. It is said never to visit forests, or to alight on trees, and mostly frequents rocky clefts, gullies, and dark caverns by the water-side. The nest is of an oblong globular bottle shape, fabricated of moss and similar materials, and is suspended by its long neck to the roof of the cavern, or to overhanging pieces of rock. A lateral opening is left for an entrance near the bottom; but hitherto nothing has been ascertained with respect to the mode of suspension. Another swallow, *Dicaeum*, forms its nest, purse-like in shape, of cotton extracted from the seed-vessels of plants, and suspends it on the branches of a tall tree. The white-rumped wood-swallow takes possession of old nests abandoned by other birds, and reduces them to a proper size for itself, at the same time rendering them snugly warm by a soft thick lining. The white-shafted fantail builds a nest resembling in shape a long-stemmed footless wine-glass. In constructing this nest, the base of the cup and lower extremity of the stem are made to embrace two slender twigs of a bush, which hold it in a vertical position. One of them thus attached may be seen at the British Museum. This is an instance of care in fabrication, the more remarkable when contrasted with the want of care among other birds. The nest of the black-throated grebe, for example, is nothing more than a floating mass of weeds heaped together in a rounded form in a pond, with the top just level with the surface of the water. The pheasant cuckoo presents a singular appearance while sitting with its head and tail projecting from openings opposite each other in its dome-shaped nest, apparently left for the purpose, and probably to enable the bird to keep watch while reposing. The grass-loving sphencæcus, which attaches its nest to a few reeds about two feet above the surface of the water in which they grow, lines the structure with feathers, but places two of the largest so as to form a sort of canopy, and protect the interior from wet. The spotted pardalote (diamond-bird of the colonists) builds in a situation altogether different from all others of the genus: instead of trees or bushes, it takes to the ground, and selecting a bank, bores a hole, sloping upwards for several feet, and excavates a chamber at the inner end, in which its round nest is beautifully built of soft bark, leaving a small opening for an entrance. The outer extremity of the hole is so artfully concealed, that long watching is required in order to be able to detect it. 'How so neat a structure,' writes Mr Gould, 'as is the nest of the spotted pardalote, should be constructed at the end of a hole where no light can possibly enter, is beyond our comprehension, and is one of those wonderful results of instinct so often presented to our notice in the history of the animal creation, without our being in anyway able to account for them.'

In this portion of our glance over the birds of Australia, we find ample cause for admiration and further research. Mr Gould's book will furnish as much recreation to the occasional reader as information to the scientific inquirer. Although he was indebted for specimens to explorers who have penetrated the interior, by far the greater part is due to his own personal investigations in that interesting country.

In regard to the economy of the Australian birds, there are many circumstances equally worthy of atten-

tion. The *Maturus cyaneus*, or blue wren, undergoes a singular transformation: in winter the plumage of both male and female is of a reddish brown; the birds are then tame and familiar, and wander about near the houses in country neighbourhoods, in little groups of six or eight. 'As spring advances, they separate into pairs, the male undergoing a total transformation not only in the colour, but also in the texture of its plumage; indeed a more astonishing change can scarcely be imagined, its plain and unassuming garb being thrown off for a few months, and another assumed, which for resplendent beauty is hardly surpassed by any of the feathered race, certainly by none but the humming-birds and cotingas of America. Nor is the change confined to the plumage alone, but extends also to its habits; in fact its whole character and nature appear to have received a new impulse; the little creature now displaying great vivacity, proudly showing off its gorgeous attire to the utmost advantage, and pouring out its animated song unceasingly, until the female has completed her task of incubation, and the craving appetites of its newly-hatched young call forth a new feeling, and give its energies a new direction.' The colours of this beautiful livery, which is put on in March, and left off in August, are a most brilliant blue on a velvety black, tipped with a few pencillings of white. Some of the birds are so curiously marked, as to have received names from the settlers expressive of the peculiarity. The *Eurystomus Australis* is called the dollar-bird, from a round white spot seen in each of its wings while flying. A black mark, resembling a V, in the extended wing of the *Elanus scriptus*, has produced for it the appellation of Letter-winged Kite: when both wings are spread, the appearance is that of a W.

The name of emu wren is given to the *Stipiturus malachurus* from its loose, lightly-formed, spreading tail of six feathers, an appendage which the bird has the power of bending forwards until it lies horizontally on its back. The whole tribe of wrens is described as of marvellous capabilities for escaping from danger by a mode which is not hopping, flying, or running, but a combination of all three. The textile wren, however, is the most extraordinary—'Indeed its mode of progression on the ground is such as no description can convey an accurate conception of, and must be seen to be understood. I cannot compare it,' says Mr Gould, 'with anything, unless perhaps with the motion of an India-rubber ball when thrown forcibly along the ground. While stealing from bush to bush with this rapid movement, it presents an exceedingly droll appearance.' The diving petrel, a bird that frequents the coasts, presents another instance of rapidity of movement. Its powers of flight are weaker than those of others of the same species, but this is compensated for by swiftness. It does not fly in steady progression, but with a short quick flutter, so near the surface of the sea, that it prefers to dash through the waves rather than rise over them. Such is its celerity, as to have given rise to the belief that it flies even while under the water. In striking contrast to these agile birds is the tawny-shouldered podargus, which sits in pairs all day on a branch, wrapped in a lethargic sleep. So profound is the repose, or such the unwillingness of the bird to move, that one has been shot off the branch without disturbing the other.

The varieties of honey-eaters are among the most interesting of Australian birds; in habits and appearance they are peculiarly pleasing. The wattled honey-eater, *Anthochaera inawris*, is decorated with a splendid golden drop hanging from each ear. The eucalypti, a species of tree abundant in Australia, are the favourite resort of these birds; their flowers are said to be renewed 'with every rising sun throughout the year.' A wise provision of nature is apparent in the tongue of most of the honey-eaters: the tip of that useful member is finished as a brush, which enables them readily to extract the juices from the calices of flowers. Some of these birds become exceedingly fat in winter, and are then sold in the markets at Hobart Town in enormous quantities. Others

gorge themselves to such an extent with honey, that on holding them head downwards when shot, a spoonful of the luscious fluid will flow from their mouths. Another instance of a curious tongue occurs in the Philip-Island parrot: it resembles the end of a finger, with the nail on the under side, forming a kind of spoon. This bird is further distinguished by barking like a dog.

The bronze cuckoo of Australia offers an interesting puzzle to naturalists: it deposits its egg in the nest of the blue wren. This structure is dome-shaped, with a small hole only at the side for entrance; and it is not easy to conceive the mode adopted by the large bird to introduce the egg by an opening so disproportioned to its size. We may add, that the interloper is hatched and reared by his diminutive foster-parents with as much care and attention as his European congener. Among the larger kind of birds, there is an interesting incident connected with the Australian crane, a noble bird, standing four feet in height. It is said to be easily tamed, and being of graceful movements, looks well walking about a garden or pleasure-grounds. Two of these cranes were once kept on the estate of a gentleman near Camden, and 'so far attracted the notice of a pair of wild birds, as to induce them to settle and feed near the house, make acquaintance with himself and the other members of his establishment, and becoming still tamer, to approach the yard, feed from his hand, and even to follow the domesticated birds into the kitchen, until unfortunately a servant imprudently seizing at one of the wild birds, and tearing a handful of feathers from its back, the wildness of its disposition was roused; and darting forth, followed by its companion, it mounted into the air, soaring higher and higher at every circle, at the same time uttering its hoarse call, which was responded to by the tame birds below. For several days did they return and perform the same evolutions without alighting, until, the dormant impulses of the tame birds being aroused, they also mounted high in the air, winged their way to some far distant part of the country, and never returned to the home where they had been so long fostered.' This awakening of aboriginal instincts has had many parallels among uncultivated specimens of humanity.

We select one more example, as peculiarly illustrative of the manifold workings of nature; in fact, while ignorant of the law to which it is to be referred, we may look upon it as a freak. The *Ptilonorhynchus holosericus*, from its singular habits, has received the name of Satin Bower-bird; its nest has not yet been discovered; and as, previously to Mr Gould's visit to Australia, it had not been described, he took pains to watch the creature in its native haunts. This bird, as its name imports, constructs a bower, not for a dwelling, but as a place of recreation. Its habitat appears to be confined to the district of New South Wales, and Mr Gould first saw it in the woods at the base of the Liverpool Mountains. The bower is usually placed in a retired spot, under the shade of a tree. 'The base consists of an extensive and rather convex platform of sticks, firmly interwoven, on the centre of which the bower itself is built: this, like the platform on which it is placed, and with which it is interwoven, is formed of sticks and twigs, but of a more slender and flexible description, the tips of the twigs being so arranged as to curve inwards, and nearly meet at the top. In the interior of the bower, the materials are so placed that the forks of the twigs are always presented outwards, by which arrangement not the slightest obstruction is offered to the passage of the birds.' In this way an avenue about two feet in length is formed; either end is decorated by gay feathers dropped by other birds, inserted between the twigs, and by shells and bones laid in a heap, in the interstices of which feathers are also placed. 'The propensity of these birds,' pursues Mr Gould, 'to pick up and fly off with any attractive object, is so well known to the natives, that they always search the runs for any small missing article, as the bowl of a pipe, &c. that may have been accidentally dropped in the bush. I myself found at the entrance of one of them a small neatly-worked stone to-

hawk, of an inch and a-half in length, together with some slips of blue cotton rags, which the birds had doubtless picked up at a deserted encampment of the natives.'

'For what purpose these curious bowers are made is not yet perhaps fully understood; they are certainly not used as a nest, but as a place of resort for many individuals of both sexes, which, when there assembled, run through and around the bower in a sportive and playful manner, and that so frequently, that it is seldom entirely deserted.'

The satin-bower bird is about the size of a crow; its purlainings are for decoration, not for concealment. The bowers are made use of for several years, and repaired when damaged. The most probable supposition as to their use is, that the birds use them as a rendezvous during pairing-time and the period of incubation. Two of these singular structures were brought to Europe by Mr Gould; one of them, with all its ornament of shells and feathers, may be seen at the British Museum.

Besides this, there is the spotted bower-bird: the bower of this species is a foot or more longer than the one just described; and the interior is formed of tall grasses, which, by the curve of the outer twigs, are bent over till they meet. The bottom of the bower is paved with stones, which keep the lower extremities of the grass at a proper degree of divergence. There is the same accumulation of ornament as in the former case, half a bushel of shells being not unfrequently found at either end of the avenue or run. The whitest and most glittering are always chosen, and being collected from long distances, must cost the bird considerable labour.

The range of this bird extends far into the interior of the country. A third variety, of similar habits, has been discovered on the north-west coast, a region which as yet has been but little visited.

Our selections comprise but a very small part of the feathered races of Australia; the study of the numerous varieties which the country produces would afford a subject of inexhaustible interest. What a delightful resource for the emigrant in the back settlements, remote from society, and with but few books at command! With the birds of Australia around him, he need never fall into the vices or degradation of idleness.

WORK AND PAY.

... THERE is a secret in this subject of work practically known to multitudes, which it yet so happens is seldom embodied in written or spoken counsel. The hardest work is not the most slavish or disheartening, and he who effects most has often the greatest share of leisure. To illustrate this from the extremes of the industrial scale, let us take the leading counsel, or the accomplished railway engineer, both of whom are working with their brains almost to the utmost point which the human intellect is capable of reaching. Yet they both have their luxuries and their leisure hours. You meet them in society chatting, laughing—looking as if they had nothing to do; in the touring season you encounter them in the Highlands, on the Rhine, and yet all the world is wondering how they get through their hard work. Look now at the hand-loom weaver—pale, emaciated, half-fed, half-clad—as solemn and melancholy under the weight of unvarying physical affliction as if he had taken a monastic vow, and given away all the joys of this world for an ample reimbursement in futurity. That man knows no rest but the hours of sleep and the seventh day; every little period he takes from the weary monotony of his work is a bit of bread less to him and his children: the demon Hunger has possession of him, and drives him on till he drops at the loom. Yet that man never knew what it was to work hard—and there is the secret of all his misery. He found a monotonous easy trade to his hand, and in an evil hour he yielded to its seductions. 'If weavers are wanted,' said a witness on the hand-loom inquiry, 'they may be struck into existence in a month: some branches may be done by boys and girls, and what may be done by a boy, can never reach above a boy's wages.'

Now I do not mean to maintain that the eminent lawyer and engineer work as many times harder than the hand-loom weaver as they are better paid. It is the peculiarity

of work of every kind that a small addition to the expertness makes a large addition to the remuneration, and that the higher the grade, the more marked is this difference. This arises from the numbers gradually decreasing the further they have outstripped their brethren in excellence. At the point of skill which only three or four men have reached out of so many hundreds, there will be little competition, and high pay: when there are services which only one man can do, he can name his own price. Moreover, the general labour market in its widest sense, including efforts both of mind and body, is affected by various accidents of education, training, and position, which bring to some occupations a scale of remuneration much higher than the members of others can hope by any energy to obtain. Thus it does not follow that the scale of income corresponds with the hardness of the work; but we may take it as a general rule, that high pay is not given without some service being done for it; and that the man who can, by courageous energy in setting his mind, or his hands aided by his mind, to do some useful act requiring skill, will reap a reward for his service.

In fact the great dragon to be conquered by the strugglers through this world is indolence. It is because he has yielded to it, that yonder gray-headed gentleman is a clerk in a government office, at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, instead of making a fortune like his schoolfellow the engineer. He found the employment set before him—nothing to do but to copy pages or add up columns; no exertion of thought, no risks of failure, but a secured income—and he yielded to the temptation. In his case little harm is done: he has food and clothing, and is content. But go several steps farther down. A still easier operation than writing and casting accounts has tempted eight hundred thousand men to follow a trade which less than half the number would have supplied; and no legislation or parliamentary inquiry, no private benevolence, no relief committee, no poor-law, can obviate the devastating result. . . . Nor is the small remuneration the only evil of the humblest and most overstocked occupations. Their followers are the most acutely sensitive to oscillations in the money and labour market, and ever the most liable to be deprived of their little bit of bread. Let us just cast a thought over the manner in which the industrious, careful, and energetic members of society occupy themselves when hard times come. Some of them retrench their expenditure; they must of course have still as much as will in some way support their families, or they could not do so. Others increase their exertions. 'It is but mounting a thousand additional stairs,' said Dr Arbuthnot, when his savings were swept away by the South-Sea scheme. Here and there, active-minded people are excited to new enterprises and conquests over difficulties; they lay open new fields of exertion, or work old ones with renewed energy. The additional services so called out are marvellous, and the beneficent effect of the whole operation is, that by these exertions trade revives, and prosperity is restored. It is a mistake to suppose that these pressures and oscillations arise from too much industry.

There may be too much production relatively—too many railways, too much corn, too many gingham or satin slippers; but if every person is working where his services are required, there cannot be too much industry; and it is the tendency of the exertions made by active men in times of trial, to find out the quarters in which their labours are most useful, and thus restore the equilibrium of the market. A man can seldom turn from a losing to a gaining occupation without doing a benefit, instead of an injury, to the community.

But what can that poor creature do who has been accustomed only to give his time, and some rotatory bodily motion, when the service so produced has ceased to be worth the morsel it used to bring him? He cannot reduce his expenditure and live. He cannot increase his exertions, for they are measured by time, not work, and the whole is already taken. He is nearest the edge, and when the blast comes across the great platform of industry, he is blown over the side into the slough of mendicancy, whence he rises no more.—From an excellent series of letters in the *Daily News*, June 1848. [A principle of very great consequence to the humbler classes is here developed. It is not alone necessary to be at labour for many hours; that may be such a labour as not to deserve good remuneration. It is not sufficient that a small trader sticks for the whole day to his shop, for it may be a shop not required in the place, or conducted on too small a scale to be profitable.

Ingenuity, skill, judgment to make a good choice of a calling, and to improve circumstances, are also requisite. A man should see that his work is really useful, and that his shop is not superfluous.]

SWEET LAVENDER.

Lavender is the emblem of 'distant music' in the language of flowers.

'Tis the sound of distant music, and it comes from o'er the hills,
Sweeping upon the breezy air by fields and summer rills;
Up, up the valley—homesteads fair and sheltering nooks are passed;
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!' is clearly heard at last.

And forth she comes, the cottage girl, with basket on her arm,
Singing loud that summer word, whose name breathes many a charm:

'Twelve bunches for a single groat,' she adds with plaintive cry:
'Oh, Lavender—sweet Lavender!'—these treasures who will buy?

The village girls will seek the sweets—the faint perfume they prize;
By hoarded treasures, tokens dear, the annual gift-flower lies;
And mourners seek its pensive hue—it suits well with the dead—
To strew above that breathless form, now alumbering on the bed.

Oh bear it to the lone churchyard, and find a nameless mound—
There, drooping mourner, cast these sweets upon the grassy ground;
And as the sound steals on the breeze, across the quiet vale,
That well-known music soothes thy heart, attuned to sorrow's tale.

Perfume the air above the dead, the faithful, happy dead!
Comfort and hope, sweet lavender, with healing influence shed;
This angel-music floateth past—on seraph's wings 'tis borne—
The mourner's heart can hear it off, though tempest-swayed and torn.

C. A. M. W.

HURRY AND HASTE.

'Never do anything in a hurry,' is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr Warren. 'No one in a hurry can possibly have his *wits about him*; and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first-rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed, in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquillity, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well-timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. "How is it that one never sees you in a hurry?" said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied with a significant smile. "I shall never forget that observation, and don't you,"—Warren on *Attorneys and Solicitors*.

DUTIES AND EVENTS.

Duties are ours: events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of the miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—*Cecil*.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 23 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. & G. 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 Upper Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 264. NEW SERIES. . SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

GIPSY SORCERIES IN THE DECCAN.

From their first appearance in Europe, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to the present day, the gipsies have been objects of wonder, curiosity, or interest, from the mystery in which their origin is enveloped, and from the singular manner in which they have kept apart from the nations amongst whom they wander. They were originally believed to be Egyptians, but the researches of late years establish the probability, if not the certainty, of India being their mother country. Their language is found to have no affinity with the Coptic; but it bears a strong resemblance to that of Hindoostan; and their arrival in Christendom followed at no great interval of time the period when Timour ravaged and desolated the East, practising cruelties on the wretched natives of India, which might have very probably induced them to emigrate in vast numbers.

Whether this latter supposition be correct or not, it is difficult to determine; it is, however, a fact that the gipsies exist as a distinct and numerous caste in Asia; and during a recent visit to the Deccan, I chanced to have an opportunity of seeing a large tribe of these singular outcasts, who came down from the mountains to pay a rude homage to the governor, by exhibiting before him the magic arts which, from far-off ages, have been the heritage of their race.

For this purpose they were assembled outside the governor's bungalow at Dahpooree, in a large open space, bounded on one side by the broad stream running through the garden in which the residence is built, and on the other by a hedge of giant jessamine, the post of a Hindoo sentinel. The whole population of the neighbouring little village was assembled, and covered every part of the ground, sitting, after their own strange fashion, on their heels, and all gaping with intense eagerness on the space left near the veranda for the performances of their admired sorceries. Of the simple faith with which they were prepared to witness the spectacle, we had no doubt, both from the expression of their countenances and our knowledge of their extreme superstition; for near our seats stood a young Hindoo mother, carrying an infant whose tiny ankles were tied up in rags, to preserve it from the effects of the 'evil eye,' which is peculiarly baneful when *blue*—and we had unhappily admired the little creature on the previous day.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun, still glorious in the cloudless, glowing sky, poured a flood of light upon the whole scene, which was highly picturesque. In a few seconds the circle by the veranda was occupied by an aged wizard, and an assistant beating a tom-tom, or drum. He placed a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, and cast into it a few

grains of incense, muttering at the same time an incantation. A wicker basket, of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe, was then brought forward, and our gipsy informed us that it was his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon or dove, and make him fly off whithersoever we chose. The trick did not promise to be very difficult; but we thought differently when we saw the candidate for the metamorphosis. He was a tall, fine-looking lad of sixteen or seventeen, apparently much too big to occupy the space assigned him; but the wizard approaching, threw him on the ground, tied his feet to his hands, and literally doubling him together, dropped him into a sort of cabbage-net, which he fastened over his head. He then brought him round for us to examine the strange prison; and certainly it appeared a clear case of 'I can't get out.' He was consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him, both of course being much raised and distended by the captive they covered. The wizard now began a solemn promenade round the basket to the sound of the tom-tom, muttering mysteriously the while. By degrees the cloth and basket shrank down, growing smaller and smaller, till the latter appeared empty; then the lid was gently raised, and the net and ligatures thrown out: a second circuit made by the old gipsy effected the promised translation, and a white pigeon fluttered from the basket, and directed its flight (as we desired) to Poonah. The enchanter now affected great amazement, called on the boy to come forth, raised and shook the basket, and finally producing a long naked sword, thrust it with loud cries apparently into every crevice of the wicker-work. He then turned, and calling in the direction of Poonah, which was only seven miles off, was answered from a distance by the best ventriloquism I ever heard. This was a summons for the lad to return. He, or rather the pigeon, obeyed. The basket began to swell again, the cloth rose, and the young gipsy sprang forth, leaving us in admiration of his wonderful power of self-compression; as how he could have folded himself into so small a space, we were unable to conceive, nor how he avoided the sharp point of the sword.

The second exhibition was far more extraordinary, and more difficult; indeed I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it myself. A young man stepped forward, and by the assistance of one of the Parsees, who acted as interpreter, informed us, 'that though it was not usual for the eyes to work as the hands did, he would for once, and to show his respect, &c. for the *burra sahib* (great man), use them in a similar manner.' A huge piece of stone, two or three feet thick and square, was then placed before him, to which two short lines were strongly attached, having at the ends a small round piece of tin, the size and shape of a sixpence.

Lifting his eyelids, and rolling the ball of the eye on one side in a most extraordinary manner, he stooped, inserted these coins inside the lid on the eyes, and closed the lid on them. His hands were then bound behind him, and raising himself slowly, he actually lifted the huge mass by the eyelids from the ground to the level of his waist. How long he would have continued to hold it I cannot tell, for the ladies present were so shocked at the really terrible exhibition, that they insisted on his being commanded to let it go. He was rewarded by a gift of ten rupees. We afterwards inquired if this power or art were common amongst the gipsy tribes, and were told it was not: being rather rare, and highly esteemed by them, the performer always expected an extra present from the spectators. Our Parsee servant added, that the practice entailed early blindness on its possessor.

A man then seated himself before us, and ordered one of his companions to 'light the fire,' a command which was immediately obeyed; the fireplace being actually the speaker's head, on which they placed a piece of something that looked like black mud, and on it kindled a blaze of some height. The fire-king, as he called himself, then opened his mouth, and received a lump of fire into it, from which he puffed volumes of smoke both from his mouth and nostrils; and certainly no one could look more like the 'Zatanal' he personated than he did, for his eyes were large, and glitteringly black and white, his features deformed, and his skin swarthy. Then followed the equally common snake-charmers, with their huge basket of civilised reptiles. It is perhaps less curious to see these creatures move to the monotonous music which is supposed to influence them, than to examine at leisure, and with impunity, their different appearances; from the frightful cobra de capello, to the deadly cobra manilla, the bite of which I once narrowly escaped by the presence of mind of a young child, who, without speaking, pulled me back at the moment my foot was descending on the step where it lay. This snake exhibition is common all over India, as well as that which followed it—the juggler and his golden balls. Some of the gipsy women then advanced to display their skill; but they were anything but interesting 'magas.' For the most part they were old, and very ugly, and their chief cleverness appeared to consist in making a fountain of their nose, from which they showered in a continuous stream the water they drew into their mouth from a small tube.

Swordsmen followed, and really displayed the most wonderful skill with their weapon. When their fencing was concluded, they made a huge pile of their swords, the points being upwards, and leaped over it with great agility and boldness. The entertainment concluded by several men breaking cocoa-nuts with their heads—a feat which they achieved by throwing the huge fruit high into the air, and catching it on their skulls, which were certainly of the thickest, as, though they sounded fearfully, they did not appear hurt by a blow which separated the shell of the cocoa-nut. By the time they had finished their employment of nut-cracking, the sun had nearly set, and the burra sahib, after gracious commendations, and a very liberal buck-sheesh, dismissed her Majesty's gipsy lieges, though they assured us they had many excellent tricks still in store. We were, however, weary, and believed the actors must be so too; therefore further proffers were declined, to their great surprise, as we were told; for the native princes or chiefs can never have enough of similar exhibitions, and tax the poor creatures' powers almost beyond endurance when they are thus brought before them. The exhibition had greatly amused us, both from the skill of the people and the picturesque effect of their wild appearance and costume. Their own unshaken faith in the incantations they muttered, and the real audience bestowed on their powers by the native spectators, gave a reality to the scene which no English jugglers can ever possess. The sword exercise and nut-cracking were accompanied by shrill

animated, and exciting cries. Of their skill in palmistry we were unable to judge, as we did not understand their language; but we were told that their prophetic gifts are very similar to those of the European brethren.

About three or four days afterwards, as we were returning from a drive, we met the whole tribe on their march back to the mountains. The road was narrow, and they were therefore obliged to move to one side, passing in a long-continued and most picturesque file, beneath the sweet mimosa-trees that bordered the way. One might almost have fancied himself living in the age of the Patriarcha, and witnessing the journeyings of a people, as he gazed on them. The strong men came first, each armed with a tall staff; then the women, bearing their infants on their hips, or leading the young children by the hand; old crones and 'ancient men' followed, with such cattle as they possessed, and bundles, containing, as we supposed, their property. They all saluted us with kindly smiles as they glided by; and we watched them with considerable interest for some time, the great plain they traversed permitting us to see them till they were lost in the dim though brief twilight. We never saw the gipsies of the Deccan more; but we have often thought and talked of them, and regretted that the energies they displayed, and the toil by which they must have brought many of their performances to perfection, had not been more worthily employed and better directed. They follow strictly the wise injunction, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;' though unhappily their hand, through ignorance, finds little to do that is useful or becoming rational beings; and they are thus far examples to those who, living in the light of civilisation, never exert the capabilities, whether mental or physical, which their Creator has bestowed. Many a sluggard of our enlightened Europe might thus derive a useful lesson from the wild gipsies of Hindoostan.

A SECOND GLANCE AT MR MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

MR MACAULAY'S book must undoubtedly be what is called 'the book of the season.' It comes at an opportune time; in the midst of the revolutions of so many despotic governments, telling the tale of the sober and bloodless revolution which we passed through a hundred and sixty years ago—made sober and bloodless because we had never, like the continental nations, allowed our early popular institutions to be torn from us, and therefore had always something of a time-honoured character round which to rally. The whole story of James II.'s reign reads like a drama or a romance. It is a fair struggle between two principles, with victory or death for the issue. On one side a monarch, naturally weak, and not very good-hearted, driven by bigotry into tyrannical courses, with only the frail support of a few profligate statesmen, and a sentiment of loyalty which, though tinged with superstition, was insufficient to sustain men under extreme practical sufferings and dangers; on the other, 'a noble and puissant nation rousing herself, like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks,' to throw off a yoke whose whole merits were of an abstract kind, but which, in such an age, it was almost impiety to challenge. The very struggles of the latter party with their own prejudices are intensely interesting. Mr Macaulay tells the story, we think, somewhat too rhetorically; yet is always animated, picturesque, and entertaining. It will be very curious to find his volumes so universally read as they must be, for it will show how much public attention to a book is affected by peculiarities in writers, by the presumption of their degree of information, and perhaps also in some measure by currents of taste. We are able to mention, on the best authority, that upwards of twenty years ago, a history of the English Revolution was published by a

respectable writer, and that the sale amounted to only one copy!

It would require ten times our space to present any adequate samples of this narrative; but even were that at our command, we would still recommend our readers to go to the book itself: there only can they obtain a thorough idea of the conflict carried on between 1685 and 1688. Perhaps the most intensely-interesting piece of narration is that of Monmouth's insurrection, and its fearfully bloody close. One cannot read without sympathetic anguish of the vain pleading of this unhappy leader for his life before an uncle who knew not pity. The brutalities of Jeffreys make it impossible not to feel a stern pleasure in his own ultimate humiliation and wretched end. We still think, however, that there is wanting in this, as in every other history of the period, a sufficient exposition of the causes of all the bad doings of the latter Stuart governments, in the terrors from which they were a reaction. We are left to wonder at the indignities put on the poor Earl of Argyle, which seem the most wanton and uncalled-for wickedness. The authors of these indignities felt still burning in their bosoms what we know nothing of—the recollection of the similar indignities put by a kingless parliament on Montrose—which this very earl and his father, it was said, had triumphantly witnessed. Why did men fool themselves with the doctrine of the divine right of kings? Nothing is without a cause. This folly was merely a counteraction against other fanatics, who thought they might treat kings as those of Israel were treated by the Hebrew prophets and people, and who had actually brought one monarch to a violent death. Men submitted to the worst tyranny of the infatuated James, because they had learned thirty years before that there was a worse tyranny in sanctified brewers and leather-sellers. The king himself had seen his father, after many concessions, put to death, and the government destroyed. It was still unsettled—perhaps it is not yet settled—whether the concessions or their insufficiency was the cause of the evil. A wiser man might have doubted whether he should recede or go on. Then it is scarcely possible in our cool days to judge of the religious feelings which were the immediate animating cause of all movements in those times, when the many wonderful and agitating things in the Bible were as yet but freshly burst on the European mind, and men had not half learned in what light they ought to be regarded. Scarcely, we apprehend, could the sincerest Catholic of our day even approach to a conception of the state of mind of King James, with his convictions, enduring for an hour the predominance of the reformed religion. Mr Macaulay, with all the amplitude of his information, is here as deficient as any of his predecessors.

The freedom of Mr Macaulay's sketches of familiar things will be relished as a delightful relief to the sobriety of political narrative. Dr Robertson would have been too dignified to descend to such matters—Henry would have brought them in with the dryness of a catalogue. It is reserved for the historical writer of our age to paint a class of people and a department of manners with the unrestrained pencil of La Bruyere and Addison. Take, for example, this little bit respecting the Popish country squire of James II.'s time:—'Excluded, when a boy, from Eton and Westminster, when a youth, from Oxford and Cambridge, when a man, from parliament and from the bench of justice, he generally vegetated as quietly as the elms of the avenue which led to his ancestral grange. His corn-fields, his dairy and his cider press, his greyhounds, his fishing-rod and his gun, his ale and his tobacco, occupied almost all his thoughts. With his neighbours, in spite of his religion, he was generally on good terms. They knew him to be unambitious and inoffensive. He was almost always of a good old family. He was always a Cavalier. His peculiar notions were not obtruded, and caused no annoyance. He did not, like a Puritan, torment himself and others with scraps about everything that was

pleasant: on the contrary, he was as keen a sportsman, and as jolly a boon companion, as any man who had taken the oath of supremacy and the declaration against transubstantiation. He met his brother squires at the cover, was in with them at the death, and, when the sport was over, took them home with him to a venison pasty and to October four years in bottle. The oppressions which he had undergone had not been such as to impel him to any desperate resolution. Even when his church was barbarously persecuted, his life and property were in little danger. The most impudent false witnesses could hardly venture to shock the common sense of mankind by accusing him of being a conspirator. The Papists whom Oates selected for attack were peers, prelates, Jesuits, Benedictines, a busy political agent, a lawyer in high practice, a court physician. The Roman Catholic country gentleman, protected by his obscurity, by his peaceable demeanour, and by the good-will of those among whom he lived, carted his hay or filled his bag with game unmolested, while Coleman and Langhorne, Whitbread and Pickering, Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, died by the halter or the axe.'

Our author's account of the coffee-houses of the seventeenth century looks more like a paper in Bentley or Colburn than a page of a large historical work; yet there can be no doubt that it is as essential to that work as the gravest accounts of parliamentary debates and councils of state. 'The coffee-house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the city had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation, had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances, the coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. The first of these establishments had been set up in the time of the Commonwealth by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mohammedans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great, that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle classes went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news, and to discuss it. Every coffee-house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made during Danby's administration to close the coffee-houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much, that there was a universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffee-houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee-house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee-house was the Londoner's home; and that those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from those places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head-quarters. There were houses near St James's Park where the fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris, and so did the rest of the

fine gentleman's ornaments—his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of the theatre. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly-scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor indeed would he have had far to go, for, in general, the coffee-rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard-room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice, and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether the "Paradise Lost" ought to have been in rhyme. To another, an anxious poetaster demonstrated that "Venice Preserved" ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen—earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert templars, sheepish lads from the universities, translators, and index-makers in ragged coats of fricze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook, by the fire; in summer, it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Rossa's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee-houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Dr John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee-houses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee-houses, where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee-houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned over their cups another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.

Everywhere Mr Macaulay takes the freedom to introduce circumstances and associations in a manner new to history. We are told that, on the breaking out of Monmouth's rebellion, a play of Dryden's failed for want of attendance at the theatre. Persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant who waited on the Earl of Faversham when he halted to fight Monmouth at Sedgemoor. Monmouth left a mistress, whom he considered as his wife in the sight of Heaven: her fate is touched on with the skill of the modern literary artist. The unhappy man has perished on Tower Hill, and been laid amongst the dust of many heroic personages in the Tower Chapel. Yet a few months, and the

Hall, we are reminded of the mysterious tragedy enacted in it in the time of the Tudors, as narrated in the notes to 'Rokeby.' A historian of the last age, writing about the arrival of the Dutch Guards at Whitehall, and having to mention that they had to meet the English Guards under Lord Craven, would have mentioned Lord Craven and nothing more. Mr Macaulay introduces him thus: 'They were commanded by William, Earl of Craven, an aged man who, more than fifty years before, had been distinguished in war and love, who had led the forlorn hope at Creutznach with such courage, that he had been patted on the shoulder by the great Gustavus, and who was believed to have won from a thousand rivals the heart of the unfortunate queen of Bohemia. Craven was now in his eightieth year; but time had not tamed his spirit.' Such references throw a flood of fresh interest on a historical narration.

Mr Macaulay says—'The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the working-man, than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution. But it would be a great error to infer, from the increase of complaint, that there has been any increase of misery.' He proceeds to show that the agricultural labourers, who were four-fifths of the working population, had then four shillings a week, without food, in ordinary districts, and from five to six shillings in the more favoured. Wheat was then as dear as now. It was seventy shillings a quarter in 1661, when the justices at Chelmsford fixed the wages of the Essex labourer at six shillings in summer, and seven in winter. 'These facts,' says our author, 'are in perfect accordance with another fact which seems to deserve consideration. It is evident that, in a country where no man can be compelled to become a soldier, the ranks of an army cannot be filled if the government offers much less than the wages of common rustic labour. At present, the pay and beer money of a private in a regiment of the line amount to seven shillings and sevenpence a week. This stipend, coupled with the hope of a pension, does not attract the English youth in sufficient numbers; and it is found necessary to supply the deficiency by enlisting largely from among the poorer population of Munster and Connaught. The pay of the private foot soldier in 1685 was only four shillings and eightpence a week; yet it is certain that the government in that year found no difficulty in obtaining many thousands of English recruits at very short notice. The pay of the private foot soldier in the army of the Commonwealth had been seven shillings a week—that is to say, as much as a corporal received under Charles II.; and seven shillings a week had been found sufficient to fill the ranks with men decidedly superior to the generality of the people. On the whole, therefore, it seems reasonable to conclude that, in the reign of Charles II., the ordinary wages of the peasant did not exceed four shillings a week; but that, in some parts of the kingdom, five shillings, six shillings, and during the summer months, even seven shillings, were paid. At present, a district where a labouring man earns only seven shillings a week is thought to be in a state shocking to humanity. The average is much higher, and in prosperous counties the weekly wages of husbandmen amount to twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen shillings.'

No newspaper pleaded their cause. It was in rude rhyme that their love and hatred, their exultation and their distress, found utterance. A great part of their history is to be learned only from their ballads. One of the most remarkable of the popular lays chanted about the streets of Norwich and Leeds in the time of Charles II. may still be read on the original broadside. It is the vehement and bitter cry of labour against capital. It describes the good old times when every artisan employed in the woollen manufacture lived as well as a farmer. But those times were past. Sixpence a day now was all that could be earned by hard labour at the loom. If the poor complained that they could not live on such a pittance, they were told that they were free to take it or leave it. For so miserable a recompense were the producers of wealth compelled to toil, rising early, and lying down late, while the master clothier, eating, sleeping, and idling, became rich by their exertions. A shilling a day, the poet declares, is what the weaver would have, if justice were done. We may therefore conclude that, in the generation which preceded the Revolution, a workman employed in the great staple manufacture of England thought himself fairly paid if he gained six shillings a week.

It is added—'When we pass from the weavers of cloth to a different class of artisans, our inquiries will still lead us to nearly the same conclusions. During several generations, the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital have kept a register of the wages paid to different classes of workmen who have been employed in the repairs of the building. From this valuable record it appears that, in the course of 120 years, the daily earnings of the bricklayer have risen from half-a-crown to four-and-tenpence; those of the mason from half-a-crown to five-and-threepence; those of the carpenter from half-a-crown to five-and-fivepence; and those of the plumber from three shillings to five-and-sixpence.

'It seems clear, therefore, that the wages of labour, estimated in money, were, in 1685, not more than half of what they now are; and there were few articles important to the working-man of which the price was not, in 1685, more than half of what it now is. Beer was undoubtedly much cheaper in that age than at present; meat was also cheaper, but was still so dear, that there were hundreds of thousands of families who scarcely knew the taste of it. In the cost of wheat there has been very little change. The average price of the quarter, during the last twelve years of Charles II., was fifty shillings. Bread, therefore, such as is now given to the inmates of a workhouse, was then seldom seen, even on the trencher of a yeoman or of a shopkeeper. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats.

'The produce of tropical countries, the produce of the mines, the produce of machinery, was positively dearer than at present. Among the commodities for which the labourer would have had to pay higher in 1685 than his posterity pay in 1848, were sugar, salt, coals, candles, soap, shoes, stockings, and generally all articles of clothing and all articles of bedding. It may be added, that the old coats and blankets would have been not only more costly, but less serviceable than the modern fabrics.'

Mr Macaulay then proceeds to show that the proportion of the people which received parochial relief in the reign of Charles II. was larger than even now. He admits that the labouring people of that age derived some advantage from commons now closed to them; but against this he places advantages of a different kind, proper to the present age. 'Of the blessings which civilisation and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which

now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset, that he would not have been able to see his hand; so ill paved, that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck; and so ill watched, that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant-prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present, only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century, is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season and London in the cholera.

'Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilisation on the national character. The groundwork of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy, and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have in the course of ages become not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights, compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle, were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and rest-

less compassion which has in our time extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill-fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age—in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly, and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

These are things worth pondering upon by the working population of our time, and those who call themselves specially their friends. There is a prevailing disposition to attribute all the evils endured by the humbler class of people to political and social evils bearing with undue severity upon them, and peculiar to the present time. When you tell any man that he is subjected to external evils beyond his own control, he is extremely apt to overlook those which it depends on himself to remedy. It is to be feared that the present manner of addressing the working population is mainly of the kind which soothes them with the idea that they are victims who cannot help themselves. The very efforts everywhere making to furnish them with baths, reading-rooms, superior houses, &c. must help to foster this notion. The consequence is, that the working population lose the opportunity of doing any good for themselves. They live for the day, when, by a proper husbanding of their resources, they might take a far higher place, socially and morally, than they do. Such facts as those brought out by Mr Macaulay show at once how much less evil they now suffer, and how much more they might now do for themselves, than at any former period.

We now fairly conclude by jotting off a few pithy expressions of opinion on general subjects, which we find scattered in Mr Macaulay's volumes:—'In every age, the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.' 'The common people are sometimes inconstant, for they are human beings. But that they are inconstant as compared with the educated classes, with aristocracies, or with princes, may be confidently denied. It would be easy to name demagogues whose popularity has remained undiminished, while sovereigns and parliaments have withdrawn their confidence from a long succession of statesmen. When Swift had survived his faculties many years, the Irish populace still continued to light bonfires on his birthday, in commemoration of the services which they fancied that he had rendered to his country when his mind was in full vigour. While seven administrations were raised to power, and hurled from it in consequence of court intrigues, or of changes in the sentiments of the higher classes of society, the profligate Wilkes retained his hold on the affections of a rabble whom he pillaged and ridiculed. Politicians who in 1807 sought to curry favour with George III. by defending Caroline of Brunswick, were not ashamed in 1820 to curry favour with George IV. by persecuting her. But in 1820, as in 1807, the whole body of working men was fanatically devoted to her cause.' 'Representative assemblies, public discussions, and all the other checks by which, in civil affairs, rulers are restrained from abusing power, are out of place in a camp. Machiavel justly imputed many of the disasters of Venice and Florence to the jealousy which led these republics to interfere with every act of their generals. The Dutch practice of sending by an army deputies, without whose consent no great blow could be struck, was almost equally pernicious.

It is undoubtedly by no means certain that a captain, who has been intrusted with dictatorial power in the hour of peril, will quietly surrender that power in the hour of triumph; and this is one of the many considerations which ought to make men hesitate long before they resolve to vindicate public liberty by the sword. But if they determine to try the chance of war, they will, if they are wise, intrust to their chief that plenary authority without which war cannot be well conducted. It is possible that, if they give him that authority, he may turn out a Cromwell or a Napoleon; but it is almost certain that, if they withhold from him that authority, their enterprises will end like the enterprise of Argyle.'

NOTES ON FERNS.

HORACE speaks of the fern as growing only to be burnt, and from his age to the present day, men have been but too apt to take the superficial reading of the remark without applying it economically. Few have regarded the fern otherwise than as a beautiful and graceful ornament, or a troublesome and obstinate weed, according as the romantic or the needful was their guiding principle. It would be well that the latter class should act more upon the letter of the poet, and they would probably find themselves well rewarded, not merely by ridding their fair fields of the intruding root, but also by a considerable quantity of kelp, which will be eagerly sought after by the soapmaker and the glass manufacturer; or they may economically employ the ashes so obtained in their own household, after the manner of the Welsh and others, who, burning the fern when green, make the ashes into balls with a little water; then dry them in the sun, and store them up, to take the place of soap, for which they form no indifferent substitute.

Again, when the occupier of the said fair fields, or it may be of yonder small allotment, newly reclaimed from the mountain or moor, has supplied his thrifty partner with the magic balls, which, like the good fairy in the old tale, are 'to cleanse all they touch,' he may advantageously employ his former enemy (for so a plant which in rich soils will extend its roots to a depth of six to eight feet may be considered) as an excellent manure. Let him cut it when green, and suffer it to rot, when he will soon discover its merits as an enricher of the soil. It yields nearly twice the quantity of salts contained in almost any other vegetable, and for this reason is particularly applicable to the potato, never failing, if buried beneath their roots, to produce a good crop. The rootstock of all ferns, though bitter, salt, and nauseous, is relished by pigs, and if boiled in their mash, or even in water, becomes an excellent food for them. As that of the bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) frequently mats together, and covers acres of unreclaimed ground, it may do great service in this way. Newman also mentions, on the authority of Mr Lees, that in the forest of Dean, the young shoots of this plant are cut before the fronds are unrolled, and boiled as a mash for pigs. This food will keep for a considerable time after it has been boiled, and it comes into use at a season when the cottager has some difficulty in supplying his pig from the garden. The roots of *Pteris aquilina* and common wall-fern, if boiled like carrots, are sweet and wholesome; so, says Gunner, are the young spring-shoots of the latter, if boiled and eaten like asparagus. An excellent farina may be procured from fern roots, which not only forms an article of food to the natives of Kamtchatka, but is also mixed in the bread of our more civilised neighbours in Normandy; whilst the Siberians use it in their beer, mixing one-third of the rootstock of *Aspidium filix mas* with two-thirds of malt. Ferns also form in Norway an article of fodder for cattle, sheep, and goats. Being cut green, and dried in the open air, and, when required, steeped in warm water, the animals eat it readily, and in some instances fatten on it, though

It is of course a food used only in the depths of winter. To the value of ferns as litter it is needless to draw attention. In Glen Elg, Inverness, the stalks of the bracken are used for thatching houses, to which purpose the whole frond is applied in Wales; but this, though less expensive in labour, is far less durable.

While keeping in view the fern wash-balls, we must not omit to mention that the root of the Osmond royal (*Osmunda regalis*) yields a most excellent starch, so that the fern-provided mistress of a family need never blush for the linen of her household, however poor she may otherwise be. The common bracken, and in a less degree all the ferns, are, from their astringent nature, well adapted to the service of the tanner, and on the continent are extensively used by him in the preparation of kid and chamois leather.

The fern was formerly much valued as a medicine, but the discoveries of distant and richer lands have, in a great measure lessened the chemical value of many of the herbs which grow beneath our less ardent sun. The maiden's hair (*Adiantum*) is much used in coughs, sheathing the inflamed and irritable epiglottis. The 'capillaire' of our French neighbours is merely a distillation of this fern with orange-flower water and honey. It is, or was, also much used as a confection, or summer drink, as all who in their youthful days delighted in the tales of Berquin will testify.

The anthelmintic qualities of *Lastrea filix mas*, and most of its congeners, cause them even yet to form a part of the herbaristic *Materia Medica* of the countrywomen, who particularly esteem them against worms; whilst the *Asplenium*, as their name imports, have been highly valued in complaints of the viscera. The elderly women in Herefordshire, says Newman, collect *P. vulgare* as a remedy for hooping-cough: it is gathered in October and November, when full of seed, hung up to dry, and when used, boiled with coarse brown sugar. It may perhaps be well to mention that we have here only noticed the true ferns, though the remainder of the filices are not without their economical, as well as their superstitious interest, to which we shall now advert.

The fern was formerly regarded with superstitious reverence, and held to be endowed with supernatural powers. Nor will this astonish us, when we consider that the ancients, in common with the father of natural history, were unable to discover from whence proceeded the numberless young plants which they saw springing up on every side of the parent fern. Pliny expressly says that the ferns have neither flower nor seed;* and it was reserved for a comparatively modern age to discover the latter in abundance on the backs of the fronds. It is curious to mark how the accurate and minute observation of these men was, for want of a few leading principles, rendered subservient to the errors of superstition. In all their ingenious speculations, they delighted to work out some fancied resemblance between the tangible, natural peculiarities of their object, and its supposed powers; and thus, as the fruit of the fern was invisible, so must it possess the power of rendering invisible the fortunate man who should find and appropriate it. Of this fancy our early poets have given many illustrations. Thus Shakspeare, 'We have the recipe of fern-seed—we walk invisible'—Beaumont and Fletcher, 'Why, did you think that you had Gyges' ring, or the herb that gives invisibility?'—and rare Ben Johnson, 'I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no fern-seed in my pocket.'

Many, doubtless, were the attempts to find this powerful treasure; and anxiously was it sought by the forbidden reverer, the trembling criminal, perhaps by the treacherous and designing statesman; but vain was all their labour, and disappointedly they gave up their ineffectual attempts to discover nonentities, and make themselves invisible to mortal ken, for, as Bovey tells us, 'One went to gather it [fern-seed], and the spirits whisked about his ears like bullets, and sometimes

struck his hat and other parts of his body. In fine, though he apprehended that he had gotten a quantity of it secured in papers, and a box besides, he found all empty; that is, the seed having been at length discovered, dark and malignant spirits, enraged at the prospect of man appropriating to himself their peculiar privilege, attacked the daring deprederator (perchance under the forms of owls and bats), and bofe from him his long-sought booty.

Nor was invisibility the only boon to be obtained by means of the fern-seed: it had other powers, darkly hinted at by some, and more openly declared by others: in fact it was a most powerful vegetable charm if gathered on St John's (midsummer) Eve, more so if the night, says Semnius, should prove tempestuous; and in later times, Gerarde speaks much of the uses to which superstition had applied the much-sought fern-seed. Dioscorides, Iraqus, and Schbrubr, speak much and mysteriously of this plant as a charm against witchcraft; whilst Bovey gravely states his conviction that these 'are the devil's own contriving; that having once ensnared men to an obedience to his rules, he may with more facility oblige them to a stricter vassalage.' Even serpents, it is to be supposed, were aware of the powers of this herb, as Pliny tells us that they are rarely found under it. In addition to the non-discovery of the seed, the 'strange figures and unknown letters' which were seen on cutting the stem across, had their influence on the susceptible minds of our forefathers.

Among the more practical superstitious respecting this tribe of plants, we may notice that of placing children on a bed of green fern as a cure for rickets. It may also be pleasant to the *ennuyé* to know that the goldilocks (*P. vulgare*) was formerly considered an infallible remedy for melancholia. We have a theory of our own on this subject, which we shall hereafter unfold.

It would be tedious to mention all the diseases for which ferns were considered panaceas; so, after stating that the root of *Polypodium dhyopteris* would, it was believed, take off the hair, we will proceed to our own superstition respecting melancholia, intreating such of our readers as may be troubled with this most wearing disease of the mind to pay great attention to our assertion that *P. vulgare*, in common with other ferns, will materially assist in effecting his or her cure. We do not even, like the wizards of old, ask for faith in our nostrum; we only ask obedience to our rules, and the faith shall be worked out by the cure perfected. Let the patient, say we, commence by such gentle strolls as shall bring him to the charmed spots where

'The fern delights to grow;'

let him gradually proceed to gather a few of the more striking and beautiful fronds; let him place them frequently and carefully before his eyes, examining them attentively, until he feel a strong desire to know something of their structure and history (if he be assisted by a microscope, the miracle will in all probability be more speedy), or wish to discover how many different kinds grow within the limits of his daily rambles; then let him have recourse to some of the many interesting and scientific botanical works which have been written for this purpose; let him study these works in the fields and woods, until he feel imbued with a quiet but intense love of beautiful and graceful forms of this most interesting tribe of plants—until he can say, from the depths of his heart,

'Dear as they are beautiful
Are those fern leaves to me—'

until, when he thinks of his former insipid pursuits, he can add,

'Far dearer to me you lone vale o' green bracken;'

let him all this time remember that in Eastern lands, where they talk with flowers, the fern is the true and appropriate emblem of sincerity and friendship. Let him secretly bear the lessons thus learned in his bosom

* Phil. Nat. Hist. Lib. 87, cap. 1v.

when called upon to mingle in the crowded city; let him exhibit it somewhat more openly when amongst his own friends, family, and dependants; and our authority's word for it, the cure is completed.

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

PARENTS possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, 'Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them.' Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchasable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilized people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity: the provocations to the working of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children quiet, as if quietness were in him a virtue. It, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable weeping among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms; he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-table in the midst of our soup, or from a conversation when Jimmy Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus,

not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or to put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Our opinion is, that the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—the child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affections, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving his parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offense than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards each other, and towards their servants and children, the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amusement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old

rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity: obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation, cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

This is no ideal picture. We could point to families where the scions of the house, and even the children of strangers, have been the subjects of a domestic education such as we describe, and where the results have been the realisation of the desideratum we set out with—namely, the adjustment of the fresh generation to the civilisation attained by the old.

THE HIGHLAND CONVOY.

A few months ago I indulged myself in a sail down the Firth of Clyde in one of the countless steamers of the river. To me this is like a returning voyage up the stream of time; for every murmur of these haunted waters is laden with the voices of other years, and from every nook of the varied shores there start forth to meet me the spirits of the past. I am in a dream, which is not all a dream, for the places are substantial realities, although the persons are shadows: and the spectral show receives no interruption from the cold stony images of humanity by whom I am surrounded on the deck, for these belong in a remarkable manner to the present world, and to the new form into which society has been cast in the course of the last thirty years.

On the occasion referred to, the somewhat uncommon circumstance occurred of my exchanging looks, and finally words, with one of my fellow-passengers. He was a man well on to fifty years of age; but although his head was already sprinkled with the snows of time, his step was elastic, his eye clear, though serious, and his forehead smooth and white, as if it possessed some natural power of repulsion to throw off the cares of the world, that draw the brows of other men into wrinkles. What attracted me, however, was his air of solitariness, his abstraction from the things and persons of the present, and I knew by intuition that he was conversing, like myself, with the world of shadows. This actually proved to be the case. He had left the Clyde (the opposite shore from mine) in early youth, and after a long pursuit of happiness and fortune, returned a few years ago, convinced that the former was an illusion, and the latter merely independence, irrespective of the amount of income. We were soon well acquainted; nay, old friends. And what wonder? since our companionship led us to trace back together for one score and ten years the stream of time, and made us feel, as we paced the deck side by side, that every step conducted us farther and farther from the living.

After some hours had been spent in this way, my new-old friend was curious to learn the circumstances of my return; but I had nothing to relate beyond the disagreeable impressions made upon me by the people, in their transition state between picturesque rudeness and cold refinement—a state in which they had lost the cordial warmth of the one, before gaining the elegance of the other.

'It is not that I mean,' said he. 'But after so long an absence, and so unexpected a return, did you meet with nothing remarkable, no incident, no adventure, no?'—I smiled, and my companion looked grave.

'It was too late in the day!' I replied, touching ostentatiously with my glove a whisker which is not yet utterly gray.

'It is not that I mean,' he repeated more impatiently, and with some touch of disdain. 'We are both of us, it may be hoped, too old for romance, and too wise for the delusions of a sex placed among mankind as a trial and a test, a mockery and a punishment. You met, then, with nothing remarkable?—nothing to signalise your return?—nothing to stand forward as a landmark in your memory connecting the epochs of your life from boyhood even to middle age? Would but I could say the same!'

'Say anything but the same,' cried I. 'I am thankful that you have an adventure to relate, and you ought to be thankful that you have a listener to hear it. Let us sit down, for the evening has stolen upon us unawares, and there is nothing more to be seen on these dusky shores.'

'It was in the dusk,' began my companion, when we had seated ourselves side by side—

'At what season?'

'When the autumn was far advanced; when the Clyde, like our own heads, my friend, had put on her livery of gray and brown; and when the nights were long and chill, but steeped in the radiance of a harvest moon. My elder brother is a petty laird in the country we have been talking of, on the Highland or right bank of the river, and his house stands in a wild nook of the hills a little more than fifteen miles from the shore. I had informed him by letter of the time I expected to be with him; and, thanks to the regularity of this kind of navigation, I landed in a small boat from the steamer on the appointed day. This was the first time I had touched Scottish ground for thirty years; and even at the rude hamlet, well known to me in my early days, I observed some of the changes that were afterwards so obtrusive. Indeed the only individual among the lookers-on who harmonised completely with my boyish recollections was a wild-looking Highlander; and even him, in consequence of the change that had taken place in me, I could not help regarding with a feeling of distrust and dislike. And yet the fellow, with his erect athletic figure, his unkempt locks, flowing from beneath a broad blue bonnet, his mist-coloured plaid, drawn from one shoulder over a broad chest, with the end hanging down gracefully behind, and his trows, furled up to his knee, so as to display the naked leg and foot of a young Hercules, presented a fine specimen of the unreclaimed Gael. I believe, however, that my suspicions were at first excited by nothing more than the eager attention with which he regarded my baggage as I gave it into the charge of the boatman, and the avidity with which he listened to, and appeared to treasure up, my directions as to its being taken care of till sent for on the following day. When his keen eye caught mine fixed upon him with severity, he looked down instantaneously, as if afraid of betraying his thoughts, and shrank aside with a sudden abjectness of deference which by no means disarmed my suspicion.

Soon after, a new circumstance occurred to draw my attention to this man. Having taken some refreshment in the little public-house, to prepare me for a walk of fifteen miles over a mountainous country, I

pulled out my purse, to be ready to pay my reckoning as I went out. I had no more silver, and while hunting in a handful of gold for a half-sovereign to change, the little window of the room darkened, and I looked up: the Highlander stood outside, with his nose literally flattened against the glass, and his eyes fastened upon the treasure with a wolf-like glare that made me start. His expression, naturally wild and fierce, was at this moment tinged with an exulting joy, throwing an illumination, like that of a torch, over the whole face. A foreboding of evil crossed my mind; but instead of attending to it, I rose up like a man in a dream, and went out mechanically. I paid my reckoning, and took my way to the hills.' Here the narrator paused, and looked towards the darkening shore, as if tracing in imagination some route full of pain and peril.

'Come,' said I at length, 'proceed: I should not wonder if we hear a little more, before all is done, of your bare-legged vagabond!'

'Hurry me not,' replied my friend solemnly. 'it must come as it will, or not at all. As you proceed in this direction from the Clyde, the country is much confused with hills, woods, and masses of rock; but it is not till you arrive at the glen through which the mountain tributary rushes that waters my brother's property, that you observe the grander features of the picture. In the meantime, in following the wild road I had often traversed when a boy, I was struck with the *shrunk* character of the objects. Those hills appeared to me to be small, and those woods mere shrubberies, on which my imagination had hitherto dwelt as so many mountains and forests, and a strong feeling of disappointment began to gather upon my mind, when my thoughts were led suddenly into a new channel. On reaching the summit of an eminence lofty enough to afford a more extensive view than the huddled nature of the scenery usually permitted, I saw a plaided figure disappearing behind an angle of a rock in the distance. I saw this object only for an instant, but I could not be mistaken: it was the Highlander. I even thought he turned his head over his shoulder, as if to watch whether I was following; but in this I may have been mistaken. Now I am not more deficient in animal courage than another; but I had gold in my pocket, and papers of still more value, and although armed, like him, with a serviceable staff, I was conscious that I had been for many years out of training, and should be as easily plucked as a pigeon by that Gaelic vulture. In short, without a second thought, I forsook the beaten road, and trusting to my recollection of the face of the country, made for my destination by a circuitous route.

'It was now late in the afternoon, and if I would reach my brother's house before the departure of daylight, it was necessary to step out. I did so to some purpose; but after more than an hour's hard walking, I began to have some doubt as to the landmarks, and lost considerable time in ascending a hill to obtain a general view of the district. I found that my detour had been greater than I contemplated; but still I was right in the main, and I clearly saw a gap in the mountains beyond, in which was the resting-place I sought. But the strong lights on the higher ground, contrasted by the deep shadows below, made me begin to calculate time and distance in some anxiety; and when at length I descended to the level of the route I had chosen, it was not without uneasiness I found that daylight had entirely deserted the lower regions of the earth. Had this change come on gradually, I should perhaps have felt it little; but one moment to have the ruddy beams of the still visible sun in my eyes, and the next to be plunged in permanent and still deepening gloom, was, in circumstances like mine, a little trying to the nerves: but at that moment I saw on the summit of a hill before me, just touched, and no more, by the level rays of the west, a human figure. This would, in any case, have been a prominent and striking object, bathed as it was in a twilight light, which appeared to sever it from the dark rounded mass on which it stood; but the out-

line of the plaid and bonnet invested it at the moment with a character of the preternatural; and as I stood gazing with distended eyes, I fancied that the Highlander was penetrating, with the glance of a bird of prey, the gloom in which I stood. But this absurd notion lasted not longer than a minute.'

'I use the freedom of saying,' said I, taking advantage of a catching of the breath which interrupted the narration—'I use the freedom of saying that it gives me much pleasure to hear it! I am tired of that thievish cateran, and I would we had you at the death-grips without more ado.'

'I was tired likewise,' continued my companion, 'and with more cause than you. Whether he had actually seen me I could not tell; but this I know, that when threading soon after a belt of fir, I saw him waiting for me at the opening as distinctly as I now see you. On this occasion I did not shun him. My pride was touched, and my temper chafed; and grasping my staff by the middle, I advanced to try the fate of battle, if it was that he wanted. When I reached the edge of the belt, the plaided figure was gone. It had flitted to a distance of twice the space I had traversed, and was just disappearing behind a mountain rock.

'But either owing to the familiarity of the appearance, or to the presence of danger of another kind, I soon ceased to think much of the Highlander. I was now entering upon the wild and romantic portions of the landscape; and those features, the contemplation of which in the daytime would have filled me with a poetical enjoyment, had now much more of the terrible than sufficed for the composition of the sublime. I could already hear, borne on the wailing night-wind, the roar of the mountain river, and was entering the savage valley, or rather glen on a larger scale, through which it wanders, now sweeping in a full deep stream, and now tumbling in headlong rapids. The ford I sought, as nearly as I could judge, was at least two miles distant, and between was a country not very easy of travel even in the daylight, and at this uncertain hour, full of danger for the unaccustomed wayfarer. Lamenting the folly which had exposed me to such perils, for the sake of escaping the perhaps imaginary one of a conflict with the Highland robber, I pushed cautiously on, now glaring at some indefinite shadow in my path, which might be the opening of an abyss, and now starting as the roar of waters broke upon my ear, coming up, as it were, from a chasm at my feet. Have you ever traversed a wild uneven country when the twilight was fading into night?'

'Yes,' said I, 'and one not very far from yours—within the huge shadow of Ben Lomond.'

'Then I need not describe the bewilderment of mind under which a man labours, the shock with which he strikes against a stone, while supposing that he is stepping down a declivity, and the headlong descent into which he plunges, while raising his foot to climb. In my case the uncertainty was all the more perplexing, from the knowledge I had that I was in the near neighbourhood of precipices, diving sheer down several hundred feet to the bed of the river. It now became darker and darker; the gusty wind came more wallingly over the heath; and although the harvest moon had long risen, the glare she gave at long intervals through the densely-packed clouds only served to prophesy the danger it did not reveal.'

'And the Highland thief? Where was he by this time?'

'I cannot tell. Sometimes I thought I saw his figure sketched upon the dull sky behind; and sometimes I heard—perhaps only in imagination—his footsteps close by my side. My thoughts, however, were now concentrated upon a much more imminent peril; for the night came down upon my path in thick darkness, and at length the moon ceased to emerge from the rank that hurried across the sky; but when the stratum of cloud was less dense than usual, merely signified her whereabouts by a faint spectral gleam, that wrapped the

world for an instant in a formless winding-sheet, and then left it to the blackness of the grave. My situation was very tantalising, for I could not be at any great distance from what I knew to be a safe and easy ford, at the opposite side of which my brother's lands commenced. It was impossible, however, to advance otherwise than slowly and cautiously; for although I could not tell the exact locality I was in, I knew that somewhere in this neighbourhood there were frightful precipices, plunging sheer down into the river, and every now and then I continued to hear the ominous voice of the waters ascending from depths that seemed close at my feet. It was impossible, however, that this could continue much longer. I had now been for a considerable time in the tract of the-cliffs, and I should soon no doubt find the country begin to open, and sink into the smoothly-swelling mounds of turf that swept down like billows to the ford.

I had in fact arrived at what appeared to me to be this point in my journey, for in front I suddenly missed—or imagined that I did so—the dark masses of shadow which the rocks and jungle had hitherto left upon the sky. I pushed forward with more confidence, although it was now almost pitch dark. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I recognised the very stones over which I stumbled; and when turning the angle of a rock, which I could feel like a wall upon my right hand, and almost see through the gloom, I was about to thank God that my difficulties were at an end. At that moment a wild cry smote upon my ear, and turning my head with a superstitious thrill, I saw, by one of the momentary glimpses of the moon, the plaided figure standing in relief against the sky. The idea immediately flashed through my brain that I, in my sheltered situation, must be unseen by him, and that it would be to the last degree absurd to dare the issue of an encounter which he had seemed to defer purposely till I was completely worn out, and almost fainting from fatigue. Onward, therefore, I plunged; but on turning the angle of the wall of rock, there was another and a very different cry! It was the roar of waters, softened by distance, and yet seeming to come from some fathomless abyss at my very feet. I could not resist my impetus, for the ground sloped, although I had the presence of mind to throw myself down; but even this was unavailing, and I rolled over the precipice! Here the narrator paused to wipe his brow, although the evening was cold. I began to feel nervous. The lights on the shore seemed to dance before my eyes, and I acknowledge that I awaited the sequel of the adventure in some trepidation.

'You are over the precipice,' said I at length.

'Yes; but holding on, like grim death, to the top, and digging my feet into its crevices. Yet to what purpose? My head was rather under than above the summit of the cliff; and being able to find a resting-place only for the points of my toes, I had no purchase for an effort to climb. What possibility of escape was there left? Even had I been able to hang on for an indefinite time, I might be bleaching there for weeks, in that wild and lonely country, before attracting observation. I cried for help, hoping that the robber himself might hear me; but the sound fell dull and dead against the rock, and the kelpie voices below seemed to scream in derision. This was the rest to which I had returned after thirty years' battling with the world; this was the salutation I received from my native river! I think my brain began to wander, as the conviction gathered force that I could not much longer maintain my hold; for I replied to the shrieking cries that rose from the abyss, and yelled hoarsely, not in hope, but defiance. But this mood was not of long duration: it was the last symptom of the fever which burned in my blood, through over-excitement of mind and body; and as my limbs began to stiffen, and my fingers to lose sensation, a dreamy calm descended upon my soul.

Then rose the spirits of memory upon the night.

Some there came from the village churchyard, embosomed in the gap of the mountains: they were my mother, two sisters, and a baby phantom, who opened its arms as of yore, and tried to say "Brother!" Some there came from beneath the tumbling surges of the Atlantic: they were my father and a young cousin. Some there came from the southern country, some from far lands, some from cities, some from hamlets: they were my friends, enemies, rivals, benefactors—fellow-wayfarers in the journey of life. How terrible it is to meet the dead! There was not one of that company I saw without self-reproach. Oh that I had listened to those saintly counsels which were wont to be poured into my ear in bed, till they mingled with the hymns of angels in my childish dreams! Oh that I had left harsh words unspoken, low sentiments unthought, ignoble deeds undone! And she!—is it possible that I judged her wrongly? Could that seeming phantom of delight be indeed a fiend of the abyss? or are the songs of poetry true when they tell that faith, mercy, and gentleness are attributes of woman, and that

"Love is no cheat, and happiness no dream?"

'My dear friend,' said I, when he began to quote poetry, 'were not your fingers benumbed by this time?'

They were altogether devoid of sensation, and yet I felt that they were slipping slowly from their hold. At that moment a faint and momentary glimpse of the moon revealed a face looking down upon me from the brink of the cliff—a face which I recognised distinctly as that of the plaided Highlander. But what mattered this? I was surrounded by faces of all sorts, and the faint roar of the waters beneath was heavy with human voices. That this apparition was as unsubstantial as the rest, was evident from its looking at me with a strange and eager stare, without moving hand or foot either to rescue or destroy me; and yet it was not without a shudder that I saw it leap wildly from the precipice, and felt the waving of its plaid as it shot past me into the abyss.

"Fat ta deil is t'ou sticking to the stanes for, like a wul'-cat?" cried the mocking spectre beneath me; and it drew my feet, with a sudden jerk, from the side of the precipice. My benumbed fingers could no longer support the dead weight of my body; and as they slipped from their hold, a wild scream broke from my lips, and mingled with the manifold voices of the river below. I fell, and all was over! Here the narrator paused, and wiped his brow again.

'You were over,' said I with a gasp, as a sudden suspicion flashed across my mind that my friend was insane! 'What became of you? Were you brained, or drowned, or hurried away in an eddy of the night-wind by the spectre Gael?'

'I lost my senses for a time, and when I reopened my eyes, the whole scene was steeped in a flood of moonlight. I was lying upon one of the billowy mounds of turf that sweep down to the ford; and looking up, I saw the edge of the face of rock from which I had fallen at a height of little more than six feet! Had I been able to put down my feet only a few inches, I should have felt the solid earth; but this being impossible without losing my hold of the summit, I had hung for more than an hour in a position as terrible as the mind of man can conceive, although its terrors were purely imaginary.'

'And the Highlander?' said I, a little disconcerted, if the truth must be told, at my friend's safety.

'He was a favourite servant of my brother's, and had been deputed to conduct me home; although feeling, as he did instinctively, the mistrust and dislike with which I regarded him from the outset, and rendered diffident by his almost total ignorance of English, he had executed his mission by watching over me from a distance. After all, had it not been for the kindness of this faithful fellow's nature, united with his strength of limb, I must have passed the rest of the night on the hill-side, and thus submitted to a consummation I had

suffered so much to avoid. But he supported me to the ford, and then catching me up in his arms, as I drew back, afraid of my feebleness, bore me across the torrent, striding from stone to stone with a firmness and rapidity of step that were altogether marvellous.

'And so ended the convoy of Donald Macdonald?'

'Not quite. Although a tender welcome, a good supper, and a cosy bed restored me to my usual vigour, that was not the last night I stuck to these awful stones "like a wul'-cat." To this day, when my health is out of order, or my mind darkened with the shadows of the world, the midnight rock, the plaided Gael, and the spectre faces of the past, return upon my dreams—and perhaps I do not feel myself to be the worse man for having endured the horrors of the Highland Convoy.'

L. R.

SIR JOHN BARROW.

THE life of Sir John Barrow, who has recently died full of years and of honours, presents a remarkable instance of the success which almost invariably attends untiring industry and perseverance of purpose. His was not that headlong enthusiasm which pursues with ardour some unattainable object, while it turns away with disgust from the homely duties and circumstances of life. The most marked features of his character were 'an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness,' and a promptitude in seizing every opportunity of instruction, whereby he was enabled in early life to acquire a large stock of practical information, all of which proved serviceable to him during the more eventful period of his later years. He was born in June 1764, in a small cottage in the obscure village of Dragleybeck, near Ulverstone, North Lancashire; but perhaps his early life may be best described in his own words, as quoted from a very interesting autobiographical memoir which appeared only a year or two ago. He writes:—'I was the only child of Roger and Mary Barrow. The small cottage which gave me birth had been in my mother's family nearly two hundred years, and had descended to her aunt, who lived in it to the age of eighty; and in it my mother died at the advanced age of ninety. To the cottage were attached three or four small fields, sufficient for the keep of as many cows, which supplied our family with milk and butter, besides reserving a portion of land for a crop of oats. There was also a paddock behind the cottage, appropriated to the cultivation of potatoes, peas, beans, and other culinary vegetables, which, with the grain, fell to the labour of my father, who, with several brothers, the sons of an extensive farmer, was brought up to that business in the neighbourhood of the Inkes. At the bottom of the paddock runs the beck or brook, a clear stream, that gives the name to the village, and abounds with trout. Contiguous to the cottage was also a small flower garden, which in due time fell to my share—that is, while yet a young boy, I had full charge of keeping up a supply of the ordinary flowers of the season. I did more: I planted a number of trees of different kinds, which grew well, but long after I left home many of them were destroyed. One of them, however, it appears, has survived, and must now be from seventy to seventy-five years old; and the mention of it kindles in my bosom a spark of gratitude, which an imputation of vanity even will not allow me to suppress.'

The only scholastic education Barrow ever received was at the Ulverstone Town Bank Grammar-school; at first under the tuition of an old man named Hodgson, who was very ignorant, but kind to his pupils. One day, being pleased with Barrow's proficiency, he brought him into his wife's shop (for she was a sort of stationer), and spreading on the counter a great number of books for young people, desired him to choose any one he pleased as a present. 'I pitched,' writes Sir John, 'upon a small history of the Bible with woodcuts, which so pleased the old man, that he foretold to my parents that I should prove a treasure to them. Trifling as

this was, it produced its effect, and has on many occasions recurred to my memory.'

When Barrow was about eight years old, the Town Bank School passed under the care of an excellent classical scholar, the Rev. William Tyson Walker, curate of the parish church; and he enjoyed this gentleman's instructions until he was thirteen, at which time he had advanced to the head of his class, having read Livy, Horace, Virgil, Homer, &c. He also acquired some knowledge of mathematics from a perambulating teacher who used to pay an annual visit to Ulverstone, and gave lessons in an apartment adjoining the school.

About this time one or two circumstances occurred, which, trivial as they may appear, exercised a considerable influence on the future events of his life. Just as he was about to leave school, a gentleman who had the care of Colonel Braddyll's estates in Yorkshire called on the master of Town Bank to know if he could recommend two of the youths best informed in arithmetic and geometrical calculations to assist him in taking an accurate survey of the colonel's extensive estate of Conished Priory, near Ulverstone. He immediately named Zaccheus Walker, his nephew, and young Barrow. They gladly agreed to the proposed arrangement; but neither of them feeling qualified to go alone, they consented on the understanding that all should be done under the direction of Mr Cottam, the agent to Colonel Braddyll.

'We remained,' writes Barrow, 'at the Priory about two months, in which time we completed the survey, to the satisfaction, as I afterwards learned, of Colonel Braddyll, and I may add, for my own part, to my incalculable benefit, derived from witnessing the practical methods of conducting a survey of the various descriptions of surface—for it contained all—level, hilly, woodland, and water; and it was not the less useful to me, from the practical knowledge acquired of the theodolite and of the several mathematical instruments in the possession of Mr Cottam. In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London some years afterwards, I published a small treatise to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds, and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother.'

'Another circumstance occurred on leaving school, apparently of little importance, to which, notwithstanding, I must to a certain extent trace back my future fortunate progress in life, as will hereafter be shown. Five or six of the upper boys agreed to subscribe for the purpose of purchasing a celestial globe, and also a map of the heavens, which were lodged in the mathematical apartment of Town Bank School, to be made use of jointly or separately, as should be decided on. Our cottage at Dragleybeck was distant a mile or more, yet such was my eagerness of acquiring a practical knowledge of the globe and map, that I never omitted a starlight night without attending to the favourite pursuit of determining certain constellations and their principal stars, for one, two, or three hours, according as they continued above the horizon. It was a pleasure then, and a profit thereafter.'

About this time Barrow got acquainted with the son of a neighbouring farmer, an intelligent youth, who, having been severely wounded while serving in the navy, had returned home with the desire of studying for orders; and Barrow gladly assisted in 'brushing up his mathematics, and still more his classics,' while the midshipman as readily initiated him in the mysteries of navigation, a sort of knowledge which he thought might prove useful in case of his detaching himself to a seafaring life.

In this manner were Barrow's leisure hours passed during a year he spent at home: he also amused himself with scientific experiments; and having fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite, he prepared a string, steeped in salt water, with a glass

handle to it, and flying his kite, obtained abundance of sparks. An old woman, curious to see what was going on, our young philosopher could not resist the temptation to give her a shock, which so frightened her, that she spread a report that he was no better than he should be; for that he was drawing down fire from heaven. The alarm ran throughout the village, and his mother prevailed on him to lay aside his kite.

Barrow being earnestly desirous to increase his mathematical knowledge, and having been informed that there lived in the hills an old farmer named Gibson, who went among his neighbours by the appellation of the *wise man*, on account of his profound knowledge on almost every subject, and more especially of mathematics, he walked some eight or nine miles to see this rustic wonder, and was so charmed with his new acquaintance, that he repeated his visit three or four times. From this intercourse with Mr Gibson resulted happy consequences to him in after-life.

Barrow had now completed his fourteenth year, and began seriously to reflect on his future prospects. His parents were very desirous that he should enter into holy orders, and offered, out of their scanty means, to support him as a *sizar* in one of the universities; but he did not think himself suited for that sacred profession, and begged to take his chance a little longer, in the hope that something might turn up to afford him employment more suitable to his feelings. About this time a lady from Liverpool called one day at the cottage, and said, without ceremony, that her husband was Mr Walker, the proprietor of a large iron foundry in Liverpool; and that, in the course of her visit to the north, he had wished her to look out for an active intelligent youth to superintend the workmen, and keep the accounts of the factory, under the guidance and instruction of one who, from age and infirmity, could not long continue his employment; that the youth would live in the family; and that they had one son, of about ten years of age, who, being of a weakly habit, it was their object to give him instruction at home, at least for some time to come. 'Now,' she said, addressing young Barrow, 'from the character I have heard of you at Ulverstone, I think you would answer our purpose; and if you think that such an appointment would suit you, I will write to my husband on the subject.'

The proposal was not only most flattering, but otherwise welcome to a youth of fourteen, who longed for employment, and who was also desirous of relieving his parents from the expense of maintaining him at home. Accordingly, he was soon domesticated in Mr Walker's family, where he spent two years in useful and honourable occupation; but the death of his employer was followed by the disposal of the iron foundry to another merchant, and once more Barrow found himself without employment. Just at this time he happened to meet a relative of Mrs Walker's who was engaged in the Greenland whale-fishery, and who proposed that he should fill up a few months of his leisure time by taking a trip with him to the frozen seas; saying that he would be glad to give him a berth in the ship, and that such as his table afforded he should share with him. This kind offer was embraced with eagerness, and shortly after they embarked in the good ship 'Peggy,' and put to sea.

This northward voyage was full of interest to one possessing so inquisitive a turn of mind as Barrow. The plains of ice on the eastern coast of Greenland, with their immense herds of seals strewn on the surface; the jagged mountains of Spitzbergen, with their lower slopes clothed with lichens and saxifrage; the excitement of a whale chase and capture—such were the outward objects which captivated his attention, while at the same time he pursued the study of nautical lore both in its practice and theory so successfully, that Captain Peck said another voyage would make him as good a seaman as any in his ship. He further attempted, by way of filling up the long day of perpetual sun, to write a poem on the arctic regions; but very soon dis-

covered that poetry was not his forte: nor were the materials he had to work upon of the most inviting nature to the Muse; 'for,' as he truly says, 'the feats and fates of whales and narwhales, morsees, seals, bears, and foxes, malmouks, burgomasters, and strontjaggers, could afford but rugged materials for blank verse.'

After a few months' absence from England, he returned to his cottage home, bearing with him a couple of the jaw-bones of a whale, which he set up as gate-posts to the entrance of a small croft close to his parents' dwelling. Here he was gladly welcomed by many; but from none did he receive a more cordial reception than from his respected master the Rev. Mr Walker, and his old friend, the *wise man* of the hills, Mr Gibson. The latter asked a thousand questions about navigating ships in an icy sea; and having ascertained what progress Barrow had made in nautical science, urged him to aim at further advance. 'No young man,' he observed, 'should stop short in any pursuit he undertakes till he has conquered the whole; for, without a profession, as you are, you cannot tell to what good use knowledge of any kind may be applied. Shut up in this retreat, the extent of my knowledge is of a very limited and unproductive kind; but it has been of use to my two sons in London, one of whom stands high in the Bank of England, and the other is manager of Calvert's brewery: it has also been sometimes of use to my neighbours.'

'The good old farmer encouraged me to persevere in my studies, and especially in mathematics, which were a sure foundation for astronomy, and all the rest. I took leave, and thanked him for all his kindness.'

At this time Barrow's mind was much perplexed concerning his future course in life; but he was too manly to indulge in despondency; and it was curious enough that, through one of the sons of this *wise man*, came the first opening of which he felt any desire to avail himself; for, owing to the recommendation of Mr Gibson of the Bank, he obtained the situation of mathematical teacher in the academy of Dr James at Greenwich. There he spent between two and three years, afterwards fixing himself in London, where he communicated instruction in mathematics to many persons among the higher classes of society. In the course of the year 1791 he became acquainted with Sir George Staunton, who called on him one day to inquire whether he could bestow a portion of his leisure in instructing his only son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age. To this proposal Barrow gladly acceded. 'I suppose,' said Sir George, 'you are practically acquainted with astronomy, and know the constellations and principal stars by name? I am a great advocate for practical knowledge!' Barrow answered in the affirmative; and 'the constellations and astronomy,' he adds, 'brought vividly to my mind my old friend Mr Gibson, and the globe and the map of the Town Bank School; and I was more than ever persuaded that all is for the best.' Thus was laid the foundation of a friendship which ended only with life; and Barrow always acknowledged with gratitude that to Sir George Staunton's unvarying kindness he was indebted for all the good fortune which attended him through life.

A few months later, Sir George Staunton having been appointed to accompany Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, in the capacity of secretary of embassy and minister plenipotentiary, that gentleman contrived to have young Barrow's name placed on the list of the ambassador's suite as comptroller of the household; and this arrangement filled him with such joy, that (as he expresses it) he was 'overwhelmed with delight.'

Previous to launching out into the new world now opening before him, he contrived to visit his parents at Dragleybeck; and we cannot forbear noting down the brief sketch he gives of the good old couple at this period of his life. 'I found my parents happy and well; but my mother's eyesight, which had long been failing, was now quite gone, the principal unconscious it occasioned her was her inability to attend divine service, the church being a mile from the cottage; my father

and mother having, for more than twenty years, never missed the two Sunday services; but my father read to her the morning lessons and the evening service regularly every Sunday. The loss of sight never interfered with my mother's usual cheerfulness, and the young ladies of Ulverstone were her constant and agreeable visitors.

Barrow had just completed his twenty-eighth year when he sailed in Lord Macartney's suite on the 26th September 1792. Our space will not admit of any extracts from the journal he kept during his voyage to China, and visits to Chusan, Peking, and Canton. We may, however, be allowed to quote one passage which bears upon the earlier part of his history. Among the costly presents sent by George III. to the emperor of China, were several valuable mathematical and scientific instruments, which, on the arrival of the embassy in Peking, were delivered to the care of Barrow, in order that they should be fitted up in the great hall of audience, in the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, for the emperor's inspection. This charge he felt to be a serious one, when he found himself surrounded by the members of the tribunal of mathematics, and other learned personages, all asking him questions concerning astronomy, mathematics, &c. 'How often,' he exclaims, 'when among these people, did I think of my poor old friend Gibson, and how much I was indebted to him!'

After an absence of two years from England, Barrow landed at Spithhead in the ambassador's suite, on the 6th September 1794. Sir George Staunton's house was now his home, where, besides the instruction bestowed on Mr Staunton, he was busily employed in compiling and arranging the materials for Sir George's official account of the embassy to China. He, however, obtained a few weeks' leave of absence, to run down to Ulverstone to see his parents, whom he found quite well, and, 'delighted at his safe return.' There he found himself looked upon as a curiosity; for at that time it was by no means so ordinary a matter to traverse the globe, as it is in the present day; and a man who had visited Peking, and seen the emperor of China, was regarded as a wonder.

On his return to London, Barrow resumed his usual course of life; and among his other engagements was that of accompanying Mr Staunton three days in the week to Kew Gardens, where they used to botanise with Alton's 'Hortus Kuvensis' in their hands, which, in Barrow's future travels in South Africa, was of the greatest service to him, Kew being in possession of specimens of a large portion of the Flora of the Cape of Good Hope.

Towards the close of 1796, the Cape of Good Hope having fallen into our hands, its government was committed to Lord Macartney, who immediately appointed Barrow as his private secretary—a nomination equally honourable and agreeable to him; and on the 4th of May 1797 he landed in Cape Town in health and high spirits. Here a new sphere of duty awaited him, which he filled with the same energy and diligence which had marked his course throughout life. Owing to the refractory state of the Boers in the colony, Lord Macartney, on his first arrival, found himself encompassed with difficulties, which were increased by an utter ignorance of the geography of the country. He intrusted Barrow with a mission to the Boers at Graaff Reynet, which was exploratory as well as conciliatory in its object. Having fulfilled this mission most satisfactorily, he subsequently volunteered his services in other expeditions, with the view of becoming acquainted with the people, as well as with the productions of the country, and of ascertaining the geographical positions and boundaries of the various settlements, which at that time were not imperfectly known. 'Thus,' as he briefly expressed it, 'between the 1st of July 1796 and the 18th January 1797, I had traversed every part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the several countries of the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Boers—' a journey exceeding three thou-

sand miles on horseback, very rarely in a covered wagon, and full one-half of the distance as a pedestrian. During the whole time (with the exception of a few nights passed at the Drosdy-house of Graaff Reynet) I never slept under a roof, but always in a wagon, and in the cot that I brought with me in the good ship "Trusty" from England.'

His services on these occasions were duly appreciated by Lord Macartney, who, in the following year, appointed him to the situation of auditor-general of public accounts, civil and military, with a salary of L.1000; and Barrow was so overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude at this unexpected good fortune, that it literally took away his speech for a moment, so that he could only bow in silence to his kind benefactor. Soon afterwards, the narrative of his African travels was published in England, under the direction of his unflinching friend Sir George Staunton, who obtained for the work a sum of L.900. But this growing prosperity was damped by the loss of his venerable father, and the subsequent death of Sir George Staunton, who had deservedly won his most grateful and affectionate attachment.

He now resolved to 'sit down quietly to audit with diligence and regularity the public accounts, which was an important part of his duty; to marry a wife; and that being accomplished, to look out for a small comfortable house near the town, and to become a country gentleman in South Africa.' 'Accordingly,' he continues, 'at Stellenbosch, in August 1799, I was united in marriage to Miss Anna Maria Truter, the only daughter of Peter John Truter, Esq., member of the Court of Justice, a lady whose acquaintance I had made the first week of our arrival at the Cape. In the early part of 1800 I purchased a house, with a paddock, garden, and vineyard attached, named the Laerbeek Cottage, from the river of that name, which flowed past the foot of the grounds. My house looked on the west side of the Table Mountain, which sloped down almost to the gate, and presented a picturesque mass of varied rock and native plants, among which the Erica and protea were conspicuous; and of the latter the argentea, or silver-tree, prevailed. My family consisted of myself, my wife and child, an old nurse, and four other servants. My stud was limited to two stout carriage-horses for drawing a curricie, and two saddle-horses. I had an Indian groom and a helper.'

At this pleasant home Mr Barrow passed about two years, in the diligent fulfilment of his official duties, as well as in attendance on other matters connected with the improvement of the colony; but in 1802, the Cape of Good Hope being, in compliance with the provisions of the treaty of Amiens, surrendered to the Batavian republic, Mr Barrow prepared to return to his native land, accompanied by his wife and child.

His services at the Cape had been fully appreciated by Lord Macartney and General Dundas, through whose influence he was, shortly after his arrival in England, presented to Mr Pitt and Lord Melville, who, on their accession to power in 1801, gave him the appointment of second secretary to the Admiralty. On the occasion of his first official visit to Lord Melville, he writes thus:—'In taking leave, with expressions of gratitude for his lordship's kindness—"By the way," he said, laughing, "I hope you are not a Scotchman?" "No, my lord; I am only a Borderer—I am North Lancashire." He then said, "Mr Pitt and myself, but chiefly the latter, have been so much taunted for giving away all the good things to Scotchmen, that I am very glad on the present occasion to have selected an Englishman!"'

Mr Barrow was still in the prime of life when he found himself placed in an honourable and useful position, where (with the interval of a few months) he served his country diligently during forty years—a most eventful period of our national history; and he says in his memoirs, with a certain degree of modest self-gratulation, that having served during that period under twelve or thirteen several naval administrations, he had

'reason to believe that he had given satisfaction to all of them;' adding—I am happy in the reflection that I have experienced kindness and attention from all.'

Amid his numerous professional duties, he found time to write several popular works, as well as to contribute largely to our periodical literature;* and he observes that these mental exercises, conjointly with personal exertions and moderate habits, had, he believed, tended to keep up his 'flow of health and of animal spirits much beyond the usual period of human existence.' Sir James Graham seems to have truly portrayed his character when, after having perused his life of Lord Howe, he wrote as follows:—"So far from exclaiming, "How can my friend the secretary of the Admiralty find time to write a book?" I can speak from the experience of some years, that he never neglected a public duty; that he never was wanting in a kind office to a friend; and yet, from a wise economy of leisure, he always had a spare moment for some useful research or some literary occupation.'

Mr Barrow was also the zealous promoter of science, and lent his warmest support to those gallant men who perilled their lives in quest of a north-west passage in the arctic seas.

In 1835 he was surprised and gratified by the honour of a baronetcy being conferred on him; and the king's intentions were communicated to him in the following letter from Sir Robert Peel, which can scarcely be regarded as a merely complimentary one, bearing, as it does, the impress of truth:—

* WHITEHALL GARDENS, Feb. 1, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR—I have had the great satisfaction of proposing to the king to confer upon you the distinction of a baronet, and of receiving from his majesty the most cordial approbation of my proposal. The value of such a distinction depends mainly upon the grounds upon which it is offered; and I cannot help flattering myself that an unsolicited, and probably unexpected, honour conferred upon you by the king, on the double ground of eminence in the pursuits of science and literature, and of long, most able, and most faithful public service, will have, in the eyes of yourself, your family, and your posterity, a value which never can attach to much higher, when unmerited, distinctions. Believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Sir John Barrow was still full of vigour and energy when, in his eighty-first year, he resolved to withdraw from public life, and 'to give place to a successor.' In accepting his resignation, the Board of Admiralty expressed their deep sense of the zeal with which he had 'rendered science subservient to our naval and commercial interests,' as well as of his assiduous attention to the duties of his important office.

Many were the testimonies of regard and respect which followed him into the retirement of domestic life; but none were more gratifying to him than an address from the arctic voyagers, Parry, Franklin, Ross, and Back, presenting him with a valuable piece of plate, as a 'testimony of their personal esteem, and of the high sense they entertained of the talent, zeal, and energy' which he had 'unceasingly displayed in the promotion of arctic discovery.'

With such proofs of deserved esteem, the venerable baronet withdrew into the bosom of his family, and passed the evening of his days in peaceful and yet not idle seclusion. His autobiography was not completed until he had nearly accomplished his eighty-third year;

* The following are a list of Barrow's works:—The Life of Lord Macartney, in two vols. quarto; Travels in South Africa, 2 vols. quarto; Travels in China, 1 vol. quarto; Voyage to Cochin China, 1 vol. quarto; The Life of Lord Anson, 1 vol. octavo; The Life of Lord Howe, 1 vol. octavo; in the 'Family Library,' the Life of Peter the Great, and the Mutiny of the Bounty; Chronological History of Arctic Voyages, 1 vol. octavo; Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, 1 vol. octavo; 300 Articles in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

and it is now only a few weeks since he departed this life, without either suffering or disease.

On the morning of Thursday, November 23, he took his usual walk, and on the evening of the same day he expired, in the presence of his beloved wife and children—how sincerely lamented they alone can tell who knew his worth in private as well as in public life.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LETTER FROM LAUNCESTON, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

In your 'Information for the People,' Vol. I. p. 639, edition 1842, you remark, 'there may be some persons who can follow out this matter, and invent rational amusements. They would deserve to be regarded as benefactors, and would probably find a substantial reward.' Upon this hint, may I have your permission to speak? Having long been on the look-out for everything falling in with this notion, I was delighted with your article; but partly from the expectation that you would be able to supply the want in your Journal at a future time; but which, hitherto, I have looked for in vain. I trust, however, you will confer this great favour on us, and not omit to return to the subject. I have not your book by me now to refer to, and may be repeating some that you have already dwelt on; if so, I must ask your excuse. I beg to enclose my list, and shall be truly glad if any of them prove useful.

The amusements naturally divide into two classes. First, where one of the party reads aloud, and the others are severally occupied in quiet, not, however, so abstracted but that they can readily attend to and join in the observations called forth by the book; namely—

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|--|--|
| Drawing. | |
| Taking asunder, or examining locks, clocks, &c. | Good practice for young people. |
| Cutting leaves of new books. | |
| Arranging plants in a herbarium. | |
| Arranging garden seeds. | |
| Netting. | I can only find use for nets in my garden; but others may find greater demand for them. |
| Arranging and burning old letters. | |
| Copying out extracts in prose or verse, and copying music. | The practised hand will find no difficulty in these. |
| Cutting and pasting newspaper extracts in scrap-books. | Most useful. The scrap-book should be folio size; and each extract indexed at the time of insertion. |
| Binding books—that is, resetting and repairing. | A nice occupation for young people, as, besides tending to the preservation, it induces a greater care and regard for their books. |
| Cutting out in paper. | Namely, shapes of the various counties, countries, &c. Also geometric figures. There might be a prize for the best cutter. |
| Modelling with cork. | Namely, castellated and other architectural works; machines, wheels, &c. Ships are the common choice of young modellers; but they are no favourites with me. |
| Wood carving. | This, I imagine, is an attractive pursuit in the present day. A young person could easily begin with an attempt at a set of chessmen. Horse chestnuts do well instead of wood for beginners to try their hand. |

DESCENT OF TALENT.

Being interested by your paper, No. 102, December 1815, on the Descent of Talent in the Male Line, I beg leave to send you a list of additional instances. Whatever becomes of the argument, the discussion of such a subject is a very interesting pastime—reviving recollections, stimulating curiosity, and leaving some improving effect on every mind. Permit me to add a short remark to those already advanced. When a genius springs from a family where neither parent has been remarked for talent, would not the public, from the better knowledge they must naturally have of the father, and seeing that no talent could be inherited apparently from him, be apt to conclude

as of course that the genius must needs come by the mother, and so give the maternal side generally that merit which is not its due?

Again, before you concluded your essay, I was disappointed that you did not allude approvingly to the greater merit which attaches, and which the world, I believe, readily allows, to the sex, where mothers, by their early care and love, educe and improve that talent which nature has implanted in their children, which, from whosoever side it spring, would be of little use, existing perhaps only as an undiscovered mine, but for her thought and motherly attention. That men of genius have attributed so much of their education to the early care of their mother, may have led to the belief that they were indebted to the mother also for their talents.

Copley the painter;	Lord Lyndhurst.
J. Landseer;	F. T. and C. Landseer.
A. Nasmyth;	F. Nasmyth.
Niebuhr;	Niebuhr.
Lord Holland;	C. J. Fox.
Cato the censor;	Cato.
Scipio;	Scipio.
Hamlicar;	Hannibal.
Dr Moore;	Sir John Moore.
General Abercrombie;	Lord Dunfermline.
S. T. Coleridge;	Hatley Coleridge.
James Beattie;	J. H. Beattie.
Shoridan;	Three or four generations.
Goulburn;	His son.
I. D'Israeli;	B. D'Israeli.
Talbot;	Lord Talbot.
H. L. Edgeworth;	Miss Edgeworth, &c.
W. Roscoe;	T. H. and W. S. Roscoe.
Philly;	Alexander.
Bishop Law;	Ellenborough, two generations.
Godwin;	Mrs Shelley.
Racine;	His son.
Adolphus the barrister;	J. L. A. Adolphus.
David;	Solomon.
Earl Grey;	Earl Grey.

[We add the following from recollection —
J. Bernouilli, mathematician; Daniel Bernouilli, do.]

SCORCHING TO DEATH.

In the introduction to 'Birds of Australi,' Mr Gould relates a distressing incident, occasioned by a flood in the interior of New South Wales. In the course of his peregrinations, he had once or twice visited a cattle station, where Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew gave him a cordial reception. The gentlemen had come from a distance to superintend the shearing operations, and Mr Gould writes:—Seven days after my departure from their dwelling, heavy rains suddenly set in; the mountain-streams swelled into foaming torrents, filling the deep gullies; the rivers rose, some to the height of forty feet, bearing all before them. The Namoi, having widely overflowed its banks, rolled along with impetuous fury, sweeping away the huts of the stock-keepers in its course, tearing up trees, and hurrying affrighted men and flocks to destruction. Before there was time to escape, the hut in which Lieutenant Lowe and his nephew were sojourning was torn up and washed away, and the nephew and two men, overwhelmed by the torrent, sank and perished. Lieutenant Lowe stripped to swim; and getting on the trunk of an uprooted tree, hoped to be carried down the eddying flood to some part where he could obtain assistance. But he was floated into the midst of a sea of water, stretching as far as he could discern on every side around him. Here he slowly drifted: the rains had ceased, the thermometer was at 100°, a glaring sun and a coppery sky were above him; he looked in vain for help; but no prospect of escape animated him, and the hot sun began its dreadful work. His skin blistered, dried, became parched and hard like the bark of a tree, and life began to ebb. At length assistance arrived—it came too late: he was indeed just alive, but died almost immediately. He was scorched to death!

MUTUAL HELP.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-dew from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.—*See Water Street.*

WOODLAND VOICES.

Roaming 'mid the green savannas, autumn leaves so thickly falling,
I have listened breathlessly to the wood-bird sweetly calling;
I have looked upon the graves in the village churchyard nigh,
Where the silver moonlight streamed, and shadows fell mysteriously;
And the chiming tower-bells up among the ivy leaves,
Answered to the night owl's screech underneath the old church caves.

And the wall of rushing winds, through the lonely woodlands near,
Seemed like wild harp-music sighing o'er the waters swift and drear;
Waters dark, and forests dim—holy stars that go and come
As the drifting storm-clouds sweep, a hispering of a better home—
Tell me, if my mother's spuit looketh down from heaven above!
If departed souls remember aught of earthly care and love?

Ye can speak in thousand voices—ye can speak in fancy's tone—
Mystic songs—and heartfelt lays—as I wander forth alone;
And my answer, borne on air by the voiceless spirits nigh,
Spirits of the tempests whil, borne aloft on memory's sigh—
Still re echoes one sad strain—still repeateth one low moan—
A requiem for the dead—a dirge o'er my lamented one.

C. A. M. W.

RIPE BREAD.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it—but weakly and aged persons cannot—and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly-brewed beer or newly-churned buttermilk, neither being healthy until after the change. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. If that eats old ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon, and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be noticed by all housewives: it is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening—hence it should ripen when the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapours of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed, so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three-quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be out and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—*American Farmer.*

GARDENING FOR CHILDREN.

This is the title of a little volume by the Rev. C. A. Johns, which seems to us well worthy of commendation, inasmuch as it is a practical manual of gardening, reduced in language, style, manner, and size to the apprehension of a child. We have some notion that the habitual study of the work will make children very capable of instructing in their turn the older members of the family; or at least that the latter will frequently be glad to have an opportunity of referring to its pages, instead of consulting more difficult and voluminous productions.

Published by W. & R. Chambers, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. Chambers, 40 Abchurch Lane, London; W. S. Gair, 147 Strand, London; and J. McLaughlan, St. Patrick Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. Chambers, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 265. NEW SERIES. • SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849.

PRICE 11d.

WORDS.

It is an old tale that Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, who lived early in the twelfth century, and was known long after as Saint Anselmo, having a dispute with the Anglo-Norman barons regarding a matter of ecclesiastical authority (of which Anselm, like most of the canonised, was not a little jealous), undertook what was then regarded as perilous—a journey to Rome, in order to obtain the pope's casting vote on his side of the question. This the bishop accomplished to his heart's content, and returned in triumph with a letter written on parchment, after the fashion of the age, commanding the disputants to hear and obey him; but when it was read to them in full assembly, none of the nobility at that period being expected to read for themselves, they unanimously shouted, 'Does the bishop expect that we shall be swayed by a letter? It is nothing but words and sheepskin!'

Little did those fierce and haughty barons dream that, in the same fair counties of England where they exercised the power of pit and gallows, as old chroniclers have it, sheets frailer and more perishable than sheepskin should one day be found too strong for their feudal dungeons and rights of vassalage and serfdom.

'Words and sheepskin' was but the language of despotic barbarism, that knew its physical strength and could see no further; but the power of these things was felt even in the feudal ages. The excommunications that terrified princes; the exhortations by which all Europe was repeatedly roused to the Crusades; the Dooms-Day Book, so dreaded by peer and peasant; and, at the dawn of luckier days, the Magna Charta itself, were but words and sheepskin. The latter has long lost the high place of power, except in law and learning, as represented by certain documents and decrees; the parchment times are past, and at least better promises have come with the age of paper; but words are still, with us, mighty as they have been through all changes, since the tongues of men were confounded, and the darling project of the infant nations was given up for want of an interpreter. When Egypt was a Christian land, ages before either Turk or Saracen was known in history, the sect of Christian Platonists, which flourished chiefly at Alexandria, had among their philosophic questions, and curious ones were they wont to agitate—this query: 'By which of all the distinguishing traits of mankind is the existence of the soul most clearly manifested?' The replies were numerous and very diverse. Some said it was by the cultivation of arts, others by the capability for abstract science; but one philosopher maintained it was principally by the use of words. Nor was his opinion without sound reason: much of our social intercourse, the whole fabric of literature, as well as the communication and diffusion of sciences, depend on the existence of articulated language.

How small a portion of our knowledge or thoughts can be communicated by sensible signs! The uninstructed deaf and dumb, small as their numbers are, and ought to be, in the days of institutions, could exemplify that fact. The art of delineation, in all its varieties, has in our age reached a perfection never before attained; and it is truly marvellous how much even an ordinary wood-cut can be made to express, having, besides, this advantage over literature, that it is addressed to the understanding of the greater number; for he that looks may read. For these reasons, the earliest form of writing among nations who led the way to civilisation consisted of rough draughts or sketches of the scenes and things to which the writer referred: hence came the celebrated hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. That laborious people sculptured their history on pillar and pyramid, and painted their theology and ethics on the walls of their colossal temples, where learned travellers now gaze on figures of old forgotten idols, men in ancient costumes, strange animals, and utensils whose purpose is scarcely discoverable, and try to guess what story they were intended to convey.

The Chinese characters, every one of which represents an entire word, are believed to have had a similar origin; but elaborate and complex though it be, the writing of China is the improvement of centuries on the picture fashion.

Perhaps the most singular description of signs ever practised by any people was in use among the early Peruvians, who kept their records by means of knotted cords, each knot having to the mind of a Peruvian scholar a special signification, according to the mode in which it was fastened. All methods of symbolising must of necessity be meagre and limited. How much of the philosophy, the poetry, and even the history of human life, is there for which the tangible world furnishes us with neither sign nor representative! Hogarth, indeed, has given wit and wisdom to his canvas, and made it utter moral lessons to mankind: other great masters have painted for religion and for history; but art can never go beyond illustration, taking that current but significant term in the highest sense, and as such it has done the world good service.

Words, on the contrary, are nature's own sovereign gift to man—the music of his life, the channel of his thoughts, and the vehicle of his instruction; they alone resemble the soul, for by means of themselves we reason upon them: that power enabled the philosophers of former times to have much speculation and some quarrels touching the origin of their endless variety. Why the Frenchman should say *Dimanche*, and the Englishman *Sunday*, when both mean the very same thing, like sundry other whys and wherefores, remains an unsettled question, though it has been the subject of many a volume. One better known than the most of them, tells us that

God confounded the languages of men; and no matter how the passage be interpreted, its truth is at least practically evident, for the words of nations still differ farther than any matter about them. This was felt and mourned over, especially by the scholars of the seventeenth century, as a barrier to the accumulation of knowledge in individual minds, not to speak of its general increase among mankind, and their favourite desideratum was therefore a universal language. During the middle ages, Latin supplied that deficiency to the learned of all European nations; on which account, as well as because the crude remnants of literature and philosophy then preserved from the wrecks of the classic world were confined to its compass, a grammatical knowledge of Latin was styled 'humanity,' as if that branch of learning alone comprehended all that could raise or distinguish men above the inferior creation. There is reason to fear that the old schoolmen's ideas of humanity, as we use the word, were miserably circumscribed on all points; but the title with their meaning is still retained in our universities, and sounds strangely when we hear of the Professor of Humanity's fees. It is but an instance of the unaccountable change of signification which is apt to pass over the words of any language in a comparatively short space of time. About the days of Elizabeth, 'let' signified to 'hinder,' and a 'novel' meant 'a piece of startling intelligence.'

Thus entire tongues gradually alter as spoken by successive generations, though inhabiting the same country. The progress of refinement, the change of manners, and increased intercourse with foreigners, all contribute to their mutation or improvement. The English of our fathers is not ours in either pronunciation or orthography; and to a person of tolerable education in the present age, Wickliffe and Chaucer would be more difficult to read than Pascal or Klopstock in their original texts. Etymologists have taken considerable pains, and 'used up,' to naturalise an Americanism, much time in tracing out the roots and derivations of words: nor is the study without utility, as it occasionally throws light on the early history and affinities of nations, which, for the greater part, rest in the twilight of unrecorded times; but what Johnson said of his great work the Lexicon, occurs to an observer—'It is the drudgery of words.'

Connected with this subject, there was an early and very natural inquiry after the original language of mankind: the classic historians record an experiment made by one of the later kings of Egypt to ascertain it. He placed two infants with a dumb nurse on a solitary isle of the Red Sea, which he commanded no vessel to approach for the space of seven years, except one despatched by himself at intervals to supply provisions, and see that all were well, in hopes of hearing the primal tongue spoken by those hermit children. At the end of the assigned period, the only word they could utter was found to be the Phrygian for bread; upon which the monarch decided that the tongue of the Phrygians was the oldest on the earth. The old Scottish chronicler commonly known as Pitscottie, mentions an imitation of the Egyptian king's experiment, as performed by James IV. The scene of his operations was an island in the Firth of Forth; and the chronicler naively winds up the tale by observing, 'Some say they spake good Ebrew; but as to myself, I know not, but by the author's report.'

A strange tribute to the power of words has been paid by the popular superstition of every land and race. The Indians on the western prairie, and the Nubian shepherd, alike believe in the mysterious efficacy of spell-words. In the most primitive legends of Asia and the earliest beliefs of western Europe, they occupy a no less important

station. Who has not heard or read some of those traditional tales, that have floated down through many a century and variation, regarding the fearful consequences of certain words uttered inadvertently in perilous vicinity, or forgotten at the moment of supernatural danger? In that old rustic faith, indeed, words seem to govern the spiritual world; and thereby hangs a piece of practical philosophy. Most vulgar errors are but shadows of substantial truth, vague and distorted, yet still reflections of the real. The Catholic peasant's confidence in the verse written on his scapular, as a defence against invisible powers, and the Jew's dread of a cabalistic sentence, are but natural inferences of superstition from the sway which mere words are found to exercise over the human mind; not to enlarge on those mighty effects produced by great orators from pulpit or platform, whence a single speech or sermon has sunk the balance of public opinion, and changed the councils of nations; nor those of volume or pamphlet, that have struck home to the heart of their times, from Don Quixote to Junius. What heart-burnings and hostilities have a few bitter words been known to create in every circle of society! Kings have been dethroned by a jest, wars have been kindled by one boastful sentence, and the bestowment of a nickname has been the seed of a politician's overthrow. The execution done by satires and lampoons is known to all readers of history or biography; nor can they fail to remark how large a share of the thorns and thistles produced by such sowings (and rarely have they a better harvest) has fallen to their authors.

The unwritten records of daily experience bear yet more ample testimony to our subject. Who that has survived life's early lessons, and learned to walk with his generation, cannot recollect many an instance of good neighbourhood interrupted, alliance broken off, and friendship changed into feud, by the same agents whose operation has been noted in higher quarters—a jest, a boast, or an ill-reported tale? Nay, in the silence of individual memory there lies weightier evidence: do not harsh and reproachful words return like perennial tares when the tongues that uttered them are dust? 'The evil that men say lives after them.' Do not the kind words of the long dead come back to make us miss them when things and times are changed? Will not old simple phrases, heard long ago by hearths that are, it may be, dark and distant, at once recall the past, with more of its light than shadow? Truly the tongue, though a small member, boasteth great things, and a greater than human wisdom has warned us to guard it. Words are indeed but the garments of thought, yet, like our personal costume, they exert an amazing influence on its appearance. A fine poem or essay is chiefly valuable for the ideas it contains; but were the very same expressed in inferior or ill-arranged language, they must lose half their power. Some words have a native music in themselves. Madame de Staël, though a foreigner, regarded the English words 'no more' as a sound unequalled in melancholy power.

It is strange to think how long the words may outlast the works of men. *Aesop's Fables* have survived for many a century the city in which he was a slave, and the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Greece have outlasted all her temples. Our theme grows diffuse and boundless, for before us spread the wide fields of literature, with systems of philosophy, creeds, and controversies—the wordy wars and treasures of the world.

Letters are but words; yet are there any that have never watched and waited for some of them, even in these penny-postage times, and perhaps kept them in old drawers long after, till they read like false prophecy? Good advice is but words; but are there many who never gave, or never took it? He at least understood what was true who said that half the broils of life arose from the general habit of mankind, regarding their own words too little, and those of their neighbours too much. In the days of Lorenzo de Medicis, surnamed the Magnificent, when a contest between the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophers occupied all the leisure the Florentines could find from the studs of the Gualph and Ghibellines,

there arrived in their city a traveller, supposed to be of Greece. He was a learned man for the period, and being introduced to the philosophers, took an active part in their dispute, and one which was long remembered in Florence. At one of the great controversial meetings held under the special patronage of Lorenzo, he argued for the Platonists with such zeal and ability as to all but silence his opponents; and then at once intimating that much could be said on the other side of the question, he maintained the cause of the Aristotelians with no less vigour, and triumphantly refuted all his former arguments.

'How can you thus support two opposite opinions?' demanded the Magnificent Lorenzo.

'It is words, my lord—only words!' said the stranger with a low bow, as he left the astonished assembly. The parting speech of that unscrupulous logician is worthy of the world's remembrance, for the thousand cases in which its truth is manifest. What an amount of disappointment, discomfort, and division, not to speak of strife and all uncharitableness, would be spared to society and most of the members thereof by its practical application!

Perplexed and overburdened crowds, when an orator, who never lived for common sense or decency, talks to you of dying for the rights of man, remember that his patriotism is only words! Ladies, when lovers say you are angels, and they adore you, yet never act as if they thought you either rational or accountable beings, be assured that such professions are only words! Friends that have stood by and with each other through fortune's enmity in times that tried the strong, should quarrels come between you, as come they did between Pylades and Orestes, think how much of your dispute was nothing but words! And thou vassal of many tongues, when making the sacrifice of thine own peace, interest, or, it may be, purer feelings, to 'what people would say,' recollect that it is only words, like the present essay—less than the pope's letter to the Norman barons, and poorer far than sheepskin.

SKETCH OF SOME MEMBERS OF THE WASP FAMILY IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

BY MRS CHARLES MEREDITH.

In the warm summer days, during our residence at Port Sorell, and more particularly in the evenings, we had often noticed a large kind of black fly darting in and out of the house with a loud sharp whizzing noise; and on a more attentive observation, we found a most tragic addition made to our list of antipodean contrarities—nothing less than the discovery of a savage and sanguinary war carried on by flies against spiders, and pursued with such vigour, that one would believe the Tasmanian flies were bent on avenging the tyrannies and grievances suffered at the hands of the spiders by the whole winged-insect family all the world over.

We had observed the forcible and noisy abduction of many an unlucky web-spinner, before I could satisfactorily make out what became of them, as the frequent seizures made, apparently by the same fly, forbade the conclusion of their being forthwith devoured; but by dint of sundry watchings and pursuits of the flies, and by sifting out and piecing together my various small scraps of information and discovery, I at length acquired a tolerable knowledge of the habits and practices of my busy black neighbours. In size and shape they exactly resemble a large English wasp, but are wholly black, and possess formidable stings a quarter of an inch long. They build very remarkable cells or nests of earth, finely tempered, and formed in layers of tiny mud-pats, like a swallow's nest. Many of these were placed in a small wooden out-house, between the upright studs and the bounding of the wall; several were formed on a

shelf in the porch, where some small pieces of wood lying heaped together offered convenient nooks; and one wasp, resolving to have a more costly lodgment than his friends, took possession of a meerschaum pipe-bowl which lay on the same shelf, and very snugly laid out his house in its interior. All the nests I have examined are arranged in the same manner, the whole fabric being from two to three inches long, and about one inch broad, or rather less; the external shape of the mansion, whether square, triangular, or pentagonal, depending a good deal on the site chosen. When completed, no aperture is left; but on being opened, three cells are almost invariably found, the two lesser ones each containing a gray, oval, chrysalis-shaped body; possibly a bag enclosing the eggs. The largest apartment is devoted to the purposes of a larder, and is always found full of spiders, of all varieties of size, colour, and kind, and closely and neatly packed together, with their legs all trussed up, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. The strangest part of the affair is, that the spiders are not dead, but remain perfectly soft and flexible in every part; and on being exposed to the sun and air, or stirred, a feeble movement is evident in them, as though they were paralysed or stupefied in some manner, so as to be unresisting victims, and good fresh meat at the same time. The storehouse is thus well supplied, doubtless for the benefit of the chrysalis tenantry on their awakening to the knowledge of life and appetite.

I have rarely been more interested by any new insect than by these black wasps, ungentle and ferocious though they be; for there is a daring, dashing energy and brisk industry about their ways and doings that was very amusing, and perfectly original. The bee—dear little, hard-working, persevering fellow that he is—can still afford time for many a coquettish peep into blossoms and buds that he deigns not to taste; and even when arrived at home with his two pannier-baskets loaded with their heaped-up golden treasure, can stay for a few moments' friendly hovering to and fro, and pleasant exchanges of hum and buzz with his helpmate the ant, whose ways of thrift and industry even Solomon bids us to 'consider and be wise.' She never takes a straight road, but with a lump of plunder in her nippers, thrice her own size, runs hither and thither, up straws and round sticks, or maybe into a labyrinth of a violet root, where she plays at bo-peep with you for ten minutes before going forward again; and seems to get on in such a perversely roundabout way, that I have only been cured of my inclination to put her straight, by the conviction (after many trials, when anxiously striving to trace out the marauders of my bee-hives) of the utter hopelessness of such attempts. But the black wasp has none of these wandering weaknesses of character: solitary, stern, ruthless, and resolute he goes about his work of cell-building and spider-catching. If you chance to be near his chosen place of abode, you may see him dart past with a bit of mud or a victim; and a shrill sharp whizz—izz—izz is continued for some seconds or a minute, during the operation of packing away his load, when forth he darts again, straight and swift as an arrow, and the next moment very probably invades the peaceful retreat of some cobwebbed recluse, which, until now, safe from housemaids and brooms, has meshed and devoured his flies in comfort, but is at length seized and straightway trussed and packed up, half-alive, by the dark avenger.

The varieties of wasps, or wasp-like flies, which we noticed around Poyatou (Port Scall, V. D. L.) were very numerous. One is marked with alternate golden and black stripes, very similar to the English wasp, but more soft and downy-looking; another is red, long, and slender, with four long wings, and a prodigious sting, which it can protrude nearly half an inch from a kind of double sheath beneath the tail. Another species, partially red, frequented the sandy paths of the garden, where several of them were generally seen darting

along, flying straight up and down the walks. I have sometimes followed them nearly round the garden without their ever quitting the path, or rising more than a foot from the surface. Sometimes I have observed them stop at a hole in the sand, apparently their nest, and after poking down into it, head-foremost and tail up, for a minute or more, they made a great skurry of dust over the opening, so as entirely to conceal it, and flew on again.

Without enumerating many other members of this family, of whom I know little more than their outward aspect, I shall mention one more, which has interested me nearly as much as the architect-wasp first described, and has caused me to waste infinitely more time in vain attempts to pry more nearly into its domestic privacy. At the cottage we first occupied at Port Sorell, I was annoyed to find that the multiflora rose-trees which adorned the veranda had, towards autumn, become quite disfigured, by having large rounded pieces scollopped out of nearly every leaf; five or six great scollops being made in each, leaving the middle fibre entire. First I attributed the mischief to caterpillars, and then to grasshoppers; but never found any on the trees. At length the frequent buzzing of a large bee-like fly attracted my attention; and on watching its movements, I detected it in the very act of snipping out a piece of rose-leaf, rolling it up, and grasping it in its legs, and flying off. After this, I observed the work going on in the same manner daily for some time. Plants, raised from cuttings of these same rose-trees, grow around the porch of Poystou, and these were used by the same busy workmen in the same manner, besides other kinds of rose-trees, and the leaves of the cherry, acacia, and other trees. This wasp has a pair of forceps, acting precisely like scissors; and very many times I have closely observed him snipping out, with a quick clean cut, the piece of leaf, which is usually about the third of an inch broad and long; about six or eight seconds suffices for the cutting, when the piece of leaf is most nimbly and adroitly rolled up, and clasped by the feet and legs, as the wasp flies away. I have frequently started off when the wasps flew away, and given chase to them, hoping to find out whither all the leaves were carried, and how they were used; but the depredators always proved too clever for me, and I glanced out of sight, leaving me to come panting back again, vainly vowing to be more agile and sharp-sighted next time. Having often found these same insects busy gathering honey, I imagined they had a hoard or nest somewhere near, but never found one. An intelligent young person, who lived with me at this time as nursery governess, told me she had often found the nests, which were holes in the ground, filled with bits of leaves, in which small portions of some sticky sweet stuff, like honey, were folded up and stuck together, only one or two wasps seeming to inhabit each hole. This species, like all my other acquaintances of the wasp kind here, has a long sting, and precisely the head and antennæ of the English insect.

A totally different species from any of these frequented the wide sandy sea beaches at Port Sorell; these latter were large, bulky, formidable insects, with great stings like the others, and were often seen on a warm day darting about in twos and threes, just above the surface of the sand. One of them would sometimes hover over the same spot for a minute or two, when another would suddenly dart to the place, and the first wasp instantly took up his station at some distance, hovering as before, until he either displaced another or was superseded in his turn; and the same dance of 'change sides and back again' went on as long as we watched them; but what they were doing, or how they got their living, remained an undiscoverable mystery to me.

It is only just to all these long-stinged wasps to add, that neither we, nor our children, nor servants, were ever stung by any of the fraternity, although we frequently observed and captured them for examination; but

always with a due dread of their threatening weapons of defence, and a careful restoration of their liberty when our curiosity was satisfied.

A STORY OF OLD VERSAILLES.

In the latter days of Louis XIV., the favour of *Le Grand Monarque*, or that of Madame de Maintenon, formed the chief dependence of a large portion of his subjects; and numbers of the needy branches of nobility crowded to Versailles in search of patronage and places. Among the thousands who resorted to that temporary metropolis of fashion and royalty, came Monsieur de Theminay, a gentleman of Languedoc, whose extraordinary conduct furnished matter of surprise and remark to all who knew him, at least for the first six months of his residence. He was allied by birth and marriage to some of the most powerful families in the kingdom; possessed of what were called tolerable talents, a cultivated taste, engaging manners, and an estate which just supplied a sort of contracted competence for himself, two grown-up sons, and a daughter. His sons were esteemed promising young men, and some people thought his daughter a beauty; yet with all these motives and appliances for advancing his fortune, M. de Theminay never attended a levee, never manœuvred for an office, nor sought the favour of either mistress or minister.

M. de Theminay's friends wondered how he intended to provide for his family. Some of them hinted that he was by no means in the way of his duty; but at last it transpired that their prospects had not been so entirely neglected as people imagined—the father having looked to some purpose up the long vista of matrimony on behalf of two of his children, and it was supposed that he trusted in his good fortune to arrange matters similarly for the third. He himself had made two consecutive trials of the blessed state: the first was with a lady of the noble house of Castelaïne, who died early, leaving him a son and daughter; and the second with the daughter of a Languedoc farmer, whose memory he rarely recalled among his friends, for the lady had followed her predecessor in a few years. But she left him a second son; and as the three grew up around his advancing age, M. de Theminay established his family in Versailles.

There he kept a small corner house, quietly respectable in its appearance, and fewer servants than were then thought necessary for a man of his rank; but M. de Theminay said he despised ostentation, and came only to enjoy select society, and complete the education of his children: to which the said society added, that his chief object was to cultivate the good graces of his rich cousins the Faquettes, who resided in a more expensive quarter of the town.

The father of this family had been a farmer-general, who grew rich and resigned his office amid sundry whispers of peculation. The mother was a West Indian heiress, who had been sent from Martinique when very young to De Theminay's brother-in-law, the Abbé Castelaïne, and nobody thought of inquiring further into her birth and parentage. Their only son and daughter inherited a double portion of her West Indian complexion, and a mediocrity of mind which qualified them in all respects for making the poorest possible figure in their age and station. These were deficiencies which even riches could not entirely cover. The family found their footing insecure in the highways of fashion, and the guests of their balls and suppers called them the poor Faquettes.

With the De Theminays, on the contrary, nature had dealt handsomely. The first madame's children, Auguste and Valerie, were as like each other as brother and sister could be. Tall, finely moulded, and graceful, each had the same distinguished air and dignified yet pleasing address. Valerie was naturally esteemed the most beautiful; she was just nineteen, and her brother twenty-one. In their characters there was also a strong resemblance; both were generous and unobtrusive, sensitive, high-spirited, and somewhat imperious; but the latter defect was overlooked, in consideration of the world of small talents which they shared between them.

M. de Theminey was proud of his two elder children, and they were no less so of each other; which, combined with their similarity of disposition, made them closer and more confidential companions than brother and sister usually were in the courtly town of Versailles; and as both piqued themselves on being descended from the noble house of Castelaine, they had learned from infancy to look with a sort of exclusiveness on their younger brother, of whom M. de Theminey was not in the least proud. His mother had got her own way for once, in calling him by the old peasant name of Justin; and he had grown up neither beautiful nor plain, but a thoughtful, manly-looking youth of sixteen, whose time was spent between the city streets and the Cordeliers' seminary for young gentlemen, where, as his father remarked, he might remain till something turned up.

For the senior two, the old gentleman had long since turned up something in earnest. 'Auguste will marry Claire, and Valerie Jean Faquette,' had been his early consolation. 'The creatures will have large fortunes, and these must not be lost to the family.' Such thoughts were imparted, though in very different words, to the retired farmer-general; and as the shine was all with the De Themineys, and the solids all with the Faquettes, the latter gradually entertained the proposal till it came to be regarded as a settled arrangement. Dissenters were, however, found in the parties most concerned. Auguste and Valerie had what their father called a singular prejudice against mercenary matches, and early discovered that there was no congeniality of taste or feeling between them and their cousins, whom everybody voted dull and uninteresting; but M. de Theminey was accustomed to take his ease in life's inn. The matrimonial scheme was therefore understood rather than expressed; and as the brilliant brother and sister had no objection to patronising and being admired in a quiet way by the Faquettes, who looked up to them as chiefs of their line, he read the papers, played chess, and went from soiree to theatre, putting his trust in time to teach his boy and girl the value of louis-d'ors.

A year had thus passed when M. de Theminey found out that his family hairdresser was too old for business; and Madame Faquette recommended another, an honest skillful Gascon, who, with his wife and daughter, had lately come from Paris, where trade was not so good as it had been. His abilities were tested for the first time on the night in which all Versailles crowded to the Théâtre du Roi, to see the new tragedy of Florimer d'Avignon, such being the fashionable designation of an author who promised to become the 'lion' of the season. The tragedy was successful, as a tragedy could be only under the Grand Monarque. It was called 'Semiramis,' remote classical subjects being then in favour; and exhibited such sayings and doings of that ancient princess as occasioned weeping in the galleries, fainting in the pit, and sent half the ladies in the boxes off in violent hysterics. The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, which were followed by shouts for the author, whom the manager, in self-defence, was obliged to point out where he sat in a stage-box. An immediate rush was made towards it by some enthusiastic spirits, in order to crown him *à la Voltaire*; but the attempt was unseconded, an old poet having suggested the propriety of waiting for another tragedy.

The author rose to make the customary acknowledgments; and Valerie, as she waved a handkerchief damp with tears and extract of roses, saw a small slender youth, who might have passed for a monk of La Trappe, his face was so pale, spare, and melancholy, but for a pair of brilliant eyes and an expensively-lined waistcoat. Valerie could not hear his words, but she caught the young poet's eye, and half her friends told her afterwards in confidence that they could not help thinking the speech addressed to herself.

Auguste and she were moving slowly to their carriage through the noisy crowd of the emptying theatre, with Monsieur and Justin close behind them, when a thin brownish hand was thrust through the moving mass with a small billet, which the latter took and quietly de-

posited in his pocket. The transaction was so rapid that it escaped the father's eyes, though not those of Auguste, who chanced to look back; but the next moment his attention was arrested by a faint scream in the opposite direction, and pressing forward, they found a young girl stretching her arms in vain to some one from whom she had been parted in the throng, while a large town porter made his footing sure on her muslin robe, and a whole squadron of chairmen pushed past her in haste to pick up fares. A word from the laced and sword-wearing nobleman was sufficient to make the porter change his position and the chairmen pause; while a man, calling for his dear Ambroisine, made his way back, and drew the girl's arm once more within his own: it was the Gascon hairdresser, and loud was his gratitude to the young gentleman for troubling himself about his poor girl. She was his only child, was never used to such places; but she loved poetry and plays, and he had brought her to see the new tragedy. The girl seemed almost a child as she clung to her father's arm, small, round, and rosy, a gem of a brunette, and dressed with a simplicity and elegance rarely adopted by the taste of her class. The De Themineys gave the father and daughter the benefit of their company till fairly out of the precincts of the theatre, and then sent them on their homeward way, proud and happy with kind words and good advice. Auguste handed his sister to the carriage, but his last look was cast on the retreating figure of Ambroisine.

From that night the brother and sister had other things to think of besides their dark-coloured cousins. Valerie was introduced to the poet at a *conversation* on the following evening, and they talked together half an hour on the Scudery romances. He was somewhat eccentric in manners, said to be the last of a noble but far-reduced family, who had left him nothing but their name, and a romantic disregard for everything but love and fame. These peculiarities secured the popularity his tragedy had won. The ennuied world of Versailles were delighted with the freshness of that earnest mind; nothing so new had been seen for a considerable time, and patronage, friends, and flatteries poured in from all sides on the favourite of the hour. Flirtation was never considered proper for any but married ladies in France, so Valerie did not flirt; but her days were thenceforth spent in reading the poets from Homer downwards, and her evenings in listening to Florimer d'Avignon. The poet was not insensible to so much attraction and taste; his appreciation of both was shown in a thousand small but flattering ways. He addressed the greater part of his conversation and a brilliant copy of verses to the lady. Valerie treasured the latter in her jewel-drawer, and never forgot that somebody said they had been made for each other. There were other circumstances which threatened the paternal plans still more: Auguste's attentions to his cousin had never been very pointed, but of late their falling off was manifest, and a singular change had come over the habits of the young man. He who everybody said, and himself believed, was formed to shine in society, grew careless of balls and heedless of soirees; besides, he began to talk in a depreciating tone of the advantages of birth and fortune; spoke mysteriously of noble qualities concealed by an inferior station, and a wealth of soul which the world never knew. Valerie wondered at all this; but one day finding her brother had forgotten to lock his *escritoir*, she peeped in, as sisters will do, and found a small letter addressed to Auguste in a fine female hand. The opportunity was irresistible, and Valerie read. It was an answering epistle, full of most tender sentiments beautifully expressed, and signed with the name of Ambroisine Dupré. Could a hairdresser's daughter so think and write! The rest of the secret was soon reached. Auguste told her how he had been struck by the young girl's simple beauty at the theatre on that crowded night; how he had seen her afterwards on the street, and at the windows; and at length sent her a bouquet, for which he received a billet of thanks, revealing at once an education far above her rank, and talents rare in any station. Some letters and many interviews had passed between them since then; in short, Auguste was desperately in

love. He described her modesty, her candour, and her affection for him, till Valerie herself was charmed, especially with the letters which he bade her read, that she might see the heart and soul of his Ambrosine; adding that their personal interviews, however delightful, were hardly as yet as satisfactory, since a profound sensibility kept the girl almost silent in his presence.

That was a moment of mutual outpouring: Auguste admired the post, and Valerie promised to befriend his Ambrosine. While the brother and sister thus freely discussed their own affairs, they were equally puzzled over those of another. Who had given Justin that billet at the theatre?—and what did it contain? The boy had evidently a secret of his own; they had heard of him being seen in the suburbs of the town at extraordinary hours; few of his evenings were passed at home, though the worthy Cordelier occasionally lamented that he was too much attached to his father's house. Auguste and Valerie were above prying; their younger brother was half a stranger to them; but they felt themselves called upon to watch over his youth for the honour of the family.

Doubtless it was for similar reasons that other eyes soon began to take cognisance of their proceedings. As the post's partiality for Valerie grew more expressive, and Auguste's visits to the hairdresser's more frequent, suspicions crept into the mind of M. de Themina, and the Faquettes put on the looks of ill-used people. The old gentleman of course set himself to observe, and discoveries more true than pleasing rewarded his vigilance; piece by piece the whole story came out, and the consequence was, an explosion of wrath never before heard in the quiet house of the Themina's.

About this period Versailles found a new subject of conversation, in a woman who had lately taken up her abode in one of those suburban cottages remaining since the place was a village with straggling hamlets round it in the wide plain. She was known as Madame Le Sage, and her ostensible profession was that of a letter-writer; a vocation still very common in France, but then particularly rare in the hands of women. Madame Le Sage was, however, esteemed the mistress of her art, and with the fame of her epistolary accomplishments were bound up matters far more attractive to public curiosity. Her letters were said to be lucky; some insisted that none of them ever missed their object, and instances were whispered about of families of the first distinction who employed her pen under that impression. Madame Le Sage, besides, could afford information on futurity. The faith in fortune-telling was a characteristic of that otherwise doubting age; it prevailed among the best-educated ranks, and sceptical philosophers were not free from it. The ordinary practice was forbidden by the French laws; but madame's mode consisted in a kind of lottery, in which the parties drew for themselves; and marvellous tales were soon afloat regarding the truth of her revelations.

There were personal wonders too; the lady came last from Paris, but nobody knew anything of her previous history. She had the face of a Jewess, with a dark complexion, and almost dwarfish stature; though apparently not older than thirty, her hair was perfectly white, and she wore it combed down straight to her waist, but secured by a thin silver band across the forehead; she was deficient in a hand, and some said in a foot also, for she walked with a silver-headed cane, and wore a very long brown dress, with loose hanging sleeves, in the Oriental fashion; rarely leaving the solitary cottage where she lived with her only attendant, an elderly woman, large and gaunt in person, and blunt to a degree of surliness in her manner. The pair soon furnished half the gossip of the place. Their cottage was visited by persons of all ranks. It was whispered that Madame Maintenon had gone there to ask about the king's death, and the dauphine to inquire after madame's dismissal; but more than this was never admitted together on any pretext; and such was the effect produced, by the elder dame who acted as portress, that the most unruly of the young nobility did not dare forsake the order. Scandal never emanated from that quarter; but a total change of conduct was

remarked in many of the visitors; and those who went with the most careless curiosity, were ever after apt to look grave when the subject was mentioned.

It was the season of the Carnival, and that festival was in those days celebrated in Versailles with almost Italian extravagance. By way of instalment for the strict Lent which followed, merriment and masquerading were the order of the day; and the evening concluded with a public masqued ball at the palace, and an entertainment given by either master or servants at every second house in the city; but M. de Themina's stood quiet and dark. He had given his servants leave to spend the evening with their friends, and gone with his whole family to partake of the festivities at the palace. Some two hours had passed, and those who saw the old dervise (Themina always thought that character convenient) spying among the satin-clothed shepherdesses and bowing satyrs who thronged the splendid saloons, knew as little as himself that the son and daughter of whom he was in search had taken the opportunity to put in execution a design agreed on that very morning, and were then, with the addition of masks and black dominoes, on their way to Madame Le Sage.

The cottage stood alone in an old vineyard—now within the liberties of the town—and at the end of a lane inhabited by Jews and pawnbrokers. It was low, but strongly built of black oak timber, and it had stood since the wars of the League. The hearts of the brother and sister were almost as audible as their knock. They did not absolutely believe in madame's lottery, but they were about to inquire for themselves; and even an imaginary glance at the future has something of fearful interest. The massive door was noiselessly opened, just sufficient to show the grim portress with a lamp in her hand. Auguste presented the well-known fee, and whispered that they wished to see madame. The dame admitted them without a word, locked the door, pocketed the key, and made them a sign to follow her through a narrow passage, which seemed to run the whole length of the cottage, as there was a window still open at the farther end, and three fast shut doors on each side. At the middle one on the right their conductress paused, and opening it with another key from her evidently well-furnished pocket, she growled—'There is madame in her office.'

It was a small room paved with coloured tiles in old rustic fashion; the furniture was simple; and in the centre, nearly under a brass lamp which hung from the ceiling, sat that wondrous woman, exactly as they had heard her described, with the brown dress, long white hair, and dark Oriental face; her one arm, covered by a sleeve far beyond where the fingers should have been, rested on her lap, and the other hand on a plain writing-table before her, containing the only professional apparatus to be seen, except a huge old-fashioned cabinet of walnut wood close by, on which an illuminated manuscript lay open over two projecting drawers. One of these was distinguished by some inscription on a brass label; and the other was ornamented with a brazen hand in the act of writing.

'Your business!' said the lady, looking up carelessly as they entered. Auguste again deposited the fees, and intimated that they had come to consult the lottery.

'Hand me down that volume then,' said she, pointing to the manuscript. Auguste did so: it was large, and the characters, though Roman, seemed old and quaint.

'Which will draw first?' inquired madame as she turned over the leaves.

'I,' said Valerie, whose courage was now up.

'There are three questions,' continued madame in the same grave and business-like tone; 'and I may as well observe, that the truth of your drawing depends on that of your answers. What are the day and year of your birth? To what rank do you belong? And what is your religion?'

Valerie replied; and madame wrote her answers slowly on a small slip of paper; then handing her another, she said, 'Write here what you wish to inquire at the cards, and remember you can ask but three questions at once.' With as firm fingers as she could command, Valerie

wrote, 'Will my lover be fortunate in life! Shall I ever be united to him! And will it be with my father's consent!'

Madame glanced over it to see that all was right, and then folding up the papers together, she said, 'Place them in the drawer of the brazen hand.' Valerie dropped them in: the drawer was unlocked and empty. 'Lock it,' said madame, handing her the key. 'Your number is eight, according to your birthday; you must therefore wait eight minutes,' pointing to a small chronometer on the table, and she immediately began to read aloud from the manuscript. It was a strange tongue, but Auguste afterwards said that he believed it to have been the old Provençal language. Now in prose, now in rhyme, the lady read; and the listeners thought that, in the pauses, they could hear a low rustling sound, as if of lightly-moved papers within the cabinet. Never were eight minutes so long in passing as those to Valerie; but the hand of the chronometer measured them out at last, and madame, like one who had finished a troublesome task, laid down the manuscript, and making a gesture to the other drawer, said, 'Pull it out—it needs no key—and take the three cards that have edged up, for they are your own.'

Valerie pulled out the drawer. It was covered in, all but a small space in the centre, in which a bundle of cards, about the size of an ordinary pack, was inserted, with the edges uppermost. Three of them stood about half an inch above the rest, and these Valerie drew out under the eye of madame, who commanded her instantly to close the drawer, and then proceeded in the same fashion with Auguste.

The business was done almost as quickly as it could be told. Madame bade them good-night, and the door-keeping dame showed them out in the style of their entrance. Valerie thought she heard something ring sharply on the tile floor as they left the passage, but her watch was still in its place, and other cares on her mind.

The brother and sister had mutually remarked the perplexity of each other's face while they read their cards by the brazen lamp, but Auguste was the first to break silence.

'Were the cards propitious, Valerie?' said he.

'Why, yes; it seems so. But there's something strange,' whispered his sister.

'Strange enough,' he resumed. 'Let us compare notes. My questions were, as you know, similar to yours; every card has answered one of them in a sort of affirmative; but, Valerie, it is with sentences from Ambroisine's letters. I know them well, having read and admired them a thousand times.'

'Brother,' interrupted Valerie, 'every question of mine has been answered with a verse of those Florimer addressed to me: judge if I could mistake them!'

The pair wondered and surmised the long way home. No one had yet returned; but just as Auguste produced his key, Valerie exclaimed, 'I have lost my mother's miniature!'

The girl referred to a rich locket, set with brilliants, containing a portrait of her dead mother, by whom it had been hung round her neck, with a fond injunction to wear it for her sake.

'It was that I heard fall,' she continued, 'when leaving the cottage. Brother, we will go back. I would not lose it for half the jewels in Versailles—in such a place too.'

Auguste murmured something about searching the sea; but back they went. The night was by this time well advanced, and the principal thoroughfares began to be thronged with the returning revellers. Auguste recollected that there was a quieter way which he believed led to the cottage. It lay through back lanes and wynds, where congregated the obscurings of society, which Versailles had won from Paris with court and fashion. It was up one dark narrow street and down another with them, till at length they unexpectedly emerged from the dirtiest wynd of all at the very back of the cottage.

There was no light to be seen but one slender quivering ray which glanced from the nearest window. On approaching, they guessed it to be that of the passage; but

all beyond was dark. There were sounds of merriment within, too, that rose and fell upon the gusty night. An accidental push informed Valerie that the window was unfastened.

'I will go in, sister,' said Auguste, half wild with curiosity; and almost with the words he pushed back the narrow sash, which opened, in the French manner, like a door, and stepped lightly over the sill. The fear of remaining alone outside, and a boundless anxiety to know what was going forward, made Valerie follow him with surprising silence and rapidity. Her hand came in contact with the handle of a door on one side of the passage, from which the sounds came more distinctly. They were bursts of shrill laughter, intermingled with grave and angry tones, which seemed familiar to their ears. At the loudest peal Valerie turned the handle, the door opened, and both glided into an apartment half lighted from another door in the corner, which stood some inches open. The brother and sister approached, and held their breath. The shadow of that huge cabinet partly concealed the aperture, for they looked into madame's office. There sat the lady herself, still under the brazen lamp; but the fillet of silver and long silvery hair were gone, leaving only a close black crop. The writing-table had given place to one occupied with the remains of a supper, and opposite her sat their own brother Justin! There was a bundle of letters in his hand, and Auguste's look grew black as it caught the back of the uppermost. 'So,' said Justin, continuing his conversation, while the Theminays stood within two yards of him, 'the letter you wrote for the hairdresser's daughter were to my brother, and you never told me, friends as we have been!'

'What end would it serve, my dear?' said madame, apparently much amused: 'if one would mind everybody's relations in this world, business could never go on; and you know there might have been kinder relations than the branches of Castelaime.'

'But,' said Justin, 'Auguste has been terribly deceived.'

'Yes, by his silly vanity!' interrupted madame. 'What else could have made him imagine that the girl who listened to him like an oracle, and sat silent and smirking in his presence, could ever comprehend one word or thought of such letters? Vanity, my dear fellow, believe me, is the root and foundation of full two-thirds of all the world calls romantic attachments. It was the self-same thing that made his sister—I forget the girl's name—fall in love with Riviere's son, when he turned out a great poet, and wrote verses to her as well as for my cards.' I wish he and his mother had finished their carnival—they always like to keep it in their old way. Poor soul, how drunk she will be to-night! But it is well the knocking hour is past, since there are two of us here.'

'And what matter?' cried Justin in rising wrath.

'Oh,' said the lady, 'there was a Jew at Presburg who knew the Cabala, and showed me that four was my unlucky number, so I shouldn't like the admission of two; and none care to come singly, you know. I wish the Theminays had this trinket back,' she continued, pulling out of her wide sleeve the very miniature of which Valerie was on search; 'they will miss it, but it is best to dispose of those letters.'

'They are mine!' shouted Auguste, bounding into the very centre of the room; at the same moment madame made a snatch, which told of no lameness, at the lamp: It was extinguished in an instant, leaving all in utter darkness. They heard the slamming of doors, and the sound of retreating footsteps. Valerie had followed, and grasped her brother's hand in the gloom; but terror came over them both, and they made for the open window. Their exit was still quicker than their entrance; and knowing that nothing more could be done, the brother and sister hurried home. They reached the house worn out and splashed with mud. M. de Theminay had returned, and the whole household were alarmed at their absence. The servants did their best, but they could not catch a word of the explanation, which was given with closed doors; and early next morning Auguste returned to the cottage accompanied by a police-officer.

men pursuing one another; and so forth; all in a rich and not incorrect style of art, though wanting the grouping and expression given by the modern sculptor. But let Mr Layard himself give a general description of Nimroud, as it appeared when the excavations were about to cease:—'We descend about twenty feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing for the first time on these majestic figures. Those of the reader would probably be the same, particularly if accompanied by the reflection, that before those wonderful forms Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets stood, and Sennacherib bowed; that even the patriarch Abraham himself may possibly have looked upon them.

'In the subterraneous labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions; some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldeans or Tiyari, in their striped dresses and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a dense cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins; and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the war-cry, and labour with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Further on there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the hall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect the marks of masonry; and we soon find that it is a solid structure built of bricks of unbaked clay, now of the same colour as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it.

'The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we tread in the midst of a maze of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges. Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath.

'Having walked about one hundred feet amongst these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another doorway, formed by gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces: the great human head is at four feet.

'We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sculpture we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king hunting, and triumphing over the lion and wild bull; and the siege of the castle, with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the supreme deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief is the great stone platform, upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, when he received his captive captives or his courtiers.

'To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which rises, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute—ear-rings, bracelets, and monkeys—may be seen on walls near this ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge.

'As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber surrounded by eagle-headed figures. At one end of it is a doorway guarded by two priests or divinities, and in the centre another portal with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—three lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of Eastern romance.'

'The great antiquity of the objects brought to light is shown by some curious facts. Perhaps the most curious revelation of all is that which follows, betraying a comparative antiquity in a series of objects, very much in the manner of geological chronology. In the centre of the mound [at Nimroud], says Mr Layard, 'I had in vain endeavoured to find traces of building. Except the obelisk, two winged figures, and a few fragments of yellow limestone, which appeared to have formed part of a gigantic bull or lion, no remains of sculpture had yet been discovered. On excavating to the south, I found a well-formed tomb, built of bricks, and covered with a slab of alabaster. It was about five feet in length, and scarcely more than eighteen inches in breadth in the interior. On removing the lid, parts of a skeleton were exposed to view; the skull and some of the larger bones were still entire; but on an attempt being made to move them, they crumbled into dust. With them were three earthen vessels. A vase of reddish clay, with a long narrow neck, stood in a dish of such delicate fabric, that I had great difficulty in removing it entire. Over the mouth of the vase was placed a bowl or cup, also of red clay. This pottery appears to have stood near the right shoulder of the body. In the dust which had accumulated round the skeleton, were found beads and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. The beads are of opaque-coloured glass, agate, cornelian, and amethyst. A small crouching lion of lapis-lazuli, pierced on the back, had been attached to the end of the necklace. The vases and ornaments are Egyptian in their character, being identical with similar remains found in the tombs of Egypt, and preserved in collections of antiquities from that country. With the beads was a cylinder, on which is represented the king in his chariot, hunting the wild bull, as in the bas-relief from the north-west palace. The surface of the cylinder has been so much worn and

injured, that it is difficult to distinguish the figures upon it. A copper ornament resembling a modern seal, two bracelets of silver, and a pin for the hair, were also discovered. I carefully collected and preserved these interesting remains, which seemed to prove that the body had been that of a female.

'On digging beyond this tomb, I found a second, similarly constructed, and of the same size. In it were two vases of highly-glazed green pottery, elegant in shape, and in perfect preservation. Near them was a copper mirror and a copper lustral spoon, all Egyptian in form.

'Many other tombs were opened, containing vases, plates, mirrors, spoons, beads, and ornaments. Some of them were built of baked bricks, carefully joined, but without mortar; others were formed by large earthen sarcophagi, covered with an entire alabaster slab, similar to those discovered in the south-east corner of the mound, and already described.

'Having carefully collected and packed the contents of the tombs, I removed them, and dug deeper into the mound. I was surprised to find, about *five feet beneath them*, the remains of a building. Walls of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs with which they had been cased were no longer in their places, being scattered about without order, and lying mostly with their faces on the flooring of baked bricks. Upon them were both sculptures and inscriptions. Slab succeeded to slab; and when I had removed nearly twenty tombs, and cleared away the earth from a space about fifty feet square, the ruins which had been thus uncovered presented a very singular appearance. Above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as the leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved, in the order in which they stood, from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried brick, and had been left as found preparatory to their removal elsewhere. That they were not thus arranged before being used in the building for which they had been originally sculptured, was evident from the fact, proved beyond a doubt by repeated observation, that the Assyrians carved their slabs after, and not before, they were placed. Subjects were continued on adjoining slabs, figures and chariots being divided in the centre. There were places for the iron brackets, or dove-tails. They had evidently been once filled, for I could still trace marks and stains left by the metal. To the south of the centre bulls were two gigantic figures, similar to those discovered to the north.

'These sculptures resembled in many respects some of the bas-reliefs found in the south-west palace, in which the sculptured face of the slab was turned, it will be remembered, towards the walls of unbaked bricks. It appeared, therefore, that the centre building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of this edifice. But here were tombs *over* the ruins. The edifice had perished; and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funereal vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? These are questions which I am yet unable to answer, and which must be left undecided until the origin and age of the contents of the tombs can be satisfactorily determined.'

It can little surprise us, after such revelations, made, as it were, out of the dust of the desert, that an Arab sheikh one day addressed Mr Layard as follows:—'Wonderful! wonderful! There is surely no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet. In the name of the Most High, tell me, oh Bey, what you are going to do with those stones? So many thousands of purses spent

upon such things! Can it be, as you say, that your people learn wisdom from them; or is it, as his reverence the cadî declares, that they are to go to the palace of your queen, who, with the rest of the unbelievers, worships these idols? As for wisdom, these figures will not teach you to make any better knives, or scissors, or chintzes; and it is in the making of those things that the English show their wisdom. But God is great! God is great! Here are stones which have been buried ever since the time of the holy Noah—peace be with him! Perhaps they were under ground before the deluge. I have lived on these lands for years. My father, and the father of my father, pitched their tents here before me; but they never heard of these figures. For twelve hundred years have the true believers (and, praise be to God! all true wisdom is with them alone) been settled in this country, and none of them ever heard of a palace under ground. Neither did they who went before them. But lo! here comes a Frank from many days' journey off, and he walks up to the very place, and he takes a stick (illustrating the description at the same time with the point of his spear), and makes a line here, and makes a line there. Here, says he, is the palace; there, says he, is the gate; and he shows us what has been all our lives beneath our feet, without our having known anything about it. Wonderful! wonderful! Is it by books, is it by magic, is it by your prophets, that you have learnt these things? Speak, oh Bey: tell me the secret of wisdom.'

Mr Layard has some interesting remarks on the state of imitative art among the ancient Assyrians. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'to examine the monuments of Assyria without being convinced that the people who raised them had acquired a skill in sculpture and painting, and a knowledge of design, and even composition, indicating an advanced state of civilisation. It is very remarkable that the most ancient ruins show this knowledge in the greatest perfection attained by the Assyrians. The bas-relief representing the lion-hunt, now in the British Museum, is a good illustration of the earliest school of Assyrian art yet known. It far exceeds the sculptures of Khorasabad, Kouyunjik, or the later palaces of Nimroud, in the vigour of the treatment, the elegance of the forms, and in what the French aptly term "mouvement." At the same time it is eminently distinguished from them by the evident attempt at composition—by the artistical arrangement of the groups. The sculptors who worked at Khorasabad and Kouyunjik had perhaps acquired more skill in handling their tools. Their work is frequently superior to that of the earlier artist in delicacy of execution—in the details of the features, for instance—and in the boldness of the relief; but the slightest acquaintance with Assyrian monuments will show that they were greatly inferior to their ancestors in the higher branches of art—in the treatment of a subject, and in beauty and variety of form. This decline of art, after suddenly attaining its greatest perfection in its earliest stage, is a fact presented by almost every people, ancient and modern, with which we are acquainted. In Egypt, the most ancient monuments display the purest forms and the most elegant decorations. A rapid retrogression, after a certain period, is most apparent, and serves to indicate approximately the epoch of most of her remains. In the history of Greek and Roman art, this sudden rise and rapid fall are equally apparent. Even changes in royal dynasties have had an influence upon art, as a glance at monuments of that part of the East of which we are specially treating will show. Thus the sculpture of Persia, as that of Assyria, was in its best state at the time of the earliest monarchs, and gradually declined until the fall of the empire. . . . This decline in art may be accounted for by supposing that, in the infancy of a people, or after the occurrence of any great event, having a very decided influence upon their manners, their religion, or their political state, nature was the chief, if not the only object of study. When a certain proficiency had been attained, and no violent changes

took place to shake the established order of things, the artist, instead of endeavouring to imitate that which he saw in nature, received as correct delineations the works of his predecessors, and made them his types and his models. In some countries, as in Egypt, religion may have contributed to this result. Whilst the imagination, as well as the hand, was fettered by prejudices, and even by laws, or whilst indolence or ignorance led to the mere servile copying of what had been done before, it may easily be conceived how rapidly a deviation from correctness of form would take place. As each copied the errors of those who preceded him, and added to them himself, it is not wonderful if, ere long, the whole became one great error. It is to be feared that this prescriptive love of imitation has exercised no less influence on modern art than it did upon the arts of the ancients.' Our author then proceeds to argue that art had advanced from Assyria to Asia Minor, and thence into Greece, where it was destined to attain its highest perfection.

The dissertation on the antiquity and leading personages and events of Assyria is, after all, so vague in its results, that we find it would little profit our readers to enter into it. We prefer bestowing the small remaining space at our disposal in making reference to Mr Layard's restoration, as it may be called, of ancient Nineveh. He insists that the mound of Nimroud is the remains of the principal feature of the city. 'It is probable that the great edifice in the north-west corner of the principal mound, was the temple or palace, or the two combined; the smaller houses were scattered around it, over the face of the country. To the palace was attached a park, or paradise, as it was called, in which was preserved game of various kinds for the diversion of the king. This enclosure, formed by walls and towers, may perhaps still be traced in the line of low mounds branching out from the principal ruin. Future monarchs added to the first building, and the centre palace arose by its side. As the population increased with the duration and prosperity of the empire, and by the forced immigration of conquered nations, the dimensions of the city increased also. A king founding a new dynasty, or anxious to perpetuate his fame by the erection of a new building, may have chosen a distant site. The city, gradually spreading, may at length have embraced such additional palaces. This appears to have been the case with Nineveh. Nimroud represents the original site of the city. To the first palace the son of its founder added a second, of which we have the ruins in the centre of the mound. He also built the edifice now covered by the great mound of Baasheikha, as the inscriptions on the bricks from that place prove. He founded at the same time a new city at Kalesh Sherghat. A subsequent monarch again added to the palaces at Nimroud, and recorded the event on the pavement slabs, in the upper chambers of the western face of the mound. At a much later period, when the older palaces were already in ruins, edifices were erected on the sites now marked by the mounds of Khorsabad and Karamles. The son of their founder built the great palace at Kouyunjik, which must have exceeded those of his predecessors in extent and magnificence. His son was engaged in raising one more edifice at Nimroud—the previous palaces, as it has been shown, having been long before deserted or destroyed—when some great event, perhaps the fall of the empire, and destruction of the capital, prevented its completion.

'The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the book of Jonah, and by Diodorus Siculus. If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty accurately with the 480 stadia or 60 miles of the geography, which make the three days' journey of the prophet. Within this space there are many large mounds, including the principal ruins in Assyria, such as Karaknah, Baasheikha, Bassani, Husseni, Tel-Yara,

&c. &c.; and the face of the country is strewed with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments.

'The space between the great public edifices was probably occupied by private houses, standing in the midst of gardens, and built at distances from one another; or forming streets which enclosed gardens of considerable extent, and even arable land. The absence of the remains of such buildings may easily be accounted for. They were constructed almost entirely of sun-dried bricks, and like the houses now built in the country, soon disappeared altogether when once abandoned, and allowed to fall into decay. The largest palaces would probably have remained undiscovered, had there not been the slabs of alabaster to show the walls. There is, however, sufficient to indicate that buildings were once spread over the space above-described; for besides the vast number of small mounds every where visible, scarcely a husbandman drives his plough over the soil without exposing the vestiges of former habitations. Each quarter of the city may have had its distinct name; hence the palace of Evorita, where Saracus destroyed himself; and the Mespila and Larissa of Xenophon, applied respectively to the ruins at Kouyunjik and Nimroud.

'Existing ruins thus show that Nineveh acquired its greatest extent in the time of the kings of the second dynasty; that is to say, of the kings mentioned in Scripture. It was then that Jonah visited it, and that reports of its size and magnificence were carried to the West, and gave rise to the traditions from which the Greek authors mainly derived the information handed down to us.'

'The interior of the Assyrian palace,' adds Mr Layard, 'must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall, he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous amongst the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

'The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which, again, opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

'The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and

mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the woodwork. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the bright blue of an Eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.

It must be matter of regret that Mr Layard was cut short in his discoveries by the exhaustion of the limited funds placed at his disposal by the government; and that he was compelled not only to leave much unexplored, but to cover up again with earth many monuments which he had not the means of transporting to England. We take it upon us to say that, eager as many in our country are for a reduction of the public expenditure, few would grudge the few thousands required for such a purpose as this. We would hope that Mr Layard, whose whole proceedings are so creditable to him, and who, by his work, has already established a claim to the gratitude of all the intelligent part of the community, will ere long be encouraged to return to his labours, with a view to his giving us yet a further insight into the most ancient of Asiatic monarchies.

RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE-SWIMMER.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken. A hero in humble life has been made known to us of quite a new order. This brave man, by name Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Granthorpe on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years devoted himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the usual apparatus for succouring ships in distress. Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the noble duty of saving human life. On the approach of stormy weather, he mounts to an opening in the top of his dwelling, and there, pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self-imposed duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters; no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible?—a man on horseback! Yes, it is Richard Hoodless, coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt-water excursions! Onward the faithful horse swims and plunges, only turning for an instant

when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom.

There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of unselfishness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and his rider. The ship is reached; Hoodless mounts two or three mariners *en croupe*, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instalment.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears that in reality no training is necessary: all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for that, as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to the bridle as a boat is to its helm. The same thing is observed in this sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate; but the moment his feet fairly leave the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise his safety in the aerial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is, when meeting a particularly angry surf or swell, to turn his horse's head, bend forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were the horse to face the larger billows, and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would be soon exhausted.

In the year 1833, Hoodless signalled himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the *Hermione*, and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the society on this occasion may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known. 'It was resolved unanimously, that the noble courage and humanity displayed by Richard Hoodless for the preservation of the crew of the "*Hermione*" from drowning, when that vessel was wrecked near Donna Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 31st of August 1833, and the praiseworthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion, by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, when it was found impossible to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the special general court, and justly entitles him to the honorary medallion of the institution, which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the ensuing anniversary festival.'

As it may not be generally understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat, when vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched, the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated. On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck; but more usually he goes on horseback, and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten seamen—some on the back of the horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups. Should a vessel be lying on her beam-ends, Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in making his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account: he had secured two seamen, and was attempting to leave the vessel for the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done? The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately, he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulled a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—no easy task in a stormy sea—and so got off with safety!

All honour to Farmer Richard Hoodless, who still in

his own unostentatious way, performs acts of humanity as singular as they are meritorious! Only by accident have we become acquainted with his name and deeds of heroism, and we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them all the publicity in our power.

GOLD-FINDING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE Americans appear to have some additional and unexpected reasons for congratulating themselves on the recent acquisition of California from Mexico. In the northern part of this territory, in the month of April last, it was discovered that gold abounded in the beds of the rivers and in their alluvial borders, as well as in the rocks constituting the higher grounds. A large portion of the thinly-inhabited territory has since become a scene of busy gold-finding, for which perhaps no parallel exists in the history of any country. One is at first tempted to suppose the whole affair a popular delusion, or a deliberate exaggeration, after a well-known transatlantic manner; but such theories are not tenable. We have received a Boston newspaper (*Daily Evening Traveller*, December 11, 1848), containing such documents on the subject as put incredulity as to the very great abundance of gold found entirely to flight. One of them is a report by Colonel Mason of the United States army, written at his station of Monterey, on the 17th August, to acquaint his government with the particulars of the singular affair. Another is a similar report by Mr Larkin, the United States consul at San Francisco. Both are cool business-like narrations, apparently beyond reasonable suspicion; yet they fully support the accounts which rumour had already circulated respecting the mineral wealth which has so unexpectedly turned up.

The gold district at present under attention appears to be situated on an inlet near San Francisco, called the American Fork, and on the rivers flowing into it. The territory is public property, but this seems to be as yet no impediment to the multitude of adventurers now engaged in pursuit of the gold. The Sacramento, the Feather, the Bear, the San Joaquin, are names of rivers alluded to in the reports as permeating the *placers*, or gold tract. Colonel Mason, who has personally examined the country, and witnessed the strange proceedings, says—'At the saw-mill, twenty-five miles above the lower washings, or fifty miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Captain Sutter feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring—a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr Marshall, to save labour, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and gravel was carried to the foot of the race. One day Mr Marshall, as he was walking down the race to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort, told Captain Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain grist mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labours of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither.'

The effect upon a population of settlers thinly scattered over a rude country, or clustered in a few sea-side villages, can only be imagined by those who are acquainted with the activity and enterprise of the

American character. As soon as it was known that gold was literally to be had for the lifting in certain parts of the country, an almost universal abandonment of the common pursuits of life took place. It became impossible to retain a servant or clerk; the merchant ships, and even those of the government, were deserted in the harbours; the soldiers left their quarters without leave. Two newspapers ceased publication, because all concerned in them, from editor to printer's imp, had seen fit to set out a gold-hunting. Brickyards, saw-mills, and farms (*ranchos*), were left to solitude. The town of San Francisco became two-thirds depopulated. Mr Larkin says—'San Francisco has not a justice of the peace left. The second alcalde of Monterey to-day joins the keepers of our principal hotel, who have closed their office and house, and will leave to-morrow for the golden river. I saw on the ground a lawyer who was last year attorney-general for the king of the Sandwich Islands, digging and washing out his ounce and a-half per day; near him can be found most all his brethren of the long robe, working in the same occupation.'

In August it was calculated that four thousand persons were engaged in the finding of gold, one-half of them Indians; and it was believed that gold to the value of from thirty to fifty thousand dollars was found each day. Colonel Mason describes the people as living in tents, in bush harbours, or in the open air; and he says that, though many had large sums in gold about them, there was no such thing as crime known amongst them. The very facility of obtaining the desired metal, seemed to have made it not worth any one's while to take culpable methods of acquiring it.

With regard to the actual amount realised in individual cases, Mr Larkin gives some curious particulars. Speaking of a brief space which he spent at a place where there were eight men with two rude machines at work, he says—'The two evenings I saw these eight men bring to their tents the labour of the day. I suppose they made each fifty dollars per day: their own calculation was two pounds of gold a day—four ounces to a man—sixty-four dollars. I saw two brothers that worked together, and only worked by washing the dirt in a tin pan, weigh the gold they obtained in one day: the result was seven dollars to one, eighty-two dollars to the other. There were two reasons for this difference: one man worked less hours than the other, and by chance had ground less impregnated with gold. I give this statement as an extreme case. During my visit I was an interpreter for a native of Monterey, who was purchasing a machine or canoe. I first tried to purchase boards and hire a carpenter for him. There were but a few hundred feet of boards to be had; for these the owner asked me fifty dollars per hundred (500 dollars per M.), and a carpenter washing gold dust demanded fifty dollars per day for working. I at last purchased a log dug out, with a riddle and sieve made of willow boughs on it, for 120 dollars, payable in gold dust, at fourteen dollars per ounce. The owner excused himself for the price by saying he was two days making it, and even then demanded the use of it until sunset. My Californian has told me since, that himself, partner, and two Indians, obtained with this canoe eight ounces the first, and five ounces the second day.'

Colonel Mason speaks of what he saw on a stream called Weber's Creek:—'We found a great many people and Indians, some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, and two ounces were considered an ordinary yield, for a day's work. A small gutter, not more than a hundred yards long by four feet wide and two or three feet deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men—William Daly and Perry M'Cool—had, a short time before, obtained 17,000 dollars' worth of gold. Captain Weber informed me, that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that at

the end of one week's work they paid off their party, and had left 10,000 dollars' worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 15,000 dollars' worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearance, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports had I not seen, in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr Nellig, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighbourhood, and showed me, in bags and bottles, over 2000 dollars' worth of gold; and Mr Lyman, a gentleman of education, and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged, with four others, with a machine on the American Fork, just below Sutter's Mill; that they worked eight days; and that his share was at the rate of fifty dollars a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances. But to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common labourers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbour of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked its price. Captain Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Captain Weber told him it only cost fifty cents, and he did not wish to sell it. The man then offered an ounce and a-half, when Captain Weber had to take it. The prices of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breech-cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dress.'

Colonel Mason describes the mode of washing out the gold where machines are used.—The cradle, as it is called, 'is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head it has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine: one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy fine black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through auger holes into a pan below, are dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines averaged one hundred dollars a day.' A simple plan followed by individuals is noticed by Mr Larkin:—'A person without a machine, after digging on one or two feet of the upper ground, near the water (in some cases they take the top earth), throws into a tin pan or wooden bowl a shovel full of loose dirt and stones; then placing the basin an inch under the water, continued to stir up the dirt with his hand in such a manner, that the running water will carry off the light earth, occasionally with his hand throwing out the stones: after an operation of this kind for twenty or thirty minutes, a spoonful of small black sand remains; this is on a handkerchief or cloth dried in the sun, the emerge is blown off, leaving the pure gold. I have the pleasure of enclosing a paper of this sand and gold, which I, from a bucket of dirt and stones, in half an hour standing at the edge of the water, washed out myself. The value of it may be two or three dollars.'

'The size of the gold,' he continues, 'depends in some measure upon the river from which it is taken; the banks of one river having larger grains of gold than another. I presume more than one-half of the gold put into pans or machines is washed out and goes down the stream; this is of no consequence to the washers, who care only for the present time. Some have formed com-

panies of four or five men, and have a rough-made machine put together in a day, which worked to much advantage; yet many prefer to work alone, with a wooden bowl or tin pan, worth fifteen or twenty cents in the States, but eight to sixteen dollars at the gold region. As the workmen continue, and materials can be obtained, improvements will take place in the mode of obtaining gold. At present it is obtained by standing in the water, and with much severe labour, or such as is called here severe labour.'

The latest report on the subject is from the Rev. Walter Colton, alcade of Monterey, dated 29th August. Our newspaper authority informs us that Mr Colton speaks to the same purpose as Colonel Mason, but refers more particularly to the abundance of gold in the hills, where it is found in rough jagged pieces, of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes three ounces. New discoveries are daily extending the gold region. Mr Colton says that people are running about the country picking up gold out of the earth, just as hogs in a forest would root up ground nuts. They vary from one ounce to ten ounces a day: an ounce is worth from 16 to 18 dollars. One man is mentioned, whose profits from sixty Indians, employed in hunting gold, are at the rate of one dollar a minute. 'I know,' says Mr Colton, 'seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather River. They employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days 275 pounds of pure gold. I know the men, and have seen the gold, and know what they state to be a fact. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days fifteen hundred dollars each. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash-bowl, two pounds and a-half of gold in fifteen minutes. Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill.' Mr Colton estimates the amount extracted at a million of dollars a month. It appears that, meanwhile, from the cessation of regular industry, all articles of necessity are raised to extravagant prices, so that the government officers find it impossible to live on their pay.

As might be expected, the news has excited great sensation in New York and other parts of the Union. Three steamers and seven ships and barques had already, by the beginning of December, sailed for California, sailors readily consenting to go at a dollar a month, in their eagerness to get to the ground. About a dozen more vessels were expected soon to sail. It is, however, a long voyage, or rather double voyage—first 2500 miles sailing to the river Chagres, in the Isthmus of Panama; then a twenty-mile journey on mules; and after this a second voyage of 3500 miles to San Francisco. On the latter line steamers are to be placed.

It will remain to be seen whether this extraordinary windfall prove of any serious permanent benefit to America or any of her citizens. History shows that gold-finding has never yet been a permanently advantageous pursuit, and that there is nothing to be thoroughly depended upon for the benefit of men and nations, but hard work applied in an economical manner to the production of articles required for use. If America thrives by picking up the precious metal in the wilds of California, she will be an exception from a pretty well-established rule.

INDIAN BHANG.

No one who has lived in India, and is acquainted with Asiatic manners and customs, can fail to be struck, when he reads Stephen Barrow, and such modern writers, by the great similarity which exists between the Egyptian and the Hindoo. The hieroglyphics depicted in the tableaux of ancient lore—the pictures of implements of husbandry, household furniture, manner of irrigating the land, carrying water—all tell the same

tale; and the conviction remains forcibly upon the mind, that the two nations must have had the same origin, or have been closely united, perhaps by traffic, in days gone by. The use of hashish (described in Journal, No. 256) is common to both, and serves as another connecting link.

The hashish or bhang is used by the Hindoo because fermented and spirituous liquors are forbidden by his religion, although they are given to the gods as offerings, by placing them behind the idol, and out of human sight. Although even the Brahmin not unfrequently partakes of bhang, those who indulge in it are looked upon in the light of debauchees; and sober folk shake their heads at them, and bhangie and ganja khore are opprobrious terms.

Bhang is the leaf of the male plant of the hemp, dried in the sun; when fresh, the leaf has a pleasing odour; but I am not certain whether it retains it when dried. Ganja is the same leaf; but being rubbed down in the hand to powder, and smoked in a mariella (a kind of hookah), retains the name of the plant; and the epithet of *churres* is given to the dried flower and stamen, which must naturally be more delicate and scarce, and on that account dearer. *Churres* is frequently made into tablet and *ludoos*, or balls of sugar-candy—a dainty sweetmeat for the Hindoo, who gets benumbed as he sucks or nibbles the sweets; and I have heard the feeling they occasion described by a friend as that of being plunged into a pleasing reverie, which was, however, every now and then broken by a sensation of being hoisted up into the air, and let down again with a shock.

The preparing a *lotah*, or jug of bhang, is accompanied by as much joviality and gossip among the partakers as the mixing of a bowl of punch or negus is with us; and many a time have I noticed an old favourite servant as he sat over the orgies of the bhang. Wherever Peerun travelled, his bundle of bhang went with him; and at mid-day, after his ablution and *poorah*, and lunch of parched rice or peas, a stone mortar and a wooden thiel, made of hard baul, or thorn-wood, were produced, at the sight of which a few favourite friends or fellow-servants speedily collected. The humblest of these would undertake the pulverising of the leaf, which was done by rapid friction in the stone mortar with the wooden pestle. This was accomplished in about ten minutes, and water being poured over it, the liquid was strained through a piece of muslin, to this was added some sugar, and sometimes ginger or pepper, to make it more palatable. The host generally took a draught himself first, taking care, as usual, not to touch the *lotah*, or brass goblet, with his lips; but sitting on his haunches, and putting back his head, allowing the favourite beverage to slide down his gullet. His humble friends generally got each a small brass *cotoraah*, or cupful, and drank it with relish and applause. The party soon after dispersed, and Peerun was seldom fit for any work or business after this: his eyes became bloodshot, his speech thick, his mind confused; in a word, he became drunk, and retired to his hut, or, on a march, he took himself to the shade of a tree; and there he dozed or slumbered, and enjoyed his reveries till three or four hours sobered him again. He then bustled about, and began to think of a regular meal, which was always cooked by his own hands about the gloaming.

Although a daily bibber of bhang, Peerun was a faithful and trustworthy servant, and in good circumstances; and when known to me, the noxious weed had not impaired either his health or intellect. But this is not always the case: the bhangie and ganja khore must be able to live well and comfortably: he must have plenty of milk and *ghes* (clarified butter), and not be stinted in food, otherwise he grows lean and withered—his hands and feet become long and attenuated, his eyes dull, and the white of the eye yellow and bloodshot. Costiveness is also a consequence, and the poor debauchee at last falls a sacrifice to his favourite drug. Bhang is not a cheap luxury: it costs the Bengalee as much as our Souchong costs us; and considering the

poor circumstances of the Indian, it occasions him a greater outlay than tea does here to a comfortable householder. A ganja khore and bhang bibber may frequently, therefore, be known by his rags and hungry look. Smoking does not produce so great a degree of intoxication as drinking, but the same evils follow in its train. However strange and incredible it may appear, I will not hesitate to relate a fact which I witnessed during a march; namely, the giving of a small portion of bhang to some working bullocks. The oxen were in beautiful condition; and upon remonstrating with the man under whose charge they were, as to the bad effects the drug might have, he only laughed at my fears, and maintained that the bullocks, after being shampooed and currycombed, looked to their dram to invigorate them, as a hungry man to his food, and that they could stand their work and fatigue all the better for it—with what *truth* I never had time to investigate thoroughly as I lost sight of the man and his cattle after the march was finished. Giving bhang to cattle is, however, not a common thing, and may therefore be known to few Europeans.

Native doctors occasionally use bhang externally as a medicament, as we do laudanum, to deaden pain. It is tied in a bundle, warmed at the fire, and applied as a fomentation.

The *datura* or *stramonium* is a common weed in Hindoostan; and, like the foxglove, delights in a rich and moist soil. Who that saw it in all its beauty, clad with large white, trumpet-shaped, sweet-smelling flowers, would think that death and insanity may be brought on by its thorny apple, or rather the seed contained in the apple of this beautiful plant. It is a well-known poison to the Bengalee, who mixes it in small quantities with the rum which he sells to the European soldier, and gives it in large doses to an enemy whose mental powers he wishes to destroy for ever; and *certainly*, when not counteracted in time, the derangement of the brain brought on by *datura* becomes lasting. I have seen raving madness, melancholy madness, and merry madness, all produced by the use of this drug: according to the constitution, the poison acted differently.

In one gentleman's family I witnessed a case in point. A Hookaberdar, who had been concerned in robbing a female, had clandestinely brought the property home; not undetected, however, by some of his fellow-servants. The woman suspected him, took out a warrant, and his master's premises were searched; but the cunning thief had thrown the purloined jewels into a well, which, on account of its brackish water, was in disuse in the household, and consequently it had almost got dry, and choked up with weeds and bushes. The police were unsuccessful in their search; but two of the servants, who knew of the well, threatened to inform unless they received a *doucur*. The pipeman therefore mixed up a large dose of *datura* seed, ground to powder, with their curry; of which, being mess-fellows, they both partook.

In a short time the cook began to rave about roasts and puddings, and although it was night, began to sweep out the kitchen, and make noisy preparations for the mid-day meal. The other man, who was a sort of valet, and had charge of his master's wardrobe, came up stairs, pretended he heard the bugle, and insisted upon laying out the clothes and accoutrements for parade, and in his confusion of mind upset the boxes and toilet of his master. All this of course occasioned a great stir and disturbance in the household. The patients, however, were not allowed to go on in their mad career, but were separately shut up for the night by the master's direction, and medical aid was procured for them in the morning. Cooling salts, lime-juice and water, also vinegar and water, were prescribed, with the frequent use of the shower-bath; which measures were successful, restoring in a few days the patients to sanity. I may add that ample evidence being produced against him, the Hookaberdar was brought to condign punishment, set to work on the road, and disgraced for life.

BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR IN GERMANY.

There is plenty of dancing going on in Germany. Glee-wine, a sort of negus and punch, is brought in after supper, and just before twelve o'clock. Every one is on the watch to win the New Year from the others—that is, to announce the New Year first. Accordingly, the instant the city bell is heard to commence tolling, 'Prosat Neu Jahr!' starts from every one's lips; and happy is he who is acknowledged to have made the exclamation first, and to have won from all the others the New Year. In every house at that moment, all over the country, is shouted 'Prosat Neu Jahr!' prosat being no German word, but a contraction of the Latin *prosit*. On one occasion, having retired to rest, our servants assembled at our room door and woke us, in order to cry 'Prosat Neu Jahr!' On the following morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation. With the glee-wine are brought in, on a waiter, the New-Year wishes of the family and its friends. These are written in verse, generally on very ornamented gilt note-paper, and sealed up. When the Prosat Neu Jahr has passed, and all have drunk to one another a happy New Year, with a general touching of glasses, these are opened and read. For the most part they are without signatures, and occasion much guessing and joking. Under cover of these anonymous epistles, good hints and advice are often administered by parents and friends. Numbers of people, who never on any other occasion write a verse, now try their hands at one; and those who do not find themselves sufficiently inspired, present those ornamental cards of which I have spoken under Christmas, and which have all kinds of wishes, to suit all kinds of tastes and circumstances. These are to be purchased of all qualities and prices; and those sent by friends and lovers generally appear on New-Year's Day, and are signed or not, as suits the purpose of the sender.—*William Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

COFFEE-ROOMS AND READING ALOUD.

"There is only one thing you now want at — to complete your institutions for the good of the working-classes—a large, comfortable, well-lighted coffee room with a good fire, where every workman, not finding in himself the taste or ability for science of any kind, might enjoy himself in an evening over a cup of coffee (nothing else being sold), and in listening to the reading by some young men in turn of amusing books—as the Arabian Nights' tales, Sir Walter Scott's novels, &c. &c. I have long thought all our plans for the good of working-men will be imperfect if we do not look to that large class, too old and inert to begin to study science, and unable or unused to read, but of which many might be weaned from the ale-house if the enjoyments of a clean room, blazing fire, and cup of hot drink for two-pence were offered them, with the substitution of listening to amusing reading, instead of the three-told yarns of their pot-house companions. My attention was first directed to this matter by Sir John Herschel's very striking anecdote of the labourers in a village who assembled every night at the blacksmith's shop to hear one of them read Richardson's "Pamela," the history of whose fortunes attracted so numerous and constant an auditory, and excited so intense an interest, that when, after many weeks' reading, the tale was finished, the whole party adjourned to the church and rang a merry peal, to express their delight at the heroine's triumphant success over all her temptations. Now if the blacksmith's shop, in spite of the anvil's din, and sparks, and without the attraction of ale and gossip, could thus nightly bring together an eager company, why should not a snug warm coffee-room, with the similar banquet of an interesting tale? There would be no difficulty in finding competent readers among the better-educated class of young men, who could scarcely more effectually serve the cause of morality, and indeed of knowledge; for, by degrees, for mere light reading might be substituted voyages, such as Anson's, &c. which Somerville tells us in his autobiography were sufficient attraction, when read by him aloud in harvest at dinner-time, to surround him by a crowd of listeners.—*Extract of a Letter.* [We have, on former occasions, recommended the plan here described. It still has our best wishes; but we have been sorry to learn that in one large town in Scotland, where it was tried by a person of remarkable energy, the working-classes did not take so much advantage of the benefits held out to them, as might have been expected.]

SONNET.

TO L.—CHRISTMAS, 1846.

How shall I crown thy uncomplaining brow,
Sweet shape of my day-dreamings! when I built
Young Edons for thee? Look where'er thou wilt,
'Tis the same wayward world of wall and wo.
Bright flowers I would have brought thee, but they blow
In the sun only, and but blow to die;
Our day is sunless—wintry is our sky;
And so I have chosen thee better. *Christmas, lo!*
Here plucks them for thee. *Jay, ever green,*
Winter or summer, clinging still the same
To old as young—to ruined as to new;
And thorny *holly*, but those thorns between
Bright berries, peeping with their eyes of flame.
Such crown be thine! Like *thee* 'tis cheerful, constant, true.

M. S. J.

INTELLIGENCE IN A FISH.

At a recent meeting of the Liverpool Philosophical Society, Dr Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. 'When he resided at Durham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish intended for the table were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing, it struck its head against a tenterhook in a post (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching), and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boing its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to the sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. He (the doctor) went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from the fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved; but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water, and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary; but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not then see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received; and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved—that fishes are sensible to sound.'

CHANGE OF OPINION.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.—*Dr Whitchcote.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Agyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and A. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 268. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

PROPOSALS FOR A REFORM IN LIGHT LITERATURE.

It seems to be confessed that the great difficulty of the age with respect to light literature is to produce anything new. All the styles and modes of fiction, the Waverley-historic, the Valerio-classic, the Udolpho-romantic, the horrible, the sentimental, the criminal, the silver-fork, the low, the everything, are totally worn out and worthless. We know every kind of character that is to be introduced, and every kind of conjuncture that can ruffle the course, by supposititious events, and feel, before we advance twenty pages, that it is all barren. Like *l'homme blasé*, we declare we have seen all that before, and turn away from the proffered meal with disgust, albeit perhaps raging with the sacred hunger of amusement. It has occurred to us that something might be done for mankind in these extraordinary circumstances, and we proceed to lay our scheme before a discerning public.

It may be thought a bold idea, in as far as perfectly new; but the longer we reflect upon it, it appears to us the more plausible that novelists might after all, make something of nature as she is. Many objections might no doubt be ranked up—were it not so, we should not have had novelists neglecting the truth of actual human life so long. In the dearth and exigency of novelty, some one would have pitched upon this idea if it had appeared readily workable. Still, let us calmly consider. The upturn of such a deep virgin soil could not but be attended with a grand vegetation. Surely some of the new plants would prove useful, if not for the conservatory, at least for the kitchen. It would be very strange if something could not be made of them. But let us at once come to particulars.

It is, for instance, a horrid stupidity this constant straining to bring about a marriage between two commonplace young people, with which the curtain may at last be allowed to drop. Suppose we make novels without any silly love affair in them at all, and end the third volume by representing the principal parties as sitting down to dinner instead of preparing to go to church. In actual life, one does not find that marriage is quite looked upon as the *summum bonum*, or that thing for which every other thing is to be sacrificed. We do not find that all the worthy people of our acquaintance are in a ferment of anxiety to get us tied up for life in Hymen's bonds. On the contrary, if we do make up our mind to the venture, we often find these worthy people in some anxiety as to how the affair may turn out. The lady's temper is probably discussed in a dispassionate manner; or our own abilities for housekeeping may be matter of solicitude. At all events, a calm hope may be expressed that we shall have the wisdom to insure upon our life for the benefit of our offspring.

Now, such being the manner of nature, why should we continually keep by the opposite in fiction? Let us try a novel for once without a marriageable heroine, or, say, one who espises marriage as an object to live for. There are women who scorn the idea of being thought under any anxiety for an establishment, and who would prefer eternal spinsterhood to an alliance brought about by manœuvring. Let us see such a person introduced into fiction. She could not fail to tell, from her mere novelty in that situation.

It is, again, a very tiresome thing in novels, as at present written, that every person introduced into them must be described as of a certain fixed character, according to use and wont in this department of literature. For example, if a boarding-school keeper is to be amongst the *dramatis personæ*, then that person must be a paragon of dogmatic pedantry, false pretension, and heartless cruelty. The male boarding-school keeper must be an awful fellow in old-fashioned black attire, with threatening, bushy eyebrows, and that Herculean strength which may enable him to execute his own sentences upon the obverses of the boys; the lady boarding-school keeper a concentration of vinegar, verjuice, and deadly nightshade, with a figure like those which flourish in low valentines, and a breast devoid of the slightest tincture of the milk of human kindness. The pupils of both must regularly detest them as a matter of course. Parents and guardians are the unsuspecting victims of a hollow system, in which there is no more true instruction than there is humanity. I cannot, on any ground, see how the public is to be amused by characters thus formed in a set of old moulds, which never were very good at the first, and have at length become wearisome as an Art-Lottery engraving. I propose telling the truth as a variety which, *ceteris paribus*, must be more entertaining. As to the class of people who keep boarding-schools, every one knows there are many who, so far from being fiends in human shape, are worthy people, performing a duty of great irksomeness and responsibility with zeal and self-denial, often with very inadequate remuneration, and seldom with a return of kind consideration approaching that which they had bestowed on their pupils. Suppose we were to have painted to us, by way of change, a real boarding-school keeper of the male sex, dressed like other people, and rather attentive to, and popular, amongst, the boys. Would it not be something at once fresh and refreshing? There might be plenty of innocent whimsicalities about him, to give him a relish—for such will be found the order of nature. Or let us for once have a fine, bouncing, clever, good-looking, and genial woman, in charge of a finishing school. We know such in life—why should they not be in novels? Anyhow, let us at least be done with the stereotyped pedants and viragoes, those dreary monstrosities, which never had an existence,

except in fancy, and whom one sees coming on in the advancing pages as you see a bore entering your avenue, or hear him sending his name up stairs.

Certain persons are not only always of certain characters in novels, but they are always represented as in a certain fixed congeries of circumstances. Every young author comes to London with a tragedy in his pocket, and finds the booksellers tipping him the cold shoulder. Now, in the world of fact, many young authors do not venture on a tragedy, and no inconsiderable number get work from publishers as soon as they are fit for it, if not before. In novels, an author is always a shabby-looking person, of excessive volubility, living in a garret. In fact there are many authors who live in handsome houses, and treat their friends to champagne suppers. In novels, they are always getting into wretchedness, because literary merit finds no sort of consideration. In fact we hear occasionally of a successful novelist, whose income for several years has exceeded that of the English prime-minister, or the American president, though somehow he has nevertheless been obliged, by the usual fate of genius, to seek the protection of the court. Would it not be a capital novelty to give us a well-paid, well-dressed author, whom one could scarcely distinguish from a man of high birth and large fortune, even in the particular of his 'difficulties?' Let us have an author who has not written a tragedy. Let us have an author who, in respect of booksellers, is the drainer instead of the drainee. The freshness of such a character in fiction would make any book sell. Or give us his ancient co-relative in the new aspect of an honest man, who scarcely can keep his own amidst the clamours of a set of insatiable *littérateurs*, and we will give three to one on the success of the delineation. As another instance—a governess in fiction is always a hold-down woman of excessive modesty and merit—an unhappy creature, solitary amidst society, and never asked to drink wine. There are in the real world governesses who are exceedingly well treated; some who even take a lead in family matters; not a few who are respected only on account of their insufferable *exigence* and forwardness; and a vast number who are simply women of good sense, solicitous to perform their duty in the first place, and only to think of little matters of personal comfort in the second. Now let us have for once in fiction a sensible, well-used governess. Let us have a real flesh-and-blood governess of this world, and not the faultless monster in a continual worry because she is not danced with. Everybody must feel how delightfully new such a character would be to the world of the circulating library, and what a chance she would have in comparison with her ideal congener.

Dealers in fiction might also revolve the propriety of taking somewhat more truthful views of the merits of various sections of society. Suppose that some one were to treat the world one day to a tale in which rich people and people of rank were to be allowed some small sparing investment of the common virtues of humanity. In actual life they have, as a class, their full share of such merits. It cannot be for nothing that the wearers of good clothes, and the possessors of stock in the funds or elsewhere, are called respectable people. Why should we not, then, have a few characters of the upper class in novels whom one could regard without a *cringe* choice between ridicule and execration? A lord who was not a fool, or a *roué*, or an oppressor of his tenants, would be a charming novelty in fiction. It might be worth to give full allowance of worth and good sense to the people of the Red Book all at once, for

perhaps here the public mind has got something of a twist; but a spice of decent intellect and good-meaning might be given by way of a first experiment, and perhaps in time it might be possible to represent wealth as not necessarily connected with heartlessness and imbecility. There might be a corresponding procedure with respect to the lower class of characters. We are tired of concentrations of all that is bright and beautiful in persons who might be expected, from their circumstances, to be no better than they should be. Robbers, with wonderful impulses towards angelic excellence, are decidedly palling on the popular taste. Let us have figures from humble life with something like that mixture of good and evil about them which we find in the actual world. Depend upon it it would take.

At the first consideration of this proposed reform, it may be feared that actual nature will prove a tamer and duller thing than the Birmingham nature so long resorted to by the dealers in fiction. Some will be ready to say, 'All very well to speak of truth; but truth is stupid: truth is for science, not for art.' I beg their pardon; but I must entirely dissent from any such view of the matter. I find in real life an endless variety of strange characters and eccentricities, any one of which would make better stuff for the novelists than any of the shams which they have inherited from the tradition of their craft. I have already pointed out how superior certain real sequences of events would be over the hackneyed groupings which the fictionist keeps in stereotyped beside him. I feel perfectly clear in saying that I should enjoy in fiction, as I have often done in reality, the spectacle of a boarding-school where there was no stint of bread and butter. What I chiefly plead for, however, is the novelty. It would be like a new world opened up to the pursuit of the naturalist. Even with inferior writing this would tell immensely with fair talent in the artist, nothing could stand against it. I believe at least that truth might stand out for a good many years, perhaps the whole of our own time. If it then began to fail in its effect, it would be for posterity to devise something as good.

QUETELET ON THE LAWS OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM.

GREATER attention has perhaps been paid to social questions during the present year than at any recent period. Civil perturbations naturally produce, with other effects, a disposition to devise rules for their governance, or remedies against their recurrence. There will of course be great differences in the character of the remedial measures proposed; still it is always best to look boldly at the evils with which humanity is afflicted, and in this regard honest endeavours to systematise social aberrations, to explain their laws, may find acceptance.

Among the writers who have occupied themselves with this subject, M. Quetelet of Brussels is already favourably known to many readers by his treatise on 'Man,' and the development of his faculties, published about twelve years since. This was followed in 1846 by 'Letters on the Theory of Probabilities applied to Moral and Political Science;' and now, as the complement of these, we have the work whose title is given in the note below.* In the 'Letters,' &c. was originated the law of accidental causes; and this law is shown to be reducible to calculation in common with physical or mechanical laws. Many effects which appear to be accidental, cease to be so when the observations are extended over a large number of facts; and, as the author remarks, 'the liberty of choice (free will), whose results are so capricious when individuals only are observed, leaves no sensible traces of its action when applied to multitudes.' Hence the important law is deduced, 'that

* Du Système Social, et des Lois qui l'assègent. Par A. Quetelet. Paris: Guillaumin et Co. 1842.

social facts, influenced by liberty of choice, proceed with even more regularity than facts submitted simply to the action of physical causes.' Although the tracing out involves certain difficulties, yet analogies are to be found between moral and mechanical laws; and on these various considerations it is urged that 'henceforth moral statistics ought to take its place among the sciences of observation.' It will thus be seen that the aim of the work before us is something beyond mere political economy: it is to develop the laws of equilibrium and movement, and especially the preservative principles existing between different parts of the social system. Man is brought before us in his individual character; in his relations to the nation to which he belongs; and last, the ties which, uniting nations, constitute humanity.

The law of accidental causes is not one of mere hypothesis, it may be proved by physical facts; for instance, the height of the human frame. By aggregating the heights of the population of a country, a mean is obtained which gives the standard, and the departures or variations from this mean range symmetrically above and below it; 'as if,' observes M. Quetelet, 'nature had a type proper to a country, and to the circumstances in which it is placed.' Deviations from this type would be the product of causes purely accidental, which act either *plus* or *minus* with the same intensity.'

The groups on either side of the average are the more numerous the more they approach to or resemble the mean; and the more widely they deviate, so do they terminate in rarities, as giants and dwarfs. Every portion of the scale, however, has its value; 'there exists between them a mysterious tie, which so operates that each individual may be considered as the necessary part of a whole, which escapes us physically only to be seized by the eye of science.' The same law applies also to the growth of the body, which would be more regular were nature less interfered with; there is, besides, a standard weight, and a relation between a man's height and the rate of his pulse: taking the mean for males at seventy, we have a datum on which to base other calculations. The author regrets that we have no 'careful continuous observations on workmen whose labour presents a certain periodicity in the exercise of the limbs; on blacksmiths, for example, sawyers, shoemakers, tailors: they might lead to interesting results.' With regard to growth, he continues: 'at the instant of man's entrance into life, his height is fixed by nature; the variations remarked are purely accidental; and when grouped by order of altitudes, they equally obey a law. Such is the harmony with which all has been combined, that the anomalies even exist only in appearance, and they march with the same regularity as the laws whose movement they disguise.' The mean height in Belgium for the male is 1'684 metres, and for the female 1'579 metres.

M. Quetelet suggests, as a means of obtaining valuable and interesting data on many moral and physical questions, that a record should be kept in every family of all the events or circumstances that brought pleasure or grief to the household, that opened a new line of thought, started a new subject of inquiry, as well as periodical entries of the growth in height, weight, &c. of each member of the family. And he gives us an intimation that this course is pursued by Prince Albert, to whom his book is dedicated. With regard to the progressive development of the human being from birth to maturity, the author hopes at some future day to publish his researches, which will doubtless be valuable in an artistic point of view. Complex and difficult as the subject may appear, it is much simplified by the chief result: 'Man's proportions are so fixed, at whatever age we consider him, that the having observed a small number of individuals, is sufficient to give the type in the mean. There is, besides, really less difference of development than would at first be supposed; uniformity is more prevalent than our appreciation of objects would lead us to conclude. In my early investigations,

pursues M. Quetelet, 'on the proportions of the human body, I measured thirty men of the age of twenty; I distributed them afterwards into three groups of ten men each. In this separation I regarded one condition only—that of having the same mean height for each group, so as to render the other results more easily comparable, without the trouble of reducing by calculation. Thus the mean height was the same for the first, second, and third group; but what was my astonishment to find that the man selected as the mean, representing each one of my three groups, was not only the same in height, but also for each part of the body! The likeness was such, that a single person, measured three times in succession, would have presented more sensible differences in the measures than those which I found between my three means.'

The conclusions to be drawn from these physical phenomena are all intended to bear on the great moral view of the subject. M. Quetelet shows that many of the erroneous opinions to which writers on social questions have come, have originated in their regarding man in the individual rather than in the mass; that which defies calculation in the one case is easily established in the other. Moral are distinguished from physical phenomena by the intervention of man's free choice, and the exercise of this prerogative is found rather to restrict than to disturb the limits of deviation. Marriage is adduced as affording the best example of the direct interference of free choice; generally speaking, it is entered on with great circumspection. Yet, during the past twenty years, the number of marriages in Belgium, regard being had to the increase of population, has remained annually the same. Not only has the number proved constant in the towns and the country, but also as respects marriages between young men and young women, young men and widows, widowers and young women, and widowers and widows. The same fact holds, too, with regard to the ages at which marriage is contracted; and the great discrepancies sometimes observed in ill-assorted unions, are neither to be considered as fatalities nor mere effects of blind passion: like giants and dwarfs in respect of growth, they constitute the remotest deviations in the law of accidental causes. The same result also obtains in other human actions as well as that of marriage; there is a certain regularity in crime, in suicides, in mutilations to avoid military service, in the sum annually staked on the gaming-tables of Paris, and even in the unsealed, undirected, and illegibly-addressed letters deposited yearly in the post-office. 'With such an assemblage of facts before us,' asks the author, 'must man's free choice be denied? Truly I think not. I conceive only that the effect of this free choice is restrained within very narrow limits, and plays among social phenomena the part of an accidental cause. It therefore ensues, that making abstraction of individuals, and considering circumstances only in a general manner, the effects of all accidental causes ought to neutralise and destroy themselves mutually, so as to leave predominant only the true causes in virtue of which society exists and maintains itself. The Supreme Being has wisely imposed limits to our moral faculties as to our physical faculties: man has no power over the eternal laws. The possibility of establishing moral statistics, and deducing useful consequences therefrom, depends entirely on this fundamental fact, that man's free choice disappears, and remains without sensible effect, when the observations extend over a great number of individuals.' In predicating, however, on the number of marriages to take place in any given year, it is important to distinguish between the *apparent* and *real tendency* to the conjugal state. These may exhibit great differences. 'Thus one man may have all his life a real tendency for marriage without ever marrying; while another, from fortuitous circumstances, may marry without experiencing any inclination for wedded life.' It is possible to represent these tendencies by curved lines, which, for males, commencing at the age of 20,

and ending at 80, shows the maximum to be between 35 and 40. For females, the curve terminates ten years earlier, and reaches its highest point in the years from 25 to 30. The distinction between the apparent and real is essential; for although we are able to establish a law for the mass, we can prove nothing beforehand of the individual.

The same real and apparent tendency or inclination exists also with regard to crime, and nearly all other moral actions; for it is clear that a person may have a great inclination for crime without once committing it; another may abhor crime, and yet become culpable. 'It is thus possible,' says M. Quetelet, 'to state, from continued observations, the relative degrees of energy which lead men to execute certain facts. Thus, if I see a million men of 25 or 30 years produce twice as many murders as a million of 40 to 45 years of age, I should be disposed to believe that the inclination to murder among the former has twice the energy of what prevails among the latter. . . . It is important, therefore, to have a number of observations sufficient to eliminate the effects of all the fortuitous causes from which differences may be established between the real and apparent inclination to be determined. . . . So long as the march of justice and that of repression remain the same, which can scarcely be possible, except in one and the same country, constant relations are established between these three facts:—1st, Crimes committed; 2d, Crimes committed and denounced; 3d, Crimes committed, denounced, and brought before the tribunals.' An investigation of criminal tables has shown 'that the law of development of the tendency to crime is the same for France, Belgium, England, and the grand-duchy of Baden, the only countries whose observations are correctly known. The tendency to crime towards the adult age increases with considerable rapidity; it reaches a maximum, and decreases afterwards until the last limits of life. This law appears to be constant, and undergoes no modification but in the extent and period of the maximum. In France, for crimes in general, the maximum appears about the 24th year, in Belgium, it arrives two years later; in England and the grand-duchy of Baden, on the contrary, it is observed earlier. . . . Considering the circumstances,' pursues the writer, 'under this point of view, we shall be able to form an opinion of the high mission of the legislator, who holds to a certain extent the budget of crimes in his hands, and who can diminish or augment their number by measures combined with more or less of prudence.'

With regard to the theoretical mean, M. Quetelet affirms that 'man, in respect to his moral faculties, as with his physical faculties, is subject to greater or lesser deviations from a mean state; and the oscillations which he undergoes around this mean, follow the general law which regulates all the fluctuations that a series of phenomena can experience under the influence of accidental causes. . . . Free choice, far from opposing any obstacle to the regular production of social phenomena, on the contrary favours them. A people who should be formed only of sages, would annually offer the most constant return of the same facts. This may explain what would at first appear a paradox—namely, that social phenomena, influenced by man's free choice, proceed from year to year with more regularity than phenomena purely influenced by material and fortuitous causes.'

In treating on intellectual qualities, the author observes—'Two things at first are to be distinguished in our intellectual faculties: what we owe to nature, and what we derive from study. These two results are very different; when found united, and carried to a high degree of perfection in the same individual, they produce marvels; when they present themselves isolated, they bring forth nothing but mediocrity. A student of the present day, on leaving school, knows more than Archimedes, but will he make science advance a single step? On the other hand, there exists more than one Archimedes on the surface of the globe,

without a chance of making his genius public, because he lacks the science.' 'If, we read in another place, 'phrenology should one day realise its promises, we should have the means of directly measuring man's intellectual organisation; we should possess as a consequence the elements by which to solve an extremely complex problem; we should know what each individual owes to nature, and what to science; we should even be able to establish numerically the values of these two portions of his intelligence; but as yet, we are far from perceiving the possibility of such a result. . . . One of the most curious studies that could be proposed in relation to man concerns the progressive development of his different intellectual qualities: it would be a question to recognise those which first manifest themselves, to verify the period when they attain their maximum of energy, and to appreciate the relative degrees of their development at different epochs of life.'

In the chapters on human societies, M. Quetelet traces cycles of duration for nations as for other departments of nature. Thus the Assyrian Empire lasted 1580 years; the Egyptian, 1663 years; the Jewish nation, 1522 years; Greece, 1410 years; the Roman Empire, 1129 years; giving an average of 1461 years, remarkable as corresponding exactly with the *Sothus* period, or canicular cycle of the Egyptians, with which was comprehended the existence of the phœnix. This result would appear referable to the action of a law, of which, however, too little is known to predicate on events yet to transpire in the future.

The law of accidental causes admits of application to derangements of the mental faculties. 'Moral maladies,' we read, 'are like physical maladies: some of them are contagious, some are epidemic, and others are hereditary. Vice is transmitted in certain families, as scrofula or phthisis. Great part of the crimes which afflict a country originate in certain families, who would require particular surveillance— isolation similar to that imposed on patients supposed to carry about them germs of pestilence.'

The question is examined, Whether the indefinite contraction of the limits between which men can vary is a benefit? 'Absolute equality, if it could be realised, would lead society back to its point of departure, and if it became durable, would plunge it into the most complete atony: variety and movement would be annihilated; the picturesque would be effaced from the surface of the globe; arts and sciences would cease to be cultivated; that which does most honour to human genius would be abandoned; and as no one would wish to obey another man, great enterprises would become impossible.' To complete the argument, it is shown that the means and the limits vary only in proportion to science.

Besides the points we have noticed, the work under consideration contains many valuable inquiries and suggestions. In the chapter on the intellectual faculties, for example, we find views on literary, artistic, and scientific productions—influence of age upon the development of dramatic talent—excess of labour—on emigration—the influence of the healing art on the social system—demoralisation and pauperism—antagonism of nations; and in the concluding section 'on humanity,' the department of æsthetics presents itself to the discussion: these questions are treated with the author's well-known ability. His work must be taken as a valuable contribution to moral science, to the cause of justice, law, and order. Whatever differences of opinion may be entertained, it is impossible not to be impressed by M. Quetelet's earnestness: he would have nations as wise and trustful as is sometimes the case with individuals. 'The two extreme states,' he observes, 'individuality and humanity, are not the result of human combinations; they are determined by the Supreme Being, who has established laws of dependence between them. Philosophy has busied itself with investigating its nature, and in recognising what each one owes to himself, and the duties which he is bound

to fulfil towards others. . . . It is by such laws that Divine wisdom has equilibrated all in the moral and intellectual world: but what hand will raise the thick veil thrown over the mysteries of our social system, and over the eternal principles which regulate its destinies and assure its preservation? Who will be the other Newton to expound the laws of this other celestial mechanism?'

THE WARREN.

SOME years ago I received an invitation from a lady, whom I shall call Mrs Estcourt, to accompany her to the quiet and picturesque bathing-place of W—; an invitation which was doubly pleasing to me, not only because I had a great regard for Mrs Estcourt, but because, within five miles of W—, there resided a family with whom I had formerly passed many happy weeks, and whose long-tryed friendship made this prospect of being so near them most delightful. Mrs Estcourt had been a widow about five years; and at the period of which I speak she was little more than thirty. At an early age she had been married to a man considerably her senior, yet her marriage had been a most happy one; and although she was not disconsolate on her husband's death, she truly mourned his loss. Smiles, betokening perfect contentment, at length denoted that the widow's grief was over, when I accompanied her to W—. She was very beautiful in person, and fascinating in manner. Perhaps strangers might think her a little too merry-hearted, considering her position; but I, who well knew her innate goodness and sound sense, thought her clear pleasant laugh the most exhilarating sound in the world. She had already received more than one offer of marriage during her widowhood; nor is this surprising, considering her attractions, not to mention the fact, that her late husband had left her one thousand pounds a year. But Mrs Estcourt turned a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charmed he ever so wisely; and in the full enjoyment of her hobby—for she had one, and that a singular one perhaps for a lady—her days flowed peacefully on; and it was partly for the further indulgence of this hobby that she selected W— as the place of sojourn for the summer, it being a favourite resort of the conchologist and mineralogist.

Mrs Estcourt had studied conchology enthusiastically for some years, and she had a very pretty collection of shells. An indefatigable shell-gatherer she proved at W—; and on my mentioning that the son of those old friends, whose residence was within a few miles, was learned in like lore, and had an excellent museum of natural curiosities, she became eager for an introduction, and speedily drove me over to the Warren in her low pony phaeton. After traversing dreary hills and waste tracts of land, while listening to the sullen booming of the ocean, it was cheering to arrive at this low, rambling, but substantial dwelling, inhabited by Mr and Mrs Bovell, and their son Mr Matthew. The traveller had need to arrive at an early hour of the evening, for soon after the curfew bell tolled, all the lights in the mansion were extinguished, and the family retired to rest; while long before daylight in winter, and with sunrise in summer, were the household again astir. This consisted of farm and household domestics; the husbandmen strictly fulfilling their appointed duties, according to the most approved rules and regulations of past centuries, no newfangled systems being listened to or tolerated by Mr Bovell; while the maidens assembled round their industrious mistress, with spinning-wheels, or other thrifty employments, each day after the morning bustle and the noon meal was over. At this meal the master, mistress, their son, and all the servants, out-door and in, dined at the same table, the only distinction being, that a lower place was occupied by the subordinates. Nor was this usage ever deviated from or omitted, let who might be the guest. In a capacious hall, with low rafters, and wainscoting black from age,

the table was daily spread for dinner, at an hour when some of us, calling ourselves busy folks too, are sitting down to breakfast. There was a yawning chimney in this old hall, with cosy nooks beside it; and, protected by a folding-screen, Mrs Bovell's own little tea-table stood enconced here each afternoon. But when any lady visitor came to the Warren, there was a fire lit in the parlour, whose bay window looked on the gay flower garden. In this room, fitted up with snowy dimity, bound with green silken fringe, and decorated with antique engravings, the subjects taken from passages in the Sacred Writings, it was very pleasant to drink tea at three o'clock; when the cream and the butter, the home-made bread, hot and cold, plumcake and preserves, and last, though not least, the finest Hyson, brewed in the quaintest of teapots—fligreed and profusely ornamented was this silver heirloom—rendered that meal, after a long walk or a windy ride, singularly novel and refreshing.

The tea-table was presided over by the kindest and dearest of busy, cheerful, talkative old ladies, in the person of Dame Bovell, attired in brocade and ruffles, high-heeled shoes, and a coiffure with powdered roll surmounting her high forehead. Then in marched Squire Bovell, clad in russet gray of ample cut, with ponderous silver buckles in his shoes, and a well-curled wig on his fine old pate. He, indeed, professed to declaim against tea; nevertheless, two or three tiny china cups (for the best blue and gold was always used in the parlour) had to be replenished one after another, as the contents disappeared in his hands; but it was to keep 'Son Matthew' company, said the squire, for Matthew was an inveterate tea-drinker—twelve and fourteen of these fairy bowls full being his 'parlour allowance.'

Mr Matthew Bovell was an only child, and at the time alluded to, a bachelor of forty years of age. He took some part in the farming operations with which the yeoman squire amused himself; for farming was rather an amusement to Squire Bovell than pursued as a mode of gaining his livelihood; for the lands were hereditary, and he was reputed wealthy. But Mr Matthew was not an idle man, even in his leisure hours, of which he had many—they being principally passed in explorations for miles around the adjacent country, bearing in hand a basket and hammer, with which latter implement he demolished innumerable flints, and dug into chalk-beds. In short, he was a geologist, adding to this the study of conchology and antiquarian lore in general; and it was his wont to exhibit, as the pride of his museum, a large flint, hollowed in the centre, which he had found and broken. Mysterious hints he threw out concerning the existence of a toad, whose home, for unimaginable ages, had been within its flinty bosom, until liberated by him. A collector of shells and minerals also was Mr Matthew; through summer heat and winter cold he wended his way over the hills, and across the downs, home by a circuitous route, laden with trophies and natural curiosities.

With a clumsy exterior and heavy countenance he combined a cold sarcastic manner, which did not tend to render him popular with the fair sex; he was, indeed, vilified as a regular woman-hater, though his supreme indifference was perhaps even more unbearable than downright contumely: there were rumours afloat that in early life he had been unworthily treated by a fair but fickle damsel, and hence his antipathy to the whole race of young ladies. He was an affectionate, dutiful son, and beneath a repelling exterior concealed as kindly and generous a heart as ever beat in human bosom; and in the midst of many cynical tirades, a merry word from his beloved mother brought forth a smile which lit up his clouded countenance, and astonished the beholder; for the smile was very sweet, and utterly changed his whole aspect, displaying at the same time a rare set of the whitest ivory teeth: few and far between were these smiles, and none save his mother had hitherto owned the power of conjuring them up. Therefore, when Mrs Estcourt became a

constant visitor at the Warren, and evidently delighted in all its antiquated yet novel customs, and Mr Matthew became her constant companion in explorations and shell-gatherings, 'wonders never will cease,' thought I; but when she actually approached the stern Mr Matthew with badinage, and playfully gave herself pretended airs, commanding him *here*, and ordering him *there*, and the white teeth and the sweet smile were visible in consequence, his mother, who had more than once noted these proceedings, was silent from amazement! She taxed him with having 'rubbish' in his museum, and he bore *that* very well, and asked her to help him in rearranging it; she called him a 'dirty old bachelor,' for not suffering the accumulated cobwebs to be cleared away from its walls and ceiling, and mops and brooms were in requisition by his orders next day; she dined at eleven, and drank tea at three; span with Dame Bovell—it was long ere she was clever at the spinning-wheel—and was a perfect pet and darling of the hearty old squire.

But suddenly there was a change in the pleasant aspect of affairs: Mr Matthew became reserved, and absented himself from the Warren when Mrs Estcourt was there; and when obliged to be in her society, his sarcasm and coldness of demeanour towards her more than once brought tears into her beautiful eyes, though no individual but myself witnessed this betrayal of wounded feeling. I made my own scroet comments on the circumstance; and when Mrs Estcourt called Mr Matthew 'a bear,' and exclaimed that 'she hated him,' I had strong doubts that she did not adhere to truth; nor did my doubts rest here, for I also opined that the liking between this pair of opposites was mutual. I knew enough of Matthew Bovell's character to be quite sure that Mrs Estcourt's possession of one thousand a year (a fact which he had only latterly been acquainted with) would entirely preclude his approach in the guise of a suitor, even were such a fact as Mr Matthew 'going a-wooing' within the bounds of credibility. 'For,' said I, 'he considers mercenary motives so unworthy and dishonourable, that sooner than lay himself open to the bare suspicion of being actuated by such, he would sacrifice any hopes, however dear to him.'

'Do you *really* think this is the case?' said Mrs Estcourt musingly; 'and do you *really* think he cares for me in the least?'

It is unnecessary to give my answer here, or the conversation which ensued, ending with much laughing on both sides, and a wager between us of six dozen pair of the finest French kid gloves, depending on the solution of an enigma which we read in different ways. A few days after, we separated, Mrs Estcourt being suddenly called away to attend the sick-bed of a dear and aged relative, and I to take up my temporary abode at the Warren, whither I had been kindly invited. Mr Matthew was more taciturn than ever, more energetic in his geological discoveries, and even Dame Bovell's winsome cheery ways failing to bring the much-wished-for smile: the squire lamented the loss of his merry favourite; and I was waiting for what I considered a good opportunity, in order to test the strength of my cause, on which depended the weighty bet of the French gloves. I had been a guest at the Warren for a week, and I had heard from Lucy Estcourt of her relative's death—one who had been entirely dependent on her bounty for support; when, for the first time since my arrival, Mr Matthew took his place by the chimney-corner at his mother's tea-table, behind the comfortable folding-screen. 'I have had a letter from your ally and friend, Mr Matthew,' said I: 'you do not even ask after her.'

'Pray to whom may you allude?' answered he, red- dening a little I thought: 'friends are not so plentiful in this world that we need forget them.'

'I speak of Mrs Estcourt: she used to be such a favourite of yours; and now you appear to forget her entirely.'

'I am sure, my dear, none of us forget her,' broke in the worthy dame; 'for she is the kindest, prettiest,

merriest little soul that ever brought sunshine to the old Warren. I only do hope that no needy adventurer will impose on her goodness, and marry her for the sake of her fortune.'

'That is impossible,' returned I; 'as, in the event of her marrying a second time, she loses the whole of her jointure; and whoever takes her to wife receives a penniless bride.'

Mr Matthew was in the act of carrying a cup of tea to his lips as I distinctly pronounced these words: he gave a start; there was a sudden smash; and Dame Bovell exclaimed, 'Goodness a' mercy on me, Son Mat., what is the matter? It is a blessed thing that we are not in the parlour, or one of the blue and gold would have gone instead of this Wedgwood white and red.'

And as the old lady stooped to gather the fragments with my assistance, 'Son Matthew' darted from the hall, saying in a whisper to me as he passed, 'Do walk in the flower garden presently: I wish to speak a few words to you.'

The squire, who had been toiling through a county paper, spectacles on nose, looked up on hearing the commotion, with a loud 'Whew! It is twenty years ago since I saw Mat. so skittish; and that was when fair Emma Norden jilted him. What is in the wind now?'

But although I might have said that it was a gentle southern breeze, bringing sweet hopes, thoughts, and wishes in its train, I held my peace; for explanation was premature, even had I had any to offer: assurance, and my own private convictions, must be made doubly sure ere I ventured to claim my wager from Lucy Estcourt.

Any one who had seen Mr Matthew and myself stunter round that quiet garden, until the evening dews began to fall, busily conversing, and deeply engrossed with our conversation, might perchance have suspected that I was the courted, and *he* the wooer, despite my green spots and rotund proportions. I could scarce help smiling at seeing the cold sarcastic Mr Matthew transformed into a timid, almost despairing lover, for it is said that timidity ever goes hand in hand with true love.

'How dared he presume to think of her, so beautiful and superior a creature in all respects! What had *he* to offer in exchange for *her* priceless hand? He could not even make amends, in a pecuniary point of view, for the fortune she must lose in the event of her marrying again. Besides, *he* was such a stupid, awkward fellow; and yet he loved her—oh! so dearly; and she was so kind and good, did I think he might venture to address *her*? She could but refuse him.'

Very guardedly I hunted, in answer to these disjointed exclamations, that it was just probable he would *not* be rejected; on hearing which, the sedate Mr Matthew seized my hand, and carried it to his lips, appearing transported to the seventh heaven. That night, ere I retired to rest, I wrote the following billet to my friend—

'DEAR LUCY—As the Smiths are now in Paris, you had better commission them to bring over the six dozen gloves; as I claim my wager, and prefer genuine articles.—Yours, &c.'

The bridegroom-elect was curious to know what our wager was about; but as I thought the knowledge might render him presumptuous, I declined answering any questions; however, the secret was speedily won from Lucy herself, and was no less than this:—Mrs Estcourt had continued to express her conviction that Mr Matthew 'did not care for her: she was too light and frivolous to please him: he evidently disliked and avoided her.' I, on the contrary, insisted that such was not the case; and pointed out to her that it was only since he had learned how wealthy she was in comparison to him that the change observable had arisen. She then gave me full permission to reveal the truth of her situation, which was only known to her intimate friends, laughingly declaring that she would risk the afore-named

wager, and cheerfully pay it a thousand times over, if I succeeded in proving that she was loved for herself alone. 'Not that I think for one moment,' added she gravely, 'that Matthew Bovell would value my hand an iota more could it confer *ten* thousand a year on him, instead of *one*; but that I think *with* or *without* money—he is so superior to me, indeed to all mankind—he would scarcely make choice of one so unworthy as myself for his helpmate.'

When I heard her speak in this way, I became assured that their union must tend to their mutual happiness; nor have I erred in judgment; for they are, and ever have been, the happiest couple in the world!

Many and many times I heard the exclamation, on Mrs Estcourt's approaching second marriage, of 'Well, wonders never cease; but there is no accounting for taste, certainly.' And I must confess that I had sometimes marvelled at her choice. But how sweet were the tears of respect and gratitude which she shed as a tribute to the memory of her first husband—the firm friend who had so earnestly desired to secure her future happiness—when, on her marriage morning, the intelligence was conveyed in due form that she had *not* forfeited her jointure; the proviso having been made solely with the end in view, which she had attained—namely, 'gaining the disinterested love of an honest man!' And when I heard these words read, I almost felt ashamed of myself for having joined with the multitude in their unthinking exclamations.

This gay and pretty creature contentedly established herself at the old Warren, falling into all the out-of-the-world customs and habits of the antiquated owners: geologising with her husband, whose white teeth displayed themselves incessantly; reading news to the squire, who made 'a little fool of her.' Matthew fondly said; and spinning heartily with the dame, whose admiration and love for her daughter exceeded all bounds.

Squire Bovell and his worthy helpmate have long since departed, and newer fashions have usurped the place of the old ones at the Warren; for many young voices ring through the ancient chambers now, and many frolics are performed in the low raftered hall, the folding-screen serving as a charming refuge for 'hide-and-seek.' They are the most beautiful children I ever saw—full of health and joy; and Matthew says 'they are the best-dispositioned and cleverest to be found on earth.'

A new wing has been added to the mansion, so that Lucy has a pleasant drawing-room in addition to the 'lavendered' parlour, though in the former still the 'blue and gold' are used on 'high days and holidays.' There is also an airy suite of nursery apartments, and Matthew seems to like them better than his 'sanctum' itself.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Corns.—That a corn has roots. The common idea, I take it to be, is, that a corn grows from its roots as a tree does, and therefore it is necessary to extirpate the roots before a cure can be accomplished. The advertisements of corn-cutters are often a good deal amusing. I saw one the other day in a Manchester paper, which took a different view from that commonly adopted. The advertiser began by stating that corns had no roots, but he went on (by inadvertence, I suppose) to add that there were no such things as corns, and concluded by a list of charges for removing them. When a part is a good deal exposed to pressure, the cuticle becomes hardened, just as it will at the ends of the fingers in those who play on the violin; besides this, the papillæ of the subjacent true skin become enlarged, and give the appearance of roots when a section of a corn is made. This is all the mystery. So that, let us cut as deep as we will, if we continue to wear tight boots and shoes, the corns will speedily reappear. The kind of shoes which ladies are in the habit of wearing,

which merely cover the tops, and therefore make all the pressure bear on that part, are exceedingly objectionable, especially where the shoes are pointed, and the leather strong.

Hydrophobia.—The notion that hydrophobic patients bite those around them, and thus communicate the disease, is a popular error which I should think scarcely needs contradiction. However, it seems that the idea appeared worthy of contradiction many years ago. In the second volume of a work which Desault published—'Sur la Pierre des Reins, et de la Vessie'—in 1736, he treats of the hydrophobia, and alludes to this notion with the ridicule which it deserves.*

In respect to hydrophobia, there also is, or was, an opinion that patients suffering from the complaint are smothered by the attendants. I should think such an idea could now only exist amongst the unreflecting, not to say ignorant; yet it appears that a practice almost amounting to this was actually recommended and adopted by Van Leeuwenhoek. 'He kept his patients under water until the psalm "Miserere" (the 51st, containing nineteen verses) was sung; and in one case a poor girl was drowned.†

Drowning is only like another way of smothering, and this was certainly carrying too far the old adage of desperate remedies for desperate diseases. Whilst on the subject of hydrophobia, I may mention that the prevailing idea of its being peculiar, or even more frequent, in the summer season, is called in question by very high authority. The practice of muzzling dogs during what are called the 'dog-days' is common, I think, in most of our towns; but if we are to credit some of the writers on the subject, it is not more necessary then than at another time. The subject is too purely medical to be entered fully into on the present occasion. I may just state that M. Trollet,‡ who has written an interesting essay on Rabies, states that January, which is the coldest, and August, which is the hottest, month in the year, are the very months which furnish him fewest examples of the disease.

Loud Voice a Proof of Strong Lungs.—I have not unfrequently heard the loud cry of an infant considered as a subject of congratulation; 'for at least,' the mother would say, 'the dear thing has sound lungs.' Mothers are always kind and tender to their children, and one would be sorry to say anything calculated to destroy the smallest source of their comfort; but it is not merely in reference to infantile life that the observation is made. I have more than once heard it said by adults that they felt sure their lungs must be sound, on account of the clearness or loudness of their voices. It is true that disease of the lungs may, and does frequently, impair the vocal powers, but it is by no means to be stated in this general manner that a loud voice is indicative of sound lungs.

Spontaneous Combustion.—We often hear people speak of spontaneous combustion in joke, but the question may sometimes arise, Are there, in reality, any cases of this kind? Are we to credit the accounts which are to be met with in books on the subject? There certainly are some very extraordinary instances on record, some of which I may very briefly mention. The singularity about the cases seems to be, that the unfortunate sufferer is said to be consumed literally to ashes, without the furniture about him appearing to be more than just scorched. It is stated in the Transactions of the Copenhagen Society 'that a woman who had been for three years accustomed to take spirituous liquors to excess, and who took little nourishment, sat down one evening to sleep in her chair, and was found consumed in the morning, so that no part of her was found except the skull and the extreme joints of her fingers; all the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.‡ One case is related of a Madame de Boiseon, who was found by her

* Hamilton: Hist. of Med., p. 257, vol. ii.

† Hilliscron, p. 796, op. cit.

‡ See Watson, p. 509, vol. i. op. cit.

§ Beck's Medical Jurisprudence, p. 525.

maid on fire one day after she had left her for a few moments. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it only seemed to make the fire rage more and more. Finally, she was burnt to a skeleton in her chair, which, by the by, was only a little scorched. These cases, I think, will suffice; many more might be adduced, but they all seem to be of the same kind. I think it would require very good evidence to make one credit them.

That combustion of the human body can arise spontaneously, as the term implies, does not, I think, find many partisans at the present time; but as in most of the cases recorded there seems reason to believe that the patient was placed in circumstances in which he might catch fire from ordinary causes, the question further arises, Can there be a high combustibility of the body? On this point there is not time to enter fully, as so many subjects have to come before us. I may state, however, that many very respectable authorities admit it as possible that the body may be preternaturally combustible, amongst whom I may mention Dr Alfred Taylor of Guy's Hospital.

Milk.—Milk forms a very nutritious and digestible article of food, and on many occasions medical men have to recommend it as the best adapted for the exigencies of the case in point. There is an opinion, however, very common, which I imagine to be in a great measure erroneous, that milk produces phlegm, and is therefore very much to be avoided in all cases of coughs. I will not undertake to say that milk is always proper for invalids; but I must say that I regard this peculiar phlegm-producing quality of milk to be in a great measure a bugbear, which does not deserve a serious consideration. I can conceive it very possible that persons of a plethoric habit, who drink large quantities of malt liquor, may so gorge the lungs with blood, that an increased secretion of mucus (the so-called phlegm) may arise; but I think that such a result is very little likely to have its origin in a milk diet. Still people will affirm that milk does not agree with them, and I would not undertake to say that such is not the case. I only wish to state that the objection which is commonly made to milk in coughs does not seem to me to deserve credit.

Vaccination.—It is a common belief that there is a risk of introducing with the vaccine virus the disease, or even constitutional tendencies, of the infant from whom the virus is taken. On this account mothers are very particular that the matter be got from a good source, and some will even insist upon seeing the child themselves. If it were really the case that the vaccine virus communicated more than the cow-pox, it might be found a valuable means of communicating vigorous constitutional powers to sickly children, and would even be more valuable in this way than in its application as a preventive of small-pox. I cannot, however, for my part imagine that there is any such effect. At the time when the great Jenner was endeavouring to diffuse his views in respect to the vaccine inoculation, many objections were industriously brought forward, and amongst others, it was said that the diseases of the cow would be thus introduced into the human subject. This was a very parallel kind of reasoning.

Experiments.—People are very ready to suppose that experiments are tried on them by medical men. I have always assured those who express this fear that they give the profession credit for a deal more ingenuity than is possessed by it. I really do not believe the great bulk of medical men, if pressed on the subject, could offer new suggestions in every case, at least such as they dare try. Think how long active and intelligent men have been cudgelling their brains to find out new remedies; and what is there left for us to do? Then, again, if we abandon the legitimate road, we open ourselves to risks which are more likely to mar than make us. Be assured it is very seldom indeed that medical men make use of untried means on their patients, and that there is very little fear of being made the subject of ingenious philosophical experiments.

Disgusting Articles in Medicines.—Many persons, especially amongst the humbler classes, have an idea that articles of a disgusting nature, such as dead men's bones, are used in the composition of medicines. At the present day this is certainly not the case; but it would appear from the older writings that plans of treatment of a very repulsive and disagreeable nature were actually employed. Many of these were happily in the form of outward applications, or used as charms, but have no doubt given origin to the ideas which prevail on this subject. Borlase, in his book of 'Notable Things,' observes that 'a halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. Moss growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered, and taken as snuff, is no less efficacious.* I think, by the by, we might ask, Is it any more efficacious, for it certainly is not more pleasant? Turner—the Dr Samuel Turner who wrote on diseases of the skin, and who seemed rather fond of strange stories—notices a prevalent charm among old women for the shingles: the blood of a black cat, taken from a cat's tail, and smeared on the part affected.† 'The chips of a gallows put round the neck, and worn round the neck, is said to have also cured ague.'‡ Spiders, as may readily be supposed, were in great repute as remedies. Burton, the writer of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' was at first dubious as to the efficacy of the spider as a remedy, though he states that he had seen it used by his mother, 'whom he knew to have excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, and aches; till at length,' says he, 'rambling amongst authors, as I often do, I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, and repeated by Aldrovandus. I began then to have a better opinion of it.§ For stopping hemorrhages all sorts of disgusting things were used. That very amusing and valuable writer, John Bell, says 'they tied live toads behind the ears, or under the arm-pits, or to the soles of the feet, or held them in the hand till they grew warm. Some imagined,' he continues, 'that they operated by causing fear and horror, but all believed their effects to be very singular; and Michael Mercatus says that this effect of toads is a truth, which any person willing to take the trouble may satisfy himself of by a very simple experiment; for if you hang the toad round a cock's neck for a day or so, you may then cut off his head, and the neck will not bleed a single drop.¶ These particulars are sufficient to show that the old modes of treatment were not the most pleasant that can be conceived. No similar practices are, however, now employed; and the idea that all kinds of disgusting things enter into the composition of medicines is altogether without foundation. We have only, indeed, to consider how much easier and cheaper it is for those engaged in the practice of medicine to supply themselves with roots and salts than dead men's bones, the blood of black cats, and other horrible conceits.

Opening the Chest.—The phrase 'opening the chest' is very common, and exercise is recommended with this view. We have no objection in the world to good exercise, if it be only moderate and regular; but the opening of the chest is fortunately not accomplished by back-boards and dumb-bells. However, the phrase, though vague, is perhaps sufficiently understood, and not particularly coupled with any false practical views. Whilst on this subject, I may be allowed to state that the fashionable gymnastic exercises are, in my opinion, by no means the most desirable kind of exercise. They are mostly calculated to do harm, and are used at a time of life when great mischief may result from them. Of this mischief I cannot particularise in this place, farther than to state that many important surgical diseases arise from undue straining, and continue to affect the whole of after-life.

Mucous Membranes.—Whilst on the subject of these

* Pettigrew on Medical Superstitions, p. 64.

† Pettigrew, op. cit. 73.

‡ Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 245.

§ Bell's Surgery, vol. 1. p. 204.

¶ Op. cit. 83.

common expressions, I may just remark that there are some terms used which have really no meaning whatever, and cannot be connected with any definite ideas by those who use them. Sometimes we hear a friend say that 'he is dreadfully ill of the *nerves*;' and another will tell you he is sorry to say that his wife is ill, and the doctors have pronounced it to be the *mucous membranes*. These are of course instances of expressions being used after the manner of Mrs Malaprop, without any inquiry as to their signification.

Seven Years.—People conceive that there is a change every seven years in the constitution. That a change is continually going on there can be no doubt. We know that an infant grows to a full-sized man, and consequently there must be a change of particles—a removal of some, and a fresh deposition of others—else we should have a mere superimposition of parts, and the body of the infant would be contained in that of the adult. But as to the seven years: for my part I never could understand how people satisfied themselves that such changes were completed in exactly seven years. I have often been asked by my patients—'Doctor, do you think I shall ever get rid of this complaint? They say there is a change every seven years. I look forward for this time, for I have already been ill five.' The Roman Lustrum was, I think, a space of five years, the Greek Olympiad a space of four years, but the seven years is the favourite period chosen as the one which regulates the changes of the body in public opinion. Of course a period like this will bring about many changes, and one cannot but look forward to such a period with feelings of interest and anxiety; still there seems no good reason to select this as the prescribed limits for the operations of nature.

Amputation.—Persons are very curious, and it is very natural they should be, respecting surgical operations. I have often been asked what was the most painful part of an amputation; and before the answer could be well given, the quærist has declared his own conviction, that the act of sawing through the bone, or at any rate cutting through the marrow, must be the critical point. Now this does not appear to be by any means the case, and on thinking upon the subject, it seems to me that the idea arises simply from the word marrow being suggestive of great sensibility, and, as it were, the essence of all that is profound. But the marrow is merely the oily matter contained in the bones, and must in itself be devoid of sensation. In one application of the word it is true; it has reference to an important part, as in the expression 'spinal marrow'; but this use of the word, though sanctioned by medical men, is altogether incorrect, and arose in error. What is called the spinal marrow is not marrow at all, but a part of the nervous system, which is continuous with the brain.

In speaking of surgical operations, I may mention it as a common idea that surgeons were in the habit of adopting means of deadening pain before they undertook an operation. Before, however, the recent employment of ether and chloroform, nothing was used expressly for this purpose. The tourniquet, which is placed round the limb to compress the artery, and prevent loss of blood, was no doubt supposed to be principally to numb pain.

Scurvy.—If we take the trouble to look into a professed work on diseases of the skin, we find a great many diseases described in a great many hard names, and at first feel quite confounded in our attempts to apply these terms properly to the cases we see. However, the public have made a very easy matter of it. With the great mass of people, there is one name which they apply in every instance, and in every instance they apply it wrongly. This is scurvy. 'What a pity (you will hear it said) that Mr A.—— is so scorbutic!' 'And really Miss B.—— would be very well-looking, if it was not for that scorbutic eruption.' What is this eruption? you ask. 'Oh, that is only a little scurvy, which I have had many years.' 'Pray, doctor, can you give me anything for the scurvy?'

Now, properly, the scurvy is a disease almost confined to sailors, arising from the want of a supply of fresh vegetables. The symptoms of scurvy are entirely different from those which commonly go under this name in a popular sense. There is a soft, spongy, and bleeding state of the gums, and great debility of the body. There is, in reality, no proper eruption on the skin, but irregular blotches, like those produced by a bruise. This disease is not often seen except amongst sailors, and has no relation to the eruptions which we so often see in people's faces.

A VISIT TO THE WESTERN GHATS.

NOT even steam, that link which now so closely connects the dwellers in the far East with the progress and sympathies of their countrymen, has so much conduced to the improvement and comfort of India as the sanitary stations on the different ranges of hills which have of late years been obtained by the English, and which afford the possibility of renovating, in a pure mountain air, the health, strength, and energy that wither under a tropical sun. On the western side of India these 'mountains of refuge' are called the Mahabeshwar Ghats, and are near to, and indeed formerly made part of, the rajahship of Sattarah. During a recent residence in the Bombay presidency, I had the pleasure and benefit of making an excursion thither; and it has occurred to me that a sketch of this pilgrimage to the 'hill country' may not be unwelcome to some of the readers of these pages.

We left Bombay about the end of March, eager to escape the intense heat, already succeeding to the delicious temperature of the winter months; and crossing the harbour in a *bunder-boat*, proceeded up the Negônah River to the village of the same name. Servants had preceded us thither with 'provan,' as Captain Dalgetty would have called it; and we took up our abode for the night at the travellers' bungalow, a wretched substitute for the cosy inn or elegant hotel of Europe, being little better than a barn, and very scantily furnished. It was sunset when we arrived; we had therefore little opportunity of seeing the surrounding country and villages, as night in India speedily follows an almost imperceptible twilight. Having little to amuse us in the bungalow, we retired early to rest; a measure the more necessary, as we were to commence our journey next morning at four o'clock, in order to avoid travelling in the heat of the sun.

An hour before daybreak we were summoned to resume our travels. Let not the idea of such an unseasonable hour suggest visions of the chilly discomfort attending on it in our own country. Nothing could be more exquisite than the air and the scene when we issued from the bungalow. The breeze, though comparatively fresh, was balmy, and the purple sky resplendent with stars. Jupiter, the lord of the ascendant, cast a line of light on the river, and hung like a globe of lucid silver from the heavens. The carriages that were to convey us to Malir belonged to the post-office, and would have been tolerably comfortable vehicles, but for the height of the seats, which must have been intended for people at least six feet high. As there was a basket at the bottom of ours, well covered with palm-leaves, I took the liberty of using it as a stool, till at our first pause to change horses, one of the Parsees—who, by the by, had gained, from his excessive politeness, the sobriquet of Count D'Orsay—approached, and with a profound bow gently insinuated 'that it was not good for the Ma'am Sahib to sit with her feet in the butter!' As I found it was designed for our breakfast, I agreed in

the justice of his remark, and sat with my feet on empty space for the rest of the way. The road we traversed was wild and picturesque, bordered on each side by jungle, and affording in its windings constant glimpses of the blue hills in the distance: occasionally a herd of fairy-footed antelopes would bound across it, or the peacock, uttering a shrill scream, would retreat into his native woods; but no worse denizens of the brushwood made their appearance, being probably scared away by the horn our driver occasionally sounded. At last the Mahr River made its appearance; a broad, tranquil stream, reflecting the deep blue sky; and following its banks for a time, we at last reached the village. Here we breakfasted, dined, and remained, in short, till after sunset. We then drove to the foot of the Ghauts, but being detained longer than we anticipated, it was dark ere we commenced the ascent, which was to be made in palanquins. These were carried by four *hamals*, or bearers, four more running beside them to relieve them of their burden when weary; one, as it was now quite dark, carried a huge torch, on which he from time to time poured oil from a bottle he held in the other hand. The narrow path admitted but one palanquin in a line; we were therefore in a manner separated from each other, and alone with the bearers. The scene was really imposing: the gloom made the precipices on each side look deep and terrible, and such forms as one could distinguish in it took all kinds of fantastic shapes. The torch, smoking and flaring close beside the coffin-like conveyance, brought out in strong relief the sable *hamals'* well-oiled shining skins, and their rolling black eyes and glittering teeth, thus adding a perfect group to the foreground of the picture. Strange sounds, too, rose from the jungle: the hiss of the snakes; the cry of the jackal; the fainter, because more distant roar of other beasts of prey; and every time the bearers gained a height, they paused, and with shrill cries, thanked their monkey god for his aid, and for having given them only a 'light madar' to carry. The moon rose at last, and I could look down on the nests of jungle, and distinguish the clear outline of the hills: solemn and beautiful they looked, casting their awful shade on the home of the tiger and the bear; but I was now quite weary, and becoming too sleepy to observe more, awoke only when my bearers stayed their steps and my palanquin on the mountain summit which was to be our home.

Mahableshwur is situated on the highest point of the western Ghauts, and is a neat town, with a clean open bazaar, to which the money-changers, seated beside their banks (or white cloths), piled with all sorts of coin and currency, from moras to cowries—or small shells—give a picturesque and new feature. The bungalows of the English residents have gardens round them, and are generally very comfortable dwellings. The church is a small and very rustic edifice, having the bell hung in a large tree beside it. The society is cheerful, and the drives and rides on the mountain, though few, very attractive, from the scenery and delicious freshness of the air. Our own abode consisted of several scattered bungalows, with tents for the servants and gentlemen, for we were a large party; the drawing and dining-rooms were detached from the building called the Ladies' Bungalow, and we had sometimes to walk through a cloud on our way to dinner; but the house was well furnished, and nicely situated, commanding a fine view. We looked down on the first row of Ghauts, and a more singular scene can scarcely be conceived than the chaos of hill-tops beneath, all of extraordinary forms, and reflecting every shade of light and colour as the sun fell upon them. The mountain opposite our hill had been the scene of a horrid tragedy. In former times, the two mountains had been inhabited

by two rival chiefs, between whom a deadly feud existed. The disputes and fights between these Indian Montagues and Capulets were a continual source of annoyance to their neighbours, and the rajah of Sattarah and the English resident at last resolved on acting as mediators. Their peacemaking efforts were apparently successful; the chiefs consented to an interview; their grievances were to be mutually redressed, and they were to embrace as friends. The dweller on our hill (Bella Vista) was quite in earnest in these friendly demonstrations, but the Purtubghur man had meantime caused a pair of steel claws, exactly resembling those of a tiger, to be made, and fastened them to his hands, which, when closed, concealed them. Whilst in the act of embracing his old enemy, he fixed these terrible weapons in the back of his neck, and literally tore the throat asunder before those present could rush to the rescue. We were rejoiced to learn that ample justice had been taken for this horrible crime. The chief had been driven from his territory, and met the death he deserved.

The Ghauts are very singularly-shaped mountains. They give one the idea of having had a slice cut off their tops, and others are apparently crowned with strong fortresses; indeed, till assured that it was the natural formation of the hill, I thought that Purtubghur had the ruins of a fortification on its summit.

During our stay at Bella Vista, the rajah of Sattarah paid a visit, or rather made a pilgrimage, to a celebrated shrine in the vicinity. He came in state to our bungalow, to visit Lady A— (the wife of the governor); and the procession was worth seeing, though very different from what one's imagination would have depicted of Eastern state and pomp. First came a party of men, who might well have personated Falstaff's ragged regiment, so poor, patched, and motley was their attire. These worthies shouted aloud, 'Room for the great rajah, the eater of mountains and drinker of rivers!' The ragged heralds were followed by the regular attendants, bearing bundles of peacocks' feathers, the insignia of their master's princely rank; then came two or three horsemen, bearing the round table-like banner; and lastly, the guest so formidably characterised, and who, in fact, looked as if he enjoyed abundantly the good things of this life, even if his diet were not quite of the uncommon kind described. He bore a strong likeness to the pictures of Henry VIII., and was a courteous middle-aged gentleman, habited in the Eastern costume, and wearing a magnificent emerald ring on his great toe. He was exceedingly gracious, offered us the loan of his elephants, and gave the ladies permission to visit his lately-espoused wife, the Rancee.

I was sorry that indisposition prevented me from profiting by this opportunity of visiting a Hindoo zozana; my friends, who did avail themselves of the permission, were much pleased with the lady, who was young, beautiful, and *totally* uneducated, passing all her days in listening to stories, seeing Nautch girls dance, and eating sugar-plums. This is the rajah who was placed by the English on the nominal throne of the Mahrattas, after that deposition of his brothers which has given rise to such dreary debates in the India House and in Parliament. Both brothers are now dead.

In one of our drives we were favoured with the sight of a wild tiger in chase of an antelope. The terrible animal sprang across the road at no great distance from the horses' heads, and disappeared in the jungle. He was hunted, and killed shortly afterwards. A reward of fifty rupees, or five pounds English money, given for the discovery of a tiger, has greatly tended to diminish the number of these animals in the neighbourhood of the English places of abode. We remained six weeks at Mahableshwur, and before our descent to the plains of the Deccan, found it cold enough to wish for a fire. The rains of the monsoon had also commenced, and our journey down the Ghauts, in pouring rain, and by dull cloudy daylight, was rather in prosaic contrast

with our midnight ascent. We had derived great benefit from the pure invigorating air, and even now, in our own cold but happy country, think with pleasure of our abode on the mountains of Mahableshwur.

ART-JOURNAL—THE VERNON GALLERY.

THE late advances in all departments of art in this country are among the most gratifying traits of national improvement; and it is satisfactory to know that cultivated minds are engaged in forming and directing the public taste on matters of such interest. Too long did the æsthetics of art dwell only in the dogmas of connoisseurs, who chattered upon 'Raphael and stuff' with the precision of schoolmen; and it was not till knowledge broke loose from this charmed circle, and diffused itself abroad in the world, that art could be said to be of any practical value. From the early age of George III.'s reign, when all sorts of monstrosities were tolerated, it seems as if the public had advanced centuries in feeling. We cannot look around us without seeing evidences of improved taste. Old things have passed away, and we are in the youth of a new and more vigorous era. Among other wonderful things in this new age, must be mentioned the practice of making munificent gifts to the public. Formerly, every man thought he acquitted himself nobly if he paid his bills and his taxes. All that is quite antiquated now. This is the age of giving. The nation sometimes gives away ten millions in a paroxysm of charitable feeling; and in private life, subscriptions to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds are quite a common thing. Anybody who does not 'subscribe' to the extent of a few hundreds a year is thought nothing of. This, like other good things, may no doubt be carried too far; but how much more reasonable is it to give from your abundance while living, than to leave all at your decease to those who will not thank you, and who may probably be damaged by the gift? On this account it will be allowed that Mr Vernon, in lately making a present to the nation of his gallery of pictures—a gift of many thousands of pounds value—did a far handsomer thing than if he had bequeathed the whole to the public at his death. A bequest is the gift of what is no longer of any use to the giver; a present during life is a sacrifice. Here, then, is a man who takes down the whole of his collection of pictures from his walls, and hands them to the National Gallery, where they are merged in the general property of the country. Who, after this, will say that self-sacrificing generosity is not a proud characteristic of the age in which we live?

The notice of Mr Vernon's liberal gift to the nation brings us to the 'Art-Journal,' which has begun to present finely-executed engravings of each picture in the collection, by which means persons in all parts of the country may acquire a proper notion of those beautiful works of art, now the national property. Mr Vernon, we are told, spared no pains or expense in forming his collection. Thirty years was he engaged in the work: frequently he weeded out the least valuable pictures; and the most generous sums were invariably paid for his acquisitions. It is now some years since we walked through his house in Pall Mall; but we retain a lively recollection of the vast number of gems of art which adorned the walls. The whole of his pictures were British, and painted within the last half century; they therefore form a select illustration of the state and progress of the fine arts during that period. The first picture engraved from the Vernon Gallery is one of the beautiful English landscapes of Calcott, and we should say it is worth more than the money charged for the number of the 'Art-Journal' in which it appears. A portrait of Mr Vernon graces the same number.

While there is not a little to please in this periodical, there is likewise something to which we cannot give our admiration. We refer to the articles on the application of refined taste to domestic and other objects. It appears to be the wish of the artist who illustrates these papers

with wood-engravings to introduce greater elegance in form and embellishment into the more common class of manufactures, such as pottery, hardware, and household furniture. As the aim is high, so is the responsibility great, in trying to cultivate new fashions in objects of this kind. It is, therefore, not without regret that we see that forms and ornaments are held up for imitation which, as far as our judgment goes, can only mislead the public taste. What we more particularly object to is the introduction of naked human figures distorted into all sorts of odd postures. We have Sylphs with the tails of mermaids, forming bell-pulls; Cupids holding up candlesticks, sitting on the corners of fenders, and stuck on the ends of poker. Crouching, kneeling, twining, bending back, standing on tiptoe, reclining, stretching out the arms; in short, in every imaginable posture are these drudging Sylphs and Cupids represented. This profuse use of the human figure seems to us indecorous. Doubtless, for the sake of beauty of form, art has a certain license; the main design being, to delight the eye and elevate the feelings. But the figures we allude to are anything but slightly, and are only the offspring of a capricious fancy. Flowers in various dispositions would be a safer subject of adaptation; yet even in their case care must be taken not to violate ordinary conceptions. Let us add, while on this subject, that elaborate carving, even when in good taste, is objectionable in common household articles, inasmuch as it renders them more difficult to clean. In these, elegance of form should be combined with strict simplicity; for we must not sacrifice utility to show, and fill our rooms with the dirt as well as richness of an old curiosity-shop. It is sufficient, however, that we offer a hint on these points; and we would further suggest to the editor of the work before us the propriety of writing a series of articles defining the license to which artists and manufacturers may properly go in their adaptation of natural objects. By manufacturers of carpets, paper-hangings, works in bronze, and household ornaments of all kinds, precise rules and principles in relation to this department of art are much required.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

ABOUT the commencement of the present century there stood, near the centre of a rather extensive hamlet, not many miles distant from a northern seaport town, a large, substantially-built, but somewhat straggling building, known as Craig Farm (popularly *Crook Farm*) House. The farm consisted of about one hundred acres of tolerable arable and meadow land; and at the time I have indicated, belonged to a farmer of the name of Armstrong. He had purchased it about three years previously, at a sale held in pursuance of a decree of the High Court of Chancery, for the purpose of liquidating certain costs incurred in the suit of *Craig versus Craig*, which the said high court had nursed so long and successfully, as to enable the solicitor to the victorious claimant to incarcerate his triumphant client for several years in the Fleet, in 'satisfaction' of the charges of victory remaining due after the proceeds of the sale of Craig Farm had been deducted from the gross total. Farmer Armstrong was married, but childless; his dame, like himself, was a native of Devonshire. They bore the character of a plodding, taciturn, morose-mannered couple: seldom leaving the farm except to attend market, and rarely seen at church or chapel, they naturally enough became objects of suspicion and dislike to the prying, gossiping villagers, to whom mystery or reserve of any kind was of course exceedingly annoying and unpleasant.

Soon after Armstrong was settled in his new pur-

chase, another stranger arrived, and took up his abode in the best apartments of the house. The new-comer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently, from his dress and gait, a seafaring person, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord. His name, or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about thirteen years of age, whom he placed at a boarding-school in the adjacent town. He seldom saw her; the intercourse between the father and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strugnell, a widow of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr Wilson, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when, if the weather was at all favourable, she paid a visit to an aunt living in the town; there saw Miss Wilson; and returned home usually at half-past ten o'clock—later rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionally absent from his home for several days together, on business, it was rumoured, for Wilson; and on the Sunday in the first week of January 1802, both he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week, and were not yet returned.

About a quarter past ten o'clock on that evening the early-retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were roused from their slumbers by a loud, continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house: louder and louder, more and more vehement and impatient, resounded the blows upon the stillness of the night, till the soundest sleepers were awakened. Windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous footsteps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwonted noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who, accompanied by his wife, was thundering vehemently upon the door with a heavy black-thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained. Mrs Strugnell, it was supposed, had not returned from town; but where was Mr Wilson, who was almost always at home both day and night? Presently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehensions which had begun to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more effectual mode of obtaining admission than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break in the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deadly pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both followed into the house.

'Now, farmer,' cried Johnson, as soon as he had procured a light, 'lead the way up stairs.'

Armstrong, who appeared to have somewhat recovered from his panic, darted at once up the staircase, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing-place, he knocked at Mr Wilson's bedroom door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and then a melancholy spectacle presented itself.

Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp-pointed instrument. Life was quite extinct. The window was open. On farther inspection, several bundles containing many of Wilson's valuables in jewellery and plate, together with clothes, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and a secretary-bureau had been forced open. The assassins had, it seemed, been disturbed, and had

hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room, a shiny, black hat, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up, and attempted to clap it on Armstrong's head, but it was not nearly large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, 'You need not look so scared, farmer; it's not you: that's quite clear.'

To this remark neither Armstrong nor his wife answered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles, and the broken locks, in bewildered terror and astonishment. Presently some one asked if anybody had seen Mrs Strugnell?

The question roused Armstrong, and he said, 'She is not come home: her door is locked.'

'How do you know that?' cried the constable, turning sharply round, and looking keenly in his face. 'How do you know that?'

'Because—because,' stammered Armstrong, 'because she always locks it when she goes out.'

'Which is her room?'

'The next to this.'

They hastened out, and found the next door was fast. 'Are you there, Mrs Strugnell?' shouted Johnson.

There was no reply.

'She is never home till half-past ten o'clock on Sunday evenings,' remarked Armstrong in a calmer voice.

'The key is in the lock on the inside,' cried a young man who had been striving to peep through the key-hole.

Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied gripe as before.

'Mrs Strugnell, are you there?' once more shouted the constable. He was answered by a low moan. In an instant the frail door was burst in, and Mrs Strugnell was soon pulled out, apparently more dead than alive, from underneath the bedstead, where she, in speechless consternation, lay partially concealed. Placing her in a chair, they soon succeeded—much more easily, indeed, than they anticipated—in restoring her to consciousness. Nervously she glanced round the circle of eager faces that environed her, till her eyes fell upon Armstrong and his wife, when she gave a loud shriek, and muttering, 'They, they are the murderers,' swooned, or appeared to do so, again instantly.

The accused persons, in spite of their frenzied protestations of innocence, were instantly seized and taken off to a place of security; Mrs Strugnell was conveyed to a neighbour's close by; the house was carefully secured; and the agitated and wondering villagers departed to their several homes, but not, I fancy, to sleep any more for that night.

The deposition made by Mrs Strugnell at the inquest on the body was in substance as follows:—

'On the afternoon in question she had, in accordance with her usual custom, proceeded to town. She called on her aunt, took tea with her, and afterwards went to the Independent Chapel. After service, she called to see Miss Wilson, but was informed that, in consequence of a severe cold, the young lady was gone to bed. She then immediately proceeded homewards, and consequently arrived at Craig Farm more than an hour before her usual time. She let herself in with her latch key, and proceeded to her bedroom. There was no light in Mr Wilson's chamber, but she could hear him moving about in it. She was just about to go down stairs, having put away her Sunday bonnet and shawl, when she heard a noise, as of persons entering by the back way, and walking gently across the kitchen floor. Alarmed as to who it could be, Mr and Mrs Armstrong not being expected home for several days, she gently closed her door, and locked it. A few minutes after, she heard stealthy steps ascending the creaking stairs, and presently her door was tried, and a voice in a low hurried whisper said, "Mary, are you there?" She was positive it was Mr Armstrong's voice, but was too

terrified to answer. Then Mrs Armstrong—she was sure it was she—said also in a whisper, and as if addressing her husband, "She is never back at this hour." A minute or so after there was a tap at Mr Wilson's door. She could not catch what answer was made; but by Armstrong's reply, she gathered that Mr Wilson had lain down, and did not wish to be disturbed. He was often in the habit of lying down with his clothes on. Armstrong said, "I will not disturb you, sir; I'll only just put this parcel on the table." There is no lock to Mr Wilson's door. Armstrong stepped into the room, and almost immediately she heard a sound as of a violent blow, followed by a deep groan, and then all was still. She was paralysed with horror and affright. After the lapse of a few seconds, a voice—Mrs Armstrong's undoubtedly—asked in a tremulous tone if "all was over?" Her husband answered "Yes: but where be the keys of the writing-desk kept?" "In the little table-drawer," was the reply. Armstrong then came out of the bedroom, and both went into Mr Wilson's sitting apartment. They soon returned, and crept stealthily along the passage to their own bedroom on the same floor. They then went down stairs to the kitchen. One of them—the woman, she had no doubt—went out the backway, and heavy footsteps again ascended the stairs. Almost dead with fright, she then crawled under the bedstead, and remembered no more till she found herself surrounded by the villagers.'

In confirmation of this statement, a large clasp-knife belonging to Armstrong, and with which it was evident the murder had been perpetrated, was found in one corner of Wilson's bedroom; and a mortgage deed, for one thousand pounds on Craig Farm, the property of Wilson, and which Strugnell swore was always kept in the writing-desk in the front room, was discovered in a chest in the prisoners' sleeping apartment, together with nearly one hundred and fifty pounds in gold, silver, and county bank-notes, although it was known that Armstrong had but a fortnight before declined a very advantageous offer of some cows he was desirous of purchasing, under the plea of being short of cash. Worse perhaps than all, a key of the back-door was found in his pocket, which not only confirmed Strugnell's evidence, but clearly demonstrated that the knocking at the door for admittance, which had roused and alarmed the hamlet, was a pure subterfuge. The conclusion, therefore, almost universally arrived at throughout the neighbourhood was, that Armstrong and his wife were the guilty parties; and that the bundles, the broken locks, the sheet hanging out of the window, the shiny, black hat, were, like the knocking, mere cunning devices to mislead inquiry.

The case excited great interest in the county, and I esteemed myself professionally fortunate in being selected to hold the brief for the prosecution. I had satisfied myself, by a perusal of the depositions, that there was no doubt of the prisoners' guilt, and I determined that no effort on my part should be spared to insure the accomplishment of the ends of justice. I drew the indictment myself; and in my opening address to the jury, dwelt with all the force and eloquence of which I was master upon the heinous nature of the crime, and the conclusiveness of the evidence by which it had been brought home to the prisoners. I may here, by way of parenthesis, mention that I resorted to a plan in my address to the jury which I have seldom known to fail. It consisted in fixing my eyes and addressing my language to each juror one after the other. In this way each considers the address to be an appeal to his individual intelligence, and responds to it by falling into the views of the barrister. On this occasion the jury easily fell into the trap. I could see that I had got them into the humour of putting confidence in the evidence I had to produce.

The trial proceeded. The cause of the death was scientifically stated by two medical men. Next followed the evidence as to the finding of the knife in the bedroom of the deceased; the discovery of the mortgage

deed, and the large sum of money, in the prisoners' sleeping apartment; the finding the key of the back-door in the male prisoner's pocket; and his demeanour and expressions on the night of the perpetration of the crime. In his cross-examination of the constable, several facts perfectly new to me were elicited by the very able counsel for the prisoners. Their attorney had judiciously maintained the strictest secrecy as to the nature of the defence, so that it now took me completely by surprise. The constable, in reply to questions by counsel, stated that the pockets of the deceased were empty; that not only his purse, but a gold watch, chain, and seals, which he usually wore, had vanished, and no trace of them had as yet been discovered. Many other things were also missing. A young man of the name of Pearce, apparently a sailor, had been seen in the village once or twice in the company of Mary Strugnell; but he did not notice what sort of hat he generally wore; he had not seen Pearce since the night the crime was committed; had not sought for him.

Mary Strugnell was the next witness. She repeated her previous evidence with precision and apparent sincerity, and then I abandoned her with a mixed feeling of anxiety and curiosity to the counsel for the defence. A subtle and able cross-examination of more than two hours' duration followed; and at its conclusion, I felt that the case for the prosecution was so damaged, that a verdict of condemnation was, or ought to be, out of the question. The salient points dwelt upon, and varied in every possible way, in this long sifting, were these:—

'What was the reason she did not return in the evening in question to her aunt's to supper as usual?'

'She did not know, except that she wished to get home.'

'Did she keep company with a man of the name of Pearce?'

'She had walked out with him once or twice.'

'When was the last time?'

'She did not remember.'

'Did Pearce walk with her home on the night of the murder?'

'No.'

'Not part of the way?'

'Yes; part of the way.'

'Did Pearce sometimes wear a black, shiny hat?'

'No—yes: she did not remember.'

'Where was Pearce now?'

'She didn't know.'

'Had he disappeared since that Sunday evening?'

'She didn't know.'

'Had she seen him since?'

'No.'

'Had Mr Wilson ever threatened to discharge her for insolence to Mrs Armstrong?'

'Yes; but she knew he was not in earnest.'

'Was not the clasp-knife that had been found always left in the kitchen for culinary purposes?'

'No—not always; generally—but not *this* time that Armstrong went away, she was sure.'

'Mary Strugnell, you be a false-sworn woman before God and man!' interrupted the male prisoner with great violence of manner.

The outbreak of the prisoner was checked and rebuked by the judge, and the cross-examination soon afterwards closed. Had the counsel been allowed to follow up his advantage by an address to the jury, he would, I doubt not, spite of their prejudices against the prisoners, have obtained an acquittal; but as it was, after a neutral sort of charge from the judge, by no means the ablest that them adorned the bench, the jurors, having deliberated for something more than half an hour, returned into court with a verdict of 'guilty' against both prisoners, accompanying it, however, with a strong recommendation to mercy!

'Mercy!' said the judge. 'What for? On what ground?'

The jurors stared at each other and at the judge:

they had no reason to give! The fact was, their conviction of the prisoners' guilt had been very much shaken by the cross-examination of the chief witness for the prosecution, and this recommendation was a compromise which conscience made with doubt. I have known many such instances.

The usual ridiculous formality of asking the wretched convicts what they had to urge why sentence should not be passed upon them was gone through; the judge, with unmoved feelings, put on the fatal cap; and then a new and startling light burst upon the mysterious, bewildering affair.

'Stop, my lord!' exclaimed Armstrong with rough vehemence. 'Hear me speak! I'll tell ye all about it; I will indeed, my lord. Quiet, Martha, I tell ye. It's I, my lord, that's guilty, not the woman. God bless ye, my lord; not the wife! Doant hurt the wife, and I'll tell ye all about it. I alone am guilty; not, the Lord be praised, of murder, but of robbery!'

'John!—John!' sobbed the wife, clinging passionately to her husband, 'let us die together!'

'Quiet, Martha, I tell ye! Yes, my lord, I'll tell ye all about it. I was gone away, wife and I, for more nor a week, to receive money for Mr Wilson, on account of smuggled goods—that money, my lord, as was found in the chest. When we came home on that dreadful Sunday night, my lord, we went in back way; and hearing a noise, I went up stairs, and found poor Wilson stoned dead on the floor. I were dreadful skared, and let drop the candle. I called to wife, and told her of it. She screamed out, and amust fainted away. And then, my lord, all at once the devil shot it into my head to keep the money I had brought; and knowing as the keys of the desk where the mortgage writing was kept was in the bedroom, I crept back, as that false-hearted woman said, got the keys, and took the deed; and then I persuaded wife, who had been trembling in the kitchen all the while, that we had better go out quiet again, as there was nobody in the house but us: I had tried that woman's door—and we might perhaps be taken for the murderers. And so we did; and that's the downright, honest truth, my lord. I'm rightly served, but God bless you, doant hurt the woman—my wife, my lord, these thirty years. Five-and-twenty years ago come May, which I shall never see, we buried our two children. Had they lived, I might have been a better man; but the place they left empty was soon filled up by love of cursed lucre, and that has brought me here. I deserve it; but oh, mercy, my lord! megy, good gentlemen!'—turning from the stony features of the judge to the jury, as if they could help him—'not for me, but the wife. She be as innocent of this as a new-born babe. It's I! I! scoundrel that I be, that has brought thee, Martha, to this shameful pass!' The rugged man snatched his life-companion to his breast with passionate emotion, and tears of remorse and agony streamed down his rough cheeks.

I was deeply affected, and felt that the man had uttered the whole truth. It was evidently one of those cases in which a person liable to suspicion damages his own cause by resorting to a trick. No doubt, by his act of theft, Armstrong had been driven to an expedient which would not have been adopted by a person perfectly innocent. And thus, from one thing to another, the charge of murder had been fixed upon him and his hapless wife. When his confession had been uttered, I felt a species of self-accusation in having contributed to his destruction, and gladly would I have undone the whole day's proceedings. The judge, on the contrary, was quite undisturbed. Viewing the harangue of Armstrong as a mere tissue of falsehood, he coolly pronounced sentence of death on the prisoners. They were to be hanged on Monday. This was Friday.

'A bad job,' whispered the counsel for the defence, as he passed me. 'That witness of yours, the woman she's the real culprit.' 'And no dinner that day: I was sick at heart; for assassins' blood of two fellow-creatures was on my

hands. In the evening I sallied forth to the judge's lodgings. He listened to all I had to say; but was quite imperturbable. The obstinate old man was satisfied that the sentence was as it should be. I returned to my inn in a fever of despair. Without the approval of the judge, I knew that an application to the secretary of state was futile. There was not even time to send to London, unless the judge had granted a respite.

All Saturday and Sunday I was in misery. I denounced capital punishment as a gross iniquity—a national sin and disgrace; my feelings of course being influenced somewhat by a recollection of that unhappy affair of Harvey, noticed in my previous paper. I had resolved to give up the bar, and rather go and sweep the streets for a livelihood, than run the risk of getting poor people hanged who did not deserve it.

On the Monday morning I was pacing up and down my breakfast-room in the next assize town, in a state of great excitement, when a chaise-and-four drove rapidly up to the hotel, and out tumbled Johnson the constable. His tale was soon told. On the previous evening, the landlady of the Black Swan, a road-side public-house about four miles distant from the scene of the murder, reading the name of Pearce in the report of the trial in the Sunday county paper, sent for John on to state that that person had on the fatal evening called and left a portmanteau in her charge, promising to call for it in an hour, but had never been there since. On opening the portmanteau, Wilson's watch, chain, and seals, and other property, were discovered in it; and Johnson had, as soon as it was possible, set off in search of me. Instantly, for there was not a moment to spare, I, in company with Armstrong's counsel, sought the judge, and with some difficulty obtained from him a formal order to the sheriff to suspend the execution till further orders. Off I and the constable started, and happily arrived in time to stay the execution, and deprive the already-assembled mob of the brutal exhibition they so anxiously awaited. On inquiring for Mary Strugnell, we found that she had absconded on the evening of the trial. All search for her proved vain.

Five months had passed away; the fate of Armstrong and his wife was still undecided, when a message was brought to my chambers in the Temple from a woman said to be dying in St Bartholomew's Hospital. It was Mary Strugnell; who, when in a state of intoxication, had fallen down in front of a carriage, as she was crossing near Holborn Hill, and had both her legs broken. She was dying miserably, and had sent for me to make a full confession relative to Wilson's murder. Armstrong's account was perfectly correct. The deed was committed by Pearce, and they were packing up their plunder when they were startled by the unexpected return of the Armstrongs. Pearce, snatching up a bundle and a portmanteau, escaped by the window; she had not nerve enough to attempt it, and crawled back to her bedroom, where she, watching the doings of the farmer through the chinks of the partition which separated her room from the passage, concocted the story which convicted the prisoners. Pearce thinking himself pursued, too heavily encumbered for rapid flight, left the portmanteau as described, intending to call for it in the morning, if his fears proved groundless. He, however, had not courage to risk calling again, and made the best of his way to London. He was now in Newgate under sentence of death for a burglary, accompanied by personal violence to the inmates of the dwelling he and his gang had entered and robbed. I took care to have the deposition of the dying wretch put into proper form; and the result was, after a great deal of petitioning and worrying of authorities, a full pardon for both Armstrong and his wife. They sold Craig Farm, and removed to some other part of the country, where, I never troubled myself to inquire. Deeply grateful was I to be able at last to wash my hands of an affair which had cost me so much anxiety and vexation; albeit the lesson it afforded me of not coming hastily to

conclusions, even when the truth seems, as it were, upon the surface of the matter, has not been, I trust, without its uses.

THE ENCHANTED BAY.

[THE following adventure of a boat's crew, in their voyage from Possession Island, a small guano station near the coast of South Africa, to Walwich Bay on the mainland, is extracted from the 'Cape Town Mirror,' a very meritorious miscellany recently commenced.]—

The breeze was very light, and it was midnight before we heard the breakers on Pelican Point, a long spit of sand, forming the western side of Walwich Bay. It was then blowing fresh, with very thick weather, and we stood off till morning. At daylight on the 12th we stood in again for Pelican Point; as the wind now blow from the south-east, which was directly off the bay, we found it would be necessary to work in. I therefore filled the ballast-casks, to give the boat a better hold on the water, and kept three hands baling, as she then leaked very badly. In this way we got in before evening, near enough to see, close to the beach, on the east side of the bay, opposite Pelican Point, a small storchouse, built of planks, with a large triangle or 'shears' near it, such as are used to fasten cattle to for slaughtering.

The wind, however, continued adverse, and we were unable to effect a landing before sunset, and were thus obliged to stand out to sea again. As the evening advanced, the wind drew round to the south-west, and was thus driving us gradually over towards the land north of the bay, near the mouth of the Swakop River. Not being able to wear the boat, for fear of her filling, we were obliged to 'club-hull' her, by throwing overboard, on the weather bow, a sail lashed to an oar, and this made fast by a line passing round to the lee-bow of the boat. The sail and oar floated on the surface, and not being so high out of water as the boat, were not carried forward so fast by the force of the wind. Thus the line, pulling at the lee-bow, gradually drew the boat's head round to the south-east, and she then drifted along parallel with the land. I have given this explanation not for the benefit of seamen, who of course do not need it, but for those readers who may never happen to have seen a boat put about in this fashion.

My companions were now ready to give up altogether, believing that we should never reach the land. They were quite worn out, and for a time refused to lend a hand in working the boat, declaring that it was useless, and that our case was desperate. At length, after much reasoning and persuasion, I induced them to aid in making one more trial.

By good fortune, shortly after midnight, the wind, for the first time since we left the ship, came out from the northward, and enabled us to stand in, as we thought, directly for the bay. What was our surprise and alarm, then, to find, when the sun rose over the eastern mountains, that we were approaching a part of the coast of which we had not the slightest recollection! On our starboard bow, where we expected to see Pelican Point, was a low sandy island, that we had no knowledge of whatever. Other islands lay right ahead between us and the mountains. The hut and the shears were nowhere to be seen. We could not tell what to make of it. I began to be afraid that we had been carried by a current to a place laid down on the chart as Sandwich Harbour, about thirty miles south of Walwich Bay, though how we could have come so far in so short a time I could not imagine.

We continued to stand on, in great wonder and perplexity, till Frederick Noon suddenly exclaimed, "See! there is a woman in a white shawl on that island." We looked, and certainly saw something that had very much the appearance he described. But while we were doubting and speculating upon it, the supposed woman suddenly unfolded her wings and flew off, in the shape of a pelican with brown wings and a white neck and head. We had a hearty laugh at Fred's mistake, but were at the same time puzzled to think how it was that we had not discovered the deception till the bird flew away, as the distance did not seem great enough to give rise to such an error.

At length, as we kept drawing in to the land, some one cried out—'There is a village, and the people about it.' And sure enough there they were, right before us, and, as it seemed, not half a mile distant. There was a row of round-topped huts above the beach; and the people,

in clothing of various colours, were standing before them, apparently engaged in watching our motions. The little naked brown children could also be distinguished running about at the edge of the water. The people seemed to be numerous, and we were at first uncertain how to act. At length, after a brief consideration, I determined to take the risk of landing alone. Putting off a part of my clothes, in order to swim ashore, and giving my watch and some other small articles which I had about me to Frederick to keep, I directed my companions, in case they saw any harm befall me, to bear away immediately for an anchorage laid down on the coast to the northward, where it was possible that they might find a trading vessel, or at least obtain some provisions on shore.

I then jumped into the water. The splash which I made produced a miraculous effect: the whole crowd of people on shore, great and small, gray, red, and brown, instantly soared up into the air, and flew away in a cloud of pelicans, flamingoes, sand-pipers, and other birds. This put the climax to our perplexity. We were too much astonished to be amused at our strange blunder. Boating up again for the shore, we presently arrived at the beach, and landed. On going up to the supposed village, it proved to be the skeleton of an enormous whale, whose arching ribs had taken the appearance of a row of native huts. Still it seemed very singular that we should have been so completely deceived at so short a distance.

On looking about us, we found that not only was the land we stood on an island, but we were surrounded by numberless low sandy islets, between which the sea was running in and out in the strangest manner. My companions now became greatly alarmed, declaring that we should all perish if we remained there, and insisting that we should quit this desolate and unknown region, and look for Walwich Bay. To quiet them, and to clear up the uncertainty of our situation, I resolved, as it was now nearly noon, to set an observation, and determine our real situation. Accordingly, we went back to the boat, and stood out from the land, in order to obtain a clear horizon. On taking the altitude of the sun, and making the calculation I found that we were in the precise latitude of Walwich Bay. The others thought that I was deceiving them; but feeling positive I was right, I resolved to stand in for the shore again, in hopes that the mystery would be cleared up.

And now a wonderful change was apparent. The sun, having passed the meridian, was now shining with a western declination. A smart breeze, moreover, had arisen and swept away the haze that hung over the land. With it, and with the change in the position of the sun, the mirage, which had been the cause of all our perplexities, had disappeared. Everything was now familiar to us as we had seen it on the previous afternoon. There was Pelican Point, with the skeleton of the whale, and the hundreds of birds about it, no longer magnified by the deceptive haze, but in their natural proportions. The straits which had converted it into an island were now changed to dry land, as was also the seeming sea which had flowed about the sand-hills on shore, and turned them into so many islets. On the opposite side of the bay, the store and the triangle, which had been concealed by the mist, were plainly visible. The source of all our mistakes was now apparent; at the same time, I am inclined to think that any other persons, coming in as we did, would have been equally deceived. When we told the missionaries of our troubles and perplexities on this occasion, they were very much amused, and said that they had at first been frequently puzzled, both at the bay and in travelling through the country, by the delusive appearances of the mirage, to which it required some time to become so accustomed as not to be misled. The bay, they said, from its shape, and the nature of the country about it, seemed to be peculiarly subject to those variations in the density and refractive power of the atmosphere which give rise to those singular effects. I have been thus particular in describing them, thinking that it may be of use to put my brother mariners on their guard against this source of deception on approaching a coast.

THE SECRET OF EDUCATION.

Repetition is the mother of all culture. Like the fresco painter, let the educator lay his colours on the wet chalk; they will dry in, indeed, but he will renew them again and again until they remain and bloom for ever.—*Hilber*.

SPERM OIL—A FISCAL PARADOX.

The duty of L.12, 10s. per tun, until lately levied on sperm oil, has ceased and determined. On this event the 'Atlas' newspaper has the following observations:—'For the future, sperm oil will be obtainable for L.12, 10s. per tun less than it has hitherto cost; and from this circumstance it would seem to follow, as a natural inference, that the market price of the article should show a reduction to the amount. This, however, is not the fact. The price of sperm oil, on the remission of the duty, fell only from L.84 to L.62 per tun: the decline being L.2 instead of L.12, 10s., or less than one-sixth of the presumable abatement. This is one of those paradoxes which are frequently presented to the observer of commercial phenomena. By what recondite law of prices, or occult mercantile art, is the sudden disappearance of twelve and a-half from one scale balanced by the withdrawal of only two from the other? This is a fine case for the antagonists of free trade. There will not be wanting ignorant or unscrupulous champions of monopoly ready to argue that the difference between L.2 and L.12, 10s. will be pocketed by the merchants, instead of benefiting the consumer, and that the only effect of the vaunted commercial emancipation will be to swell the gains of a parasitic class at the expense of the public revenue. It is worth while to anticipate and refute an argument so plausible and so delusive. For this purpose it is only necessary to remind the reader of the influence of the past and the future on the present, in all human affairs, including commercial operations. For three years past the abolition of this duty has been looked forward to by the parties concerned, who have doubtless taken the prospect of reduction into account, as one element amongst others in the estimation of value, and the settlement of price: so that, when Monday last brought the anticipated change, a considerable proportion of its effect had already been incurred by anticipation. This is the effect of the past on the present. The influence of the future has an analogous tendency to abate the immediate decline of price. The holders naturally inquire what supplies are expected from the fisheries, and compare the probable imports with the probable demand. It so happens that at present the stock of sperm on hand is relatively low, and the fresh supplies of the year are not expected to be large. This acts as a further counterpoise to the diminution of value resulting from the abolition of the duty. The price of sperm oil may be described as having fallen the whole amount of L.12, 10s. per tun, in consequence of the fiscal change, and as having then recovered nearly its former level, in consequence of the real dearth. Had the dearth and the duty co-existed, the price would have been L.12, 10s. higher than it is: so that the benefit reaped by the public from the abatement of duty, though veiled by the contrary influence of an incidental scarcity, is not the less a real and positive saving to the full amount of L.12, 10s. per tun.'

Similar observations might be made in reference to the termination of the duty on leather a few years ago. No one gets shoes any cheaper in consequence of taking off this duty, say many persons. True; but this is in consequence of the demand for shoes having increased by the increase of population, and this demand keeps up the price of most kinds of shoes to the former level. Had the duty not been taken off, shoes would now have been so much dearer, because leather is an article which does not admit of a rapid and illimitable increase, like any kind of cloth, and the demand is continually pressing on the supply. Have the public, then, not received a benefit by the withdrawal of the duty on this article? Assuredly they have.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS.

From all we have seen for a century, the tide of affairs has set in its waves: any extraordinary advance has always been followed by a reflux. In vain is it bid 'be still; for it is one of the conditions, and perhaps means, if not of the existence, at least of the progress of society—which, amidst all its perturbations, moves steadily up and down on the shores of time, under the dominion of a power that makes nations advance or recede, and under laws which can only be discovered by long, accurate, analysed observation. As statistical science and education advance, the severity of seasons of distress—whose general course can be calculated—will be diminished by mutual aid, and provision will be made in prosperity against their recurrence; as the losses of shipwreck, fire, and life to society are mitigated by the various kinds of insurance. Knowledge will banish panic.

—*Ninth Report. Reg. Gen.*

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant foot,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream!

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadow sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—life hath snares:
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morn is risen into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Buds and blossoms many-numbered:
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

—*Longfellow's Poems.*

SOLID MILK!

We observe in the Repertory of Patent Inventions for January, that a Mr Felix Louls of Southwark has enrolled a process for preserving cows' milk, goats' milk, and asses' milk, by converting the same into solid cakes or masses, which are soluble in warm water, and which may be kept for a long time without losing their original sweetness and freshness. The entire process, if we understand aright the terms of the specification, consists in a little sweetening by sugar, agitation, evaporation, and pressure.

THE BEST FRIEND.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Lessing.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSAR, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 269. NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1849.

PRICE 1 1/2d.

REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.

THINGS are not at present looking well for philanthropy. The public is evidently turning against many of the schemes for lessening evil and promoting good which have occupied attention for some years past. For this we can see good reasons, and we do not entirely regret the reaction; but it is desirable that the ebb-tide should not go too far back, and it will be necessary that some other measures be taken to fulfil the same purposes in our social economy.

The late philanthropic paroxysm was itself a reaction from a previous state of indifference. We are not old; yet we can recollect the time when prisons were foul and unregulated, so as to form a real punishment both to the criminal and the debtor; when a group of human beings was hanged every month or so for shoplifting, forgery, and other secondary offences; when the condition of the very poor was little remarked, or only so to be passed over as a thing unavoidable, and not to be helped or interfered with; and when the idea of Night Asylums, Houses of Refuge, and Ragged Schools, had as yet visited no one's dreams. The heart and stomach of the public were then stout, and men in general were able to endure the ills of their neighbours with tranquillity. By and by Mrs Fry began to see after prisons, which in a little time were converted into quiet, cleanly workshops, where life had no drawback but only that of being a little solitary. Mr Owen and Mr Brougham raised an outcry about education, and soon the humbler denizens of the community found themselves in circumstances to gratify contending philanthropists of superior rank by allowing their children to go to school gratis. Humanity came into fashion; everything like vengeful punishment was given up, because the public could not stand it. It was discovered to be a great and paramount duty of all who could take any care of themselves, that they should also take care of all those who could or would not—see to their being fed and housed, kept in clean flannels, well-swept hearthstones, and honeysuckled doorways, provided with everything which the honest poor of old times had been accustomed to provide for themselves; in short, the everybody-do-for-every-body principle came to be the great motto of modern society. This has raged its time, and now we begin to see that the mass of crime and misery has not been lessened, but rather increased. It is shrewdly suspected that, in our anxiety to give succour, we have only relieved from responsibility, so as to propagate that which we had thought to repress. Many now begin to think that, after all, our ancestors were not so far wrong as they once appeared in demanding that every sound person should chiefly see to his own subsistence and that of his offspring, and in inflicting the punishment of neglect, if not one of a

more positive kind, where this alleged duty was not performed.

It must be admitted that the facts tend very much to show that humanity may be carried to a point where it defeats its own objects. During the forty years of philanthropy, commitments for offences have increased in their proportion to population sixfold. This cannot be to more than a fractionary extent the result of increased vigilance in the police, or of any similar cause. Seeing that it has gone on hand in hand with a continual softening of the lot of criminals, one cannot but think the two things in some degree connected as cause and effect, more particularly as we frequently hear of offences being committed directly for the purpose of securing a retreat in the comforts of the jail. One such fact as that the prison accommodation of an English county actually costs twenty-six pounds for each inmate per annum, exclusive of the charge for food, is sufficiently startling. Now the modern idea as to criminals—reform rather than punish them—is highly amiable, and entitled to honour, on account of the feelings from which it springs; but it may be a mistake, or it may be impracticable, and if fully proved to be less efficacious than the other plan, society is entitled to give it up. In our growing squeamishness, we have perhaps come to ignore punishment too much. The Providence which overrules all does not do so. It punishes imprudence and wickedness by disease and death every hour of every day. What if stern measures are ultimately the most humane after all?

During the same period, the regulated expenditure for the relief of poverty in all the various ways has increased enormously; and yet the number of beggars has not been lessened; neither has there been a diminution of the numbers of those poor people who, we are told, pine unrelieved. On the contrary, human patience is worn out with the importunities of ragged men, women, and children, in the streets of every large town; and the meaner parts of each city are now as much crammed with hopeless destitution as ever. About fourteen years ago, one hundred and forty thousand pounds was the outlay for the poor in Scotland through the regular channels; now the expenditure in the parishes is approaching half a million: there is a vast increase of beneficence in other ways; and yet there is more obtrusive mendicancy, and more obscure unreached wretchedness, than formerly. It follows that either society is going through a rapid course of demoralisation from causes independent of poverty, or that our late solicitude to take the burdens of individuals upon the public shoulders has resulted in this demoralisation, notwithstanding, it may be, an increase in the general resources of the community.

Even granting that the latter inference is only matter of suspicion, and not proved, all may well feel that it

forms a grave subject of deliberation. Each will probably have his own feelings as to how far we are called upon, by a regard for our fellow-creatures, to substitute for this system of impulsive philanthropy a policy, of which the leading feature should be, that individuals must be taught to trust mainly to themselves, their own exertions, and their own virtue, for what they require in their mortal pilgrimage. The tendency is now certainly towards this course, as if the errors of the past were already too notorious to be denied. It is in such circumstances that we find ourselves called upon for a few remarks.

First, then, it strikes us as but the simplest justice, as well as the best policy, that abrupt transitions should be avoided. If society has erred, and, by its error, created a multitude of dependents, it is only the duty of society to cut off this dependence with as little infliction of suffering as possible. It is, however, equally clear that no such change can be brought about without a very considerable amount of suffering; and for this let all be prepared. The poor will find themselves as in the hands of the surgeon, and the 'good souls' who look on cannot expect to escape without a few sympathetic twinges.

The grand means by which a more healthy system is to be restored, is undoubtedly a change in the expressions of popular opinion on the nature of society and its obligations. For some years past, most popular writers have strongly favoured such views as tend to make the child of humble toil believe himself the accredited nursling of society, instead of a being commissioned by nature to take his place in the general scene of industry, and employ his own faculties in providing for his own necessities, owing no man anything but love. It will now be necessary to look the primary law of nature in the face, that he who will not work, must want—a rule not at all interfering with the claim of humanity in favour of those unable for work, or who in some particular exigency cannot obtain employment, but which assuredly, in its general bearing, must be paramount to every other consideration. For what is the society which is looked to as that which must do for everybody, but only a cluster of persons who are obliged to work for everything which they possess? In what predicament would this society be if every unit composing it were, instead of working for himself, to expect that the rest should work for him? In that case it is easy to see that we should immediately be landed in all the practical difficulties of a vicious circle. A would be expecting B to help him, B would be looking to C, while C again was resting in expectation of aid from A and B. No one would be working, but all would be idle expectancy, and meanwhile starvation would be making its approaches. It is pure delusion to talk of property being saddled with any obligation, beyond what is imposed by humanity and expediency, to support the whole of those who may be, or who may represent themselves as being, in want; because property is open to every man, and is nothing but what may be saved by self-denial out of the aggregate results of industry. It is not apt to occur to those who allow themselves to look for or partake of the public beneficence, to what an extent they are a grievance and a discredit by so doing. Under protection of the universal tenderness towards meritorious and unavoidable poverty, they feel as if there were no dishonour in their circumstances, even while it is clear as mid-day that they might, by fair exertion, raise themselves into independence. Unreflecting as they are on the subject, it is but the truest of facts, that the drain of the products of industry by the idle in all their various forms is a tremendous drag upon the social machine, and a continual cause of the production of fresh destitution—an evil constantly reproducing itself. No one can be entitled

to rank in equality with his fellow-creatures who, for any but the most compelling of causes, adds himself to this fatal burden. On the contrary, he ever must be a legitimate subject of contempt and reprobation to his neighbours.

Not only is it necessary for each to work, but even the responsibility for finding employment must mainly be left to the individual. On this point there has been fully as much fallacy as on any other. In fact society is no more bound to find work for any of its members, than to support any who will not work—humanity being here, as in the other case, the only claim which any one can have upon another. Were the opposite principle to be adopted, what test should society have that the individual had really been unable to obtain work, or had not rejected a fitting employment on improper grounds? A noble shelter it would be, indeed, for the indolent and the fastidious! How would it suit that the busy should have to seek for the work, while the disengaged waited till it was found? Let the community furnish work! And keep up national workshops where half work was done, and done badly, in ruinous competition with the independent industrious pursuing the same trades. We have all seen what this principle results in. No, no; there is but one simple plan for every unit of us—that he should get at something he can do, and do it, no matter what it is, if only the best thing he can do. Every aberration from this rule must be fatal while human nature remains as it is.

It might be worthy of consideration how far the recognised evils arising from failure of employment might be remedied by a system resembling that which supports Greenwich Hospital for the benefit of invalid sailors; namely, a regulated stoppage out of all wages realised by operatives. We have no calculations on the subject; but we have no doubt that a discount on pay, such as would scarcely tell on any man's ordinary comforts while in full employment, would provide a fund sufficient to succour all worthy persons accidentally thrown out of work, as well as soften those periodical failures of employment in large districts, and in particular branches of manufacture, which form so painful a feature of our present social condition. It appears to us that the state is as well entitled to come in and enforce such a system, as it is to lay on any taxes whatever for general objects. Situated as most working-men are, thus to give them even compulsorily the benefits which the middle-classes derive from their reserves of capital, would be a real boon; and, as such, it would probably come in time to be regarded by all those possessing any reflection or endowed with the spirit of independence. It is not to be contemplated as a substitute for poor-rates. The impotent poor might be provided for exactly as they are at present, while, to prevent all jealousy as to the relief of the middle-classes from any part of their existing burdens, it might be arranged that they should become contributors to the National Fund for the Unemployed to the extent of the present expenditure on behalf of able-bodied paupers.

By such plans, and by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours, it may be expected that, even under an ascertained necessity for reaction against the present over-philanthropic schemes and movements, no monstrous outrage will be committed. Yet many complacent and self-indulgent illusions must be dispelled. We must not expect it to be wholly an affair of rose-water. The case is not that of a gentleman with money in his pockets going into a theatre to be amused, but that of a patient entering an hospital to be subjected to medical and surgical treatment. The increasing tendencies to crime and pauperism are, to all appearance, the exponents of fallacious systems. The systems must needs be changed before the symptoms will abate. One great source of the evil seems to be, our error as to the degree in which guilt and misery can be banished from the earth. For years past, the public has acted as if it hoped to regulate every impulse and dry every eye. Calm observation of

the materials we have to deal with shows this to be impossible. Human nature cannot be greatly changed in one or two generations. Civilisation has always been a plant of slow growth. Most undoubtedly, then, it were as wise to expect hot water under cold ice, as to look for a paradise in the present state of things. On the contrary, where there is so much temptation presented to natures so constituted, there will be much crime; and while men still act by impulse, instead of reason, there must be much resulting sorrow. We must, then, however painful it may be, submit to the idea that there will be pain. We must consent to take the world as God has given it to us—a scene of mingled weal and wo, where even happiness only can exist in contrast with its opposite, where want becomes the grand stimulus to the labours which create our enjoyments, and sorrow the great purificator of our spirits, and that which most effectually raises us above and beyond this limited and sordid scene.

MONTENEGRO.

THE eastern shores of the Adriatic, and contiguous islands, have been less explored by tourists than any other portions of Europe; and Mr Paton's wanderings come before the public with a promise of novelty very rare in these well-travelled times.* Although the promise, however, is redeemed, we cannot say that the result is quite so interesting as we expected. After descending the Illyrian Alps into Dalmatia (the main subject of the work), and getting somewhat accustomed to the difference of manners and costume, the continuous catalogue of little-known, or altogether unknown and unimportant names, becomes fatiguing. Nor is this made up for by any ideas of magnitude or wealth; for the whole country numbers only 400,000 inhabitants, giving 113 per square mile; and the uncultivated land (the greater proportion of which is incapable of cultivation) averages 80 per cent. of the surface.

But the comparative want of interest is not chargeable upon Mr Paton, who is an excellent scenic artist. Numerous bits of painting throughout the volumes will bear a comparison with anything of the kind in recent travels; and whenever he has anything to tell that is intelligible to the sympathies of his phlegmatic and exclusive countrymen, he tells it with effect. A trip he makes, for instance, beyond the line he had prescribed for himself, is full of interest, and, to most readers, of novelty. The scene is the mountain on which the extraordinary republic of Montenegro is perched, at one time an important fief of the Servian empire, with which it was, and is, completely identified in blood, language, and religion. To this part of the work we shall devote our exclusive attention; and although Mr Paton was accidentally prevented from enjoying more than a glimpse of the Montenegrines and their country, we shall be able to supply what is wanted from those Russian authorities to whom we owe almost all that is known on the subject.

When the Turks became masters of Servia in the fourteenth century, the Montenegrines were the only nobles of the empire who preserved their Christian faith: the mountain, whose fastnesses enabled them to secure their independence, rising, 'like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism.' Eventually it sank into the see of an archbishop, and was conquered by the Turks under Soliman the Magnificent; which event made converts to the faith of the prophet even on the

mountain itself. These renegades, however, were afterwards massacred, almost to a man, by one of the archbishops, in whose family the spiritual power, as well as predominating temporal influence, became hereditary. In the midst of a Mohammedan country which it defied, yet upon which it could make no impression, and nominally depending upon Russia, from which it received no support, Montenegro now sunk back into still darker than feudal barbarism, and its existence was almost forgotten in Europe. Then came the wars of Napoleon, which brought the mountaineers from their fastnesses; and then the treaty of Vienna, which declared the Adriatic province at the foot of the mountain a part of the Austrian dominions, but left the mountain itself an independent state, though acknowledging nominally, as before, the supremacy of Russia.

So much for the benefit of those who were unacquainted with Montenegro. The mountain appears almost to overhang the Austrian town of Cattaro on the Adriatic. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly-planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

Mr Paton having determined to gratify his curiosity, put himself under the escort of a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, with whom he began the ascent of the mountain. 'The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-of-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weather-beaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.' The Vellebitch, called the ladder-road of Cattaro, leads along a face of rock 4000 feet high, and 'very little out of the perpendicular. There could not be less than fifty zig-zags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black specks, that the naked eye could scarce perceive them; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below! I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea showing how loftily I am placed.'

On arriving at the top of the ladder, he was in Montenegro, and after crossing a desert plateau, and surmounting another ridge, looked down into 'a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich, carefully-cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. . . . Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria; but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore

* Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic, and the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire. By A. A. Paton. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall. London. 1849.

black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle; those who lounged about having a *strockah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, showing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready!" So predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed!" The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and show a poorer and more barbarous people.

On entering one of the cottages, through a whirlwind of smoke issuing by the door, its only path of egress, he saw that it was divided into three compartments, separated by rude basketwork—one for the family, one for cattle, and one for sheep. 'Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess.

'We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared of stones, and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature: soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless.' Such is the salubrity of the climate here, that the French resident mentions having 'met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family; the old man himself being 117 years of age; his son 100; his grandson nearly 82; his great-grandson had attained his 60th year; the son of the latter was 43; his son 21; and his grandchild 2 years of age.'

Cetigne, the capital of this extraordinary territory, he describes as being rather a fortified convent, surrounded by scattered houses, than a town; but there is a large government-house, styled the Archiepiscopal Palace, and an inn uniting the characters of a European hotel and an Asiatic khan. The vladika, or archbishop, was absent at the time; but our traveller was shown by the archimandrite the convent, containing a school-room, where thirty-two boys were at work on the elements of knowledge. 'All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow; beehives of hollowed trunks of trees, and everything betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the pacha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder magazine; an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result. . . . A hundred yards off is the new Government-House, built by the present vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the senate was then sitting. The brother of the vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy-chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great in oil, a smaller one of Kara George, and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the vladika

is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A senate of course ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod: I accordingly saw in a corner a bundle of these insignia; but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him; and the president decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality, as in the Turkish courts of justice; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.'

This spirit is kept up by the petty warfare which still goes on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, where bands of forty or fifty Montenegrines descend every now and then to 'lift' the cattle of the Moslem. 'It never strikes the Montenegro that this is immoral, the shedding of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful, but laudable; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debatable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth. . . . But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.'

It is not surprising that in such a country the *lex talionis* should be the law of the land. Feuds are handed down from generation to generation, between families, villages, and even branches of the same family. 'To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money; but this was a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest; and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arms hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St John. If the avenging party raised him, and embraced him, he was pardoned; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement; and in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question; and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.'

The present government of Montenegro, however,

according to M. Broniewski, one of the Russian authors we have alluded to, has effected something. The communities still refuse to deliver up a murderer, but they permit the burning down of his house and confiscation of his cattle. The sentence is executed by the chiefs of villages, who divide the spoil among them; and the criminal, thus deprived of home and property, betakes himself to some distant cavern, and becomes a robber. On the rare occasion when an execution takes place, no one person can officiate, or he would expose himself to the vengeance of the family; but—as it happened in 1836, when two malefactors were to be put to death at Cetigne—several hundred persons from different districts fire their rifles at once upon the condemned. In the case alluded to, one of the men was killed, and the other only wounded; but the latter was considered to have paid the penalty of the law as well as the former, and he was cured of his wounds, and set free.

'A Montenegrine,' says M. Broniewski, 'is always armed, and carries about, during his most peaceful occupation, a rifle, pistols, a yatagan, and a cartouch-box. The Montenegrines spend their leisure time in firing at a target, and are accustomed to this exercise from their boyish years. Their very games and amusements bear the stamp of a military character, and they are admitted by all to be most skilful shots. Being inured to hardships and privations, they perform, without fatigue, and in high spirits, very long and forced marches. They leap over wide ditches, supporting themselves on their long rifles, and pass over precipices where bridges would be absolutely requisite for every other kind of troops, and they climb the steepest rocks with great facility; they also bear with the greatest patience hunger, thirst, and every kind of privation. . . . When the enemy is in great force, they burn their villages, devastate their fields, and, after having enticed him into the mountains, they surround him, and attack him in a most desperate manner. . . . When, at the attack of Clobuck, a little detachment of our troops was obliged to retreat, an officer of stout make, and no longer young, fell on the ground from exhaustion. A Montenegrine perceiving it, ran immediately to him, and having drawn his yatagan, said, "You are very brave, and must wish that I should cut off your head. Say a prayer, and make the sign of the cross." The officer, horrified at the proposition, made an effort to rise, and rejoined his comrades with the assistance of the friendly Montenegrine. . . . Arms, a small loaf of bread, a cheese, some garlic, a little brandy, an old garment, and two pair of sandals made of raw hide, form all the equipage of the Montenegrines. On their march they do not seek any shelter from rain or cold. In rainy weather the Montenegrine wraps his head with the *strookah* (a shawl of coarse cloth), lies down on the ground where he stood, and putting his rifle under him, sleeps very comfortably.' On visiting one of the villages, 'a young woman (the youngest daughter-in-law of the family) entered the room with a wooden bowl filled with water; she bowed with great timidity; kissed the hem of my garment and the hand of my sailor, who jumped up at this mark of respect; she then pulled off my boots, examined them with great curiosity, took off my stockings, and washed my feet, as well as those of my sailor. After this the Kniaz proposed to me the Pascha (Easter cake), and all the family gave me and my companion the Eastern salutation. After this, water was presented to wash our hands, a candle was lighted before the images, prayers were said, and supper, consisting of a boiled fowl and smoked mutton, was brought. The master of the house alone sat down with us at table, the children served, and several persons who had entered the room stood looking at us and talking.' The next morning he was obliged to visit at least twenty families, and take food, or at least taste it, with each of them. 'On entering, as well as on leaving each house, I was obliged to kiss every member of the family; and whenever I gave a child a little lump of sugar, I was kissed again by every one in the house. At last, after

having kissed the whole village several times over and over, my mule was brought, and I mounted it, accompanied by loud wishes for a happy voyage, and amidst firing of muskets. My sailor was made so drunk, that it was necessary to stretch him across the donkey. I must not forget that, in passing from one house to another, I was formally delivered from one's hands into others, like a chattel, with an injunction to keep me as the apple of their eye.'

The history of a curious imposture practised upon this primitive people is given by Mr Paton, and it exemplifies in a striking manner their attachment to their nominal superior the czar. In the year 1760, an Austrian soldier of the name of Stephen Mali, a young man of lazy habits, and otherwise bad character, deserted the service, and made his way to Montenegro, where he became servant to a sort of doctor. Stephen soon tired of his new employment; and hearing on all sides the story of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright, it inspired him with the idea of becoming a great man himself. He told his master—who had formed a high opinion of him—that he himself was Peter; and that, desiring to see with his own eyes a little more of the world before returning home, he had come to visit his friends the Montenegrines *in cog*. The good doctor believed every word of the story, and falling down upon his knees, kissed the hand of the czar; and soon it was current in the Mountain that the Great Peter was among them. He was treated according to his assumed rank, and soon acquired so much influence, that his authority became greater than that of the archbishop, at that time an old and infirm man. What made his fortune, however, was the hostility of the Turkish officials. They pronounced him to be an impostor, and from that moment every man in the Mountain believed him to be the true czar. 'At last the court of Russia, to undeceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro, properly accredited to the archbishop, who assembled all the people, and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him; the archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men, to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box; go to the convent of Sermitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who, you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." The consequence was, that Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured everybody that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.'

Stephen, in fact, was so clever a fellow, that although he wanted physical courage, a quality so much prized in Montenegro, it is hard to say when the farce would have ended, had not the pacha of Scutari hastened the *dénouement* by employing the dagger of an assassin. 'The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and, above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious; and like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.'

We must now take leave of Mr Paton, only saying from the other authority, that the scene of these curious

events is a territory about sixty English miles by thirty-five, containing somewhat more than one hundred villages, the largest with a population of about 1000. Montenegro can always send into the field 15,000 armed men; but twice the number may be raised for the defence of the country.

BOATSWAIN.

WITHIN the precincts of Windsor Castle there is a small marble monument, on which may be read the following inscription:—

BENEATH THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF A BEING
WHO WAS POSSESSED OF BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCE,
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES.
THIS PRAISE WOULD BE BUT EMPTY FLATTERY
WERE IT INSCRIBED UPON THE ASHES OF A HUMAN BEING,
AND YET IT IS ONLY WHAT IS DUE TO THE MEMORY
OF THE DOG BOATSWAIN:
BORN IN NEWFOUNDLAND MAY 1801—
DIED AT WINDSOR 10TH NOVEMBER 1815.

Some few particulars regarding this remarkable dog, who, though unknown to fame, bore no inconsiderable part in the history of his day, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Boatswain was born in Newfoundland, as his epitaph sets forth, in the month of May 1801. He was brought to England, while still a pup, by Captain Philips of the Royal Navy, who undertook the charge of his early nurture and education. The pupil quickly rewarded his master's care by the rapid development of his superior qualities. At two years old, Boatswain was the finest animal of his breed that was anywhere to be met with: his coat was of an iron-gray colour, spotted with tan; he had a majestic head, eyes full of fire, and yet of gentleness, and a broad well-formed tail, which seemed to be continually in movement. To all this it must be added that he was generous, brave, and disinterested—in fact, possessed of all the virtues which are enumerated in his epitaph. It will therefore be readily understood that Captain Philips's dog soon became a universal favourite, and it was not long before his fame reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who laughingly offered promotion to the captain if he would make him a present of his dog. Philips was much vexed, but replied, as in duty bound, that he would be only too happy to have it in his power to contribute in anyway to the pleasure of his Royal Highness. In the course of two days after this conversation, Boatswain was transferred to Windsor, where an elegant little pavilion, in the Chinese style, was constructed expressly for his use.

Up to the year 1804, Boatswain contented himself with basking in the sunshine of courtly ease. At this period, however, he began to bear a part in the politics of the day. England was on the point of a rupture with France, and the ministry were very desirous of securing, without further delay, the co-operation of the northern powers. Matters had not, however, as yet been brought definitively to a point. At this period the diplomatic body were one day invited to share the courtly hospitality of Carlton House; and they had not been long assembled before the P— ambassador was engaged in an animated conversation with the Prince of Wales, who, although at this time exercising but little sway over his father's counsels, could not but feel interested, both as an Englishman, and as heir to the British throne, in the success of the negotiations which

were then on foot. At a little distance stood one of the envoys from the French court, a skilful diplomatist, who enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the First Consul. The prince was seeking, with all that graceful and winning eloquence which he so well knew how to employ, to convince the ambassador of the advantages which would accrue to all parties from the great northern powers uniting with England in an offensive and defensive alliance. The ambassador, still unconvinced, made only evasive replies to all the arguments employed by his royal host; and feeling himself somewhat hard pressed, was not a little relieved when Boatswain, who was often on these occasions a favoured guest, came bounding joyously into the room.

'What a noble animal!' exclaimed the P— ambassador.

'Yes,' replied the prince, 'he is a fine fellow, and well trained into the bargain. He is a first-rate fetcher and carrier, as I will prove to you directly.'

Boatswain was standing by the side of the French envoy, and seemed to be chewing something between his teeth.

'Here, Boatswain!' exclaimed the prince. The dog advanced towards him, and with an inimitable grace peculiar to himself, presented him an open letter. 'This is doubtless some stray paper which he has picked up in my study,' said the prince, taking it from the animal, and glancing hastily at its contents. It was addressed to the French envoy, and contained only these few words:—

'Sir—I am writing to my ambassador, as well as to yourself, this matter being one of the utmost importance. Any *rapprochement* between the court of St James's and the P— ambassador must be prevented, no matter at what cost. The latter is a man of a narrow and self-sufficient mind: you will not find it very difficult to influence him.

BO NAPARTE, *First Consul.*

When his Royal Highness had perused this document, he turned towards the ambassador, and said with a smile, 'Boatswain made a yet happier discovery than I had anticipated—he has brought to light something which concerns your excellency.'

'Me!' exclaimed the diplomatist.

'Yes: read this, and judge for yourself.'

The ambassador read as he was desired, and the First Consul's letter effected more in one moment than the prince's eloquence in an hour. From this day forward the irritated diplomatist became the most ardent partisan of war, and his despatches to his own government decided the king of P— in favour of the coalition.

Such was the first act of Boatswain's political career, which had its share in producing one of the bloodiest wars that has desolated Europe. He, in the meanwhile, all unconscious of the part he bore in these great events, lost nothing of the original simplicity and modesty of his character; and indeed it must be confessed that not long after this, his reputation, subject to the mutability of all human affairs, began somewhat to diminish in the world. The prince's passion for dogs became merged in one for horses, and he made a present of his old favourite to the well-known Beau Brummell. He sold it for three hundred guineas to the Duke of Richmond, the duke for two hundred to the Marquis of Argyle, the marquis for a hundred and fifty to Viscount Hereford, and the viscount for ninety to Lord Ross. It was evident that Boatswain was no longer held in due estimation. At last, however, he was so fortunate as to find a master who was worthy of him. Lord Ross gave him to a physician, who was also a fellow of the Royal Society. This new owner happened to be one of those original men who hold animals in higher esteem than they do their fellow-creatures in general. He consequently attached himself warmly to Boatswain,

who fully returned his affection. Before long, our *savant* sought permission to visit France, a permission at that time accorded *only* to literary men; for Bonaparte, with all his faults, never made war against science. Not satisfied with this concession, the doctor also sought and obtained an interview with the Emperor at St Cloud. Napoleon received his guest at his breakfast table, and as he sipped his cup of chocolate, discussed divers scientific subjects, until their conversation was interrupted by a low and long-continued moaning at the door. Bonaparte rose to see from whence this noise proceeded.

'Sire,' replied the doctor, who was, as we have said, an original, 'it is only one of my friends who is at the door; and as he is seldom absent from my side, he is complaining after his own fashion.'

'Well,' replied the Emperor graciously, 'I shall be charmed at having the pleasure of making your friend's acquaintance.'

The door was accordingly opened, and Boatswain, with a thousand gambols, bounded towards his master; but, as ill-luck would have it, in his joyous career he overset a splendid vase of Sevres china, and shattered it to atoms. The agonized *savant* seized a chair, and was about to fling it at the dog, when Napoleon calmly arrested him, saying, 'Sir, the *vase* can easily be replaced, but such a *dog* as this it would be hard to match; I must therefore plead for his forgiveness.'

The doctor did not require to be asked a second time to pardon his favourite; and Boatswain, who seemed perfectly well aware of all that had passed, turned towards his protector with a sparkling and grateful eye. Bonaparte patted his head, and said, turning towards the doctor, 'It is not often that *men* are as grateful. What a pity it is that this dumb animal has not as good a memory as they?'

'Sire,' replied the Englishman, 'Boatswain *seldom* forgets an *injury*, and *never* a *kindness*.'

'Ah!' said Napoleon sadly; 'is it so? Then, sir, thanks to you, this day has not been lost.' Boatswain wagged his tail, as if to certify to the Emperor that he was not mistaken.

Thus terminated the audience. The doctor returned to his island home: Bonaparte went forth at the head of his victorious armies; but soon was he destined to be arrested in his triumphant career. In 1814, as is well known, he was precipitated from the imperial throne, and banished to the sea-girt prison of the island of Elba.

In the meantime our friend Boatswain was growing old in one of the suburbs of London. His master, the *savant*, was dead, and the faithful animal had passed, with the rest of his property, into the hands of his heir. It is said that his faculties were beginning to fail him, and he led the quiet contemplative life of a philosopher, who has seen much, reflected much, and come to the conclusion that the less we try to meddle with the government of the world, the better it is likely to be, both as concerns ourselves and others.

His quondam protector, Napoleon Bonaparte, was, unfortunately, not of the same opinion. In his retreat, he was busily engaged in planning the means of re-entering France, and meditating over new campaigns; though few who witnessed the care with which he attended to the government of his miniature kingdom, and the general easy *insouciance* of his demeanour, could have supposed him to be labouring with such vast designs. In one of his rambles on the shore during this anxious interval, he encountered some of the officers of an English man-of-war, which was lying off the island. They requested from one of his suite the honour of being presented to the Emperor—a request readily acceded to. A circle was quickly formed, the captain improvised an address, to which Bonaparte was commencing a courteous reply, when suddenly an enormous dog, dashing into the midst of the group, came bounding towards the Emperor, and with every demonstration of joy, laid himself at his feet.

'Down, Boatswain, down!' exclaimed the captain, looking much discomposd.

On hearing the name of Boatswain, Bonaparte smiled, and turning to the young man, whilst with one hand he caressed the noble animal, he said, 'May I ask who gave you this dog?'

'Sire, he belonged to my father.'

'You are then the son of Dr M——?'

'Yes, sire,' replied the captain with a bow.

'I am delighted to hear it, sir, both for your sake and mine. It has also procured me the pleasure of seeing once more an old protégé of mine, whom I recognise by his gratitude as well as by his name.' He then narrated to the officer the adventure at St Cloud.

On the day succeeding this rencontre, there was a grand ball at Porto-Ferrajo. All the guests were already assembled; they were only awaiting the Emperor. But few amongst them were aware that at that moment Bonaparte, profiting by the darkness of the night, was marching towards the port at the head of his grenadiers. 'We are going to France!' whispered the veterans one to another, as they marched onwards amidst the distant rolling of the storm. Towards the sea the sky was illuminated from time to time by a vivid flash of lightning, which seemed to point out to the exiled soldiers their only pathway towards that home which they loved so well. Already the little band had reached the shore, when suddenly a tumult was heard amongst the advanced guard.

The Emperor inquired the cause.

'Sire, it is an Englishman, who has just been arrested on suspicion of being a spy. The soldiers were with difficulty restrained from massacring him on the spot.'

Napoleon immediately gave orders that the prisoner should be strictly guarded, and brought on board ship with them, in order that he might not give the alarm. They now commenced the embarkation, to accomplish which, each was obliged to pass into the boats over a long plank. In doing this, Bonaparte lost his equilibrium, and fell into the sea, which at that spot was already very deep. From the darkness of the night, and in the confusion of the moment, his disappearance was not perceived. Farewell to the double revolution of the Hundred Days!—farewell to the battle of Waterloo!—to the tragedy of St Helena! It seemed as if the warrior's career was now about to close for ever. But that Providence, which often accomplishes great ends by trivial means, had ordered it otherwise. Swifter than lightning, a dark body was seen to plunge into the water, and after diving three times, to reappear with the body of Napoleon! It was Boatswain, who was acquitting himself of the debt he had contracted at St Cloud!

When they reached the ship, the Emperor changed his clothes; and on mounting to the deck, quickly recognised in the prisoner Captain M——, his acquaintance of the preceding day.

'Ah! is it you, sir?' exclaimed Bonaparte with a smile. 'It seems that you are in the habit of taking very early walks?'

'Sire,' replied the prisoner, 'I was waiting for my boat to return to my ship, and imagined every one else was at the ball; but it seems to me that I have been taken prisoner without any declaration of war.'

'It is an English habit,' replied the Emperor, still smiling. 'But where is my friend Boatswain?'

'He has been shut up, sire, lest his familiarities should prove troublesome to you.'

'Would to Heaven,' said Napoleon with a sigh, 'that all my friends resembled him! But *à propos*, sir, does this arrest inconvenience you much?'

'It does indeed most seriously: I was just about to set sail for England.'

'Well, then, we will give you a passage thither *gratis* through France; perhaps I may even have the honour of conducting you myself to London!'

How this brief dream of glory ended is well known to all. As for Boatswain, the real hero of our story, he

was brought back in safety to England, and died not long after in his old abode in Windsor Park, where he had been reinstated by order of the Prince Regent, who caused the above epitaph to be engraven on his tomb.

THE VEGETABLE COLONISATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. CHARLES MARTINS.

THE question as to plants, whether each species originates where we now see it existing, or whether there are certain centres whence vegetables are radiated over the earth's surface, will probably long divide the opinions of philosophical naturalists. Some contend that species are actually native to the regions where they are found flourishing, while others admit of great vegetable migrations analogous to those of the human race. Long since, botanists remarked that certain islands have a Flora which is peculiar to them, while others do not present a single plant which is not also found on the adjoining continent. The British islands are in this latter position; but we shall not limit ourselves to the study of their vegetation, but endeavour to pursue the vegetable migrations through that series of archipelagos, islands, and islets which, under the names of the Orkneys, the Shetland and Farøe Islands, and of Iceland, form the only chain which unites Central Europe with Northern America.

In studying the botanical geography of the British islands, we may take for our guides the excellent works of Mr Hewett Watson and Mr Edward Forbes; both having carefully explored their country, the former as a botanist, the latter as a zoologist and geologist. One important leading fact sums up the general results at which these philosophers have arrived; namely, that the British isles do not present a single plant that is peculiar to them, and which cannot also be found in continental Europe; but the various plants found on these islands do not all come from the same regions. We shall endeavour to enumerate the various vegetable migrations which, according to these observers, have successively colonised Britain:—

The Asturian Type.—On account of the mildness of its winters, Ireland offers to our notice the remains of a Spanish Flora. There are found in its south-west districts twelve plants which came originally from the Asturias, and which are the last representatives of a colony whose starting-point was the north of Spain.

The Armorican Type.—The south-west of England and the south-east of Ireland exhibit a vegetation whose analogy to that of Brittany and Normandy has long excited the attention of botanists. Many southern species are found along the western coasts of France, till the increasing rigour of the climate arrests their migration northwards; a certain number still existing, in consequence of the mildness of the winter, on the peninsula, at the extremity of which Cherbourg is placed. These plants have spread to the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and gaining from thence the opposite shores of Ireland, have become naturalised in the counties of Cork and Waterford.

Boreal Type.—The mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales present to the botanist quite a peculiar vegetation, and one in every way different from that of the plains of England. Analogous to that of Switzerland, it offers a still more striking resemblance to the Flora of Lapland, Iceland, and Greenland. The greater number of plants which are found on the summits of the mountains of Scotland, vegetate at the level of the sea in the isles of the Northern Ocean.

Germanic Type.—This is the prevalent and fundamental one of England, which, originating in the north of France and Germany, has in the lapse of ages become so predominant, that most English botanists designate it as the British type. A certain number of the plants found on the English side of St George's Channel have never crossed it, and are unknown in Ireland. So, too, certain animals, much diffused in Germany, seem con-

finied in England to those regions wherein the Germanic Flora exclusively prevails. Thus the hare, squirrel, dormouse, polecat, and mole, are not native to Ireland. Only five species of reptile are found in that island, while eleven exist in England, and twenty-six in Belgium, the starting-point of the Germanic migration. Certain living mollusca are distributed in like manner.

The marine plants and animals of the British isles follow the same laws of distribution as govern that of the terrestrial Flora and Fauna. Certain kinds of alga, peculiar to southern seas, are found only on the western shores of England; and certain species of fish are there taken which never pass the Pas de Calais (Straits of Dover)—the Neptunian representatives of the Asturian and Armorican types. Just so, too, the herring, cod, and whiting abound only in the North Sea, along the eastern coasts, where the Germanic type of vegetation prevails. Lastly, the large cetaceous tribes (whales, &c.), even in the depths of the ocean, seem to observe the ideal boundary which separates the boreal vegetation of Scotland and England from the more southern Floras of Cornwall and the south of Ireland.

Up to the present time, naturalists had seen in this regional distribution of living beings only a natural consequence of the all-powerful influences of soil and climate. It first occurred to Mr Edward Forbes that this explanation was insufficient. He believed he recognised in it vestiges of a state of things no longer enduring, proofs of the existence of hotter or colder climates than now prevail, and indications of a configuration of land and sea, of which the depths of the ocean conceal the traces. The twelve Asturian plants found on the south-west of Ireland arc, in his opinion, the remains of the most ancient vegetable colony of the British islands. The distance of their continental origin, the vast gulf which now separates them from the mother country, the difference of climates, and the small number of surviving species, all announce an ancient origin, and an order of things quite different from that which now prevails. A sea once covered a large portion of the south of Europe and the north of Africa, as is proved by the numerous and identical fossil shells found at numberless points, from the isles of Greece to the south of France. According to Mr Forbes, the upheaval of the bed of this ocean, which constitutes the latest tertiary deposits, gave rise to a vast continent, comprising Spain, Ireland, a part of the north of Africa, the Azores, and the Canaries. He further refers the appearance of the Armorican type, connected as it is with a mild temperature, to the period when this continent existed.

The submersion of this continent was followed by a period during which a far lower temperature prevailed, and during which the migration of arctic plants, now found only in mountainous regions, took place. There are abundant proofs that in the north of Europe a glacial period immediately preceded that in which we live. Without referring to the numerous traces of the existence of glaciers in the mountainous regions of the United Kingdom, the drift of the northern portions of it contains the remains of animals now only found in the depths of the Frozen Ocean, and on the coasts of Iceland and Greenland. During this period, then, England was in part covered by waters, the temperature of which resembled that of the Frozen Ocean, and formed not a continuous country, but groups of islets—the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and Cumberland alone rising above the waves. A climate analogous to that of Iceland prevailed in this archipelago: the summits of its mountains, like those of Hecla, were covered with perpetual snow, and glaciers descended along its valleys to the sea. The plants of Greenland, Iceland, and Norway, were transported thither by oceanic currents or floating ice; and these are the vegetables that still flourish in the mountainous regions.

At the end of this glacial period the British islands were gradually upheaved into their present confor-

mation—the higher points becoming still higher, and the oceanic depths more shallow. The sea becoming warmer, its shores have been invaded by the animals which still people it; but as at great depths the change of temperature is much less sensible, animals of the glacial period have been enabled to remain here. Thus, Mr Forbes observes, at depths of from 500 to 650 feet, the mollusca of the arctic seas are found, and even a great number of shells, which are only found in the fossil state in the drift or stratum of the glacial period existing in the north of Britain. From such facts, he concludes that the deeper portions of the British seas conceal a population which, like the plants of the Scotch Alps, originated in the glacial period.

During these two geological epochs, England and France were united, the English Channel and the Straits of Dover not then existing; and geologists unite in considering the separation of the two countries as a comparatively modern event. The plants of France and Germany invaded the recently-emerged territory; the hardy vegetation of the north occupying the greater portion. Forests as dense as those of Germany then covered the coasts of England: gigantic stags, and lost species of the ox, the bear, the wolf, and the fox, alone inhabited these vast solitudes. The great Germanic vegetable invasion, so to speak, absorbed all the others, a few traces of these alone remaining. Thus while the Asturian plants were reduced to a few species confined to the south-west of Ireland, the hardy plants of the north completed the conquest, and possessed themselves of the soil. This colonisation finished, England became separated from the continent—a geological event insignificant in itself, but which has in its moral results exercised an immense influence on the destinies of the world.

While Messrs Forbes and Watson were engaged in proving the continental origin of the plants and animals of England, I was studying the vegetable colonisation of the Shetland and Farøe Isles, and of Iceland. These islands form a continuous chain, so to speak, connecting the northern extremity of Scotland with the eastern coast of Greenland—being the only portions of land uniting Europe with America. Already, in 1839, the vegetation of the Farøe archipelago had struck me. Though lost in the middle of the Northern Ocean, its Flora was composed of plants very commonly seen, and generally indigenous, on the plains of central Europe, others being found on the Alps of Switzerland, and some in Scotland and Greenland. Extending my researches to Shetland and Iceland, I found in the same manner that these islands had no vegetation proper to themselves, all their plants originating on the continent. A new problem presented itself. Did these vegetable colonies come from Europe or America? As a great number of the plants are common to the northern portions of the new and old world, the question presented some difficulties. Nevertheless, I found more than one hundred species *exclusively* European, all the others being common to Europe and America. A great vegetable migration has crossed England, Scotland, the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Farøe Isles, and proceeded even to Iceland. Some species have gone direct from the coasts of Norway. But at the same time arctic plants, originating in Greenland, pursued a reverse track across Iceland, the Farøe and Shetland Isles, to the Scotch mountains, where they found a second country. This double migration reveals itself by numbers. If we count the relative proportion of exclusively European plants which enter into the Flora of the Shetlands, we find them amount to a fourth; in the Farøe Isles it is but a seventh; and in Iceland but a tenth. In proportion, then, to the distance from Europe, does the number of vegetable productions proper to that continent diminish; while the Greenland plants increase in pretty much the same ratio.

While agreeing with Mr Forbes in respect to the fact of the colonisation of the islands of the North Sea, the

boldness and novelty of the hypothesis by which he endeavours to explain the fact induces me to feel some hesitation in adopting it; especially as, without interrogating the past condition of the earth, I find a plausible explanation of the transport of seeds in causes actually existing. The great current termed the *Gulf Stream* takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, and passing along the shores of North America as high as Newfoundland, traverses the Atlantic, and strikes the western shores of Scotland. This it is which carries there the seeds of Mexico, even still endowed with germinative power, and has cast upon the Hebrides the *Eriocaulon septangulare*, a species of North American origin, and the only one of all the British plants which is not European. Passing the coasts of Scotland, the Gulf Stream collects, so to speak, innumerable seeds which the water-courses have brought down to the ocean, bears them along, and distributes them in the sandy nooks of the various islands. This current appears to me to be the principal agent of the diffusion of the European plants among them. Nor are the winds strangers to the work of dissemination; and whoever has once felt those long and terrible blasts on the northern seas, will no longer doubt their power of transporting such light bodies as seeds from one isle to another. A fact of recent occurrence may be cited in proof of such power. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 2d September 1845 there was an eruption of Mount Hecla; on the 3d, the ashes fell on the most southern of the Farøe group of islands; and the same day they were carried to the Shetlands and Orkneys, and were found on the decks of vessels sailing between England and Iceland. Another mode of transport has been but little attended to; namely, that by migratory waterfowl, millions of which leave the coasts of Spain, France, and England every spring-time for the islands of the Northern Sea, to return the following autumn.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES ON A VERY DELICATE SUBJECT.

To every one of you, ladies, I believe I can say with a safe conscience,

‘I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye.’

I claim, however, that shoe-tyes, to be honoured, should be seen. At present they are enveloped in such a longitude of skirt as utterly extinguishes them. Every now and then we find you, dear ladies, labouring under some monstrous extravagance of attire, as wide sleeves, arachnoid waists, and so forth. Now the reigning solecism is over-long gowns. It is a case which may almost excite some doubts as to the soundness of the feminine understanding, so entirely does it seem to defy all the ordinary rules of common sense. Ah, gentle dames—but let us look into the matter a little in detail.

See yonder elegant lady moving along the pavement, like ‘Troy’s proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground.’ Very well for the Trojan dames, perhaps, to indulge in such dress in sounding epic; but oh, look at their living imitatrix of modern England! It has been a damp morning, and the flagstones are bespread with a thin paste of mud. Our fine lady’s skirts just skim this soft substance, and behold they are thickly dabbled for a few inches upward with mud, which they have also communicated in no small quantity to the shoes and stockings. She dares not now hold up her skirts to save them from further pollution, because that would expose a state of matters about her feet and ankles at which every other body’s eye would revolt. She therefore walks desperately on, knowing she is always getting worse and worse, yet unable to help herself until she shall reach home, by which time she

will be in a state only fit for the consideration of her maid, to whom I leave her. Is this a reasonable treatment either for silk or mousseline de laine? Is it doing justice to a pair of the neatest feet in the world? Is it right to visit mortal shoes and stockings with such indignity? *

Or see the same figure in the same place on another day. It is now dry weather, and what was formerly mud is now dust. The same garments sweep up as much of the volatile as they formerly did of the humid nuisance. It does not clag and barken on skirts and feet, but it goes farther, and produces a worse abomination. The masculine imaginations coming up behind dwell for a moment on the dust-bath in which our Trojan dame is indulging, and its unpleasant consequences. For of what is the dust-bath composed? Alas, we all know what matters mingle with the soil of a crowded carriage thoroughfare. It is as a volunteer scavenger that our lady gets, with this remarkable addition to the usual duties of the class, that she chooses to go home laden like a bee with the materials on which she operates. Nor is it inanimate dust alone. In warm weather, the powder of the street is full of insects visible and invisible. Think of a proud and stately gentlewoman gathering an entomological museum about her as she treads the pavé. How much obliged must several of the better-known parasites be to her friendly skirts for transporting them into new settlements! Some of them will probably make themselves known to her ere long; others she will be spared knowing, but I can assure her they are there nevertheless.

Were there any irresistible elegance in long skirts, I should, dear ladies, have some little sympathy in your submitting, for its sake, to these inconveniences. But the fact is, that while a train is a fine thing in a state-room, a trailing gown is an unpleasant object to look upon in a street. It is so, because it is felt as utterly inappropriate. We cannot admire anything if it grossly shocks rationality. Long skirts, which can only be an inconvenience and a source of defilement in a street, shock rationality: therefore we cannot admire long skirts in walking-dresses. It is the plainest and most incontrovertible syllogism. Skirts which leave the feet free to move without being touched by them, fulfil the common-sense idea of the matter, and are felt to be handsomer accordingly. There is also what I may call a positive or absolute grace in the neatly-shod female feet seen moving smartly along a city way. A woman should not be a purely bell-shaped object, with the edge touching the ground. The feet are required for a basis in the figure; otherwise a painful sense of incompleteness or imperfection possesses us. I am not prepared to advocate the Slavonian brevity of petticoat, with a supplement of frilled trousers: perhaps our habits of feeling forbid the hope of such a fashion ever being introduced. But I would certainly recommend that the skirts of walking-dresses should never come within three inches of the ground, whether with supplements or not.

I hope, fair ladies, that you will not think of calibrating against this friendly remonstrance and advice, on any such weak ground as that it is a matter which we men have nothing to do with. The very reverse is the case: you do pay us the compliment of dressing very much to please us. Knowing this, and grateful for it, we feel that it is but the simplest justice to apprise you when, from any misconception on your part, you fail in your amiable design. It is only right that we should endeavour to turn you to modes in which you are more likely to succeed. This is the sum of my wishes at the present moment. I have used strong

terms, because gentle ones would be of no use; but I mean kindly.

You will perhaps tell me that fashion is imperative, and that, till it changes, you are helpless. I know well that this is an influence against which the individual is in a great measure powerless, though I do not well see why any of you should become an entomological cabinet or a walking sample of the soil because another chooses. I aim, however, at affecting that general feeling or sense in which fashions take their rise. It must reside somewhere: the Journal goes everywhere: ergo, I have a good chance of reaching it. The only fear is, that the fashion-instituting power, like some other powers, resides with persons not the most shining in point of judgment, not to speak of taste. In that case, these reasonings will most probably be thrown away. I am, nevertheless, hopeful. The cause of retrenchment of skirts is one which may require agitation, and may not be crowned with speedy success; but it is one founded so clearly in rationality and a just sense of what is beautiful and what is decent, that sooner or later it must triumph. And so, with sentiments of the highest consideration and respect, I bid you, my fair countrywomen, a tender adieu.

J. BALDERSTONE.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Scarlet Fever.—I have heard people remark, in the slighter cases of scarlet fever, that they supposed the disease to be only scarlatina. It may be well just to observe that this supposed distinction between scarlatina and scarlet fever has no scientific foundation, and is simply a popular misunderstanding. Dr Watson has alluded to this notion in his valuable lectures on the 'Practice of Physic,' to which I have already referred. 'I need scarcely,' says he, 'remind you of a sort of mystification which prevails among the public about this complaint, and which many practitioners, for no good reason that I can see, seem disposed to encourage. Mistaking the Latin and scientific name of the disorder for a mere diminutive, you will hear mamma say, "Oh, my children have not got the scarlet fever, but only the scarlatina." I always disabuse them of this absurd error when the opportunity of doing so occurs. It can produce nothing but confusion, and a disregard of requisite precautions.* There is a distinction, however, in the terms used to distinguish the mild form of the complaint from that in which the throat is implicated, the former being called scarlatina-simplex, and the latter scarlatina-anginosa (from the Greek word *αγγον*, to strangle). The knowledge that there is such a distinction will of course do much to keep up the error alluded to.

Bleeding—Dark Blood.—It is very common for patients to remark on the colour of the blood removed by the application of leeches. They will say—'It is very well, doctor, that I have been bled, for the blood was very bad—as black as your hat.' The leech-women generally maintain similar views, and the practitioner is perhaps pleased to find a new argument adduced in favour of the steps which he has taken in having his patient bled. Of course there is a real peculiarity in the blood removed from different patients; but the profession are not in the habit, and indeed not capable, of judging in this summary manner by the darkness or lightness of the colour.

The blood removed by leeches has generally the aspect of venous blood; being principally from the minute vessels which form the extreme ramifications of the arteries and veins, and which carry blood of a dark and venous character.

Whilst on the subject of bloodletting, I may mention a fear which exists, that when bleeding has been once performed, it will be requisite to have it repeated

* Op. cit., p. 754, vol. II.

periodically. If the necessity for bloodletting have arisen from causes which are likely to be permanent, it is true that it may again be necessary to have recurrence to the same treatment; but it is too much to say that the mere fact of taking blood imposes on us the necessity of repeating it periodically.

Again, there is an idea that leeches placed near the eyes weaken the sight. It is very certain that profuse bleedings, which drain the system of blood, and produce extreme palidity, may, and do often occasion, at least a temporary failure of vision; but this is no reason why we should object to a leech or two, as many do, on the ground that their application will weaken the sight.

Lungs Affected.—We often hear people ask whether their lungs are affected. Now, by the term *affected*, they imply something very serious; but the expression is of course a vague one, and may be applied with propriety to derangements of a very slight nature. Carelessness in the use of words is a frequent source of error with the public in respect to medical subjects. A man will tell you he has a disease of his liver, when perhaps it is only a little disordered. The terms *disease* and *disorder* have nothing in their etymology to render them peculiarly applicable to one or other condition; but conventionally there is a great difference, *disease* being mostly applied to actual structural changes in the organ, and *disorder* to mere disturbances or functional derangements (that is, derangements in the office or function of the part); but this is never known or attended to by the public, and hence very many mistakes.

The term *affected* of course may mean something or nothing. A person in the last stage of consumption has his lungs affected, but so also has every one who has the most trifling cough. Take the common dictionary meaning of the term, and it will do very well for its application to *disease*—there is nothing different in its appropriation to medical subjects.

Fire got out of Burns.—I never properly knew what people wish us to understand when they say that 'the fire is not got out of burns.' I really imagine some people suppose the fire ~~is~~ have actually entered the part, and to be inside it. This view of course is so absurd, that I will not insult the understanding of the reader by stopping to refute it. If the term be applied to the first or painful and inflammatory stage, it is allowable enough; but as I think it *does* exercise a sort of impression on many that the fire is a something to be *got out*, it would be better that this metaphorical mode of speaking were altogether abandoned. In this, as in many other instances which I have brought forward, it may be well to remark that many of these sayings are happily understood by those who employ them for no more than their true value, and therefore only to be considered as figurative expressions; but I am convinced that there are a very great many who believe them literally, and are more guided by them than by anything which can be said by their professional advisers.

Lungs Completely Gone.—Nothing is more common than to hear people gravely state that their lungs are gone, or almost gone. This may be, unfortunately, to a great extent true in cases of consumption, where the patient is in the last stage of existence—at least if it be meant to say that the healthy structure of the lung is spoiled by disease—death soon following this entire demolition of the pulmonary tissue. The public are, however, by no means content to restrict the term to these fatal examples: a patient will tell us, with all the confidence in the world, that Dr So-and-So has assured him that one of his lungs is entirely gone; or will tell us that a friend of his had one of his lungs quite 'gone' (they like this word *gone*), but set out for the Madeiras, and now is as well as he ever was in his life. Such cases are of course quite untrue. I cannot imagine myself that consumption ever goes on to any great extent in one lung without affecting the other; and certainly if it arrived at a point of complete disorganisation of one lung, the patient could not survive. One lung may

undoubtedly be greatly condensed by pleuritic effusion (altogether, however, unconnected with consumption), and even the side of the chest be contracted, without causing a fatal result; but this is not what is meant by the lung being *gone*, and does not even depend on any disease at all going on in the lung itself.

I think, with respect to this idea of the lung being gone, the profession is itself to blame—many members of it using terms which foster the mistake, or encourage the idea, with a view to increase their own reputation. I have always myself sought to contradict these popular errors wherever I have heard them.

Cinder Tea.—Those who are much acquainted with the diseases of infancy, and have necessarily mixed much with persons who attend upon them, will have frequently heard of cinder tea. To those who have not, the whole subject will appear eminently ridiculous. As I am now, however, speaking of errors which actually prevail, and that to a great extent, amongst almost all classes of society, I care not how ridiculous the subject seems. So long as the errors prevail, the importance of considering them is certain. We are all too apt to measure the value of a subject by its gravity or complexity, rather than by its real influence on mankind and its daily-recurring applicability.

Cinder tea, so far as I have heard of it, is prepared by pouring hot water on cinders taken up from the ashes. What medicinal properties can be imparted to water in this manner I cannot divine, nor indeed how anybody could anticipate good from such a system of proceeding. I remember seeing once in a book of jokes a receipt for making soup from pebbles. You were to put the pebbles into some clean boiling water, and whilst stirring it up, add various savoury articles, and at length a very good pot there would be. But the cinder tea is no such thing: it is to all intents and purposes *cinder tea*. I have heard of a French cook who could make an excellent ragoût of 'de small too-comb.' The cinder tea would require such a cook to prepare it.

Midwifery.—Great importance is attached by the public to particular days and periods. Now there is, in reality, a curious law of periodicity in the animal world, but the public have not always been happy in hitting upon the real examples, and greatly overdo the point of fact. The ninth day of a confinement is well known to be considered a most important day. The lady may live as she likes on the eighth; but on the ninth, if she does not keep strictly to her bed, it is ten to one if she get well at all. Some rather more reasonably fancy that the nine first days are to be devoted to quietude; and as this reading has some good effect, it is not so very objectionable. However, in reality, the ninth day is of no more importance than the eighth or the tenth, and the particular importance attached to it is only a kind of superstition. In the same way people say that a seven-months' child is more likely to live than an eight-months' child, but they cannot tell you why; and how this idea arose it is difficult to say: a fondness for paradoxes may have had a share in it.*

It would require a treatise to enumerate all the absurd stories which nurses have collected in respect to obstetric medicine.

Of putting the Neck Out and In.—There are few people who have been sporting characters who have not some story to tell about having seen a man put out his neck. They will tell you that no sooner had their friend dislocated his neck, than some skilful fellow stepped forward, and putting one leg on each of his shoulders, set to work, and presently pulled it in again; after which the poor fellow mounted, and rode away as if nothing had happened. With all due deference to our sporting friends, these stories are altogether fabrications. A real dislocation of the neck would be immediately fatal. I once told a person so; but he cut me short by saying he had seen the thing himself. 'The neck was all awry, but a good pull set it to rights.' There is no

* Ramsbotham says this error is as old as Hippocrates.

reasoning against such philosophers, and therefore it is better to attack them in print.

Eyes Washed.—The same kind of people will tell you they have been present at surgical operations where the eyes have been cut out, a skin removed, and then replaced, as if nothing had happened. It is not always easy for a professional man to know how to answer such people. It would be a bore to both parties to enter into a serious refutation of the subject. I may again state that many of the things which I relate as popular notions may seem too absurd for any degree of credulity; but most of what I have said I have heard repeated more than once, and am firmly convinced that it was believed to be true.

We may be disposed to treat common notions as a parcel of silly stories, not deserving the trouble of a serious consideration; but when we find them in practice continually starting up, we are constrained either to join in them or deny them.

Gout.—People say that boils are healthy, or that the gout is healthy; but in these speeches, if they have any meaning at all, there is an elliptical idea. We might say that bleeding was salutary, or rhubarb and magnesia salutary; but then we should presume that there was a state of disease to be corrected. Now, allowing a certain amount of disorder to be actually present, an attack of the gout may be favourable, not because it is good in itself, but because, mischief being actually present, the gout is the means of eliminating the *materies morbi*. In this view of the subject, indeed, many of our diseases might be called healthy. However, we frequently find people congratulating themselves on the gout; or a friend will tell you, if you show him a painful boil, 'That you may thank your stars, inasmuch as it is an indication of full health.' In my own view, neither the gout nor the presence of boils is any proof of good health, but rather a proof of the contrary.

The other day I met a gentleman, who showed me a little boy covered with boils. He said 'he was very glad they were come out, and that they were much better out than in.' In the latter observation I perfectly agreed with him, though, for the poor lad's sake, I could wish that he had never been plagued with them.

Lancing the Gums.—I do not conceive the operation of lancing the gums in children is serviceable merely in facilitating the passage of the teeth, but in relieving the tension and fulness of the part. Surgeons frequently make incisions in parts which are inflamed, without any other object than that of diminishing undue tension. Sometimes it is necessary, therefore, to lance the gums of children when we do not anticipate the immediate protrusion of the teeth. Mothers, however, who like to reason about these things, will occasionally tell us that 'they are not advocates for the lancing of gums.' They will tell us that the parts become harder afterwards, and thus the passage of the teeth is impeded instead of being advanced. This idea is probably derived from seeing the cicatrices of wounds and burns, which certainly often present very hard ridges; but the analogy does not seem to hold good, for I have never myself felt any similar ridge in the gums of children. Besides, however hard these cicatrices may feel to the touch, they do not seem to be in reality very capable of resisting the process of ulceration, or what is called interstitial absorption. Sir Astley Cooper, in his 'Lectures on Surgery,' makes an interesting allusion to Lord Anson's voyage, which has a bearing on this subject. 'Lord Anson's book,' says he, 'is one of the most valuable works which has appeared on nautical subjects; nor is it without its use as illustrative of a principle in surgery. Lord Anson's expedition to the Pacific Ocean was undertaken with a view of destroying the power of Spain in the New World. As he was obliged to sail sooner than he expected, many of the crew which he took out were invalids, some having cicatrices, and others having previously had fractured bones. In his passage round Cape Horn he encount-

tered very severe weather: many ships were obliged to return; some were lost; and the crews of those which succeeded in getting at last to the Isle of Juan Fernandez suffered great hardships. In doubling Cape Horn the crew suffered severely from attacks of the scurvy; and it was remarked by the clergyman, who was an observing man, though he knew nothing of our profession, that the men who had ulcers before were invariably attacked with ulceration in the same parts, and that if their bones had been formerly fractured, they became disunited. . . . There cannot,' continues he, 'be a better example than this for the purpose of showing the readiness with which newly-formed parts ulcerate, as compared with the original structures of the body.'

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A TALE.

THERE was once a little boy, his name was Peter Bates. You will say he could not have been a very happy boy, when you hear that he cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. This is a thing that very seldom happens, as almost every one in the world has somebody to love; and especially when we are young, and our hearts beat warmly, we feel as if we ought to love everybody we know. But it was not so with Peter: his little heart was chilled, until he hardly could tell whether he had such a thing at all; and at last he never even thought of trying; so the fault lay partly in himself, as well as in others. You will think, perhaps, that Peter had no home, no relations, parent, brother, or sister; and yet it was not so, though the place he did hold in his own family made him seem as if he really were alone in the world; for his father, who was a farmer, had married when he was a young man; had two or three sons and daughters, and then his wife died; so he, thinking he should want more money to support so large a family, soon married another woman for whom he did not much care, but who was said to be very rich. This was Peter's mother; her fortune was all a mistake—she had not any; and when her husband found that out, he cared for her less than ever; and then she grew cross, fought with him, scolded his children, and drove away all comfort from the house, until the day Peter was born, when it so happened that she died, and left nobody crying for her but the poor young babe, who, missing her sadly, never ceased wailing until he was sent out to be nursed, that he might no longer disturb the quiet of the house—quiet that, from its long absence, seemed doubly precious now.

And then, in a little while, Peter's father, grown wiser by experience, married another wife, with a smiling face and pleasant ways; and she and her children in time became great favourites with the elder ones, so that, between both, the unpleasant memory of Peter and his mother seemed entirely to have slipped away. But it is not so easy to get rid of disagreeable things; and one day they were all startled into recollection of the past by the arrival of the nurse with Peter, now grown a stout, rude, ungainly boy, so like his mother, that the moment they looked in his face, all their long-forgotten troubles seemed at once to revive. Little welcome was there for him, and he was quick enough to perceive it; in a short time understanding quite well that he was the one too many. So being somewhat shy and proud, instead of trying to overcome their dislike, and make himself pleasing, he grew moody and silent, and kept himself as much as possible out of the way, so that at last he was nearly as much forgotten as before. No one looked for him as part of the family group; and if by chance he did linger a moment after meals, or draw in his seat by the fire, he was stared at as an intruder, and made to feel that his rough manners and uncouth appearance unfitted him even for the society of his own family. It was a trying position; and yet we can all think of some bright loving child,

* Astley Cooper's Lectures on Surgery (small edit.), p. 60.

who would have won his way to their hearts in spite of it all; who would have shown a wish to oblige, or a wish to be loved; and whose smiles and winning words would have made friends by themselves alone. But not so with Peter: he had his mother's disposition, as well as her features, and no one had ever tried to work improvement in either: no one softened his proud little heart with a kind indulgent word; no gentle hand smoothed down his curls or tidied his dress, taking pleasure and pride in seeing him behave and look well; and so, left to himself, and brooding over the contrast between himself and others, Peter became more and more surly and awkward each day; until at last he was considered as a sort of fool, and employed in nothing else but watching the sheep or the geese as they picked up a few blades of fresh grass by the side of a road that passed within some fields of his father's house.

But if Peter cared for no person, it might have been known he had some feeling by the love he showed for one thing, and that was his dog Snap. This animal being rough and ugly like himself, they were truly a well-matched pair. Snap was just as much despised in the family as his owner; but he was quick and intelligent enough in his own way, and did his business well: he kept the cattle and the geese within proper bounds, watching them with his quick eyes, while he nestled at his master's feet, thereby keeping them warm. Best of all, he kept all intruders aloof, and often gave poor misanthropical Peter the gratification of seeing some more prosperous urchin, who might otherwise have flaunted before him, take himself off in double-quick time at the sound of Mr Snap's growl, or still more menacing bark.

It so happened one day that Peter, sitting as usual by the roadside with his dog on his feet, saw him prick up his ears, and look down the hill towards a spot where the road went out of sight. 'Some sport coming now,' thought Peter to himself; and laying his hand on Snap's rough coat, he held him in readiness to bound off at the proper moment and attack the new-comer. Peter all the while sitting gruffly by, as if he had neither hand nor act in the business; but even while he waited, his hand involuntarily pressed Snap more firmly down, and a faint gleam of pleasure flitted across the sullen face. No wonder—even Snap laid down his head quietly between his paws, and the ears which had been pricked up so fiercely, drooped softly over his face again, as they caught the pleasant sound of a young happy voice, singing some sweet old tune without any words, without beginning or end, but going backwards and forwards on the notes in unthinking glee. Presently the singer appeared at the turn of the road, now advancing, now stopping, now stooping down as she sought for the first violets that ventured to peep through the still wintry air. It was a fair little girl, not much older, and hardly as tall as Peter himself; but oh what a contrast to him was her bright young face as she now raised it up glowing with delight at discovering one more blossom, which she added to a little bunch already within a tiny basket on her arm! and then, as if determined not to loiter any more, advanced steadily up the hill.

As she approached, Snap, yielding to old habit, in spite of Peter's restraining hand, jumped up and uttered his growl; but this time, instead of his usual tacit encouragement, his master really held him back, and in tones almost as rough as those of the dog, called out to the little girl, 'Never fear: stand your ground, and he'll let you alone.'

'Why should I fear? Why should I run?' said the little one smilingly; and with one step she placed herself quite close to Snap, with her hand on his rough coat, he looking up with eyes half closed, from which all anger was banished, and even condescending slightly to wag his tail.

'Why should you run?' said Peter, echoing her question with some wonder. 'Every one does: every one,' added he with some pride, 'is afraid of Snap.'

'Then I am not afraid of him, or of anything else,' replied the little girl laughingly, and presenting a piece of bun from her basket to the dog. 'So Snap is his name. Well, good-by, Snap: the next time we meet we shall be better friends.' And away she tripped, once or twice looking back and waving her hand, as she repeated 'Good-by, Snap; good-by,' until the hawthorns, closing at another turn of the road, shut her out from their view.

There is an old English poet—he lived three hundred years ago, and so it is hard enough to read his old-fashioned verse—but he tells, in a poem called 'The Faëry Queen,' of a fair girl named Una, whose gentleness and sweet looks actually tamed a lion that she encountered one day wandering alone in a forest, and won on his wild nature so much, that he followed her about, and became her protector, until she found her way back to her friends. Now, as nature remains just the same, in spite of all the changes of the world, it was just in this way that the little girl we are telling of, by her fearless gentleness and good-humour, won not only on quarrelsome Snap—so that, when she passed on, he slapped his tail quite vehemently against the ground in token of his approbation—but also on his surly little master; both Peter and his dog feeling a sort of inward satisfaction at the little occurrence, which made one of them at least hope it might happen the next day again. Poor Peter! pleasant words and pleasant looks were a novelty to him, and he felt for the moment somehow as if the sun had shone out suddenly from behind a cloud.

The first time for many a day he thought a little about the future—a short future to be sure: it was only, 'Would that little girl come to-morrow?' Yet still it redeemed his mind from its usual dreary blank. But before the morrow came, fresh misfortune awaited Peter: true to his training, Snap soon forgot his softer feelings, and when the next wayfarer passed by, fiercer, fiercer than ever, as if to make amends for his late forbearance, he growled, he barked, he sprang upon the traveller, and going even further than usual, at last caught him by the leg. He was rewarded by a blow of a stick, which sent him stunned and sprawling back to his master's feet, who, now roused out of his assumed apathy, at once took his part, and in fiery indignation assailed the stranger himself. He, disdainful to punish the boy as he had done the dog, took him by the collar, in spite of a stout resistance, and leading him up to his father's house, delivered him to the authorities there. Unluckily, or rather luckily for Peter, his father was on the spot, and due punishment followed, though the good-natured stepmother would have begged him off on the plea of his being half a fool.

'Foolish enough to be mischievous at anyrate,' said his father, as he sent him off to his usual occupation the next morning, locking up Snap in solitary confinement, with the declaration that before evening he should certainly be hanged.

Peter had no language for remonstrance; he knew nothing of persuasion; and so in a temper more moody, more hopeless, more savage than ever, he took his now solitary seat by the roadside, missing the warmth as well as the society of his dumb companion, and shivering as much with grief and anger as with cold, until at last he burst into a fit of crying, very unusual with him, who knew nothing of sympathy, the spring of half the tears we shed. He had bowed down his head between his knees in this miserable state, when again, as yesterday, he heard the sweet song, the light step, draw nearer and nearer: he knew it was the little girl, but this time he could take no pleasure in anything; he was angry and ashamed, and so he determined he would let her pass on, and never raise his head.

But it would not do: the footsteps paused quite close to him, the sweet voice, no longer merry, but oh how gentle! inquired what was the matter. And then the little hand was laid on his shoulder, even as it had rested on poor Snap's shaggy coat the day before, and

in spite of himself Peter was obliged to look up. He knew what an ugly, wo-begone, forbidding face he must have; but he read no dislike in the compassionate one that was now bent over him; on the contrary, there was something like tears in the sweet blue eyes, as she again said, 'What can be the matter? And where is Snap?'

Poor Peter was quite upset at this question: he could not answer it; and so taking up the trouble that pressed at the moment, he contented himself with muttering, 'I'm so cold!'

'And so you are, poor fellow!' said the little girl kindly. 'But no wonder, when you are sitting here on the frosty side of the hedge. Look how the sun shines over there: come across to the bright side, and you will feel yourself cheered even before you are warmed with its heat.' And whether he would or no, she gently forced him from the chill seat on which he had sunk in the carelessness of grief, and made him settle himself comfortably on the sunny bank at the opposite side of the way.

'And now what is the matter?' she asked for the third time. 'I am sure there was something more than the cold.' And Peter, who had never before confessed a trouble to any one, found himself relating all his griefs to the little stranger whom he had never even seen till the day before. She laughed—she could not help it—at his account of Snap's encounter with the traveller; and the more rueful and serious Peter looked, the more it still made her laugh, until he came to the close of the adventure, and then she looked very grave, and readily allowed that the punishment, and, above all, the hanging, was no laughing matter indeed.

'But, Peter, though you say your father is very stern, still I wonder you did not try to beg off poor Snap; as you were punished yourself, and bore it well, maybe for your sake Snap would be forgiven if you tried. Did you try?'

'No, indeed; it would be of no use: I never asked my father for anything. They say I am a fool!' And poor Peter, in deep consciousness of his degradation, again buried his burning face between his knees.

'A fool!' repeated the little girl, and her blue eyes opened very wide. 'Oh, Peter, you surely are not that? Do not let any one think so. Go to your father, like a sensible boy, and tell him you are sorry for what happened—as you ought to be—and that you will promise for Snap that he shall not get into any more mischief. You know, Peter, you can promise that;' and again the bright eyes laughed gaily, while a dawning smile flitted over Peter's doleful features too. 'And now I can stay no longer, otherwise I shall be late for school; so good-by, Peter: do what I tell you, and be happy to-morrow.' And again the little one tripped away, turning again, and waving her hand until the bushes shut her out. But this time it was 'Good-by, Peter,' instead of 'Good-by, Snap.'

Peter remained lost in a world of wonder and perplexity at the new line of conduct proposed to him. Should he, could he follow it; had he any chance of being listened to? No, it could be of no use—he never could do it. Thus was he deciding, when again the sound of light footsteps made him turn his head, and in a moment the little girl stood breathless by his side, with her hand on her heart, to still its beating, but smiling all the time, as she waited impatiently for words. At last she exclaimed, 'Oh, I ran so fast! Just as I got to the top of the hill, I thought of one thing I wished to say; and I am so late; but I should tell you this: when you go to ask your father, Peter, do not hang your head, and look down as I have seen you do; maybe it is that makes him say you are like a fool; but look up in his face as if you trusted him, and were not afraid of him, or ashamed of what you asked for; and remember to say you are sorry, and promise for the future; and, that's all—remember now.' And before he could answer a word, she was again out of sight.

Her words just turned the scale; Peter manfully went through the ordeal, and succeeded; he even overheard his father say to his wife, as he turned away, 'That boy is not such a fool after all;' and he certainly looked a different being, sitting on the sunny bank with Snap by his side, on the following morning when his little counsellor came up.

And thus passed many a day—a short five minutes—giving food for thought, hope, and dreams for the rest of the twenty-four hours, to one whose mind had seldom strayed beyond the passing moment before: with habitual reserve, he never spoke of this acquaintance to any one: it was a treasure he could not bear to exhibit or share; indeed he had his own mysterious notions about it; and although not versed in fairy lore, he felt always a latent fear that something might break the spell; and when, in compassion to his poor chilled hands, the little girl brought him one day a pair of woollen mittens of her own knitting, and made him put them on, he carefully took them off in the evening when he was returning home, laying them by in a house six inches square, which he had employed himself during the day in building for them, in a hidden spot, with four well-fitting stones, and a flat one for the roof: there he always kept them when not on his hands—the secret was too precious to be carried over the threshold of a home occupied by any one else.

Each day, as spring advanced, the little girl's delight in the wild flowers grew more and more intense; now a garland of hawthorn, now a spray of honeysuckle, now a wreath of wild roses, called forth her admiration.

'Oh, are they not beautiful—beautiful!' she would exclaim.

'But they are so common; they are everywhere,' would be Peter's answer. 'I am always looking at them, yet I never noticed them before.'

'And are there not a thousand common, beautiful things, on every side of us, Peter, if we would only open our eyes. Thinking of them, and enjoying them, we need never feel lonely or gloomy. Do you remember that sorrowful day when you shut yourself up in misery from within and without, and all the sunshine going for nothing within a few steps of you, you had only to come over to the bright side, and all was well? Do you remember that, Peter? Well, there is a little sentence here that always reminds me of that day; see, here it is, "hope is the sunshine of the heart;" and pointing to the line as she found it out in one of her little books, she put it into Peter's hand. In a moment his brow grew scarlet, and he hung down his head; then remembering her advice, he looked up again, and with an effort at manliness, which showed the progress he had made, he ingeniously said, 'It is of no use; I cannot read: I never learned; no one ever taught me.'

Even before he spoke the little one guessed how it was, and she, too, had blushed deeply, painfully. But the sentence was hardly finished, when she hastened to exclaim, 'Oh, is that all; I was afraid it was—couldn't, or wouldn't—you shan't have that story to tell again. See, here is A, here is B; repeat them after me;' and as her musical ear caught the accidental rhyme, she laughed so joyously, echoing it again and again, that even Peter caught the infection, and joining in her mirth, they both laughed the little embarrassment away.

They went on with four or five letters; but then she closed the book, and more seriously said, 'Peter, this will never do; I have no more time; I must not loiter; and you must no longer stay in ignorance; you must ask your father to send you to school.'

It was now Peter's turn to open his eyes in unutterable astonishment; such a presumptuous thought had never once entered his head; he had never made any request of his father but one, and that under the prompting of superior intelligence; and now he could not even hope that he should be listened to again; in fact he even feared to mention such a boon.

But his little companion combated all his objections,

and, his spirit already roused by the shame he had just endured, it was settled at last that if he found himself successful in learning the alphabet under her teaching in a few days, with that as his groundwork he would make the trial. His lesson was marked out for that day; she spared him a little book, and to their mutual delight, in three days more he was perfect in all the letters. This success gave him some confidence; and, summoning his whole stock of courage, he accosted his father the following morning with a request that he might be sent to school.

'To school, boy! for what?—to idle, is it?' said his father, stopping short, and eyeing him from head to foot.

'No, father,' replied Peter resolutely; 'it is to learn. Try me at any rate. I know my letters now, and I would wish to get on.'

'Your letters! A great stretch indeed, for, let me see, nine years old.'

'Poor Peter felt his heart swelling; but here his step-mother interposed—'And more shame for us to have him nine years in ignorance, if he was able to learn; and it was a great stretch for you, Peter, my little man, to learn your letters; you may well be proud of it; who knows but you may be a credit to us yet?'

Peter's look of grateful astonishment at the kind word went to both their hearts: his father patted him on the head, and told him it should be as he wished; and from that moment forward he seemed to enter on a new existence. He respected himself, and others soon learned to respect him also; while, in the new turn of feeling, every one tried to find some good quality in Peter never suspected before: his heart and his mind, both so long left in fallow, now were ready to yield a tenfold crop; and while he gained the regards of his playmates, his master, before many months, pronounced him one of the most painstaking and improving boys in the school.

What pride he would have felt in reporting his progress to his first little friend, as each day he went down the hill to their old place of meeting, and placing his four-footed or feathered charge under the guidance of Snap during the hours spent at school, loitered and watched in the vain hope of seeing her, if it were but for a moment. But she came not. After the first day when he related his triumph, and she shared in his joy, pouring a flood of courage and hope into his mind, he saw her no more; and the long summer waxed and waned, finding him still each morning on the same spot, returning ever with drooping head and disappointed heart. At last one day—it was late in autumn—joy of joy, he saw her coming slowly up the hill! Snap, with a quick cry, bounded to meet her, and for once Peter felt almost sorry that he should reach her first; but though she looked smiling and bright as ever—brighter even—she did not say one word in answer to all Peter's words of welcome, until she reached the little sunny spot where they were always used to sit; and even then she pressed her hand tightly on her side, as she had done on that long-ago day, and drew her breath quickly, though she had been walking very slow. 'Yes, it is a long time, Peter,' she said at last, in answer to all his questions—'a long time since I was even out, for I have been very ill; but to-day was so fine, that I was allowed once more to go and see a friend I love—that dear schoolmistress, for whom you have plucked so many nosegays.'

'No, indeed, they were not for her,' exclaimed Peter bluntly; 'they were always for yourself.' The little girl laughed one of her old blithe laughs; but then she put her hand to her side again, and Peter said quickly, as if to contradict his own thought, 'You are not sick now? sick people are always pale.'

She smiled somewhat sadly, and laid her hand on his. It was always a little hand, but now it looked so small and thin, that the blue veins showed themselves quite plainly through. Peter thought it prettier than ever; but still there was something in her look, and in

the little action itself, that raised a choking feeling in his throat which prevented his saying one word. After a moment's silence, she arose, and taking a book out of her basket—it was her little Bible—she said, 'You will keep this for my sake, Peter, and read it often: I am so glad you can read it now. I cannot stay longer, lest I should catch fresh cold; but whether we meet soon again or never, you will still remember me; and remember, too, what I always told you—in everything that pains or troubles us there is some bright side.'

She looked upwards as she spoke, and there was a strange beauty in her face which awed and silenced Peter. He bowed his head between his knees, to hide his emotion: when he raised it again, she was gone.

From that day forth, though each morning found him at the trysting-place, it was more to read a little portion of the book she had given him than with any sanguine expectation of seeing her again. And always when he turned away from his long-searching gaze down the valley, he used to raise his eyes to the blue sky and fleecy clouds, and feel as if the true answer was there. And then he bethought him how he had never asked her name, where she came from, or where she was going, but watched for her as he did for the morning sun, and saw her even like that, passing on day after day, and never returning back; and thus at last she became so identified with bright and beautiful nature in his simple mind, that he almost doubted whether she had been a reality at all. He kept her precious gift, even as he had done the first one, in the little stone-house, now carefully stopped with moss and clay, to preserve it from damp. But notwithstanding all his precautions, he perceived a spot one day on the cover; and the fear of injury to it being even stronger than the fear of discovery, he brought it home, at what he thought a quiet hour, to air it by the fire. But Peter had not yet learned to estimate female curiosity: a little sister, who had become a favourite of his, from a slight fancied likeness to his early friend, was hovering near; and peeping over his shoulder to see what he had got, did what Peter, long as he had the book, had never thought of doing—she turned the leaves over to the title-page, and there discovered the giver's name.

'Jane Watson!' repeated she, first aloud, then slowly to herself—'Jane Watson! why, that was the name of Mrs Bonar's grandchild; that sweet little girl, that every one said was too lovely, too wise, and too good to stay in this world!'

'And is she in it now?' asked Peter nervously.

'Ah, no—they spoke too truly—she died last Christmas-day! When we gathered back to school, the best and fairest was gone. But why do you ask so anxiously, Peter? And where did you get this book? Did you ever know anything about her?'

Prepared as he had been, the certainty was almost too much for Peter, to find out all about her only to know that he had surely lost her. But then recalling her last words, and remembering how much there was connected with their brief acquaintance that could never be lost to him, he gave his best tribute to her memory in the effort with which he conquered her emotion; in the smile, even though it was a sad one, with which he answered his sister's still questioning looks, as he calmly said, 'Yes, Letty, I was so happy. I knew her once, and am happier still that she knew me.'

SUNDAY IN GLASGOW.

Thirty-nine abstainers accomplished a moral survey of the city of Glasgow on the 29th October, being the communion Sabbath. The object of the survey was to ascertain the number of whisky-shops open for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The survey was made between the hours of six and ten in the evening. The result is the fact, which we now advisedly publish, that *one thousand and ninety-seven public-houses were open!* If a baker were to open his shop, a posse of policemen would be sent to shut it; and if the offence were repeated, the baker would be dragged before the authorities, and severely fined. The

day is too sacred to be desecrated by the sale of bread. But whisky, it appears, may be sold in a thousand shops on the Sabbath-day without profanation. The dignity of Sunday, it seems, requires that food should be withheld; but it is not at all marred by the sale of poison. The people may not buy what may do them good on Sunday, but may have a liberal supply of what must do them harm. Virtue must starve on the sacred day if it forgets to buy its loaf on the Saturday; but vice is better cared for—it receives its appropriate aliment on that day as on others. The occupations that clothe, lodge, and educate the nation, must cease one whole day in seven; but the occupation that covers the masses with rags, that doles to them as poison what the baker should have handed as food, that drives them out of comfortable homes into wretched warrens, that dooms their children to ignorance and beggary—this occupation never ceases in the city of Glasgow. The baker, the butcher, and the grocer must stop, but the publican never. Our legislators (we have much to thank them for) have carefully closed the wells of physical health on the Sabbath, and have, with a wisdom too deep for common minds to appreciate, thrown open the sluices of crime, pauperism, and disease. Railway travelling, though a tolerably good mode of Sabbath desecration, is a mere bagatelle compared with opening the whisky-shops on Sundays. Ten hundred and ninety-seven whisky-shops, containing ten customers each, is equal to a train with ten thousand nine hundred and seventy passengers! But the dram-shops could easily accommodate ten times the number.—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

THE HEDGEHOG.

Begging pardon of naturalists for such an accusation, I can't help saying that I think a great many fibs have been told about the hedgehog. In the first place, the old wives' fables about sucking cows, and so forth, were so horribly unbelievable, and yet so damaging to little hoggy's reputation with the vulgar, that the more erudite and more humane became his patrons and apologists, and made much more of him than he deserves. Dear old White of Selborne must have been taking a nap when he told us about hoggy's liking for plantain-roots. 'The manner,' says White, 'in which hedgehogs eat the roots of the plantain in my grass walks is very curious: with their upper mandible, which is much longer than their lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched. In this respect they are very serviceable, as they destroy a very troublesome weed.' Boy and man this passage tormented me many years, because I knew hoggy to be a bloodthirsty poacher, a regular knight-errant for attacking vipers, and a tyrant over all manner of mice and such small deer, and I thought it passing strange that he should take to cooling his copper with the roots of the old gentleman's plantains. However, the tastes of pigs and men are every now and then somewhat eccentric, so I left the matter *sub judice*, until chance solved the mystery. In a grass walk I saw some flattened plants of the common plantain withering and half dead; by the side of each I found the hole, bored, as White supposed, by the long upper mandible of the hoggy; but it was scarcely big enough to admit a lead pencil, and so round and smooth, that I said directly to myself, 'Tis the burrow of a night-eating caterpillar: I got a trowel, and in a trice the fellow was unearthed, and he afterwards turned to a ghost-moth, or yellow underwing, I can't say which, for both came out in one cage. The hedgehog is properly a nocturnal carnivorous animal; he prowls about at night, like an owl, looking after the nests of pheasants, partridges, cornericks, and larks: he kills the old ones if he can, and sucks their eggs if he can't; now and then he overruns a rabbit; but his favourite dish is a snake or an adder—he catches these while dozing under cover, and suffering from repletion caused by four or five mice lying undigested in their stomachs, tail on, and it is then that desperate fights ensue: it is then that his armour stands hoggy in good stead: the deadly adder, infuriated at feeling hoggy's teeth gripping her back, lashes her head against a skin less vulnerable than that once said to have been worn by a Mr Achilles. The pluck and power of both are tried to the utmost; but hoggy is almost sure to triumph in the end, and the adder, half devoured, is often found next morning by the countryman, who wonders 'how he come so mauled.' I take it that the spiny coat of the hedgehog is nature's defence against the poison fangs of his favourite prey.—*Letters of Rusticus.*

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

Oh weel I mind! The sun flung bright
Upon the wave his trembling flame;
The birds sang love frae howe and heicht,
And ane was by I daurna name.
The fields are mute, the sangsters flown,
The leaves hae left the silent tree,
In haste awa the spring has stown,
And my fause love's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that gentle strain,
Sae loved and lopt; without regret
The wave in darkness sleeps again,
And why maun I remember yet?
Oh gin that lesson I could wrest
Frae thy cauld heart, thou darksome sea!
And where sould I see saftly rest,
Sin' my fause love's forgotten me?

L. R.

MORAL WITHOUT PHYSICAL COURAGE.

Lieutenant W— was at the storming of Morue Fortuncé in the West Indies. His behaviour on that occasion excited general admiration. He was the first to ascend the breach and plant the king's colours on the captured redoubt. His gallantry was recorded in the orderly book, and he was recommended for immediate promotion. Strange to say, the following morning he waited on his commanding-officer, then Lieutenant-Colonel V—d—r, and requested leave of absence to return to Ireland, his native country, and to resign his commission in favour of a younger brother, who was desirous of entering the service. The colonel, surprised at this extraordinary request on the part of a young officer with such bright prospects before him, very naturally asked him what motive induced him to make so singular a proposal; when the young man frankly told him that, when the troops were moving forward for the attack, and the enemy's fire had opened upon them, he felt a strong, almost an insurmountable disposition to fall out; and he believed that nothing but the rapidity of the advance, and the shouts of the men, prevented him from disgracing himself; but after a short time, he added, his brain was on fire; he knew not where he was, and he found himself on the summit of the breach, with the colours in his hand, he knew not how; but he added, not without hesitation, that he felt that the profession of arms was not his vocation; and fearing that at some future period he might not have sufficient courage to overcome his fear, he was desirous to leave the service with honour while it was still in his power.—*Dr Millingen's 'Mind and Matter.'*

THE ATMOSPHERE.

It is only the girthing and encircling air, which flows above and around all, that makes the 'whole world kin.' The carbonic acid, with which our breathing fills the air, to-morrow will be spreading north and south, and striving to make the tour of the world. The date-trees that grow round the fountains of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow riper upon it; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon. The giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-trees of Ceylon, and forests older than the flood, buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the mountains of the moon. The rain which we see descending was thawed for us out of icebergs which have watched the polar star for ages; and lotus lilies have sucked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapour, snows that are lying on the tops of the Alps.—*British Quarterly.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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

No. 270. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

RETURN OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.

TOWARDS the end of last January, I was sitting in a shop in one of the principal streets of Cairo, watching, for want of better employment, the fluctuating stream of turbans and tarbooshes, that stretched on both hands as far as the eye could reach, when first a distant murmur, then a loud buzz of voices, and presently a shout, a roar, came rolling up the narrow thoroughfare. Some very gratifying intelligence was evidently passing from mouth to mouth. Buying and selling were suspended at once: the conclusion of many a bargain was adjourned: both dealers and customers rose to their feet. And now three men, mounted on dromedaries, made their appearance, moving swiftly down the street: I soon heard them announcing that the caravan of pilgrims from Mecca had arrived at Suez. As messengers of glad tidings, they had pushed on in order to bring letters from those who had survived the privations and dangers of the journey. Long after these men had passed on their way to the citadel, the greatest excitement and agitation continued. In a few hours most of the inhabitants of Cairo were to learn or infer the fate of relations or friends who had been absent for months, and who had either perished in the desert, or were returning, crowned with glory, and encircled by respect, to their homes.

Islamism boasts of many institutions admirably adapted for maintaining its character of unity; and the pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the chief among these. Every year, from every part of the Mohammedan world, a number of men, of all ranks and conditions, repair to the spot where the faith they profess took its rise, and amidst scenes, invested in their eyes with the most sacred associations, work themselves up into a state of enthusiastic devotion, to which perhaps they could never rise under ordinary circumstances. They must arrive at the Holy City in a frame of mind peculiarly susceptible of strong impressions. They have in general encountered great perils by land or sea during the journey: some of them have passed whole months in the horrid solitudes of the desert, exposed to hunger and thirst, fatigue and danger, and kept constantly in mind of the uncertainty of things here below by the deaths which must frequently occur amongst large bodies of men traversing those desolate regions, which no doubt seem to them to have been purposely thrown across the path of the pilgrim to test his zeal, and enhance the merit of his undertaking. Once at Mecca, everything contributes to enhance his enthusiasm; and the consciousness that he has earned the good-will of men—that he will be looked upon with respect and veneration in his own country when he returns—that his influence will be enlarged, and his station exalted—is perhaps equally active with the belief that he has deserved a place in

Paradise, and an unlimited enjoyment of all those pleasures which are promised in a future state of existence to the true believer.

The annual dispersion of men with faith thus invigorated, over the Mohammedan world, must produce a powerful effect. If the pilgrimage were abolished, by general consent, the votaries of the prophet would soon diminish. The tribes and nations who, like the Bedouins, neglect this duty, are far less bigotted, far more indifferent, than those who practise it with unswerving constancy. But it does not seem that the pilgrims derive any considerable enlightenment from their travels. Their object is not to get rid of their prejudices, but to strengthen them. It is true they mingle trade with devotion, and contrive to amass worldly wealth whilst increasing their claims upon heaven. As traders, they come in contact with the inhabitants of the regions they traverse; nevertheless they seem to return home with more confused notions than ever of geography, history, and manners. All they care about is collecting marvellous stories, wherewith to astound their less adventurous countrymen.

When the hubbub had subsided, I entered into conversation with the sloopkeeper on the subject of the pilgrimage, on which he had great pleasure in talking. As usual with Moslems, my friend avoided any allusion to the religious part of the procession, as not likely to interest me, and dwelt only on what may be called the secular view. He told me that the chief courier, whom I had seen pass, made a good thing of his trip; it being his privilege to bear the news to the pacha, and the great officers of the court, as well as to all people of position. Every visit he makes produces a present. As to the large packet of letters he carries addressed to minor people, he sells them at so much a hundred to any speculative men who may undertake to distribute them on the chance of a reward.

It is customary for the walls round the doorways and shop-fronts of the pilgrims who return in safety to be painted in bright colours with all sorts of fantastic figures, of flowers, animals, and even men, despite the prohibition of the prophet. It is common now to see steamboats among these representations, which are supposed to indicate the extraordinary objects witnessed by the returning traveller during his absence. There is a good deal of competition among the rude decorators, each seeming to vie with the other in producing the most fantastic and uncouth designs. They succeed at anyrate in giving a lively aspect to many of the streets.

Though many of the pilgrims leave their last camping-ground almost immediately on their arrival, and effect their entry at night, the great body wait till morning. I went out a little after sunrise, and found the streets already completely occupied by the procession. It was an animating scene. Immense crowds of people, in holiday

costume, were pouring towards all the eastern gates; some merely as spectators, others to meet their long-expected friends or relatives. Every now and then numbers of men bearing flags, or a band of music energetically playing, would pass, on their way to greet some particular pilgrim; whilst the uninterrupted line of camels, bearing gaudy litters of every description, slowly made its way in an opposite direction. On issuing from the Gate of Victory, I obtained a splendid view over the country. To the left were suburbs and palm-groves, in front was the desert, to the right rose the Red Mountain and the precipitous sides of Mokattam. The procession, with which an immense number of banner-bearers mingled, had divided into three or four columns, each directing itself towards one of the gates; whilst the intermediate spaces, and the slopes of the mounds that rose here and there, were filled up by groups of men and women, many of them evidently on the look-out for some well-known face. It frequently happens that the returning pilgrim neglects to write, and therefore, unless positive information has been received to the contrary, his family always goes out to meet him. Disappointment often awaits it; and every now and then, as I proceeded, I could hear shrill shrieks of sorrow rising in various directions. The women, on receiving intelligence of the death of a relative, return with loud wailings towards the city, tearing their clothes, and exhibiting other signs of grief; in strange contrast with the boisterous merriment, the exuberant delight of others. It is a curious picture of human life, with all its bustle and all its vicissitudes; all its triumphs and all its disappointments, its splendours and its miseries, its joys and its anguish. The drums, and the tambourines, and the pipes, the singing and the shouting, in vain competed with the voice of lamentation, which ever and anon pierced the air, and told how many hearts were ready to break amidst that scene of gaiety and rejoicing!

There was little variety to be observed in the procession. After I had seen forty or fifty camels go by, every one that passed was a counterpart of one that had preceded. The litters, which often hold several people, are in general either square or arched, and supported on two large trunks made fast to the animal's sides. Some few of the wealthier people had *tachterwans* carried by two camels; one in front, the other behind. A great many women were to be observed peeping forth from these litters; which, as I have intimated, are commonly very gaudy, being covered with red, yellow, or blue cloth. Several of the pilgrims rode on asses, which were often stained with *henna*, as were indeed numbers of the camels, in order to show that they had been to Mecca.

I found the emir, or chief of the caravan, encamped at the Haswah, along with the escort of four hundred irregular Arnaout cavalry, sent by the pacha. The tents scattered here and there, the horses picketed close at hand, the long spears, ornamented near the top with great tufts of wool stuck up near them, the savage-looking Arnaouts lolling about, produced altogether a very picturesque effect. The Haswah is a place situated in the desert about a mile and a-half north-east of Cairo. Several fine ruined mausolea dot its surface; and in the distance may be seen, over the undulating ground, the summits of those still splendid buildings called the Tombs of the Caliphs. On a little mound near the emir's tent was the mahmal, some account of which I may as well give at once.

The mahmal is an emblem of sovereign power, a representative of the government of Egypt, which every year, therefore, is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Six hundred years ago, Sultan Saleh, surnamed The Light of Faith, married Fatmeh, a beautiful Circassian slave, who, on his death, and that of his son, succeeded in ascending the throne of Egypt, and reigned with great magnificence and glory. In order to add a new prestige to her name, she resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and for this purpose caused a litter of a new form to be constructed. Her journey

was performed in safety, and she returned with a character of sanctity. To commemorate this event, every successive year she sent her empty litter with the caravan. Those who followed her upon the throne imitated her example; and at length the mahmal became a necessary adjunct to the pilgrimage. It is now esteemed quite a sacred object, and those who cannot visit the Kaäba itself are almost compensated by touching the mahmal on its return, and gazing at the representation of the holy place embroidered on its front.

A small company of the pacha's regular infantry were placed as a guard over the litter, which was covered with a rough cloth. It was nearly square, with a pyramidal top; and even when I saw it uncovered the next day, presented a very mean appearance. The frame was of common wood, and inside I saw an old box. With surprising toleration, the soldiers on guard allowed us to approach quite near, and even lifted up the cover that we might see the interior. I asked what the box contained, and received an evasive answer; but it was opened for us to look in. I could distinguish nothing but something like a carpet, possibly a piece of the *hisrah*, or covering of the Kaäba (with which the mahmal is often confounded by travellers), or perhaps the *bur'a*, or veil sent to hang before the door. The latter supposition is founded on a fact mentioned by the most correct writer on Egyptian manners—namely, that the custom of sending the veil originated with the same queen who instituted the ceremony of the mahmal, and that the people call it the veil of Our Lady Fatmeh. I am aware that the same writer states that the litter contains nothing; but when he went to see it, bigotry was very strong, and to look inside was out of the question. A French artist, who went with me, was allowed even to make a sketch of it. This was on the second day, when the outer covering was removed, and immense crowds were gathering round, and working themselves up into a state of religious enthusiasm.

There being nothing more to see, I returned slowly towards the city. On my way I observed a crowd collected round one of the ruined mausolea, and alighting, pushed my way in. I found that an old gentleman had selected with great good taste the splendid dome as a protection for his *harem*; and the crowd around was composed of his friends and relatives, waiting with music and banners to conduct him in triumph to his home. Luckily the ladies were in the act of mounting their donkeys, and the old gentleman had bestridden his mule, before my presence, so great was the excitement, attracted any attention. I was then good-humouredly informed that I had committed an indiscretion, and requested to withdraw, which I did with divers apologies.

On entering the gate, I found the streets still crowded with spectators and the remnant of the procession. Every shop was shut, and on all possible places women and children were crowded to see the sight. Presently a tremendous din of drums and hautboys was heard approaching from behind, and an immense mass of excited Moslems came rushing in various directions; so that I was thrust up into a corner, and very nearly knocked down and trampled under foot. It turned out that a pilgrim of especial sanctity—a great sheik—was making his triumphal entry, surrounded by a huge band of bigots, waving broad red and green banners, shouting, and drumming, and piping. Every one seemed anxious to see this man pass; and the affluence of spectators was so great in the narrow crooked street, that the procession was compelled to stop at every few steps. This was the only occasion on which anything like the intolerance for which Moslems are so famous was exhibited. A single stone was flung at me, and struck me in the side; but several bystanders, who saw what happened, expressed their disapprobation of the action, whilst the followers of the sheik passed by in gloomy silence. I must not forget, however, that a furious little old woman attacked me with her tongue during the whole time the procession was defiling by, calling

me a dog, a miscreant, a hog, a Jew, and a Christian ; and at length worked herself up to such a pitch of fury, that she said she would strike me on the mouth, and took off her slippers to carry out the threat. Two good-natured dames hereupon interfered, and seizing hold of the old lady, who cursed and swore like Termagant, conjured me, 'by my head and eyes,' to get out of her clutches, for that she was a devil. I thanked them for their assistance, and taking their advice, began working my way along the street; but it was a long time before I ceased to hear the volley of imprecations that was sent over the heads of the crowd to my address.

I should have liked to be present at one of the feasts given by one of the returning pilgrims that night, listening to the wonderful stories he related, and to the sage commentaries of his guests, but this was out of the question. It is true that I received an invitation from my *donkey-boy*, who told me that all the 'respectable' Assinagos were going to gather at the house of one of the fraternity who had performed the pilgrimage; but this was rather intended as a compliment than anything else, and I was not tempted to disturb their humble festivities by my presence. I may mention that most of the pilgrims bring back a variety of relics as presents to their friends—such as bottles of water of a certain holy well called Zamzam, fragments of the kiswah, to be used as amulets, &c. A great number, as I have already mentioned, have attended to their commercial interests, and return with bales of Hejazi scarfs—sometimes bound round the head in lieu of an ordinary turban—and various Indian manufactures. Frankincense and kohl—a cosmetic used for painting the borders of the eyes, and thus imparting that lustre for which Oriental women are celebrated—form important articles of Arabian commerce.

The next morning I was again out early at the Haswah. Every position from which a view could be commanded was already occupied, especially the sides of the mounds that line the first portion of the road, the cemetery that extends beneath the walls in the direction of the Tombs of the Caliphs, and the house-tops of the suburb on the left. A heavy damp mist at first covered the country, and gave it a cheerless aspect. At the Haswah I found large crowds assembled round the mahmal, now uncovered. A considerable detachment of the pacha's regular infantry, in their slovenly white uniforms and red tarbooshés, was drawn up close by; whilst the Arnaout cavalry were either galloping up and down the plain, showing off their horsemanship, and brandishing their long quivering spears, or lying lazily about, waiting the order to march. A good deal of delay took place. Probably the emir thought it propitious to wait for the appearance of the sun from behind the veil of mist, which soon, indeed, impelled by a slight north wind, went rolling away towards the range of Mokattam. The dazzling desert, with its long majestic slopes; the promontories of cultivated land; the white palaces; the ruined tombs; the tapering palms; the domes, and minarets, and ramparts of the city; the giant walls of the distant citadel, with its enormous mosque, revealed themselves at once to the eye; whilst the flanks and gorges of the mountains remained long encumbered with gloomy clouds.

By the side of the sacred litter knelt a camel, which is looked upon with great respect by the people, on account of the following story:—Three years ago, it is said, the animal which bore the mahmal fell down in the desert, and died. This was an unexampled occurrence, and caused a mighty perplexity. The emir did not like to elevate one of the ordinary beasts of burden to the honourable post thus left vacant. A halt took place: but much time would have been spent in useless discussions, had not a wild camel suddenly appeared in the distance, hastening to put itself, of its own free-will, at the disposition of the emir! So remarkable a circumstance caused a deviation from the usual custom, according to which a fresh camel is chosen every time;

and the fine animal I now witnessed—which had probably strayed from a Bedouin encampment—had already three times performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I may mention that the Arabs say—I believe without foundation—that seven mahmals, from seven sovereign princes, are yearly sent to the Holy City, and that there is always a race between the camels which shall first enter the temple. Fortune never fails to give the victory to the Egyptian.

The striking up simultaneously of a European and a native tune by two rival bands—the gathering of the escort, and the rush of the crowd to line the road—announced that the procession was about to commence. I hastened to return, and take up a position near the gate, from which I could obtain a view down the whole of the little defile by which the mahmal was to approach. The people seemed extremely anxious and excited, especially the women, and devotional exclamations resounded on all sides. At length the burnished instruments and glittering bayonets of the Nizam made their appearance, clearing their way through the agitated crowd, and the mahmal, swinging slowly from side to side with the step of the camel, followed close behind. As it advanced, the shouting became vehement and enthusiastic, and there was a general rush of those who occupied the foremost ranks to touch the sacred object. Most of those who could not get sufficiently near to lay their hands on the litter, raised them in the air, as if invoking a blessing.

Immediately behind the mahmal rode the Sheik-el-Gamel, or Sheik of the Camel, one of the remarkable characters of the procession. He seemed a man of about sixty years of age, strongly built, and covered with hair. A pair of drawers was his only article of clothing. His head was bare and bald, and he kept rolling it from side to side in a most painful manner. He accompanies the caravan during its whole journey; and from the time he leaves Cairo until he returns, never once ceases to revolve his head. What a state his brain must be in!

Next followed the emir and his attendants, on gorgeously-caparisoned horses; and then a group of camels, with bright-coloured saddles, decorated with flags. These, it was said, had, during successive years, been the bearers of the mahmal, and had been maintained by the government in idleness ever since. Then came a large band of native music, and the procession was closed by some five or six hundred irregular cavalry, mounted on rough-looking, but sturdy horses, and some armed with spears, others with firelocks. They were a wild-looking, uncouth set, and rode pell-mell, sometimes dashing in among the people, sometimes simulating a charge. As they crowded beneath the sombre arch of the Gate of Victory, whilst the vast crowd behind came precipitating itself from side to side to follow them, they imparted a very picturesque aspect to the scene.

Knowing that it would be useless to follow the procession of the mahmal through the narrow streets of the city, where it is slowly paraded, in order that the greatest possible number of people may behold and touch it, I determined to ride round the walls, and choose a good position at the citadel to see the finale of the ceremony. On my way, I noticed that the clouds were still hanging heavy and thick over the range of Mokattam: I never saw them assume so meteoric a character in Egypt. On all the rest of the scene, however, the sun shone brilliantly. After passing the Caliphs' Tombs, and the ruined suburbs in their neighbourhood, we entered by the gate leading to the citadel, and soon reached the lofty platform from which, it is said, the last of the Mamlooks took a leap to save his life. Here a kiosk, which was in course of construction for Mohammed Ali—then sinking under the illness which removed him from the government of Egypt—afforded a splendid view over the two large spaces that lie between the foot of the citadel and the town—the Rumeileh to the right, and the Karameidan to the left. These spaces are divided by a long row of low buildings

and a gate. Over the first rises that magnificent structure the mosque of Sultan Hassan; whilst the second is surrounded by barracks and public stores. The innumerable minarets of the beehive-like city, with here and there a garden, stretched beyond; then came a broad plain of verdure, streaked by the silvery reaches of the Nile; and in the background, from their unbounded basement of desert, rose in calm grandeur, cleaving the placid bosom of the sky, those mystic monuments, those eternal enigmas, 'the star-pointing Pyramids!'

A rush of voices drew my attention to the great square of Rumeileh, into which, from fifty avenues, a countless multitude—a sea of all bright colours—came pouring. Presently the soldiers, the mahmal—the whole procession, closed by the irregular horse, that came galloping after, as if in pursuit, made its appearance. The Rumeileh was soon traversed, and in the Karameidan the Nizam formed a vast hollow square close at our feet. I now understood that Abbas Pacha, with all the grantees of Cairo, were sitting in a divan below, waiting to receive the mahmal. The spectacle that followed was curious. The people gathered round in vast crowds: the Arnauts performed their evolutions in the vacant spaces, whilst the camel bearing the mahmal was introduced into the hollow square. The band now struck up the Polka! and to this profane tune did the camel, bearing the sacred litter, move seven times round, each time increasing its speed, until it came to a gallop. A tremendous cheer followed; and then the crowd began to disperse. Great numbers of people, however, followed the mahmal to the gate of the citadel, where I went to meet it. Here the covering, which is the sacred part, was taken off, in order to be conveyed to a small mosque, to be kept in safe custody until wanted at certain periods of the year, when it is paraded about at several religious festivals held in various parts of Egypt, and at length cut up and distributed as relics.

During the process of taking it to pieces, the French artist I have before mentioned made another sketch. It seems this was observed; for when the Sheik-el-Gamel passed us on his way home, the boy that led his camel called out to him, and said, 'This is the dog that was making a picture of the mahmal!' The sheik glanced at us, gave an extra roll of his head, and replied, 'It is no matter, my son; it is no matter.' And so ends my account of the great event—the Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

THE OLD WRITING-MASTER'S HEIRESS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

'DRAW your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; lean heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand, you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jaques, finish your copy, and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Maitre Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy-faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a rickety-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance and sharp careworn features seemed to tell that the vigour of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys, and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthen stove preparing bread soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired delicate-looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two thin slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping,

some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and forks, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements, she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church, and the pupils of Maitre Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Louise, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little gray blouse disappeared. 'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou seest, Louise, I take as much pains to improve these little plebeians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillot's lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing-master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary in his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis XIV.; and his son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the Revolution brought the good Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and now lived in great poverty with his granddaughter. She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Thérèse—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Louise was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours' children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance that appeared to Louise very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of a treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him, as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her. This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Louise could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in His good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Louise with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Louise immediately warned water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Louise.'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee, I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed.' Louise did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Louise,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by

honest industry; but if your resources fail, then open this box, dispose of its contents, and they will bring you a sum of money. They are'— But here his voice failed, his breathing became laboured, and pressing once more the hand of his beloved child, he expired just as the physician and the landlady entered the room. The former, seeing that all was over, immediately withdrew, and the latter busied herself in performing the last sad offices for the dead. As to poor Louise, she was stupefied with grief; and it was not until the funeral was over, and she found herself alone, that she was able to rouse herself, and consider her situation.

The door opened, and her landlady, Madame Duval, entered. 'Well, Mademoiselle Louise,' she said, 'I am come to ask what you intend to do? Has your grandfather left any money?'

'No, madame, nothing but one five-franc piece and a few sous. But perhaps you will have the kindness to put me in the way of disposing of the furniture, which will, I hope, pay your rent and the other expenses?'

'It will hardly do that,' said the landlady, casting a scornful glance around. 'And then pray how are you to live?'

'I can work neatly, madame; and I hope you will kindly allow me to remain with you, while I try to procure employment.'

'Oh, if that's all you have to depend on,' cried the landlady, 'I promise you I cannot afford to keep you here. Why, child, in these hard times a young creature like you could not earn enough to keep you from starving, and then how am I to be paid for your lodging?'

'You need not fear, madame,' said Louise a little proudly, 'that I shall be a burden to you. Though dear grandpapa did not leave me money, he told me he left me a "treasure" in this tin box; but I am not to open it until I am really in want.'

'Oh, that alters the case,' said the woman. 'Of course, my dear Mademoiselle Louise, I shall be most happy to have you here; indeed I was only jesting when I spoke of sending you away. But wont you open the box now? I'm sure you must be anxious to see what it contains.'

'No, madame,' said Louise firmly; 'I must obey grandpapa's wishes, and not open it unless I fail to earn a livelihood by work.'

'As you please, my dear child; as you please,' replied Madame Duval. But she thought to herself, 'She is an oddity, like her old grandfather: I must humour her for the present, and keep her here, so that I shall secure my share of the treasure.'

In pursuance of this plan, the landlady lavished fond words and caresses on Louise: she invited her to eat with herself, and took care to provide some little delicacy for dinner. She disposed of the furniture to the best advantage; and after having satisfied all claims, presented Louise with three francs, saying—'See, my dear, how well it is for you to have an attached friend to manage your little affairs: if less carefully disposed of, your furniture would not have brought half the sum.'

Louise was a gentle, well-principled girl; but she was young, and the pernicious flattery and indulgence of her false friend soon produced an evil effect on her mind. She indeed fell speedily into idle habits. She procured some work from a neighbouring shop, but the remuneration was very small; and she often thought, as she held her needle with a listless hand—'How tiresome it is to work so long for a few sous: I really think I might open grandpapa's box, and enjoy what he has left me!'

It happened one day that Louise saw a very pretty bonnet in a milliner's window; it seemed as if it would exactly fit her, and she inquired the price. 'Fifteen francs,' the milliner said. 'Very cheap, indeed too cheap; but it would become mademoiselle so much, that she would let her have it at first cost.'

Louise looked and hesitated. Her conscience whispered, 'You have not got the money; and even if you had, fifteen francs could be better spent than in gratifying vanity.' 'But the bonnet is so pretty,' she thought again; 'and I can open grandpapa's box to-night, and then I shall be so rich, that fifteen francs will seem a trifle.' Conscience was silenced, though not satisfied; and Louise returned to the house of Madame Duval. They sat down to dinner; but the young girl felt so agitated that she could not eat.

'Madame,' she said at last, 'I think I will open the box to-night. You know I *have* tried to work, and could earn but little, and 'tis right that I should repay you for your kindness.'

At these words the landlady embraced her. 'Oh, my dear child,' she said, 'you know I love you so much, that I would gladly have you here without any payment. But come, where is the key? Let us look at your treasure.'

Louise produced the key, unlocked the box, and raised the cover. Madame Duval thrust in her eager hand, and drew forth—what?—a bundle of manuscripts carefully tied up. They were evidently written by juvenile hands, and looked, indeed, like schoolboys' copy-books. The landlady and Louise looked carefully through them, hoping they might contain bank-notes, or some paper of value; but when nothing of the kind appeared, the rage of Madame Duval knew no bounds. She accused M. Caillot and his granddaughter of being impostors, and even threatened the poor girl with being sent to prison.

Louise was quite stunned by her misfortune, and could scarcely find words to implore the compassion of her cruel landlady. At length, having exhausted her anger in various abusive epithets, Madame Duval stripped the poor child of everything she possessed, leaving her nothing but a few ragged garments to cover her, and then turned her out of doors, to seek a shelter where she could.

Night was fast approaching, and Louise found herself in a dreadful situation: sent at such an hour to wander, penniless and half naked, through the streets of Paris. When Madame Duval was closing the door, Louise ventured to ask her for the fatal tin box.

'No,' replied she, 'that may be worth a few sous, so I shall keep it; but if you wish for the trumphy papers in it, you may have them, as a precious *souvenir* of your thievish old grandfather.' So saying, the cruel woman threw her the carefully-tied-up manuscripts, and then shut the door.

The heart of Louise was humbled; she felt no inclination to return railing for railing. 'I have deserved this misfortune,' she thought; 'it comes as the just punishment of my idle selfishness. May God protect me, and enable me to act better in future!' After a short but fervent prayer, her mind felt calmed, and she bethought herself of the aged cousin of her grandfather, Madame Thérèse. 'I will go to her,' she said, 'and ask her to let me share her lodging; and perhaps, by working hard, I may contribute to her support as well as my own.' Holding her grandfather's papers carefully in her hand, she set out. The humble lodging of Madame Thérèse was situated in an obscure suburb, and Louise had some difficulty in finding it out. At length a good-natured shoemaker, living in the same street, directed her to the door, and the young girl knocked gently.

'Come in,' said a feeble voice. Louise entered.

The room was small, but very clean: a bed, covered with a white quilt, occupied one corner, and a cupboard another; at the side was a small earthen stove, in which a few sticks were burning, and two or three chairs and a table completed the furniture of the apartment. Madame Thérèse was seated on a low stool near the stove: her dress, though humble, was very clean, and her gray hair, drawn tightly under a muslin cap, gave a venerable air to her wrinkled features. She had been for many years so crippled by rheumatism, as to be unable to walk; but her hands being free from

the disease, she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perished but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbours, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread, and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her own infirmities, and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting: indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised both at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessing of God, to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong; and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Thérèse: 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.'

She then set herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready, pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bed; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, slumbered peacefully till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madame Thérèse in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child!'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt?—I was always accustomed to attend dear grandpapa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to look up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Thérèse then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop, where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily-dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered. Ready-made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment, and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a workwoman?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'If you can work well, and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you any one to recommend you?'

'Only my cousin with whom I live.'

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Thérèse Caillot. She lives in a room, No. 27, Rue —; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shopkeeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?'

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good-morning, madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

She recollected passing another warehouse of less splendid appearance in the next street, and thither she turned her steps. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the pavement was muddy. As Louise walked slowly on, she struck her foot against something that jingled; she stooped, and took up what looked like a lump of mud, but felt very heavy. Louise wiped it, and then perceived it was a purse. With some difficulty she opened the clasp, and found it contained twenty gold pieces. What a treasure! Her first feeling was joy; her second, 'This money is not mine; I must seek for the owner, and return it.' She then resolved to take it to Madame Thérèse, and be guided by her advice as to the best means of restoring it. Securing it carefully in the folds of her dress, she entered the second shop, and applied for work. She met with a similar refusal; and with a heavy heart was quitting the shop, when a few words spoken at the counter arrested her attention. An elderly gentleman was purchasing some gloves, and when the parcel was handed to him, he said, 'I fear, madame, I must be in your debt for these until tomorrow, for I have just been so careless as to lose my purse.'

'Ah, monsieur, what a pity! As to the gloves, don't mention them I pray; it will do to pay for them at any time. But how did monsieur lose his purse?'

'I can scarcely tell. I remember taking out my pocket-handkerchief in the street next to this, and probably drew my purse out with it; but I cannot be certain. It was rather a serious loss—twenty Napoleons.'

Louise advanced eagerly—'Monsieur,' she said, 'I believe I have found your purse; and she handed him the one she had found.'

'You are a very honest little girl,' said he; 'this is indeed my purse, which I never expected to see again. And now what shall I give you for finding it?'

'Thank you, monsieur; I do not expect anything.'

'That's no reason why you should not be rewarded. You look poor: tell me where you live?'

Louise replied that she lived with her cousin, an old woman, and was now seeking for work to support them both.

'Madame,' said the gentleman, turning to the mistress of the shop, 'will you, on my recommendation, supply this girl with work. I heard you refuse her just now, as you said she could give you no reference. I think we may both be assured of her honest principles.'

'Certainly, monsieur, I shall have much pleasure in trying her; and if she works well, I shall be able to supply her with pretty constant employment.'

'Now,' said the gentleman, turning to Louise, 'here are four Napoleons for you; they are only the just reward of your honesty. I leave Paris to-morrow with my family, and shall probably be absent for some months, otherwise I would ask my wife to call at your lodging; but on our return, I hope she will be able to see you. Here is a card with my name and address.'

Louise gratefully thanked the kind gentleman, who hastened from the shop; and she then took the materials for a shirt, promising to bring it back finished the next day. What joyful news she had on her return for Madame Thérèse, and how cheerfully did they partake together of their evening meal, to which a salad and a bit of cheese were added, to make a little feast!

Louise continued to work hard and steadily. Winter set in this year with unusual severity, and poor Madame Thérèse became quite disabled. Rheumatism attacked her hands as well as her feet, and rendered her quite unable to work. She suffered dreadful pain at night, which Louise sought tenderly to relieve by rubbing and chafing her limbs. The four Napoleons were gradually expended in providing medicines and nourishing food for the invalid. Taught by adversity, Louise learnt to forget herself, and was never more happy than when ministering to the wants of her aunt. Before the end of February, their money was all spent, and the earnings of Louise, always small, were farther

diminished by the expense of candle-light, and the necessity of giving up much time to attending the invalid. To add to their trials, the young girl's own health began to fail. Loss of rest, constant sitting at her needle, and want of sufficient food, produced their usual effect. She became pale and thin, her breathing was quick, and her appetite failing.

Madame Thérèse became much alarmed about her. One day she remarked her frequently putting her hand on her side, and sighing as if in pain.

'My child,' said the old woman, 'the good gentleman whose purse you found is a physician. I am sure if he knew of your illness, he would do something for you. Will you, then, call at his house to-day, for indeed I feel uneasy about you?'

Louise felt reluctant to go. She feared it would look like begging from one who had already done much for her; but her aunt fearing that her health was seriously affected, managed to satisfy her scruples, and induced her to go.

Nothing but disappointment awaited them. Louise found the house shut up, and the old man who was left in charge of it told her the family were not expected home for two months. She returned sorrowfully to her lodging, and continued with Madame Thérèse to struggle against poverty and illness.

When Dr Leverrier, the loser of the purse, at length returned to Paris, he called to mind the poor little girl, and one day, accompanied by his wife, sought out the humble lodgings of Madame Thérèse. Ascending the dark, narrow staircase, they knocked at the door, and the voice of Madame Thérèse said 'Come in.' They entered. The room, though perfectly clean, looked almost bare; every little article of furniture had by degrees been parted with to meet the necessities of the poor inmates. Louise, whose weakness had considerably increased, was seated on a bundle of straw, which formed their only bed, and her wasted fingers were feebly endeavouring to finish some work which ought to have been returned the day before. So changed was her appearance, that Dr Leverrier could scarcely recognise her; but she knew him, and blushed deeply as she rose and said, 'Aunt, this is the kind gentleman who gave me the money.'

'I am sorry,' said Madame Leverrier, 'to see you look so poorly; but we are come now to do what we can to relieve you, and I hope, please God, you will soon be well.' She then entered into conversation with the old woman, while her husband inquired into Louise's state of health. He found she had no fixed disease, nothing which might not be removed by good food, fresh air, and freedom from toil. These he took care should be secured to her, by giving her aunt a sum of money sufficient for their present necessities, and promising to continue it until both the invalids should be restored.

They then took their leave, followed by the grateful blessings of Louise and her aunt. That evening Madame Leverrier sent them a comfortable bed and blankets, together with a warm gown and shawl for each. How comfortably they slept that night! and how fervently did they bless the goodness of God in sending them such friends!

Dr Leverrier continued frequently to visit them: he used to send Louise out to walk, and sometimes sat with her aunt during her absence. One day he asked the old lady to tell him all the particulars of their history, which she very willingly did. When she mentioned the manuscripts which M. Caillot had bequeathed to his granddaughter as a treasure, and which had proved so useless to her, he became greatly interested. He was a member of several scientific societies, and very fond of antiquarian research; it therefore occurred to him that the papers might possibly possess some value, and he asked anxiously to see them.

'You can have them, and welcome, monsieur,' said Madame Thérèse. 'Louise, poor child, was greatly attached to her grandfather, and for his sake she keeps

them carefully locked up. I will open the cupboard and get them for you.'

Accordingly, she handed Dr Leverrier the bundle tied up with tape. He opened it, and found it to consist of several small parcels. One of them was labelled, 'The writing of his most gracious Majesty Louis XIV., in his eighth year, while instructed by me (Signed) L. CAILLOT.' Dated 1646. Another had a similar superscription, describing it as the writing of the dauphin, the amiable pupil of Fenelon, and grandson to Louis XIV. Then came the first attempts at penmanship of Louis XV. Then the first copy-book of the unhappy Louis XVI. And lastly, tied up and covered with peculiar care, the writing of the little 'Captive King,' Louis XVII. As we mentioned before, the office of writing-master to the royal family had been for many generations hereditary in that of M. Caillot, and these mementos of their princely pupils' progress had been carefully treasured by each of its representatives, and transmitted to his successor. They had all been well off, and therefore none of the family of Caillot had had any temptation to part with these precious relics until they descended to the grandfather of Louise, who yet, in the midst of his poverty, could not bring himself to sell them. He knew that, as antiquarian curiosities, they would fetch a high price, and therefore justly regarded them as forming a provision for Louise. The suddenness of his death prevented his explaining to her in what their value consisted, and, as we have seen, she remained ignorant of it for a long time.

'These are indeed treasures,' said the doctor: 'I know some persons who will gladly purchase them at a high rate. I have no doubt they will bring Louise several thousand francs.'

Just then the young girl entered. Her eye glanced at the rolls of paper spread out on the little deal table.

'Ah,' she said, 'poor grandpapa's manuscripts that he prized so highly! I have often wondered why he valued them so much.'

'Don't wonder any more, my good girl,' replied her friend. 'They are indeed most valuable; and I heartily congratulate you on your good fortune, which I hope and trust you will try to deserve.'

He then explained to her the nature of the papers; and when he mentioned the large sum which he expected they would sell for, Louise clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, dear aunt, at last I shall be able to make you comfortable!' Then turning to the doctor, 'Dear sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness!'

It was all she could say; the sudden emotion was too much for her; and Dr Leverrier took his leave, carrying the manuscripts with him, and promising to return as soon as possible.

Two days elapsed, and on the third morning, as Louise was preparing her aunt's breakfast, the doctor entered.

'Good-morning, my friends,' he said; 'I bring you good news. Louise,' he added smiling, 'how many thousand francs do you suppose yourself possessed of?'

'Dear sir, you are jesting! I cannot guess.'

'Well, I will tell you my adventures since we last met, and then you can judge. I have a particular friend, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and to him I took your manuscripts. He was in ecstasies. "They are invaluable," he said; "quite unique—worth any money! I am not very rich, and yet I would gladly give thirty thousand francs for them." I explained to him the circumstances connected with them, and told him that as I was acting for another, I considered it my duty to obtain the highest possible price for them. He quite agreed with me, and directed me to a brother antiquary of immense wealth, who, he said, would, he was sure, purchase them. Accordingly I took them to Monsieur Lemont (that is his name), and, as I expected, he was delighted with them. He finally offered to pay fifty thousand francs for them, which, considering it the full value for them, I agreed, in your

name, to accept. I have lodged the sum (about L.2000) to your credit in the bank. It will produce you a yearly income of about three thousand francs, and you have now only to consider how to spend it to the best advantage.'

The first impulse of Louise was to kneel down and humbly thank God for his great goodness. She then affectionately embraced her aunt, and turning to Dr Leverrier, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you!' It was all she could say.

The doctor sat with them for some time, and when Louise became calm, proceeded to discuss her future plans. She was ready to be guided implicitly by him; and his advice was, that she and her aunt should immediately remove to some neat, quiet lodging in the outskirts of Paris, and when settled there, that Louise should apply herself to the cultivation of her mind, in order to become fitted for the new rank in which she was to move.

This judicious counsel was followed, and through the kind offices of the doctor and his lady, Louise and her aunt were speedily established in a nice lodging in the suburbs. The young girl's first care was to provide Madame Thérèse with everything necessary to her comfort; her second, to engage teachers and purchase books for herself. Her efforts at self-improvement were crowned with success. Being now exempt from bodily toil, her health became robust, and she acquired insensibly both polish of manner and refinement of appearance. No one who saw the neatly-dressed venerable old lady walking out, leaning on the arm of an elegant-looking girl, could have recognised Madame Thérèse and Louise as they appeared formerly. Dr Leverrier and his family continued to take the kindest interest in their welfare. He frequently invited them to his house, feeling sure that Louise was a safe and profitable companion for his daughters.

It happened one day that Louise and her aunt were taking an airing with Madame Leverrier. They stopped at a shop to make some purchases, and as they were coming out, an old woman accosted them, begging for alms. She was clothed in rags, and looked miserably poor. Madame Leverrier put a trifle in her hand, and was passing on, when she was surprised to see Louise stop and look eagerly at the beggar woman.

'Can it be!' said the young girl. 'Are you Madame Duval?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'that is my name; but, mademoiselle, how do you know me?'

'I knew you well at one time: have you forgotten Louise Caillot?'

The unhappy woman hid her face with her hands, and said, 'Have pity on me—I am justly punished!'

Louise hastily explained to her friends who it was; and Madame Leverrier having requested the shopkeeper to allow them the use of his parlour for a short time, they caused Madame Duval to come in and explain how she came to be so sadly reduced.

With many expressions of shame and humiliation, the unfortunate woman told them that, by a course of extravagance and idleness, she had gradually become poorer and poorer; until at length everything she possessed was seized for debt, and she was compelled to wander about begging. 'Then,' she said, 'when I found myself a homeless outcast, without a friend, I recollected my cruelty towards you, mademoiselle; and I felt that the just vengeance of God was pursuing me for my sin against an orphan. I thought of all you must have suffered, and I longed to know what had become of you. I am a miserable creature both in mind and body: can you forgive me?'

Louise burst into tears. 'Most freely I forgive you, madame,' she said, 'and will gladly do what I can to assist you.'

She then gave her some money, and having inquired where she lived, promised to send her further assistance. The poor woman seemed ready to embrace her feet with thankfulness, but Louise and her friends hastened away, overcome with various emotions. Louise and her aunt spent that evening at the house of their friends; and when Dr Leverrier came in, his wife told him their morning's adventure. He listened to it with much interest, and asked Louise what she wished to have done for her ancient enemy.

'I should like, sir,' she replied, 'to relieve her wants, and afford her the means of support.'

'Then you have no feeling of enmity towards her? Recollect how badly she treated you.'

The young girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him almost reproachfully. It was sufficient answer.

'You are right, my dear child,' said the doctor; 'I spoke only to try you. True greatness of spirit is shown in forgiving an injury, not in returning it; and after all, though she meant it not for good, Madame Duval has been the means of rendering you a real service; for the hard season of adversity you have passed through has been the blessed means of subduing what was evil in your heart, and conferring on you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."'

MACKAY'S 'WESTERN WORLD.'

Two books of travels in the United States have just come under our notice—one in three volumes by Mr Alexander Mackay,* the other a pocket volume by Mr Archibald Prentice. These works differ not less in external aspect than in the manner in which they are written. That of Mr Mackay consists chiefly of a series of disquisitions on social and political topics, united by a thread of personal narrative; while the small volume of Mr Prentice is a lively description of a tour, and scarcely aspires to be instructive. In the meanwhile, laying the last-mentioned book aside, we propose to confine our attention to Mr Mackay's 'Western World,' which, though tedious in many parts, is far from being without interest. The writer tells us in his preface that, from a residence of some time in the country, he has possessed better opportunities of drawing sound conclusions than travellers of an ordinary class; and as far as we can judge, his views are warranted by the actual and prospective state of society. He would, however, be a very dull person who could travel through the United States without having his sentiments roused on divers matters of social concern, or who would not be impressed with the national greatness that awaits our American brethren.

Mr Mackay begins his observations at Boston, and thence proceeds southwards; each place he visits being a peg whereon to hang a string of observations. New York suggests a disquisition on the commercial policy of the States. At present, a contest rages between the manufacturing and agricultural interests, in reference to free trade; but conversely to that which prevails in Britain. The American agriculturists and cotton growers desire freedom of import and export: the manufacturers alone desire protection; they fear the spindles and looms of Lancashire. What a pity to find such men as Mr Webster and Mr Clay advocating restrictions on trade! In spite of all odds, the free-traders are in the ascendant: the tariff bill of 1846 decided that custom-house duties should be taken only on a revenue basis. Yet that in effect tends to preserve monopoly, and a great modification of duties is contended for. While on this subject, our author refers to the vast injury which America could inflict on England. One is startled by a mere announcement of the fact. The internal peace and prosperity of Great Britain depend on the regular action of the cotton trade. Throw Lancashire and Lanarkshire idle, by stopping the supplies of cotton, and who will say what would be the consequences? For these supplies we are dependent on America. 'This is a dependence,' observes Mr Mackay, 'which

* The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1840-7. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1849.

cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the supply of cotton, we are as much at the mercy of America as if we were starving, and to her alone we looked for food. She need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. True, it is as much her interest as ours to act differently; and so long as it continues so, no difficulty will be experienced. But a combination of circumstances may be supposed in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us an irrecoverable blow: a crisis might arise when, by momentarily crippling our industry, she might push in and deprive us of the markets of the world. And who, should the opportunity arise, will guarantee her forbearance? . . . It is the consciousness of this absolute dependence that induces many to look anxiously elsewhere for the supply of that for which we are now wholly beholden to a rival. The cultivation of cotton in India is no chimera; the time may come when we may find it our safety.' It should have been added, that the late opening of British ports to American corn is the best guarantee against the catastrophe which is feared.

In America all is activity and hopefulness. The possibility of doing great things, striking out new fields of enterprise, causes a universal restlessness. Repose is unknown. In this old country we are at almost every step governed by traditions: we are terrified to do anything which is not sanctioned by the usage of centuries. No man is listened to who has not attained to gray hairs; if he is bald, so much the better. We have another social peculiarity. Politics do not form a quite respectable subject. Criticism of state policy is a kind of half treason. No man is so estimable as he who candidly declares he neither understands nor cares for matters of government. In America all this is different. Old men have there little to say; young men take the upper hand; and politics are not only perfectly respectable, but commendable. 'The American,' says Mr Mackay, 'is from his earliest boyhood inured to politics, and disciplined in political discussion. The young blood of America exercises an immense influence over its destiny. Perhaps it would be better were it otherwise. Frequently are elections carried, in different localities, by the influence exerted on the voters by the active exertions of young men who have as yet no vote themselves. A minor may, and often does, make exciting party speeches, to an assembly composed of men, many of whom might individually be his grandfather.' We should be inclined to say that this is going a little too far. There is a good mid-way in everything.

With something to condemn in their hot political contests, we give the Americans credit for one thing, in which they are clearly our superiors. 'In America there is no volunteering one's services as a representative.' Suitable candidates are brought forward by committees of electors, and no others have a chance of success. Volunteer candidates are called 'stump orators,' and their pretensions are treated only with derision. How much better is this than the beggarly practice which prevails in Great Britain, where candidates condescend to the meanness of seeking votes, and not only so, but of paying for them also—in England by bribes of money, in Scotland by expectancies of situations!

Mr Mackay mentions that few things are more surprising in American society than the sway exerted by young unmarried ladies. With us, a Miss fills a very subordinate social position: she is nobody, and enjoys consideration only through her parents. In the States, 'the mother is invariably eclipsed by her daughters,' who issue invitations, and receive company, as if independent beings. The moment a lady submits to the matrimonial tie, she is laid on the shelf, and soon disappears from general society. 'Whilst the young ladies engross all attention to themselves, the married ones sit neglected in the corners, despite the superiority which they may sometimes possess both in personal charms and mental accomplishments.' Possibly the great demand

for wives is the main cause of this social peculiarity. Our author speaks of the number of society meetings, at which young ladies assist nearly every night in the week. Dorcas societies are particular favourites, as they blend a bit of amusement and gossip with the obligations of charity. 'The ladies of a congregation, married and expectant—the latter generally predominating—meet in rotation at their respective houses at an early hour in the afternoon, sew away industriously by themselves until evening, when the young gentlemen are introduced with the tea and coffee: whereupon work is suspended, and a snug little party is the consequence, characterised by a good deal of flirtation, and closed by prayer: the young men afterwards escorting the young ladies home, and taking leave of them, to meet again next week under the same happy circumstances.' In general society, the conversation is said to be greatly made up of 'dreary commonplaces, jokes, and rapid compliments.' We would hazard the remark, that conversation cannot be more commonplace in America than it is in ninety-nine houses in a hundred throughout England—a talk of furniture, the weather, articles of eating and drinking, the Opera, the last picture exhibition, and the comparative lighting qualities of gas and candles.

Travelling in a railway car between Philadelphia and Baltimore, Mr Mackay witnesses the extent to which Americans carry their antipathy to the unfortunate coloured race. 'At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectably dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed could not have been more than 12½ per cent. of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was at all events cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By and by the conductor entered the car again, and, as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood.' Some coarse remarks followed from various persons in the car, commendatory of this odious expulsion. Shocked at what he had seen, our author proceeded to search out the unfortunate young man, whom he found seated in a bare wooden crib, along with about a dozen negroes, who, envious of his white tinge, rather rejoiced than otherwise at the treatment he had received.' Mr Mackay states, that on a late occasion the captain of a British steamer on Lake Ontario violently expelled a gentleman of colour from the dinner-table in the cabin, in concession to the prejudice of some Virginians who were present. For this illegal and audacious act he was very properly apprehended on a warrant at Kingston, and had to pay a heavy fine for his officiousness: 'his command being continued to him on condition of his not offending in a similar manner in future.' It is pleasant thus to see British law vindicating the rights of humanity irrespective of race or colour.

Slavery is visibly observed to be a blight wherever it rests. The slaveholding states are palpably retrograding; the non-slaveholding states are rapidly advancing. 'View it whichever way you will,' says Mr Mackay, 'whether as a crime or as a calamity, this institution in the United States invariably carries with it its own retribution. However indispensable it may be to the

wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830, her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board states, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also of late years been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the confederation; but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her. Were Virginia freed from slavery, it would become one of the most favourable fields of settlement for emigrants of a wealthy class. As it is, it is, like other slaveholding States, shunned by men of capital and enterprise.

Railways have been already constructed in the United States to the extent of 5700 miles, and 4000 miles are in course of construction. This far exceeds the aggregate length of railways in Great Britain; but the two systems can scarcely be compared. Our lines are generally double; constructed with great care; and are decorated with splendid station-houses and termini: great sums have also been paid for land; and the parliamentary expenses have been enormous. In America the cost of land has been comparatively trifling; the rails are usually of timber, shod with thin slips of iron; the station-houses are wooden booths; and the bridges are also of wood, on an inexpensive scale. By this studying of economy, the railway system has been pushed to great lengths in the States, vastly to the benefit of the more remote regions. When the country is more densely peopled, the lines will of course be improved. At present, although the rate of transit is only from 15 to 20 miles an hour, they answer the purpose of travellers, and make a return of from 5 to 8 per cent. to the shareholders. Much as we admire the elegance and even grandeur of some of our railway termini and other works, we wish, all circumstances considered, that plainer models had been adopted.

On the subject of the Mississippi valley and its productive powers we have some useful particulars. This valley, which is interlaced with 15,000 miles of navigable rivers, and will in time contain a population of a hundred and fifty millions, is capable of furnishing food for the whole of Europe. The soil is generally so fertile and easily cultivated, that a farmer is well remunerated if he gets sixpence a bushel for his wheat. Ten shillings may be assumed as the cost of producing a quarter of wheat in most portions of the prairie land of the valley; and if 20s. be added for cost of transit to England, grain of a fair description at 30s. a quarter may be looked for. At present, from the want of capital, and also from the demand on the spot by a new and growing population, large shipments of wheat cannot be made to Great Britain; but every year the capacity for export will increase, and we have no doubt that ultimately there will be an abundant influx of American wheat at the price stated. From the wheat-growing States on the Atlantic, grain will be exported at a considerable lower rate. Of course facts of this kind will be kept in remembrance by British farmers in renewing their engagements for land.

From Canada, wheat may be transported to Quebec or to New York at about equal rates, the cheaper line of transit, all things considered, being to Quebec. But there the preference ceases. The freight from New York to Liverpool is cheaper than from Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. So great is the disparity, says

Mr Mackay, that he has known 7s. 6d. sterling asked at Montreal for every barrel of flour to be conveyed to Liverpool, whilst forty cents, or about 1s. 8d., was the ruling freight at New York. Curiously enough, this great difference, which is so injurious to the colonists, arises from nothing else than a wish on the part of Great Britain to benefit the colonies. According to the navigation laws, no vessel but one of British or colonial build can bring goods from a British colony to England; the object of the law being to keep our own trade to ourselves. On this account foreign vessels taking goods to Canada cannot reload with cargoes for England. If the shippers of Montreal had as much wheat on hand for England as would fill ten vessels, and ten empty American ships were lying at the quay, they could not employ them. They would require to wait until British-built vessels came in and were prepared to take the wheat on board; consequently these British-built vessels having a monopoly, would charge a comparatively high price for their services. Such is one of the effects of what are called 'the navigation laws,' for the abolition of which an effort is now about to be made in parliament. 'It frequently happens,' says Mr Mackay, 'that the quays both of Montreal and Quebec are overlaid with produce waiting for exportation, but which remains for weeks on the open wharfs for want of sufficient tonnage to carry it to Europe. . . . It is of this monopoly, and its ruinous consequences, that the Canadian so loudly and so bitterly complains. Such, indeed, is sometimes the want of tonnage in the Canadian seaports, that produce forwarded to tide-water, with a view of being conveyed to Liverpool that season, is not unfrequently detained until the opening of navigation in the following year. The inconvenience of this is great, especially as wheat and flour are perishable commodities, and the exporter loses all the advantages which the English market may in the meantime have offered him. The remedy for this evil is obviously to throw the navigation of the St Lawrence open to the shipping of the world.' What a howl will this proposition raise among the shipowners of Glasgow and Liverpool!

The rapid transmission of news among us has been rather conspicuous since the electric telegraph was put in requisition; but in this department of affairs we are still outdone by our American brethren. 'For some time after the breaking out of the Mexican war, the anxiety to obtain news from the south was intense. There was then no electric telegraph south of Washington, the news had therefore to come to that city from New Orleans through the ordinary mail channels. The strife was between several Baltimore papers for the first use of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore. The telegraph office was close to the post-office, both being more than a mile from the wharf, at which the mail steamer, after having ascended the Potomac from the Aquia Creek, stopped, and from which the mail bags had to be carried in a wagon to the post-office. The plan adopted by the papers to anticipate each other was this:—Each had an agent on board the steamer, whose duty it was, as she was ascending the river, to obtain all the information that was new, and put it in a succinct form for transmission by telegraph the moment it reached Washington. Having done so, he tied the manuscript to a short heavy stick, which he threw ashore as the boat was making the wharf. On shore each paper had two other agents, one a boy mounted on horseback, and the other a man on foot, ready to catch the stick to which the manuscript was attached the moment it reached the ground. As soon as he got hold of it, he handed it to the boy on horseback, who immediately set off with it at full gallop for the telegraph office. There were frequently five or six thus scrambling for precedence, and as they sometimes all got a good start, the race was a very exciting one. Crowds gathered every evening around the post-office and telegraph office, both to learn the news, and witness the result of the race. The first in secured the telegraph, and in a quarter of an hour afterwards the news

was known at Baltimore, forty miles off, and frequently before the mail was delivered, and it was known even at Washington itself. On an important occasion, one of the agents alluded to as being on board beat his competitors by an expert manoeuvre. He managed, unperceived, to take a bow on board with him, with which, on the arrival of the boat, he shot his manuscript ashore, attached to an arrow, long before his rivals could throw the sticks ashore to which theirs was tied.

Mr Mackay recommends emigration to the United States in the strongest possible terms, and expresses a surprise, in which we unite, that this country should be embarrassed with a redundant population—redundant in reference to existing means of support—while so great and glorious a field of settlement is open for all on such very easy terms. While society in Great Britain seems to be gradually pauperising—while 'what to do with our beggars' is becoming the most urgent of questions, it is pleasant to read the following passages in reference to a contrary state of things in America:—'The most important feature of American society, in connection with its physical condition, is, that competence is the lot of all. No matter to what this is attributable, whether to the extent and resources of the country, or to the nature of its institutions, or to both, such is the case, and one has not to be long in America to discover it. It is extremely seldom that the willing hand in America is in want of employment, whilst the hard-working man has not only a competency on which to live, but, if frugal, may soon save up sufficient to procure for himself in the West a position of still greater comfort and independence. There are paupers in America, but, fortunately, they are very few. They are generally confined to the large towns; nor need they subsist upon charity, if they had the energy to go into the rural districts and seek employment. This, however, is not applicable to the majority of them, who are aged and infirm. It may be laid down as a general rule, without qualification, that none are deprived of competency in America except such as are negligent, idle, or grossly improvident.' Truly, it has been said, America is the paradise of the working-man.

ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS OF POPULAR SPORTS.

Among the suburban outskirts of London city, long since swallowed up in the ceaseless progress that converts green fields into *brick-fields*, and brick-fields, with the old rural footpaths they have displaced, into paved streets and squares, some memento of former associations still survives, as a memorial of 'the country' that skirted in olden times the city's northern walls.

Clerkenwell Green still sounds as a strange memento of the days gone by, when its gentle pastures and green slopes lay along the 'River of Wells,' as the 'Fleet Ditch' was then termed, while beyond extended in grassy fields, or still greener morasses, Spitalfields, Moorfields, and Finsbury. Ben Jonson tells us of 'the archers of Finsbury, and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds;' and many a sly hit by the wits of James's Court at the Cockney rivalry of Robin Hood's feats, shows that these civic heroes were often sorely galled by lighter sharpshooters than the archers of Finsbury Fields.

Even so early as 1598, Stowe complains of 'the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the City, now almost clearly left off and forsaken;' and subsequent enactments of James I. proved altogether unavailing in preventing the total abandonment of 'the yard-long shaft,' which had proved the safety and honour of England on many a hard-fought field. Just beyond the old site of Moorgate, the Artillery Grounds still preserve a small area rescued from these old archery grounds, for civic feasts of mimic war; but a recent chance discovery in the same neighbourhood carries us back to still older sports and pastimes of 'the London 'prentices' in these extra-mural fields.

In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries at

Somerset House, as well as in various private London museums, specimens of ancient bone-skates may be seen, such as in early times, and even, it is believed, to a comparatively recent period, were used by the citizens of London in their favourite winter pastime on the ice. The Serpentine River of former days was an undrained marsh lying outside London wall, at the foot of the long slope by which the endless tide of Paddington and Highgate omnibuses now wend their way to the Angel at Islington. The winter rains accumulated here into a broad and shallow pond, which required no long continuance of frost to convert it into a safe and ample sheet of ice. Towards this the pleasure-seeking crowds of citizens might then be seen jostling one another as they pushed their way through the old Moorgate archway, each carrying in his hands a pair of homely skates, fashioned in most cases of the leg-bone of a horse, with a hole drilled from side to side at the one end, and into the end at the other—the latter probably to receive a peg by which more effectually to secure the cords that fastened it to the foot. These simple skates, dropped from time to time, and buried in the mud and soil, at first occasioned some little perplexity to the antiquaries of London when they revisited the light. It is not unlikely, indeed, that they may have often enough been found and tossed aside before, as mere rusty bones, during the constant excavations in the City and its neighbourhood. But now that archaeology has become a science with numerous students and devotees, the barest bone is often found worth picking; and since attention was first directed to the subject, about eight years ago, many such bone-skates have been dug up in various districts around London, and particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of the City.

The examples which we have seen of these rude specimens, illustrative of the antiquity and progressive improvement of one of the most popular and healthful recreations of our northern winters, were dug up, in the year 1839, in Moorfields, near Finsbury Circus, London. Though Moorfields—to use a familiar Cockney pun—are no more fields, the whole area having long since been built over, and hid out in streets and squares, beyond which miles of brick tenements and stone-paving extend between it and the open fields, the ground still exhibits, in the course of any excavations by which it is opened up, distinct evidences of its former character as a bog or marsh; and it will presently appear to what uses it was put so long as it retained this character.

Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' while confessing his inability to trace the introduction of skating into this country, refers to evidence of its existence in the thirteenth century; and adds an opinion, which few will be inclined to dispute, that 'probably the invention proceeded rather from necessity than the desire of amusement.' The rudeness of these bone-skates is such as seems to justify the antiquary in assigning to them a very early date: and a curious passage, which occurs in Fitz-Stephen's description of London, enables us to establish their identity with those used in that writer's own time—that is, in the reign of Henry II., 1151–1189. Fitz-Stephen, in describing the sports of the citizens of London, says—'When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice,' &c. After enumerating the various modes of sliding, he adds, 'Some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones—as the leg-bones of beasts—and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and those men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine!'

It is rare, indeed, that the antiquary discovers so distinct and unmistakable a reference not only to the character and uses of a chance-found relic, but to the exact locality in which it has lain unheeded for nearly seven centuries.

In Bishop Percy's 'Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,' translated from the Icelandic language,* more than one refer-

* London, 1763.

ence occurs to skating, as one among the most essential qualifications of a northern warrior. In 'Harold's Complaint' the hero thus enumerates his slighted worth:—'I know how to perform six exercises. I fight with courage, I keep a firm seat on horseback, I am skilled in swimming, I glide along the ice on skates, I excel in darting the lance, I am dexterous at the oar, and yet a Russian maid disdains me!'

In M. Mallet's 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck,'* a quotation is made from the 24th table of the 'Edda,' in which the following allusion to skating occurs:—'Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor? Thialfe answered, That in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one,' &c.

But a still more definite description of the ancient skate than that already referred to occurs in Olaus Magnus's 'History of the Nations of the West.' He speaks of it as being made of iron, or of the shank-bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet.

Mr C. Roach Smith, on showing examples of these bone-skates to the eminent northern antiquary Herr Worsaae of Copenhagen, was informed by him that similar examples had been found in Holland, in Scandinavia, and particularly in the southern part of Sweden. He referred him also to a very curious passage in one of the old Scandinavian mythological songs, in which it is said that *Oller* or *Uller*, god of the winter, runs on bones of animals over the ice.

It cannot surprise us to find such early and varied evidences of the practice of skating on the ice among the northern races of Europe, nor of their use of a skate so readily supplied as one of the least-valued spoils of the chase. It seems indeed surprising that a skate so very simple and easily accessible should not still remain in use among our juvenile population, with whom the more refined and complicated modern instrument of steel is sometimes a matter not readily obtained.

No allusion occurs, that we are aware of, among early Scottish writers to a similar practice among the natives of our northern region, though it cannot be doubted that there also skating was one of the winter pastimes of our ancestry from a very early period. Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the seventh book of the 'Æneid,' gives a most vigorous and picturesque description of the northern winter, in which he depicts both the aspect of nature and the influence of the season on man and beast; but no allusion occurs to such popular pastimes as those to which the earlier Scandinavian and Icelandic poets refer.

Most Scottish readers are familiar with Sir David Lindsay's lively satire on the obsequious courtiers of James V., which occurs in the 'Complaynt':—

'Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
They did solist his majestic,
Sum gart him ravell at the rakket,
Sum harlit him to the hurly-hakket,' &c.

The hurly-hakket, more correctly *hurly-hawkie*, was a boy's game practised in James's time and later, on the slope of the Heading Hill, or ancient place of execution near Stirling Castle. Seated on the inverted bone of a cow's head, the youth descended this slope with thundering speed, to the wonder of quiet people, and his own no small delectation. On the Calton Hill near Edinburgh, the game was practised at the end of the last century with a horse's head; but the skull of the ruminant seems to have been the more normal vehicle, as the name *hawkie* is simply the familiar appellation for a cow in Scotland.

It may readily be believed that as the bones of animals were among the early spoils of the chase, they would be adapted in a rude age to many uses for which the devices of modern ingenuity and civilisation have found other substitutes. Among the rude savages of the South Sea Islands, as well as among the Kamtchatkins and Esquimaux, the bones and horns of many animals are turned to account in the construction of their weapons

and implements; and we frequently find among the contents of early British tumuli, evidence that our own barbarian ancestry applied them to the same useful purposes.

It was not, however, for objects essentially useful only, but also for the instruments used in games of chance and skill, that the bones of animals were found applicable by our rude forefathers. In Herr Worsaae's comparison of the 'Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark,' in the third volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, he refers to ancient draftsmen of bone, of a hemispherical shape, and with a hole in the flat bottom, which frequently occur in considerable quantities in Norwegian tumuli, and are also occasionally found in Ireland. They are believed to have formed the implements of gaming among the roving Norsemen, their form being designed to admit of their use on shipboard, so that they might not be liable to displacement by the rolling of the vessel.

Many allusions of our early dramatists also suffice to show that such games as nine-pins, loggats, skittles, and the like, were originally played with bones. The name of skittles is evidently derived, like the older term kayles, or kayle-pins, from the French *quille*, a pin. And to the latter game—of which Strutt gives an illustration, somewhat oddly derived from a missal of the fourteenth century—the more modern nine-pins are obviously traceable. Several of these games are enumerated in early English statutes against gaming, particularly in more than one of Henry VIII. And a game called *closh*, which appears to have been nearly identical with nine-pins, is specified in a similar statute so early as the reign of Edward IV.

'Loggats,' says Sir Thomas Hanmer, one of the early editors of Shakspeare, 'is the ancient name of a play or game, which is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the 33d statute of Henry VIII.: it is the same which is now called kittle-pins, in which the boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.'

In a rare old play of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled 'The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art,' a dunce is introduced, who boasts of his skill

'At skates, and the playing with a sheep's joynte.'

So, too, in the well-known scene with the gravedigger in Hamlet—

'That skull hath a tongue in it, and could sing once. Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't!'

These allusions place beyond doubt the use of bones in these popular games of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and so, too, we find a later dramatic writer of Charles II.'s reign, in a play called 'The Merry Milk-Maid of Islington,' making one of his characters address another thus—

'I'll cleave you from the skull to the twist, and make nine-skittles of thy bones!'

These latter illustrations may perhaps be considered as having a very slight connection with the subject of ancient bone-skates. They suffice, however, to show to how many uses, which have since been lost sight of, these waste articles of the chase and of the kitchen were applied in early, and even in comparatively recent times.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Drawing Salves and Strengthening Plasters.—People entertain some curious notions as to the properties of salves. We continually hear them talk of drawing salves. It might be possible, no doubt, to trace some of the old doctrines of medical men in these sayings, when what was called the humoral pathology was in vogue. I seldom pass many days without hearing that a particular ointment draws too much, or not sufficiently. The least that can be said of it is, that the phraseology is not good, and altogether indefinite, for the greater part of those who employ it scarcely know precisely what they wish to express. As to strength-

* 2 vols., London, 1770.

ening plasters, I must confess my complete want of faith. To communicate strength by a pitch plaster is more easily said than done. I remember there was formerly a great cry for strengthening plasters at the Manchester Infirmary. Many old men and women would beg for them, as if a plaster was the greatest favour that could be conferred; and afterwards, when their plasters were worn out, they would endeavour, in the most ingenious way imaginable, to bring round the conversation to the subject of plasters, and end by requesting to have others, 'as the virtue,' they said, 'was gone out of the old ones.' It would be well if they could find any relief from their real ailments from such impotent means. As to what are called 'warming plasters,' more faith may be given to them, for these act more or less like blisters, being indeed composed of pitch plaster and blistering plaster, and to some extent, therefore, useful in cases where external irritants are necessary.

People Heavier after Death.—That a person weighs heavier when dead than when living, is one of the popular errors which one cannot well suppose to prevail amongst the better-informed part of society. The phrase *dead weight* has probably sprung up from this idea. Why a person should be heavier when he is dead is not very apparent, unless the principle of life is to be considered as one of levity, as phlogiston was supposed to be by the philosophers of a former day. The supporters of Stahl's celebrated doctrine of phlogiston believed that when a body was burnt, a principle, which they called *phlogiston*, escaped from it in the form of light and heat; but unfortunately for this view, it was found, when the products of combustion were carefully collected, that they weighed more than the body did previously. This would have been fatal to their doctrine, had not the idea been broached that phlogiston was a principle of levity, which, being removed, left the body heavier than before.

This was of course quite fallacious, and so would such an idea be with respect to life. One reason that a dead body is thought to be heavier than a living one is probably this, that in carrying a living person we have the centre of gravity adapted by the person carried to suit the convenience of the carrier, and maintained in a position as far as possible to fall within the base of his body. Again, the elasticity of the structures of the body, especially the cartilages, though not in reality diminishing the weight, gives an appearance of lightness, as we see in the beautiful movements of the stag, and this would seem to corroborate the notion of living creatures being lighter than dead ones. We have also phrases which would seem to imply that lightness was the concomitant of gentleness. How often we are admonished by the poets to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead!

Mother's Marks.—Of what are called 'mother's marks,' I may say a word or two. Everybody has heard of strawberries and cherries being represented on children's heads and backs, and people pretend that these appearances alter according to the season of the year, as the fruit may or may not be ripe. The question as to the origin of these marks appears at one time to have given rise to rather a warm controversy. A Dr Samuel Turner, in the eighteenth century, published a work on diseases of the skin, in which there was a dissertation on these congenital marks contained in the 12th chapter, and in which he attributed them to the influence of the mother's imagination. In answer to this part of the work, an anonymous publication appeared denouncing the idea as a vulgar error. However, Dr Turner discovered the work to be written by a Dr James Augustus Blondel, and looking upon the reply as a direct attack upon himself, republished his views in an appendix to another work which he was then bringing out. Dr Blondel was not, however, to be set down in this manner, and again controverted these opinions. Dr Turner now began to consider his reputation seriously at stake, and supported his views by references from Skenkius, Hildanus, Horstius, and others

who are fond of dealing in prodigies. Though it is evident that he had the worst of the discussion, the fourth edition of his work, which appeared in 1731, is said still to have contained the 12th chapter without alteration, and to be supported with a fierce-looking portrait of the author.

Proverbs.—There are two proverbial sayings which may be just alluded to, particularly as one of them has perhaps a somewhat injurious influence. We often hear people use the expression—'Stuff a cold, and starve a fever;' and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying, 'Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever;' that is, if you do not refrain from generous living during a cold, ten to one you will set up a fever in which you will have to abstain altogether. This is certainly a more sensible reading of it. The next proverb is, 'That twilight is the blind man's holiday.' At first it would seem a ridiculous saying, because if want of light is to excuse us from work, a blind man must have a perpetual holiday.

The proverb no doubt relates to the well-known fact, that a man with a cataract can see better in the twilight. This is very easily explained; for in the softened light called twilight, the pupil of the eye expands, and as the diseased lens which intercepts the light is chiefly opaque in the centre, it follows that the rays of light are in some degree admitted when the pupil is fully dilated.

Bones Brittle in Winter.—Accidents frequently happen in winter-time from the slippery state of the roads; but there is a general belief that the bones are more brittle in winter than at another time. In frosty weather, it is a common remark made to domestics to be careful in cleaning the windows, as the glass is brittle; and this certainly is the case, and for an obvious reason. The outside of the window is exposed to the cold frosty air, whilst the inside is warmed by the heated air of the room; hence the two sides are expanded in different ratios, and a slight accident is sufficient to break the pane; just as hot water, put suddenly into a cold glass, may crack the vessel; especially if it be so thick that the heat is not readily transmitted through it. Well, then, probably the notion about the brittleness of the human bones in winter is derived from the fact I have mentioned; but the animal heat does not differ in cold weather, except indeed on the surface of the body. Nor would there otherwise be any analogy in the cases. That the bones of old people are more brittle than those of the young, is quite true; but this is of course altogether a different question.

Of the Lock-Jaw.—Many people entertain a very singular idea of the complaint called lock-jaw. It is, I think, often supposed that the disease consists alone in the forcible closure of the jaw, and that the patient, being unable to get sustenance, dies from inanition. Some of these people, who consider themselves a little more ingenious than their neighbours, will suggest to you the extraction of a tooth as a remedy, which, they think, may not have presented itself to others. In reality, the stiffened state of the muscles of the jaw is only a part of a general condition of spasm, the origin of which is ill understood, notwithstanding the great attention which has been devoted to the subject, and the ability which has been directed to it. The body is sometimes bent back like a bow in a most frightful manner, and the hands and feet dreadfully distorted. As the complaint first shows itself about the muscles of the jaw, it may have acquired the name from this circumstance. Some non-professional people mistake dislocation of the jaw for lock-jaw. When the jaw is dislocated, it remains widely open, and the patient is unable to shut his mouth. One laughable case is related of a person singing very

loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

Red Flannel.—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptian mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavoured to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogether profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its colour, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use red flannel?

Mussels.—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *musselled*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr Paris states. 'The mussel,' says he, 'is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.*

Galvanic Rings.—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electricum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII, says, 'the kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere crampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe.†

'In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them.† Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

'The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.* It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

Heart.—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart; though it is common enough to talk of the *heart being in the right place*. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a *little* to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or *sternum*, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification, applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are, however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits: In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patulous.

Amongst this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a *narrow swallow*. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, whilst the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

Inward Fits.—Nurses often speak of *inward fits*. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fights*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed.† The nurses will shake their head, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

Means of Preventing Contagion.—I think it is often supposed that medical men are in the habit of carrying about them some drug which has a protective influence against the operation of contagion. If this were the case, it would be very proper that it should be made generally known. I remember, when I was very young,

* Paris on Diet, p. 163. 1836.

† Op. Cit. p. 87.

† Op. Cit. p. 62.

* Pettigrew, p. 62.

† Burns's Practice of Midwifery, p. 786. 1838.

having a little bag of camphor stitched in my dress, to prevent fever during the time that it was prevalent. Some people will suppose that smoking is desirable. I have known ladies put lavender in their handkerchiefs if they thought they were going to run any risk. Most of the remedies used are of this class—namely, such as have a powerful odour. The celebrated Hahnemann, the author of the homœopathic doctrines, thought that belladonna had a protective influence against the scarlet fever. It was, however, to be given internally, of course in a very small dose—three grains dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, of which three drops were to be administered twice daily to a child under twelve months. The homœopaths assert that if it does not prevent the disease, it renders it mild.

The plan of carrying camphor bags reminds one of the old amulets and charms to which we have already given attention. I mentioned the importance of rings. In the Harleian manuscripts (according to Pettigrew, p. 67), is a letter from Lord Chancellor Hatton to Sir Thomas Smith, written at the time of an alarming epidemic. He writes thus:—‘I am likewise bold to recommend my most humble duty to our dear mistress (Queen Elizabeth), by this letter and ring, which hath the virtue to expel infectious airs. . . . I trust, sir, when the virtue is known, it shall not be refused for its value.’ Perhaps some one may bring out cholera rings—I dare say people would be found to buy them. The more ridiculous a remedy is, the better it often takes. However, medical men do not attach importance to these portable remedies, at least such as operate merely in giving out an odour without exercising any chemical influence on the atmosphere. I am not now alluding to such as chloride of lime, which is to be kept in the house. The subject of the prevention of contagion is much too vast and important to admit of cursory remark, and I shall content myself, therefore, with denying that medical men are in the habit of carrying about their persons remedies to prevent contagion.

Of Bile.—Just as I stated that the public use the word *scarvy* as a general term for diseases of the skin, so it is common to use the epithet *bilious* for a number of distinct affections. A person is in the habit of putting his stomach out of order, and declaring that he is very bilious; or another shall lay the flattering unction to his soul that some serious structural disease is all attributable to the bile. There is one common mistake made in respect to vomiting *bile*. Whenever bile is found in the ejected matter, it is at once concluded that it was owing to a redundancy of bile that the sickness was created. This is, however, in most cases an error, for the bile is brought into the stomach from the first bowel (the duodenum) by the straining efforts of the patient, which cause a reflux or regurgitation of the bile in opposition to its natural route. Thus nothing is more common than to find bile ejected from the stomach in sea-sickness, even when the sufferer set out on his voyage in the full enjoyment of health.

Whilst engaged in writing out these brief memoranda of medical errors, I stumbled on a book on the subject, written by a Dr Jones, dated 1797, in which he places in the category of popular errors some which one would scarcely expect to meet with in such a connection. Thus he considers it as one of the errors to be refuted, ‘that a physician just called to a patient ought, as soon as he comes down stairs, to inform the family of the name of the distemper.’ Most medical men will agree with him that this is certainly an egregious error.

He also alludes to the absurdity of asking a physician questions at a dinner-table, which it is impossible for him to answer without a careful inquiry into the case of the querist. I shall not now, however, trespass longer on the attention of the reader, but conclude by again reminding him that if I have been led to mention many things of a very commonplace kind, I have been obliged to do so by the nature of the subject; and in respect to the style or manner in which this has been done, it appeared to me that common things would

be best described in common and familiar language, and colloquial phrases would best embody the ideas with which they are generally connected.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE;

AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back-room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs Thompson and Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. ‘You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point.’

‘Well, sir?’ impatiently interrupted the other.

‘I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir.’

‘Well?’

‘Is it true?’

‘Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;’ and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

‘Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands.’

‘Then may I ask what is your business here?’

‘I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?’

‘Why do you ask the question?’

‘Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit.’

The money-dealer stared.

‘You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?’

‘Perfectly.’

‘Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honoured by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?’

‘Not I, my friend.’

‘No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done.’

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

‘Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. “Thank you, my lad,” replied you—“thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;” and you threw me a seven-

shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use: here it is, sir—here it is;’ and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. ‘In a few days I’ll call again;’ and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained L.30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The L.30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some L.200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

SNODGRASS THE INVENTOR.

The decease of a generally little known, but useful inventor, Neil Snodgrass, is noticed by the ‘Glasgow Citizen’ newspaper. This ingenious man, who has just died in his seventy-third year, appears to have begun his inventive career by applying steam to the purpose of heating public works, &c. Mr Snodgrass was also the inventor of the ‘Scutcher,’ or blowing machine, commonly called in cotton-mills the ‘Devil,’ by which an important saving in the raw material is effected, while the cotton is prepared in a much more uniform manner than could possibly be done by the hands. It is, however, in connection with the steam-engine that the name of Mr Neil Snodgrass chiefly deserves to live. Notwithstanding Watt’s grand invention of the separate condenser, and the completion of his numerous other improvements, a mighty defect still existed at the very heart of the machine. How to render the piston of the steam-engine perfectly steam-tight, and yet capable of moving in the cylinder without enormous friction, was, in the early history of the invention, felt to be an insuperable difficulty. This difficulty would have been considerably lessened had it been possible to construct a perfectly true cylinder; but as no skill in workmanship could secure this necessary height of perfection, the only alternative remaining was to render the periphery of the piston elastic, so as to adapt itself to the inequalities of the surface against which it was to slide. To effect this object, the piston was constructed with an upper and lower flange, between which a mass of hemp was wound, which it was necessary to renew and tighten at frequent intervals, and to keep at all times profusely saturated with grease. In order to provide a substitute for this primitive and clumsy process, Mr Snodgrass passed many a night of anxious thought. Having in 1818, with the assistance of a number of master spinners who had profited by his inventions, built a mill of his own at Mile End, Glasgow, he commenced in 1823 to make experiments in packing the piston on an entirely new plan, and in 1824 his splendid invention of metallic packings was given gratuitously to the public. These packings consisted of segments of metal acted upon by springs pushed outward from the centre, and thus adapting themselves to the inequalities of surface unavoidable in the cylinder. This novel and beautiful invention of an elastic metal piston shared for a time the fate of many discoveries destined to revolutionise the world. It was ridiculed and discredited. After encountering some opposition, Mr Snodgrass prevailed upon the late Dr Stevenson to allow the experiment of the metallic packing to be tried in the Caledonian steamer, which was most successful. From that day up to the present time no other description of piston has been constructed. Its value is altogether incalculable. It is supposed that in the Clyde alone the saving it has effected in the mere article of tallow amounts to not less than L.20,000 per annum. The importance of the invention has been prodigiously increased by the introduction of the railway system, as the old pistons would have been totally inapplicable to the locomotive. Beyond the barren fame of the invention—

and not always did he receive even that—his sole profit, if we except the premium that was awarded to him in 1825 by the Glasgow town council, from Coulter’s mortification, consisted in his being employed to manufacture some fifty metallic packings at the rate of 5s. per inch of the diameter of the respective pistons. In the course of his long and laborious life he introduced a variety of minor improvements in machinery, many of which continue, we understand, in general use. Among these we may mention a new application of the Mendoza pulley and wheel for leading out the mule-spinning carriage; a new plan of skeleton bars for furnaces; and an apparatus for the prevention of smoke on the Argand principle. Mr Snodgrass also claimed to have anticipated Mr Byer of Manchester by two or three years in the present arrangement of the tube roving frames, for which the latter obtained a patent by which he is said to have cleared L.50,000.

SONNET—RASH OPINIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
Giving to-day’s opinions on the morrow
Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
Of butterflies—show many colours. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
A smile, which we account Love’s sweetest essence;
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but as clouds may prove bright stars!*

* Earl Rosse’s telescope proves that what were deemed nebulae, are in reality clusters of stars.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In a certain town, a miserable wretch was lately brought before the magistrates charged with having cruelly beaten his jackass. The evidences for the prosecution were a gentleman and two gamekeepers. The gentleman saw the prisoner beat his jackass cruelly, and the two gamekeepers corroborated the fact. ‘Now, man,’ said the presiding magistrate, ‘what have you to say for yourself?’ ‘Why, please your honour, I was in a hurry; the ass would not go, so I beat him; that’s all, and he’s used to it.’ The magistrates were shocked: one of them made a touching speech on the cruelty and cowardice of ill-using poor dumb creatures—and the culprit was fined the full penalty. A gentleman then said to the man who had been fined, ‘Why, John, I thought you had something to say touching cruelty to poor dumb animals?’ ‘Oh, sir, you means about them gins or steel traps; well, if I shall not get into harm by offending the bench, I will tell what I saw the same morning I was crotched wallopping my donkey. I was in — wood, picking up a few sticks; ’twas just daylight; when I heard something cry and squeal; and I went up to the place not far from the higher hedge of the wood, and saw a rabbit caught by the leg in a gin; a few yards further was a pheasant; and a little further a fox, which was trying to bite his own leg off, all caught in gins, and all alive; just at the moment I heard voices, and hid myself. When they two gamekeepers came up, one said, “Poorish luck to-night, only ten rabbits and four pheasants; but here is another rabbit and a pheasant.” They then saw the fox: “We must bury that,” says one to the other, “or there will be a row about it.” They then knocked the fox on the head, bagged the rabbits, and pocketed the pheasants, and whilst they were earthing the fox, I stole away to my Neddy.’ ‘Now, gentlemen,’ exclaimed the advocate, ‘this is a strong case of cruelty, so many poor innocent creatures made to suffer torture so many hours. Gentlemen, ye have fined, and justly too, yon poor fellow for cruelty, now punish those two gamekeepers with severity for acts of most atrocious and barbarous cruelty.’ The magistrates heard and haw’d, consulted among themselves, said there was no precedent, and left the hall.—*Plymouth Herald.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Aryle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASSAN, 21 D’Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 271. NEW SERIES. . SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

METAPHYSICS OF PARTY.

In all states where the popular voice is heard, there is a divarification of the people into parties. It seems to be an unavoidable consequence of deliberation on their part that a diversity of view arises, under which they commence pulling different ways. It usually depends on external circumstances which of the two sets gives the actual direction to affairs. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the entire population is divided into parties. It is only in extraordinary circumstances that even an approach is made to an involvement of the whole people in controversial politics. The actual partisans are usually but a handful on each side, while the great mass remains in the centre with a comparatively dull sense of what is going on, and little disposition to interfere, although liable to be to some extent affected towards one view or the other, according as arguments are successfully addressed to them, or circumstances arise to enforce their attention to public questions, to excite their prejudices, and to awaken their hopes and fears. It is this torpor of the mass which forms the great difficulty in democratic arrangements. In tranquil times they would rather not use their votes. In times of excitement, the use to be made of these votes depends almost entirely on the dexterity with which popular prejudices are addressed by unscrupulous members of the thinking handful; whence of course disappointments, despair of progress, patriotic heartbreak, and many consequent evils.

In that intelligent and active portion of a people which becomes inspired with party feelings, it is curious to study the various causes which determine particular predilections. What may be called the natural bases of partisanship are readily traceable. Some minds are from the cradle venerative of authority, and through life continue ready to submit to it, and to exert themselves for its support. Others are congenitally jealous of power, indisposed to yield to it, and eager to keep it in check. Here are the two great sources of loyalty and Jacobinism. Some minds look with a romantic tenderness on what is old; they love to wander back into the past, and regret whatever tends to produce a change in the ancient landmarks. Others, again, are all for the romance of the future. Change is to them a continual subject of hope. The present does not satisfy them; the past they despise. Here are the two great natural sources of conservative and reforming politics. Some minds, again, are intolerant of whatever is not clearly useful, expedient, and economical. Others regard such matters with indifference or with contempt. The former have a satisfaction in viewing the means of promoting the benefit of the community. The philanthropy of the latter never gets beyond the particular case of some friend, or dependent, or any individual

casually brought under their attention. Here, it is equally evident, are the natural origins of the politico-economical reformer and his opposite. Now though there be three sets of characters brought here into contrast, they are all in general resolved into one set of persons. Jealousy of power, hopefulness of change, and love of the economical, are attributes usually found in one person, as the opposites also are, though perhaps not all found at the same time, as it is not always that there is occasion for the development of the whole set of feelings at once.

There are, however, secondary and modifying circumstances. Where the natural tendencies are not of a very resolute character, they will be much affected and biased by parental authority and example, and the force of external circumstances generally. They will also, even in pretty strong cases, undergo a change in the course of advancing years. Thus he who begins with romantic feelings in favour of authority and antiquity, is often seen, as he grows soberer, and acquires more solid, as well as more extensive views, to pass wholly or partially into the opposite range of politics. He who began with ardent hopes of improvement from change, is often, in like manner, disenchanted in his middle or elderly life, and becomes fain to own that things which he once thought wrong may have an intermediate bastard utility not altogether to be despised, while as yet society is composed of a mixture of the civilised and savage. Then there is a set whose general determination is apt to be affected by whims, crotchets, or views of interest. Thus we sometimes see a neighbour range himself on the conservative side, not exactly because he primarily tends that way, but because the opposite system has awakened some antipathy in his nature. Popular causes, though often invested with a certain sublimity, are more generally liable to vulgar associations. The cant, the clangour, the dust and sweat attending them, are repulsive to a fastidious nature; while, on the other hand, the select few ranged in opposition appear gentlemanly, gallant, almost martyr-like. In this way many fine spirits are lost to great movements, both in politics and religion. A mind, too, which is in the main of liberal inclinations, may betake itself to the opposite banners because of something in its own position which brings it painfully into collision with authority. An arrogant father or master will sometimes send one of nature's conservatives to the camp of the enemy. A proud spirit, chafing in an unworthy situation, looked down upon by reputedly superior classes, while conscious of that within which ought to annul all social distinctions, will often take the rebellious side in despite of the first intention of nature.

Among this class of causes there is obviously none more powerful than the selfish feelings. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that men are to any great

extent bought by actual money or by prospects of advancement. The chances on both sides are much alike in these respects. Purchased partisanship was a feature of grosser ages, but scarcely of ours. People are now more liable to be gained or lost through their self-love and love of approbation. A man thinks he is of some value: if courted to the extent of his sense of this value, he will perhaps give his support; if neglected, he will be apt, out of pique, to go to the other side. A very small matter in the way of courtesy will often not merely obtain a vote, but determine a career of some importance to the public. It is not that there is a want of conscientiousness in such minds. They are merely irresolute in the midst of contending arguments, and liable to be taken to that side which shall place them on the most agreeable footing with themselves. Once let any petty circumstance decide the way which they are to take, and the personal feeling, 'This is *my* side,' will keep them as upon a line of rails through life, or till something equally petty shall occur to disgust them with their party.

All of these causes may be said to be alike natural, though all cannot be considered as alike respectable. Where one's line of politics is determined by innate tendencies of the mind, apart from all selfish considerations, the whole range of action which results, as far as bounded by rules of honour, is entitled to public respect. It is all that we have of the nature of a Divine voice speaking in the breasts of men. Therefore, no matter how inconvenient the dictates of this voice may appear, no matter to what consequences it may threaten to lead, it must be respectfully listened to and intreated. To call the ultra-loyal by any such appellation as Malignants, or the ultra-liberal by such a term as Destructives, is not to be approved of by those who are out of the heat of the strife. Let there be as much activity of counteraction by argument as possible; seek by all means to establish the supremacy of what you believe to be better doctrines—but spare the fellow-creature who acts under the resistless necessity of his own lights, believing him to be, in intention, as good as yourself.

When we come to consider the secondary or modifying circumstances, we feel of course more at liberty to assign degrees of merit and demerit. The mind which has been affected by educational influence, or yielded to the authority of others, even though these may have been persons generally entitled to reverence, cannot be considered as quite on the same moral platform with one which obeys great primitive impulses inherent in itself. Those who have changed their views with advancing years, alike true to the natural voice at the one time as the other, ought of course to be carefully distinguished from common renegades. The victims of crotchet and of petty feelings of self-love may be pitied, but we can never esteem them. They ought to have reflected on the great interests at stake, and not allowed themselves to be swayed by trivial considerations as to themselves. It is of importance to pass rigid judgment on such persons, because they often have from the rest of their character a high claim to respect. They may have, for instance, great talents. Common thinkers argue that because this is an able man, his word ought to go a great way. It is important to see that, while this would be true of an able man whose mind was clear to form sound conclusions, it is not true of one who has allowed himself to be carried out of his proper track by some romantic whimsey, some disgust at a successful rival, or some pique arising from his finding that his own estimate of himself was not admitted by the party to which he first seemed inclined to attach himself. It is one of the most distressing things in the world of politics to see a man who, from some such frivolous cause, has thrown himself into a false position. His energy and eloquence are hampered at every turn by his own secret convictions. He has to act, with affected cordiality, with those whom in his heart he despises. Should he have given himself to a failing cause, as very often happens, he is doomed to see his best talents

expended in vain, to feel himself growing old without having accomplished anything, while inferior but better-directed men are reaping their due harvest of both profit and honour. These are amongst the moral suicides of the able men of the world. How powerfully do they warn us that we are not to be guided in any of the greater affairs of life by the self-hood, but by its opposite—a generous view of what is good for all!

It is difficult, or rather impossible, for some natures to maintain coolness in times of violent political excitement; but to many it may not be altogether useless to remind them that the most earnestly-cherished dogmas are liable to be followed by great disappointment. The French revolutionist sees his high aspirations for a rule by and for the people lead resistlessly to a despotism. The panic-struck conservative sees nothing follow from the changes which he vainly resisted, but a ridiculous falsification of his fears. If men would reflect how often the result has been different from that contemplated on either side, there would be on the one hand a soberer hope and a less intolerant feeling towards all thwarting influences, on the other a more cheerful trust in the course of Providence, even under what appear the most trying crises. Few politicians of any shade seem sufficiently aware of the character of that great central mass which has been already described as non-political. There, in reality, resides that which defeats alike the hopes of democratic and the fears of oligarchical parties. It is a mass which refuses to be democratised. It mends its own affairs, content with whatever rule may be over it, unless it be one which makes itself painfully felt indeed. Go beyond the capacity of change inherent in this mass, and you must come back again to where you were. Give it true cause of discontent, and it becomes an element of great danger, though one which cannot long remain in such an attitude. The great secret of successful rule is never to offend irremediably this true *squadron volante* of parties, never to resist it beyond a certain point, and never to lose faith in it as a mass which can only be temporarily thrown out of its proper condition, as that which gives at once momentum and stability to the entire machine.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

BURNHAM TERRACE has always enjoyed a reputation for gentility. It consists of ten houses, each let for the respectable sum of a hundred a year; and its lady inhabitants, of whom I am one, rather take a pride in seeing that everything is kept in high order about the place. No encouragement, for example, is given to peripatetic vendors who bawl out the names of their articles; the slip of enclosed ground in front common to all the dwellers, is as neat as a hired gardener can make it; and the door-steps are hearthstoned freshly every morning. All things have gone right with Burnham Terrace except No. 10, the house at the northern corner. That corner house was for years an annoyance and a mystery.

No. 10 was the property of a lady called Miss Delany, and so was No. 8 and No. 9—a large mass of building worth three hundred a year; and at least as regards my house, No. 8, and that of Mrs Smith, No. 9, well-paid money. What kind of person the proprietrix was we had no means of forming a correct judgment. We never saw her, though we heard that she lived in some obscure out-of-the-way place in a most penurious, and, for a woman with three hundred a year, a very eccentric way. Her strange method of living was considered the less proper, on account of her having a brother a judge. The only shade of excuse ever offered for Miss Delany was, that No. 10 had on several occasions stood for a short time empty. It had so frequently changed inhabitants, that there seemed to be something unlucky about it; and yet it was as good a house as any in the row. This changeableness was not liked by the residents in the row generally. People take a

grudge against a house which occasionally stands empty, and has not its windows and doorway cleaned regularly.

One morning, after cook had received my orders for the day, she paused as if she had something to communicate; and to my 'Well, Sally, what is it?' replied, 'Oh, ma'am, what do you think? A lady has come to live in No. 10! Her furniture came last night in a donkey-cart; and the milkman called with his milk this morning.'

'Furniture in a donkey-cart! Sally, you must be dreaming.'

'Not at all: No. 7's servant told me all about it. She saw a deal-table and a bed brought to the door; and the lady was there to take them in.'

'And who is the lady?'

'I hear it is Miss Delany herself, the landlady. But surely it cannot be her, as it would be so strange!'

Strange indeed, and not less strange than true. The intelligence spread, as if by electric telegraph, through all the houses in the terrace; and their organs of wonder were excited to a surprising degree. Several ladies suddenly bethought themselves of going to view the corner house; 'they had friends who were looking out for a residence of that kind in the suburbs.' Mrs Smith, my next-door neighbour, as much interested as the others, persuaded me to call at No. 10, just as we were passing for a morning walk; 'not from curiosity,' said she, 'but merely because I have friends, the P'tworths, who are looking out.'

Mrs Smith's loud triple knock reverberated through the desolate mansion; and the door was opened by a young fair-haired girl, who preceded us through the house. She was a pretty modest creature, of about fourteen years of age, plainly dressed, but scrupulously clean. After we had mounted to the attics, and descended again, having visited every apartment except the dining-room, which opened from the hall, the little girl hesitated as we approached that room, and slightly colouring, asked if we desired to view that also? 'Yes, certainly we do,' peremptorily exclaimed Mrs Smith: 'it is of the first consequence,' winking to me, as much as to say, 'Now we shall at last hunt out this shadow, and see if Miss Delany is flesh and blood.'

I must do myself the justice to say that I hesitated; but with the view of neutralising any abruptness Miss Smith might be guilty of, I followed her into a large front room—the dining-room of the house. There was a small bright fire in the grate, a strip of carpet placed where a rug usually is, and a wooden table and two chairs before it. A stump bedstead occupied one corner of the apartment, and nothing else was visible; for no doubt other necessaries were stowed away in the spacious closets on each side of the fireplace. Perfectly well-ordered and exquisitely clean were the simple arrangements, giving even a habitable appearance to that dingy bare apartment. The wooden table was covered with books and needle-work, and a female rose from beside it as we entered. She was a small, pale, middle-aged woman, clad in coarse stuff habiliments, her placid face surrounded by the close crimped border of a primitive Quaker cap; but it was one to arrest attention, from its peculiar sweetness of expression; while *lady*, in the best and truest acceptation of that often misused term, was stamped on this individual in unmistakable characters.

'Have I the pleasure of addressing my landlady, Miss Delany?' said Mrs Smith advancing.

'I am Miss Delany,' quietly answered the little lady; 'and I presume that I am addressing one of the two ladies who have tenanted my two houses, Nos. 8 and 9, for many years?'

'You are perfectly right, Miss Delany,' rejoined Mrs Smith. 'I occupy No. 9, and I am glad to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with my landlady personally. Your little attendant has shown us over the house, which I wished to see on account of some friends of mine.'

Miss Delany kept her eyes steadily fixed on Mrs Smith, which somewhat disconcerted that voluble lady, during the latter part of this speech, and her voice sank in faint accents ere she concluded.

'This child is not my attendant, madam,' said Miss Delany, 'but my niece and companion; and it is fortunate for me that the ladies of Burnham Terrace have so many friends looking out for houses just now. I hope, amongst them, I may succeed in letting this; it has hitherto been unlucky; as they say corner houses often are,' added the speaker smilingly.

'I am sure, Miss Delany, I shall be happy to do all in my power to forward your letting it,' said Mrs Smith, 'if it were only on account of the high respect I bear for the public character of your brother the judge.'

I observed a singular expression flit over the listener's pallid countenance, but it was too transient to be studied by the mere looker-on; and Mrs Smith continued, 'But I hope you do not think of remaining here during the winter, in this uncomfortable manner?' looking round as she spoke.

'We are not uncomfortable, madam,' was the quiet answer; 'and it is my intention to occupy my dwelling until I succeed in meeting with an eligible tenant.'

'Well, Miss Delany, if such is *really* your intention,' rejoined the hospitable Mrs Smith, 'I hope you will drop in and take a cup of tea in a friendly way at my house very often. I am sure we shall all be happy to add to the comforts of a lady like you, particularly for the sake of the learned judge, your excellent brother; and I hope this dear girl will come too. And what is your name, my child?' said Mrs Smith, meaning to be winning and familiar, as she turned towards the blushing niece.

'I am called Lily, ma'am,' answered the young girl, hanging down her lovely head.

'Lily! dear me, what an odd name!'

'Lillian Traher is my niece's name, madam,' interrupted Miss Delany gently. 'Those who love her have given her the pet one of Lily. Do you think this house likely to suit your friends, madam?' she added suddenly, causing Mrs Smith to start slightly. 'Perhaps you will let me know: it is of great moment to me, as my subsistence and that of this child entirely depends on its proceeds.'

'Oh, Miss Delany,' broke in Mrs Smith, determined now or never to penetrate this mystery, 'have you not a good clear L.200 a year from Nos. 8 and 9 *that we know of*? I am sure your rent is paid to the day: allow me to remark it is *very* peculiar—to say nothing more—your mode of living here—a lady like you, with a judge so distinguished for your brother: pray allow me to remonstrate.'

Miss Delany glided towards the room door, and held it open in her hand, as she mildly said, 'My morning hours, ladies, are valuable, being devoted to instructing my niece; therefore, will you permit me to plead my engagements, and not think me uncourteous for saying good-morning?'

We found ourselves on the terrace, gazing at each other, quite amazed at our easy dismissal, and ejaculating that it was strange—'passing strange.'

'If she is a miser,' quoth I, 'she is the sweetest and kindest-looking one I ever imagined. I examined some of the books on the table when you were speaking, and their studies are apparently not those of crooked or illiberal minds: and that sweet young girl, too, how lovingly she watches her little aunt,' pursued I half to myself: 'no selfish, miserly being *could* have won her guileless affection. No, no; I can put two and two together as well as most people, Mrs Smith; and though there is a mystery here, it is *nothing* discreditable to Miss Delany, I am certain. She is perfectly a lady; and it is melancholy to see her thus—for so often as that unlucky house has been empty, what straits she must have been put to—for you know she plainly told us that she depended on the rent of it for daily bread.'

'Well, miss, all may be as you say,' said Mrs Smith. 'You are always on the charitable side: but I cannot

make it out: living in an empty house to save a few shillings a week for a lodging!

'A few shillings must be a great object to her,' answered I, 'when she has so little, and that little so uncertain: we must try all we can and be kind to her, poor thing!' But proffered civilities and attentions on the part of her neighbours were gratefully but decidedly declined by Miss Delany for herself. There was a large family of children in No. 7, and they had made acquaintance somehow with Lily, according to the freemasonry inherent in the young among themselves; and at the merry Christmas tide, so beseeching were their intreaties that she might be permitted to join their circle, it was not in human nature to refuse, much less in Miss Delany's. Then on Twelfth Night, all the little people assembled at my house, and I pleaded successfully for my favourite Lily, and she came too. Delicacy prevented my questioning the artless girl relative to her aunt, their mode of life, or any other information I might gain. But Mrs Smith's curiosity overcame such feelings, and she examined my pretty guest in a manner I quite disapproved of, though without elucidating aught that tended to throw light on the matter. Lily said that she had resided with Aunt Marjory for four years; in the same lodging for half that period at the Potter's cottage; and elsewhere in a secluded farmhouse. She had many brothers and sisters 'far far away,' she admitted, with tears standing in her large blue eyes—a father and mother too. She had never seen Uncle Delany, but she knew him by name very well; and she was—'Oh! so happy, and loved dear Aunt Marjory, oh! so much!'

Now all this amounted to 'nothing,' said the vexed questioner; 'And it does not tell us *what* Miss Delany does with her money. Are your papa and mamma rich, my dear?' said the persevering lady to Lily.

'Rich, ma'am; what is being rich?' simply demanded the little girl in reply.

'Why, keeping a carriage, and servants, and living in a large house to be sure, you stupid little soul!' exclaimed Mrs Smith laughing.

'Then, ma'am,' said Lily, 'father and mother are not rich, for they live in a small thatched cottage; but there are beautiful roses and eglantine round the old porch, and they only keep a wheelbarrow, and are their own servants.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. This was a complete sedative; and presently she whispered to me that Miss Delany's relatives were low people, notwithstanding she had a judge for her brother.

The first days of spring came, and still was the ticket to be seen at the corner house, and the friends of the Burnham Terrace ladies, it seemed, were difficult to please. I ventured occasionally to look in, for the ostensible purpose of leaving flowers and fruit, the products of my garden, for little Lillian; and Miss Delany seemed pleased and grateful, yet cold and distant in her bearing, on any attempts being made at further intimacy.

There were two factions in the row; one for, the other against, Miss Delany: the latter, and, it must be confessed, the largest and most influential, reviled her as a mean creature, or a mad woman. 'She *must* have done something,' said they, 'to disgrace herself, or the judge would not cast her off: it is a shame of her to keep that beautiful girl in the miserable manner she does. No wonder the house will not let; *she alone* is enough to give it a name for ill-luck!'

Miss Delany's friends, and they were few, spoke of her blameless life, resignation, and patience in the midst of privation and poverty; to say nothing of her devotion to the niece, who would reflect credit on any teacher. These friends also threw out hints that although Judge Delany's character and talents in his public capacity were so fully admitted, in private life he was not remarkable for amiability or benevolence.

Such a confession as this was one evening going forward at a neighbour's house when I was present, when an elderly gentleman of the name of Colville, who had

that evening arrived on a visit to our host, for the *real* purpose of house-hunting on behalf of a son about to marry and 'settle in life,' hearing the name of Delany repeatedly mentioned, asked if we were speaking of Judge Delany; and when an affirmative was given—a slight sketch also being thrown in relative to the occupant of No. 10—Mr Colville became interested in the conversation; and, to our amazement, on a non-admirer speaking disparagingly of the lady, he warmly advocated her cause.

'I happen,' said he, 'to know all about Marjory Delany and her affairs, and I tell you that she reflects credit on her sex.'

'Oh do tell us all about her!' eagerly exclaimed many voices, as a crowd gathered round the stranger. But the pleasant old gentleman smiled, rubbed his shining bald head, and only adding that it was not 'convenient' to say more just then, left us all with curiosity more excited and tantalised than ever. However, he managed to ask me privately every particular I knew concerning Miss Delany; and next day he went alone to No. 10; the ticket was taken down; the house was let to Mr Colville's son.

Miss Delany and Lillian disappeared as quietly and expeditiously as they came; and in due course of time Mr Peter Colville and his bride arrived to take possession. When the young couple settled down into the jog-trot routine of respectable married life, old Mr and Mrs Colville came to visit them for a few weeks; and then were tea-junketings and whist parties every evening at one or other of the neighbours' houses; and to return all this hospitality, young Mr and Mrs Colville gave an entertainment on quite a grand scale. We were collected round the supper-table, pleasant jokes passing, when some one alluded to the corner house, trusting the ill-luck had flown away, and the bride's presence turned the scale in its favour.

'Nay,' broke in old Mr Colville, 'if that were needed, it has been already done—purified—exorcised,' he continued, laughing heartily at his own conceit, 'from all evil influences.'

'How so?' we exclaimed.

'By the presence of Marjory Delany,' said he gravely; 'one for whom I bear a higher respect than for any woman I know; saving and excepting *you*, my dear,' turning with a kind smile to his comfortable-looking wife, who nodded to him cheerily in return. 'Marjory is about to be your neighbour again,' Mr Colville went on to say, addressing the company generally, 'for she has taken Burnham Beech Cottage!'

'Dear me!' said Mrs Smith, 'how can she manage that on L.100 a year, secure as it is *now*?'

'She has recovered her property, madam,' answered Mr Colville, 'after ten years' heroic endurance of privation and want. Yes, actual want, for the sake of others too.'

'Oh, do tell us her history, and why the judge disowns her!' cried many voices.

'I am not at liberty to enter into all the details,' said the old gentleman, 'but, for the sake of suffering innocence, thus much I will unfold:—Sixteen years ago, Marjory Delany's only sister, whom she tenderly loved, made an imprudent marriage, against the express advice and wishes of her brother, her natural guardian. The individual she united herself to was in a mercantile house; but within six years after his marriage with Marjory Delany's sister, he forfeited his situation through misconduct; and had it not been for the faithful affectionate sister, the unhappy man's ruin and that of his family would have been complete. She alone came forward to assist these perishing creatures; for Judge Delany not only was implacable towards *them*, but extended the same baneful feelings to *her*, on her refusal to disown the sister so fearfully punished for her imprudence through a husband's misdeeds. Silently she has borne reviling and contumely cast upon her by a harshly-judging world. But let it be a lesson to you all, my friends, for the future, never to prejudge others,

but to learn both sides of a question fairly ere you form an opinion.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Mrs Smith, 'I do not see why poor Miss Delany should have been so *very* liberal, even in a Christian point of view—giving *all* her income away to these relatives, and leaving herself only an uncertain pittance, besides maintaining her niece.'

'Madam,' replied Mr Colville, 'all Miss Delany possessed in the world of her own were the three houses on this terrace left her by an uncle; her sister was penurious, and entirely dependent on her brother the judge. Ten years ago, Marjory Delany became bound to pay L.200 a year for a term of fourteen years, interest included, for her brother-in-law Mr Traher. The two houses in the terrace, Nos. 8 and 9, were therefore not at her disposal during that term; but not only did she sacrifice the income derived from them, but out of the scanty pittance reserved for herself she assisted her relatives, and, as you have seen, supported and educated one of the children. She has just been fortunate enough to obtain a release from her debt, which otherwise would have burdened her for the next four years.'

'God grant this excellent lady may long continue to enjoy her L.300 a year, nor ever want good tenants for her houses!' said I. 'But is Mr Traher unreclaimed, and does he eat the bread of idleness while this lone woman is making such noble sacrifices?'

'No, madam; I am happy to say he does not: he has seen the error of his ways, and labours even with his hands to aid in supporting his family. But be sure a good portion of Marjory's income, restored as it now is, will find its way to the poor outcasts, for she is a capital economist.'

In process of time Mrs Peter Colville and myself became extremely cordial, and she related to me some further particulars respecting Miss Delany, which her father-in-law had omitted—worthy, benevolent man, not liking to speak of his own good deeds. He had been a partner in the mercantile house where Mr Traher was employed; and when it was discovered that this young man had defrauded them to the amount of some thousands, Mr Scrape, the senior partner, determined that the law should take its course; and transportation, perhaps worse, seemed inevitable. Fortunate it was that the matter *could* be hushed up; and the prayers and intreaties of Marjory Delany prevailed, and softened even the obdurate heart of Mr Scrape. She became bound, as already told, securing the property to the firm until the debt was liquidated. Often had the worthy Mr Colville wished to lessen this burden, but his wishes were overruled; and it was only on Mr Scrape's retirement, and the introduction of Mr Peter as junior partner, that his father found himself at liberty to indulge the dictates of his heart. His visit to our neighbourhood decided the point at once; and if he had been interested in Miss Delany and her affairs before, he became doubly so now. The debt was immediately cancelled—the corner house taken; and I may here as well remark, it has been the luckiest house in the row ever since—a lovely family, prosperity and happiness, having entirely dispelled the dark shadows haunting it heretofore.

About two years after Miss Delany had been settled at Burnham Beech Cottage, another fair niece being added to her circle, one of the sweet Lily's sisters, she learned the sudden decease of the judge; and gossip being rife respecting his affairs, it was soon known that he had left half his fortune to public institutions, but the other half to his sister Marjory; thus making her amends in death for his cruel conduct during life.

It were almost needless to add how gratefully Miss Delany disbursed the remainder of her bond to the firm of Colville and Son. Two of her nephews, the young Trahers, were received into its employment, and are thriving steady youths.

As to the dear Marjory herself, she goes on her way in quiet usefulness, though her two beautiful nieces attract so many visitors to Burnham Beech Cottage,

that her retirement is invaded oftener perhaps than she would choose. Her visits are restricted to the corner house, and Mr and Mrs Peter Colville are her most intimate and valued associates; for my part I hope the lesson we have all received at Burnham Terrace will be a warning not only to ourselves, but to many others, to suspend their judgments of their neighbours.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

The recent experiments with regard to the submarine electric telegraph should be more generally known than they are, for they may be said to be the rudimentary efforts at realising one of the grandest conceptions of the age—a power of instantaneous communication to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The experiments, which took place on the channel at Dover, were attended by many gentlemen of science, desirous to witness the results. The arrangements and plan of operations were under the direction of Mr Walker, the superintendent of the electric telegraph on the South-Eastern Railway; and one of this company's steamers was commissioned to assist in carrying out the undertaking. The principal object of the experiments was not to carry a telegraphic wire across the Channel, but simply to prove, on a sufficiently great scale, the practicability of such a system of communication with the continent. To this end, there was placed on the deck of the steamer a sufficient length of prepared wire; it being considered that if the telegraphic intercourse proved to be perfect through that wire when submerged in the water, there existed no *a priori* reason for doubting that the same result would follow even though the wire were prolonged to the opposite coast. Unfortunately, the weather proved most unfavourable to the experiments as intended to have been performed by aid of the steamer. The wind rose in the night; and continuing to blow smartly on the morning of the day fixed, the swell became so great, that it was not thought possible to conduct the experiments on their original plan. The steamer was to have steamed out to sea for about two miles, 'paying out' the wire in her progress, and then to have been hove to, so as to give her passengers the opportunity, as she lay embosomed in the still waters, of a little conversation with the busy metropolis. The ruffled state of the sea set aside this project, since it was feared that the roll of the steamer would endanger the safety of the wire, and that telegraphic intercourse would have been in another way rendered impracticable, in consequence of the unsteadiness of the indicator-needles. The wire, however, was transferred from the steamer to a small boat, and by that means a length of upwards of two miles was submerged in the sea along the mouth of the harbour, and at the side of the pier. One extremity of this sunken coil was then put in metallic union with the wire, the end of which was in London, and the other extremity was connected to the electro-telegraphic converter placed on the deck of the steamer lying in the harbour. A sand galvanic battery of six dozen plates, weakly charged, in the usual manner, with dilute acid and water, was then placed in connection with the wire through which it was to send the mysterious agent of the telegraphic tongue, and all things were now ready to solve the problem of submarine intercommunication. It was about noon when all the arrangements were completed: the communication was then made; and instantly, in the far-distant London station, the clatter of the electric alarm informed the chairman of the company that the experiment was crowned with perfect success. Messages of congratulation were passed up and down with complete facility, the fact of more than two miles of the conveying medium being buried in

the depths of the sea, exercising not the least influence upon the freedom and rapidity of the conversation. A continued correspondence was then kept up between the steamer and the stations of London, Ashford, and Tunbridge, which was continued with perfect success at intervals for three or four hours, messages of various import being interchanged between the steamer and all those stations. The bells at the electric-telegraph offices at Tunbridge and London Bridge were vehemently rung by the operators on board the steamer; and the various signals and interlocutory manœuvres peculiar to the conversers on these instruments were gone through with as much ease by means of the submarine wire as with the ordinary wires disposed by the rail-side on land. The exact total length of the submerged wire was 3600 yards. Before dark—the experimental trials having been continued a sufficient time to demonstrate the success of the investigation—the submerged wire was wound up, and drawn in again, and was found not to have sustained the least injury, the assembly of scientific gentlemen separating with the conviction that, so far as these experiments went, the practicability of a telegraphic communication between England and France had been completely established.

Bearing in memory that water is a good conductor of electricity, and that consequently the perfect insulation of the telegraphic wires cannot be effected unless by surrounding them with some non-conducting material, it will be readily conceived that here must be the chief difficulty of submarine communication. In conveying the wires of the electric telegraph through tunnels, much practical inconvenience has arisen from the same cause, the damp continually carrying away a portion of the current from the wire into the earth. In addition to this annoyance, the sulphurous acid and steam rising from the locomotives produce a chemical action on the wires, which materially interferes with their usefulness. To meet these objections, various plans have been devised of more or less ingenuity: some have recommended covering the wires with woollen yarn, varnish, &c.; and it has been proposed to convey them in tubes of earthenware, perforated with four or five holes lengthways, according to the number of wires proposed to be employed. Mr Walker, of the railway in question, had the defects in existing wires presented to him constantly in a most disagreeable manner. Despatches from the continent being now almost entirely transmitted by electric telegraph to the morning papers, the messages became next to useless to the editors, unless passed up very quickly, and the wires in the tunnels were only too often in a very refractory condition. He accordingly put himself in communication with the manager of the gutta-percha manufactory at Streatham, and suggested to him the adoption of a metallic wire well coated with this singular substance. In a few days the wire was supplied, and patented; and shortly afterwards was put to a practical test in one of the tunnels with the most complete success. Subsequently it was introduced into the Shakspeare, Abbot's Cliff, and Martello tunnels; and at the present time all despatches to and from the metropolis are made by the instrumentality of this wire.

The defective insulation of the wires, against which this new wire has so successfully provided, has been the only serious practical difficulty in working the electric telegraph. It may be thought, however, that sufficient time has not yet been given to put the capabilities of the improvement to a proper test. Mr Walker says, 'I have had specimens of this wire buried in the earth in a damp place for more than a year. It is sound and good still. Specimens have been immersed in sea-water for three or four months, and are unaffected.' It has been suggested also, that perhaps, in process of time, the continued action of sea-water, with its combinations of the chlorides and iodides, may destroy the powers of this coating of vegetable substance for insulation; but much weight is not to be attached to the conjecture, since gutta-percha has exhibited, in all the investigations to

which it has been submitted, a marked indifference to the operation of the most powerful chemical reagents. Its insulating properties are indeed altogether peculiar, and far surpass those possessed by any other substance with which we are acquainted; and this, together with the facility with which it is manipulated and applied to the wire, renders it in all respects a most valuable application for the purposes of electric intercourse. Professor Faraday has instituted an important series of experiments upon this substance, and these have shown that insulation effected by its means is one of the most perfect known to philosophy.

Mr Walker proposes the following as the plan he would suggest for uniting England with France by the electric cord. Between each port—say Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne—he would lay down two or three wires. These wires would be run out in different tracks across the Channel; and by this means, and by not making the communication dependent at either port upon a single wire, the probabilities would be greatly against their being all broken or damaged on the same day. In the event of one of the wires being injured or broken, notice of the accident would be instantly given by the refusal of the wire to act; the spare wires would now come into activity, and little or no delay would take place. Meanwhile one of the South-Eastern Company's steamers would fish up the damaged wire until the seat of the injury was discovered; when its repair would be the work of probably a very little time, and all would go on as before. So confident does Mr Foster, the patentee of the wire, feel as to ultimate success, that he has signified his willingness to provide the gutta-percha necessary for coating a wire of sufficient length to stretch across the Channel, whenever the directors of the railway consent to supply the wire.

It cannot be denied that difficulties of a formidable kind threaten the invention. One is the danger of the fracture of the wire: it may be caught by the fluke of a ship's anchor, as she is endeavouring to ride out a stiff gale, and thus dragged away and broken. Then, again, it is to be remembered that the lower regions of the waters are only unvisited by fish when their depth is far greater than that of the Channel, and these monsters of the deep might happen to take a fancy to the long body of the wire, and by a single effort of their powerful jaws, snap it in twain—perhaps in the very middle of an important official despatch! It may be said, however, that the wire would shortly become so covered with sand as to be secure from these casualties, or from the last; and in portions of its length, undoubtedly, this would be the case. But across the depths and uneven hollows of the bottom, the wire would still lie fully exposed to this danger. The proposed remedy has been already discussed: it being to lay down two or three separate wires, by which means the amount of the risk to the intercommunication is considerably lessened. A serious cause of inconvenience may also be found to arise from accidental injuries to the coating of the wires, which, though slight in themselves, might expose a portion of the metallic surface to the conducting medium around, when the practical working of the wire would be almost as effectually interfered with as if it had been cut across with some sharp instrument. Add to these the suggestion that the gutta-percha may in process of time undergo chemical transformation, and we have probably enumerated the most formidable of the obstacles which the submarine telegraph is likely to meet with. The history of a thousand inventions in modern times presents us with practical difficulties more formidable in their kind and amount than any or all of these, so that a good hope may be cherished that these too will in time give way before the persevering energies of our enlightened age.

It is satisfactory to be able to point to an example of submarine electric intercommunication, which has hitherto answered every reasonable expectation: this is the wire from Gosport to the dockyard. It consists

simply of one line, requiring no other wire to complete the circuit, the water answering as the conducting medium. The wire, surrounded by a rope, in which it is imbedded, was simply allowed to drop into the water, and sink to the bottom. Telegraphic communications are constantly flying through this submerged wire, and hitherto with complete success.

The newspapers are continually telling their readers, or quote the tales from other sources, that such an international communication is being undertaken by this and that inventor, but nothing seems to come of it. It is not long since we were assured that some inventors in the metropolis were about to connect Dover and Calais with the electric wire, and to establish a printing electric telegraph at each port. At the close of the last year permission was actually given to a civil-engineer, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to effect a communication between Holyhead and Dublin by means of a submarine electric telegraph. The wires were, or are, to be connected with the lines of railway radiating from the Irish metropolis, and with the Chester and Holyhead Railway. Official assistance is promised to aid in carrying out this undertaking, which is undoubtedly one of great and momentous interest. Since the publication of the experiments narrated in this paper, a monster scheme has been propounded for connecting America with England by these magic-working wires; but until something on a smaller scale has been accomplished, it will be prudent to waive the consideration of a project which is calculated for the time when electric intercommunication, with all its difficulties, shall be a resolved problem.

Ardently, indeed, may the time be wished for when, as one of our wise men has said, 'the earth may be girdled with a sentence in a few moments;' and when, to every civilised nation, a common tongue and a common medium of speech will be given. What new and rapid evolutions of truth may not be expected, what advancement in arts and sciences, what progress in civilisation, when this hour a discovery will be made, and the next will see its knowledge scattered to the 'ends of the earth!' 'Knowledge, in the words of the sacred writer, 'shall be increased;' and the warring, contending, opposing, and wide-scattered members of the human family shall begin to feel for the first time the reality of the existence of the family relationship. If it is in the order of Supreme Providence that such results should flow even from the humble instrumentality of a copper cord, may that time soon come!

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

THE histories of places and of local things, when executed with industry and taste, are often both amusing and instructive, from the number of curious matters which they bring out. A history of the High School of Edinburgh, by one of the clergymen of the city, is of this character.* Without any great pretension, it forms a most agreeable narration, embodying what we might call the life of a very distinguished seminary, together with many interesting traits of the persons connected with it, pupils as well as masters, and conducing not a little to illustrate the progress of education.

It now appears for the first time that the High School of Edinburgh is descended from one of those conventual schools which formed the chief seminaries of secular learning in the middle ages: it was originally the school taught by the Augustine monks of Holyrood Abbey; and the first mention of it as the school of the city occurs so late as 1519. It was not till after the Reformation that it had entirely shaken off this early connection, and fallen under the entire control of the municipality. In those days it was settled in a build-

ing at the bottom of Blackfriars' Wynd, which had been successively occupied by Archbishop and Cardinal Beaton. In 1578 it was removed to a new building in the garden of the Blackfriars' Monastery, where it remained, though latterly under a renovated fabric, till 1829. It was there that Scott, Brougham, Francis Horner, and many other eminent men of our age, imbibed the first draughts of polite learning. How many a brave soldier and good civilian in all parts of the world must remember with pleasure the days of happy youthful excitement long ago spent in 'the Yards!'

The purpose of a grammar-school of former times was strictly limited to the teaching of the Latin language. Greek was unknown in such seminaries till a comparatively late period. For a long time, even writing was not taught in the High School. The methods appear to have been far from inviting. For one thing, a pupil, after the first six months, was obliged to speak in Latin, under penalty of a fine. He had to learn the grammar in a Latin book. Thus, by a curious pedagogic absurdity, he was presumed from the first to know that which he professedly came to learn. The doctrines of his faith were also imparted to him in a Latin catechism, which, to complete the solecism of the business, he had to repeat each Sunday in church before an illiterate congregation.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, corrupted by the barbarisms of the recent civil wars, and partaking of the general lawlessness of society, the boys were addicted to armed rebellion against their masters—chiefly, it would appear, in order to secure that allowance of holidays which they thought their due. In September 1595, being denied a week's vacation by the magistrates, 'a number of them, "gentilmenis bairnis," entered into a compact to revenge this supposed encroachment. Accordingly, having provided themselves with firearms and swords, they went, in the dead of night, and took possession of the school-house. On the following morning, when Rollock [the head master] made his appearance, he soon understood that his pupils were there, but that they had another object in view than the prosecution of their studies. The doors were not only shut against him, but every means of access being completely blocked up, and strongly guarded from within, all attempts to storm the garrison were found impracticable, and endeavours, oft repeated, to effect a reconciliation, proved unavailing. At length it was deemed expedient to call in the aid of the municipal power. John Macmoran, one of the magistrates, immediately came to the High School at the head of a party to force an entrance. When he and the city officers appeared in the Yards, or playground, the scholars became perfectly outrageous, and renewed remonstrances were quite fruitless. The boys unequivocally showed that they would not be dispossessed with impunity, and they dared any one at his peril to approach. To the point likely to be first attacked they were observed to throng in a highly excited state; while each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son to the chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring-out; and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates steadily to persevere in defence of those rights which he doubtless conceived immemorial usage had fairly established. He took his stand at a window overlooking one of the entrances, whence he distinctly saw every movement of those without. Macmoran, never dreading that such hostile threats would be carried into execution, boldly persisted in urging his officers to force the door with a long beam, which, as a battering-ram, they were plying with all their might. The baillie had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a shot in the forehead, from Sinclair's pistol, laid him dead on the spot. The anxious spectators of the scene were panic-struck, and the mournful tidings cast a gloom over the town.

* Early on the following day the Town-Council held

* History of the High School of Edinburgh. By the Rev. William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: Macleachlan and Stewart. 1849.

an extraordinary meeting, and gave expression to their deep regret on account of this distressing occurrence, by which they had been deprived of a much-respected colleague, and the city of an active magistrate. The provost, two of the bailies, the convener of the trades, and seven councillors, were deputed to proceed to Fife, personally to communicate the sad intelligence to the king, who was then at Falkland, his favourite hunting palace.

'After two months' imprisonment, seven of the scholars, who were apprehended along with Sinclair, submitted their case to the Privy-Council. In their memorial, they assert their innocence in the most positive terms; complain of being closely shut up with abandoned characters in a damp prison, at the imminent peril of their lives; that, as most of the petitioners were sons either of barons or landed proprietors, they did not consider themselves amenable to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, besides, being parties, could not sit as unbiased judges; and humbly intreated his majesty to name an assize, of whom the majority should be peers of the realm. Their request was complied with. What actually took place at the trial, however, is not now known, as the record of the Justiciary Court of that period is unfortunately lost; but Sinclair and the others were soon liberated.

'Here perhaps we may be pardoned for cursorily noticing a tradition, which bears indeed the marks of probability, that a boy of the name of Campbell, implicated in this barring-out, apprehensive of the result, fled alone to the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left behind him a generation of Campbells, isolated, as it were, amidst a nation of Macleods. One of these, a great-grandson of the rioter, hospitably received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in the year 1746, and was very kind to him. Some other boys, the sons of Highland chieftains, were engaged in the fray, which proves that the Highland proprietors of that period could not have been so illiterate as it is generally supposed they were.'

We have heard that poor Macmoran's skull was long after dug up in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and recognised by the small hole through which the fatal bullet had entered. His house still exists in the Lawnmarket, a stately mansion, saying not a little for the affluence and comfort of the first class of merchants in Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the remunerations of the masters appear to have been on a moderate scale. The head master, Hercules Rollock, a man of distinguished learning, and famous for his many compositions in Latin poetry, is found complaining of the insufficiency of his salary of £50 Scots (being £4, 3s. 4d. sterling), in as far as the fees were ill-paid by the boys; wherefore the magistrates agreed to his stipend being doubled. In 1598, these gentlemen fixed a scale of fees and salaries for all the masters, which will be understood by the modern reader, if he divides by twelve for sterling money: 'George Hastie, the first regent, was to have quarterly from each scholar 13s. 4d.; Patrick Peacock, the second regent, was to have the same sum; John Balfour, the third regent, had 15s.; and Alexander Hume, the fourth or principal, 20s. Besides this, the Principal was to be acknowledged by every boy at the school, "of one quarterlie dewtie of xld." The teachers received salaries from the town: the first and second regents had twenty pounds, the third had forty marks, and the head master had two hundred marks yearly.'

There was, however, an irregular source of income, which has continued to be a feature of Scottish schools almost down to the present day. 'On the 20th of January 1660, the Town-Council appointed "intimation to be made to the doctors of the Grammar-School that the casualty called the *bleis silver* be delayed till the first day of March next." This was a gratuity presented to teachers by their scholars at Candlemas, when the pupil that gave most was pronounced *king*. The de-

signation appears to have originated from the Scottish word *bleis*, signifying anything that makes a *blaze*; it being conjectured, with great probability, that the money was "first contributed for this purpose at *Candlemas*, a season when fires and lights were anciently kindled." [To make good this conjecture, we recollect that at our first school, in a primitive part of the country, the boys always employed a part of the holiday in making what they called a *Candlemas bleeze*, generally setting on fire some field of dry gorse or *whins* in the neighbourhood of the town.] 'In addition to the customary quarterly fees, the masters deemed themselves entitled to a gift in the beginning of February, and this was named a "*Candlemas offering*." The practice existed in most of the public schools till a comparatively recent period. *Candlemas* was a holiday; but the children, in their best attire, and usually accompanied by their parents, repaired to the school, and after a short while was spent in the delivery of appropriate orations, the proper business of the forenoon commenced. The roll of the school was solemnly called over, and each boy, as his name was announced, went forward and presented an offering, first to the rector, and next to his own master. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee no notice was taken of it, but when it amounted to that sum, the rector exclaimed, *Vivat*; to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*; for a higher sum, *Floreat ter*; for a guinea and upwards, *Gloriat*! Each announcement was the precursor of an amount of cheering commensurate with the value of the "offering." When the business was over, the rector rose, and in an audible voice declared the *victor*, by mentioning the name of the highest donor. This, it must be confessed, was a very disingenuous practice, for the most meritorious scholars might be the least able so to distinguish themselves. There was usually an eager competition for the honour of *king*. It has been averred in regard to a provincial school, on an occasion similar to that to which reference has been made, that a boy put down a guinea to insure the enviable distinction of being *king* for the day, when the father of a rival scholar gave his son a guinea to add to the first "offering;" whereupon an alternate advance of a guinea each took place, till one had actually laid down twenty-four, and the other twenty-five guineas! Again and again did the Town-Council of Edinburgh issue injunctions to the teachers, to prevent "all craving and re-saving of any *bleis sylver* or *bent sylver* of their bairnis and scholars, exceptand four peneis at ane tyme allanerlic." In days of old, when many of our houses boasted no better floors than the bare earth, it was customary to lay down rushes or bent to keep the feet warm and dry, as well as to give a more comfortable appearance. At the close of the sixteenth century and commencement of the seventeenth, during the summer season the pupils had leave to go and cut bent for the school. As in these excursions the young bent collectors "oftentimes fell a-wrestling with hooks in their hands, and sometimes wronged themselves, other times their neighbours," it was resolved that the boys should have their accustomed "liberty" or holiday, and likewise that every scholar should present the customary gratuity to the master on the first Monday of May, and on the "first Mondays of June and July, which is commonly called the bent-silver play, with which money the master is to buy bent, or other things needful for the school." Happily all such exactions are now unknown; and at four regular periods in the course of each session the teachers receive from their pupils a fixed fee, which is regarded as a fair remuneration for their professional labour.'

Early in the last century, a person of considerable literary celebrity became connected with the High School of Edinburgh in a humble capacity. 'David Malloch, who about this time filled the situation of janitor in this seminary, distinguished himself in after-life. Dr Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*," says that Malloch or Mallet, from the penury of his parents, was

glad to accept such a humble appointment. We were inclined to question the accuracy of the statement, as his biographer mentions that the memoir was drawn up chiefly from hearsay testimony. Observing, however, that the election of a janitor was not at that period recorded in the minutes of the corporation, it occurred to us that the vouchers in the city chamberlain's custody might probably throw some light on the point. The disputed question was speedily put at rest by the production of Malloch's holograph receipt, dated February 2, 1718, for *sixteen shillings and eightpence sterling*, being his full salary for the preceding half-year. That was the exact period he held the office. The janitorship, it should be borne in mind, was not esteemed a post unsuitable to the age, or beneath the dignity, of a junior academic. In the university the same situation was repeatedly filled by students. . . . Malloch was afterwards tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he made the tour of Europe. He subsequently settled in London, where he altered his name to Mallet. In reference to this change it was tauntingly said of him that he was called *Malloch* by his relations, *Mallet* by his friends, and *Moloch* by his enemies. His first publication was the beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," which was followed by several other works, which secured for him considerable celebrity. With Pope, and Thomson, and a host of literary characters, he was on intimate terms.

A pleasant personal anecdote is recorded of a Mr Matheson, who was obliged to retire from the head-mastership in 1768, on account of bad health, but who afterwards recovered by taking abundant exercise in the open air. Under a mask of oddity, his conduct exhibited the clearest wisdom; and we, whose life is one exclusively of mental activity, can candidly say that we have often felt the *wish* to do as he did. 'In his summer peregrinations, he has frequently been known to spend several hours with any ditcher whom he found busy at his humble calling; and at his departure, gave the rustic some gratuity for the loan of his pickaxe. The temptation was too great, he also confessed, to pass a barn where the thrasher was at work, without intreating that he might be indulged for a little with the use of his flail. In winter, when he could not go much abroad, he was in the habit of repairing to the sloop of Mr Auchinleck, a well-known cutler, where he would amuse himself in driving the large wheel. One day, when thus employed, a medical student from the sister isle happened to call, and, in the course of conversation, talked boastfully of the attainments of his countrymen in classical lore. Auchinleck patiently listened till a supposed stigma was attempted to be thrown upon Scotland. Firing at this, and wishing to confound as well as convince his loquacious customer that his averments were most erroneous, he adroitly observed that even some of his own workmen were by no means deficient. Having said this, he singled out Mr Matheson, who, in a quiet corner, at his voluntary task, had been all the while doomed to have his ear grated by this voluble pseudo-scholar, who held *quantity* at defiance. Matheson came forth, and to the utter confusion of the stranger, convinced him that learning was not exclusively the product of his native soil; and from the spirited lecture of the *ci-devant* rector, the Irishman was soon made fully aware that his censure was premature and unmerited.'

Our amiable author touches lightly on the severities formerly practised in grammar-schools, and in this among the rest. It might have been curious, as a contrast to the present more rational and humane methods, to have given a few traits of the severities of Nicol, which, we have been assured, were not much short of the atrocities of the Inquisition. Strange to say, in private life, this teacher was warm-hearted and genial. He seems to have entirely gained the affections of Robert Burns, who wrote, on the occasion of Nicol's *house-heating*, his popular song, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut!" Even Dr Adam maintained no small rigour.

We have heard that at one of the examinations of the school, late in the life of this eminent man, he was honoured by the presence of several distinguished persons, his former pupils, including the president of one of the supreme courts of the country. It was getting dark, but, in the ardour of his examinations, the venerable rector heeded not the circumstance. Some one at length whispered to the judge, 'Would it not be well to give Dr Adam a hint that it was time to conclude and dismiss?' 'I!' cried his lordship with a shrug which involved a thousand recollections; 'what, I presume to interfere with the master! Oh no, indeed.' The last words of Adam on his deathbed are striking and affecting—'It grows dark, boys—you may go.'

SUMMER AT NICE.

Among the fair spots my memory loves to revisit—and they are not a few—Nice is the dearest. Almost every one seems to know Nice, and to know it is to love it. It is never mentioned without some affectionate adjective, nor, as I fancy, without a brightening of the speaker's eye, as if in sympathetic remembrance of that ever-smiling sky, and of the Mediterranean flashing joyously beneath.

Nice has no ruins, churches, or galleries of art to invite the tourist: it has only its sheltered situation, simple beauty, and delicious climate; but with these it needs no other riches. I would remark, however, that its climate is decidedly unsuited for those whose lungs are actually diseased. The clear air and sharp sea-breezes prove very irritating to consumptive invalids. But where the patient suffers merely from general debility, stomach complaints, bronchial delicacy, or great susceptibility of cold in the humid climate of England, Nice is the place to invigorate him, and make him literally a new being. I never was aware of the buoyant pleasure of life until I lived in Nice—I mean the mere animal enjoyment of *existence*—and now I look back upon those bright winters as the halcyon days of a calm beauty never to be forgotten. Think of never venturing out in November, December, or January without a parasol to shade one from the glare of sunshine, and sitting for hours, almost in summer clothing, on the ruins of the old castle which surmounts the hill behind the harbour, with the Mediterranean spread out at your feet as far as the eye can reach, so calm, so deeply blue—still deeper in colour than the sky that looks down lovingly upon it, as if protecting and watching the fishing-boats, whose white sails are like sea-birds in the distance! It is impossible not to feel better in mind and body when living amid beauty, and impossible not to feel, with Wordsworth—

'A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky.'

But this is the Nice that everybody knows—the Nice of the tourist, the painter, the poet, and the English absentee. It is *my* hint to speak of it in summer, when it is usually considered by such visitors to be no more inhabitable than if it were seated in the very heart of the Great Sahara. Towards the end of April, or of May at the farthest, the place is deserted; the season is over, and the town is left to summer heat and solitude. The mountains which shelter it from the northern blasts, and consequently make it so desirable a residence in winter, now render it an oven; and in fact it would be utterly insupportable were it not for the sea-breeze. As a general rule, the English and all other foreigners take to flight at the approach of this season; but some few families, influenced by various motives, stand their ground. One summer we were among that number, for we wished to spend a second winter there; and the distance to any very cool summer quarters was great enough

to decide us to brave the heat where we were. However, we would not venture on this again, for the temperature was really more than sufficient to undo all the good the previous winter had effected. Northern constitutions are certainly not the better for four months' frying, with a shake of mosquitoes, and an extra hiss now and then, occasioned by the sirocco bellows. Now, however, that the physical inconvenience is over, memory spreads before my delighted eye nothing to mar the fairest possible picture of an Italian summer in all its indolent luxury. The fire-flies dancing through the nights of June, the shining lizards, and the mosquitoes themselves, seemed to be the only living things unresigned to spend their time in the 'dolce far niente,' the delights of which state are so totally unappreciable by those who have never felt warmer summers than our own. There was a novelty in our first southern summer which was not without its charms, in spite of the drawbacks. Rising at four or five, bathing in the transparent water, if the sun was not already too hot, taking a short walk in shady green lanes, eating fresh cherries as we went along (and peculiarly sweet they seemed at that early hour), coming home before six to an early breakfast, then dreaming through the day, dining chiefly on fruit, passing an hour or two in a siesta, breathing a little more freely as the evening drew on, reviving sufficiently to dress and go out about nine o'clock, strolling on the sea-shore, dreaming again while gazing at the calm, silvery moon riding peacefully in that summer sky, and nevertheless flinging down a shower of almost golden light into the rippling waves beneath; then home again, and, looking out of the open window, feeling more awake than we had done since the morning—for the sea-breeze was now cool (almost sharp sometimes)—and the moon and its showers of light in the water more beautiful than ever. This, continued day after day, may seem a monotonous routine; but it is not so; and I defy the veriest despiser of day-dreaming to pass a summer in Italy and escape the infection of the climate.

But we are sometimes roused by a storm. Indeed a thunder-storm is by no means uninfrequent during the summer months at Nice. In July we had three or four, and one I remember very vividly. It began at eight o'clock one evening, after a day or two of intolerable oppressiveness. We heard the first peal of thunder with delight: it approached nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashed, as it seemed, without a moment's intermission; then the rain began to fall. It first rebounded off the hard-baked ground, which soon, however, yielded, and drank in with eagerness the refreshing shower. It ceased: the thunder roared more savagely, the house shook to its foundations, the lightning filled the room, as, in spite of the jealousies, it came in at the four large windows, and was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There we sat for hours, some admiring, some terrified, all silent and awe-stricken. The lightning at length ceased to come in ordinary flashes; it appeared at the windows a broad thin sheet of light. The effect was most beautiful, as it illumined every object in the room for a few seconds at a time. Some of our party would not go to bed on account of the iron rods which supported the mosquito curtains; so we all sat up for company's sake. Suddenly we were alarmed by a rushing noise without: it was not the thunder, but was distinctly heard with the thunder. We rushed to the windows, threw back the jealousies, and saw the wonderful finale of the storm. Beneath our windows was the dry bed of a torrent, supplied abundantly in winter by the mountain streams, but long dry, and used, on account of its smooth clean stones, as a bleach-green by a number of neighbouring laundresses. Now, however, there rushed along its bed an impetuous river, carrying along with it logs of wood, quantities of hay, straw, charcoal, &c. which it had pillaged as it swept along the cottages of the mountaineers. The lightning was flashing on it the while, now and then seeming to convert it into a river of blood. It was a fearful, yet a grand sight: I

was rivetted to the spot, and did not leave it until at length the storm, which had now lasted five hours, gradually subsided; the clouds rolled away, and the moon, in all her gentle beauty, shone down upon the rushing torrent, and by her peaceful smiles wooed the discordant elements into harmony.

So much for the *physique* of Nice in the summer; but the *morale* is hardly so picturesque. I felt an interest, however, in one of the peasant girls, called Madeleine Bonnet. It is no harm to tell her name; for she could not read, even if she should see it written here. Her father was a working silversmith in Genoa, and when he died, his widow and children removed to Nice, where they had relations. They tried to support themselves by a little farm; but this did not succeed. The boys were too young, and the two girls, who were the eldest of the family, resolved to go into service. Marie, the eldest, soon found a situation in a Nizzard family; but Madeleine was ambitious, and determined to go only into an English ménage. She offered herself to us, and we found her appearance very prepossessing. She wore the becoming costume of the Nice peasantry—the graceful cappelina, and the black velvet ribbon round her glossy dark-brown hair. Her complexion was the clear olive of Italy, and her eyes had the lustro of that passionate climate, but beautified in their expression by the long black lashes, which hung over them with a mournful air I cannot describe. As she was well recommended by the hotel-keeper, we resolved to try her. She did not profess much knowledge; but her great willingness to learn soon made her a favourite, even with the cross old cook, and with our own English servants. This peaceful state of things in the kitchen did not last long, however. The old cook soon brought grievous charges against Madeleine, who, she said, stole the charcoal, and ought to be dismissed instantly. We could not readily acquiesce in this; especially as we found, on farther inquiry, that on no other head but that of charcoal was her honesty impeached. We could have imagined a girl of eighteen being tempted by cakes, or articles of dress; but what could she do with charcoal? It seemed nonsense. However, week after week the cook persisted in her allegations, and the matter must be investigated. Madeleine was called, and the charge made. She blushed scarlet, and did not attempt to deny its truth. 'It is a pity, Madeleine,' I said, 'that you have acted so, for we must lose confidence in you henceforth.'

This seemed to give her courage, and she answered, 'Ah, signorina, you think I would steal anything now! You are mistaken: I would rather starve than steal for myself; but, signorina, I have a mother, and she is very poor, and my little brothers are too young to work for her. She finds that she can make a very good trade by selling roasted chestnuts in the street; but it requires a great deal of charcoal to roast them all day long, and she grudged to buy it when she wanted food for the children, and I have sometimes given her a little.'

Though I felt that the poor girl's temptation had been strong, I thought it right to say, 'Yet, Madeleine, it was stealing when you gave away what was not yours to give.'

Her eyes flashed indignantly: her ideas of morality were evidently different: her heart swelled, and with tears she answered me—'Ah, signorina, you who have a mother whom you dearly love, to speak so to me! You are rich, and I am very poor; but if you and your mother were as poor as I and mine, you would help her in any way you could, especially if you had plenty to eat, as I have with you: and if you knew that she had a scanty meal at home, you would, signorina'—she added with energy, 'being me about to reply—'you would have done what I did.' She paused, and begged pardon for her vehemence, but not for the theft, which it was clear gave her conscience no uncomfortable qualms. I never felt more puzzled for a reply. I wished to show Madeleine that she had acted wrong;

nevertheless the conference ended here; and ended, strange to say, by interesting us all more deeply than ever in the impenitent culprit.

Towards the end of June, Madeleine came to me one day in great sorrow, saying that she must leave us, for that it was now the season to work at the factory—winding the silk from off the pods of the silkworms—that she would much rather stay with us, as the work is very bad for the health; not that it is laborious, but because the room in which the women sit is heated to a most distressing degree by the caldrons of boiling water in which the worms are immersed, and out of which they are taken, one by one, by the winders. The wages are very high to the good winders, and they are, in consequence, willing to endure the boiling temperature. We offered Madeleine equal wages, as we did not wish to lose her; but the master of the factory said that if she refused to work that summer, he would not employ her in future—for she was one of his best winders, and he could not afford to do without her—so she went. One day we went to see the factory: the winding of the silk was very curious: those accustomed to the work have acquired such delicacy of touch, that as they wind, they separate, with unerring precision, the silk of one worm into eighteen or twenty different degrees of fineness, and that without ever using the eye.

The work in which Madeleine was engaged soon made a very marked alteration in her appearance. From a robust, rosy-faced girl, she became in a little time thin and pale. The heat of a Nice summer would suffice to fade the roses on her cheek; but when, added to that, she had to live all day in a room steaming with caldrons of boiling water—kept boiling by fires below—it was no wonder that she looked three or four years older in the course of as many months. We often met her when taking our evening stroll along the shore. When the autumn approached, I asked her one evening when she meant to come back to us. She looked very much puzzled, and at last it came out that she hoped it would be unnecessary for her to go into service again. She was, in short, going to be married. But how was this? I must hear the story. It appeared that she had a Cousin Antonio, whose parents lived in Genoa, and to whom she had been in a manner betrothed almost from childhood. He was a baker; and when Madeleine and her family left Genoa for Nice, he had left it for Antibes, where he had a promise of employment as foreman to some wealthy baker. He was most anxious that Madeleine should marry him then, and accompany him to Antibes; but she 'was not ready,' she said.

'Why not ready, Madeleine?'

'Well, signorina, I must tell you the truth. We were very poor just then, after burying my father; and my mother could have given me no clothes worth mentioning, and so I could not think of marrying; for it is our custom here, when a young man marries, that his mother shall examine beforehand all the linen and clothes of his intended wife; and I could not submit to be mocked and called a poor wretch by Antonio's mother and sisters, who are much better off than I am, and who, to tell the truth, would be glad to have something to bring against me to Antonio.'

'But, Madeleine, your poverty would be nothing against you with your lover. I suppose you told him why you wished to wait?'

'Oh no, signorina! If I had, he is so generous he would have bought me everything I asked; but I wished to earn my clothes, and not to be scoffed at by my mother and sisters-in-law.'

'I admire your spirit. But was Antonio satisfied to wait?'

'Oh, he ought to have been satisfied; but he was angry with me certainly, and made me cry a great deal. But he was good again before I saw him for the last time.'

'And have you never heard from him since he has been at Antibes?'

'Only once, for I cannot read; but of course, if he

was ill, I should have heard from somebody. Ill news always travels. But I shall soon see him, and never part again,' she said earnestly. 'It was a long, long separation—almost two years. I did not know what I was undertaking when I refused to go at once with him to Antibes; but now it is nearly over, and we shall be happy all our lives together.'

I could scarcely share in the young girl's simple faith, and could not help saying, 'He may be well, Madeleine, but it seems very negligent to have left you a year without some message. Can he be growing careless or forgetful?'

'Forgetful!' she repeated after me with an arch smile and shake of her head, no doubt pitying me for my ignorance and scepticism as to her lover's character, but noway affected further by my doubts; and then she added, 'You know not, lady, how long Antonio and Madeleine have loved. There never was a time in their memory when aught was dearer to them than each other.'

I could scarcely share her trustfulness; yet I thought she might have good reasons for it, and I sincerely hoped so, and would not add a word to diminish her joy. But as she went away, I said, 'Well, Madeleine, we shall be here again for the winter; and if you be in Nice, and disengaged, you can have your old place if you choose.' Shortly after this we left Nice for a few weeks, making various excursions along the coast. On our return, my first care was to inquire after Madeleine. Her old mother came in answer to the message I had sent for her daughter. The poor old woman seemed quite overwhelmed at the conclusion of her daughter's lifelong betrothment. I cannot say that I was surprised, though I was indeed grieved, at what she told me. She had accompanied Madeleine to Antibes shortly after we left Nice. They had found Antonio alive and well, and prosperous—but married to the only daughter of the wealthy baker whose foreman he had been, but who was now dead, and to whose business and riches his son-in-law succeeded.

Madeleine was completely stunned by this intelligence; it was not, *could* not be, she thought; nor would she believe it until the faithless Antonio's own lips had left her no room for further incredulity. Broken-hearted, she returned with her mother to Nice; and sick of the world, at the age of nineteen she lost no time in gaining admission to a convent, and I saw her no more.

TURNING THE PENNY.

It is a common thing to hear wonder expressed at the great increase of street beggars. Is this really wonderful? A few extra pence will flood with candidates for work the meanest and dirtiest trades in the country, and why should we be surprised to find the same effect produced upon beggary by our virtuous generosity? We are said in statistics to give away, in the copper and small silver line, not much less than L.1,500,000 per annum; and if to this is added the summing-up of the begging-books, in whole and half-sovereigns, crowns and half-crowns, we shall have a most tempting total of revenue for destitution. Even the refuge offered by the workhouse and nightly shelters is found to aggravate the social disorder. A nomade population has been fostered in the bosom of a settled community. To the 'workus,' as a permanent retreat, beggars have the most determined objection. Nor is this surprising. There is a charm in rags, dirt, halfpence, and gin, associated with freedom, which greatly transcends all the elegancies of the Union. Let us run over a few of the more recent cases, and inquire what it is our pensioners do in return for our bounty, and how they employ themselves abroad, instead of stagnating in the workhouse.

Could any one show a more marked disregard of all propriety of conduct than Ann Brady, who, though arrived at the mature ungirlish age of thirty-six, made

her unwilling appearance at the late Middlesex Sessions? Ann was accused of having turned the penny as a street beggar on every available occasion these fourteen years back. Not much good was said of Ann. Her accusers describe her as 'one of the most incorrigible begging vagrants who had ever been heard of. For years she had led a begging, drunken, and vagabond life; and the court would be astonished to hear that, at the instance of the Mendicity Society alone, she had been committed for various terms of imprisonment as many as forty-nine times! A kind-hearted magistrate, thinking to get her to abandon begging, had supplied her with money to set up a fruit-stall; but the whole of that money she had spent on drink. Whenever let loose from prison, she began begging in the old way; and with the first money she procured, she got regularly drunk in the nearest public-house. When last taken up, she kicked and knocked about terribly, and could not be brought to the station-house till she was tied on a stretcher. It was of no use doing anything for this woman, your worship. When good people got her a comfortable situation, she stole out of the house to beg; her favourite place of resort being the Park. And then she soon got herself into trouble. Since 1834, she had spent, put it all together, five years in prison.' In vindication of her rights, Ann said, 'It was a very hard case that the police would not leave her alone—it was enough to kill her.' Verdict of the court, 'six months.' Will the honourable bench of magistrates kindly explain what is to be the use of this fresh incarceration, beyond giving Ann a keener relish for begging and dram-drinking?

Much about the same time, up is brought to the police-office, Guildhall, 'a well-known impostor, Michael Leary,' charged with being a confirmed beggar, who carried on business by simulating a most dreadful pain in his back. Michael, it was alleged, lived on that back of his. 'The prisoner,' so sayeth the reporter, 'who was allowed to be in the anteroom, instead of being locked up in the cells, continued groaning all the time, declaring that he was dying from rheumatic pains; and when helped into the court, he redoubled his cries, "Oh my back, my back!" and clung to the railings of the dock, in which position he continued moaning at times, and to all appearance suffering great pain, while the evidence was taken down.' No. 267 of the city police gives evidence—'That about eight o'clock the previous evening he was on duty in Holborn, when he observed the prisoner walk from house to house begging, always appearing to complain of his back; after which he went into several public-houses, and obtained a quartern of gin, which he drank, and at last became rather intoxicated. Next he went into a coffee-shop, but did not get anything; and on his coming out, he took him into custody.' Michael denies being drunk, pleads ill health, and only begs because he cannot work. The magistrate tells him that wont do: 'You are too well known to make me believe you were ill at all; and it's all sham now.' 'Hope you will send me to the hospital, sir, where I may get some relief to my aching back.' 'I shall send you somewhere else before you go there, and that is to prison for fourteen days, on bread and water.' The prisoner, unpitied, was then carried out by No. 267; loudly protesting, however, that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, and that he should certainly die under that terrible pain in his back!

Some people will laugh at this, and tell you that Michael Leary was doubtless an impostor, all his protestations about his back notwithstanding. But who demoralised Michael? That is the question. Wasn't it good folks who believed all the rigmarole story of the back, and gave him halfpence out of pure soul-struck compassion? To be sure it was; and it is these good folks, with their credulity and their charity, that make beggars abound. Take another example. The other day, Thomas Henchcliffe, a thick-set, powerful young fellow, was placed at the bar of the Worship Street police-office, charged with being a begging im-

postor. A constable of the A division said he was on duty that morning in the City Road, when he saw the prisoner knock at a great number of doors in succession, and clamorously solicit charity, upon the ground of his being in great distress, and that he had sustained some very serious injury in his arm, which was suspended in a sling, and appeared to be crippled. Witness was dressed in plain clothes, for the more ready detection of offenders; and the prisoner, after leaving the last door he had applied at, at once made up to him, and in a canting whine commenced a harrowing detail of his real or assumed misfortunes, which would have no doubt been successful in the extraction of money from any casual passenger, but which instantly stopped upon the witness seizing him by the collar, and, pointing out his mistake, telling him he should take him to the station. He then asked him what he had been doing at the houses he had knocked at? and the prisoner, without the slightest prevarication, answered, "Begging." "And what is the matter with your arm?" said the witness. "Oh, nothing at all!" said the prisoner. "Then what do you put it into a sling for?" "Why, you see," said he, "when I went about with my arm not suspended and wrapped up in this way, I found that I could get nothing out of anybody, as the people I asked for assistance immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, you are a strong young man, and ought to get a living by work;' and then went off without dropping a penny; so I put my arm into a sling as it is now, because I found that those who did so got more money!"—Sentence, a month's imprisonment, with hard labour in the House of Correction.

But the professed beggar resorts to many other shames besides malingering. He is a shipwrecked mariner, a workman out of work, a burned-out tradesman, an unfortunate actor on his way home to his friends, a distressed foreigner, and, generally speaking, he has a wife and family. In London, there appear to be places where beggars can be accommodated with 'properties' of all sorts, dying infants included. 'At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Branch said that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history, and her means of livelihood, and in answer to his questions, she replied, "Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone, I know not what to do." "But," observed Mr Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burdened with her." "Oh, dear sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay 9d. a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so, I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!" In another room in the house Mr Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning for their next attacks upon the public. In a regular wareroom in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widows' weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c. adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a profession.'

Going about with certificates of character is a very effective method of operating on the compassionate. On a former occasion we referred to a case related to us by a party concerned, and it will still bear a few more particulars. Some five or six years ago, a man who carried on a small trade as a tinsmith in a country town in England, was one night burnt out of house and home. A great misfortune for the poor man! Not at all. It was the best thing he ever experienced that burning. He became a fit object for the philanthropists; and all very proper, if they had acted with considerate caution. In his destitution,

the homeless tinsmith was sought out by a gentleman whom we shall call Mr Meanwell, and furnished with a subscription-paper, headed by a true and particular account of the fire and its consequences—wife and family houseless, stock in trade gone, contributions would be thankfully received, &c. Armed with this commission of botheration, off went the ruined tinsmith on his travels, destined never more to take hammer in hand. First, he made a round of the town. In one day he pocketed eight pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence of the remarkably good coin of these realms. With this neat sum jingling in his pocket, his hand dipping down among sovereigns and shillings—pleasant feeling!—a new light dawned on the forlorn tinsmith. He had a realisation of the vast powers of a subscription-paper. It beat tin-beating all to nothing. Formerly, he had toiled weeks and weeks, and not made as much as he had now done in one day. Work was all nonsense. Next day, at the begging again. Three pounds eleven, all equally good money, rewarded his persevering industry, independently of expressions of commiseration which did not count. The impetus towards mendicancy was now altogether irresistible. To go back to the tin trade would be clearly a running in the face of destiny. Missus being of a similar way of thinking, it was soon arranged to carry on the new and lucrative profession. Having exhausted all possibilities of cash within the immediate sphere of the conflagration, the burnt-out tinsmith and his wife, a 'decent-looking woman in a black bonnet,' went away on an excursion through the provinces. And from that excursion they have never returned, and never will. Occasionally they are heard of on their peregrinations, picking up a sovereign here and a half-crown there, all through the virtue of that wonderful subscription-paper. * 'It is the worst thing I ever did in my life,' said Mr Meanwell to us, 'giving that unlucky certificate of character, with my own name down for a guinea at the top of it. It is a warning to me how I do anything of the sort again.'

When once a man has experienced the benefits of begging—the very great ease of the thing, its superiority in point of money—returns to downright hard work—you could not convince that man that labour was more honourable and more profitable. All your philosophy about the dignity of independent labour would be thrown away on him. The Liverpool papers give us a very pretty case of a genteel incurable in the begging line. 'Thomas Holland was yesterday committed to prison for one month, on a charge of street begging. It seems he has pursued his avocation to a considerable and very profitable extent, as the circumstances we are about to relate will prove. We learn that his committal was the consequence of his having importuned, amongst others, the stipendiary magistrate himself. For some time the delinquent has been in respectable lodgings kept by a widow, who has also several other lodgers, clerks in the customhouse and mercantile establishments in the town. From the time he went to these lodgings there has always been some mystery as to his means or pursuits; and all that seems to have been known of him by his landlady was, that he represented himself as a respectable decayed tradesman come to reside in Liverpool. He was always a complete epicure in his diet, and unsparing in procuring for himself all the choice edibles which the most fastidious taste could desire. To breakfast he uniformly had his broiled chop or steak, and was most particular as to the quality of his tea and coffee, always procuring the best of each, and having it prepared for him in the best possible manner. In this respect he was exceedingly hard to please. In his other meals he was equally hospitable to himself, and on all occasions his appetite was perfectly astonishing to the inmates of the house. As regards the other bodily comforts of life he was equally particular. During the time he remained in the house, he would sit before a huge fire, which he always insisted should be kept up, his feet being comforted by extra carpets and rugs, and his legs wrapped up in blankets. Indeed, in all his

arrangements he seemed to be exceedingly well acquainted with the means of personal comfort, and did not fail to make the most of them. He seldom turned out of the house until eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning, except on Saturday, when he was always ready for his breakfast by eight o'clock, and uniformly anxious to go out soon, as if he had urgent business on that day. He was very fidgetty if his meals were not always ready at the moment he wanted them, and would on these occasions tell his landlady that she could always look after the young men's wants, but because he was "a poor old gentleman, he must be neglected." He had latterly become so tedious, that she gave him notice to quit; but he declined to receive it, observing, "What a wicked woman you are to ask me to leave; it is not convenient for me to leave, and I shall not leave!" He was always very prompt in the payment of his board, and until his committal, the landlady had not the remotest idea that he was obtaining his livelihood by begging. This was only found out by his unaccountable absence from home for a few days. At the time of his committal his larder was well stocked for the following week. Of course, since his liberation, Mr Holland has resumed business, and the world will most likely hear of him by and by.

'Punch,' that philosopher by contraries, has recently parodied Burns's 'Jolly Beggars' with considerable success, at least in the spirit of one of the songs. Among the company, met at midnight for a characteristic jollification, there is the Serious Poor Young Man, in a threadbare black coat, white cravat, and excessively bad hat. This is the sentimental strain he contributes:—

'A lazy humbug I was born,
To earn my bread I held it scorn,
And found it far a better plan
To act the Serious Poor Young Man.

Sing hey the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing ho the Serious Poor Young Man!
There's not a scamp in all our clan,
Can match the Serious Poor Young Man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or sticks of sealing-wax, I stand,
"Soft Tommies" hearts I thus trepan,
The decent Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught bogging in the fact,
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act:
And let the law do what it can
Agin the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing hey, &c.

A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

Among recent instances of the dispersion of our sheets in quarters where it was not anticipated they would penetrate, one of a peculiarly gratifying nature has come to our knowledge, and we trust to be excused for drawing attention to it as a fact interesting in literature.

It may be generally known that during the last twelve months we have been engaged in preparing and issuing a new edition of the 'Information for the People,' a work of which seventy thousand copies had been previously disposed of, and which now, in its improved form, has attained a circulation of forty-five thousand copies. Some time ago, we had occasion to notice that the work had been reprinted, without our concurrence being asked, in the United States, and also formed the basis and model of a work, 'Instruction pour le Peuple,' issued in Paris. The circumstance now attracting our attention is the translation of the work into Welsh, and its issue in parts in a form very similar to that of the English original. For this commercial adventure of a Welsh bookseller, Robert Edwards of Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire, we had not been altogether unprepared; for to his application for casts of our wood-engravings to insert in his letter-press we had given

some attention—of course making no charge for these illustrations, and only too happy to aid so far in what appeared to be a meritorious and hazardous enterprise.

The first part of this remarkable translation is now before us; and on the front of the blue cover appears the following title:—'CYFIEITHIAD O ADDYSG CHAMBERS I'R BOBL, CAN EBENEZER THOMAS, "Eben Fardd." Cynnwysiad—Seryddiaeth, Daeardraith.' The two latter words signify Astronomy and Geology, such being the contents of the part. At the foot of the title are the words 'Pris Chwe' Cheiniog,' which means price sixpence—a charge double that of the original; but, we should infer, barely sufficient to repay the outlay on the undertaking. The translator, Ebenezer Thomas, or Eben the Bard, is a person of no mean celebrity in Wales. A correspondent, who calls him the 'Shakespeare or Burns of the Principality,' forwards the following notice of the bard and his present literary effort from the 'Amserau,' a popular Welsh newspaper:—

'Eben the Bard has already immortalised his name as a poet. Here we meet with him in the character of translator, and his abilities as such are equal to those which distinguish him as a poet. It must be absolutely superfluous to attempt saying anything by way of recommendation to the work he has now translated. What necessity is there for writing a panegyric on the sun? And why should the value of knowledge require to be made a subject of laudation? The treasure of miscellaneous instruction contained in the work of Chambers is beyond all price [Thank you, Mr Critic!], and there are thousands in England, Scotland, and elsewhere who have been drawing from this store for several years past. The "Information for the People" is now brought within the Welshman's reach in his native tongue, so that he likewise may participate in the same privilege and pleasure. The first part is highly interesting: it leads the reader to contemplate the wonderful works of God in the heavens and earth. It offers a vast amount of instruction, more valuable than much silver or gold! The language is chaste, elegant, and intelligible. The translator is in every respect worthy of the author. The paper and printing are good—an honour to the Pwllheli printing establishment. Surely such a work as this will meet with a hearty welcome and extensive circulation.'

Mr Edwards, in undertaking his costly speculation, seems to have found it necessary to bespeak the favourable consideration and assistance of a number of distinguished Welsh divines, who obligingly furnished him with their testimonies to the general utility of the work. These certificates of character, as they may be called, are printed in Welsh inside the cover, and may be supposed to carry with them a due degree of weight among the ancient Cymry. A few passages, translated, may be given, for the sake of showing that the clergy of the Principality are fully alive to the value of general secular knowledge within the range of their professional duties. The Rev. Isaac Jenkins, St David's College, says—'Such a work is greatly needed in the Welsh language; and as one who loves his country, and desires the improvement of its inhabitants in all useful knowledge, I can do no less than wish that every facility may be given for placing this excellent work before them. The undertaking is arduous and weighty; but I hope that sufficient sympathy and co-operation will be manifested so as to encourage the publisher. Failure in such an attempt would be a great dishonour to our nation, as well as give room for further reproach from our neighbours.' The Rev. Arthur Jones, D. D., Bangor, observes—'I am surprised and delighted that there is a prospect of the Welsh acquiring the elements of knowledge necessary to all men and women. The work in question will enrich our nation; and as it will gradually reach every neighbourhood, all, both old and young, even children, by practising economy, may possess the treasures it contains; and by it may cultivate their abilities in a very high degree.' The following, from the Rev. Lewis Edwards, M. A., at Balla, is

still more pointed:—'I am exceedingly glad to find that "Chambers's Information for the People" is to be translated. Works such as this are what the Welsh require, not to the exclusion of religious, but in addition to all the theological works already in circulation amongst them.'

The last sentiment in the above conveys what has all along been a prevailing principle in the production of these sheets: they are not intended to exclude religious culture from the general concerns of life, but to impart what is properly additional to religion. Whether the diffusion of the 'Information' in Welsh will be as serviceable as is indulgently supposed, we have no means of judging. That any necessity should have existed for the translation, is exceedingly to be lamented. Not even the gratification of seeing the work in this new character can lessen the pain of knowing that a large section of the people still use a language—ancient and copious, no doubt, but calculated, we fear, to retard their social progress. That until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Celtic tongue, in its varieties of Gaelic, Welsh, Irish, and Manx, should be employed as a vernacular, is matter not less of surprise than of national discredit. Who has been to blame for this scandal—the civil government, the church, or the people? Perhaps all three. No thought appears to have been bestowed on the fact, that large masses of the population were isolated from general progress on account of their inability to speak English. And for this neglect, with other circumstances of misusage, how conspicuously has the nation at large suffered! One thing, however, must be said for the Welsh, that under all the disadvantages of a local tongue, they have not languished as a people, nor become burdensome to their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. Failings they have, but a disposition to live by begging is not among the number. A plodding race they are, and, as respects a living literature, they go very far ahead of their Celtic brethren in Scotland or Ireland. The very circumstance of their attempting the enterprise which has suggested these remarks, is significant of an energy of character which we should in vain look for in the Highlands, where Celtic newspapers and periodicals have never met with that degree of encouragement necessary for their permanent establishment.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE newspapers give the following copy of a letter just received by Mr John Clark, yeoman of Timsbury, near Romsey, Hants. The writer—William Battin—was formerly shepherd in Mr Clark's employ, and emigrated to New Zealand about six years since. The simple, unadorned narrative of New Zealand life, which the letter furnishes us with, will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND, April 30, 1848.

I think that I can now say that the settlement is likely to do well, as the government have purchased from the natives every mile of rich ground, and the settlers that have been so long deprived of their land are now allowed to choose land from the district. The whole of Taranakie is well supplied with springs and fine rivers of good water; plenty of fish and wild ducks. The greatest produce of the land hitherto has been wheat, of which we have very excellent sorts. The finest wheat that can be sold is L8 per load; barley, 6s. per bushel; oats, 6s.; potatoes L2 per ton. The settlement has been very low, and the settlers in general badly off; but even then the labouring-classes were much better off than the labouring-classes in England. But now, thank God, we have got the boot on the other leg, and every settler has plenty; in none but the miserable huts of drunkards can the inmates say they ever know a bany'n day. It is just five years two months and ten days since I landed here, and have been

* In the original—'Da dyn genryf welod bod "Chambers's Information for the People," i gael of gyfieithu; Llyfrau fel hyn sydd eisieu ar y Cymry—nid i gau allan Grefydd, ond yn ychwanegu at yr holl Lyfrau duwinyddol sydd eisieu yn ein faith.'

just three years and twenty days independent on my own free land; and if John and Thomas had come with me, they might have been just as well off, and for three years have been lords of splendid harvests. I have moved from Pookeokeps, and am now at Pegrikurik. I have a large two-storey house, with eight rooms, convenient for every purpose. I have the best garden in the place, containing two acres, and rise everything to an amazing size. I have the largest and most convenient barn in the settlement. I have this year about 400 bushels of wheat, a few of barley and maize. I raise yearly about 50 tons of potatoes, very large, and about 1000 tons of Swedes, and about 300 cabbages from 10 to 40 lbs. each, and a great quantity of fruit and flowers and other vegetables in abundance. I have also ten good hogs, and often twenty. Bacon, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, fish, and such-like, very plentiful. I have firewood enough to last my house a century, and burn on the land thousands of loads to disencumber. Two bushels of seed wheat to the acre is the regular go; the fern land produces thirty bushels to the acre; and the bush land in general about fifty. Mine is all timber land, and my place will bear inspection by any person. In May is the best season to sow wheat, and might be continued till August, and harvest in January and February.

The winters here are very much like a cold wet summer in England. I have only three times seen ice as thick as common window-glass, no snow, and very little white frost. This is, I think, the finest climate in the whole world; neither myself nor one of my family have ever known a day's illness since we left England. I am now forty-eight years two months and a few days old. I appear twenty years younger to look on than when I left. My eldest son William is about to purchase for himself 200 acres of land, entirely by his own savings. Here is a chance for every one. The natives are beginning to raise wheat in abundance, and have several mills to grind corn in several parts of the country at their own expense; they have (the greatest part of them) embraced Christianity, and are become very civilised.

The missionary stations are about forty miles apart, and many of them quite in the desert, amongst the natives only, and have to travel and preach twenty miles each way; and it is surprising how the minds of the most savage tribe—those that have been making war—are now beginning to be very humble. Those about us are very civil and honest. They work just land enough to keep them: it is not one acre out of 1,000,000. There wants now, in this district of Taranakie, 100,000 emigrants. People starving in England, and millions of rich, willing land here useless—such easy-working land, that any man can throw out twenty sacks of potatoes in one day. The town of New Plymouth is situated by the sea-side, and is laid out in straight streets, two miles long, and one mile across, with a belt at the back, side, and ends, containing a large new hospital, many small farms, and much waste land. The town at present is but scattering—most of the houses built of timber. The church is built of stone, about three times the size of that at Timsbury. The Wesleyan chapel is built of stone; also a strong unoccupied prison built of stone. Here is no clay fit for brickmaking, but plenty of stone of all sorts and sizes. Along the beach, the river runs over amazing beds of pebbles for many miles. Fresh-water eels are often caught, ten, twelve, and twenty lbs. each. The settlers are scattered out wide. At the Omri there is a church built with timber, and a Primitive chapel. Sabbath schools are kept on, as in England. Wild fowls are plentiful, and it is every one's own fault if they do not sleep on beds of down. Half a mile in front of the sea the land is sandy, bearing saving crops; further in it is black mould—no stones. Oxen want no grass; horses want no shoes; one share point will last six months. Beneath the black mould it is brown earth—wants subsoiling.

The timber and big bush is cut down in a rough way, lying six months, when the fire burns all up clean, except logs and stumps. The wheat is sown and scraped in, in a rough and light manner, and without grubbing. A crop of fifty bushels to the acre is pretty sure. It is not a very good country at present for sheep, although here is no fly or maggot, and sheep fatten fast, and some have good fleeces. All cattle here are in good condition. Cattle here increase fast, as no calves are killed, and ship-loads arrive from New Holland. All that will have cows, and at the cattle station there are about 300. Here is some horses, but the work is mostly done by oxen. The hours for labouring-men are from seven till five. The price for

thrashing is 8s. per quarter. There are four thrashing-machines here; but the slow pace of the oxen, and reckoning all hire, brings the price to 12s. the quarter. Corn thrashes better than in England. Men might earn very high wages, but very few can get their heads off their downy pillows till the sun is three hours in the sky. Thank God! I can rise most mornings to salute the opening dawn. Almost every one has land, and is half independent. There are no soldiers; but we have a police of about twenty men, drilled to the musket like soldiers. There are no natives more than about three miles inland, except when wandering about, which is common.

Here is no manner of wild beasts, no serpents or reptile; no manner of vermin but rats; no thorns or thistles. You might travel barefoot, lie down and sleep in any part of the wilderness, without the least danger. Amongst the thousands of birds, I have never seen one like one I saw in England, except hawks. The small green parrot, with red heads, are the only birds that hurt the corn. Amongst the many sorts of wood, I have never seen one sort like any I ever saw in England: it is astonishing the size and height of the timber. The hen bark is nearly as good and equal to oak for tanning. In many places is found red, white, yellow, brown, and black ochre, very soft and fine, and fit for making paint. The mines are not yet worked, and the Cornish miners have all left for other settlements, being useless here. In sinking a well, close to a town, was found some metal, and tried by Mr Woods, a goldsmith, and proved to be hard silver. No chalk or limestone is yet discovered in Taranakie. Money has for a long time been scarce, and most of the business is done by barter. Flour is sold by the dozen pounds, and it is 1s. 6d. per dozen for the best, and 1s. 4d. for seconds; it has been as high as 6s. per dozen. Many ship-loads of flour is sent to Auckland and Port Nicholson, where it fetches about double the price. The highest price for butter of good quality is 1s. per lb.; inferior 10d. Pork, best quality, at dear shops, 3d. per lb.; other shops, 2d. I and many others kill our own. All clothing is about double the price as in England, also iron work. Millers, shopkeepers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, are making their fortunes, and I have no room myself to complain. I hope every kind gentleman in England will try and get my nephew William Battin sent to New Plymouth, Berkshire, and ship for New Plymouth. The wheat is cut after the Cornish fashion, with large ewing hooks, and I my own-self can cut and bind a full acre in a day of stout wheat. He need not bring any reap hooks. Here are four breweries, and hops have sold at 10s. per lb. I have not spent one penny on any kind of spirits, or at a public-house, for more than four years, thank God. I and my children are safe and happy as larks. It is not certain whether the Topo mountain is burning now or not, but it is certain that a river of boiling water issues from it, wherein much cooking is done. There is no smell or bad taste from it. Topo is the native name of the mountain. The district of Taranakie is fifty miles across, and is the native name of the mountain from whence the district takes its name. There are wild pigs by legions, half fat. As the climate is good, and soil rich, very little art is required for farming. Holloway and his family is left, and gone to New South Wales, but writes to Gibbons to say he is coming back, for there is no place like Taranakie. Here in the summer the singing-flies charm the country. I have seen some of the cannibal ovens; they are pits about 6 feet square, and 2½ feet deep, and contain about three cart-loads of stones, which, when heated, cooked two or three large bodies at a time. All that is totally done away with now. Bees are increasing fast; I have six stocks at present, and intend keeping forty standing stocks. Bees gather the whole year, and can take the honey at any time; they gather about 5 lbs. of honey a month throughout the year; honey and wax is about the same quality as that of Hampshire: honey is selling at 2s. per lb., and wax at 5s. Two mills are said to be finished in a month, one having two water-wheels driving three pair of stones, the other with one, driving two pair. The price of sawing timber is reduced from 20s. to 10s. per 100 feet—300 feet a day's work for a pair of sawyers. Sawyers and shoemakers have been making money rapidly. Carpenters' wages have risen from 5s. to 6s. per day. At the commencement of the settlement, very few thought of anything but extravagant living, fine dressing, and the grog-shops; but when the Company's high prices were over, they were forced to alter, and get land for a living, and the money that had been thrown

away as with a shovel was then wanted. I worked out eight acres of land at earning 10s. a day. I have an entire free estate, sufficient for every comfort in life; and if John and Thomas could but once see what I have gained by coming to New Zealand, what chain could hold them in England?

It is said that emigration is going on, and I hope it is true, and hope that my nephew will pluck up courage and come; I should be pretty sure to meet him when he and his family lands; but if I should not, he must inquire for 'Goshen House' or 'Noah's Ark.'

The sands here are proved to be the best of iron, and Mr Price is about to erect a foundry. Ships are now taking loads of potatoes to Sydney, where the wholesale price is now L8 per ton. Earthquakes are not felt often; I have felt but two heavy shocks for two years. It appears there have been two great earthquakes, as the land in some places is broken in pieces: one appears to have been 2000 years ago; the other must have been in very ancient days.

I cannot learn by any of the most ancient natives that there was ever anything like dearth or famine in this isle. There have been eruptions at the big mountains, and millions of tons of stones and massy rocks are thrown out, either by fire or water.

The postage of letters from England is 8d.; if to Sydney or Adelaide first, it is 11d.

Public-house licences till ten o'clock, L30; and twelve o'clock, L40 a year. Only two shops of that kind in this place. My eldest daughter has been married some months. The natives are all married by the missionaries, and, the old-fashioned way of knocking their heads together is done away with.

There have been wars in different parts of the island, and some soldiers and settlers killed; but it is in peace now, and we have never had any wars, although we have once been threatened by the natives of the Topo tribe. The natives of this place prepared, as well as us, to attack them; all we could muster was eight pieces of cannon, some guns, and twenty muskets. The news soon reached Port Nicholson; the government brig happened to be there, which sailed immediately with a supply of arms and ammunition for us. A native went to spy, and in a month returned, saying a young man, a sort of prince, had shot himself playing with his gun; the whole tribe went to bury and bewail him; meantime a missionary found his way to them, telling them the white people meant them no harm, and if they did go, it was likely their heads would be taken off and sent to England to be made sport of. Not liking these thoughts, they thanked the missionary, and returned to Topo, leaving us in peace; however, a part of the same tribe have since made war with the settlers, and soldiers at Zouganesis, but being beaten, are again returned to Topo.

Here there is no turnip-fly, but the grasshoppers are very destructive to all late-sown crops.

This settlement of New Plymouth has been for some time like an infant without a friend: it seemed like no man's land, belonging to neither government nor company; but since his excellency Governor Grey has visited, and seeing it a paradise and a good corn and cattle district, although no harbour for shipping, he is very desirous to put and encourage it forward; and, with the good industry of the settlers, this will be the best settlement in the south. The summers are not so hot as in England; the weather has been very fine this last twelve months; the thunder here is little, and very mild and gentle.—From your well-wisher,
WILLIAM BATTIN.

SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR.

It seems generally to escape observation that the fourth commandment as effectually enjoins work during the six days of the week as it does rest on the seventh. This double meaning is alluded to as follows in the Cape Literary Magazine. "It is asked somewhere in the Talmud—'The wealthy of many countries, wherby are they deserving of becoming rich?' Samuel, the son of Yoss, replies, 'Because they honour the Sabbath.'" Samuel, the son of Yoss, if I might presume to put another construction upon thy answer, I would say, 'Because they keep the fourth commandment.'" Let not the idle vagabond, who rests on the Sabbath and on the six days also, upbraid the Lord and say, 'I keep the Sabbath holy, and yet am poor.' Poor thou art, poor thou wilt be, and poor thou shalt rest

to be; for though thou keep the Sabbath never so holy, unless thou work six days out of the seven, thou breakest the fourth commandment, and canst never attain to wealth, to health, and to happiness. This is the doctrine which I proclaim, and maintain, upon Scriptural authority; and if that suffices not, go to yonder bloated, gouty coxcomb, who, upon a bed of down, feels his foot in a lake of fire; the mere moving of his footstool is a volcano to him, and the ringing of the bell by his physician's footman is an earthquake. Had he kept the commandment, not only on the seventh, but on the six days, he might have thrown physic to the dogs, and left me to seek another illustration of my moral.'

BEN AND LOCH LOMOND.

STILL sleeps Loch Lomond by her mountain side,
And still within that bosom's placid deep,
The image of her lord her waters keep,
In all the freshness of a first love's pride.
Grief hath not seared them; time cannot divide,
Youth hath not fled; so beautiful are they,
As when the morning of creation's day
Saw them first joined, a bridegroom and a bride.
Nature, unchanged, still meets the gazer's eye;
The hills are still as dark, the skies as blue,
But vainly fancy wouldst thou now deary
The waving tartan's many-coloured hue;
Vainly wouldst listen for the pibrook's cry;
Man and his works: these things have passed by. F. F.

TEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item indeed in the *pabulum* of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter, or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him perhaps two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skilful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines; particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of any native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.—*Durbin's Observations on Europe.*

RE-VACCINATION.

1st, Every individual is susceptible of vaccination; 2d, Re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; 3d, The system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; 4th, Vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; 5th, Re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; 6th, The third vaccination is inert; 7th, The system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small-pox, without re-vaccination; 8th, Re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; 9th, Those who disregard vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; 10th, If every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.—*Substance of a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 22 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. E. OWEN, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 270. NEW SERIES. . SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1849.

PRICE 1 1/2d.

RETURN OF PILGRIMS FROM MECCA.

TOWARDS the end of last January, I was sitting in a shop in one of the principal streets of Cairo, watching, for want of better employment, the fluctuating stream of turbans and tarbooshes, that stretched on both hands as far as the eye could reach, when first a distant murmur, then a loud buzz of voices, and presently a shout, a roar, came rolling up the narrow thoroughfare. Some very gratifying intelligence was evidently passing from mouth to mouth. Buying and selling were suspended at once: the conclusion of many a bargain was adjourned: both dealers and customers rose to their feet. And now three men, mounted on dromedaries, made their appearance, moving swiftly down the street: I soon heard them announcing that the caravan of pilgrims from Mecca had arrived at Suez. As messengers of glad tidings, they had pushed on in order to bring letters from those who had survived the privations and dangers of the journey. Long after these men had passed on their way to the citadel, the greatest excitement and agitation continued. In a few hours most of the inhabitants of Cairo were to learn or infer the fate of relations or friends who had been absent for months, and who had either perished in the desert, or were returning, crowned with glory, and encircled by respect, to their homes.

Islamism boasts of many institutions admirably adapted for maintaining its character of unity; and the pilgrimage to Mecca is one of the chief among these. Every year, from every part of the Mohammedan world, a number of men, of all ranks and conditions, repair to the spot where the faith they profess took its rise, and amidst scenes, invested in their eyes with the most sacred associations, work themselves up into a state of enthusiastic devotion, to which perhaps they could never rise under ordinary circumstances. They must arrive at the Holy City in a frame of mind peculiarly susceptible of strong impressions. They have in general encountered great perils by land or sea during the journey: some of them have passed whole months in the horrid solitudes of the desert, exposed to hunger and thirst, fatigue and danger, and kept constantly in mind of the uncertainty of things here below by the deaths which must frequently occur amongst large bodies of men traversing those desolate regions, which no doubt seem to them to have been purposely thrown across the path of the pilgrim to test his zeal, and enhance the merit of his undertaking. Once at Mecca, everything contributes to enhance his enthusiasm; and the consciousness that he has earned the good will of men—that he will be looked upon with respect and veneration in his own country when he returns—that his influence will be enlarged, and his station exalted—is perhaps equally active with the belief that he has deserved a place in

Paradise, and an unlimited enjoyment of all those pleasures which are promised in a future state of existence to the true believer.

The annual dispersion of men with faith thus invigorated, over the Mohammedan world, must produce a powerful effect. If the pilgrimage were abolished, by general consent, the votaries of the prophet would soon diminish. The tribes and nations who, like the Bedouins, neglect this duty, are far less bigotted, far more indifferent, than those who practise it with unswerving constancy. But it does not seem that the pilgrims derive any considerable enlightenment from their travels. Their object is not to get rid of their prejudices, but to strengthen them. It is true they mingle trade with devotion, and contrive to amass worldly wealth whilst increasing their claims upon heaven. As traders, they come in contact with the inhabitants of the regions they traverse; nevertheless they seem to return home with more confused notions than ever of geography, history, and manners. All they care about is collecting marvellous stories, wherewith to astound their less adventurous countrymen.

When the hubbub had subsided, I entered into conversation with the shopkeeper on the subject of the pilgrimage, on which he had great pleasure in talking. As usual with Moslems, my friend avoided any allusion to the religious part of the procession, as not likely to interest me, and dwelt only on what may be called the secular view. He told me that the chief courier, whom I had seen pass, made a good thing of his trip; it being his privilege to bear the news to the pacha, and the great officers of the court, as well as to all people of position. Every visit he makes produces a present. As to the large packet of letters he carries addressed to minor people, he sells them at so much a hundred to any speculative men who may undertake to distribute them on the chance of a reward.

It is customary for the walls round the doorways and shop-fronts of the pilgrims who return in safety to be painted in bright colours with all sorts of fantastic figures, of flowers, animals, and even men, despite the prohibition of the prophet. It is common now to see steamboats among these representations, which are supposed to indicate the extraordinary objects witnessed by the returning traveller during his absence. There is a good deal of competition among the rude decorators, each seeming to vie with the other in producing the most fantastic and uncouth designs. They succeed at anyrate in giving a lively aspect to many of the streets.

Though many of the pilgrims leave their last camping-ground almost immediately on their arrival, and effect their entry at night, the great body wait till morning. I went out a little after sunrise, and found the streets already completely occupied by the procession. It was an animating scene. Immense crowds of people, in holiday

costume, were pouring towards all the Eastern gates; some merely as spectators, others to meet their long-expected friends or relatives. Every now and then numbers of men bearing flags, or a band of music energetically playing, would pass, on their way to greet some particular pilgrim; whilst the uninterrupted line of camels, bearing gaudy litters of every description, slowly made its way in an opposite direction. On issuing from the Gate of Victory, I obtained a splendid view over the country. To the left were suburbs and palm-groves, in front was the desert, to the right rose the Red Mountain and the precipitous sides of Mokattam. The procession, with which an immense number of banner-bearers mingled, had divided into three or four columns, each directing itself towards one of the gates; whilst the intermediate spaces, and the slopes of the mounds that rose here and there, were filled up by groups of men and women, many of them evidently on the look-out for some well-known face. It frequently happens that the returning pilgrim neglects to write, and therefore, unless positive information has been received to the contrary, his family always goes out to meet him. Disappointment often awaits it; and every now and then, as I proceeded, I could hear shrill shrieks of sorrow rising in various directions. The women, on receiving intelligence of the death of a relative, return with loud wailings towards the city, tearing their clothes, and exhibiting other signs of grief; in strange contrast with the boisterous merriment, the exuberant delight of others. It is a curious picture of human life, with all its bustle and all its vicissitudes; all its triumphs and all its disappointments, its splendours and its miseries, its joys and its anguish. The drums, and the tambourines, and the pipes, the singing and the shouting, in vain competed with the voice of lamentation, which ever and anon pierced the air, and told how many hearts were ready to break amidst that scene of gaiety and rejoicing!

There was little variety to be observed in the procession. After I had seen forty or fifty camels go by, every one that passed was a counterpart of one that had preceded. The litters, which often hold several people, are in general either square or arched, and supported on two large trunks made fast to the animal's sides. Some few of the wealthier people had *tachterwans* carried by two camels; one in front, the other behind. A great many women were to be observed peeping forth from these litters; which, as I have intimated, are commonly very gaudy, being covered with red, yellow, or blue cloth. Several of the pilgrims rode on asses, which were often stained with *henna*, as were indeed numbers of the camels, in order to show that they had been to Mecca.

I found the emir, or chief of the caravan, encamped at the Haswah, along with the escort of four hundred irregular Arnaout cavalry, sent by the pacha. The tents scattered here and there, the horses picketed close at hand, the long spears, ornamented near the top with great tufts of wool stuck up near them, the savage-looking Arnaouts lolling about, produced altogether a very picturesque effect. The Haswah is a place situated in the desert about a mile and a-half north-east of Cairo. Several fine ruined mausolea dot its surface; and in the distance may be seen, over the undulating ground, the summits of those still splendid buildings called the Tombs of the Caliphs. On a little mound near the emir's tent was the mahmal, some account of which I may as well give at once.

The mahmal is an emblem of sovereign power, a representative of the government of Egypt, which every year, therefore, is supposed to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Six hundred years ago, Sultan Saleh, surnamed The Light of Faith, married Fatmeh, a beautiful Circassian slave, who, on his death, and that of his son, succeeded in ascending the throne of Egypt, and reigned with great magnificence and glory. In order to add a new prestige to her name, she resolved to perform the pilgrimage to the Holy City, and for this purpose caused a litter of a new form to be constructed. Her journey

was performed in safety, and she returned with a character of sanctity. To commemorate this event, every successive year she sent her empty litter with the caravan. Those who followed her upon the throne imitated her example; and at length the mahmal became a necessary adjunct to the pilgrimage. It is now esteemed quite a sacred object, and those who cannot visit the Kaäba itself are almost compensated by touching the mahmal on its return, and gazing at the representation of the holy place embroidered on its front.

A small company of the pacha's regular infantry were placed as a guard over the litter, which was covered with a rough cloth. It was nearly square, with a pyramidal top; and even when I saw it uncovered the next day, presented a very mean appearance. The frame was of common wood, and inside I saw an old box. With surprising toleration, the soldiers on guard allowed us to approach quite near, and even lifted up the cover that we might see the interior. I asked what the box contained, and received an evasive answer; but it was opened for us to look in. I could distinguish nothing but something like a carpet, possibly a piece of the *hiswah*, or covering of the Kaäba (with which the mahmal is often confounded by travellers), or perhaps the *bur'ö*, or veil sent to hang before the door. The latter supposition is founded on a fact mentioned by the most correct writer on Egyptian manners—namely, that the custom of sending the veil originated with the same queen who instituted the ceremony of the mahmal, and that the people call it the veil of Our Lady Fatmeh. I am aware that the same writer states that the litter contains nothing; but when he went to see it, bigotry was very strong, and to look inside was out of the question. A French artist, who went with me, was allowed even to make a sketch of it. This was on the second day, when the outer covering was removed, and immense crowds were gathering round, and working themselves up into a state of religious enthusiasm.

There being nothing more to see, I returned slowly towards the city. On my way I observed a crowd collected round one of the ruined mausolea, and alighting, pushed my way in. I found that an old gentleman had selected with great good taste the splendid dome as a protection for his *harem*; and the crowd around was composed of his friends and relatives, waiting with music and banners to conduct him in triumph to his home. Luckily the ladies were in the act of mounting their donkeys, and the old gentleman had bestridden his mule, before my presence, so great was the excitement, attracted any attention. I was then good-humouredly informed that I had committed an indiscretion, and requested to withdraw, which I did with divers apologies.

On entering the gate, I found the streets still crowded with spectators and the remnant of the procession. Every shop was shut, and on all possible places women and children were crowded to see the sight. Presently a tremendous din of drums and hautboys was heard approaching from behind, and an immense mass of excited Moslems came rushing in various directions; so that I was thrust up into a corner, and very nearly knocked down and trampled under foot. It turned out that a pilgrim of especial sanctity—a great sheik—was making his triumphal entry, surrounded by a huge band of bigots, waving broad red and green banners, shouting, and drumming, and piping. Every one seemed anxious to see this man pass; and the affluence of spectators was so great in the narrow crooked street, that the procession was compelled to stop at every few steps. This was the only occasion on which anything like the intolerance for which Moslems are so famous was exhibited. A single stone was flung at me, and struck me in the side; but several bystanders, who saw what happened, expressed their disapprobation of the action, whilst the followers of the sheik passed by in gloomy silence. I must not forget, however, that a furious little old woman attacked me with her tongue during the whole time the procession was defiling by, calling

me a dog, a miscreant, a hog, a Jew, and a Christian; and at length worked herself up to such a pitch of fury, that she said she would strike me on the mouth, and took off her slippers to carry out the threat. Two good-natured dames hereupon interfered, and seizing hold of the old lady, who cursed and swore like Termagant, conjured me, 'by my head and eyes,' to get out of her clutches, for that she was a devil. I thanked them for their assistance, and taking their advice, began working my way along the street; but it was a long time before I ceased to hear the volley of imprecations that was sent over the heads of the crowd to my address.

I should have liked to be present at one of the feasts given by one of the returning pilgrims that night, listening to the wonderful stories he related, and to the sage commentaries of his guests, but this was out of the question. It is true that I received an invitation from my *donkey-boy*, who told me that all the 'respectable' Assinigos were going to gather at the house of one of the fraternity who had performed the pilgrimage; but this was rather intended as a compliment than anything else, and I was not tempted to disturb their humble festivities by my presence. I may mention that most of the pilgrims bring back a variety of relics as presents to their friends—such as bottles of water of a certain holy well called Zamzam, fragments of the kiswah, to be used as amulets, &c. A great number, as I have already mentioned, have attended to their commercial interests, and return with bales of Hejazi scarfs—sometimes bound round the head in lieu of an ordinary turban—and various Indian manufactures. Frankincense and kohl—a cosmetic used for painting the borders of the eyes, and thus imparting that lustre for which Oriental women are celebrated—form important articles of Arabian commerce.

The next morning I was again out early at the Haswah. Every position from which a view could be commanded was already occupied, especially the sides of the mounds that line the first portion of the road, the cemetery that extends beneath the walls in the direction of the Tombs of the Caliphs, and the house-tops of the suburb on the left. A heavy damp mist at first covered the country, and gave it a cheerless aspect. At the Haswah I found large crowds assembled round the mahmal, now uncovered. A considerable detachment of the pacha's regular infantry, in their slovenly white uniforms and red tarbooshes, was drawn up close by; whilst the Arnaut cavalry were either galloping up and down the plain, showing off their horsemanship, and brandishing their long quivering spears, or lying lazily about, waiting the order to march. A good deal of delay took place. Probably the emir thought it propitious to wait for the appearance of the sun from behind the veil of mist, which soon, indeed, impelled by a slight north wind, went rolling away towards the range of Mokattam. The dazzling desert, with its long majestic slopes; the promontories of cultivated land; the white palaces; the ruined tombs; the tapering palms; the domes, and minarets, and ramparts of the city; the giant walls of the distant citadel, with its enormous mosque, revealed themselves at once to the eye; whilst the flanks and gorges of the mountains remained long encumbered with gloomy clouds.

By the side of the sacred litter knelt a camel, which is looked upon with great respect by the people, on account of the following story:—Three years ago, it is said, the animal which bore the mahmal fell down in the desert, and died. This was an unexampled occurrence, and caused a mighty perplexity. The emir did not like to elevate one of the ordinary beasts of burden to the honourable post thus left vacant. A halt took place: but much time would have been spent in useless discussions, had not a wild camel suddenly appeared in the distance, hastening to put itself, of its own free-will, at the disposition of the emir! So remarkable a circumstance caused a deviation from the usual custom, according to which a fresh camel is chosen every time;

and the fine animal I now witnessed—which had probably strayed from a Bedouin encampment—had already three times performed the pilgrimage to Mecca. I may mention that the Arabs say—I believe without foundation—that seven mahmals, from seven sovereign princes, are yearly sent to the Holy City, and that there is always a race between the camels which shall first enter the temple. Fortune never fails to give the victory to the Egyptian.

The striking up simultaneously of a European and a native tune by two rival bands—the gathering of the escort, and the rush of the crowd to line the road—announced that the procession was about to commence. I hastened to return, and take up a position near the gate, from which I could obtain a view down the whole of the little defile by which the mahmal was to approach. The people seemed extremely anxious and excited, especially the women, and devotional exclamations resounded on all sides. At length the burnished instruments and glittering bayonets of the Nizam made their appearance, clearing their way through the agitated crowd, and the mahmal, swinging slowly from side to side with the step of the camel, followed close behind. As it advanced, the shouting became vehement and enthusiastic, and there was a general rush of those who occupied the foremost ranks to touch the sacred object. Most of those who could not get sufficiently near to lay their hands on the litter, raised them in the air, as if invoking a blessing.

Immediately behind the mahmal rode the Sheik-el-Gamel, or Sheik of the Camel, one of the remarkable characters of the procession. He seemed a man of about sixty years of age, strongly built, and covered with hair. A pair of drawers was his only article of clothing. His head was bare and bald, and he kept rolling it from side to side in a most painful manner. He accompanies the caravan during its whole journey; and from the time he leaves Cairo until he returns, never once ceases to revolve his head. What a state his brain must be in!

Next followed the emir and his attendants, on gorgeously-caparisoned horses; and then a group of camels, with bright-coloured saddles, decorated with flags. These, it was said, had, during successive years, been the bearers of the mahmal, and had been maintained by the government in idleness ever since. Then came a large band of native music, and the procession was closed by some five or six hundred irregular cavalry, mounted on rough-looking, but sturdy horses, and some armed with spears, others with firelocks. They were a wild-looking, uncouth set, and rode pell-mell, sometimes dashing in among the people, sometimes simulating a charge. As they crowded beneath the sombre arch of the Gate of Victory, whilst the vast crowd behind came precipitating itself from side to side to follow them, they imparted a very picturesque aspect to the scene.

Knowing that it would be useless to follow the procession of the mahmal through the narrow streets of the city, where it is slowly paraded, in order that the greatest possible number of people may behold and touch it, I determined to ride round the walls, and choose a good position at the citadel to see the finale of the ceremony. On my way, I noticed that the clouds were still hanging heavy and thick over the range of Mokattam: I never saw them assume so meteoric a character in Egypt. On all the rest of the scene, however, the sun shone brilliantly. After passing the Caliphs' Tombs, and the ruined suburbs in their neighbourhood, we entered by the gate leading to the citadel, and soon reached the lofty platform from which, it is said, the last of the Mamlooks took a leap to save his life. Here a kiosque, which was in course of construction for Mohammed Ali—then sinking under the illness which removed him from the government of Egypt—afforded a splendid view over the two large spaces that lie between the foot of the citadel and the town—the Rumeileh to the right, and the Karameidan to the left. These spaces are divided by a long row of low buildings

and a gate. Over the first rises that magnificent structure the mosque of Sultan Hassan; whilst the second is surrounded by barracks and public stores. The innumerable minarets of the beehive-like city, with here and there a garden, stretched beyond; then came a broad plain of verdure, streaked by the silvery reaches of the Nile; and in the background, from their unbounded basement of desert, rose in calm grandeur, cleaving the placid bosom of the sky, those mystic monuments, those eternal enigmas, 'the star-pointing Pyramids!'

A rush of voices drew my attention to the great square of Rumeileh, into which, from fifty avenues, a countless multitude—a sea of all bright colours—came pouring. Presently the soldiers, the mahmal—the whole procession, closed by the irregular horse, that came galloping after, as if in pursuit, made its appearance. The Rumeileh was soon traversed, and in the Karameidan the Nizam formed a vast hollow square close at our feet. I now understood that Abbas Pacha, with all the grandes of Cairo, were sitting in a divan below, waiting to receive the mahmal. The spectacle that followed was curious. The people gathered round in vast crowds: the Arnaouts performed their evolutions in the vacant spaces, whilst the camel bearing the mahmal was introduced into the hollow square. The band now struck up the Polka! and to this profane tune did the camel, bearing the sacred litter, move seven times round, each time increasing its speed, until it came to a gallop. A tremendous cheer followed; and then the crowd began to disperse. Great numbers of people, however, followed the mahmal to the gate of the citadel, where I went to meet it. Here the covering, which is the sacred part, was taken off, in order to be conveyed to a small mosque, to be kept in safe custody until wanted at certain periods of the year, when it is paraded about at several religious festivals held in various parts of Egypt, and at length cut up and distributed as relics.

During the process of taking it to pieces, the French artist I have before mentioned made another sketch. It seems this was observed; for when the Sheik-el-Gamel passed us on his way home, the boy that led his camel called out to him, and said, 'This is the dog that was making a picture of the mahmal!' The sheik glanced at us, gave an extra roll of his head, and replied, 'It is no matter, my son; it is no matter.' And so ends my account of the great event—the Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca.

THE OLD WRITING-MASTER'S HEIRESS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

'DRAW your hair-strokes lightly, Henri; lean heavily on the down strokes, and round off your capitals bravely. There: very good!' 'Armand, you are not attentive to-day. I can tell you, little boy, your poor mamma, who works so hard to pay for your instruction, cannot afford to have you idling.' 'Now, Jaques, finish your copy, and sign your name with a bold flourish at the end!' So did old Maître Caillot address his writing class, composed of three ruddy-faced boys, whose coarse habiliments and rough hands showed that they belonged to the lower rank of life. The pupils were seated at a rickety-looking desk, in the scantily-furnished upper room of a house situated in one of the meanest and most obscure suburbs of Paris. The master was a thin man, bent from age, but whose vivid glance and sharp careworn features seemed to tell that the vigour of his mind was unimpaired. While standing behind the boys, and instructing them in the art of penmanship, he would sometimes pause and sigh, and look round at a very young girl who was busy at the earthen stove preparing bread soup for their dinner. She was a fair-haired delicate-looking creature, about fifteen, and small for that age; her little hands were scarcely able to lift the earthen pot, in which she put two thin slices of bread, an onion, a few sweet herbs, a bit of dripping,

some pepper and salt, and then filled it with water. With an effort she placed it over the tiny fire in the stove, and watched and skimmed it as it gradually boiled. She then drew forward a small table, covered it with a coarse clean cloth, and neatly arranged on it two bowls, plates, knives and forks, together with a jug of water, and half a brown loaf. Having finished these arrangements, she took some needlework, and seated herself near the stove. At length the hour of one sounded from a neighbouring church, and the pupils of Maître Caillot rose from their seats, and with a politeness which children in this country would do well to imitate, bowed respectfully to their teacher, and then to Mademoiselle Louise, before they withdrew. The old man sighed as the last little gray blouse disappeared. 'Three francs a week,' he said, 'are all I can earn by teaching; and yet thou seest, Louise, I take as much pains to improve these little plebeians as when I directed the hand of the king's son.'

M. Caillot's lot had indeed been one of strange vicissitude. The office of writing-master to the royal princes had been for a number of years hereditary in his family. His ancestor had instructed Louis XIV.; and his son, in due course, taught the dauphin; and so on in regular succession, until the disastrous events of the Revolution brought the good Louis XVI. to the scaffold, and consigned his innocent little son to a lingering death. Then M. Caillot lost his office, and very nearly his life. He had saved scarcely anything from the wreck of his possessions, and now lived in great poverty with his granddaughter. She was his only remaining relative, with the exception of an aged female cousin—Madame Thérèse—who lived at the other side of Paris, and whose circumstances were as indigent as his own. Louise was an amiable, affectionate girl; she attended her grandfather, did the household business, and yet found time to earn a few sous by needlework, so as to add to the small pittance which M. Caillot gained by teaching writing to a few of their neighbours' children. He was certainly very poor, and yet there was a circumstance that appeared to Louise very mysterious. Her grandfather, when in a communicative mood, often spoke of a treasure he possessed, and which she should inherit; and on one occasion he showed her a green tin box, carefully locked, which he said contained a precious possession, not available to him, as he could never bring himself to part with it, but which would one day enrich her. This box he always kept cautiously secreted at the head of his bed; and Louise could not help sometimes wondering why grandpapa would not use his treasure, and prevent them suffering so much from poverty; yet fearing to annoy him, she never spoke on the subject, but quietly put her trust in God, humbly hoping that in His good time their circumstances might alter.

A change indeed came, but it was one that filled the tender heart of Louise with sorrow. One day, about six months from the time when our narrative opens, M. Caillot complained of being very ill: a sort of numbness seized his limbs, and he had scarcely strength to reach his bed. Louise immediately warmed water to bathe his feet, and begged the mistress of the house to fetch a doctor. While waiting his arrival, the old man said in a feeble voice, 'Louise,'

'Well, dear grandpapa?'

'Death is approaching, my child. I feel I have not long to live; and but for leaving thee, I should feel quite happy. I leave thee, my child, in the midst of a dangerous world, yet I feel assured the goodness of God will never forsake thee as long as thou continuest to keep His commandments. I have very little to give thee: the sale of the furniture will do little more than pay the rent; and my other possessions, with one exception, are of trifling value. Give me the tin box at the head of the bed.' Louise did so; and the old man put a small key of curious workmanship into her hand. 'Try, Louise,' he said, 'to earn your livelihood by

honest industry; but if your resources fail, then open this box, dispose of its contents, and they will bring you a sum of money. They are'— But here his voice failed, his breathing became laboured, and pressing once more the hand of his beloved child, he expired just as the physician and the landlady entered the room. The former, seeing that all was over, immediately withdrew, and the latter busied herself in performing the last sad offices for the dead. As to poor Louise, she was stupefied with grief; and it was not until the funeral was over, and she found herself alone, that she was able to rouse herself, and consider her situation.

The door opened, and her landlady, Madame Duval, entered. 'Well, Mademoiselle-Louise,' she said, 'I am come to ask what you intend to do? Has your grandfather left any money?'

'No, madame, nothing but one five-franc piece and a few sous. But perhaps you will have the kindness to put me in the way of disposing of the furniture, which will, I hope, pay your rent and the other expenses?'

'It will hardly do that,' said the landlady, casting a scornful glance around. 'And then pray how are you to live?'

'I can work neatly, madame; and I hope you will kindly allow me to remain with you, while I try to procure employment.'

'Oh, if that's all you have to depend on,' cried the landlady, 'I promise you I cannot afford to keep you here. Why, child, in these hard times a young creature like you could not earn enough to keep you from starving, and then how am I to be paid for your lodging?'

'You need not fear, madame,' said Louise a little proudly, 'that I shall be a burden to you. Though dear grandpapa did not leave me money, he told me he left me a "treasure" in this tin box; but I am not to open it until I am really in want.'

'Oh, that alters the case,' said the woman. 'Of course, my dear Mademoiselle Louise, I shall be most happy to have you here; indeed I was only jesting when I spoke of sending you away. But wont you open the box now? I'm sure you must be anxious to see what it contains.'

'No, madame,' said Louise firmly; 'I must obey grandpapa's wishes, and not open it unless I fail to earn a livelihood by work.'

'As you please, my dear child; as you please,' replied Madame Duval. But she thought to herself, 'She is an oddity, like her old grandfather: I must humour her for the present, and keep her here, so that I shall secure my share of the treasure.'

In pursuance of this plan, the landlady lavished fond words and caresses on Louise: she invited her to eat with herself, and took care to provide some little delicacy for dinner. She disposed of the furniture to the best advantage; and after having satisfied all claims, presented Louise with three francs, saying—'See, my dear, how well it is for you to have an attached friend to manage your little affairs: if less carefully disposed of, your furniture would not have brought half the sum.'

Louise was a gentle, well-principled girl; but she was young, and the pernicious flattery and indulgence of her false friend soon produced an evil effect on her mind. She indeed fell speedily into idle habits. She procured some work from a neighbouring shop, but the remuneration was very small; and she often thought, as she held her needle with a listless hand—'How tiresome it is to work so long for a few sous: I really think I might open grandpapa's box, and enjoy what he has left me!'

It happened one day that Louise saw a very pretty bonnet in a milliner's window; it seemed as if it would exactly fit her, and she inquired the price. 'Fifteen francs,' the milliner said. 'Very cheap, indeed too cheap; but it would become mademoiselle so much, that she would let her have it at first cost.'

Louise looked and hesitated. Her conscience whispered, 'You have not got the money; and even if you had, fifteen francs could be better spent than in gratifying vanity.' 'But the bonnet is so pretty,' she thought again; 'and I can open grandpapa's box to-night, and then I shall be so rich, that fifteen francs will seem a trifle.' Conscience was silenced, though not satisfied; and Louise returned to the house of Madame Duval. They sat down to dinner; but the young girl felt so agitated that she could not eat.

'Madame,' she said at last, 'I think I will open the box to-night. You know I have tried to work, and could earn but little, and 'tis right that I should repay you for your kindness.'

At these words the landlady embraced her. 'Oh, my dear child,' she said, 'you know I love you so much, that I would gladly have you here without any payment. But come, where is the key? Let us look at your treasure.'

Louise produced the key, unlocked the box, and raised the cover. Madame Duval thrust in her eager hand, and drew forth—what?—a bundle of manuscripts carefully tied up. They were evidently written by juvenile hands, and looked, indeed, like schoolboys' copy-books. The landlady and Louise looked carefully through them, hoping they might contain bank-notes, or some paper of value; but when nothing of the kind appeared, the rage of Madame Duval knew no bounds. She accused M. Caillot and his granddaughter of being impostors, and even threatened the poor girl with being sent to prison.

Louise was quite stunned by her misfortune, and could scarcely find words to implore the compassion of her cruel landlady. At length, having exhausted her anger in various abusive epithets, Madame Duval stripped the poor child of everything she possessed, leaving her nothing but a few ragged garments to cover her, and then turned her out of doors, to seek a shelter where she could.

Night was fast approaching, and Louise found herself in a dreadful situation: sent at such an hour to wander, penniless and half naked, through the streets of Paris. When Madame Duval was closing the door, Louise ventured to ask her for the fatal tin box.

'No,' replied she, 'that may be worth a few sous, so I shall keep it; but if you wish for the trumpery papers in it, you may have them, as a precious *souvenir* of your thievish old grandfather.' So saying, the cruel woman threw her the carefully-tied-up manuscripts, and then shut the door.

The heart of Louise was humbled; she felt no inclination to return railing for railing. 'I have deserved this misfortune,' she thought; 'it comes as the just punishment of my idle selfishness. May God protect me, and enable me to act better in future!' After a short but fervent prayer, her mind felt calmed, and she bethought herself of the aged cousin of her grandfather, Madame Thérèse. 'I will go to her,' she said, 'and ask her to let me share her lodging; and perhaps, by working hard, I may contribute to her support as well as my own.' Holding her grandfather's papers carefully in her hand, she set out. The humble lodging of Madame Thérèse was situated in an obscure suburb, and Louise had some difficulty in finding it out. At length a good-natured shoemaker, living in the same street, directed her to the door, and the young girl knocked gently.

'Come in,' said a feeble voice. Louise entered.

The room was small, but very clean: a bed, covered with a white quilt, occupied one corner, and a cupboard another; at the side was a small earthen stove, in which a few sticks were burning, and two or three chairs and a table completed the furniture of the apartment. Madame Thérèse was seated on a low stool near the stove: her dress, though humble, was very clean, and her gray hair, drawn tightly under a muslin cap, gave a venerable air to her wrinkled features. She had been for many years so crippled by rheumatism, as to be unable to walk; but her hands being free from

the disease, she was constantly employed in knitting, and thus gained a scanty subsistence. Yet often in the cold dark days of winter the poor widow would have perished but for the timely assistance of a few charitable neighbours, who, out of their own small supply, used to bring her little presents of soup, bread, and firing. It was now four years since she had seen Louise, her own infirmities, and those of M. Caillot, having prevented their meeting: indeed so secluded was her life, that she did not even know of her cousin's death, and was therefore much surprised both at seeing Louise, and hearing all she had to tell.

Encouraged by the maternal kindness with which she was received, the young girl made a frank confession of her errors, and concluded by saying—'Now, dear madame, if you will allow me to share your room, I will try, with the blessing of God, to be some comfort and assistance to you. I am young and strong; and indeed I will try to work hard.'

'You are welcome, my dear child,' replied Madame Thérèse: 'while God spares me, we will never part; indeed I feel assured that He has sent you to me, and that all our misfortunes, if borne with cheerful resignation, will prove for our real good.'

She then set herself busily to prepare some bread soup, and when it was ready, pressed Louise affectionately to partake of it. Afterwards she made her share her clean hard bed; and the young girl, happy to have found so truly good a friend, slumbered peacefully till morning.

When Louise awoke, she set herself to consider her present situation, and resolved to leave nothing undone that might contribute to her cousin's comfort. Accordingly, having dressed herself, she assisted Madame Thérèse in putting on her clothes, and then arranged the room neatly, while the old lady prepared breakfast.

'How handy and useful you are, my child!'

'Oh, aunt—will you allow me to call you aunt?—I was always accustomed to attend dear grandpapa, and shall be glad to do the same for you.'

Their light meal over, Louise asked her aunt, as she now called her, to look up in the cupboard her grandfather's manuscripts; for although she could see no intrinsic value in them, yet, as a memento of him, she prized them.

The old lady looked at them. 'I am a poor scholar,' she said; 'but certainly these papers appear to me like a schoolboy's scribbling. I cannot think why my poor cousin called them a treasure. However, for his sake we will put them up carefully, and I certainly feel indebted to them for bringing you to me.'

Madame Thérèse then lent Louise a cloak with which to cover her shabby garments, and directed her to a large haberdasher's shop, where she might succeed in gaining employment.

It was situated in one of the busiest streets of Paris, and a number of gaily-dressed people were purchasing at the counter when Louise entered. Ready-made shirts, blouses, and children's clothes were among the articles sold; and these Louise hoped to be employed in making. She advanced timidly towards the mistress of the establishment, and said, 'If you please, madame, do you require a workwoman?'

'Not at present,' was the reply; and poor Louise was turning away, when the woman added, 'If you can work well, and on low terms, I may find something for you to do. Have you any one to recommend you?'

'Only my cousin with whom I live.'

'Who is she?'

'Her name is Madame Thérèse Caillot. She lives in a room, No. 27, Rue —; but she cannot come out of doors, for she is disabled by rheumatism.'

The shopkeeper laughed. 'A fine recommendation truly! You don't suppose, child, that in this establishment we trust our work to persons who can give no better reference than you offer?'

The tears stood in the young girl's eyes. 'Good-morning, madame,' she said humbly, and left the shop.

She recollected passing another warehouse of less splendid appearance in the next street, and thither she turned her steps. There had been a heavy fall of rain, and the pavement was muddy. As Louise walked slowly on, she struck her foot against something that jingled; she stooped, and took up what looked like a lump of mud, but felt very heavy. Louise wiped it, and then perceived it was a purse. With some difficulty she opened the clasp, and found it contained twenty gold pieces. What a treasure! Her first feeling was joy; her second, 'This money is not mine; I must seek for the owner, and return it.' She then resolved to take it to Madame Thérèse, and be guided by her advice as to the best means of restoring it. Securing it carefully in the folds of her dress, she entered the second shop, and applied for work. She met with a similar refusal; and with a heavy heart was quitting the shop, when a few words spoken at the counter arrested her attention. An elderly gentleman was purchasing some gloves, and when the parcel was handed to him, he said, 'I fear, madame, I must be in your debt for these until to-morrow, for I have just been so careless as to lose my purse.'

'Ah, monsieur, what a pity! As to the gloves, don't mention them I pray; it will do to pay for them at any time. But how did monsieur lose his purse?'

'I can scarcely tell. I remember taking out my pocket-handkerchief in the street next to this, and probably drew my purse out with it; but I cannot be certain. It was rather a serious loss—twenty Napoleons.'

Louise advanced eagerly—'Monsieur,' she said, 'I believe I have found your purse; and she handed him the one she had found.'

'You are a very honest little girl,' said he; 'this is indeed my purse, which I never expected to see again. And now what shall I give you for finding it?'

'Thank you, monsieur; I do not expect anything.'

'That's no reason why you should not be rewarded. You look poor: tell me where you live?'

Louise replied that she lived with her cousin, an old woman, and was now seeking for work to support them both.

'Madame,' said the gentleman, turning to the mistress of the shop, 'will you, on my recommendation, supply this girl with work. I heard you refuse her just now, as you said she could give you no reference. I think we may both be assured of her honest principles.'

'Certainly, monsieur, I shall have much pleasure in trying her; and if she works well, I shall be able to supply her with pretty constant employment.'

'Now,' said the gentleman, turning to Louise, 'here are four Napoleons for you; they are only the just reward of your honesty. I leave Paris to-morrow with my family, and shall probably be absent for some months, otherwise I would ask my wife to call at your lodging; but on our return, I hope she will be able to see you. Here is a card with my name and address.'

Louise gratefully thanked the kind gentleman, who hastened from the shop; and she then took the materials for a shirt, promising to bring it back finished the next day. What joyful news she had on her return for Madame Thérèse, and how cheerfully did they partake together of their evening meal, to which a salad and a bit of cheese were added, to make a little feast!

Louise continued to work hard and steadily. Winter set in this year with unusual severity, and poor Madame Thérèse became quite disabled. Rheumatism attacked her hands as well as her feet, and rendered her quite unable to work. She suffered dreadful pain at night, which Louise sought tenderly to relieve by rubbing and chafing her limbs. The four Napoleons were gradually expended in providing medicines and nourishing food for the invalid. Taught by adversity, Louise learnt to forget herself, and was never more happy than when ministering to the wants of her aunt. Before the end of February, their money was all spent, and the earnings of Louise, always small, were farther

diminished by the expense of candle-light, and the necessity of giving up much time to attending the invalid. To add to their trials, the young girl's own health began to fail. Loss of rest, constant sitting at her needle, and want of sufficient food, produced their usual effect. She became pale and thin, her breathing was quick, and her appetite failing.

Madame Thérèse became much alarmed about her. One day she remarked her frequently putting her hand on her side, and sighing as if in pain.

'My child,' said the old woman, 'the good gentleman whose purse you found is a physician. I am sure if he knew of your illness, he would do something for you. Will you, then, call at his house to-day, for indeed I feel uneasy about you?'

Louise felt reluctant to go. She feared it would look like begging from one who had already done much for her; but her aunt fearing that her health was seriously affected, managed to satisfy her scruples, and induced her to go.

Nothing but disappointment awaited them. Louise found the house shut up, and the old man who was left in charge of it told her the family were not expected home for two months. She returned sorrowfully to her lodging, and continued with Madame Thérèse to struggle against poverty and illness.

When Dr Leverrier, the loser of the purse, at length returned to Paris, he called to mind the poor little girl, and one day, accompanied by his wife, sought out the humble lodgings of Madame Thérèse. Ascending the dark, narrow staircase, they knocked at the door, and the voice of Madame Thérèse said 'Come in.' They entered. The room, though perfectly clean, looked almost bare; every little article of furniture had by degrees been parted with to meet the necessities of the poor inmates. Louise, whose weakness had considerably increased, was seated on a bundle of straw, which formed their only bed, and her wasted fingers were feebly endeavouring to finish some work which ought to have been returned the day before. So changed was her appearance, that Dr Leverrier could scarcely recognise her; but she knew him, and blushed deeply as she rose and said, 'Aunt, this is the kind gentleman who gave me the money.'

'I am sorry,' said Madame Leverrier, 'to see you look so poorly; but we are come now to do what we can to relieve you, and I hope, please God, you will soon be well.' She then entered into conversation with the old woman, while her husband inquired into Louise's state of health. He found she had no fixed disease, nothing which might not be removed by good food, fresh air, and freedom from toil. These he took care should be secured to her, by giving her aunt a sum of money sufficient for their present necessities, and promising to continue it until both the invalids should be restored.

They then took their leave, followed by the grateful blessings of Louise and her aunt. That evening Madame Leverrier sent them a comfortable bed and blankets, together with a warm gown and shawl for each. How comfortably they slept that night! and how fervently did they bless the goodness of God in sending them such friends!

Dr Leverrier continued frequently to visit them: he used to send Louise out to walk, and sometimes sat with her aunt during her absence. One day he asked the old lady to tell him all the particulars of their history, which she very willingly did. When she mentioned the manuscripts which M. Caillot had bequeathed to his granddaughter as a treasure, and which had proved so useless to her, he became greatly interested. He was a member of several scientific societies, and very fond of antiquarian research; it therefore occurred to him that the papers might possibly possess some value, and he asked anxiously to see "hem."

'You can have them, and welcome, monsieur,' said Madame Thérèse. 'Louise, poor child, was greatly attached to her grandfather, and for his sake she keeps

them carefully locked up. I will open the cupboard and get them for you.'

Accordingly, she handed Dr Leverrier the bundle tied up with tape. He opened it, and found it to consist of several small parcels. One of them was labelled, 'The writing of his most gracious Majesty Louis XIV., in his eighth year, while instructed by me (Signed) L. CAILLOT.' Dated 1646. Another had a similar superscription, describing it as the writing of the dauphin, the amiable pupil of Fenelon, and grandson to Louis XIV. Then came the first attempts at penmanship of Louis XV. Then the first copy-book of the unhappy Louis XVI. And lastly, tied up and covered with peculiar care, the writing of the little 'Captivè King,' Louis XVII. As we mentioned before, the office of writing-master to the royal family had been for many generations hereditary in that of M. Caillot, and these mementos of their princely pupils' progress had been carefully treasured by each of its representatives, and transmitted to his successor. They had all been well off, and therefore none of the family of Caillot had had any temptation to part with these precious relics until they descended to the grandfather of Louise, who yet, in the midst of his poverty, could not bring himself to sell them. He knew that, as antiquarian curiosities, they would fetch a high price, and therefore justly regarded them as forming a provision for Louise. The suddenness of his death prevented his explaining to her in what their value consisted, and, as we have seen, she remained ignorant of it for a long time.

'These are indeed treasures,' said the doctor: 'I know some persons who will gladly purchase them at a high rate. I have no doubt they will bring Louise several thousand francs.'

Just then the young girl entered. Her eye glanced at the rolls of paper spread out on the little deal table.

'Ah,' she said, 'poor grandpapa's manuscripts that he prized so highly! I have often wondered why he valued them so much.'

'Don't wonder any more, my good girl,' replied her friend. 'They are indeed most valuable; and I heartily congratulate you on your good fortune, which I hope and trust you will try to deserve.'

He then explained to her the nature of the papers; and when he mentioned the large sum which he expected they would sell for, Louise clasped her hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, dear aunt, at last I shall be able to make you comfortable!' Then turning to the doctor, 'Dear sir, how can I ever thank you for your kindness!'

It was all she could say; the sudden emotion was too much for her; and Dr Leverrier took his leave, carrying the manuscripts with him, and promising to return as soon as possible.

Two days elapsed, and on the third morning, as Louise was preparing her aunt's breakfast, the doctor entered.

'Good-morning, my friends,' he said; 'I bring you good news. Louise,' he added smiling, 'how many thousand francs do you suppose yourself possessed of?'

'Dear sir, you are jesting! I cannot guess.'

'Well, I will tell you my adventures since we last met, and then you can judge. I have a particular friend, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and to him I took your manuscripts. He was in ecstasies. "They are invaluable," he said; "quite unique—worth any money! I am not very rich, and yet I would gladly give thirty thousand francs for them." I explained to him the circumstances connected with them, and told him that as I was acting for another, I considered it my duty to obtain the highest possible price for them. He quite agreed with me, and directed me to a brother antiquary of immense wealth, who, he said, would, he was sure, purchase them. Accordingly I took them to Monsieur Lemont (that is his name), and, as I expected, he was delighted with them. He finally offered to pay fifty thousand francs for them, which, considering it the full value for them, I agreed, in your

name, to accept. I have lodged the sum (about L.2000) to your credit in the bank. It will produce you a yearly income of about three thousand francs, and you have now only to consider how to spend it to the best advantage.'

The first impulse of Louise was to kneel down and humbly thank God for his great goodness. She then affectionately embraced her aunt, and turning to Dr Leverrier, 'Oh, sir, how can I thank you!' It was all she could say.

The doctor sat with them for some time, and when Louise became calm, proceeded to discuss her future plans. She was ready to be guided implicitly by him; and his advice was, that she and her aunt should immediately remove to some neat, quiet lodging in the outskirts of Paris, and when settled there, that Louise should apply herself to the cultivation of her mind, in order to become fitted for the new rank in which she was to move.

This judicious counsel was followed, and through the kind offices of the doctor and his lady, Louise and her aunt were speedily established in a nice lodging in the suburbs. The young girl's first care was to provide Madame Thérèse with everything necessary to her comfort; her second, to engage teachers and purchase books for herself. Her efforts at self-improvement were crowned with success. Being now exempt from bodily toil, her health became robust, and she acquired insensibly both polish of manner and refinement of appearance. No one who saw the neatly-dressed venerable old lady walking out, leaning on the arm of an elegant-looking girl, could have recognised Madame Thérèse and Louise as they appeared formerly. Dr Leverrier and his family continued to take the kindest interest in their welfare. He frequently invited them to his house, feeling sure that Louise was a safe and profitable companion for his daughters.

It happened one day that Louise and her aunt were taking an airing with Madame Leverrier. They stopped at a shop to make some purchases, and as they were coming out, an old woman accosted them, begging for alms. She was clothed in rags, and looked miserably poor. Madame Leverrier put a trifle in her hand, and was passing on, when she was surprised to see Louise stop and look eagerly at the beggar woman.

'Can it be!' said the young girl. 'Are you Madame Duval?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'that is my name; but, mademoiselle, how do you know me?'

'I knew you well at one time: have you forgotten Louise Caillot?'

The unhappy woman hid her face with her hands, and said, 'Have pity on me—I am justly punished!'

Louise hastily explained to her friends who it was; and Madame Leverrier having requested the shopkeeper to allow them the use of his parlour for a short time, they caused Madame Duval to come in and explain how she came to be so sadly reduced.

With many expressions of shame and humiliation, the unfortunate woman told them that, by a course of extravagance and idleness, she had gradually become poorer and poorer; until at length everything she possessed was seized for debt, and she was compelled to wander about begging. 'Then,' she said, 'when I found myself a homeless outcast, without a friend, I recollected my cruelty towards you, mademoiselle; and I felt that the just vengeance of God was pursuing me for my sin against an orphan. I thought of all you must have suffered, and I longed to know what had become of you. I am a miserable creature both in mind and body: can you forgive me?'

Louise burst into tears. 'Most freely I forgive you, madame,' she said, 'and will gladly do what I can to assist you.'

She then gave her some money, and having inquired where she lived, promised to send her further assistance. The poor woman seemed ready to embrace her feet with thankfulness, but Louise and her friends has-

tened away, overcome with various emotions. Louise and her aunt spent that evening at the house of their friends; and when Dr Leverrier came in, his wife told him their morning's adventure. He listened to it with much interest, and asked Louise what she wished to have done for her ancient enemy.

'I should like, sir,' she replied, 'to relieve her wants, and afford her the means of support.'

'Then you have no feeling of enmity towards her? Recollect how badly she treated you.'

The young girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him almost reproachfully. It was sufficient answer.

'You are right, my dear child,' said the doctor; 'I spoke only to try you. True greatness of spirit is shown in forgiving an injury, not in returning it; and after all, though she meant it not for good, Madame Duval has been the means of rendering you a real service; for the hard season of adversity you have passed through has been the blessed means of subduing what was evil in your heart, and conferring on you "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."'

MACKAY'S 'WESTERN WORLD.'

Two books of travels in the United States have just come under our notice—one in three volumes by Mr Alexander Mackay,* the other a pocket volume by Mr Archibald Prentice. These works differ not less in external aspect than in the manner in which they are written. That of Mr Mackay consists chiefly of a series of disquisitions on social and political topics, united by a thread of personal narrative; while the small volume of Mr Prentice is a lively description of a tour, and scarcely aspires to be instructive. In the meanwhile, laying the last-mentioned book aside, we propose to confine our attention to Mr Mackay's 'Western World,' which, though tedious in many parts, is far from being without interest. The writer tells us in his preface that, from a residence of some time in the country, he has possessed better opportunities of drawing sound conclusions than travellers of an ordinary class; and as far as we can judge, his views are warranted by the actual and prospective state of society. He would, however, be a very dull person who could travel through the United States without having his sentiments roused on divers matters of social concern, or who would not be impressed with the national greatness that awaits our American brethren.

Mr Mackay begins his observations at Boston, and thence proceeds southwards; each place he visits being a peg whereon to hang a string of observations. New York suggests a disquisition on the commercial policy of the States. At present, a contest rages between the manufacturing and agricultural interests, in reference to free trade; but conversely to that which prevails in Britain. The American agriculturists and cotton growers desire freedom of import and export: the manufacturers alone desire protection; they fear the spindles and looms of Lancashire. What a pity to find such men as Mr Webster and Mr Clay advocating restrictions on trade! In spite of all odds, the free-traders are in the ascendant: the tariff bill of 1846 decided that custom-house duties should be taken only on a revenue basis. Yet that in effect tends to preserve monopoly, and a great modification of duties is contended for. While on this subject, our author refers to the vast injury which America could inflict on England. One is startled by a mere announcement of the fact. The internal peace and prosperity of Great Britain depend on the regular action of the cotton trade. Throw Lancashire and Lanarkshire idle, by stopping the supplies of cotton, and who will say what would be the consequences? For these supplies we are dependent on America. 'This is a dependence,' observes Mr Mackay, 'which

* The Western World, or Travels in the United States in 1846-7. By Alex. Mackay, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: Bentley. 3 vols. 1849.

cannot be contemplated with indifference. As regards the supply of cotton, we are as much at the mercy of America as if we were starving, and to her alone we looked for food. She need not withhold her wheat: America could starve us by withholding her cotton. True, it is as much her interest as ours to act differently; and so long as it continues so, no difficulty will be experienced. But a combination of circumstances may be supposed in which America, at little cost to herself, might strike us an irrecoverable blow: a crisis might arise when, by momentarily crippling our industry, she might push in and deprive us of the markets of the world. And who, should the opportunity arise, will guarantee her forbearance? . . . It is the consciousness of this absolute dependence that induces many to look anxiously elsewhere for the supply of that for which we are now wholly beholden to a rival. The cultivation of cotton in India is no chimera; the time may come when we may find it our safety.' It should have been added, that the late opening of British ports to American corn is the best guarantee against the catastrophe which is feared.

In America all is activity and hopefulness. The possibility of doing great things, striking out new fields of enterprise, causes a universal restlessness. Repose is unknown. In this old country we are at almost every step governed by traditions: we are terrified to do anything which is not sanctioned by the usage of centuries. No man is listened to who has not attained to gray hairs; if he is bald, so much the better. We have another social peculiarity. Politics do not form a quite respectable subject. Criticism of state policy is a kind of half treason. No man is so estimable as he who candidly declares he neither understands nor cares for matters of government. In America all this is different. Old men have there little to say; young men take the upper hand; and politics are not only perfectly respectable, but commendable. 'The American,' says Mr Mackay, 'is from his earliest boyhood inured to politics, and disciplined in political discussion. The young blood of America exercises an immense influence over its destiny. Perhaps it would be better were it otherwise. Frequently are elections carried, in different localities, by the influence exerted on the voters by the active exertions of young men who have as yet no vote themselves. A minor may, and often does, make exciting party speeches, to an assembly composed of men, many of whom might individually be his grandfather.' We should be inclined to say that this is going a little too far. There is a good mid-way in everything.

With something to condemn in their hot political contests, we give the Americans credit for one thing, in which they are clearly our superiors. 'In America there is no volunteering one's services as a representative.' Suitable candidates are brought forward by committees of electors, and no others have a chance of success. Volunteer candidates are called 'stump orators,' and their pretensions are treated only with derision. How much better is this than the beggarly practice which prevails in Great Britain, where candidates descend to the meanness of seeking votes, and not only so, but of paying for them also—in England by bribes of money, in Scotland by expectancies of situations!

Mr Mackay mentions that few things are more surprising in American society than the sway exerted by young unmarried ladies. With us, a Miss fills a very subordinate social position: she is nobody, and enjoys consideration only through her parents. In the States, 'the mother is invariably eclipsed by her daughters,' who issue invitations, and receive company, as if independent beings. The moment a lady submits to the matrimonial tie, she is laid on the shelf, and soon disappears from general society. 'Whilst the young ladies engross all attention to themselves, the married ones sit neglected in the corners, despite the superiority which they may sometimes possess both in personal charms and mental accomplishments.' Possibly the great demand

for wives is the main cause of this social peculiarity. Our author speaks of the number of society meetings, at which young ladies assist nearly every night in the week. Dorcas societies are particular favourites, as they blend a bit of amusement and gossip with the obligations of charity. 'The ladies of a congregation, married and expectant—the latter generally predominating—meet in rotation at their respective houses at an early hour in the afternoon, sew away industriously by themselves until evening, when the young gentlemen are introduced with the tea and coffee: whereupon work is suspended, and a snug little party is the consequence, characterised by a good deal of flirtation, and closed by prayer: the young men afterwards escorting the young ladies home, and taking leave of them, to meet again next week under the same happy circumstances.' In general society, the conversation is said to be greatly made up of 'dreary commonplaces, jokes, and vague compliments.' We would hazard the remark, that conversation cannot be more commonplace in America than it is in ninety-nine houses in a hundred throughout England—a talk of furniture, the weather, articles of eating and drinking, the Opera, the last picture exhibition, and the comparative lighting qualities of gas and candles.

Travelling in a railway car between Philadelphia and Baltimore, Mr Mackay witnesses the extent to which Americans carry their antipathy to the unfortunate coloured race. 'At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectfully dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed could not have been more than 12½ per cent. of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was at all events cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By and by the conductor entered the car again, and, as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood.' Some coarse remarks followed from various persons in the car, commendatory of this odious expulsion. Shocked at what he had seen, our author proceeded to search out the unfortunate young man, whom he found seated in a bare wooden crib, along with about a dozen negroes, who, envious of his white tinge, 'rather rejoiced than otherwise at the treatment he had received.' Mr Mackay states, that on a late occasion the captain of a British steamer on Lake Ontario violently expelled a gentleman of colour from the dinner-table in the cabin, in concession to the prejudice of some Virginians who were present. For this illegal and audacious act he was very properly apprehended on a warrant at Kingston, and had to pay a heavy fine for his officiousness; 'his command being continued to him on condition of his not offending in a similar manner in future.' It is pleasant thus to see British law vindicating the rights of humanity irrespective of race or colour.

Slavery is visibly observed to be a blight wherever it rests. The slaveholding states are palpably retrograding; the non-slaveholding states are rapidly advancing. 'View it whichever way you will,' says Mr Mackay, 'whether as a crime or as a calamity, this institution in the United States invariably carries with it its own retribution. However indispenable it may be to the

wealth and productiveness of some localities, it is a present curse to the land, fraught with a terrible prospective judgment, when we consider the hopelessness of its peaceful removal, and the awful catastrophes to which it will inevitably lead. Where activity and progress are the rule, all that is not advancing assumes the melancholy aspect of retrogression. North Carolina is virtually retrograding. Since 1830, her population has increased but at a very trifling ratio, which is partly to be accounted for by the numbers who annually emigrate from her, as from Virginia and other sea-board states, to the Far West. Her foreign trade, which was never very large, has also of late years been rapidly on the decline, and there is now but little prospect of its ever reviving. She still holds some rank in point of wealth and political importance in the confederation; but every year is detracting from it, and throwing her more and more into the background. She has not only lagged behind most of the original States amongst whom she figured, but has permitted many of the younger members of the Union greatly to outstrip her. Were Virginia freed from slavery, it would become one of the most favourable fields of settlement for emigrants of a wealthy class. As it is, it is, like other slaveholding States, shunned by men of capital and enterprise.

Railways have been already constructed in the United States to the extent of 5700 miles, and 4000 miles are in course of construction. This far exceeds the aggregate length of railways in Great Britain; but the two systems can scarcely be compared. Our lines are generally double; constructed with great care; and are decorated with splendid station-houses and termini:

Mr Mackay, that he has known 7s. 6d. sterling asked at Montreal for every barrel of flour to be conveyed to Liverpool, whilst forty cents, or about 1s. 8d., was the ruling freight at New York. Curiously enough, this great difference, which is so injurious to the colonists, arises from nothing else than a wish on the part of Great Britain to benefit the colonies. According to the navigation laws, no vessel but one of British or colonial build can bring goods from a British colony to England; the object of the law being to keep our own trade to ourselves. On this account foreign vessels taking goods to Canada cannot reload with cargoes for England. If the shippers of Montreal had as much wheat on hand for England as would fill ten vessels, and ten empty American ships were lying at the quay, they could not employ them. They would require to wait until British-built vessels came in and were prepared to take the wheat on board; consequently these British-built vessels having a monopoly, would charge a comparatively high price for their services. Such is one of the effects of what are called 'the navigation laws,' for the abolition of which an effort is now about to be made in parliament. 'It frequently happens,' says Mr Mackay, 'that the quays both of Montreal and Quebec are overladen with produce waiting for exportation, but which remains for weeks on the open wharfs for want of sufficient tonnage to carry it to Europe. . . . It is of this monopoly, and its ruinous consequences, that the Canadian so loudly and so bitterly complains. Such, indeed, is sometimes the want of tonnage in the Canadian seaports, that produce forwarded to tide-water, with a view of being conveyed to Liverpool that season, is not unfre-

was known at Baltimore, forty miles off, and frequently before the mail was delivered, and it was known even at Washington itself. On an important occasion, one of the agents alluded to as being on board beat his competitors by an expert manœuvre. He managed, unperceived, to take a bow on board with him, with which, on the arrival of the boat, he shot his manuscript ashore, attached to an arrow, long before his rivals could throw the sticks ashore to which theirs was tied.

Mr Mackay recommends emigration to the United States in the strongest possible terms, and expresses a surprise, in which we unite, that this country should be embarrassed with a redundant population—redundant in reference to existing means of support—while so great and glorious a field of settlement is open for all on such very easy terms. While society in Great Britain seems to be gradually pauperising—while 'what to do with our beggars' is becoming the most urgent of questions, it is pleasant to read the following passages in reference to a contrary state of things in America:—'The most important feature of American society, in connection with its physical condition, is, that competence is the lot of all. No matter to what this is attributable, whether to the extent and resources of the country, or to the nature of its institutions, or to both, such is the case, and one has not to be long in America to discover it. It is extremely seldom that the willing hand in America is in want of employment, whilst the hard-working man has not only a competency on which to live, but, if frugal, may soon save up sufficient to procure for himself in the West a position of still greater comfort and independence. There are paupers in America, but, fortunately, they are very few. They are generally confined to the large towns; nor need they subsist upon charity, if they had the energy to go into the rural districts and seek employment. This, however, is not applicable to the majority of them, who are aged and infirm. It may be laid down as a general rule, without qualification, that none are deprived of competency in America except such as are negligent, idle, or grossly improvident.' Truly, it has been said, America is the paradise of the working-man.

ANCIENT IMPLEMENTS OF POPULAR SPORTS.

Among the suburban outskirts of London city, long since swallowed up in the ceaseless progress that converts green fields into *brick-fields*, and brick-fields, with the old rural footpaths they have displaced, into paved streets and squares, some memento of former associations still survives, as a memorial of 'the country' that skirted in olden times the city's northern walls.

Clerkenwell Green still sounds as a strange memento of the days gone by, when its gentle pastures and green slopes lay along the 'River of Wells,' as the 'Fleet Ditch' was then termed, while beyond extended in grassy fields, or still greener morasses, Spitalfields, Moorfields, and Finsbury. Ben Jonson tells us of 'the archers of Finsbury, and the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds;' and many a sly hit by the wits of James's Court at the Cockney rivalry of Robin Hood's feats, shows that these civic heroes were often sorely galled by lighter sharpshooters than the archers of Finsbury Fields.

Even so early as 1598, Stowe complains of 'the ancient daily exercises in the long-bow by citizens of the City, now almost clearly left off and forsaken;' and subsequent enactments of James I. proved altogether unavailing in preventing the total abandonment of 'the yard-long shaft,' which had proved the safety and honour of England on many a hard-fought field. Just beyond the old site of Moorgate, the Artillery Grounds still preserve a small area rescued from these old archery grounds, for civic feats of mimic war; but a recent chance discovery in the same neighbourhood carries us back to still older sports and pastimes of 'the London 'prentices' in these extra-mural fields.

In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries at

Somerset House, as well as in various private London museums, specimens of ancient bone-skates may be seen, such as in early times, and even, it is believed, to a comparatively recent period, were used by the citizens of London in their favourite winter pastime on the ice. The Serpentine River of former days was an undrained marsh lying outside London wall, at the foot of the long slope by which the endless tide of Paddington and Highgate omnibuses now wend their way to the Angel at Islington. The winter rains accumulated here into a broad and shallow pond, which required no long continuance of frost to convert it into a safe and ample sheet of ice. Towards this the pleasure-seeking crowds of citizens might then be seen jostling one another as they pushed their way through the old Moorgate archway, each carrying in his hands a pair of homely skates, fashioned in most cases of the leg-bone of a horse, with a hole drilled from side to side at the one end, and into the end at the other—the latter probably to receive a peg by which more effectually to secure the cords that fastened it to the foot. These simple skates, dropped from time to time, and buried in the mud and soil, at first occasioned some little perplexity to the antiquaries of London when they revisited the light. It is not unlikely, indeed, that they may have often enough been found and tossed aside before, as mere rusty bones, during the constant excavations in the City and its neighbourhood. But now that archaeology has become a science with numerous students and devotees, the barest bone is often found worth picking; and since attention was first directed to the subject, about eight years ago, many such bone-skates have been dug up in various districts around London, and particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of the City.

The examples which we have seen of these rude specimens, illustrative of the antiquity and progressive improvement of one of the most popular and healthful recreations of our northern winters, were dug up, in the year 1839, in Moorfields, near Finsbury Circus, London. Though Moorfields—to use a familiar Cockney pun—are no more fields, the whole area having long since been built over, and laid out in streets and squares, beyond which miles of brick tenements and stone-paving extend between it and the open fields, the ground still exhibits, in the course of any excavations by which it is opened up, distinct evidences of its former character as a bog or marsh; and it will presently appear to what uses it was put so long as it retained this character.

Strutt, in his 'Sports and Pastimes,' while confessing his inability to trace the introduction of skating into this country, refers to evidence of its existence in the thirteenth century; and adds an opinion, which few will be inclined to dispute, that 'probably the invention proceeded rather from necessity than the desire of amusement.' The rudeness of these bone-skates is such as seems to justify the antiquary in assigning to them a very early date: and a curious passage, which occurs in Fitz-Stephen's description of London, enables us to establish their identity with those used in that writer's own time—that is, in the reign of Henry II., 1151–1189. Fitz-Stephen, in describing the sports of the citizens of London, says—'When that great moor, which washeth Moorfields at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice,' &c. After enumerating the various modes of sliding, he adds, 'Some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoe bones—as the leg-bones of beasts—and hold stakes in their hands, headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and those men go on with speed, as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine!'

It is rare, indeed, that the antiquary discovers so distinct and unmistakable a reference not only to the character and uses of a chance-found relic, but to the exact locality in which it has lain unheeded for nearly seven centuries.

In Bishop Percy's 'Five Pieces of Runic Poetry,' translated from the Icelandic language,* more than one refer-

* London, 1763.

ence occurs to skating, as one among the most essential qualifications of a northern warrior. In 'Harold's Complaint' the hero thus enumerates his slighted worth:—'I know how to perform six exercises. I fight with courage, I keep a firm seat on horseback, I am skilled in swimming, I glide along the ice on skates, I excel in darting the lance, I am dexterous at the oar, and yet a Russian maid disdains me!'

In M. Mallet's 'Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemarck,'* a quotation is made from the 24th table of the 'Edda,' in which the following allusion to skating occurs:—'Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor! Thialfe answered, That in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the countries. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one.' &c.

But a still more definite description of the ancient skate than that already referred to occurs in Olaus Magnus's 'History of the Nations of the West.' He speaks of it as being made of iron, or of the shank-bone of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, filed down on one side, and greased with hog's lard to repel the wet.

Mr C. Roach Smith, on showing examples of these bone-skates to the eminent northern antiquary Herr Worsaae of Copenhagen, was informed by him that similar examples had been found in Holland, in Scandinavia, and particularly in the southern part of Sweden. He referred him also to a very curious passage in one of the old Scandinavian mythological songs, in which it is said that *Oller* or *Uller*, god of the winter, runs on bones of animals over the ice.

It cannot surprise us to find such early and varied evidences of the practice of skating on the ice among the northern races of Europe, nor of their use of a skate so readily supplied as one of the least-valued spoils of the chase. It seems indeed surprising that a skate so very simple and easily accessible should not still remain in use among our juvenile population, with whom the more refined and complicated modern instrument of steel is sometimes a matter not readily obtained.

No allusion occurs, that we are aware of, among early Scottish writers to a similar practice among the natives of our northern region, though it cannot be doubted that there also skating was one of the winter pastimes of our ancestry from a very early period. Gavin Douglas, in the prologue to the seventh book of the '*Jneiu*,' gives a most vigorous and picturesque description of the northern winter, in which he depicts both the aspect of nature and the influence of the season on man and beast; but no allusion occurs to such popular pastimes as those to which the earlier Scandinavian and Icelandic poets refer.

Most Scottish readers are familiar with Sir David Lindsay's lively satire on the obsequious courtiers of James V., which occurs in the 'Complaynt:—

'Ik man efter thair qualitie,
They did sollist his majestie,
Sum gart him ravell at the rakket,
Sum harlit him to the hurly-hakket,' &c.

The hurly-hakket, more correctly *hurly-hawkie*, was a boy's game practised in James's time and later, on the slope of the Heading Hill, or ancient place of execution near Stirling Castle. Seated on the inverted bone of a cow's head, the youth descended this slope with thundering speed, to the wonder of quiet people, and his own no small delectation. On the Calton Hill near Edinburgh, the game was practised at the end of the last century with a horse's head; but the skull of the ruminant seems to have been the more normal vehicle, as the name *hawkie* is simply the familiar appellation for a cow in Scotland.

It may readily be believed that as the bones of animals were among the early spoils of the chase, they would be adapted in a rude age to many uses for which the devices of modern ingenuity and civilisation have found other substitutes. Among the rude savages of the South Sea Islands, as well as among the Kamchatkins and Esquimaux, the bones and horns of many animals are turned to account in the construction of their weapons

and implements; and we frequently find among the contents of early British tumuli, evidence that our own barbarian ancestry applied them to the same useful purposes.

It was not, however, for objects essentially useful only, but also for the instruments used in games of chance and skill, that the bones of animals were found applicable by our rude forefathers. In Herr Worsaae's comparison of the 'Antiquities of Ireland and Denmark,' in the third volume of the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, he refers to ancient draftsmen of bone, of a hemispherical shape, and with a hole in the flat bottom, which frequently occur in considerable quantities in Norwegian tumuli, and are also occasionally found in Ireland. They are believed to have formed the implements of gaming among the roving Norsemen, their form being designed to admit of their use on shipboard, so that they might not be liable to displacement by the rolling of the vessel.

Many allusions of our early dramatists also suffice to show that such games as nine-pins, loggats, skittles, and the like, were originally played with bones. The name of skittles is evidently derived, like the older term kayles, or kayle-pins, from the French *quille*, a pin. And to the latter game—of which Strutt gives an illustration, somewhat oddly derived from a missal of the fourteenth century—the more modern nine-pins are obviously traceable. Several of these games are enumerated in early English statutes against gaming, particularly in more than one of Henry VIII. And a game called *closh*, which appears to have been nearly identical with nine-pins, is specified in a similar statute so early as the reign of Edward IV.

'Loggats,' says Sir Thomas Hanmer, one of the early editors of Shakspeare, 'is the ancient name of a play or game, which is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the 33d statute of Henry VIII.: it is the same which is now called kittle-pins, in which the boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.'

In a rare old play of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled 'The Longer thou Livest the more Fool thou Art,' a dunce is introduced, who boasts of his skill

'At skates, and the playing with a sheep's joynt.'

So, too, in the well-known scene with the gravedigger in Hamlet—

'That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. Here's fine revolution, an' we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't!'

These allusions place beyond doubt the use of bones in these popular games of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and so, too, we find a later dramatic writer of Charles II.'s reign, in a play called 'The Merry Milk-Maid of Islington,' making one of his characters address another thus—

'I'll cleave you from the skull to the twist, and make nine-akittles of thy bones!'

These latter illustrations may perhaps be considered as having a very slight connection with the subject of ancient bone-skates. They suffice, however, to show to how many uses, which have since been lost sight of, these waste articles of the chase and of the kitchen were applied in early, and even in comparatively recent times.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Drawing Salves and Strengthening Plasters.—People entertain some curious notions as to the properties of salves. We continually hear them talk of drawing salves. It might be possible, no doubt, to trace some of the old doctrines of medical men in these sayings, when what was called the humoral pathology was in vogue. I seldom pass many days without hearing that a particular ointment draws too much, or not sufficiently. The least that can be said of it is, that the phraseology is not good, and altogether indefinite, for the greater part of those who employ it scarcely know precisely what they wish to express. As to strength-

* 2 vols., London, 1770.

ening plasters, I must confess my complete want of faith. To communicate strength by a pitch plaster is more easily said than done. I remember there was formerly a great cry for strengthening plasters at the Manchester Infirmary. Many old men and women would beg for them, as if a plaster was the greatest favour that could be conferred; and afterwards, when their plasters were worn out, they would endeavour, in the most ingenious way imaginable, to bring round the conversation to the subject of plasters, and end by requesting to have others, 'as the virtue,' they said, 'was gone out of the old ones.' It would be well if they could find any relief from their real ailments from such impotent means. As to what are called 'warming plasters,' more faith may be given to them, for these act more or less like blisters, being indeed composed of pitch plaster and blistering plaster, and to some extent, therefore, useful in cases where external irritants are necessary.

People Heavier after Death.—That a person weighs heavier when dead than when living, is one of the popular errors which one cannot well suppose to prevail amongst the better-informed part of society. The phrase *dead weight* has probably sprung up from this idea. Why a person should be heavier when he is dead is not very apparent, unless the principle of life is to be considered as one of levity, as phlogiston was supposed to be by the philosophers of a former day. The supporters of Stahl's celebrated doctrine of phlogiston believed that when a body was burnt, a principle, which they called *phlogiston*, escaped from it in the form of light and heat; but unfortunately for this view, it was found, when the products of combustion were carefully collected, that they weighed more than the body did previously. This would have been fatal to their doctrine, had not the idea been broached that phlogiston was a principle of levity, which, being removed, left the body heavier than before.

This was of course quite fallacious, and so would such an idea be with respect to life. One reason that a dead body is thought to be heavier than a living one is probably this, that in carrying a living person we have the centre of gravity adapted by the person carried to suit the convenience of the carrier, and maintained in a position as far as possible to fall within the base of his body. Again, the elasticity of the structures of the body, especially the cartilages, though not in reality diminishing the weight, gives an appearance of lightness, as we see in the beautiful movements of the stag, and this would seem to corroborate the notion of living creatures being lighter than dead ones. We have also phrases which would seem to imply that lightness was the concomitant of gentleness. How often we are admonished by the poets to tread lightly on the ashes of the dead!

Mother's Marks.—Of what are called 'mother's marks,' I may say a word or two. Everybody has heard of strawberries and cherries being represented on children's heads and backs, and people pretend that these appearances alter according to the season of the year, as the fruit may or may not be ripe. The question as to the origin of these marks appears at one time to have given rise to rather a warm controversy. A Dr Samuel Turner, in the eighteenth century, published a work on diseases of the skin, in which there was a dissertation on these congenital marks contained in the 12th chapter, and in which he attributed them to the influence of the mother's imagination. In answer to this part of the work, an anonymous publication appeared denouncing the idea as a vulgar error. However, Dr Turner discovered the work to be written by a Dr James Augustus Blondel, and looking upon the reply as a direct attack upon himself, republished his views in an appendix to another work which he was then bringing out. Dr Blondel was not, however, to be set down in this manner, and again controverted these opinions. Dr Turner now began to consider his reputation seriously at stake, and supported his views by references from Skenkius, Hildanus, Horstius, and others

who are fond of dealing in prodigies. Though it is evident that he had the worst of the discussion, the fourth edition of his work, which appeared in 1731, is said still to have contained the 12th chapter without alteration, and to be supported with a fierce-looking portrait of the author.

Proverbs.—There are two proverbial sayings which may be just alluded to, particularly as one of them has perhaps a somewhat injurious influence. We often hear people use the expression—'Stuff a cold, and starve a fever;' and many think this plan should be literally adopted, and proceed to act accordingly. I never properly understood the sense of the proverb until one of my professional friends explained to me that there was an ellipsis in the sentence, and that it should be understood as a brief way of saying, 'Stuff a cold, and you will have to starve a fever;' that is, if you do not refrain from generous living during a cold, ten to one you will set up a fever in which you will have to abstain altogether. This is certainly a more sensible reading of it. The next proverb is, 'That twilight is the blind man's holiday.' At first it would seem a ridiculous saying, because if want of light is to excuse us from work, a blind man must have a perpetual holiday.

The proverb no doubt relates to the well-known fact, that a man with a cataract can see better in the twilight. This is very easily explained; for in the softened light called twilight, the pupil of the eye expands, and as the diseased lens which intercepts the light is chiefly opaque in the centre, it follows that the rays of light are in some degree admitted when the pupil is fully dilated.

Bones Brittle in Winter.—Accidents frequently happen in winter-time from the slippery state of the roads; but there is a general belief that the bones are more brittle in winter than at another time. In frosty weather, it is a common remark made to domestics to be careful in cleaning the windows, as the glass is brittle; and this certainly is the case, and for an obvious reason. The outside of the window is exposed to the cold frosty air, whilst the inside is warmed by the heated air of the room; hence the two sides are expanded in different ratios, and a slight accident is sufficient to break the pane; just as hot water, put suddenly into a cold glass, may crack the vessel; especially if it be so thick that the heat is not readily transmitted through it. Well, then, probably the notion about the brittleness of the human bones in winter is derived from the fact I have mentioned; but the animal heat does not differ in cold weather, except indeed on the surface of the body. Nor would there otherwise be any analogy in the cases. That the bones of old people are more brittle than those of the young, is quite true; but this is of course altogether a different question.

Of the Lock-Jaw.—Many people entertain a very singular idea of the complaint called lock-jaw. It is, I think, often supposed that the disease consists alone in the forcible closure of the jaw, and that the patient, being unable to get sustenance, dies from inanition. Some of these people, who consider themselves a little more ingenious than their neighbours, will suggest to you the extraction of a tooth as a remedy, which, they think, may not have presented itself to others. In reality, the stiffened state of the muscles of the jaw is only a part of a general condition of spasm, the origin of which is ill understood, notwithstanding the great attention which has been devoted to the subject, and the ability which has been directed to it. The body is sometimes bent back like a bow in a most frightful manner, and the hands and feet dreadfully distorted. As the complaint first shows itself about the muscles of the jaw, it may have acquired the name from this circumstance. Some non-professional people mistake dislocation of the jaw for lock-jaw. When the jaw is dislocated, it remains widely open, and the patient is unable to shut his mouth. One laughable case is related of a person singing very

loudly at a concert, who suddenly became silent, and was found staring with his mouth wide open. At first people thought he was mad, but at length it was discovered that his jaw was dislocated.

Red Flannel.—The very name red flannel brings to me a thousand recollections of old women with mountains of bandages round their heads, or of swelled knees and joints carefully swathed like Egyptian mummies. It is really surprising to see the number of rolls which surround the heads of some of the aged and invalid poor. I have frequently endeavoured to effect their removal or diminution, but I always found I was touching on a sore point; and though I succeeded in some cases, I could evidently see there would be a struggle to return to the old red flannel as soon as my attendance was discontinued.

But the red flannel is not used merely for warmth: it is looked upon as a sort of remedy in itself. In the same way as you would apply a blister, or an ointment, or lotion, so you use the red flannel. But though the red flannel is so generally confided in by the poor, in this, as in many other instances, I have in vain sought from any of its supporters to obtain any precise idea of its *modus operandi*. The efficacy of red flannel must then be conceded, I suppose, as an ultimate fact, which must be granted, and not reasoned upon.

It would be altogether profane to ask whether the virtue depends on the coarseness of its texture, or upon its colour, or some properties imagined to reside in the dye. People do not say, shall I use coarse flannel? or shall I keep the part well wrapped up in many folds of flannel? but shall I use *red* flannel?

Mussels.—Mussels, it is well known, sometimes produce nettle-rash, and other unpleasant symptoms; so that it is common to say people are *mussel'd*. We often hear it stated that this depends upon a certain part of the mussel, and that when this part is taken out, there is no fear of bad effects arising. I cannot for my own part speak on this point, but I will simply quote what Dr Paris states. 'The mussel,' says he, 'is a species of bivalve, which is more solid, and equally as indigestible, as any animal of the same tribe. The common people consider them as poisonous, and in eating them, take out a part in which they suppose the poison principally to reside. This is a dark part, which is the heart, and is quite innocuous: the fact, however, is sufficient to prove that this species of bivalve has been known to kill, but not more frequently perhaps than any other indigestible substance.*'

Galvanic Rings.—A little while back it was very much the custom to wear what were called galvanic rings for the relief of rheumatic and other pains. Even granting that these rings have a galvanic action, I do not myself see how they are to cure such complaints. Perhaps they are intended to act like charms. Formerly, rings were very much used to charm away diseases. Pettigrew tells us that Paracelsus had a ring made of a variety of metallic substances, which he called *electricum*. 'These rings were to remove cramp, palsy, apoplexy, epilepsy, or any pain. If put on during an epileptic fit, the complaint would be immediately cured.' Sometimes rings were formed from the hinges of a coffin. 'Andrew Boorde,' he continues, who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., says, 'the kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere crampe rynges, which rynges worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the crampe.' †

† In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1794, we are told that a silver ring, which is made of five sixpences, collected from five different bachelors, to be conveyed by the hand of a bachelor to a smith that is a bachelor, will cure fits. None of the persons who gave the sixpences are to know for what purpose, or to whom they gave them. ‡ Bachelors were not, however, the only contributors of these charms.

'The London Medical and Physical Journal for 1815 notices a charm successfully employed in the cure of epilepsy, after the failure of various medical means. It consisted in a silver ring, contributed by twelve young women, and was constantly worn on one of the patient's fingers.*' It seems, then, that the practice of curing diseases by metallic rings is by no means new. A short time ago I attended a gentleman for a rheumatic complaint, who all the time wore one of these galvanic rings. I do not know whether he attributed his recovery to the ring or his medicine, or whether he divided the credit.

Heart.—There are some errors which are of an anatomical nature. There is a common misunderstanding as to the position of the heart, though it is common enough to talk of the *heart being in the right place*. People say the heart is on the left side; but in reality it inclines only a *little* to the left, being almost immediately behind the breast-bone or *sternum*, and is situated higher than I think is generally conceived by non-professional people. The breast-bone is the bone with which the ribs are articulated at the front of the chest, and immediately behind the breast-bone lies the heart, surrounded of course by its proper coverings. I have known people imagine the stomach to be immediately at the termination of the windpipe, because the feelings of indigestion are often referred to this point. In respect to the heart, the term ossification, applied to disease of the heart, is generally but imperfectly understood. There are people who think the heart is literally and completely changed into bone. A person would, however, die long before such a change could be brought about. There are, however, some very extraordinary cases related by Corvisart, Burns, Haller, and others, in which large portions of the heart were replaced by ossific deposits. In general, however, when ossification of the heart is spoken of, it is merely meant that the valves of the heart are impeded in their action by ossific deposits, and instead of falling in a manner to close the orifices over which they are situated, remain to a certain extent patent.

Amongst this class of anatomical errors is that which we sometimes find people run into, of supposing that they have what they call a *narrow swallow*. Such people cannot take pills. The same people will swallow much larger bodies with ease. I have several times been called to children who have swallowed marbles and other large bodies, whilst the mothers have asserted that their throats were too narrow to admit the passage of pills. In these cases there seems a want of consent in the muscles of deglutition with those of the mouth and palate, and this must proceed from a mental feeling, sometimes difficult to overcome.

Inward Fits.—Nurses often speak of *inward fits*. When I first heard the phrase I was somewhat puzzled with it. There is something terrible in fits, but still more terrible in supposing that they are going on in the interior without any external manifestation. The truth is, these inward fits (*quasi fights*) are no more inward than any other fits, and scarcely to be dignified by the term fits. I conceive that the expression is applied to those little nervous twitchings which we occasionally see during sleep. An infant will have its mouth drawn up into a sort of smile, and the eyelids will be scarcely properly closed. † The nurses will shake their head, and tell the anxious parent that it is suffering from inward fits. I do not like the term, for I think it is calculated to produce a sort of alarm which is not always justified by the case.

Means of Preventing Contagion.—I think it is often supposed that medical men are in the habit of carrying about them some drug which has a protective influence against the operation of contagion. If this were the case, it would be very proper that it should be made generally known. I remember, when I was very young,

* Paris on Diet, p. 163. 1836.

† Op. Cit. p. 62.

† Op. Cit. p. 67.

* Pettigrew, p. 62.

† Burns's Practice of Midwifery, p. 786. 1836.

having a little bag of camphor stitched in my dress, to prevent fever during the time that it was prevalent. Some people will suppose that smoking is desirable. I have known ladies put lavender in their handkerchiefs if they thought they were going to run any risk. Most of the remedies used are of this class—namely, such as have a powerful odour. The celebrated Hahnemann, the author of the homœopathic doctrines, thought that belladonna had a protective influence against the scarlet fever. It was, however, to be given internally, of course in a very small dose—three grains dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, of which three drops were to be administered twice daily to a child under twelve months. The homœopaths assert that if it does not prevent the disease, it renders it mild.

The plan of carrying camphor bags reminds one of the old amulets and charms to which we have already given attention. I mentioned the importance of rings. In the Harleian manuscripts (according to Pettigrew, p. 67), is a letter from Lord Chancellor Hatton to Sir Thomas Smith, written at the time of an alarming epidemic. He writes thus:—'I am likewise bold to recommend my most humble duty to our dear mistress (Queen Elizabeth), by this letter and ring, which hath the virtue to expel infectious airs. . . . I trust, sir, when the virtue is known, it shall not be refused for its value.' Perhaps some one may bring out cholera rings—I dare say people would be found to buy them. The more ridiculous a remedy is, the better it often takes. However, medical men do not attach importance to these portable remedies, at least such as operate merely in giving out an odour without exercising any chemical influence on the atmosphere. I am not now alluding to such as chloride of lime, which is to be kept in the house. The subject of the prevention of contagion is much too vast and important to admit of cursory remark, and I shall content myself, therefore, with denying that medical men are in the habit of carrying about their persons remedies to prevent contagion.

Of Bile.—Just as I stated that the public use the word *scoury* as a general term for diseases of the skin, so it is common to use the epithet *bilious* for a number of distinct affections. A person is in the habit of putting his stomach out of order, and declaring that he is very bilious; or another shall lay the flattering unction to his soul that some serious structural disease is all attributable to the bile. There is one common mistake made in respect to vomiting *bile*. Whenever bile is found in the ejected matter, it is at once concluded that it was owing to a redundancy of bile that the sickness was created. This is, however, in most cases an error, for the bile is brought into the stomach from the first bowel (the duodenum) by the straining efforts of the patient, which cause a reflux or regurgitation of the bile in opposition to its natural route. Thus nothing is more common than to find bile ejected from the stomach in sea-sickness, even when the sufferer set out on his voyage in the full enjoyment of health.

Whilst engaged in writing out these brief memoranda of medical errors, I stumbled on a book on the subject, written by a Dr Jones, dated 1797, in which he places in the category of popular errors some which one would scarcely expect to meet with in such a connection. Thus he considers it as one of the errors to be refuted, 'that a physician just called to a patient ought, as soon as he comes down stairs, to inform the family of the name of the distemper.' Most medical men will agree with him that this is certainly an egregious error.

He also alludes to the absurdity of asking a physician questions at a dinner-table, which it is impossible for him to answer without a careful inquiry into the case of the querist. I shall not now, however, trespass longer on the attention of the reader, but conclude by again reminding him that if I have been led to mention many things of a very commonplace kind, I have been obliged to do so by the nature of the subject; and in respect to the style or manner in which this has been done, it appeared to me that common things would

be best described in common and familiar language, and colloquial phrases would best embody the ideas with which they are generally connected.

THE SEVEN-SHILLING PIECE; AN ANECDOTE.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back-room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed perhaps in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs Thompson and Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. 'You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point.'

'Well, sir?' impatiently interrupted the other.

'I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir.'

'Well?'

'Is it true?'

'Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself: our cashier will instantly pay you;' and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

'Far from it, sir: I have not one sixpence in your hands.'

'Then may I ask what is your business here?'

'I wished to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?'

'Why do you ask the question?'

'Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit.'

The money-dealer stared.

'You seem surprised: you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honoured by a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?'

'Not I, my friend.'

'No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefited by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix: listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done.'

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

'Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. "Thank you, my lad," replied you—"thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;" and you threw me a seven-

shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it: I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use: here it is, sir—here it is;’ and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. ‘In a few days I’ll call again;’ and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll: it contained L.30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The L.30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some L.200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

SNODGRASS THE INVENTOR.

THE decease of a generally little known, but useful inventor, Neil Snodgrass, is noticed by the ‘Glasgow Citizen’ newspaper. This ingenious man, who has just died in his seventy-third year, appears to have begun his inventive career by applying steam to the purpose of heating public works, &c. Mr Snodgrass was also the inventor of the ‘Scutcher,’ or blowing machine, commonly called in cotton-mills the ‘Devil,’ by which an important saving in the raw material is effected, while the cotton is prepared in a much more uniform manner than could possibly be done by the hands. It is, however, in connection with the steam-engine that the name of Mr Neil Snodgrass chiefly deserves to live. Notwithstanding Watt’s grand invention of the separate condenser, and the completion of his numerous other improvements, a mighty defect still existed at the very heart of the machine. How to render the piston of the steam-engine perfectly steam-tight, and yet capable of moving in the cylinder without enormous friction, was, in the early history of the invention, felt to be an insuperable difficulty. This difficulty would have been considerably lessened had it been possible to construct a perfectly true cylinder; but as no skill in workmanship could secure this necessary height of perfection, the only alternative remaining was to render the periphery of the piston elastic, so as to adapt itself to the inequalities of the surface against which it was to slide. To effect this object, the piston was constructed with an upper and lower flange, between which a mass of hemp was wound, which it was necessary to renew and tighten at frequent intervals, and to keep at all times profusely saturated with grease. In order to provide a substitute for this primitive and clumsy process, Mr Snodgrass passed many a night of anxious thought. Having in 1818, with the assistance of a number of master spinners who had profited by his inventions, built a mill of his own at Mile End, Glasgow, he commenced in 1823 to make experiments in packing the piston on an entirely new plan, and in 1824 his splendid invention of metallic packings was given gratuitously to the public. These packings consisted of segments of metal acted upon by springs pushed outward from the centre, and thus adapting themselves to the inequalities of surface unavoidable in the cylinder. This novel and beautiful invention of an elastic metal piston shared for a time the fate of many discoveries destined to revolutionise the world. It was ridiculed and discredited. After encountering some opposition, Mr Snodgrass prevailed upon the late Dr Stevenson to allow the experiment of the metallic packing to be tried in the Caledonian steamer, which was most successful. From that day up to the present time no other description of piston has been constructed. Its value is altogether incalculable. It is supposed that in the Clyde alone the saving it has effected in the mere article of tallow amounts to not less than L.20,000 per annum. The importance of the invention has been prodigiously increased by the introduction of the railway system, as the old pistons would have been totally inapplicable to the locomotive. Beyond the barren fame of the invention—

and not always did he receive even that—his sole profit, if we except the premium that was awarded to him in 1825 by the Glasgow town council, from Coulter’s mortification, consisted in his being employed to manufacture some fifty metallic packings—at the rate of 5s. per inch of the diameter of the respective pistons. In the course of his long and laborious life he introduced a variety of minor improvements in machinery, many of which continue, we understand, in general use. Among these we may mention a new application of the Mendoza pulley and wheel for leading out the mule-spinning carriage; a new plan of skeleton bars for furnaces; and an apparatus for the prevention of smoke on the Argand principle. Mr Snodgrass also claimed to have anticipated Mr Dyer of Manchester by two or three years in the present arrangement of the tube roving frames, for which the latter obtained a patent by which he is said to have cleared L.50,000.

SONNET—RASH OPINIONS.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

We judge too rashly both of men and things,
Giving to-day’s opinions on the morrow
Utter denial, while we strive to borrow
Hollow apologies that—like the wings
Of butterflies—show many colours. Sorrow
Hideth its tears, and we disclaim its presence
Where it hath deepest root; Hate softly brings
A smile, which we account Love’s sweetest essence:
Simplicity seems Art; and Art we deem
White-hearted Innocence—misjudging ever
Of all we see! Let us, then, grant esteem,
Or grudge it with precaution only; never
Forgetting that rash haste right judgment mars:
What men count but as clouds may prove bright stars!*

* Earl Rosse’s telescope proves that what were deemed nebulae, are in reality clusters of stars.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In a certain town, a miserable wretch was lately brought before the magistrates charged with having cruelly beaten his jackass. The evidences for the prosecution were a gentleman and two gamekeepers. The gentleman saw the prisoner beat his jackass cruelly, and the two gamekeepers corroborated the fact. ‘Now, man,’ said the presiding magistrate, ‘what have you to say for yourself?’ ‘Why, please your honour, I was in a hurry; the ass would not go, so I beat him; that’s all, and he’s used to it.’ The magistrates were shocked: one of them made a touching speech on the cruelty and cowardice of ill-using poor dumb creatures—and the culprit was fined the full penalty. A gentleman then said to the man who had been fined, ‘Why, John, I thought you had something to say touching cruelty to poor dumb animals?’ ‘Oh, sir, you means about them gins or steel traps; well, if I shall not get into harm by offending the bench, I will tell what I saw the same morning I was cotched wallopping my donkey. I was in — wood, picking up a few sticks; ’twas just daylight; when I heard something cry and squeal; and I went up to the place not fur from the higher hedge of the wood, and saw a rabbit caught by the leg in a gin; a few yards further was a pheasant; and a little further a fox, which was trying to bite his own leg off, all caught in gins, and all alive: just at the moment I heard voices, and hid myself. When they two gamekeepers came up, one said, “Poorish luck to-night, only ten rabbits and four pheasants; but here is another rabbit and a pheasant.” They then saw the fox: “We must bury that,” says one to the other, “or there will be a row about it.” They then knocked the fox on the head, bagged the rabbits, and pocketed the pheasants, and whilst they were earthing the fox, I stole away to my Neddy.’ ‘Now, gentlemen,’ exclaimed the advocate, ‘this is a strong case of cruelty, so many poor innocent creatures made to suffer torture so many hours. Gentlemen, ye have fined, and justly too, yon poor fellow for cruelty, now punish those two gamekeepers with severity for acts of most atrocious and barbarous cruelty.’ The magistrates hem’d and haw’d, consulted among themselves, said there was no precedent, and left the hall.—*Plymouth Herald.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. Orr, 147 Strand, London; and J. M’GLASHAN, 21 D’Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 271. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

METAPHYSICS OF PARTY.

In all states where the popular voice is heard, there is a divarication of the people into parties. It seems to be an unavoidable consequence of deliberation on their part that a diversity of view arises, under which they commence pulling different ways. It usually depends on external circumstances which of the two sets gives the actual direction to affairs. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the entire population is divided into parties. It is only in extraordinary circumstances that even an approach is made to an involvement of the whole people in controversial politics. The actual partisans are usually but a handful on each side, while the great mass remains in the centre with a comparatively dull sense of what is going on, and little disposition to interfere, although liable to be to some extent affected towards one view or the other, according as arguments are successfully addressed to them, or circumstances arise to enforce their attention to public questions, to excite their prejudices, and to awaken their hopes and fears. It is this torpor of the mass which forms the great difficulty in democratic arrangements. In tranquil times they would rather not use their votes. In times of excitement, the use to be made of these votes depends almost entirely on the dexterity with which popular prejudices are addressed by unscrupulous members of the thinking handful; whence of course disappointments, despair of progress, patriotic heartbreak, and many consequent evils.

In that intelligent and active portion of a people which becomes inspired with party feelings, it is curious to study the various causes which determine particular predilections. What may be called the natural bases of partisanship are readily traceable. Some minds are from the cradle venerative of authority, and through life continue ready to submit to it, and to exert themselves for its support. Others are congenitally jealous of power, indisposed to yield to it, and eager to keep it in check. Here are the two great sources of loyalty and Jacobinism. Some minds look with a romantic tenderness on what is old; they love to wander back into the past, and regret whatever tends to produce a change in the ancient landmarks. Others, again, are all for the romance of the future. Change is to them a continual subject of hope. The present does not satisfy them; the past they despise. Here are the two great natural sources of conservative and reforming politics. Some minds, again, are intolerant of whatever is not clearly useful, expedient, and economical. Others regard such matters with indifference or with contempt. The former have a satisfaction in viewing the means of promoting the benefit of the community. The philanthropy of the latter never gets beyond the particular case of some friend, or dependent, or any individual

casually brought under their attention. Here, it is equally evident, are the natural origins of the politico-economical reformer and his opposite. Now though there are three sets of characters brought here into contrast, they are all in general resolved into one set of persons. Jealousy of power, hopefulness of change, and love of the economical, are attributes usually found in one person, as the opposites also are, though perhaps not all found at the same time, as it is not always that there is occasion for the development of the whole set of feelings at once.

There are, however, secondary and modifying circumstances. Where the natural tendencies are not of a very resolute character, they will be much affected and biassed by parental authority and example, and the force of external circumstances generally. They will also, even in pretty strong cases, undergo a change in the course of advancing years. Thus he who begins with romantic feelings in favour of authority and antiquity, is often seen, as he grows soberer, and acquires more solid, as well as more extensive views, to pass wholly or partially into the opposite range of politics. He who began with ardent hopes of improvement from change, is often, in like manner, disenchanted in his middle or elderly life, and becomes fain to own that things which he once thought wrong may have an intermediate bastard utility not altogether to be despised, while as yet society is composed of a mixture of the civilised and savage. Then there is a set whose general determination is apt to be affected by whims, crochets, or views of interest. Thus we sometimes see a neighbour range himself on the conservative side, not exactly because he primarily tends that way, but because the opposite system has awakened some antipathy in his nature. Popular causes, though often invested with a certain sublimity, are more generally liable to vulgar associations. The cant, the clangour, the dust and sweat attending them, are repulsive to a fastidious nature; while, on the other hand, the select few ranged in opposition appear gentlemanly, gallant, almost martyr-like. In this way many fine spirits are lost to great movements, both in politics and religion. A mind, too, which is in the main of liberal inclinations, may betake itself to the opposite banners because of something in its own position which brings it painfully into collision with authority. An arrogant father or master will sometimes send one of nature's conservatives to the camp of the enemy. A proud spirit, chafing in an unworthy situation, looked down upon by reputedly-superior classes, while conscious of that within which ought to annul all social distinctions, will often take the rebellious side in despite of the first intention of nature.

Among this class of causes there is obviously none more powerful than the selfish feelings. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that men are to any great

extent bought by actual money or by prospects of advancement. The chances on both sides are much alike in these respects. Purchased partisanship was a feature of grosser ages, but scarcely of ours. People are now more liable to be gained or lost through their self-love and love of approbation. A man thinks he is of some value: if courted to the extent of his sense of this value, he will perhaps give his support; if neglected, he will be apt, out of pique, to go to the other side. A very small matter in the way of courtesy will often not merely obtain a vote, but determine a career of some importance to the public. It is not that there is a want of conscientiousness in such minds. They are merely irresolute in the midst of contending arguments, and liable to be taken to that side which shall place them on the most agreeable footing with themselves. Once let any petty circumstance decide the way which they are to take, and the personal feeling, 'This is *my* side,' will keep them as upon a line of rails through life, or till something equally petty shall occur to disgust them with their party.

All of these causes may be said to be alike natural, though all cannot be considered as alike respectable. Where one's line of politics is determined by innate tendencies of the mind, apart from all selfish considerations, the whole range of action which results, as far as bounded by rules of honour, is entitled to public respect. It is all that we have of the nature of a Divine voice speaking in the breasts of men. Therefore, no matter how inconvenient the dictates of this voice may appear, no matter to what consequences it may threaten to lead, it must be respectfully listened to and intreated. To call the ultra-loyal by any such appellation as Malignants, or the ultra-liberal by such a term as Destructives, is not to be approved of by those who are out of the heat of the strife. Let there be as much activity of counteraction by argument as possible; seek by all means to establish the supremacy of what you believe to be better doctrines—but spare the fellow-creature who acts under the resistless necessity of his own lights, believing him to be, in intention, as good as yourself.

When we come to consider the secondary or modifying circumstances, we feel of course more at liberty to assign degrees of merit and demerit. The mind which has been affected by educational influence, or yielded to the authority of others, even though these may have been persons generally entitled to reverence, cannot be considered as quite on the same moral platform with one which obeys great primitive impulses inherent in itself. Those who have changed their views with advancing years, alike true to the natural voice at the one time as the other, ought of course to be carefully distinguished from common renegades. The victims of crotchet and of petty feelings of self-love may be pitied, but we can never esteem them. They ought to have reflected on the great interests at stake, and not allowed themselves to be swayed by trivial considerations as to themselves. It is of importance to pass rigid judgment on such persons, because they often have from the rest of their character a high claim to respect. They may have, for instance, great talents. Common thinkers argue that because this is an able man, his word ought to go a great way. It is important to see that, while this would be true of an able man whose mind was clear to form sound conclusions, it is not true of one who has allowed himself to be carried out of his proper track by some romantic whimsey, some disgust at a successful rival, or some pique arising from his finding that his own estimate of himself was not admitted by the party to which he first seemed inclined to attach himself. It is one of the most distressing things in the world of politics to see a man who, from some such frivolous cause, has thrown himself into a false position. His energy and eloquence are hampered at every turn by his secret convictions. He has to act, with affected courtesy, with those whom in his heart he despises. When he has given himself to a failing cause, as very often happens, he is doomed to see his best talents

expended in vain, to feel himself growing old without having accomplished anything, while inferior but better-directed men are reaping their due harvest of both profit and honour. These are amongst the moral suicides of the able men of the world. How powerfully do they warn us that we are not to be guided in any of the greater affairs of life by the selfhood, but by its opposite—a generous view of what is good for all!

It is difficult, or rather impossible, for some natures to maintain coolness in times of violent political excitement; but to many it may not be altogether useless to remind them that the most earnestly-cherished dogmas are liable to be followed by great disappointment. The French revolutionist sees his high aspirations for a rule by and for the people lead resistlessly to a despotism. The panic-struck conservative sees nothing follow from the changes which he vainly resisted, but a ridiculous falsification of his fears. If men would reflect how often the result has been different from that contemplated on either side, there would be on the one hand a soberer hope and a less intolerant feeling towards all thwarting influences, on the other a more cheerful trust in the course of Providence, even under what appear the most trying crises. Few politicians of any shade seem sufficiently aware of the character of that great central mass which has been already described as non-political. There, in reality, resides that which defeats alike the hopes of democratic and the fears of oligarchical parties. It is a mass which refuses to be democratised. It minds its own affairs, content with whatever rule may be over it, unless it be one which makes itself painfully felt indeed. Go beyond the capacity of change inherent in this mass, and you must come back again to where you were. Give it true cause of discontent, and it becomes an element of great danger, though one which cannot long remain in such an attitude. The great secret of successful rule is never to offend irremediably this true *squadron volante* of parties, never to resist it beyond a certain point, and never to lose faith in it as a mass which can only be temporarily thrown out of its proper condition, as that which gives at once momentum and stability to the entire machine.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

BURNHAM TERRACE has always enjoyed a reputation for gentility. It consists of ten houses, each let for the respectable sum of a hundred a year; and its lady inhabitants, of whom I am one, rather take a pride in seeing that everything is kept in high order about the place. No encouragement, for example, is given to peripatetic vendors who bawl out the names of their articles; the slip of enclosed ground in front common to all the dwellers, is as neat as a hired gardener can make it; and the door-steps are hearthstoned freshly every morning. All things have gone right with Burnham Terrace except No. 10, the house at the northern corner. That corner house was for years an annoyance and a mystery.

No. 10 was the property of a lady called Miss Delany, and so was No. 8 and No. 9—a large mass of building worth three hundred a year; and at least as regards my house, No. 8, and that of Mrs Smith, No. 9, well-paid money. What kind of person the proprietrix was we had no means of forming a correct judgment. We never saw her, though we heard that she lived in some obscure out-of-the-way place in a most penurious, and, for a woman with three hundred a year, a very eccentric way. Her strange method of living was considered the less proper, on account of her having a brother a judge. The only shade of excuse ever offered for Miss Delany was, that No. 10 had on several occasions stood for a short time empty. It had so frequently changed inhabitants, that there seemed to be something unlucky about it; and yet it was as good a house as any in the row. This changeableness was not liked by the residents in the row generally. People take a

grudge against a house which occasionally stands empty, and has not its windows and doorway cleaned regularly.

One morning, after cook had received my orders for the day, she paused as if she had something to communicate; and to my 'Well, Sally, what is it?' replied, 'Oh, ma'am, what do you think? A lady has come to live in No. 10! Her furniture came last night in a donkey-cart; and the milkman called with his milk this morning.'

'Furniture in a donkey-cart! Sally, you must be dreaming.'

'Not at all: No. 7's servant told me all about it. She saw a deal-table and a bed brought to the door; and the lady was there to take them in.'

'And who is the lady?'

'I hear it is Miss Delany herself, the landlady. But surely it cannot be her, as it would be so strange!'

Strange indeed, and not less strange than true. The intelligence spread, as if by electric telegraph, through all the houses in the terrace; and their organs of wonder were excited to a surprising degree. Several ladies suddenly bethought themselves of going to view the corner house; they had friends who were looking out for a residence of that kind in the suburbs. Mrs Smith, my next-door neighbour, as much interested as the others, persuaded me to call at No. 10, just as we were passing for a morning walk; 'not from curiosity,' said she, 'but merely because I have friends, the Petworths, who are looking out.'

Mrs Smith's loud triple knock reverberated through the desolate mansion; and the door was opened by a young fair-haired girl, who preceded us through the house. She was a pretty modest creature, of about fourteen years of age, plainly dressed, but scrupulously clean. After we had mounted to the attics, and descended again, having visited every apartment except the dining-room, which opened from the hall, the little girl hesitated as we approached that room, and slightly colouring, asked if we desired to view that also? 'Yes, certainly we do,' peremptorily exclaimed Mrs Smith: 'it is of the first consequence,' winking to me, as much as to say, 'Now we shall at last hunt out this shadow, and see if Miss Delany is flesh and blood.'

I must do myself the justice to say that I hesitated; but with the view of neutralising any abruptness Mrs Smith might be guilty of, I followed her into a large front room—the dining-room of the house. There was a small bright fire in the grate, a strip of carpet placed where a rug usually is, and a wooden table and two chairs before it. A stump bedstead occupied one corner of the apartment, and nothing else was visible; for no doubt other necessities were stowed away in the spacious closets on each side of the fireplace. Perfectly well-ordered and exquisitely clean were the simple arrangements, giving even a habitable appearance to that dingy bare apartment. The wooden table was covered with books and needle-work, and a female rose from beside it as we entered. She was a small, pale, middle-aged woman, clad in coarse stuff habiliments, her placid face surrounded by the close crimped border of a primitive Quaker cap; but it was one to arrest attention, from its peculiar sweetness of expression; while *lady*, in the best and truest acceptation of that often misused term, was stamped on this individual in unmistakable characters.

'Have I the pleasure of addressing my landlady, Miss Delany?' said Mrs Smith advancing.

'I am Miss Delany,' quietly answered the little lady; 'and I presume that I am addressing one of the two ladies who have tenanted my two houses, Nos. 8 and 9, for many years?'

'You are perfectly right, Miss Delany,' rejoined Mrs Smith. 'I occupy No. 9, and I am glad to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with my landlady personally. Your little attendant has shown us over the house, which I wished to see on account of some friends of mine.'

Miss Delany kept her eyes steadily fixed on Mrs Smith, which somewhat disconcerted that voluble lady, during the latter part of this speech, and her voice sank in faint accents ere she concluded.

'This child is not my attendant, madam,' said Miss Delany, 'but my niece and companion; and it is fortunate for me that the ladies of Burnham Terrace have so many friends looking out for houses just now. I hope, amongst them, I may succeed in letting this: it has hitherto been unlucky; as they say corner houses often are,' added the speaker smilingly.

'I am sure, Miss Delany, I shall be happy to do all in my power to forward your letting it,' said Mrs Smith, 'if it were only on account of the high respect I bear for the public character of your brother the judge.'

I observed a singular expression flit over the listener's pallid countenance, but it was too transient to be studied by the mere looker-on; and Mrs Smith continued, 'But I hope you do not think of remaining here during the winter in this uncomfortable manner?' looking round as she spoke.

'We are not uncomfortable, madam,' was the quiet answer; 'and it is my intention to occupy my dwelling until I succeed in meeting with an eligible tenant.'

'Well, Miss Delany, if such is *really* your intention,' rejoined the hospitable Mrs Smith, 'I hope you will drop in and take a cup of tea in a friendly way at my house very often. I am sure we shall all be happy to add to the comforts of a lady like you, particularly for the sake of the learned judge, your excellent brother; and I hope this dear girl will come too. And what is your name, my child?' said Mrs Smith, meaning to be winning and familiar, as she turned towards the blushing niece.

'I am called Lily, ma'am,' answered the young girl, hanging down her lovely head.

'Lily! dear me, what an odd name!'

'Lilian Traher is my niece's name, madam,' interrupted Miss Delany gently. 'Those who love her have given her the pet one of Lily. Do you think this house likely to suit your friends, madam?' she added suddenly, causing Mrs Smith to start slightly. 'Perhaps you will let me know: it is of great moment to me, as my subsistence and that of this child entirely depends on its proceeds.'

'Oh, Miss Delany,' broke in Mrs Smith, determined now or never to penetrate this mystery, 'have you not a good clear L.200 a year from Nos. 8 and 9 *that we know of*? I am sure your rent is paid to the day: allow me to remark it is *very* peculiar—to say nothing more—your mode of living here—a lady like you, with a judge so distinguished for your brother: pray allow me to remonstrate.'

Miss Delany glided towards the room door, and held it open in her hand, as she mildly said, 'My morning hours, ladies, are valuable, being devoted to instructing my niece; therefore, will you permit me to plead my engagements, and not think me uncourteous for saying good-morning?'

We found ourselves on the terrace, gazing at each other, quite amazed at our easy dismissal, and ejaculating that it was strange—'passing strange.'

'If she is a miser,' quoth I, 'she is the sweetest and kindest-looking one I ever imagined. I examined some of the books on the table when you were speaking, and their studies are apparently not those of crooked or illiberal minds: and that sweet young girl, too, how lovingly she watches her little aunt,' pursued I half to myself: 'no selfish, miserly being *could* have won her guileless affection. No, no; I can put two and two together as well as most people, Mrs Smith; and though there is a mystery here, it is nothing discreditable to Miss Delany, I am certain. She is perfectly a lady; and it is melancholy to see her thus—for so often as that unlucky house has been empty, what straits she must have been put to—for you know she plainly told us that she depended on the rent of it for daily bread.'

'Well, miss, all may be as you say,' said Mrs Smith. 'You are always on the charitable side: but I cannot

make it out: living in an empty house to save a few shillings a week for a lodging!

'A few shillings must be a great object to her,' answered I, 'when she has so little, and that little so uncertain: we must try all we can and be kind to her, poor thing!' But proffered civilities and attentions on the part of her neighbours were gratefully but decidedly declined by Miss Delany for herself. There was a large family of children in No. 7, and they had made acquaintance somehow with Lily, according to the freemasonry inherent in the young among themselves; and at the merry Christmas tide, so beseeching were their intreaties that she might be permitted to join their circle, it was not in human nature to refuse, much less in Miss Delany's. Then on Twelfth Night, all the little people assembled at my house, and I pleaded successfully for my favourite Lily, and she came too. Delicacy prevented my questioning the artless girl relative to her aunt, their mode of life, or any other information I might gain. But Mrs Smith's curiosity overcame such feelings, and she examined my pretty guest in a manner I quite disapproved of, though without elucidating aught that tended to throw light on the matter. Lily said that she had resided with Aunt Marjory for four years; in the same lodging for half that period at the Potter's cottage; and elsewhere in a secluded farmhouse. She had many brothers and sisters 'far far away,' she admitted, with tears standing in her large blue eyes—a father and mother too. She had never seen Uncle Delany, but she knew him by name very well; and she was—'Oh! so happy, and loved dear Aunt Marjory, oh! so much!'

Now all this amounted to 'nothing,' said the vexed questioner; 'And it does not tell us *what* Miss Delany does with her money. Are your papa and mamma rich, my dear?' said the persevering lady to Lily.

'Rich, ma'am; what is being rich?' simply demanded the rich girl in reply.

'Why, keeping a carriage, and servants, and living in a large house to be sure, you stupid little soul!' exclaimed Mrs Smith laughing.

'Then, ma'am,' said Lily, 'father and mother are not rich, for they live in a small thatched cottage; but there are beautiful roses and eglantine round the old porch, and they only keep a wheelbarrow, and are their own servants.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. This was a complete sedative; and presently she whispered to me that Miss Delany's relatives were low people, notwithstanding she had a judge for her brother.

The first days of spring came, and still was the ticket to be seen at the corner house, and the friends of the Burnham Terrace ladies, it seemed, were difficult to please. I ventured occasionally to look in, for the ostensible purpose of leaving flowers and fruit, the products of my garden, for little Lilian; and Miss Delany seemed pleased and grateful, yet cold and distant in her bearing, on any attempts being made at further intimacy.

There were two factions in the row; one for, the other against, Miss Delany: the latter, and, it must be confessed, the largest and most influential, reviled her as a mean creature, or a mad woman. 'She *must* have done something,' said they, 'to disgrace herself, or the judge would not cast her off: it is a shame of her to keep that beautiful girl in the miserable manner she does. No wonder the house will not let; *she alone* is enough to give it a name for ill-luck!'

Miss Delany's friends, and they were few, spoke of her blameless life, resignation, and patience in the midst of privation and poverty; to say nothing of her devotion to the niece, who would reflect credit on any teacher. These friends also threw out hints that although Judge Delany's character and talents in his public capacity were so fully admitted, in private life he was not remarkable for amiability or benevolence.

Such a discussion as this was one evening going forward at a neighbour's house when I was present, when an elderly gentleman of the name of Colville, who had

that evening arrived on a visit to our host, for the *real* purpose of house-hunting on behalf of a son about to marry and 'settle in life,' hearing the name of Delany repeatedly mentioned, asked if we were speaking of Judge Delany; and when an affirmative was given—a slight sketch also being thrown in relative to the occupant of No. 10—Mr Colville became interested in the conversation; and, to our amazement, on a non-admirer speaking disparagingly of the lady, he warmly advocated her cause.

'I happen,' said he, 'to know all about Marjory Delany and her affairs, and I tell you that she reflects credit on her sex.'

'Oh do tell us all about her!' eagerly exclaimed many voices, as a crowd gathered round the stranger. But the pleasant old gentleman smiled, rubbed his shining bald head, and only adding that it was not 'convenient' to say more just then, left us all with curiosity more excited and tantalised than ever. However, he managed to ask me privately every particular I knew concerning Miss Delany; and next day he went alone to No. 10; the ticket was taken down; the house was let to Mr Colville's son.

Miss Delany and Lilian disappeared as quietly and expeditiously as they came; and in due course of time Mr Peter Colville and his bride arrived to take possession. When the young couple settled down into the jog-trot routine of respectable married life, old Mr and Mrs Colville came to visit them for a few weeks; and then were tea-junketings and whist parties every evening at one or other of the neighbours' houses; and to return all this hospitality, young Mr and Mrs Colville gave an entertainment on quite a grand scale. We were collected round the supper-table, pleasant jokes passing, when some one alluded to the corner house, trusting the ill-luck had flown away, and the bride's presence turned the scale in its favour.

'Nay,' broke in old Mr Colville, 'if *that* were needed, it has been already done—purified—exorcised,' he continued, laughing heartily at his own conceit, 'from all evil influences.'

'How so?' we exclaimed.

'By the presence of Marjory Delany,' said he gravely; 'one for whom I bear a higher respect than for any woman I know; saving and excepting *you*, my dear,' turning with a kind smile to his comfortable-looking wife, who nodded to him cheerily in return. 'Marjory is about to be your neighbour again,' Mr Colville went on to say, addressing the company generally, 'for she has taken Burnham Beech Cottage!'

'Dear me!' said Mrs Smith, 'how can she manage that on L.100 a year, secure as it is *now*?'

'She has recovered her property, madam,' answered Mr Colville, 'after ten years' heroic endurance of privation and want. Yes, actual want, for the sake of others too.'

'Oh, do tell us her history, and why the judge disowns her!' cried many voices.

'I am not at liberty to enter into all the details,' said the old gentleman, 'but, for the sake of suffering innocence, thus much I will unfold:—Sixteen years ago, Marjory Delany's only sister, whom she tenderly loved, made an imprudent marriage, against the express advice and wishes of her brother, her natural guardian. The individual she united herself to was in a mercantile house; but within six years after his marriage with Marjory Delany's sister, he forfeited his situation through misconduct; and had it not been for the faithful affectionate sister, the unhappy man's ruin and that of his family would have been complete. She alone came forward to assist these perishing creatures; for Judge Delany not only was implacable towards *them*, but extended the same baneful feelings to *her*, on her refusal to disown the sister so fearfully punished for her imprudence through a husband's misdeeds. Silently she has borne reviling and contumely cast upon her by a harshly-judging world. But let it be a lesson to you all, my friends, for the future, never to prejudice others,

but to learn both sides of a question fairly ere you form an opinion.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Mrs Smith, 'I do not see why poor Miss Delany should have been so *very* liberal, even in a Christian point of view—giving *all* her income away to these relatives, and leaving herself only an uncertain pittance, besides maintaining her niece.'

'Madam,' replied Mr Colville, 'all Miss Delany possessed in the world of her own were the three houses on this terrace left her by an uncle; her sister was penniless, and entirely dependent on her brother the judge. Ten years ago, Marjory Delany became bound to pay L.200 a year for a term of fourteen years, interest included, for her brother-in-law Mr Traher. The two houses in the terrace, Nos. 8 and 9, were therefore not at her disposal during that term; but not only did she sacrifice the income derived from them, but out of the scanty pittance reserved for herself she assisted her relatives, and, as you have seen, supported and educated one of the children. She has just been fortunate enough to obtain a release from her debt, which otherwise would have burdened her for the next four years.'

'God grant this excellent lady may long continue to enjoy her L.300 a year, nor ever want good tenants for her houses!' said I. 'But is Mr Traher unreclaimed, and does he eat the bread of idleness while this lone woman is making such noble sacrifices?'

'No, madam; I am happy to say he does not: he has seen the error of his ways, and labours even with his hands to aid in supporting his family. But be sure a good portion of Marjory's income, restored as it now is, will find its way to the poor outcasts, for she is a capital economist.'

In process of time Mrs Peter Colville and myself became extremely cordial, and she related to me some further particulars respecting Miss Delany, which her father-in-law had omitted—worthy, benevolent man, not liking to speak of his own good deeds. He had been a partner in the mercantile house where Mr Traher was employed; and when it was discovered that this young man had defrauded them to the amount of some thousands, Mr Scrape, the senior partner, determined that the law should take its course; and transportation, perhaps worse, seemed inevitable. Fortunate it was that the matter *could* be hushed up; and the prayers and intreaties of Marjory Delany prevailed, and softened even the obdurate heart of Mr Scrape. She became bound, as already told, securing the property to the firm until the debt was liquidated. Often had the worthy Mr Colville wished to lessen this burden, but his wishes were overruled; and it was only on Mr Scrape's retirement, and the introduction of Mr Peter as junior partner, that his father found himself at liberty to indulge the dictates of his heart. His visit to our neighbourhood decided the point at once; and if he had been interested in Miss Delany and her affairs before, he became doubly so now. The debt was immediately cancelled—the corner house taken; and I may here as well remark, it has been the luckiest house in the row ever since—a lovely family, prosperity and happiness, having entirely dispelled the dark shadows haunting it heretofore.

About two years after Miss Delany had been settled at Burnham Beech Cottage, another fair niece being added to her circle, one of the sweet Lily's sisters, she learned the sudden decease of the judge; and gossip being rife respecting his affairs, it was soon known that he had left half his fortune to public institutions, but the other half to his sister Marjory; thus making her amends in death for his cruel conduct during life.

It were almost needless to add how gratefully Miss Delany disbursed the remainder of her bond to the firm of Colville and Son. Two of her nephews, the young Trahers, were received into its employment, and are thriving steady youths.

As to the dear Marjory herself, she goes on her way in quiet usefulness, though her two beautiful nieces attract so many visitors to Burnham Beech Cottage,

that her retirement is invaded oftener perhaps than she would choose. Her visits are restricted to the corner house, and Mr and Mrs Peter Colville are her most intimate and valued associates; for my part I hope the lesson we have all received at Burnham Terrace will be a warning not only to ourselves, but to many others, to suspend their judgments of their neighbours.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

THE recent experiments with regard to the submarine electric telegraph should be more generally known than they are, for they may be said to be the rudimentary efforts at realising one of the grandest conceptions of the age—a power of instantaneous communication to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The experiments, which took place on the channel at Dover, were attended by many gentlemen of science, desirous to witness the results. The arrangements and plan of operations were under the direction of Mr Walker, the superintendent of the electric telegraph on the South-Eastern Railway; and one of this company's steamers was commissioned to assist in carrying out the undertaking. The principal object of the experiments was not to carry a telegraphic wire across the Channel, but simply to prove, on a sufficiently great scale, the practicability of such a system of communication with the continent. To this end, there was placed on the deck of the steamer a sufficient length of prepared wire; it being considered that if the telegraphic intercourse proved to be perfect through that wire when submerged in the water, there existed no *a priori* reason for doubting that the same result would follow even though the wire were prolonged to the opposite coast. Unfortunately, the weather proved most unfavourable to the experiments as intended to have been performed by aid of the steamer. The wind rose in the night; and continuing to blow smartly on the morning of the day fixed, the swell became so great, that it was not thought possible to conduct the experiments on their original plan. The steamer was to have steamed out to sea for about two miles, 'paying out' the wire in her progress, and then to have been hove to, so as to give her passengers the opportunity, as she lay imboomed in the still waters, of a little conversation with the busy metropolis. The ruffled state of the sea set aside this project, since it was feared that the roll of the steamer would endanger the safety of the wire, and that telegraphic intercourse would have been in another way rendered impracticable, in consequence of the unsteadiness of the indicator-needles. The wire, however, was transferred from the steamer to a small boat, and by that means a length of upwards of two miles was submerged in the sea along the mouth of the harbour, and at the side of the pier. One extremity of this sunken coil was then put in metallic union with the wire, the end of which was in London, and the other extremity was connected to the electro-telegraphic converter placed on the deck of the steamer lying in the harbour. A sand galvanic battery of six dozen plates, weakly charged, in the usual manner, with dilute acid and water, was then placed in connection with the wire through which it was to send the mysterious agent of the telegraphic tongue, and all things were now ready to solve the problem of submarine intercommunication. It was about noon when all the arrangements were completed: the communication was then made; and instantly, in the far-distant London station, the clatter of the electric alarm informed the chairman of the company that the experiment was crowned with perfect success. Messages of congratulation were passed up and down with complete facility, the fact of more than two miles of the conveying medium being buried in

the depths of the sea, exercising not the least influence upon the freedom and rapidity of the conversation. A continued correspondence was then kept up between the steamer and the stations of London, Ashford, and Tunbridge, which was continued with perfect success at intervals for three or four hours, messages of various import being interchanged between the steamer and all those stations. The bells at the electric-telegraph offices at Tunbridge and London Bridge were vehemently rung by the operators on board the steamer; and the various signals and interlocutory manœuvres peculiar to the conversers on these instruments were gone through with as much ease by means of the submarine wire as with the ordinary wires disposed by the rail-side on land. The exact total length of the submerged wire was 3600 yards. Before dark—the experimental trials having been continued a sufficient time to demonstrate the success of the investigation—the submerged wire was wound up, and drawn in again, and was found not to have sustained the least injury, the assembly of scientific gentlemen separating with the conviction that, so far as these experiments went, the practicability of a telegraphic communication between England and France had been completely established.

Bearing in memory that water is a good conductor of electricity, and that consequently the perfect insulation of the telegraphic wires cannot be effected unless by surrounding them with some non-conducting material, it will be readily conceived that here must be the chief difficulty of submarine communication. In conveying the wires of the electric telegraph through tunnels, much practical inconvenience has arisen from the same cause, the damp continually carrying away a portion of the current from the wire into the earth. In addition to this annoyance, the sulphurous acid and steam rising from the locomotives produce a chemical action on the wires, which materially interferes with their usefulness. To meet these objections, various plans have been devised of more or less ingenuity: some have recommended covering the wires with woollen yarn, varnish, &c.; and it has been proposed to convey them in tubes of earthenware, perforated with four or five holes lengthways, according to the number of wires proposed to be employed. Mr Walker, of the railway in question, had the defects in existing wires presented to him constantly in a most disagreeable manner. Despatches from the continent being now almost entirely transmitted by electric telegraph to the morning papers, the messages became next to useless to the editors, unless passed up very quickly, and the wires in the tunnels were only too often in a very refractory condition. He accordingly put himself in communication with the manager of the gutta-percha manufactory at Streatham, and suggested to him the adoption of a metallic wire well coated with this singular substance. In a few days the wire was supplied, and patented; and shortly afterwards was put to a practical test in one of the tunnels with the most complete success. Subsequently it was introduced into the Shakespeare, Abbot's Cliff, and Martello tunnels; and at the present time all despatches to and from the metropolis are made by the instrumentality of this wire.

The defective insulation of the wires, against which this new wire has so successfully provided, has been the only serious practical difficulty in working the electric telegraph. It may be thought, however, that sufficient time has not yet been given to put the capabilities of the improvement to a proper test. Mr Walker says, 'I have had specimens of this wire buried in the earth in a damp place for more than a year. It is sound and good still. Specimens have been immersed in sea-water for three or four months, and are unaffected.' It has been suggested also, that perhaps, in process of time, the continued action of sea-water, with its combinations of the chlorides and iodides, may destroy the powers of this coating of vegetable substance for insulation; but much weight is not to be attached to the conjecture, since gutta-percha has exhibited, in all the investigations to

which it has been submitted, a marked indifference to the operation of the most powerful chemical reagents. Its insulating properties are indeed altogether peculiar, and far surpass those possessed by any other substance with which we are acquainted; and this, together with the facility with which it is manipulated and applied to the wire, renders it in all respects a most valuable application for the purposes of electric intercourse. Professor Faraday has instituted an important series of experiments upon this substance, and these have shown that insulation effected by its means is one of the most perfect known to philosophy.

Mr Walker proposes the following as the plan he would suggest for uniting England with France by the electric cord. Between each port—say Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne—he would lay down two or three wires. These wires would be run out in different tracks across the Channel; and by this means, and by not making the communication dependent at either port upon a single wire, the probabilities would be greatly against their being all broken or damaged on the same day. In the event of one of the wires being injured or broken, notice of the accident would be instantly given by the refusal of the wire to act; the spare wires would now come into activity, and little or no delay would take place. Meanwhile one of the South-Eastern Company's steamers would fish up the damaged wire until the seat of the injury was discovered; when its repair would be the work of probably a very little time, and all would go on as before. So confident does Mr Foster, the patentee of the wire, feel as to ultimate success, that he has signified his willingness to provide the gutta-percha necessary for coating a wire of sufficient length to stretch across the Channel, whenever the directors of the railway consent to supply the wire.

It cannot be denied that difficulties of a formidable kind threaten the invention. One is the danger of the fracture of the wire: it may be caught by the fluke of a ship's anchor, as she is endeavouring to ride out a stiff gale, and thus dragged away and broken. Then, again, it is to be remembered that the lower regions of the waters are only unvisited by fish when their depth is far greater than that of the Channel, and these monsters of the deep might happen to take a fancy to the long body of the wire, and by a single effort of their powerful jaws, snap it in twain—perhaps in the very middle of an important official despatch! It may be said, however, that the wire would shortly become so covered with sand as to be secure from these casualties, or from the last; and in portions of its length, undoubtedly, this would be the case. But across the depths and uneven hollows of the bottom, the wire would still lie fully exposed to this danger. The proposed remedy has been already discussed: it being to lay down two or three separate wires, by which means the amount of the risk to the intercommunication is considerably lessened. A serious cause of inconvenience may also be found to arise from accidental injuries to the coating of the wires, which, though slight in themselves, might expose a portion of the metallic surface to the conducting medium around, when the practical working of the wire would be almost as effectually interfered with as if it had been cut across with some sharp instrument. Add to these the suggestion that the gutta-percha may in process of time undergo chemical transformation, and we have probably enumerated the most formidable of the obstacles which the submarine telegraph is likely to meet with. The history of a thousand inventions in modern times presents us with practical difficulties more formidable in their kind and amount than any or all of these, so that a good hope may be cherished that these too will in time give way before the persevering energies of our enlightened age.

It is satisfactory to be able to point to an example of submarine electric intercommunication, which has hitherto answered every reasonable expectation: this is the wire from Gosport to the dockyard. It consists

simply of one line, requiring no other wire to complete the circuit, the water answering as the conducting medium. The wire, surrounded by a rope, in which it is imbedded, was simply allowed to drop into the water, and sink to the bottom. Telegraphic communications are constantly flying through this submerged wire, and hitherto with complete success.

The newspapers are continually telling their readers, or quote the tales from other sources, that such an international communication is being undertaken by this and that inventor, but nothing seems to come of it. It is not long since we were assured that some inventors in the metropolis were about to connect Dover and Calais with the electric wire, and to establish a printing electric telegraph at each port. At the close of the last year permission was actually given to a civil-engineer, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to effect a communication between Holyhead and Dublin by means of a submarine electric telegraph. The wires were, or are, to be connected with the lines of railway radiating from the Irish metropolis, and with the Chester and Holyhead Railway. Official assistance is promised to aid in carrying out this undertaking, which is undoubtedly one of great and momentous interest. Since the publication of the experiments narrated in this paper, a monster scheme has been propounded for connecting America with England by these magic-working wires; but until something on a smaller scale has been accomplished, it will be prudent to waive the consideration of a project which is calculated for the time when electric intercommunication, with all its difficulties, shall be a resolved problem.

Ardently, indeed, may the time be wished for when, as one of our wise men has said, 'the earth may be girdled with a sentence in a few moments;' and when, to every civilised nation, a common tongue and a common medium of speech will be given. What new and rapid evolutions of truth may not be expected, what advancement in arts and sciences, what progress in civilisation, when this hour a discovery will be made, and the next will see its knowledge scattered to the 'ends of the earth!' 'Knowledge,' in the words of the sacred writer, 'shall be increased;' and the warring, contending, opposing, and wide-scattered members of the human family shall begin to feel for the first time the reality of the existence of the family relationship. If it is in the order of Supreme Providence that such results should flow even from the humble instrumentality of a copper cord, may that time soon come!

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

THE histories of places and of local things, when executed with industry and taste, are often both amusing and instructive, from the number of curious matters which they bring out. A history of the High School of Edinburgh, by one of the clergymen of the city, is of this character.* Without any great pretension, it forms a most agreeable narration, embodying what we might call the life of a very distinguished seminary, together with many interesting traits of the persons connected with it, pupils as well as masters, and conducting not a little to illustrate the progress of education.

It now appears for the first time that the High School of Edinburgh is descended from one of those conventual schools which formed the chief seminaries of secular learning in the middle ages: it was originally the school taught by the Augustine monks of Holyrood Abbey; and the first mention of it as the school of the city occurs so late as 1519. It was not till after the Reformation that it had entirely shaken off this early connection, and fallen under the entire control of the municipality. In those days it was settled in a build-

ing at the bottom of Blackfriars' Wynd, which had been successively occupied by Archbishop and Cardinal Beaton. In 1578 it was removed to a new building in the garden of the Blackfriars' Monastery, where it remained, though latterly under a renovated fabric, till 1829. It was there that Scott, Brougham, Francis Horner, and many other eminent men of our age, imbibed the first draughts of polite learning. How many a brave soldier and good civilian in all parts of the world must remember with pleasure the days of happy youthful excitement long ago spent in 'the Yards!'

The purpose of a grammar-school of former times was strictly limited to the teaching of the Latin language. Greek was unknown in such seminaries till a comparatively late period. For a long time, even writing was not taught in the High School. The methods appear to have been far from inviting. For one thing, a pupil, after the first six months, was obliged to speak in Latin, under penalty of a fine. He had to learn the grammar in a Latin book. Thus, by a curious pedagogic absurdity, he was presumed from the first to know that which he professedly came to learn. The doctrines of his faith were also imparted to him in a Latin catechism, which, to complete the solecism of the business, he had to repeat each Sunday in church before an illiterate congregation.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, corrupted by the barbarisms of the recent civil wars, and partaking of the general lawlessness of society, the boys were addicted to armed rebellion against their masters—chiefly, it would appear, in order to secure that allowance of holidays which they thought their due. In September 1595, being denied a week's vacation by the magistrates, 'a number of them, "gentilmenis bairnis," entered into a compact to revenge this supposed encroachment. Accordingly, having provided themselves with firearms and swords, they went, in the dead of night, and took possession of the school-house. On the following morning, when Rollock [the head master] made his appearance, he soon understood that his pupils were there, but that they had another object in view than the prosecution of their studies. The doors were not only shut against him, but every means of access being completely blocked up, and strongly guarded from within, all attempts to storm the garrison were found impracticable, and endeavours, oft repeated, to effect a reconciliation, proved unavailing. At length it was deemed expedient to call in the aid of the municipal power. John Macmoran, one of the magistrates, immediately came to the High School at the head of a party to force an entrance. When he and the city officers appeared in the Yards, or playground, the scholars became perfectly outrageous, and renewed remonstrances were quite fruitless. The boys unequivocally showed that they would not be dispossessed with impunity, and they dared any one at his peril to approach. To the point likely to be first attacked they were observed to throng in a highly excited state; while each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son to the chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring-out; and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates steadily to persevere in defence of those rights which he doubtless conceived immemorial usage had fairly established. He took his stand at a window overlooking one of the entrances, whence he distinctly saw every movement of those without. Macmoran, never dreading that such hostile threats would be carried into execution, boldly persisted in urging his officers to force the door with a long beam, which, as a battering-ram, they were plying with all their might. The bailie had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a shot in the forehead, from Sinclair's pistol, laid him dead on the spot. The anxious spectators of the scene were panic-struck, and the mournful tidings cast a gloom over the town.

* Early on the following day the Town-Council held

* History of the High School of Edinburgh. By the Rev. William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: Macdonald and Stewart. 1849.

an extraordinary meeting, and gave expression to their regret on account of this distressing occurrence, by which they had been deprived of a much-respected colleague, and the city of an active magistrate. The provost, two of the bailies, the convener of the trades, and seven councillors, were deputed to proceed to Fife, personally to communicate the sad intelligence to the king, who was then at Falkland, his favourite hunting palace.

'After two months' imprisonment, seven of the scholars, who were apprehended along with Sinclair, submitted their case to the Privy-Council. In their memorial, they assert their innocence in the most positive terms; complain of being closely shut up with abandoned characters in a damp prison, at the imminent peril of their lives; that, as most of the petitioners were sons either of barons or landed proprietors, they did not consider themselves amenable to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, besides, being parties, could not sit as unbiassed judges; and humbly intreated his majesty to name an assize, of whom the majority should be peers of the realm. Their request was complied with. What actually took place at the trial, however, is not now known, as the record of the Justiciary Court of that period is unfortunately lost; but Sinclair and the others were soon liberated.

'Here perhaps we may be pardoned for cursorily noticing a tradition, which bears indeed the marks of probability, that a boy of the name of Campbell, implicated in this barring-out, apprehensive of the result, fled alone to the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left behind him a generation of Campbells, isolated, as it were, amidst a nation of Macleods. One of these, a great-grandson of the rioter, hospitably received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in the year 1746, and was very kind to him. Some other boys, the sons of Highland chieftains, were engaged in the affray, which proves that the Highland proprietors of that period could not have been so illiterate as it is generally supposed they were.'

We have heard that poor Macmoran's skull was long after dug up in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and recognised by the small hole through which the fatal bullet had entered. His house still exists in the Lawnmarket, a stately mansion, saying not a little for the affluence and comfort of the first class of merchants in Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the remunerations of the masters appear to have been on a moderate scale. The head master, Hercules Rollock, a man of distinguished learning, and famous for his many compositions in Latin poetry, is found complaining of the insufficiency of his salary of L.50 Scots (being L.4, 3s. 4d. sterling), in as far as the fees were ill-paid by the boys; wherefore the magistrates agreed to his stipend being doubled. In 1598, these gentlemen fixed a scale of fees and salaries for all the masters, which will be understood by the modern reader, if he divides by twelve for sterling money: 'George Hastie, the first regent, was to have quarterly from each scholar 13s. 4d.; Patrick Peacock, the second regent, was to have the same sum; John Balfour, the third regent, had 15s.; and Alexander Hume, the fourth or principal, 20s. Besides this, the Principal was to be acknowledged by every boy at the school, "of one quarterlie dewtie of xld." The teachers received salaries from the town: the first and second regents had twenty pounds, the third had forty marks, and the head master had two hundred marks yearly.'

There was, however, an irregular source of income, which has continued to be a feature of Scottish schools almost down to the present day. 'On the 20th of January 1660, the Town-Council appointed "intimation to be made to the doctors of the Grammar-School that the casualty called the *bleis silver* be delayed till the first day of March next." This was a gratuity presented to teachers by their scholars at Candlemas, when the pupil that gave most was pronounced *king*. The de-

signation appears to have originated from the Scottish word *bleis*, signifying anything that makes a *blaze*; it being conjectured, with great probability, that the money was "first contributed for this purpose at *Candlemas*, a season when fires and lights were anciently kindled." [To make good this conjecture, we recollect that at our first school, in a primitive part of the country, the boys always employed a part of the holiday in making what they called a *Candlemas bleeze*, generally setting on fire some field of dry gorse or *whins* in the neighbourhood of the town.] 'In addition to the customary quarterly fees, the masters deemed themselves entitled to a gift in the beginning of February, and this was named a "*Candlemas offering*." The practice existed in most of the public schools till a comparatively recent period. *Candlemas* was a holiday; but the children, in their best attire, and usually accompanied by their parents, repaired to the school, and after a short while was spent in the delivery of appropriate orations, the proper business of the forenoon commenced. The roll of the school was solemnly called over, and each boy, as his name was announced, went forward and presented an offering, first to the rector, and next to his own master. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee no notice was taken of it, but when it amounted to that sum, the rector exclaimed, *Vivat*; to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*; for a higher sum, *Floreat ter*; for a guinea and upwards, *Gloriat!* Each announcement was the precursor of an amount of cheering commensurate with the value of the "*offering*." When the business was over, the rector rose, and in an audible voice declared the *victor*, by mentioning the name of the highest donor. This, it must be confessed, was a very disingenuous practice, for the most meritorious scholars might be the least able so to distinguish themselves. There was usually an eager competition for the honour of *king*. It has been averred in regard to a provincial school, on an occasion similar to that to which reference has been made, that a boy put down a guinea to insure the enviable distinction of being *king* for the day, when the father of a rival scholar gave his son a guinea to add to the first "*offering*;" whereupon an alternate advance of a guinea each took place, till one had actually laid down twenty-four, and the other twenty-five guineas! Again and again did the Town-Council of Edinburgh issue injunctions to the teachers, to prevent "all craving and re-saving of any *bleis sylver* or *bent sylver* of their bairnis and scholars, exceptand four penneis at ane tyme allanerlie." In days of old, when many of our houses boasted no better floors than the bare earth, it was customary to lay down rushes or bent to keep the feet warm and dry, as well as to give a more comfortable appearance. At the close of the sixteenth century and commencement of the seventeenth, during the summer season the pupils had leave to go and cut bent for the school. As in these excursions the young bent collectors "oftentimes fell a-wrestling with hooks in their hands, and sometimes wronged themselves, other times their neighbours," it was resolved that the boys should have their accustomed "*liberty*" or holiday, and likewise that every scholar should present the customary gratuity to the master on the first Monday of May, and on the "first Mondays of June and July, which is commonly called the *bent-silver play*, with which money the master is to buy bent, or other things needful for the school." Happily all such exactions are now unknown; and at four regular periods in the course of each session the teachers receive from their pupils a fixed fee, which is regarded as a fair-remuneration for their professional labour.

Early in the last century, a person of considerable literary celebrity became connected with the High School of Edinburgh in a humble capacity. 'David Malloch, who about this time filled the situation of janitor in this seminary, distinguished himself in after-life. Dr Johnson, in his "*Lives of the Poets*," says that Malloch or Mallet, from the penury of his parents, was

glad to accept such a humble appointment. We were inclined to question the accuracy of the statement, as his biographer mentions that the memoir was drawn up chiefly from hearsay testimony. Observing, however, that the election of a janitor was not at that period recorded in the minutes of the corporation, it occurred to us that the vouchers in the city chamberlain's custody might probably throw some light on the point. The disputed question was speedily put at rest by the production of Malloch's holograph receipt, dated February 2, 1718, for sixteen shillings and eightpence sterling, being his full salary for the preceding half-year. That was the exact period he held the office. The janitorship, it should be borne in mind, was not esteemed a post unsuitable to the age, or beneath the dignity, of a junior academic. In the university the same situation was repeatedly filled by students. . . . Malloch was afterwards tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he made the tour of Europe. He subsequently settled in London, where he altered his name to Mallet. In reference to this change it was tauntingly said of him that he was called *Malloch* by his relations, *Mallet* by his friends, and *Moloch* by his enemies. His first publication was the beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," which was followed by several other works, which secured for him considerable celebrity. With Pope, and Thomson, and a host of literary characters, he was on intimate terms.

A pleasant personal anecdote is recorded of a Mr Matheson, who was obliged to retire from the head-mastership in 1768, on account of bad health, but who afterwards recovered by taking abundant exercise in the open air. Under a mask of oddity, his conduct exhibited the clearest wisdom; and we, whose life is one exclusively of mental activity, can candidly say that we have often felt the wish to do as he did. 'In his summer peregrinations, he has frequently been known to spend several hours with any ditcher whom he found busy at his humble calling; and at his departure, gave the rustic some gratuity for the loan of his pickaxe. The temptation was too great, he also confessed, to pass a barn where the thrasher was at work, without entreating that he might be indulged for a little with the use of his flail. In winter, when he could not go much abroad, he was in the habit of repairing to the shop of Mr Auchinleck, a well-known cutler, where he would amuse himself in driving the large wheel. One day, when thus employed, a medical student from the sister isle happened to call, and, in the course of conversation, talked boastfully of the attainments of his countrymen in classical lore. Auchinleck patiently listened till a supposed stigma was attempted to be thrown upon Scotland. Firing at this, and wishing to confound as well as convince his loquacious customer that his averments were most erroneous, he adroitly observed that even some of his own workmen were by no means deficient. Having said this, he singled out Mr Matheson, who, in a quiet corner, at his voluntary task, had been all the while doomed to have his ear grated by this voluble pseudo-scholar, who held quantity at defiance. Matheson came forth, and to the utter confusion of the stranger, convinced him that learning was not exclusively the product of his native soil; and from the spirited lecture of the *ci-devant* rector, the Irishman was soon made fully aware that his censure was premature and unmerited.'

Our amiable author touches lightly on the severities formerly practised in grammar-schools, and in this among the rest. It might have been curious, as a contrast to the present more rational and humane methods, to have given a few traits of the severities of Nicol, which, we have been assured, were not much short of the atrocities of the Inquisition. Strange to say, in private life, this teacher was warm-hearted and genial. He seems to have entirely gained the affections of Robert Burns, who wrote, on the occasion of Nicol's house-heating, his popular song, 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.' Even Dr Adam maintained no small rigour.

We have heard that at one of the examinations of the school, late in the life of this eminent man, he was honoured by the presence of several distinguished persons, his former pupils, including the president of one of the supreme courts of the country. It was getting dark, but, in the ardour of his examinations, the venerable rector heeded not the circumstance. Some one at length whispered to the judge, 'Would it not be well to give Dr Adam a hint that it was time to conclude and dismiss?' 'I' cried his lordship with a shrug which involved a thousand recollections; 'what, I presume to interfere with the master! Oh no, indeed.' The last words of Adam on his deathbed are striking and affecting—'It grows dark, boys—you may go.'

SUMMER AT NICE.

Among the fair spots my memory loves to revisit—and they are not a few—Nice is the dearest. Almost every one seems to know Nice, and to know it is to love it. It is never mentioned without some affectionate adjective, nor, as I fancy, without a brightening of the speaker's eye, as if in sympathetic remembrance of that ever-smiling sky, and of the Mediterranean flashing joyously beneath.

Nice has no ruins, churches, or galleries of art to invite the tourist: it has only its sheltered situation, simple beauty, and delicious climate; but with these it needs no other riches. I would remark, however, that its climate is decidedly unsuited for those whose lungs are actually diseased. The clear air and sharp sea-breezes prove very irritating to consumptive invalids. But where the patient suffers merely from general debility, stomach complaints, bronchial delicacy, or great susceptibility of cold in the humid climate of England, Nice is the place to invigorate him, and make him literally a new being. I never was aware of the buoyant pleasure of life until I lived in Nice—I mean the mere animal enjoyment of *existence*—and now I look back upon those bright winters as the halcyon days of a calm beauty never to be forgotten. Think of never venturing out in November, December, or January without a parasol to shade one from the glare of sunshine, and sitting for hours, almost in summer clothing, on the ruins of the old castle which surmounts the hill behind the harbour, with the Mediterranean spread out at your feet as far as the eye can reach, so calm, so deeply blue—still deeper in colour than the sky that looks down lovingly upon it, as if protecting and watching the fishing-boats, whose white sails are like sea-birds in the distance! It is impossible not to feel better in mind and body when living amid beauty, and impossible not to feel, with Wordsworth—

'A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky.'

But this is the Nice that everybody knows—the Nice of the tourist, the painter, the poet, and the English absentee. It is my hint to speak of it in summer, when it is usually considered by such visitors to be no more inhabitable than if it were seated in the very heart of the Great Sahara. Towards the end of April, or of May at the farthest, the place is deserted; the season is over, and the town is left to summer heat and solitude. The mountains which shelter it from the northern blasts, and consequently make it so desirable a residence in winter, now render it an oven; and in fact it would be utterly insupportable were it not for the sea-breeze. As a general rule, the English and all other foreigners take to flight at the approach of this season; but some few families, influenced by various motives, stand their ground. One summer we were among that number, for we wished to spend a second winter there; and the distance to any very cool summer quarters was great enough

to decide us to brave the heat where we were. However, we would not venture on this again, for the temperature was really more than sufficient to undo all the good the previous winter had effected. Northern constitutions are certainly not the better for four months' frying, with a shake of mosquitoes, and an extra hiss now and then, occasioned by the sirocco bellows. Now, however, that the physical inconvenience is over, memory spreads before my delighted eye nothing to mar the fairest possible picture of an Italian summer in all its indolent luxury. The fire-flies dancing through the nights of June, the shining lizards, and the mosquitoes themselves, seemed to be the only living things unresigned to spend their time in the 'dolce far niente,' the delights of which state are so totally unappreciable by those who have never felt warmer summers than our own. There was a novelty in our first southern summer which was not without its charms, in spite of the drawbacks. Rising at four or five, bathing in the transparent water, if the sun was not already too hot, taking a short walk in shady green lanes, eating fresh cherries as we went along (and peculiarly sweet they seemed at that early hour), coming home before six to an early breakfast, then dreaming through the day, dining chiefly on fruit, passing an hour or two in a siesta, breathing a little more freely as the evening drew on, reviving sufficiently to dress and go out about nine o'clock, strolling on the sea-shore, dreaming again while gazing at the calm, silvery moon riding peacefully in that summer sky, and nevertheless flinging down a shower of almost golden light into the rippling waves beneath; then home again, and, looking out of the open window, feeling more awake than we had done since the morning—for the sea-breeze was now cool (almost sharp sometimes)—and the moon and its showers of light in the water more beautiful than ever. This, continued day after day, may seem a monotonous routine; but it is not so; and I defy the veriest despiser of day-dreaming to pass a summer in Italy and escape the infection of the climate.

But we are sometimes roused by a storm. Indeed a thunder-storm is by no means unfrequent during the summer months at Nice. In July we had three or four, and one I remember very vividly. It began at eight o'clock one evening, after a day or two of intolerable oppressiveness. We heard the first peal of thunder with delight: it approached nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashed, as it seemed, without a moment's intermission; then the rain began to fall. It first rebounded off the hard-baked ground, which soon, however, yielded, and drank in with eagerness the refreshing shower. It ceased: the thunder roared more savagely, the house shook to its foundations, the lightning filled the room, as, in spite of the jalousies, it came in at the four large windows, and was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There we sat for hours, some admiring, some terrified, all silent and awe-stricken. The lightning at length ceased to come in ordinary flashes; it appeared at the windows a broad thin sheet of light. The effect was most beautiful, as it illumined every object in the room for a few seconds at a time. Some of our party would not go to bed on account of the iron rods which supported the mosquito curtains; so we all sat up for company's sake. Suddenly we were alarmed by a rushing noise without: it was not the thunder, but was distinctly heard *with* the thunder. We rushed to the windows, threw back the jalousies, and saw the wonderful finale of the storm. Beneath our windows was the dry bed of a torrent, supplied abundantly in winter by the mountain streams, but long dry, and used, on account of its smooth clean stones, as a bleach-green by a number of neighbouring laundresses. Now, however, there rushed along its bed an impetuous river, carrying along with it logs of wood, quantities of hay, straw, charcoal, &c. which it had pillaged as it swept along the cottages of the mountaineers. The lightning was flashing on it the while, now and then seeming to convert it into a river of blood. It was a fearful, yet a grand sight. I

was rivetted to the spot, and did not leave it until at length the storm, which had now lasted five hours, gradually subsided; the clouds rolled away, and the moon, in all her gentle beauty, shone down upon the rushing torrent, and by her peaceful smiles wooed the discordant elements into harmony.

So much for the *physique* of Nice in the summer; but the *morale* is hardly so picturesque. I felt an interest, however, in one of the peasant girls, called Madeleine Bonnet. It is no harm to tell her name; for she could not read, even if she should see it written here. Her father was a working silversmith in Genoa, and when he died, his widow and children removed to Nice, where they had relations. They tried to support themselves by a little farm; but this did not succeed. The boys were too young, and the two girls, who were the eldest of the family, resolved to go into service. Marie, the eldest, soon found a situation in a Nizzard family; but Madeleine was ambitious, and determined to go only into an English ménage. She offered herself to us, and we found her appearance very prepossessing. She wore the becoming costume of the Nice peasantry—the graceful cappelina, and the black velvet ribbon round her glossy dark-brown hair. Her complexion was the clear olive of Italy, and her eyes had the lustre of that passionate climate, but beautified in their expression by the long black lashes, which hung over them with a mournful air I cannot describe. As she was well recommended by the hotel-keeper, we resolved to try her. She did not profess much knowledge; but her great willingness to learn soon made her a favourite, even with the cross old cook, and with our own English servants. This peaceful state of things in the kitchen did not last long, however. The old cook soon brought grievous charges against Madeleine, who, she said, stole the charcoal, and ought to be dismissed instantly. We could not readily acquiesce in this; especially as we found, on farther inquiry, that on no other head but that of charcoal was her honesty impeached. We could have imagined a girl of eighteen being tempted by cakes, or articles of dress; but what could she do with charcoal? It seemed nonsense. However, week after week the cook persisted in her allegations, and the matter must be investigated. Madeleine was called, and the charge made. She blushed scarlet, and did not attempt to deny its truth. 'It is a pity, Madeleine,' I said, 'that you have acted so, for we must lose confidence in you henceforth.'

This seemed to give her courage, and she answered, 'Ah, signorina, you think I would steal anything now! You are mistaken: I would rather starve than steal for myself; but, signorina, I have a mother, and she is very poor, and my little brothers are too young to work for her. She finds that she can make a very good trade by selling roasted chestnuts in the street; but it requires a great deal of charcoal to roast them all day long, and she grudged to buy it when she wanted food for the children, and I have sometimes given her a little.'

Though I felt that the poor girl's temptation had been strong, I thought it right to say, 'Yet, Madeleine, it was *stealing* when you gave away what was not yours to give.'

Her eyes flashed indignantly: her ideas of morality were evidently different: her heart swelled, and with tears she answered me—'Ah, signorina, you who have a mother whom you dearly love, to speak so to me! You are rich, and I am very poor; but if you and your mother were as poor as I and mine, you would help her in any way you could, especially if you had plenty to eat, as I have with you: and if you knew that she had a scanty meal at home, you *would*, signorina'—she added with energy, seeing me about to reply—'you would have done what I did.' She paused, and begged pardon for her vehemence, but not for the theft, which it was clear gave her conscience no uncomfortable qualms. I never felt more puzzled for a reply. I wished to show Madeleine that she had acted wrong;

nevertheless the conference ended here; and ended, strange to say, by interesting us all more deeply than ever in the impenitent culprit.

Towards the end of June, Madeleine came to me one day in great sorrow, saying that she must leave us, for that it was now the season to work at the factory—winding the silk from off the pods of the silkworms—that she would much rather stay with us, as the work is very bad for the health; not that it is laborious, but because the room in which the women sit is heated to a most distressing degree by the caldrons of boiling water in which the worms are immersed, and out of which they are taken, one by one, by the winders. The wages are very high to the good winders, and they are, in consequence, willing to endure the boiling temperature. We offered Madeleine equal wages, as we did not wish to lose her; but the master of the factory said that if she refused to work that summer, he would not employ her in future—for she was one of his best winders, and he could not afford to do without her—so she went. One day we went to see the factory: the winding of the silk was very curious: those accustomed to the work have acquired such delicacy of touch, that as they wind, they separate, with unerring precision, the silk of one worm into eighteen or twenty different degrees of fineness, and that without ever using the eye.

The work in which Madeleine was engaged soon made a very marked alteration in her appearance. From a robust, rosy-faced girl, she became in a little time thin and pale. The heat of a Nice summer would suffice to fade the roses on her cheek; but when, added to that, she had to live all day in a room steaming with caldrons of boiling water—kept boiling by fires below—it was no wonder that she looked three or four years older in the course of as many months. We often met her when taking our evening stroll along the shore. When the autumn approached, I asked her one evening when she meant to come back to us. She looked very much puzzled, and at last it came out that she hoped it would be unnecessary for her to go into service again. She was, in short, going to be married. But how was this? I must hear the story. It appeared that she had a Cousin Antonio, whose parents lived in Genoa, and to whom she had been in a manner betrothed almost from childhood. He was a baker; and when Madeleine and her family left Genoa for Nice, he had left it for Antibes, where he had a promise of employment as foreman to some wealthy baker. He was most anxious that Madeleine should marry him then, and accompany him to Antibes; but she 'was not ready,' she said.

'Why not ready, Madeleine?'

'Well, signorina, I must tell you the truth. We were very poor just then, after burying my father; and my mother could have given me no clothes worth mentioning, and so I could not think of marrying; for it is our custom here, when a young man marries, that his mother shall examine beforehand all the linen and clothes of his intended wife; and I could not submit to be mocked and called a poor wretch by Antonio's mother and sisters, who are much better off than I am, and who, to tell the truth, would be glad to have something to bring against me to Antonio.'

'But, Madeleine, your poverty would be nothing against you with your lover. I suppose you told him why you wished to wait?'

'Oh no, signorina! If I had, he is so generous he would have bought me everything I asked; but I wished to earn my clothes, and not to be scoffed at by my mother and sisters-in-law.'

'I admire your spirit. But was Antonio satisfied to wait?'

'Oh, he ought to have been satisfied; but he was angry with me certainly, and made me cry a great deal. But he was good again before I saw him for the last time.'

'And have you never heard from him since he has been at Antibes?'

'Only once, for I cannot read; but of course, if he

was ill, I should have heard from somebody. Ill news always travels. But I shall soon see him, and never part again,' she said earnestly. 'It was a long, long separation—almost two years. I did not know what I was undertaking when I refused to go at once with him to Antibes; but now it is nearly over, and we shall be happy all our lives together.'

I could scarcely share in the young girl's simple faith, and could not help saying, 'He may be well, Madeleine, but it seems very negligent to have left you a year without some message. Can he be growing careless or forgetful?'

'Forgetful!' she repeated after me with an arch smile and shake of her head, no doubt pitying me for my ignorance and scepticism as to her lover's character, but noway affected further by my doubts; and then she added, 'You know not, lady, how long Antonio and Madeleine have loved. There never was a time in their memory when aught was dearer to them than each other.'

I could scarcely share her trustfulness; yet I thought she might have good reasons for it, and I sincerely hoped so, and would not add a word to diminish her joy. But as she went away, I said, 'Well, Madeleine, we shall be here again for the winter; and if you be in Nice, and disengaged, you can have your old place if you choose.' Shortly after this we left Nice for a few weeks, making various excursions along the coast. On our return, my first care was to inquire after Madeleine. Her old mother came in answer to the message I had sent for her daughter. The poor old woman seemed quite overwhelmed at the conclusion of her daughter's lifelong betrothment. I cannot say that I was surprised, though I was indeed grieved, at what she told me. She had accompanied Madeleine to Antibes shortly after we left Nice. They had found Antonio alive and well, and prosperous—but married to the only daughter of the wealthy baker whose foreman he had been, but who was now dead, and to whose business and riches his son-in-law succeeded.

Madeleine was completely stunned by this intelligence; it was not, *could* not be, she thought; nor would she believe it until the faithless Antonio's own lips had left her no room for further incredulity. Broken-hearted, she returned with her mother to Nice; and sick of the world, at the age of nineteen she lost no time in gaining admission to a convent, and I saw her no more.

TURNING THE PENNY.

It is a common thing to hear wonder expressed at the great increase of street beggars. Is this really wonderful? A few extra pence will flood with candidates for work the meanest and dirtiest trades in the country, and why should we be surprised to find the same effect produced upon beggary by our virtuous generosity? We are said in statistics to give away, in the copper and small silver line, not much less than £1,500,000 per annum; and if to this is added the summing-up of the begging-books, in whole and half-sovereigns, crowns and half-crowns, we shall have a most tempting total of revenue for destitution. Even the refuge offered by the workhouse and nightly shelters is found to aggravate the social disorder. A nomade population has been fostered in the bosom of a settled community. To the 'workus,' as a permanent retreat, beggars have the most determined objection. Nor is this surprising. There is a charm in rags, dirt, halfpence, and gin, associated with freedom, which greatly transcends all the elegancies of the Union. Let us run over a few of the more recent cases, and inquire what it is our pensioners do in return for our bounty, and how they employ themselves abroad, instead of stagnating in the workhouse.

Could any one show a more marked disregard of all propriety of conduct than Ann Brady, who, though arrived at the mature ungirlish age of thirty-six, made

her unwilling appearance at the late Middlesex Sessions? Ann was accused of having turned the penny as a street beggar on every available occasion these fourteen years back. Not much good was said of Ann. Her accusers describe her as 'one of the most incorrigible begging vagrants who had ever been heard of. For years she had led a begging, drunken, and vagabond life; and the court would be astonished to hear that, at the instance of the Mendicity Society alone, she had been committed for various terms of imprisonment as many as forty-nine times! A kind-hearted magistrate, thinking to get her to abandon begging, had supplied her with money to set up a fruit-stall; but the whole of that money she had spent on drink. Whenever let loose from prison, she began begging in the old way; and with the first money she procured, she got regularly drunk in the nearest public-house. When last taken up, she kicked and knocked about terribly, and could not be brought to the station-house till she was tied on a stretcher. It was of no use doing anything for this woman, your worship. When good people got her a comfortable situation, she stole out of the house to beg; her favourite place of resort being the Park. And then she soon got herself into trouble. Since 1834, she had spent, put it all together, five years in prison.' In vindication of her rights, Ann said, 'It was a very hard case that the police would not leave her alone—it was enough to kill her.' Verdict of the court, 'six months.' Will the honourable bench of magistrates kindly explain what is to be the use of this fresh incarceration, beyond giving Ann a keener relish for begging and dram-drinking?

Much about the same time, up is brought to the police-office, Guildhall, a well-known impostor, Michael Leary, charged with being a confirmed beggar, who carried on business by simulating a most dreadful pain in his back. Michael, it was alleged, lived on that back of his. 'The prisoner,' so sayeth the reporter, 'who was allowed to be in the anteroom, instead of being locked up in the cells, continued groaning all the time, declaring that he was dying from rheumatic pains; and when helped into the court, he redoubled his cries, "Oh my back, my back!" and clung to the railings of the dock, in which position he continued moaning at times, and to all appearance suffering great pain, while the evidence was taken down.' No. 267 of the city police gives evidence—'That about eight o'clock the previous evening he was on duty in Holborn, when he observed the prisoner walk from house to house begging, always appearing to complain of his back; after which he went into several public-houses, and obtained a quatern of gin, which he drank, and at last became rather intoxicated. Next he went into a coffee-shop, but did not get anything; and on his coming out, he took him into custody.' Michael denies being drunk, pleads ill health, and only begs because he cannot work. The magistrate tells him that wont do: 'You are too well known to make me believe you were ill at all; and it's all sham now.' 'Hope you will send me to the hospital, sir, where I may get some relief to my aching back.' 'I shall send you somewhere else before you go there, and that is to prison for fourteen days, on bread and water.' The prisoner, unpitied, was then carried out by No. 267; loudly protesting, however, that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, and that he should certainly die under that terrible pain in his back!

Some people will laugh at this, and tell you that Michael Leary was doubtless an impostor, all his protestations about his back notwithstanding. But who demoralised Michael? That is the question. Wasn't it good folks who believed all the rignarole story of the back, and gave him halfpence out of pure soul-struck compassion? To be sure it was; and it is these good folks, with their credulity and their charity, that make beggars abound. Take another example. The other day, Thomas Henchcliffe, a thick-set, powerful young fellow, was placed at the bar of the Worship Street police-office, charged with being a begging im-

postor. A constable of the A division said he was on duty that morning in the City Road, when he saw the prisoner knock at a great number of doors in succession, and clamorously solicit charity, upon the ground of his being in great distress, and that he had sustained some very serious injury in his arm, which was suspended in a sling, and appeared to be crippled. Witness was dressed in plain clothes, for the more ready detection of offenders; and the prisoner, after leaving the last door he had applied at, at once made up to him, and in a canting whine commenced a harrowing detail of his real or assumed misfortunes, which would have no doubt been successful in the extraction of money from any casual passenger, but which instantly stopped upon the witness seizing him by the collar, and, pointing out his mistake, telling him he should take him to the station. He then asked him what he had been doing at the houses he had knocked at? and the prisoner, without the slightest prevarication, answered, "Begging." "And what is the matter with your arm?" said the witness. "Oh, nothing at all!" said the prisoner. "Then what do you put it into a sling for?" "Why, you see," said he, "when I went about with my arm not suspended and wrapped up in this way, I found that I could get nothing out of anybody, as the people I asked for assistance immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, you are a strong young man, and ought to get a living by work;' and then went off without dropping a penny; so I put my arm into a sling as it is now, because I found that those who did so got more money!" —Sentence, a month's imprisonment, with hard labour in the House of Correction.

But the professed beggar resorts to many other shams besides malingering. He is a shipwrecked mariner, a workman out of work, a burned-out tradesman, an unfortunate actor on his way home to his friends, a distressed foreigner, and, generally speaking, he has a wife and family. In London, there appear to be places where beggars can be accommodated with 'properties' of all sorts, dying infants included. 'At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Branch said that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history, and her means of livelihood, and in answer to his questions, she replied, "Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone, I know not what to do." "But," observed Mr Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burthened with her." "Oh, dear sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay 9d. a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so, I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!" In another room in the house Mr Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning for their next attacks upon the public. In a regular ware-room in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widows' weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c. adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a profession.'

Going about with certificates of character is a very effective method of operating on the compassionate. On a former occasion we referred to a case related to us by a party concerned, and it will still bear a few more particulars. Some five or six years ago, a man who carried on a small trade as a tinsmith in a country town in England, was one night burnt out of house and home. A great misfortune for the poor man! Not at all. It was the best thing he ever experienced that burning. He became a fit object for the philanthropists; and all very proper, if they had acted with considerate caution. In his destitution,

the homeless tinsmith was sought out by a gentleman whom we shall call Mr Meanwell, and furnished with a subscription-paper, headed by a true and particular account of the fire and its consequences—wife and family homeless, stock in trade gone, contributions would be thankfully received, &c. Armed with this commission of botheration, off went the ruined tinsmith on his travels, destined never more to take hammer in hand. First, he made a round of the town. In one day he pocketed eight pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence of the remarkably good coin of these realms. With this neat sum jingling in his pocket, his hand dipping down among sovereigns and shillings—pleasant feeling!—a new light dawned on the forlorn tinsmith. He had a realisation of the vast powers of a subscription-paper. It beat tin-beating all to nothing. Formerly, he had toiled weeks and weeks, and not made as much as he had now done in one day. Work was all nonsense. Next day, at the begging again. Three pounds eleven, all equally good money, rewarded his persevering industry, independently of expressions of commiseration which did not count. The impetus towards mendicancy was now altogether irresistible. To go back to the tin trade would be clearly a running in the face of destiny. Misus being of a similar way of thinking, it was soon arranged to carry on the new and lucrative profession. Having exhausted all possibilities of cash within the immediate sphere of the conflagration, the burnt-out tinsmith and his wife, a 'decent-looking woman in a black bonnet,' went away on an excursion through the provinces. And from that excursion they have never returned, and never will. Occasionally they are heard of on their peregrinations, picking up a sovereign here and a half-crown there, all through the virtue of that wonderful subscription-paper. 'It is the worst thing I ever did in my life,' said Mr Meanwell to us, 'giving that unlucky certificate of character, with my own name down for a guinea at the top of it. It is a warning to me how I do anything of the sort again.'

When once a man has experienced the benefits of begging—the very great ease of the thing, its superiority in point of money—returns to downright hard work—you could not convince that man that labour was more honourable and more profitable. All your philosophy about the dignity of independent labour would be thrown away on him. The Liverpool papers give us a very pretty case of a genteel incurable in the begging line. 'Thomas Holland was yesterday committed to prison for one month, on a charge of street begging. It seems he has pursued his avocation to a considerable and very profitable extent, as the circumstances we are about to relate will prove. We learn that his committal was the consequence of his having importuned, amongst others, the stipendiary magistrate himself. For some time the delinquent has been in respectable lodgings kept by a widow, who has also several other lodgers, clerks in the customhouse and mercantile establishments in the town. From the time he went to these lodgings there has always been some mystery as to his means or pursuits; and all that seems to have been known of him by his landlady was, that he represented himself as a respectable decayed tradesman come to reside in Liverpool. He was always a complete epicure in his diet, and unsparring in procuring for himself all the choice edibles which the most fastidious taste could desire. To breakfast he uniformly had his broiled chop or steak, and was most particular as to the quality of his tea and coffee, always procuring the best of each, and having it prepared for him in the best possible manner. In this respect he was exceedingly hard to please. In his other meals he was equally hospitable to himself, and on all occasions his appetite was perfectly astonishing to the inmates of the house. As regards the other bodily comforts of life he was equally particular. During the time he remained in the house he would sit before a huge fire, which he always insisted should be kept up, his feet being comforted by extra carpets and rugs, and his legs wrapped up in blankets. Indeed, in all his

arrangements he seemed to be exceedingly well acquainted with the means of personal comfort, and did not fail to make the most of them. He seldom turned out of the house until eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning, except on Saturday, when he was always ready for his breakfast by eight o'clock, and uniformly anxious to go out soon, as if he had urgent business on that day. He was very fidgety if his meals were not always ready at the moment he wanted them, and would on these occasions tell his landlady that she could always look after the young men's wants, but because he was "a poor old gentleman, he must be neglected." He had latterly become so tedious, that she gave him notice to quit; but he declined to receive it, observing, "What a wicked woman you are to ask me to leave; it is not convenient for me to leave, and I shall not leave!" He was always very prompt in the payment of his board, and until his committal, the landlady had not the remotest idea that he was obtaining his livelihood by begging. This was only found out by his unaccountable absence from home for a few days. At the time of his committal his larder was well stocked for the following week.' Of course, since his liberation, Mr Holland has resumed business, and the world will most likely hear of him by and by.

'Punch,' that philosopher by contraries, has recently parodied Burns's 'Jolly Beggars' with considerable success, at least in the spirit of one of the songs. Among the company, met at midnight for a characteristic jollification, there is the Serious Poor Young Man, in a threadbare black coat, white cravat, and excessively bad hat. This is the sentimental strain he contributes:—

'A lazy humbug I was born,
To earn my bread I held it scorn,
And found it far a better plan
To act the Serious Poor Young Man.

Sing hey the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing ho the Serious Poor Young Man!
'There's not a scamp in all our clan,
Can match the Serious Poor Young Man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or stinks of sealing-wax, I stand,
'Soft Tommies' hearts I thus trepan,
The decent Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act:
And let the law do what it can
Agin the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing hey, &c.

A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

AMONG recent instances of the dispersion of our sheets in quarters where it was not anticipated they would penetrate, one of a peculiarly gratifying nature has come to our knowledge, and we trust to be excused for drawing attention to it as a fact interesting in literature.

It may be generally known that during the last twelve months we have been engaged in preparing and issuing a new edition of the 'Information for the People,' a work of which seventy thousand copies had been previously disposed of, and which now, in its improved form, has attained a circulation of forty-five thousand copies. Some time ago, we had occasion to notice that the work had been reprinted, without our concurrence being asked, in the United States, and also formed the basis and model of a work, 'Instruction pour le Peuple,' issued in Paris. The circumstance now attracting our attention is the translation of the work into Welsh, and its issue in parts in a form very similar to that of the English original. For this commercial adventure of a Welsh bookseller, Robert Edwards of Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire, we had not been altogether unprepared; for to his application for casts of our wood-engravings to insert in his letter-press we had given

some attention—of course making no charge for these illustrations, and only too happy to aid so far in what appeared to be a meritorious and hazardous enterprise.

The first part of this remarkable translation is now before us; and on the front of the blue cover appears the following title:—'CYFIETHAD O ADDYSG CHAMBERS I'R BOBL, CAN EBENEZER THOMAS, "Eben Fardd." Cynnwysiad—Seryddiaeth, Daeardraeth.' The two latter words signify Astronomy and Geology, such being the contents of the part.* At the foot of the title are the words 'Pris Chwe' Cheiniog,' which means price sixpence—a charge double that of the original; but, we should infer, barely sufficient to repay the outlay on the undertaking. The translator, Ebenezer Thomas, or Eben the Bard, is a person of no mean celebrity in Wales. A correspondent, who calls him the 'Shakspeare or Burns of the Principality,' forwards the following notice of the bard and his present literary effort from the 'Amserau,' a popular Welsh newspaper:—

'Eben the Bard has already immortalised his name as a poet. Here we meet with him in the character of translator, and his abilities as such are equal to those which distinguish him as a poet. It must be absolutely superfluous to attempt saying anything by way of recommendation to the work he has now translated. What necessity is there for writing a panegyric on the sun? And why should the value of knowledge require to be made a subject of laudation? The treasure of miscellaneous instruction contained in the work of Chambers is beyond all price [Thank you, Mr Critic!], and there are thousands in England, Scotland, and elsewhere who have been drawing from this store for several years past. The "Information for the People" is now brought within the Welshman's reach in his native tongue, so that he likewise may participate in the same privilege and pleasure. The first part is highly interesting: it leads the reader to contemplate the wonderful works of God in the heavens and earth. It offers a vast amount of instruction, more valuable than much silver or gold! The language is chaste, elegant, and intelligible. The translator is in every respect worthy of the author. The paper and printing are good—an honour to the Pwllheli printing establishment. Surely such a work as this will meet with a hearty welcome and extensive circulation.'

Mr Edwards, in undertaking his costly speculation, seems to have found it necessary to bespeak the favourable consideration and assistance of a number of distinguished Welsh divines, who obligingly furnished him with their testimonies to the general utility of the work. These certificates of character, as they may be called, are printed in Welsh inside the cover, and may be supposed to carry with them a due degree of weight among the ancient Cymry. A few passages, translated, may be given, for the sake of showing that the clergy of the Principality are fully alive to the value of general secular knowledge within the range of their professional duties. The Rev. Isaac Jenkins, St David's College, says—'Such a work is greatly needed in the Welsh language; and as one who loves his country, and desires the improvement of its inhabitants in all useful knowledge, I can do no less than wish that every facility may be given for placing this excellent work before them. The undertaking is arduous and weighty; but I hope that sufficient sympathy and co-operation will be manifested so as to encourage the publisher. Failure in such an attempt would be a great dishonour to our nation, as well as give room for further reproach from our neighbours.' The Rev. Arthur Jones, D. D., Bangor, observes—'I am surprised and delighted that there is a prospect of the Welsh acquiring the elements of knowledge necessary to all men and women. The work in question will enrich our nation; and as it will gradually reach every neighbourhood, all, both old and young, even children, by practising economy, may possess the measures it contains; and by it may cultivate their abilities in a very high degree.' The following, from the Rev. Lewis Edwards, M. A., at Balla, is

still more pointed:—'I am exceedingly glad to find that "Chambers's Information for the People" is to be translated. Works such as this are what the Welsh require, not to the exclusion of religious, but in addition to all the theological works already in circulation amongst them.'

The last sentiment in the above conveys what has all along been a prevailing principle in the production of these sheets: they are not intended to exclude religious culture from the general concerns of life, but to impart what is properly additional to religion. Whether the diffusion of the 'Information' in Welsh will be as serviceable as is indulgently supposed, we have no means of judging. That any necessity should have existed for the translation, is exceedingly to be lamented. Not even the gratification of seeing the work in this new character can lessen the pain of knowing that a large section of the people still use a language—ancient and copious, no doubt, but calculated, we fear, to retard their social progress. That until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Celtic tongue, in its varieties of Gaelic, Welsh, Irish, and Manx, should be employed as a vernacular, is matter not less of surprise than of national discredit. Who has been to blame for this scandal—the civil government, the church, or the people? Perhaps all three. No thought appears to have been bestowed on the fact, that large masses of the population were isolated from general progress on account of their inability to speak English. And for this neglect, with other circumstances of misusage, how conspicuously has the nation at large suffered! One thing, however, must be said for the Welsh, that under all the disadvantages of a local tongue, they have not languished as a people, nor become burdensome to their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. Fallings they have, but a disposition to live by begging is not among the number. A plodding race they are, and, as respects a living literature, they go very far ahead of their Celtic brethren in Scotland or Ireland. The very circumstance of their attempting the enterprise which has suggested these remarks, is significant of an energy of character which we should in vain look for in the Highlands, where Celtic newspapers and periodicals have never met with that degree of encouragement necessary for their permanent establishment.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE newspapers give the following copy of a letter just received by Mr John Clark, yeoman of Timsbury, near Romsey, Hants. The writer—William Battin—was formerly shepherd in Mr Clark's employ, and emigrated to New Zealand about six years since. The simple, unadorned narrative of New Zealand life, which the letter furnishes us with, will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND, April 30, 1848.

I think that I can now say that the settlement is likely to do well, as the government have purchased from the natives every mile of rich ground, and the settlers that have been so long deprived of their land are now allowed to choose land from the district. The whole of Taranakio is well supplied with springs and fine rivers of good water; plenty of fish and wild ducks. The greatest produce of the land hitherto has been wheat, of which we have very excellent sorts. The finest wheat that can be sold is L.8 per load; barley, 6s. per bushel; oats, 6s.; potatoes L.2 per ton. The settlement has been very low, and the settlers in general badly off; but even then the labouring-classes were much better off than the labouring-classes in England. But now, thank God, we have got the boot on the other leg, and every settler has plenty; in none but the miserable huts of drunkards can the inmates say they ever know a banyan day. It is just five years two months and ten days since I landed here, and have been

* In the original—'Da iawn genafyf weled bod "Chambers's Information for the People," i gael ei gyfieithu; Llyfrau fcl llyn sydd elaiu ar y Cymry—nid i gau allan Grefydd, ond yn ychwaneguol at yr holl Lyfrau duwinyddol sydd eisoes ya ein iaith.'

just three years and twenty days independent on my own free land; and if John and Thomas had come with me, they might have been just as well off, and for three years have been lords of splendid harvests. I have moved from Pokenops, and am now at Pegrikurik. I have a large two-storey house, with eight rooms, convenient for every purpose. I have the best garden in the place, containing two acres, and rise everything to an amazing size. I have the largest and most convenient barn in the settlement. I have this year about 400 bushels of wheat, a few of barley and maize. I raise yearly about 50 tons of potatoes, very large, and about 1000 tons of Swedes, and about 300 cabbages from 10 to 40 lbs. each, and a great quantity of fruit and flowers and other vegetables in abundance. I have also ten good hogs, and often twenty. Bacon, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, fish, and such-like, very plentiful. I have firewood enough to last my house a century, and burn on the land thousands of loads to disencumber. Two bushels of seed wheat to the acre is the regular go; the fern land produces thirty bushels to the acre; and the bush land in general about fifty. Mine is all timber land, and my place will bear inspection by any person. In May is the best season to sow wheat, and might be continued till August, and harvest in January and February.

The winters here are very much like a cold wet summer in England. I have only three times seen ice as thick as common window-glass, no snow, and very little white frost. This is, I think, the finest climate in the whole world; neither myself nor one of my family have ever known a day's illness since we left England. I am now forty-eight years two months and a few days old. I appear twenty years younger to look on than when I left. My eldest son William is about to purchase for himself 200 acres of land, entirely by his own savings. Here is a chance for every one. The natives are beginning to raise wheat in abundance, and have several mills to grind corn in several parts of the country at their own expense; they have (the greatest part of them) embraced Christianity, and are become very civilised.

The missionary stations are about forty miles apart, and many of them quite in the desert, amongst the natives only, and have to travel and preach twenty miles each way; and it is surprising how the minds of the most savage tribe—those that have been making war—are now beginning to be very humble. Those about us are very civil and honest. They work just land enough to keep them: it is not one acre out of 1,000,000. There wants now, in this district of Taranakie, 100,000 emigrants. People starving in England, and millions of rich, willing land here useless—such easy-working land, that any man can throw out twenty sacks of potatoes in one day. The town of New Plymouth is situated by the sea-side, and is laid out in straight streets, two miles long, and one mile across, with a belt at the back, side, and ends, containing a large new hospital, many small farms, and much waste land. The town at present is but scattering—most of the houses built of timber. The church is built of stone, about three times the size of that at Timsbury. The Wesleyan chapel is built of stone; also a strong unoccupied prison built of stone. Here is no clay fit for brickmaking, but plenty of stone of all sorts and sizes. Along the beach, the river runs over amazing beds of pebbles for many miles. Fresh-water eels are often caught, ten, twelve, and twenty lbs. each. The settlers are scattered out wide. At the Omri there is a church built with timber, and a Primitive chapel. Sabbath schools are kept on, as in England. Wild fowls are plentiful, and it is every one's own fault if they do not sleep on beds of down. Half a mile in front of the sea the land is sandy, bearing saving crops; further in it is black mould—no stones. Oxen want no grass; horses want no shoes; one share point will last six months. Beneath the black mould it is brown earth—wants subsoiling.

The timber and big bush is cut down in a rough way, lying six months, when the fire burns all up clean, except logs and stumps. The wheat is sown and scraped in, in a rough and light manner, and without grubbing. A crop of fifty bushels to the acre is pretty sure. It is not a very good country at present for sheep, although here is no fly or maggot, and sheep fatten fast, and some have good fleeces. All cattle here are in good condition. Cattle here increase fast, as no calves are killed, and ship-loads arrive from New Holland. All that will may have cows, and at the cattle station there are about 300. Here is some horses, but the work is mostly done by oxen. The hours for labouring-men are from seven till five. The price for

thrashing is 8s. per quarter. There are four thrashing-machines here; but the slow pace of the oxen, and reckoning all hire, brings the price to 12s. the quarter. Corn thrashes better than in England. Men might earn very high wages, but very few can get their heads off their downy pillows till the sun is three hours in the sky. Thank God! I can rise most mornings to salute the opening dawn. Almost every one has land, and is half independent. There are no soldiers; but we have a police of about twenty men, drilled to the musket like soldiers. There are no natives more than about three miles inland, except when wandering about, which is common.

Here is no manner of wild beasts, no serpents or reptile; no manner of vermin but rats; no thorns or thistles. You might travel barefoot, lie down and sleep in any part of the wilderness, without the least danger. Amongst the thousands of birds, I have never seen one like one I saw in England, except hawks. The small green parrot, with red heads, are the only birds that hurt the corn. Amongst the many sorts of wood, I have never seen one sort like any I ever saw in England: it is astonishing the size and height of the timber. The hen bark is nearly as good and equal to oak for tanning. In many places is found red, white, yellow, brown, and black ochre, very soft and fine, and fit for making paint. The mines are not yet worked, and the Cornish miners have all left for other settlements, being useless here. In sinking a well, close to a town, was found some metal, and tried by Mr Woods, a goldsmith, and proved to be hard silver. No chalk or limestone is yet discovered in Taranakie. Money has for a long time been scarce, and most of the business is done by barter. Flour is sold by the dozen pounds, and it is 1s. 6d. per dozen for the best, and 1s. 4d. for seconds; it has been as high as 6s. per dozen. Many ship-loads of flour is sent to Auckland and Port Nicholson, where it fetches about double the price. The highest price for butter of good quality is 1s. per lb.; inferior 10d. Pork, best quality, at dear shops, 3d. per lb.; other shops, 2d. I and many others kill our own. All clothing is about double the price as in England, also iron work. Millers, shopkeepers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, are making their fortunes, and I have no room myself to complain. I hope every kind gentleman in England will try and get my nephew William Battin sent to New Plymouth, Berkshire, and ship for New Plymouth. The wheat is cut after the Cornish fashion, with large ewing hooks, and I my own-self can cut and bind a full acre in a day of stout wheat. He need not bring any reap hooks. Here are four breweries, and hops have sold at 10s. per lb. I have not spent one penny on any kind of spirits, or at a public-house, for more than four years, thank God. I and my children are safe and happy as larks. It is not certain whether the Topo mountain is burning now or not, but it is certain that a river of boiling water issues from it, wherein much cooking is done. There is no smell or bad taste from it. Topo is the native name of the mountain. The district of Taranakie is fifty miles across, and is the native name of the mountain from whence the district takes its name. There are wild pigs by legions, half fat. As the climate is good, and soil rich, very little art is required for farming. Holloway and his family is left, and gone to New South Wales, but writes to Gibbons to say he is coming back, for there is no place like Taranakie. Here in the summer the singing-flies charm the country. I have seen some of the cannibal ovens; they are pits about 6 feet square, and 2½ feet deep, and contain about three cart-loads of stones, which, when heated, cooked two or three large bodies at a time. All that is totally done away with now. Bees are increasing fast; I have six stocks at present, and intend keeping forty standing stocks. Bees gather the whole year, and can take the honey at any time; they gather about 5 lbs. of honey a month throughout the year: honey and wax is about the same quality as that of Hampshire: honey is selling at 2s. per lb., and wax at 5s. Two mills are said to be finished in a month, one having two water-wheels driving three pair of stones, the other with one, driving two pair. The price of sawing timber is reduced from 20s. to 10s. per 100 feet—300 feet a day's work for a pair of sawyers. Sawyers and shoemakers have been making money rapidly. Carpenters' wages have risen from 5s. to 6s. per day. At the commencement of the settlement, very few thought of anything but extravagant living, fine dressing, and the grog-shops; but when the Company's high prices were over, they were forced to alter, and get land for a living, and the money that had been thrown

away as with a shovel was then wanted. I worked out eight acres of land at earning 10s. a day. I have an entire free estate, sufficient for every comfort in life; and if John and Thomas could but once see what I have gained by coming to New Zealand, what chain could hold them in England?

It is said that emigration is going on, and I hope it is true, and hope that my nephew will pluck up courage and come; I should be pretty sure to meet him when he and his family lands; but if I should not, he must inquire for 'Goshen House' or 'Noah's Ark.'

The sands here are proved to be the best of iron, and Mr Price is about to erect a foundry. Ships are now taking loads of potatoes to Sydney, where the wholesale price is now L.8 per ton. Earthquakes are not felt often; I have felt but two heavy shocks for two years. It appears there have been two great earthquakes, as the land in some places is broken in pieces: one appears to have been 2000 years ago; the other must have been in very ancient days.

I cannot learn by any of the most ancient natives that there was ever anything like dearth or famine in this isle. There have been eruptions at the big mountains, and millions of tons of stones and massy rocks are thrown out, either by fire or water.

The postage of letters from England is 8d.; if to Sydney or Adelaide first, it is 11d.

Public-house licences till ten o'clock, L.30; and twelve o'clock, L.40 a year. Only two shops of that kind in this place. My eldest daughter has been married some months. The natives are all married by the missionaries, and the old-fashioned way of knocking their heads together is done away with.

There have been wars in different parts of the island, and some soldiers and settlers killed; but it is in peace now, and we have never had any wars, although we have once been threatened by the natives of the Topo tribe. The natives of this place prepared, as well as us, to attack them; all we could muster was eight pieces of cannon, some guns, and twenty muskets. The news soon reached Port Nicholson; the government brig happened to be there, which sailed immediately with a supply of arms and ammunition for us. A native went to spy, and in a month returned, saying a young man, a sort of prince, had shot himself playing with his gun: the whole tribe went to bury and bewail him; meantime a missionary found his way to them, telling them the white people meant them no harm, and if they did go, it was likely their heads would be taken off and sent to England to be made sport of. Not liking these thoughts, they thanked the missionary, and returned to Topo, leaving us in peace; however, a part of the same tribe have since made war with the settlers and soldiers at Zouganesic, but being beaten, are again returned to Topo.

Here there is no turnip-fly, but the grasshoppers are very destructive to all late-sown crops.

This settlement of New Plymouth has been for some time like an infant without a friend: it seemed like no man's land, belonging to neither government nor company; but since his excellency Governor Grey has visited, and seeing it a paradise, and a good corn and cattle district, although no harbour for shipping, he is very desirous to put and encourage it forward; and, with the good industry of the settlers, this will be the best settlement in the south. The summers are not so hot as in England; the weather has been very fine this last twelve months; the thunder here is little, and very mild and gentle.—From your well-wisher,
WILLIAM BATTIN.

'SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR.'

It seems generally to escape observation that the fourth commandment as effectually enjoins *work* during the six days of the week as it does *rest* on the seventh. This double meaning is alluded to as follows in the Cape Literary Magazine. "It is asked somewhere in the Talmud—"The wealthy of many countries, whereby are they deserving of becoming rich?" Samuel, the son of Yosi, replies, "Because they honour the Sabbath." Samuel, the son of Yosi, if I might presume to put another construction upon the answer, I would say, "Because they keep the fourth commandment." Let not the idle vagabond, who rests on the Sabbath and on the six days also, upbraid the Lord and say, "I keep the Sabbath holy, and yet am poor." Poor thou art, poor thou wilt be, and poor thou deservest

to be; for though thou keep the Sabbath never so holy, unless thou work six days out of the seven, thou breakest the fourth commandment, and canst never attain to wealth, to health, and to happiness. This is the doctrine which I proclaim, and maintain, upon Scriptural authority; and if that suffices not, go to yonder bloated, gouty coxcomb, who, upon a bed of down, feels his foot in a lake of fire; the mere moving of his footstool is a volcano to him, and the ringing of the bell by his physician's footman is an earthquake. Had he kept the commandment, not only on the seventh, but on the six days, he might have thrown physic to the dogs, and left me to seek another illustration of my moral.'

BEN AND LOCH LOMOND.

Still sleeps Loch Lomond by her mountain side,
And still within her bosom's placid deep,
The image of her lord her waters keep,
In all the freshness of a first love's pride.
Grief hath not seared them, time cannot divide,
Youth hath not fled: as beautiful are they,
As when the morning of creation's day
Saw them first joined, a bridegroom and a bride.
Nature, unchanged, still meets the gazer's eye;
The hills are still as dark, the skies as blue,
But vainly fancy wouldst thou now descry
The waving tartsan's many-coloured hue;
Vainly wouldst listen for the pibroch's cry;
Man and his works: these things have passed by.

F. F.

TEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item indeed in the *pabulum* of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter, or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him perhaps two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skillful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines; particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of any native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.—*Durbin's Observations on Europe.*

RE-VACCINATION.

1st, Every individual is susceptible of vaccination; 2d, Re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; 3d, The system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; 4th, Vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; 5th, Re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; 6th, The third vaccination is inert; 7th, The system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small-pox, without re-vaccination; 8th, Re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; 9th, Those who disregard vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; 10th, If every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.—*Substance of a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAW, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 272. NEW SERIES. • SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1849.

PRICE 1^d.

MUSIC OF THE WILD.

PROCESSIONS of the fairies long ago were always accompanied by the sounds of music:

'Their oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear;
And louder notes from hemlock large
And bog-reed struck the ear.'

—Ballad of Tamkane, Border Minstrelsy.

The bridles of the elfin steeds were also heard to ring, as the troops, seen or unseen, dashed past the alarmed mortal. It is just possible that there may have been a natural foundation for this feature of the fairy superstition, as has been proved to be the case with many other once-supposed supernatural things. There is at least a class of natural sounds, of a somewhat obscure character, which appear not unlikely to have been mistaken in a superstitious age for fairy music. We have been assured, though only on hearsay authority, that a few years ago the people of a small district in Roxburghshire were kept in a state of excitement for several days by sounds, as of music, wandering over the country, for which no one could account, though all heard it. In 1840, some moaning sounds in the Ochil Hills in Perthshire, attracted scientific attention, on the occasion of an earthquake taking place at Comrie, a few miles off. The sounds may have been occasioned by earthquakes in both cases. It has indeed been remarked as probable that the Ochil Hills anciently acquired their name from sounds connected with the Comrie earthquakes, which are of notable frequency, being heard amongst them; for the Gaelic word for moaning, howling, wailing, is *ochain* or *ochail*.*

There is a fine descriptive passage in one of James Hogg's poems—

'That undefined and mingled hum,
Voice of the desert, never dumb.'

Many must have observed this indescribable sound, as they rested quietly and listened in lonely situations. It seems the very shadow of absolute silence. The author of the 'Journal of a Naturalist' apparently alludes to it when he speaks of the 'purely rural, little noticed, and indeed local occurrence, called by the country people *humming in the air*,' as annually to be heard in the sultry forenoons of July in one or two fields near his dwelling. 'It is generally,' he says, 'in some spacious open spot that this murmuring first arrests our attention. As we move onward, the sound becomes fainter, and by degrees is no longer audible.' He thinks it must be owing to swarms of bees elevated to such a distance in the air as to be invisible. Another writer demurs to this explanation; 'for,' says he, 'it so hap-

pens that in the bosom of a thick wood, where there is a space partially opened, though still a very narrow and confined spot, in days precisely such as he describes them—that is, sultry, and in the middle of summer, when the air is calm—I have often paused to listen to a similar aerial humming, appearing to result from some unseen power close at hand, which for several years I hesitated not to attribute to insects; an opinion I felt compelled, though reluctantly, to give up, since, after the most diligent search, I could never detect the presence of any collected body sufficiently numerous to account for the effect.*

Humboldt, in his Personal Narrative, speaks of subterranean noises, like those of an organ, heard towards sunrise by those who sleep upon the granite rocks on the banks of the Orinoco. This will recall to the reader the celebrated statue of Memnon in Egypt, which at sunrise emitted musical sounds—a fact attested by so many respectable writers of antiquity, that there seems no good reason to doubt it. A frozen bay described by Mr Head (brother of Sir Francis) in his 'Forest Scenes' presented similar phenomena. After speaking of the loud noises produced by the cracking of the ice, he goes on to say—'A dreary undulating sound wandered from point to point, perplexing the mind to imagine whence it came, or whether it went, and whether aerial or subterranean; sometimes like low moaning, and then swelling into a deep-toned note, as produced by some Æolian instrument—it being in real fact, and without metaphor, the voice of winds imprisoned in the bosom of the deep.' He found this recur whenever the temperature fell very suddenly. It seems a phenomenon nearly allied to what the Welsh and Scotch call the *soughing* of the wind. The writer already quoted by his initials E. S. says—'On turning to a map of Cheshire, it will be seen that from within a short distance eastward of Macclesfield, a range of hills extends in an irregular curve to the north-west, forming a sort of concave screen, somewhat abruptly terminating over the comparatively level plains of this part of the county. In different parts of these, as well as in more elevated spots, at the various distances of from four to six miles or more, at certain seasons of the year, usually in the early part of spring, when the wind is easterly, and nearly calm on the flats, a hollow moaning sound is heard, familiarly termed the "*soughing of the wind*," and evidently proceeding from this elevated range, which, I should add, is intersected with numberless ravines or valleys; and I have no doubt that when the atmosphere is in that precise state best adapted for receiving and transmitting undulations of air, a breeze, not perceptible in the flat country, gently sweeps from the summits of the hills, and acts the part of a blower

* Proceedings of Geological Society, No. 91, 1842.

* 'E. S.' in Jameson's Journal, March 1830.

on the sinuosities and hollows, or cloughs, as they are called, which thus respond to the draught of air like enormous organ-pipes, and become for the time wind-instruments on a gigantic scale.*

We take leave to borrow another beautifully-related observation from this writer:—'In the autumn of 1828,' says he, 'when on a tour through Les Hautes Pyrenées, I formed one of a party, quitting Bagneres de Luchon at midnight, with an intention of reaching the heights of the Porte de Venasque, one of the wildest and most romantic boundaries between the French and Spanish frontier, from the summit of which the spectator looks at once upon the inaccessible ridges of the Maladetta, the most lofty point of the Pyrenean range. After winding our way through the deep woods and ravines, constantly ascending above the valley of Luchon, we gained the Hospice about two in the morning; and after remaining there a short time, proceeded with the first blush of dawn to encounter the very steep gorge terminating in the pass itself, a narrow vertical fissure through a massive wall of perpendicular rock. It is not my intention to detail the features of the magnificent scene which burst upon our view as we emerged from this splendid portal, and stood upon Spanish ground—neither to describe the feelings of awe which riveted us to the spot, as we gazed, in speechless admiration, on the lone, desolate, and (if the term may be applied to a mountain) the ghastly form of the appropriately-named *Maladetta*. I allude to it solely for the purpose of observing that we were most forcibly struck with a dull, low, moaning, Æolian sound, which alone broke upon the deathly silence, evidently proceeding from the body of this mighty mass, though we in vain attempted to connect it with any particular spot, or assign an adequate cause for these solemn strains. The air was perfectly calm. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere clear to that extraordinary degree conceivable only by those who are familiar with the elevated regions of southern climates. So clear and pure, indeed, that at noon a bright star which had attracted our notice throughout the gray of the morning still remained visible in the zenith. By the naked eye, therefore, and still more with the assistance of a telescope, any waterfalls of sufficient magnitude would have been distinguishable on a front base, and exposed before us; but not a stream was to be detected, and the bed of what gave evident tokens of being occasionally a strong torrent, intersecting the valley at its foot, was then nearly dry. I will not presume to assert that the sun's rays, though at the moment impinging in all their glory on every point and peak of the snowy heights, had any share in vibrating these mountain chords; but on a subsequent visit, a few days afterwards, when I went alone to explore this wild scenery, and at the same hour stood on the same spot, I listened in vain for the moaning sounds: the air was equally calm; but the sun was hidden by clouds, and a cap of dense mist hung over the greater portion of the mountain.'

There is no small difficulty in accounting for such sounds. They may be connected with changes of temperature; but how? Sometimes they may be produced at a great distance, but rendered audible by a form of the ground favourable for the collection of the rays of sound, so to speak. The wind is doubtless the instrument in many instances. Earthquakes, as we have seen, are another source of uncommon sounds, though how these should be produced in such circumstances we cannot say. Amidst this difficulty, it is satisfactory to refer to one class of such sounds for which an explanation has been attained†

On the east coast of the Bay of Suez, about three hours from Tor in Sinai, there is a sandstone ridge, at one part of which, where it is about 150 feet high, there is a steep acclivity named Nakuh, having much loose sand laid against it, the produce of the upper part of the hill. When the traveller ascends this sandy cliff, his ears are saluted with a sound which at first resembles the tone of an Æolian harp, then that of a hum-

ming-top, and finally becomes so loud, that the earth seems to shake. After many speculations about the cause of this phenomenon, the matter was set at rest by the distinguished naturalist Ehrenberg. 'He ascended from the base of the hill, over its cover of sand, to the summit, where he observed the sand continually renewed by the weathering of the rock; and convinced himself that the motion of the sand was the cause of the sound. Every step he and his companion took caused a partial sound; occasioned by the sand thus set in motion, and differing only in continuance and intensity from that heard afterwards, when the continued ascent had set loose a greater quantity of sand. Beginning with a soft rustling, it passed gradually into a murmuring, then into a humming noise, and at length into a threatening of such violence, that it could only be compared with a distant cannonade, had it been more continued and uniform. As the sand gradually settled again, the noise also gradually ceased.* Mr James Prinsep, who also inquired into these sounds, states that the effect is produced by 'a reduplication of impulse, setting air in vibration in a focus of echo.' It is, in short, a phenomenon in acoustics.

There is a similar marvel at Reg-Ruwan, about forty miles north of Cabool, towards Hindoo Koosh, and near the base of the mountains. To quote the description of Sir Alexander Burnes:—'Two ridges of hills, detached from the rest, run in and meet each other. At the point of junction, and where the slope of the hills is at an angle of about 45 degrees, and the height nearly 400 feet, a sheet of sand, as pure as that on the seashore, is spread from the top to the bottom, to a breadth of about 100 yards. When this sand is set in motion by a body of people sliding down it, a sound is emitted. On the first trial we distinctly heard two loud hollow sounds, such as would be produced by a large drum. On two subsequent trials we heard nothing, so that perhaps the sand requires to be settled and at rest for some space of time before the effect can be produced. The inhabitants have a belief that the sounds are only heard on Friday; nor then, unless by the special permission of the saint of Reg-Ruwan, who is interred close to the spot. The locality of the sand is remarkable, as there is no other in the neighbourhood. Reg-Ruwan faces the south, but the wind of Purwan (*bad i Purwan*), which blows strongly from the north for the greater part of the year, probably deposits it by an eddy. Near the strip of sand there is a strong echo; and the same conformation of surface which occasions this is doubtless connected with the sound of the moving sand.'

An explanation being supplied in this case, we may hope to see all mysteries of the same kind in time cleared up.

FROM THE PIECE TO THE PATTERN.

PASSING through a couple of green gates at the bottom of a narrow street in the outskirts of Manchester, and very near the terminus of the North-Western Railway, we are at Hoyle's printworks in Mayfield, which is equivalent to saying that we have entered upon a scene displaying some of the finest and most scientific processes connected with the preparation of cotton for human apparel. 'Hoyle's prints' has become a household name, known alike to the wearer of the most exquisite and delicate of patterns, and to her who, whether for a tidy apron, or for a work-a-day dress, or for a Sunday gown, can pick out the genuine 'Hoyle's' out of a dozen imitators, with unerring accuracy. Although that forms by no means the sole description of article produced by this immense firm, yet the name is generally associated with the idea of some homely, useful, and cheerful lilac-patterned dress. The peculiar excellency of the establishment is un-

* Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. Jan. 1830.

doubtedly this simple, unobtrusive, but indelible class of patterns, or 'style;' and as the demand for patterns of this sort has become as regular as the demand for apparel itself, continuing unaltered by the smiles of fashion or the frowns of caprice, it is probably correct to found upon the fortunate discovery of this dye the splendid reputation of these extensive works.

Mayfield is a little town of itself, and the various buildings, works, and reservoirs occupy no inconsiderable space in this portion of the City of Steam—the title being nowhere so well earned as here, where, from the open roofs of the dye-houses, torrents of steam soar up into the air. Upon the territory of the firm, in fact, a considerable number of cottages, for the workmen and their families, cluster together; and we were gratified to enter a capital school, well filled with boys and girls, the children of this print-village, so to write. The entrance is effected under a handsome clock-tower, forming at its base the porter's lodge. Crossing an open area, the visitor's attention is first caught by the large water-reservoirs placed on the boundaries of the premises. These are filters on a great scale: the plan is peculiar to these works. A great essential in securing a good and brilliant dye is to get water as free from iron and lime as possible. For this purpose sulphuric acid is often intentionally added, in small quantities, to precipitate the lime. The same end is effected in this instance by conveying all the water used in the establishment, by an aqueduct, from the engine-pump to the highest of the reservoirs, and there adding to it the refuse from some of the dye-vats. By this means all the iron and lime are deposited, and the water, descending through several beds of sand, &c. in the different filters, at length enters the reservoir, from whence it is drawn for the use of the dye-house.

Having now fairly entered the busy spot, we must proceed according to order, and to that end must first enter that portion of the works which is called the White Room, from the circumstance that the bleached 'pieces' are first brought to this place, to be submitted to one or two inspections, &c. before proceeding to the print-room and dye-house. In one division of this place was the examiner—her duty being to see that no knotty portions exist in the cloth, removing them with a scissors of peculiar form. We were amused at the rapidity and methodism with which the woman, by an alternate glance of the eye to one and to the other edge of the cloth, instantly detecting the least imperfection, removing it, and, machine-like, going on as before, pushing yard after yard over the board in front of her. In the next room were a number of females, seated in different portions of it, with a large number of pieces of the cloth before them, plying their needles in sewing them together at an extraordinary rate, and with a peculiarity of knack only to be learned by long experience. Fifteen pieces is the average number sewn together at their ends, making on the whole, if we reckon each piece at about 30 yards long, a length of cotton cloth of about 450 yards! The pieces are then folded up, and conveyed to a third department in this building. If the reader would be at the pains to examine the edges of the calico as thus folded, he would find them very uneven, many probably bent in, and creased. Unless these creases were removed, it would be next to impossible to print a dress evenly, and in all parts alike. The means of removal is very simple, but peculiar. A powerful and athletic man lays hold of the cloth, and standing before a stone placed at a particular angle, whirls the cloth in the air, and strikes it with a peculiar twist upon the edge of the stone. After beating the edges thus for a few times, they will be found, on examination, to be all smooth, and every crease taken out. One active

fellow told us he could despatch 600 of these compound pieces as his day's work. The calico is yet in folds, and retains a certain amount of dust and fine 'flue,' which must be removed before it can be fitted to receive the pattern. The reader must therefore accompany us, as, following the steps of our companions, we entered a very dusty and bustling apartment. Four or five curious machines were here arranged, and, in connection with the steam-engine shafts, were in rapid action. The end of the folded calico was taken up, and partly rolled upon a wooden roller. On the machine being set in motion, the cloth was wound up on this roller, at each end of which were heavy weights, by which means the roll acquired almost the solidity of wood; and in its passage it had to cross a couple of bars of iron, grooved diagonally, for the purpose of taking out any remaining creases, and also over a circular system of brushes, which revolve with great rapidity, and sweep every lightly-adherent particle from off the face of the fabric. The whole process is effected with a degree of rapidity which much surprises the uninitiated in the marvels of mechanism; and that which was formerly a slow, imperfect, and tedious process, is now effected in the space of a very few minutes with the utmost rapidity and certainty of result.

The roll of cloth is hurried to the print-room: thither let us accompany it. This is a beautiful new building, of considerable size, and some elegance of appearance. It forms a distinct division of the works, and its wonderful mechanisms are actuated by a distinct motive power from those of other portions of this extensive establishment. Ascending a short flight of steps, our ears already greeted by the tumultuous moving sounds which vibrated through the half-open door, we entered, and had displayed before us such a stirring prospect as we have rarely beheld. On the left-hand side, looking down the room, were eighteen or twenty of those beautiful inventions, the cylinder-printing machines, all in full work. We beheld our cloth-companion carried to the back of one, partly unwound, the machine set in action, and lo! it rises from the iron bosom of the apparatus a printed fabric: it passes through the ceiling, and we think it lost for ever to view, when, at the other side of the room, see the same piece descends, hot and dry, and, as one might think, ready for use, but not nearly so yet. Conceive of eighteen machines all performing the same evolutions; of eighteen fabrics entering them without spot or wrinkle, emerging covered with figures, spots, and marks of various hues and designs; of their again soaring up out of sight, and once more descending in smooth folds on the other side, and an imperfect idea of the singular scene before us may present itself. As the machines before us are, without question, the most important mechanisms in the whole of this interesting manufacturing process, they deserve to be fully understood; and that, we believe, may be very easily accomplished by a little attentive consideration of the following analysis of one of the most modern of them. There is, then, an upright framework of cast-iron, within the two sides of which the printing apparatus is contained; externally to it is the gear which connects the rollers, &c. with the shafting running under the floor; in the centre of the frame is a series of rollers, the most important of which is a copper cylinder, the lower side of which dips into a trough containing the colouring paste; at the back of the machine is the rolled cloth preparatory to printing; and rising from its front, the same cloth is seen imprinted with the peculiar device, and resting on an endless web of Mackintosh fabric, enters the room above by a longitudinal slit in the ceiling. To trace the cloth in its proper progress, we will commence with it behind. Unwinding from the roller, it makes a slight descent, and then enters into the machine between an under copper cylinder, the surface of which is engraved with the pattern—the under part of it dipping into the colour-trough, receives its charge of colour by that means—and an upper roller of wood, the surface of which is covered by the Mackintosh web: these

rollers being tightly screwed together, exercise great compression upon the cloth as it passes between them, and force it to take up every vestige of colour from the depressions in the surface of the cylinder. Appearing in the front, it is now found to have taken an accurate impression of the design on the copper, and its further stages of progress will come presently under our notice. At the side of the room are a number of vices, at which the machine attendants will be frequently seen at work, smoothing and straightening a long steel blade, like—if we may venture to draw the comparison—what ladies call, we believe, a 'busk,' a kind of iron substitute for the whalebone in stays. Reader, without that simple blade, all this costly mechanism would be utterly valueless, at least for printing purposes: that is the doctor. If the copper cylinder were allowed to dip into the colour, and then to be pressed against the tissue, the result would be, that a homogeneous broad band of the colour would remain on the fabric. What is wanted is, to remove all the colour from the surface of the engraved metal, yet to leave all the engraved portions charged with colour. Manifestly no ordinary wiper would or could effect this end. The smooth sharp edge of the doctor does it completely. The blade receives an alternate lateral motion by a crank; and resting, as it does, at a certain angle upon the surface of the cylinder, it smoothly scrapes away every particle of surface-colour in the most admirable manner. It is said to have received its odd name from the expression of surprise of a workman, who, seeing the inventor, after many trials of other methods of getting rid of surface-colour, take up a long-bladed knife, and, to his astonishment, finding it answer the purpose excellently, ejaculated, 'You have doctored it now, sir!' Each machine has two of these ferocious medical attendants: one—the one in question—is called the 'colour-doctor;' the other, which is placed in front of the cylinder, and is intended to free it from any cotton filaments which may have got upon it during the passage of the fabric over it, has the more congenial appellation of the 'lint-doctor.'

Having, as we trust, made the construction of the single-colour cylinder-printing machine sufficiently clear, we shall now be able to comprehend, without difficulty, that yet more remarkable, and, at first sight, highly-complicated machine, which prints five, or even six colours, at the same time! If the reader can imagine that, instead of passing over one cylinder, the cloth passes in succession over one, two, three, or more, each dipping in troughs containing different colours, and each furnished of course with the doctor, he will have all the essentials before him of the compound machine. As may well be imagined, the paramount difficulty here is so to engrave the different patterns on each cylinder as that each spot of colour shall drop into its right place; and no ordinary exercise of ingenuity and patience is called for in the adjustment of the machine in the first instance. It is a beautiful spectacle when seen at work. You behold the smooth band of cloth enter in snowy purity, you watch it swiftly passing in a zig-zag direction over a number of cylinders, each charged with different colours, and each kept clean by its busy 'doctors,' until at length it comes out covered with a pretty pattern, in which five or six colours glitter with most attractive brilliancy. The metamorphosis is as rapid as it is complete, from the unsullied piece of calico to the almost perfected pattern dress.

Stepping across to the opposite side of the room, we see, as we have said, the printed cloth come streaming down at a great rate; and, curious to say, it is laid in regular folds by machinery! It passes between a pair of wooden rollers placed at the end of a long swinging frame of iron; and this frame being made to swing to and fro by a crank, it directs the cloth passing between the rollers into similar folds, thus disposing what would otherwise be inevitably a confused heap of calico, requiring the constant supervision of one man to prevent its getting all over the floor, into smooth and even folds, in which form it lies, without irregularity, and can be easily removed by an attendant when the whole piece is printed. There are, it is true, minor ingenuities, but we delight to

mark them as indicative of the pervasion of a system of refined mechanism even to the most trifling particulars. We have thus seen, as far as this room is concerned, the beginning and the end of the piece. Ascending up stairs, we shall be able to see the intermediate process of 'drying.' A few yards, and we are in a tropical climate! A blast of hot, suffocative air strikes the face, fills the clothes, and makes the skin tingle all over, and a few minutes must elapse before the impulse to plunge back again into the comparatively cold air of the room below can be fairly mastered. Then the heat ceases to be unpleasant—at least it was so with us. The evolution of this heat is due to the immense range of steam apparatus which fills the room from one end to the other. It consists of tall upright frames of cast-iron, to which are attached a number of flat iron cylinders filled with steam. The printed cloth, rising through the floor, is made to lie flat on a series of these hot chests, over which it is drawn; until, descending again on the other side, it is found to be quite hot and dry, and passes once more through the floor to the folding apparatus.

A very singular and interesting machine calls us to stop before finally quitting the printing-room. The men call it the 'gas-blue machine.' As we had the privilege of witnessing the erection and first working of one of these ingenious machines, we shall briefly describe it. Up to the point where the cloth enters the machine, its arrangements are precisely those of the ordinary cylinder-print engines. Just, however, above the colour-doctor, a horizontal pipe, perforated with many holes, lies close to the revolving cylinder; this pipe is in connection with a gas-supply pipe, and by its means gas is blown on to the cylinder charged with colour just before the latter comes in contact with the cloth. In front of the machine is a flat box, glazed like a picture frame: immediately that the cloth leaves the copper cylinder, it enters between two tight lips of caoutchouc into this box, and may be seen through the glass moving upwards into a chest above, where it is rolled up—not passing into the drying-room, as in other cases. By ample pipes connected with a gas-meter, this flat box and the larger trunk are kept filled with an atmosphere of gas—the ordinary carburetted hydrogen of the streets—which, escaping in small quantities, renders its presence very perceptible to the senses of the bystander. At the top of the larger chest is an escape-valve, by which the gas is allowed at intervals to flow into the external air, to give place for a fresh quantity. This machine, which has been patented by Mr Woodcroft, is intended to produce a most beautiful and indelible blue colour on the print. The paste is of a peculiar kind, undergoing a certain decomposition when brought into contact with coal gas, and the result being the production of a very fine and lasting blue. The exact chemical processes which are concerned in this singular machine are not permitted to be divulged. It is very singular to see it at work, and to behold through the pane of glass the cloth, erst so fair and pale, deepening into a rich blue as it passes slowly upwards through the gaseous atmosphere, with the appearance at the same time of some pretty simple pattern on it. We believe that this invention, which is quite recent, has already proved a most valuable aid to the resources of the calico printer.

The rate at which the cylinder-printing machines execute their task is surprising when looked at in the aggregate. Some machines will actually print a mile of calico in an hour! or, to make it more intelligible to some of our fairer readers, each machine will print three cotton dresses in a minute! Supposing that fifteen of the machines in this room were to work uninterruptedly for only ten hours each day, and for six days in the week, they would be able to print cotton dresses in one such week for one hundred and sixty-two thousand ladies! How many, then, in a year! We believe the actual number of miles of calico printed by this eminent firm alone in a single year exceeds ten thousand, more than sufficient to measure the diameter of our planet with! The whole of the machines in this large apartment require the undivided energies of a couple of the most beautiful steam-engines

we have ever seen—on the locomotive principle—high-pressure boilers, and horizontal cylinders, each engine being estimated at twenty-five horse power. The engine-room was itself a miracle of neatness, nay, even of elegance: but we have more pressing claims on our attention.

A man comes, and taking up a heap of the folded prints, starts off for another department. Following hard in his wake, we entered the 'ageing-room'—such is really its odd-sounding title. The print is then handed over to a number of boys, who, taking the one end of it, hang it in folds upon hooks placed at short intervals apart. In this way the whole of an extensive room was converted, as it were, into a great laundry, the windows at the sides being all open, to permit a free current of air to pass through the entire space. On examining the pattern upon some pieces which have ended their stay, it is found to have undergone a considerable change of hue, from a pale fawn to a sort of rust colour. This is due to the action of the air upon the mordant—in this case usually a salt of iron. The intention of the ageing process is to produce a chemical decomposition upon the substance of the mordant, so as to induce its deposition upon the surface of the cloth in the form of an insoluble sub-salt, the better to endure the future operations to which the fabric is about to be exposed. Some care is necessary in this apparently simple process to effect the equable decomposition of the mordant all over the surface of the cloth; and we were assured by a practical man that occasionally the passage of the air across the fabric may be noted by the deeper colour of the outer folds, and the paler hue of the inner. The cloth takes four days to become, in dyers' language, properly 'aged.'

Accompany us now, gentle reader, to a region of mists, and rising damps, and fogs, on whose warm wet wings is the odour of madder and other dyes, to a place where dim spectres are to be seen wheeling about barrow-loads of reeking dresses; where the sharpest sight cannot for a while see a yard before the eyes; where there is such a dashing about of scalding water, such a clattering of deep-mouthed mechanism, and such a din and terrible sensation in the air, as if something were going awfully wrong, that you may be glad your companionship does not stretch beyond this page. Such is the 'beck' or dye-house into which we have now entered. A pile of calico from the ageing-room is cast at our feet; before us is a long wooden cistern, three parts filled with water, which is kept boiling by the influx of steam at the bottom. Just above it, and placed horizontally along it, with a bearing on each end of the cistern, is a wince or frame of wooden bars, which is made to revolve by machinery. Into the cistern are put a gallon or two of the manure from cattle. The cloth is then put in, and one end being laid over the wince, the latter being also set in motion, the cloth is seen to be wound over from one side to the other of the cistern, of course producing in its rapid progress no ordinary amount of splashing about. This, which is called, in the not-over-refined language of the dye-house, 'the dunging process,' is twice repeated. It is a most curious fact that, until lately, no rational explanation of this operation could be offered, nor was any substitute for the manure discovered. Even now the *modus operandi* is by no means clear. It appears certain that the manure owes its efficacy to its phosphates of soda and of lime, which appear to act in a peculiar manner, so as to remove the superfluous portions of the mordant from the cloth; and what is called 'dung substitute,' consisting of these two ingredients, is now largely employed in its place: we must mention, however, that it is a patent article. The cloth is then taken to another part of this busy place, and is washed by a similar wince and cistern, containing pure hot water, and is by this means freed from all impurities contracted during the last processes. It is thence removed to the 'dye-beck': this is an apparatus in all respects similar to the last—consisting of a revolving wince and cistern, which in this instance is filled with a boiling decoction of the dye, such as madder; and after whirling and splashing about in this hot fluid for a couple of hours, the cloth is then removed. It has now lost its

snowy whiteness, and has assumed a deep red hue, verging on purple; and a pattern can scarcely be detected on it, for the whole surface appears almost uniformly coloured. But excepting in the mordanted parts—that is, in the pattern which has been printed with a paste of 'mordant'—all this colour is fugitive: in these a true chemical union has taken place between the colour and the mordant, and the colouring matter has been deposited in the fibres of the cloth in the form of an insoluble precipitate; consequently no future washing can get it out, for the colour is, as it were, locked in within the fine tubes which compose the structure of the fabric; hence, indeed, the origin of the term *mordant*, or *biter-in*. Much might be said, and a vast amount of interesting matter could be adduced, upon the philosophy of dyeing, but it would swell this article to a most unreasonable length to introduce it. The grand principle has been just stated, and is easily extended to other instances; while for a variety of interesting chemical phenomena exhibited in the different processes, the reader may be referred to any of the valuable works on 'Applied Chemistry.'

The superfluous colour has now to be washed out, and a most singular machine is called upon to fulfil that office. The appropriate title for this immense washing-engine is the 'dash-wheel.' Along one side of a separate house, which might be termed the laundry, five or six of these dash-wheels are placed. They consist of large circular boxes, seven or eight feet in diameter, the interior of which is divided by boards into four compartments, with a large round hole looking into each of these divisions. These wheels are placed upon transverse axes, which are in connection with moving gear, and cause the whole frame to revolve round and round. The cloth is put into one of these compartments, a jet of pure water is allowed to flow into the interior of the machine near its centre, and the whole is then set in motion. The cloth is thus dashed about with considerable violence, while all the time a copious current of pure water flows over it; and when taken out, it is found to have lost a large portion, though not all, of its superfluous colour. It is taken back to the dye-house, and washed in a dilute solution of chloride of lime: this is called 'cleaving.' The dash-wheel once more receives it, and now it is fit for apparel as far as colour goes. But it is recking with water. This is expelled by a most ingenious contrivance called a hydro-extractor, or patent drying-machine. The dripping folds are put into a hollow circular wheel with a perforated margin; by means of speed-cones this is made to revolve with a gradually-accelerated motion until its revolutions reach a frightful rapidity. On stopping it, after a few minutes, it is found that the centrifugal force has made every particle of water fly from the cloth, and it is almost as dry as tinder! The cloth is then passed between two wooden rollers, revolving in a trough filled with starch: it goes up what is called a 'Jacob's ladder,' an endless band with shelves on it, into the steam-drying room. In this place is a large apparatus consisting of a number of cylinders filled with steam, under and over which the piece is wound, until it comes out smooth and dry. It is then folded, put in a hydraulic press, and tied, and the impatient horse in the dashing-cart outside receiving his load, carries it from Mayfield to the railway, and the railway scatters the wonderful production to the very ends of the earth.

This is, however, but a sketch of the processes concerned in the production of the very simplest patterns: cloth which receives patterns containing four or five colours, often goes through twenty or thirty different operations before it is finished, the number, complexity, and variety of which makes it a matter of astonishment that the articles can be produced and sold under anything but a most extravagant price. The copper cylinders on which the pattern is engraved are stored up in a separate apartment of considerable size, said to contain cylinders to the value of L.60,000! Adjoining it is also a long and even elegant room, in which the designers and gravers work. The works comprise a vast number of other departments, such as pumping, workshops, tool-repairing, smithies, madder-grinding, &c. the most vitally-

important of which is the extensive and beautifully-fitted-up chemical laboratory, where various experiments are conducted by a scientific chemist, and where all the dyes are prepared. This place contains a number of admirable machines for grinding, evaporating, mixing colours, &c. which it would be vain to attempt to describe. Suffice it to say, that it is the very heart of the whole manufacture, and upon the skill practically manifested here depends the entire success of the vast establishment. To give the reader a concluding idea as to the immensity of these works, it may be stated that they produce in a single year cotton dresses for a million and a-half of human beings!

AN INCIDENT IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

ONE evening at our club we had the satisfaction of hearing Captain Marmaduke Smith relate an adventure in which he had been concerned in Spain, and which I shall try to give as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator. The reader is aware, for he has already made the captain's acquaintance, that he was somewhat of an oddity, and his story on this occasion was suggested by a hot discussion among us on the subject of patriotism.

'Don't tell me of patriotism,' said the captain: 'I have seen such queer exhibitions of the article in my day, that I am pretty well tired of hearing anything more about it. I could give you a story of Spanish patriotism that would astonish you; however, it's no use talking of the affair.'

'The story—let us have the captain's story by all means,' replied several voices. 'Come, captain, begin.'

'Well, well, if I must, I must, though I would rather have the matter forgotten.' You of course all know that I am not exactly an Englishman?

'Indeed! We always thought!'

'Never mind; I shall explain. My father was a Scotsman, my mother was an Irishwoman, and I was born in Gibraltar; so that you see I am an Anglo-Scoto-Irish Spaniard—a nondescript animal—though I hope not the worse subject of her Majesty, God bless her! By my father, who was a mariner at Gibraltar, I was sent to England for my education; and in consequence of my great merit—ahem!—a commission was easily got for me in the army. Well, that is a good while ago now. I served in the Peninsula, and was promoted—mark you, *not* by brevet. The Peninsula, you will observe, was a sort of native country to me—I spoke Spanish as fast as English. During one of the lulls in the campaign of 1811 I got leave of absence in order to visit Gibraltar. My father and only parent was lying dangerously ill, and requested my presence. Before I got to Gibraltar, he had died, leaving me his sole heir, which was a great consolation. When I came to look into his property, I found that it included a handsome schooner, the "Blue-Eyed Maid," which lay in the harbour, loaded with a capital cargo of printed cotton goods. The craft was waiting for a skipper, and none could be had. An idea struck me—"Why not turn skipper myself for the occasion?" The voyage was designed to be only as far as Bilboa—a regular smuggling transaction. I need hardly tell you, for all the world knows it, that Gibraltar is useful to us chiefly as a smuggling depôt. The Spaniards want our goods; their government will not let them buy them in a regular way; and we, kind creatures, let them have them without giving any trouble to the customhouse. Now, here was a fine opportunity for me distinguishing myself as a contrabandista. My leave of absence having yet some time to run, I determined on taking the command myself; for although I had every proper confidence in Bill Jenkins the mate, yet knowing the weakness of human nature, and especially of smuggling human nature in such cases, I judged it might be as well to be my own cashier. On Christmas eve everything was ready for a start; the anchor was

atrip, and a fresh breeze was blowing from the southwest, which promised, if it did but last, a swift and pleasant run. I had just reached the bottom of the flight of rock steps leading to the signal station, where I had been to take a last look at the weather, when I was accosted by an old, odd, withered-looking gentleman—his hair and beard white as snow, and dressed in an old-fashioned grandee suit of velvet, with a short cloak over his shoulders, and a Spanish cocked-hat and feather on his head. He had a letter from a well-known merchant of Gibraltar, recommending him as a safe, trustworthy gentleman. His object, he explained, was to procure a passage in the "Blue-Eyed Maid" to Bilboa, then in the occupation of the French. As our rendezvous was a little to the south of the mouth of the Ebro, I had no difficulty in acceding, for a "consideration," to his request. An hour afterwards, we were on board, and I had an opportunity of more closely observing our new companion. He seemed a stunted, dried-up specimen of grandee pedigree and arrogance. He could not be less, judging from his palsied limbs, tremulous shrill voice, and shrunken features, than eighty years of age. His eyes, too, were filmy and dull, except when anything occurred to rouse him—an allusion to the French especially—and then a fire would glare out of the old decaying sockets—whether of heaven or the other place this story will best tell—enough to scorch one. He looked at such times for all the world like an Egyptian mummy animated by a fiend from the bottomless pit.

'We were soon under weigh, and cracking along at a spanking rate. The old Don kept very quiet, giving little or no trouble, except that some one or other of us was continually tumbling over him; for the restless creature would totter about the deck all day and nearly all night, muttering to himself, and every now and then irreverently flapping down on his knees. This conduct at last greatly scandalised Bill Jenkins, who argued that a man who threw out such an enormous number of that sort of signals must have an uncommon queer cargo to run; and Bill darkly hinted that if extra bad weather should come on, or any out-of-the-way mishap occur, he should know who to thank for it. Nothing, however, happened contrariwise till we were within a hundred miles of our destination, when, just as day broke, the look-out hand reported a strange sail on the weather-beam. All eyes and the only glass on board were immediately turned in the direction of the stranger, who finally proved to be a French war corvette. Bill Jenkins glanced at me, and then at the Spaniard, as much as to say, I told you what would come of having that precious rascal on board; and then made preparations to hoist every stitch of canvas the schooner could carry. But spite of all our exertions, the corvette gained rapidly upon us, and the prospect of a French prison became momentarily more and more distinct, and apparently inevitable. Our grandee seemed struck with utter madness: he stormed, raved, gesticulated, and execrated the advancing ship with a fury scarcely human! As something more to the purpose, we were preparing, with sorrowful hearts, to throw over the best and heaviest of the cargo, in order to lighten the schooner, when Jenkins, who had gone up with the glass to the foretop, sung out—"Avast heaving there; here comes a customer for the Frenchman—hurra!" We all ran to the side, and gazed to where Bill's arm pointed; and there, sure enough, about four miles a-head—the wind was right on our beam—was a British ship of war, just rounding a headland, and coming on like a race-horse. Up went our ensign—we had hitherto modestly concealed it—in a brace of shakes; we crowded out three lusty cheers, and fired our two little brass popguns, as valiant as turkey-cocks, at the corvette. As soon as the Frenchman perceived his new friend, he luffed up into the wind, and seemed for a few minutes doubtful whether to show fight or a clean pair of heels. The British vessel was the "Scorpion" sloop

of war, and about a fair match for the gentleman who had so nearly snapped up my father's son and his inheritance of marketable sundries. But the Frenchman finally made up his mind for a tussle. In little more than ten minutes the "Scorpion" swept close by us, and we were hailed from the quarter-deck with, "What schooner's that?" "The Blue-Eyed Maid of London," was the prompt reply. "Heave to, and wait here till our return," was the as quick rejoinder. "Ay, ay, sir!" shouted Bill Jenkins, at the same time respectfully touching his hat, and adding in a lower voice, "We'll see you smothered first!" In those days, gentlemen, merchant vessels were by no means desirous of too intimate an acquaintance with his majesty's cruisers. They had a pestilent way of carrying off the best hands, and both skippers and sailors, like the sheep in the story-book, used to make ugly comparisons between the wolves and the shepherds: so we kept on under as much sail as the sticks would bear. The appearance of the British cruiser had changed the delirious rage of the Spaniard into the wildest joy; and when the sight, of which we had a capital view at a pleasant and rapidly-increasing distance—a circumstance, let me tell you, which adds wonderfully to the agreeableness of such glorious spectacles—indeed, to tell the honest truth, I doubt if they are ever thoroughly enjoyed in any other manner!—

'I always understood,' interrupted a thin, squeaky voice, struggling through the smoke from a corner of the room; 'I always understood that warriors delight in battle.'

'Did you, Tape?' rejoined Captain Smith: 'then your innocence has been shamefully imposed upon. A great pleasure *over* a battle *may* be; but ball-favours in actual course of distribution are anything but pleasant to the two-legged targets expectant. He who thinks otherwise, you may depend upon it never played at the game. But to return to my story. The Spaniard, I was saying, capered like a maniac—which in truth he was, and that's the best thing, you'll admit presently, can be said of him—at every mishap that befell the Frenchman's spars or rigging-gear; and when, after both ships had been some time hull down, Bill Jenkins announced from the mizzen-truck, with a roar like a small hurricane, that the tricolor was struck, he fairly yelled with delight, and was so overcome with joy that he fainted away, and had to be carried below. A man must have lived in Spain in those days to know to what a pitch national animosity can be carried; and this Senor Cortina, to add to his aversion for the French as the invaders of his country, had suffered, I afterwards learned, personal wrong and violence at their hands. His chateau, after a foolish resistance, had been sacked and burned, and his daughter ill-treated by the savage soldiery. After a few hours' repose he was again on deck, ejaculating as before; and by what I could piece out from detached sentences I now and then overheard, I believed him to be imploring strength and help for the accomplishment of some great and awful duty which he had made a vow to perform.

'Nothing further occurred till we made the entrance of the Ebro, where we stood on and off for a couple of days and nights. At last our signals were answered, and we made a successful run of the entire cargo. As soon as I had pocketed the cash, I paid the crew liberally, and despatched the schooner back to Gibraltar, intending to join my regiment over land. I lingered a few days at the *podesta*, where my late passenger had put up, and became, in consequence, an actor in the affair which followed.

'One day, after a late dinner, I told Senor Cortina who I was, and the occupation I usually followed. His dull old eyes flashed with joy, and having first pressed a considerable present on my acceptance, and hinted that he wished to confer privately with me in the morning, he retired to his chamber. The sight and feel of the money effected a decided change for the better in my opinion of the old gentleman's rabid pa-

triotism, and I began to think somewhat highly of one who evinced such touching gratitude towards an ally. The next morning I was summoned immediately after breakfast to his apartment, where he sat as cold, stern, and rigid as an iron image. All his flightiness was gone, and he was as solemn as a judge. His first sentence was a stunner! "I want you, Mr Smith, to convey a message to an officer of the garrison of Bilbao." "Bilboa?" says I, almost lifted off my feet with surprise. "Yes," he replied, cool as a cucumber—"Bilboa. The service is, I am aware, dangerous; but the reward shall be ample." This was to the point, and sensible. "What is the officer's name, senor?" "Colonel Delisle," he replied, naming one of the most active and successful officers in King Joseph's service. He was, I had before heard, a Spaniard born, though he now bore a French name; that, I believe, of his wife. You must know, gentlemen, that many Spaniards, through dislike of the old corrupt system of government, which, they said, had ruined the country, joined the intrusive monarch, as he was called, in hopes of establishing through him a more enlightened rule. They were called *Afrancesados*, and were more bitterly hated by the "patriots" than were the French themselves. "Colonel Delisle!" I exclaimed; "why, what on earth can *you* have to say to him?" "He is my son," was the reply. I was dumbfounded. "Yes," resumed the old man, his cold, hard eye glittering like a serpent's, "Colonel Delisle is my son; and as I feel that I have not many weeks, perhaps not many days, to live, I wish to see him once more ere I die. I wish you to convey this message to him. I cannot enter Bilbao myself, for a price is set upon my capture. You are used to such enterprises; and, as I said, the reward shall be ample. This ring," he added, taking an old family affair from his finger, "will accredit your message." Well, I at last consented to undertake the commission, and immediately set about my preparations. They were completed in about an hour; and in the afternoon of the same day I arrived safely at Bilbao, distant about eleven miles from where we were stopping. I soon succeeded in procuring an interview with the colonel, a fine soldierly-looking man, and at once imparted my message. He was greatly agitated, and pressed me with a hundred questions, which I answered or evaded as well as I could. Finally, he agreed, though with much hesitation, to meet his father, for whom he seemed to entertain a strong affection, a few miles without the town on the following day. From his inquiries concerning his sister, I gathered that he was ignorant of the burning and sacking of his paternal mansion, and I left him in happy ignorance on the subject.

'I got safely back to Senor Cortina; and when I informed him of the result, a flash as of demoniac joy lighted up his withered features, and fading in an instant, left them paler, stonier than before. I could not comprehend his strange expression of face; but the faintest suspicion of his motives never crossed my mind. It was arranged that I should meet the colonel, and conduct him to a small farmhouse, about half a mile distant from the place of rendezvous, where the senor would be in waiting.

'Evening was rapidly closing in as I next day reached the appointed spot. I gave the concerted signal, and a tall figure immediately emerged from the concealment of a large clump of stunted fir-trees: it was the colonel! He expressed surprise at not seeing his father; but, satisfied with my explanation, agreed at once to proceed to the farmhouse. We set off at a smart pace, and were just entering a narrow sort of gorge leading through some intervening hills, when thirty or forty muskets were suddenly presented at us by a number of men who seemed literally to start out of the ground. The colonel glared fiercely for an instant in my face; and muttering "Accursed traitor!" sprang wildly up the declivity. The attempt was useless: he was instantly seized. Our arms were pinioned; and having first searched and stripped us of all the money and valuables

we had about us, we were placed in the centre of the party, and marched off at a brisk pace. After about three hours' smart walking, we arrived at the headquarters of the guerilla party into whose hands we had fallen. It was a wild-looking spot, encircled on all sides by bare and rugged hills. The night was cold, dark, and stormy, and the only objects we could discern were several stacks of piled muskets, baggage and horse-furniture scattered here and there, and a rude portable table, near which was placed a number of equally rude camp-stools. Not a word was spoken; and the only sounds we heard for a space, I should think, of more than twenty minutes, were what I took to be signal whistles replied to at greater and lesser distances. At the end of that time men wrapped in cloaks stalked, silently as shadows, into the space in front of us, and seated themselves in grim silence near the table or trestled boards. I counted fifteen of them, when a whistle louder and shriller than any that had preceded it announced the arrival of the chief of the pleasant party. He took his seat in the centre of them. Pine torches were then lighted, at which the grim gentlemen kindled their cigars, and business commenced in very dangerous earnest.

"Who and what are you?" said the chief, addressing me in a voice as rough as a nutmeg-grater. I informed him. The explanation was satisfactory, for he immediately said, "You are free." I started with joyful surprise, and was just about to claim restitution of my stolen property, when I was silenced by a peremptory, "Who is your companion?" This was a poser; but as I had anticipated some inquiry of the sort, I answered pretty readily that he was a gentleman living in Bilbao, with whom I had some pecuniary transactions; and that we were proceeding to a neighbouring farmhouse to settle matters when we were arrested. For the truth of which statement, I added, one Senor Cortina, who was still no doubt waiting there for us, would readily vouch.

A meaning smile, as I uttered the senor's name, gleamed over the rugged features of the chief, and was reflected on the countenances of his companions. Puzzled and alarmed, I stopped abruptly, and held my peace.

"Is this fellow's story true?" said the president of the court, addressing the colonel.

"The colonel was silent for a few seconds, and then said, "Yes; I am a peaceable and loyal inhabitant of Bilbao."

"Does any one know him?" said the chief, looking around inquiringly. "We must have no mistake in this business." There was a long and anxious pause; but no one answered.

"I am sorry for it," muttered the president, as if speaking to himself; "but it must be done." He then whispered one of his companions, who instantly rose, and quickly disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

A painful silence ensued. The colonel's countenance was dark and troubled, and I am pretty sure he partly guessed what was coming. At last two figures approached the circle. They were the guerilla officer returning to his seat, accompanied by Senor Cortina! I could scarcely believe my eyes, and trembled in every joint of my body. The old man looked harder, colder, stonier than ever; but as his eye fell upon his son, the same fierce gleam I had before so frequently noticed flashed from his eyes, and his features worked with convulsive passion. The fit lasted but a moment, and he was calm again. The chief had risen at his approach, and his manner, as he invited the senor to be seated, indicated both respect and compassion. The old man declined the proffered seat, and remained erect, motionless, and rigid.

"Is the prisoner the man whom we seek?" asked the president in a nervous, agitated whisper.

"Yes," replied Senor Cortina, in a distinct, but somewhat hurried voice and manner, like a man repeating a lesson he has long conned over, and is anxious to be

done with. "He is Colonel Delisle, as he calls himself, in the usurper's service. His real name is Cortina: he is my son, and a Spaniard by blood and birth. He is one of the most active foes of his suffering countrymen. I was on my way to England with my daughter, who, you may have heard"—The old man paused, and again the expression of insane hate and fury flitted across his features. Recovering himself, he proceeded, but more hurriedly even than before, "She died at Gibraltar, and I returned here with that worthy man (pointing to me), in order to atone by this sacrifice for the crime of having given birth to a traitor."

A deathlike silence followed. The stern countenances of the members of this rude court of military justice, as seen by the fitful glare of the torches, assumed a gloomier and more savagely-sinister aspect as the old man spoke; but not a word or gesture of comment followed. Senor Cortina, upon a gesture from the president, was led away.

"You hear, Colonel Delisle?" said the chief, as soon as he supposed the father was out of hearing.

"I do," replied the victim, mastering, as well as he could, the frightful emotion which the old man's denunciation had excited. "I do, and perceive that I am hopelessly entrapped into the power of remorseless ruffians by that mistaken, much-to-be-pitied old man, whom may God forgive, as I do! I ask not for mercy from such as you; indeed I know it would be bootless to do so; but I tell you to your teeth that my love and devotion to Spain are as strong and pure as yours can be. I sought to liberate her—with foreign help, 'tis true, for how else could it be done?—from the vilest tyranny that ever debased and ruined a gallant nation; you fight to restore her, also by foreign aid, to thralldom of both soul and body. You are impatient: well, then, your sentence—and be brief!"

"It was soon passed—death without delay.

"Do you wish for a priest?" said the chief.

"An impatient gesture of refusal was the only answer. Half-a-dozen musketeers, at a signal from one of the officers, stepped forth from the ranks behind us: the colonel drew himself fiercely up, and looked them sternly and steadily in the face: the chief waved me away: the words, "Make ready, present, fire!" were rapidly given: the death-shots rang sharply on the silence of the night; and the colonel fell stone-dead on the greensward. A soldier tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and bade me follow him. I mechanically obeyed, and soon found myself on the high road, where my guide, having first generously restored me three of the many gold pieces I had been robbed of, left me. I was so knocked up, so bewildered by what I had witnessed, that I sought shelter and repose in the first house I came to; and it was not till the fourth day after the colonel's execution that I arrived at my old lodgings. I was there informed that Senor Cortina had returned, bringing with him his son's body, which was interred in a neighbouring burying-ground, and that the old man had since passed most of his time there. I waited several hours for him, as I had not yet touched the reward, which, although I wished to Heaven I had never earned, still, as the mischief was done, I felt a natural desire to receive: but finding he did not arrive, and feeling anxious to be gone, I proceeded to the churchyard in search of him. As I approached, I saw him kneeling, with his back towards me, by the side of a new-made grave, at the head of which was a wooden crucifix. I called to him, at first gently, then louder: receiving no answer, I went up, tapped him on the back, and found that he was dead! The unnatural furor which had preyed on him had at length quenched the last spark of life. He was a victim to his own vengeful passions!"

"What a horrible transaction altogether!" said one or two of the party.

"Yes," said the captain in conclusion, "it was an affair I shall never forget, although I do try to banish it from recollection. It was, however, after all, only one of

thousands of cases of family desolation and murder that occurred during the Peninsular war. Gentlemen, good-night!

THE MYSTERY OF IRELAND.

IRELAND is a mystery to all mankind. Amidst the mazes of its erratic course, there is but one thing to which it is constant—disaffection to England. Let the government be severe or mild, partial or impartial, let the English feed its starving millions, or hesitate about even so small a grant as fifty thousand pounds, Ireland hates England all the same. One could almost suppose that it keeps itself wretched, only to be an annoyance to England in the way of throwing discredit upon it. In no other way can we account for that strange conduct of the sister island which seems so nearly to transform into an expression of real design the celebrated illustration of the national grammar—*'I will fall, and nobody shall help me.'*

Amongst the many attempts that have been made to explain the mystery, we wonder that nobody has ever suggested the idea that offended self-love is the chief thing at the bottom of it. There is a self-love in nations and in provincial groups of people, as well as in individuals. Enter any little town, and on coming into intimate conversation with the people, you will find them to have some sense of its importance—its church celebrated for this, its schools for that, uncommon ale brewed in it, some of the cleverest men at the bar natives of it, and so forth. In any small provincial nationality, this feeling is usually very intense: their slumping their distinct name and character with any greater body of people they always look upon as a kind of favour which ought to be handsomely acknowledged. It requires some nice management on the part of the great mass to keep them sweet—at least till new and superior feelings have come to supersede or regulate those originally manifested. It is very much the same case, indeed, as that of having relations in a somewhat lower social grade, and who have but a limited acquaintance with the ways of the world. All must have felt how difficult it is, with the best feelings, to keep on a perfectly amicable footing with such persons. No common observance of polite rules will serve, for they do not know them, and cannot measure their force. No scrupulous abstinence from every positive ground of offence will do. The composed and easy familiarity which suits with equals will not answer here. There is a restless jealousy of slight to be overcome, an uneasy sense of inferiority to be soothed and lulled asleep. Without something, therefore, like a violent good-will, and expressions which in another case would appear exaggerated, it is scarcely possible to keep things right. The matter may be said to resolve itself into the well-known maxim, that the first requisite for our standing well with any one is to put him at ease with himself. Now nationalities may be so circumstanced with respect to others, as to be uneasy on the score of self-love. It may be a childish feeling, but for the time they cannot help it. Ireland is, we think, in this predicament. It is just at that point in civilisation when such puerilities have a force. Scotland, being geographically connected with England, and having had the grace of sending a king to take rule in the larger country, had less to overcome at the first, and her superior civilisation has quickly done the rest. But Ireland is still thrilling with the poor-relation jealousy, and, strange as the case may seem, we suspect that little else is required to account for the extraordinary state of that unhappy country.

If such be a true view of the case, the required remedy would appear to be simpler than has been generally supposed. England must set herself, with what zeal she may, to smooth down the ruffled plumes of her

unfortunate sister. As there is a cheap defence of nations, so there may be a cheap cure for some of their maladies. Kind words would go farther than money, for they inflict no sense of obligation. Some expressions tending to soothe the self-esteem of Ireland with regard to her political status are called for. A royal visit would be a grand stroke of policy. We are not even sure but that it would be worth while to encounter the chance of some inconveniences, in order to obtain the obvious benefits of a national council of some kind seated in Dublin, at least to deliberate, if not to legislate, on Irish public business. Say it were a mere toy, yet we know that toys have their effect; and there may be cases in which no higher influence would be of avail. Anyhow, whatever may be the particular measures to be taken, they must certainly, if we are right in our premises, be of the kind here indicated. We can imagine some great minister taking up such a policy, and, by a dexterous measures, putting all to rights. It was by such generous yet simple means that the Scottish Celts were gained over to be the friends of the English government in the middle of the last century.

THE BICÊTRE IN 1792.*

It was in the latter end of 1792 that Pinel, who had been appointed some time before medical superintendent of the Bicêtre, urgently applied for permission from the authorities to abolish the use of the irons with which the lunatics were then loaded. Unsuccessful, but resolved to gain his object, he repeated his complaints with redoubled ardour before the Commune of Paris, and demanded the reform of this barbarous system.

'Citizen,' replied one of the members of the Commune, 'to-morrow I will pay you and the Bicêtre a visit. But wo to you if you deceive us, and are concealing the enemies of the people amongst your madmen!'

The member of the Commune who spoke thus was Couthon. The next day he arrived at the Bicêtre.

Couthon was himself perhaps as strange a sight as that which he had come to see. Deprived of the use of both his legs, he was always carried about on men's shoulders; and thus mounted and deformed, he, with a soft and feminine voice, pronounced sentences of death; for death was the only logic at that moment. Couthon wished to see, and personally to question, the lunatics one after another. He was conducted to their quarter of the building; but to all his questions he received but insults and sanguinary addresses, and heard nothing amidst the confused cries and mad howling but the chilling clank of the chains reverberating through the disgustingly dirty and damp vaults. Soon fatigued by the monotony of the spectacle and the futility of his inquiries, Couthon turned round to Pinel, and said, 'Ah, citizen, are not you yourself mad to think of unchaining such animals?'

'Citizen,' replied the other, 'I am convinced that these lunatics have become so unmanageable solely because they are deprived of air and liberty, and I venture to hope a great deal from a thoroughly different method.'

'Well, then, do what you like with them; I give them up to you. But I fear you will fall a victim to your presumption.'

Now master of his actions, Pinel commenced the next day his enterprise, the real difficulties of which he had never for a moment disguised to himself. He contemplated liberating about fifty raving madmen without danger to the more peaceable inmates. He decided to unchain but twelve as a first experiment. The only precaution he judged necessary to adopt was to prepare an equal number of waistcoats—those made of stout linen, with long sleeves, and fastened at the back, by means of which it is easy to prevent a lunatic doing serious mischief.

* From the account of Dr Scipion Pinel, son of the humane and scientific physician of that name.

The first whom Pinel addressed was the oldest in this scene of misery. He was an English captain; his history was unknown; and he had been confined there for forty years. He was considered the most ferocious of all. His keepers even approached him with caution; for in a fit of violence he had struck one of the servants with his chains, and killed him on the spot. He was more harshly treated than the others, and this severity and complete abandonment only tended still more to exasperate his naturally violent temper.

Pinel entered his cell alone, and addressed him calmly. 'Captain,' said he, 'if I take off your chains, and give you liberty to walk up and down the yard, will you promise me to be reasonable, and to injure no one?'

'I will promise you; but you are making game of me. They are all too much afraid of me, even you yourself.'

'No, indeed, I am not afraid,' replied Pinel; 'for I have six men outside to make you respect me: but believe my word; confide in me, and be docile. I intend to liberate you, if you will put on this linen waistcoat in place of your heavy chains.'

The captain willingly agreed to all they required of him, only shrugging his shoulders, and never uttering a word. In a few minutes his irons were completely loosened, and the doctor and his assistants retired, leaving the door of his cell open.

Several times he stood up, but sank down again: he had been in a sitting posture for such a length of time, that he had almost lost the use of his limbs. However, at the end of a quarter of an hour he succeeded in preserving his equilibrium; and from the depth of his dark cell he advanced, tottering towards the door. His first movement was to look up at the heavens, and to cry out in ecstasy, 'How beautiful!' During the whole day he never ceased running up and down the stairs, always exclaiming, 'How beautiful! How delightful!' In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, slept tranquilly on a good bed which had been provided for him in the meantime, and during the following two years which he spent at the Bicêtre he never again had a violent fit; he even made himself useful, exercising a certain authority over the other lunatics, governing them after his fashion, and establishing himself as a kind of superintendent.

His neighbour in captivity was not less worthy of pity. He was an old French officer, who had been in chains for the past thirty years, having been afflicted with one of those terrible religious monomanias of which we even now-a-days see such frequent examples. Of weak understanding and lively imagination, he conceived himself destined by God for the *baptism of blood*—that is to say, to kill his fellow-creatures, in order to save them from hell, and to send them straight to heaven, there to enjoy the felicity of the blessed! This horrible idea was the cause of his committing a frightful crime. He commenced his homicidal mission by plunging a dagger into the heart of his own child. He was declared insane, confined for life in the Bicêtre, and had been afflicted for years with this revolting madness. Calmness at length returned, but without reason: he sat on a stone silent and immovable, resembling an emaciated spectre of remorse. His limbs were still loaded with the same irons as when first he was confined, but which he had no longer strength to lift. They were left on him as much from habit as from the remembrance of his crime. His case was hopeless. Dr Pinel had him carried to a bed in the infirmary; his legs, however, were so stiff and contracted, that all attempts to bend them failed. In this state he lived a few months longer, and then died, without being aware of his release.

The third presented a strange contrast. He was a man in the prime of life, with sparkling eyes; his bearing haughty, and gestures dramatic. In his youth he had been a literary character. He was gentle, witty, and had a brilliant imagination. He composed romances, full of love, expressed in impassioned language. He

wrote unceasingly; and in order to devote himself with greater ardour to his favourite compositions, he ended by locking himself up in his room, often passing the day without food, and the night without sleep. To complete all, an unfortunate passion added to his excitement: he fell in love with the daughter of one of his neighbours. She, however, soon grew tired of the poor author, was inconstant to him, and did not even allow him the consolation of a doubt. During a whole year the anguish of the poor dreamer was the more bitter from concealment. At length, one fine day he saw the absurdity of his despair, and passing from one extreme to the other, gave himself up to every kind of excess. His reason fled, and taken to the Bicêtre in a raging fit, he remained confined for twelve years in the dark cell where Pinel found him flinging about his chains with violence. This madman was more turbulent than dangerous, and, incapable of understanding the good intended to him, it was necessary to employ force to loosen his irons. Once he felt himself at liberty, he commenced running round and round the courtyard, until his breath failing, he fell down quite exhausted. This excitement continued for some weeks, but unaccompanied by violence, as formerly. The kindness shown to him by the doctor, and the especial interest he took in this invalid, soon restored him to reason. Unfortunately he was permitted to leave the asylum and return to the world, then in such a state of agitation: he joined the political factions of the day with all the vehemence of his passions, and was beheaded on the 8th Thermidor.

Pinel entered the fourth cell. It was that of Chevingé, whose liberation was one of the most memorable events of that day.

Chevingé had been a soldier of the French Guard, and had only one fault—that of drunkenness. But once the wine mounted into his head, he grew quarrelsome, violent, and most dangerous, from his prodigious strength. Frequent excesses caused his dismissal from his corps, and he soon squandered his scanty resources. At length shame and misery plunged him in despair, and his mind became affected. He imagined that he had become a general, and fought all who did not acknowledge his rank. It was at the termination of a mad scene of this kind that he was brought to the Bicêtre in a state of fury. He had been chained for ten years, and with stronger fetters than his companions, for he had often succeeded in breaking his chains by the mere force of his hands. Once, in particular, when by this means he had obtained a few moments of liberty, he defied all the keepers together to force him to return to his cell, and only did so after compelling them to pass under his uplifted leg. This inconceivable act of prowess he performed on the eight men who were trying to master him. From henceforth his strength became a proverb at the Bicêtre. By repeatedly visiting him, Pinel discovered that good dispositions lay hidden beneath violence of character, constantly kept excited by cruel treatment. On one occasion he promised to ameliorate his condition, and this promise alone had greatly tranquillised him. Pinel now ventured to announce to him that he should no longer be forced to wear his chains. 'And to prove that I have confidence in you,' added he, 'and that I consider you to be a man capable of doing good, you shall assist me in releasing those unfortunate individuals who do not possess their reason like you. If you conduct yourself properly, as I have cause to hope you will, I shall then take you into my service, and you shall not leave me.'

Never in the mind of man was there seen so sudden or complete a change: the keepers themselves were forced to respect Chevingé from his conduct. No sooner was he unchained, than he became docile, attentive, watching every movement of Pinel, so as to execute his orders dexterously and promptly, addressing words of kindness and reason to those lunatics with whom he had been on a level but a few hours previously, but in whose presence he now felt the full dignity of liberty.

This man, who had been unhumanised by his chains during the best years of his life, and who doubtless would have dragged on this agonizing existence for a considerable length of time, became at once a model of good conduct and gratitude. Frequently in those perilous times he saved Pinel's life; and one day, amongst others, rescued him from a band of ruffians, who were dragging him off *à la lanterne*, as an elector of 1789. During a threatened famine, he every morning left the Bicêtre, and never returned without provisions, which at that moment were unpurchaseable even for gold. The remainder of his life was but one continued act of devotion to his liberator.

Next room to Chevingé, three unfortunate soldiers had been in chains for years, without any one knowing the cause of this rigour. They were generally quiet and inoffensive, speaking only to each other, and that in a language unintelligible to the rest of the prisoners. They had, however, been granted the only privilege which they seemed capable of appreciating—that of being always together in the same cell. When they became aware of a change in their usual mode of treatment, they suspected it to proceed from unfriendly motives, and violently opposed the loosening of their irons. When liberated, they would not leave their prison. Either from grief or want of understanding, these unhappy creatures were insensible to the liberty now offered to them.

After them came a singular personage, one of those men whose malady is the more difficult of cure, from its being 'a fixed idea,' occasioned by excessive pride. He was an old clergyman, who thought himself Christ. His exterior corresponded to the vanity of his belief: his gait was measured and solemn; his smile sweet, yet severe, forbade the least familiarity; everything, even to the arrangement of his hair, which hung down in long curls on each side of his pale, resigned, and expressive countenance, gave him a singular resemblance to the beautiful head of our Saviour. If they tried to perplex him, and said, 'If thou art Him whom thou pretendest: in short, if thou art God, break thy chains and liberate thyself!' He immediately, with pride and dignity, replied, 'In vain shalt thou tempt thy Lord!' The sublimity of human arrogance in derangement!

The life of this man was a complete romance, in which religious enthusiasm played the first part. He had made pilgrimages on foot to Cologne and Rome, and had then embarked for America, where, among the savages, he risked his life in the hope of converting them to the true faith. But all these travels, all these voyages, had the melancholy effect of turning his ruling idea into a monomania. On his return to France, he publicly announced himself as Him whose gospel he had been preaching far and wide. Seized and brought before the archbishop of Paris, he was shut up in the Bicêtre as a lunatic, his hands and feet were loaded with heavy irons, and for twelve years he bore with singular patience this long martyrdom and the incessant sarcasms to which he was exposed.

Argument with such minds is useless; they neither can nor will understand it. Pinel, therefore, never attempted to reason with him; he unchained him in silence, and loudly commanded that every one for the future should imitate his reserve, and never address a single word to this poor lunatic. This line of conduct, which was rigorously observed, produced an effect on this self-conceited man far more powerful than the irons and the dungeon. He felt himself humbled by this isolation, this total abandonment, in the full enjoyment of his liberty. At length, after much hesitation, he began to mix with the other invalids. From that time forward he visibly improved, and in less than a year was sufficiently recovered to acknowledge the folly of his former ideas, and to leave the Bicêtre.

Fifty lunatics were in this manner released from their chains in the space of a few days. Amongst them were individuals from every rank of life, and from every country. Hence the great amelioration in the treat-

ment of insane patients, which, until then, had been looked on as impracticable, or at least fraught with the utmost danger.

PRENTICE'S TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR PRENTICE's small volume, 'A Tour in the United States,' to which we referred in a previous number, presents the unvarnished account of a rapid run, for the sake of health and recreation, in the summer of 1848. The author, who had for some years been connected with the press in Manchester, sailed from Liverpool in the Hibernia steamer, May 13, his friend Mr. Brooks accompanying him on the voyage and subsequent journey. A few passages here and there from the 'Tour' may amuse our readers.

On arriving at New York in splendid summer weather, 'with the delightfully cool temperature of only 75 degrees in the shade,' the tourists were struck with the liveliness and beauty of the scene. The spectacle of the noble bay, crowded with ships and steamers, was in the highest degree picturesque and exciting. A lady, 'who had kept the deck in all weathers, said the scene was worth coming across the Atlantic to see, even though the spectator should turn home again without landing.' The beauty of the more retired part of the city was still more unexpected. 'The better class of houses are of white marble, or the light-gray siennite granite. All this, and the absence of smoke, give an exceeding lively air to the whole aspect of the city. We have nothing to match it in that respect in the old country. We have been much struck also with the great number of good dwelling-houses in proportion to the population. There are miles of streets in which there is not a house worth less than 500 dollars, or L.100, per annum, and many of them worth three or four times that amount.' The tourists went to the Astor House, a hotel consisting of an immense pile of buildings, enclosing a courtyard like the quadrangle of an Oxford college; the house accommodates 400 inmates, and 150 sat down to table. Dinner most luxurious; strawberries with iced cream for dessert. Ice is an article of great consumption here. 'At table, your tumbler is supplied from a great jug one-fourth filled with lumps of ice; we have found a tumbler of milk with a piece of ice in it a great luxury after breakfast and tea.

'Any one can see at a glance that New York is destined to be one of the largest and wealthiest cities in the world. When evacuated by the British in 1783, it contained about 25,000 inhabitants; the number is now about 500,000. Although always crowded with loitering immigrants, the wages of common labour are about 50 per cent. more than they are in England, and the price of food is one-third less. It is true that rent, clothes, and coals are 50 per cent. higher; but where a man has scarcely earned more than has kept him in food, the change by coming here is decidedly to his advantage, always premising that he brings the kind of labour which is in demand. If the labourer has earned 3s. a day in England, he will earn 4s. 6d. here. Let us compare his relative position in the one country and the other. At home, his food has cost him 12s. a week, and his rent, clothes, and coals, 6s., absorbing all his wages. Let him live in the same style here, and he will pay 8s. for his food, and 9s. for his rent, clothes, and coals, leaving him 10s. a week of clear savings. The misfortune is, that whisky is only 1s. a gallon—very wretched stuff no doubt; not at all the "real Glenlivet"—but men get drunk upon it for a trifle, and either die, or half-starve, or seek refuge in the almshouse. There is encouragement for sober and industrious men. Irish labourers save a few pounds, enter into some small street-trading, ultimately take a store of one kind or another, and their sons become respectable merchants—a process which we never observe in Manchester.'

Talking of Manchester suggests a comparison between it and New York as to churches. The population

is about the same in both; but while Manchester has 114, New York is provided with 215 places of worship; and 'the various sects live in comparative amity one with another.' We wish as much could be said of any large English or Scotch town. The tourists go from New York to Philadelphia, which has 150 churches, also 'a much larger proportion to the population than we have in Manchester.' The churches in America are furnished and decorated with much taste and a great regard to comfort. The pews are usually of the finer polished woods. From Philadelphia they proceed to Baltimore and Washington; then on towards the valley of the Mississippi, by following the course of the Potomac to the Alleghany ridge. The scenery on the Potomac was rich and pleasing: road across the Alleghanies very bad: jolting in the stage dreadful: all pains compensated by the comforts of a magnificent hotel at Pittsburg: views around the town very fine: take steam down the Ohio to Cincinnati. Prentice grows almost poetical in descending the Belle Rivière, as the French truly named it. 'Constantly winding, every quarter of a mile presents a new form of beauty. At one place we have steep hills on each side, clothed with trees growing as if they never could grow old; at another the ends of ridges, with magnificent monarchs of the forest filling the hollows between them; at another the high banks receding half a mile or a mile on each side, presenting a combination of lawns and trees such as might be expected around an English nobleman's seat; at another islands of surpassing beauty; at another vineyards and orchards; and at every opening clearings which indicate the cultivation that is going on behind. I grudged every moment spent at the breakfast, dinner, or tea-table. I spent hours alone at the highest elevation, where the steersman, perched aloft for a good long look-out, steered the long light steamer through its tortuous course; and after the brief twilight, I felt as one might feel after listening a whole day to the grandest and most beautiful strains of music, sorry that it was over, yet fatigued with the very intensity of pleasure enjoyed. The next day was Sunday, and we enjoyed the same succession of splendid pictures; and I thought of the time when, fresh from the Creator's hand, the earth was seen rejoicing in its loveliness. And then the sunset! It was worth while to cross the great Atlantic for that sight alone. We were in a bend of the river, seemingly completely land-locked. When the sun went down behind the western bank, a deep shade was thrown on the trees on that side, while those on the opposite bank were of a brighter and livelier hue; and then the shadow went upwards from the bottom of the deep slope, and upwards, with a distinctly-marked line, till that bank was also in the shade. And then the bright white clouds—as white as snow—began to change to all manner of bright colours, the orange predominating, in a gorgeousness of which the imitative art could convey no idea; and all this splendour was reflected by the little inland lake—not perfectly, for that would have been a repetition, but reflected from a liquid surface slightly in motion, the colour becoming more golden, till there lay before us "a living sheet of molten gold." Early next morning we found the vessel lying in-shore in a fog so dense, that we could not see ten yards on each side—strange contrast to the scene of the preceding night! . . . The sun soon dispelled the fog, and then the river was before us again in all its glory, widening, and its high banks receding—the white houses, and villages, and small ~~isles~~ increasing in number as we went onwards. In the afternoon of Monday, we arrived at Cincinnati.'

From this thriving town the tourists proceed to Louisville, near which is the state prison of Indiana; an establishment worthy of inspection, for it has the merit of being more than self-supporting. 'It contains only 125 prisoners, the whole number of persons under sentence, in a population of 800,000! They are set to work in yards and workshops as coopers, joiners, blacksmiths, &c.; and provisions are so cheap, that the sale

of the produce of their labour yields a profit to the State of L.1600 a year, after deducting all the expense of their maintenance, including the salaries of their officers. They are not permitted to converse together while at work, and are locked up in separate cells during the night. Some are working in brick-fields outside the walls, and do not attempt to escape.' To something of this sort our jails must ultimately come: the principle of giving dainty lodgings in palaces is exploded.

*The tourists afterwards go by railway up the vale of the Little Miami towards Lake Erie. The country, though very partially reclaimed, was beautiful. In this, the upper part of the state of Ohio, easily to be reached through Canada, there is a favourable field for emigrants with a capital of a few hundred pounds. 'In this beautiful part of the country,' says Mr Prentice, 'I found that land, having the rich alluvial soil all in a state of cultivation, and the woodlands partially cleared, with a good substantial farmhouse, and the necessary farm offices, might be had at from L.7 to L.8 an acre. A well-informed farmer was in the train with us, who said, "If a young man comes on uncleared land, he is completely worn out before he has his work done, and dies when he should be beginning to enjoy himself; but he escapes almost all the hardships if he begins with a good bit of cleared land, and has a house to go into, and a shed to put his cattle into." I asked him what an English farmer could do who should bring L.1000 into such a country. "Do!" he said: "why, he could buy and stock a farm of a hundred acres of capital land, and live like a gentleman." Land partially cleared can frequently be had very cheap. It may sell for ten or twenty times more than it originally cost the clearing purchaser, and would be much cheaper than the forest land at 5s. an acre. The tendency is still westward. A farmer has four or five sons, and he desires that each should have a farm of his own. He sells his 80 acre lot for a sum which will enable him to purchase 500 acres farther west; and there, with 100 acres for each son, he says, "Now, lads, clear away!" He has been the pioneer into the forest west of the Ohio, and is quite ready to become the pioneer west of the Wabash. His sons will have the same migratory spirit. As their sons grow up, each father will sell his 100 acres, that he may purchase 500 west of the Illinois or the northern branch of the Mississippi. Thus can the English farmers always find small lots, purchasable at a rate cheap in comparison with the cost of clearing land, with a dwelling-house and cattle-sheds all ready; and thus he may avoid the fever and ague, which are almost certain to attack the northern Europeans who venture to break ground in the dank forest or swampy prairie.' Capitalists, he adds, may here lend money on good mortgages at 8 per cent. interest, payable half yearly. 'We have hundreds of tradesmen in our towns who cannot continue in business without the fear of losing all, and who have not accumulated sufficient money to retire upon. A man of such a class in England cannot live upon the interest of L.1000; but here, for L.200 he could purchase and stock a little farm of twenty-five acres, which would enable him to keep a horse and cow, sheep, pigs, and poultry, and supply his family with every article of food, while his L.800 at interest would give him an income of L.64 a year. He could even have his own sugar from his own maple-trees to sweeten his cup and preserve the peaches from his own fruit-trees; and almost all he would need to buy, besides clothes, would be tea, which may be had, of good quality, at from 1s. 9d. to 2s. a pound. Still farther west he could have 10 per cent. interest for his money.'

Sandusky is the point of embarkation on Lake Erie, and the tourists steamed thence to Buffalo. A view of some of the finer parts of Canada leads to the reflection that a settler in that country may be as successful as in the United States, 'as far as individual exertions go; but the man in the States profits not only by his own activity, but by the activity of all around him. His farm is not only improved by his own labour and skill,

but it is increased in value by the rapidly-increasing populousness of the district in which it is placed.' So says every traveller. Canada is retarded in every effort at advance by the perplexing regulations of the colonial office, as well as traditional usages; and on that account alone, even with a prejudice in favour of British institutions and manners, we should, if emigrating, decidedly prefer the United States.

The tourists visit Toronto, see Niagara, and thence go on to Montreal by water. The descent is somewhat hazardous. 'At Kingston we left the lake-boat, and went on board an iron steamer, admirably constructed for the rather hazardous navigation of the rapids on the St Lawrence. We were soon amongst the "Thousand Islands;" and here, as at most places much praised, I was somewhat disappointed. The islands were flat, and the wood was stunted and thin. The scenery was little better than we see in England when a river has overflowed its banks, leaving only the hedgerows and little hillocks visible above the water. But the islands became larger, rose more abruptly from the river, and increased in magnitude, till, instead of a wide lake studded with islands, we had an endless succession of canals cut in the solid rock—now straight, now curved; now wide, now narrow; now running in a strong torrent, now placid as the surface of a mirror. It was not until very recently that the steamboats went through from Kingston to Montreal, the navigation of the rapids being considered too hazardous; and the passengers were thrice landed, and thrice had to proceed portions of the way by stage-coaches. Now the vessels go right through; for although the mighty stream flows with extreme rapidity, there is a great depth of water, and little real danger if the steersmen do their arduous duties faithfully. The passage down one of these rapids is rather an exciting scene. Although the rocks are far down in the depth of the river, the surface is agitated like the face of the sea in a brisk gale. Through the high waves the ship dashes bravely. The danger is only from careless steering; but one feels that the slightest blunder would dash the ship to pieces on the rocks that line the rapids on each side. There is life and excitement in the scene; and we, who had been much urged to take a voyage on the sluggish and muddy Mississippi, rejoiced that we had chosen rather to intrust ourselves on this magnificent and impetuous outlet to the great inland fresh-water seas. At Lachine our noble steamer stopped all night, the rapids between that place and Montreal being too hazardous to be passed except in broad daylight. Many of our passengers took the railway thence to the city, a fine steamer having been lost in the strongest of the currents only a few days before, in consequence of coming upon an unperceived raft of wood, and the passengers rescued with difficulty. We thought there might be safety in the additional vigilance that would be exercised after an accident, and we were rewarded by the sight of a beautiful and highly-exciting scene. While carried downwards at an alarming velocity—rocks rising up at each side, in the middle, now here, now there, often as if we were inevitably upon them, till a sudden twitch of the wheel changed our course—we enjoyed a sight not to be forgotten. There were six men at the wheel on the forepart of the deck, and their muscular strength was constantly in full requisition. I know not which was finest, the look downwards to the raging stream, or upwards to the eagle glances of the Indian pilot and his assistants, whose looks betokened their deep sense of the great responsibility they had undertaken. When we were safely through the greatest chute, we again breathed freely.'

Mr Prentice returns from Canada to the States by way of Saratoga, a northern watering-place, resorted to by the wealthy from all parts of the Union. The water, which is gaseous, and 'tastes pleasantly sharp, like the soda-water of our shops,' has a wonderful effect on the languid visitors from the south. After a few days' use of the water, they improve surprisingly in health. 'The

eye begins to recover its brilliancy, then the yellow tinge gradually leaves the complexion; in the course of a fortnight or three weeks, activity and cheerfulness are restored, and then the patients are able to take a tour to Champlain, Montreal, Quebec, Niagara, and the great lakes, before their return to the relaxing heats of the south. This tour becomes an annual necessity, and with many of the planters an annual luxury. We were told of one gentleman who, bringing his family with him, spends L.3000 sterling every season in pursuit of health in the country, and amusement in the great towns; and of two others who each spend L.2000 in their northern trip.'

On the 6th of August the tourists arrived in the Mersey by the Niagara steamer, which kept its time to a minute. From the time of leaving Boston, ten days and a-half had elapsed; and deducting twelve hours spent at Halifax, exactly ten days were occupied in crossing the Atlantic—distance 2950 miles. 'In 1818,' says Mr Prentice in conclusion, 'I was the same time in making the voyage from Glasgow to Liverpool.'

THE PET LIZARD.

It is a saying as old as Sterne that 'the heart must have something to love.' Go into a convent, you will perhaps see the solitary nun cherishing a pair of canaries, and watching their domestic labours of feeding and rearing their young. It has been said of state prisoners shut up in the most horrible dungeons—such as, thanks to the progress of civilisation, are now never used, but only *shown* as relics of barbarity—that they have beguiled their heavy hours by taming and feeding those most noxious of vermin, rats and mice. I have read of a missionary at the Cape of Good Hope who had a puff-adder in his room as a pet and rat-catcher. They tell also of a gentleman who watched day after day in his solitude a spider, which had won his heart by showing so great a predilection for his sweet music, as always to descend by a long silken shining thread, and remaining so suspended above the piano until its sounds ceased. For my own part, I had a much-valued and dearly-beloved relative who once petted a lizard. Of this friend and his lizard I wish chiefly to speak; not only to illustrate further the fact, that 'the heart must have something to love,' but also to let those who may read these lines become acquainted with this harmless and interesting companion of man in the East. There is not a house or a wall which has not its *Tic-tic-kie*, so called from the chucking sound they emit, or *Cheep Khellie*—literally, hide-and-seek player; and these no one thinks of disturbing or molesting.

The friend above alluded to had met with a severe bereavement; and from being a cheerful, social man, he became gloomy and retired, chiefly occupied in his library. One day, as he was rummaging amongst his books, and making some new arrangements, he, fortunately for himself, fell in with two little beautifully-smooth round eggs. No bird could enter *there*, nor was there a nest to be seen. They could not be snake's eggs, for they were not larger than a white dry pea; so what unknown creature could have deposited them on the boards of the book-shelf behind the Bible?

An old venerable *khansamah*, or steward, who was referred to, immediately pronounced them to be lizard's eggs; and when this was known, they were carefully deposited in dry sand, and a watchful eye was kept over them, keeping the glass covered with a perforated paper. One of the eggs was unproductive, but from the other there came forth a little slim, brown, active creature, which was shifted into a clean abode, and daily fed with flies and small insects, until it grew as large as a man's finger; and Mr K—, knowing how tame it was, and how attached the *Tic-tic-kie* is to his old haunts, at last allowed his founding to leave his prison.

As good-luck would have it, he was let loose upon the toilet-table, and always remained behind the glass, creeping out and in into one of the empty drawers, and

literally playing bo-peep when an insect was offered by the kind hand which nursed him. When the wall-shades were lit at night, each containing a tumbler made for the purpose, half-filled with water, and the rest pure oil of the cocoa-nut floating on the top, in which blazed a wick of white cotton, the lizard would leap upon the wall, and the bright round circle of light thrown by the mouth of the shade was its favourite resting-place. Its little prominent jet-black eyes were indeed two sparklers; and wo to the moth or insect which ventured into the magic circle, or came under the fascination of those eyes! The agile lizard immediately became as if transfixed; then, by imperceptibly gradual paces and evolutions of its body, it advanced until the last deadly jump was given, and then its victim was firmly held between two toothless, but never-relaxing little jaws. And so the hunt went on, to Mr K——'s great delight; the game being most abundant on a damp night, when the flying white ants, grasshoppers, and moths swarm, particularly in the sultry weather of August and September.

So months and days flew by, and the rational and irrational friends lived on in undisturbed harmony, until, as Mr K—— was gazing with uplifted eyes on the wall one night, a light-coloured, almost white lizard made its appearance! He having studied only his own pet, knew little of the genus besides, so he could not account for the change his lizard seemed to have undergone; but in a little he was undeceived, for out crept his own pet also, first gazing cautiously, then appearing ruffled, and at last angry at the intruder. They exchanged fierce glances, wagged their tails, and defied each other, till at last the deadly leap was given, with a slight *creek-creek*, and oh, horror! Mr K——'s protégé had his tail bitten off; and he had the agony of seeing it wriggling and trembling in the mouth of its assailant! The brown lizard fell stunned to the ground, and lay almost lifeless at Mr K——'s feet; and his white enemy, having been frightened by the commotion in the room, dropped the little worthless tail, and took himself off, and was never again seen within the limits of the library.

Mr K——'s pet, however, came soon to himself, and kept as usual to his wall, glass, and drawer; and was watched, if possible, with more than the usual interest. In a few days, to Mr K——'s surprise and satisfaction, the mutilated tail was seen to grow: it waxed bigger and bigger daily, and, what was more strange, a little deformed side-tail was seen sprouting at the root of the old stump. Jackey's tails were shown to all Mr K——'s wondering and sympathising visitors, who, like many others, had never troubled their heads about such trifles, until the old khansamah enlightened them anew, by stating that Tic-tic-kies were of various shades; that the males, when they intruded upon each other's sporting-ground, or met in their courting season, generally fought and attacked each other; and that in these battles the tail was frequently seized and bitten off, and as frequently grew again, as the claws and feet of spiders and lobsters do; and that he, the khansamah, had now and then, but *not often*, seen a lizard with a double tail!

I may as well observe, before this is concluded, that the subject of our discussion has a very curiously-made foot, as the impressions which it occasionally leaves on the damp panes of window-glasses show. The foot, with four little toes, has the power of making a vacuum, and has the appearance of a file, or the sucker of the *Remora* fish; so it is enabled to hold on, even when it walks over a steep wall, polished glass, or with its head downwards, like the flies crawling over the ceiling of a room. The body or feet of a lizard would seem to emit something corrosive or irritating; for when it happens, as is sometimes the case, to run over the face of a person asleep, the skin is found in the morning to be blistered or scorched. The tail of the lizard has a ring-streaked appearance, and, as has already been related, grows readily when by accident broken off.

Rearing and tending the Tic-tic-kie proved certainly to Mr K—— what searching and looking for the fern blossom would be to a melancholic mind—a *répité* for the blue devils. It beguiled many sad hours, and cheered a drooping heart.

EARLY PRINTING IN CHINA.

ACCORDING to a German antiquary, the idea of printing from types was suggested to the mind of Faust by his seeing the footprints of a horse in the soft mud of a road by the side of which he was walking. He went home cogitating on the circumstance, and from that day printing was discovered.

Whatever value may attach to this tradition, much of it would disappear in the fact, that it does not record a first discovery. The East, which has proved to be the birthplace of so many of our arts, also originated printing. Klaproth states, in his 'History of the Mariner's Compass,' that the first use of stereotype, or solid wooden blocks in printing, dates from the tenth century of the present era. 'Under the reign,' he writes, 'of Mingsong, in the second of the years Tchang-hing (932), the ministers Fong-tao and Li-yu proposed to the Academy Koue-tseu-kien to review the nine king, or canonical books, and to have them engraved upon blocks of wood, that they might be printed and sold. The emperor adopted the advice; but it was only in the second of the years Kouang-chun (952) that the engraving of the blocks was completed. They were then distributed and circulated in all the cantons of the empire.'

This author further observes that the art thus practised in China might have been known in Europe 150 years prior to its discovery by the Germans, if Europeans had been able to read and translate the Persian historians, as the Chinese method of printing is clearly explained in the *Djemma'a-et-tewarikh* by Rachid-Eddin, who finished this immense work about the year 1310.

It has, however, been shown, in a communication made to the French Academy, that the art of printing was known to the Chinese at a period still more remote; and had Europeans been at that time in correspondence with the Celestial Empire, we should not now have to deplore the loss of manuscript books by early classic authors; their multiplication by printing would have secured the survival of at least a few. However imperfect the process might have been in its origin (before the 6th century), the master-works of Greek and Roman literature—some of which are now irreparably lost—might have been reproduced at comparatively small cost. That the antiquity rests upon good ground, appears from the 39th volume of the 'Chinese Encyclopædia.' We there read—'The eighth day of the twelfth month of the thirteenth year of the reign of Wen-ti, founder of the Soui dynasty (593), it was ordered by a decree to collect the worn-out drawings and incited texts, and to engrave them on wood, and publish them. This was,' continues the work quoted, 'the commencement of printing upon wooden blocks.' This fact is confirmed by other Chinese writings; and the art, we are informed, grew much into use under Tang, 618 to 907; made still greater progress during the five lesser dynasties, 907 to 960; and reached its perfection and greatest development in 960–1278. It is considered probable that the art was known even before 593, as the block-printing was then ordered by the emperor: had it been altogether a new invention, something would have been said about its origin and author.

About the year 175 the Chinese began to cut inscriptions on stone, to preserve the purity of certain texts which had been corrupted by the errors of copyists. The six canonical books were inscribed in this way on slabs; the literary scribe wrote the characters in red, which were afterwards cut in by skilful artists. These slabs were placed outside the college gates, so that the learned might compare and correct their manuscript copies of the six books. These tablets were copied and

recopied as they decayed by age, and sometimes in three different sets of characters, to each of which students were allowed one year's study, and at the end of three years, were expected to read them all fluently. About 904, engraving on stone in the inverse sense was introduced, so as to print white on a black ground.

In 993 the Emperor Thai-tsung issued a decree, ordering that all the manuscripts recovered from those persons into whose hands they had fallen after being stolen from the royal tombs, should be engraved and reproduced in printing. These, we are told, were printed by hand, without being soiled by ink.

Between 1041 and 1048 the method of printing by movable types was introduced. The account is interesting:—'In the period King-li, one of the people, a blacksmith named Pi-ching, invented another manner of printing with *ho-pan*, or tablets formed of movable types.' The name is still retained in the imperial printing-offices at Peking. The ingenious blacksmith's method is thus described:—'He took of a fine and glutinous earth, which he formed into plates, and engraved on them the characters most in use. Each character was a type. These he burnt in the fire, to harden them, and then placed them upon a table of sheet-iron, coated with a fusible gum composed of resin, wax, and lime. When he wished to print, he took a frame of iron, divided interiorly and perpendicularly by strips of the same metal (Chinese is read vertically); and having laid it on the sheet coated with gum, inserted the types, placing them one close against the other. Each frame, when filled, formed a tablet. This was brought near the fire, to make the gum melt, after which a level piece of wood was pressed forcibly on the surface of the types, and pushed them down into the gum, by which means they became firm and even as a stone.'

There is so much in this account that would answer for a description of the present mode of printing, as further to exemplify the perfect state in which the art originated. Compared with others, there was but little feeling of the way in reducing it to practice; an important fact, when we consider the object—transmission of thought. Pi-ching's method, we learn, was very expeditious when a large number of impressions was required. On such occasions two forms were worked, one being inked while the impression was taken from the other. It is the custom in China to print but two pages at once, and on one side of the paper only; the sheets are then folded for binding, and the blank sides either left open or pasted together. Duplicates of many of the characters were kept wrapped in paper, and twenty of those most in request. When a new character was wanted, it was immediately prepared on the spot, and the inventor showed the advantage of clay over wood; there was neither grain nor porosity, with a greater facility of separation from the gum when required for distribution.

At Pi-ching's death, all this apparatus was carefully preserved by his successors; printing, however, went on in the old way, the reason being, that the Chinese has not, as other languages, an alphabet made up of a few characters with which all sorts of books may be printed, but a separate type is wanted for every word; and as the language is divided into classes of 106 sounds, so 106 cases (part of the furniture of a printing-office) would be required, each one to contain a prodigious number of types, thus rendering the mechanical task of composing and distributing one of enormous difficulty and labour. It was easier and cheaper to follow the usual method. This was, to write the text on a sheet of paper, which, being pasted on a wooden tablet, all the blank spaces were cut away, and the writing left in relief. In this way printing in China was carried on for a number of years, either by blocks of wood, or plates of stereotyped copper.

In 1662 the Emperor Khang-hi, on the representations of European missionaries, ordered that 250,000 movable types should be cut in copper. With these the Kou-kin-thou-chou, a collection of ancient and

modern works, was printed in 8000 octavo volumes, of which a considerable number have found their way to Europe, and are deposited in the Royal Library at Paris. This work is a beautiful specimen of Chinese typography: it comprises treatises on music, a history of the language and of foreign nations known to the Celestials. Some of the works issued from the imperial press at Peking are so fine and beautiful, that the emperor named them Tsiu-tchin, or collected pearls. An interesting fact occurs with regard to the casting of types. In Europe, the steel punches and copper matrices required for the purpose involve a considerable outlay, and are liable to deteriorate by rust. The Chinese obviate this double inconvenience by making the punches of a very hard fine-grained wood, at a cost, for each type, from one farthing to a halfpenny. With these the matrices are struck in porcelain clay, baked in an oven, in which the type metal is melted. Judging from the specimens of printing, there is no more difficulty in 'justifying' the matrices thus produced than those of other material.

In 1773 the enlightened Emperor Kien-long decreed that 10,412 of the most important Chinese works should be engraved on wood, for printing in the usual way. Kin-kien, a member of the finance ministry, drew up a report, illustrated by plans and models, setting forth the expense of so large a quantity of wood-engraving, and recommending movable types. The minister's advice was followed; and from that day printing with movable types has made steady progress in China, and superseded the old method of block-printing. It was formerly the custom to defer all the corrections until after the printing; this also has been broken through, and the printers of the 'central flowery land' now adopt the more sensible European method of correcting before going to press.

Remote as is the antiquity thus assigned to printing, a French writer, Monsieur Paravey, shows it to be still more ancient. According to his statements, the Chinese only did on paper what had been done ages before on cotton by the Assyrians and Indo-Persians.

THE EXPELLED LACEWORKERS OF CALAIS.

It will be remembered that at the outbreak of the Revolution in France, February 1848, a large number of English operatives at Calais, Rouen, and other places were expelled from the country under circumstances of great injustice and indignity. At Calais, where about a thousand persons, chiefly from Nottingham, had been for some years settled in connection with the lace trade, the cry of *à bas les Anglais* was particularly violent, and personal injury was only averted by the timely interference of the English consul. Unwilling to return to England, where their profession was overcrowded, the unfortunate laceworkers sent a memorial to Lord Palmerston, desiring to obtain passages to one of the English colonies, and preferring, if a choice were permitted, to go to South Australia. In three days an answer was returned by his lordship, and a government commissioner arrived to make the requisite inquiries. He was immediately succeeded by Mr Cooper, a gentleman from the office of her Majesty's Land and Emigration Commissioners, who instituted diligent scrutiny into the characters and circumstances of the memorialists, and then arranged for their passage to England, preparatory to emigration for these colonies. On their arrival in London, they learned that a benevolent committee was sitting daily at the Mansion-House, under the auspices of Lord Ashley, and engaged in getting up a generous subscription, to which the town of Nottingham contributed from L.300 to L.400 for the relief of those who were hourly compelled to return to England from the French territory. The objections of the commissioners to send lacemakers and their families to a young colony like South Australia were compromised by an allowance of L.5 per head from the subscription fund, and an engagement to provide a good outfit. The details were then arranged, and the 'Harpley' being appointed, a detachment of the emigrants embarked, and soon the poop of the ship, to use our informant's words, was 'transformed into a haberdasher's shop,' from which everything necessary was

gratuitously and unsparingly supplied to those who were in need; Mr Cooper being charged with Lord Ashley's princely commands to let the unfortunate want for nothing. Mr Commissioner Wood visited them at Gravesend previous to their departure, and addressed to them an admirable speech, full of kindness and encouragement, assuring them they were proceeding to a land where honesty and industry seldom failed to find their proper reward.

We notice all this for the purpose of mentioning that intelligence has been received in England of the safe arrival of the Harpley with the detachment of emigrants on board. The vessel came to an anchorage at Adelaide on the 30th of August, having occupied the interval from the 12th of May on the voyage. Referring to the arrival of the Harpley, the South Australian 'Register' of September 6 observes:—'The only instance of death among the adults in the course of the voyage was an aged and ailing man (in his sixty-seventh year), who was unwilling to be separated from his family, and to whom the commissioner humanely granted a free passage. He died in traversing the Bay of Biscay; the only instance of mortality besides being a delicate infant of three months old. During the passage the ship only sighted the Cape Verd Islands and St Paul's. The passengers, who were scarcely becalmed on the Line, suffered little from heat in the tropics, and as little from cold in the southern hemisphere, 39½ degrees south being the most southerly latitude the vessel attained. There was no case of serious illness during the greater part of the passage, and 256 souls have arrived in excellent health, in a remarkably clean and well-commanded ship, manned by a fine crew. During the passage Mr Spencer, the surgeon-superintendent, read prayers every Sabbath, when the weather permitted. We have seen in the hands of the refugee emigrants some of the certificates granted by employers and municipal officers in France, and they speak well for the character of the people, who, we hope, will find they have exchanged the inhospitable treatment of the French for a hearty welcome in a British colony. There is an instance calling for especial sympathy and spirited exertion on behalf of the colonists, and we shall much mistake if the newly-arrived do not in their case confirm the assurance, that any honest men and women who venture to South Australia with their offspring will be likely to find the right hand of fellowship extended towards them in a land of plenty.' Other detachments of the Anglo-French laceworkers have, we believe, gone to Port Philip and Sydney.

DUBLIN AND KINGSTOWN RAILWAY.

It is a fact worthy of consideration, that the only railway in Ireland which is fully remunerating the proprietors is the line from Dublin to Kingstown, six miles in length, which was made in the midst of ignorance as to the now existing light of railway engineering, and which actually cost over a quarter of a million of money, or at least double the rate per mile for which it could be now completed. And how was this? Simply that this line was an accommodation to the inhabitants of Dublin—first, for pleasure, and ultimately for daily intercourse; and that this accommodation was given at a tolerably moderate rate of charge, and with a wondrous saving of time. We have before us some strange records and statistics concerning this railway. From the first, we find that Mr James Pim and his colleagues were set down as a set of mad, jobbing Quakers, for thinking of such a scheme, and that a certain lord mayor of the city actually protested against the undertaking, on the grounds that her Majesty's loyal subjects would be in danger of losing their lives, or at least their sight, 'from the starting of horses on the Rock Road, and the red-hot dust that would issue from the engine.' And we ourselves knew more than one respectable old gentleman who prided himself to his death on the fact that he never travelled by the 'vile railway.' These are some of our records. From our statistics, we find great facts of the advantages to the public. The houses along the line have actually increased one hundredfold; the number of passengers carried yearly have more than doubled from the commencement; and in 1847 a dividend of 9 per cent. per annum was made at the half-yearly meeting. In order clearly to understand what the increasing traffic on this little line is, we may state that, in 1840, 1,280,761 passengers were carried; in 1847, 2,303,910; showing an increase of 1,023,149.—*The Advocate, an Irish newspaper.*

EVENING SOLACE.

[From 'Poems by Currer Bell,' lately published.]

THE human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in rosy riot fly,
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the Past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not wo;
And thoughts that once wear groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations,
The tale of others' sufferings seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for the time to be,
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie!

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shade and loneliness;
And, while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress—
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to Heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

JOHN HOME, AUTHOR OF 'DOUGLAS,' IN THE '45.

John Home, with many others, took up arms to oppose Prince Charles and his Highlanders. A band of volunteers, consisting of students and others, inhabitants of Edinburgh, was quickly raised, and in this corps he was chosen lieutenant. In that capacity he waited on General Hawley, who commanded the cavalry, requesting permission for the volunteers to march with the king's troops to Falkirk, where the rebel army lay, which the general readily granted. This is mentioned by himself in his 'History of the Rebellion.' But it was not collegians and burghers of Edinburgh city, nor even the king's troops, that were able to stand against the fury of the bold Highlanders. Prince Charles swept everything before him, and at the battle of Falkirk the royalist army, with the volunteers, was completely routed. General Hawley fled from the field, and with his scattered force betook himself to the old palace of Linlithgow, from which, it is said, he was driven in scorn by the spirited matron, the keeper of the palace, who to his face upbraided him with running away. John Home was supposed to have fallen in the battle. He was taken prisoner by the Highlanders, and, along with Barrow and Bartlet, his fellow-collegians, was sent captive to the castle of Doune, in Perthshire, from which they contrived to make their escape in the following manner:—During the night, when the prisoners were not very rigidly watched, they tied their bedclothes together, and by the precarious line thus formed, descended one after another from the window of the prison. Barrow, his favourite companion, was the last to commit himself to the rope, which gave way with him, and he was precipitated to the earth, and very seriously injured. John Home, stout and able, took Barrow on his back, as did each of his companions by turns, until they reached a place of safety.—*New Monthly.*

PUNCTUATION.

CÆsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 273. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

CONVERSATION, NOT DISCOURSE.

A FRENCHMAN remarked of a gentleman in company, in whom he could not discover any other quality susceptible of a compliment, that he had 'a great talent for silence.' This, under an equivocal appearance, is a compliment, for to possess the self-control required for the holding of one's tongue is no unimportant gift. It is well to be able to talk; but it is also well to be able to listen. Without this there can be no conversation; there only can be discourse, which in company must ever be a bore.

Some persons do occasionally allow others to speak, without those other people deriving much benefit from the concession. It is the fault of many of my friends, nay, I know whole families affected by the peculiarity, only to pause while another speaks, and then to go on with their own stream of ideas, saying nothing apropos to what they have heard but 'yes' or 'indeed,' pronounced probably in a way which implies that they have not taken in a single idea from what was said. It is only an advanced stage of the disease, when no pause is allowed except on the merest compulsion, and nothing is heard in the circle of company but one ceaseless rattle of the hailstorm of loquacity from one person. Such discourse is sometimes not bad in itself; but this is nothing to the purpose. Though it be replete with intelligence and cleverness, it is not the less a pest if it precludes others from uttering their sentiments—if, in short, it prevents conversation. In general, however, loquacity is not attended by either brilliancy or any more solid quality. It is almost invariably full of repetition—repetition of words, repetition of sentences, repetition of ideas—one principle ruling with the discourser, that he must be saying something in order to keep 'possession of the house.' We are usually condemned, in the company of such a person, not merely to keep our own good things to ourselves, and to lose all the benefits of the excitement derivable from conversation, but to hear things said ill, and at great length, which we could have said twenty times better ourselves, if we had thought them worth saying at all.

There is a point of view in which 'discoursing' may be regarded, somewhat different from that in which we usually see it regarded, and of no less importance. This is as respects the moral destiny of the discourser himself. He shuts himself out from learning anything in the society of his fellow-creatures. He goes from Dan to Beersheba, and *makes* all barren. A friend and contributor has stated this so clearly and practically, that we give it as a good illustration, both of the tyranny of the talker and the sufferings of the talkee.

'Having, from position and the direction, of my studies,' says he, 'acquired a sort of character as a

cicerone in my native city, I am frequently honoured by the introduction of strangers to my attentions and good offices. I always do gladly what I can for their gratification, seldom failing to invite them to my house, besides conducting them to whatever public objects are worth seeing. It may sound oddly, but it is a fact, that only a small portion of these strangers allow themselves to be instructed or informed by anything I have to tell them. It is what I might almost describe as the general case, that my new acquaintance is far more eager to tell me what he knows of other places and things, than to listen to what I have to tell him of the places and things now under his actual attention. He may have started at the beginning with a declaration of his satisfaction in being introduced to one possessed of so much of the local intelligence which is useful to a stranger; but it is all the same. He begins to talk—he continues to talk—he ends talking. I may have, at the most, been able to arrest him for a minute before a particular object, while I recounted what I knew about it, or pointed out its most notable beauties. But even during such intervals, it was evident that he bridled in his struggling muse with pain, and waited with impatience till he could with decency cut me short, in order that he might launch once more into his own nobler strain—possibly a detail or discussion of something ten thousand miles away from the object of his visit, and which might have been quite as well detailed or discussed at any other time. Is not this a strange anomaly in human conduct? Yet I assure you it is what I am continually meeting with. Certainly one out of every three men and women who professedly come to get the benefit of my ciceroneship, goes away without properly hearing one word I have to say; and all from being so much more disposed to be speakers than listeners. What is very provoking, I sometimes hear of such persons telling the introducing friend afterwards that they did not wonder at my having such a repute in my particular walk; they had found my conversation so instructive; as if they had done nothing but listen to me all the time we were together.

'Some time ago I had a lady sent to me with a strong recommendation, and I lost no time in bringing her before some of the best company I could command. Our party was small, but it comprehended two or three extremely clever agreeable persons—persons, too, who were "lions" in their own way. What was the result? The stranger began with a string of commonplace talk before she had sat down. Ere three minutes had elapsed, I exchanged a look with my wife, implying our common sense of the genus she belonged to. Our prophetic souls were justified. There was no end to the lady's chat. If I contrived, now and then, to get a remark thrown in, she waited till it was done, and then went on without reference to it, as if it had made no impres-

sion upon her mind. My clever friends were kept in silence the whole evening. At last our visitor departed in the highest spirits, as if she had accomplished some great mission. And so she had. She had succeeded in keeping up a talk for three hours, to her own infinite satisfaction. I only felt how great a drawback it was from her triumph that she had failed entirely to benefit by her accidental rencontre with two or three of the most intelligent and reflecting persons of our age—men with whom she might never meet again. In exchange for this, and for the local information of an interesting kind which was at her command, and which might have been of considerable use to her during the remainder of her stay in our city, she had obtained—what?—only the pleasure of hearing her own tongue rain off insipid chat about nothings and nobodies for three hours together.

I write this in sober earnest, as an account of facts which fell under my observation. Be it for you to philosophise the subject. I would only add, that this uncontrollable spirit of talk strikes me as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a human being, seeing that it almost precludes all receipt of instruction. Such a mind may see new things, but it can get none by hearing. One great channel of intelligence is shut up. Such a person, I conceive, might go over the world, and come back nearly as ignorant as at the outset; while a much duller person, who could listen, would return laden with a prodigious stock of information.

To this we can add an amusing experience of our own, the hero of which is a literary man of some note. We were both at a party in London a few years ago, where General Miller, who had recently returned with many laurels from South America, was the principal lion present. My friend came up against me in the crowded drawing-room.

'Do not stop me,' said he, glaring anxiously around: 'I must see him: I have been promised an introduction, and I feel the interview to be a necessity.'

'Whom do you mean?' we inquired.

'Why, Miller—that prodigious fellow, who can tell a South American bullet by the feel! It is worth a thousand pounds to me to know such a man: don't stop me; and catching a glimpse of the general talking with our hostess, who had promised to introduce him, he bore gallantly up through the crowd. Being curious to witness the introduction, we followed at his heels. The cabalistic words were pronounced, the bows exchanged, and our friend drew himself up.

'General Miller,' said he, 'I am overjoyed to make your acquaintance. I consider this, in fact, a remarkable moment in my life, and a moment from which henceforward I—hem—shall date my proudest thoughts!'

'Upon my word, sir, you are very'—

'Not at all. That land which was the field of your exploits has haunted me like a passion; and an introduction to one so thoroughly conversant with her arcana, and whose history is so inextricably interwoven with her fate, must unquestionably be a matter of the very highest interest to me. You must often have meditated on the chance which robbed Portugal of the honour of discovering America'—

'Sir, I do not'—

'Frankly, I stand corrected. I was wrong to say "chance;" for it was really the perfidy of John II., as you were about to observe, which drove the Genoese pilot into the arms of Spain. Think of three large crazy boats—for you know they could not be called ships—for such an expedition, and a cost of not more than L.4000! Think of the position of the gallant Colon, when his despairing crew broke at length into open mutiny! Well, sir, the fragment of a tree with red berries, floating on that desert ocean, was like the olive branch brought by the dove into the ark; and then came that ever memorable tenth of October'—

'But, sir'—

'Old style—I was going to say old style (thank you)—when the new world was for the first time trod by European foot. Columbus fancied that he was among the Indian isles, and that China and Japan were not far off: hence the name of West Indies still retained by his first discoveries. Amerigo Vespucci came later into the field (with Ojeda's expedition, you know), and gave his own name to the entire continent! Think of that! The reason was, that Amerigo was not a mere commander: he was an author—he wrote a book. Eh, general? He! he! he!'

'Sir, I must really'—

'Oh, I was only in jest. It was undoubtedly a usurpation of the right of Columbus. Well, sir, the Portuguese now followed in the track of the Spaniards, and discovered Brazil; then came the abandonment of Columbus by the capricious tyrants whose reign his genius had rendered illustrious: he was carried in chains to Spain, and afterwards permitted, as a favour conferred upon his old age, to endeavour to find a passage to India by the way of America, and, while looking for a strait into the Pacific, to discover an important part of the mainland. Now'—

'But really, sir, all this'—

'Is introductory (thank you)—merely introductory. The colony planted originally by Columbus in Hispaniola made the natives virtually slaves, and then thinned their numbers with fire and sword to such purpose, that in fifteen years the population had decreased from a million to 60,000. This was partly made up, however—for the mines could not be worked for want of labourers—by the importation from the continent of 40,000 new slaves. And now we come to the conquest of New Spain by Cortes, and that of Peru by Pizarro in'—

'Good sir'—

'I know all that. These Mexicans and Peruvians were really civilised nations, whereas the other Americans were in a state of innocent savagism. Cortes, notwithstanding, marched his handful of Spaniards to the capital of a vast and populous country, took possession of the person of the Emperor Montezuma, loaded him with chains, and burned his son and the chief officers of his army alive. His atrocities at length roused the indignation sufficiently to overpower the cowardice of the natives; and surrounding his little force, they compelled him, with much slaughter, to retreat. On obtaining reinforcements, however, he returned, captured the city of Mexico, and with it subdued the liberties of the entire country. The success of Pizarro at Caxamalea was equally wonderful. He got hold of the Inca; held him to ransom for a roomful of gold, and this being duly paid, put him to death, and rendered all Peru a Spanish province. When this was done'—

'Once for all, sir, I beg you to excuse me!'

'And with good cause. The modern history of South America is your own, and it would come more gracefully from your lips. But it now waxes late, and I must be satisfied for the present with this delightful and profitable conversation. Believe me, I shall not readily forget so rich a treat, so valuable an intercommunion!' Our friend bowed respectfully; and General Miller, shaking him by the hand with great alacrity, dived in an instant to the farther end of the room.

'Well,' said we, 'how do you like him?'

'He is a prodigious fellow! I would not have missed this for a thousand pounds!' For months after, he expatiated upon the honour and advantage he had enjoyed, and we were told that he proposed to the booksellers a 'Continuation of Robertson's History of America,' on the strength of his intercommunion with the patriot-general.

We remember another interview of a less gratifying nature, in which the interlocutors, who had been especially introduced, were both talkers. When this is the case, it is no amicable ride-and-tie affair, but a headlong race, in which the runners grapple as they fly. On the occasion referred to, it was curious to observe how

closely the opinions they formed of each other coincided. 'He is a sensible man,' said one; 'he talks well, nobody better; but, hang it, he talks too much! I could not get in a word edgeways the whole time.' The other, on being asked how he liked his new friend, replied candidly that he liked him much—very much indeed. 'But he has one fault,' added he: 'so absorbing a passion for hearing his own voice, that he will listen to nobody else. I do not think, moderately speaking, I was able to utter a dozen words from first to last!'

These are examples of 'discourers,' 'outpourers,' 'monopolisers,' call them what you will. Living solacisms they are in themselves, wretched nuisances to others. Our correspondent calls on us to philosophise on the subject. We are not disposed to do so; but we may remark that the foundation of the evil appears to us to be a kind of intemperance. The fault is found very frequently in literary men of intense activity of brain, and whose writings are rather effusions of telling words than of solid ideas. They engross conversation under the same uncontrollable thirst of excitement which drives other men to drams and opium. It is for this reason that the conversation of a set of simply well-educated men of moderate talents is often found more agreeable than that of a set of clever writers or celebrated orators.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

THE insatiable thirst for gold which distinguished the early Spanish conquerors of South America, is still a characteristic of many of their descendants, who form part of a nomadic population that frequent the immense and scantily-peopled regions lying between the United States and the fertile provinces of northern Mexico. The three great branches of the commerce of the country here find a host of lawless representatives. The hunters are the most active supporters of the trade in skins and furs; that in leather and cattle is followed by the *vaqueiros*; while that in precious metals falls to the lot of the *gambusinos*, or gold-seekers. The work of a recent traveller presents us with some particulars concerning the habits and precarious mode of life of the latter, which, in the highest degree adventurous, are comparatively but little known.

Under the denomination of *gambusinos* is included a host of vagabond miners, practical metallurgists, who seem endowed with a marvellous instinct for the discovery of veins of gold, more abundant in the north than in any other part of the States. Without capital to carry on subterranean excavations, they are obliged to content themselves with skimming the surface. Their wonderful tact is assisted by certain general indications. The matrix of the mineral is almost always composed of quartz rocks, which in some spaces are scattered for leagues over the scorched soil in irregular projecting masses called *crestones*. The *gambusino* never travels without his *barreta*, a pointed iron bar. By the aid of this instrument he detaches portions of the rock, which he afterwards submits to the action of a violent fire, and continues or abandons his labour in accordance with the quantity of mineral they contain. Sometimes a fragment breaks off glittering with grains of gold; the solitary explorer then labours with redoubled energy, and forgets all his privations while following the vein, which he pursues until it penetrates too deeply into the earth. He then sells the mine to any one able to buy it, and, like the American squatter, removes without regret to a new field of labour. The same instinct leads the *gambusinos* to explore the rivers for gold dust; this is, if possible, a more dangerous and exciting occupation than the other. They follow the rivers and torrents to their sources in the mountains, meeting frequently in their adventurous journeys with the Indians, who are vigilant competitors in the same occupation, and kill the intruders without mercy. Sometimes, by diverting a stream, they discover a vein of metal which repays them for all their fatigues, sufferings, and privations; and on their

return, laden with booty, whole families, excited by the promise of wealth, set out to brave the dangers of the wilderness in search of the El Dorado. In some instances the greatest discoveries are made when least expected, at times of such a nature as to rival the wonders of fairy tales. Enormous lumps of gold have been found in the dead ashes of the camp fire, or among the shapeless blocks of stone that strew the surface of the soil; some have been seen by casual adventurers of a dazzling brightness, a certain indication of mineral wealth. According to calculations, one-fourth part of the gold annually exported by Mexico is collected by the labours of the *gambusinos*.

The head-quarters of the gold-seekers are two villages, Bacuache and Nacoma, situated at opposite sides of the mountain-chain washed by the two branches of the river Uris. They are separated by an arid desert of many leagues in extent from other civilised communities, and the inhabitants of one village regard the others with mortal enmity, and take every opportunity to cut off parties of individuals whom they encounter while exploring the mountain. Desirous of making himself acquainted with the locality, which presents many interesting geological features, and with the people, the writer of the narrative about to be given set out with a guide to visit them. During the first day's journey, the latter held on his way seemingly unconscious of the presence of a companion; but at nightfall he reined up his horse, saying, as he seized the other's bridle, 'What can be better? Here we have water for ourselves, grass for our horses, plenty of wood, and, above all, in these blue-flowered lianas we have a sovereign remedy against serpent bites. Do you not admire,' he added, while unsaddling the horses, 'how Providence has always placed the remedy by the side of the danger? Wherever you see the lianas, it is a sign that rattlesnakes are in abundance. Do you see that bird yonder like a pheasant flying round and round above us, and that black one, about the size of a pigeon? They are the two most formidable enemies of the snakes, and they are endowed with an admirable instinct for their destruction. Their presence here proves what I said—that these places are infested with serpents.'

'Then why stop here?' inquired the traveller, whom we shall now leave to narrate his own tale.

'Because,' replied Anastasio the guide, 'we shall find the same inconvenience everywhere, without being certain of the same advantages.'

So saying, he threw the two heavy saddles on the ground, and spreading the sheepskins on one side, requested me to lie down while he prepared supper. After the meal, while stretched on my temporary bed with a saddle for a pillow, I asked my companion whether he had ever been to Bacuache. He smiled at what he considered the simplicity of the question, and replied that every one went at least once in his life.

'And were you not tempted to become a gold-seeker?' I inquired.

To which he rejoined in a melancholy tone, 'No; it is sometimes a horrible trade, and my apprenticeship to it disgusted me for ever.'

At my request Anastasio proceeded:—'I was scarcely fifteen years old—now I am thirty-five—when my father, who was an enterprising *gambusino*, heard of a valuable *plant* of gold, and took me and my two brothers to go and search it. The accounts given by my father's informant, who accompanied us, had so inflamed our imaginations, that we lost no time on the way. At the end of the sixth day we reached the last settlement on the borders of the desert, where we each contributed something towards paying for a mass before continuing our journey. The *plant* of which we were in quest was on the edge of a small stream, but before reaching it, we had to cross the hot sandy plains where not a drop of water was to be met with. One evening we were dying of thirst, with only a single gourd full of water left among five. So great was our suffering, that at last we began to fight for possession of the gourd. In the heat of the struggle a blow with a knife

was struck, and my father fell stabbed by the hand of his friend. At the sight of the blood streaming from the wound, my elder brother inflicted summary vengeance upon the assailant. We gathered round our father, who, in the agony occasioned by his wound, begged vehemently for water. I rushed to the gourd, but, alas! all its contents had been lost by being upset in our quarrel! The night came on, during which our parent's intreaties for water, growing fainter and fainter, were the only sounds that disturbed the awful silence of the desert. We wandered about like madmen, without knowing what to do to comfort him: there was nothing around us but bare sand. At last my father's moanings ceased—he was dead! I wept by his side till the sun rose, when in the sand, reddened by the blood that had flowed from the wound, we saw the glitter of gold. But I need not tell you, senor, that not one of us would touch it. We consulted together: he who could have guided us to the plant was dead, and we were compelled to retrace our steps, after burying the dead body of our father, but leaving the other to bleach upon the sand. That is the reason why I have disliked the trade of gold-seeker ever since.'

'And what became of your brothers?' I asked, as Anastasio came to a pause.

'The eldest, like myself, determined not to be a gambusino; but Pedro, the next to me, kept on; I daresay we shall find him at Bacuache.'

After two days of further travel we reached the savage valley in which Bacuache is situated; small parties of men, reckless and brutal in appearance, were washing gold in the beds of the rapid streams that ran down the mountain. To Anastasio's inquiry for his brother, they replied by pointing to a torrent on the opposite side of the valley. We rode to the place indicated, where, on climbing the slope, we found a man up to his waist in the stream, busily engaged in constructing a dam, by piling stones one on the other. It was Pedro. A cordial, and even solemn recognition took place between the brothers, who had not seen each other for some years. Pedro invited us to take up our quarters in his hut, informing us at the same time that we ran considerable risk, as the gambusinos of Nacoma were at open war with those of Bacuache. I alighted, and seated myself on the bank of the torrent, as the gold-seeker still continued to work at the dam, and questioned him as to the cause of his wish to divert the stream.

'Senor,' replied Pedro, 'from the full that you see up yonder to this place, there is not a pebble or grain of sand in the brook that has not been through my hands: the result is beyond my hopes, and that is why I began the dam, now almost finished.' This answer left me as far as ever from the object of my inquiry; and Pedro continued, at the same time taking a lump of gold about the size of a nut, with the edges sharp and unworn, from a leathern bag concealed beneath his shirt: 'Listen,' he said: 'what would you think of the plant you were searching, if you found such a specimen as this?'

'That the vein was not far off,' I rejoined; 'since there has not been time for the lump to become worn by friction.'

'True,' was the reply; 'and the slope about here is the place where it came from.'

'But are you not afraid of being attacked by those who may envy you your good fortune?'

'I am prepared for it,' answered the gambusino; 'but do not fear it. From my infancy I have been accustomed to the dangers of my profession. I have learned prudence as well as daring, and hid away in safety a considerable part of my booty. In case of misfortune, I shall reveal the hidingplace to my brother Anastasio. Do not think, senor, that it is cupidity that urges me on, in thus risking my life so frequently in our scorching deserts: I only obey an invincible instinct. I am like the torrent destined to carry down and scatter gold in the plains.'

While speaking, the gambusino had kept on working at the dam, and the bed of the stream was now nearly dry. Believing himself near the source of the gold, he

plunged his two hands into the soft soil, and brought up a quantity of clayey gravel, which he washed carefully in a large wooden bowl provided for the purpose. No signs of gold were visible, until, after repeated trials, a few minute grains glistened in the sediment. These the gold-seeker collected, placing them in a small piece of reed, and stopping the ends with wax. He then went twenty paces lower down the stream, where the first handfuls of soil contained several lumps of gold. Here was an indication that the vein lay somewhere between the two places where the earth had been taken up for washing. Sure of the locality, the gambusino seized his pike and drove it vigorously into the bank, where it struck against a rock. After repeated blows, a piece of the hard stone was knocked off, which he examined with a perfectly immovable countenance. At last, placing a finger upon his lip, as though to recommend me to silence, he put on an appearance of disappointment, while depositing the fragment of quartz in one of the pockets of his vest; he then kicked down the stones of which the dam was constructed, the water again leaped along in its original course, and hid all traces of his labours.

With the same disappointed air he then invited me to follow him to his cabin, whither Anastasio had already preceded us. No sooner, however, had we entered and closed the door, than Pedro immediately changed his demeanour, which had been assumed to deceive any lurking spies without, and cried joyfully, as he tossed the piece of stone to his brother, 'You were right, Anastasio; the past has done nothing for me yet, but what ought to be the future of the owner of a vein like that? Still more gold,' he added with enthusiasm, 'which will see the light, and pass from hand to hand.'

After Anastasio had expressed his admiration and astonishment at the beauty of the specimen, delicately lined in every direction with threads of gold, the labours of the eventful day ceased, and we all retired to rest. I had been asleep for some hours, when a sudden glare of light and a confused shouting awoke me. I started up. On the opposite side of the valley a tall pine-tree was wrapped in flames, from the trunk below to the topmost branches. A number of men were running wildly about in the light of the raging fire, shouting, 'Nacoma, Nacoma!' Anastasio and Pedro were already armed, and prepared to join in repelling what was supposed to be an attack of the people from the village on the opposite side of the mountain. My guide took the opportunity to represent to his brother the dangers of the perilous trade he had chosen, and to persuade him to abandon it. But shaking his head, Pedro replied with an emphatic 'Never!' and pointing to a dark corner of the hut, showed me his partner lying wounded on a low bed.

'To abandon him now,' he said, 'would be to kill him. A few days more will decide his fate. I count upon your generosity, senor: you will stay and protect him while we go on the scout. Should I not return, dig up the earth under that bed, and you will find the store of gold which I have collected on this plant. There is enough to give my poor associate Christian burial, and to be of good service to you in addition. It is a secret which I have never intrusted to any human being, but it would be a pity that it should not see the day and circulate.'

The gambusino turned to leave the hut with Anastasio, but checked himself, as he made a remark which revealed more of his singular character. 'In case you fear taking charge of such an inheritance, by reason of the attempts that might be made to deprive you of it, scatter it rather than leave it buried; for once out of the earth, gold is made for man's profit—such is the will of Providence.'

At these words the brothers left the hut with cutlasses in their hands. I sat for some time musing on my strange position, and listening for the sounds of strife, which I doubted not would soon disturb the silence. Pedro and my guide, however, were not long absent. The alarm was a false one. The fire, now scarcely perceptible, had been kindled by a poor maniac, in triumph over the death of two of the gold-seekers, who, he fancied, had waylaid and murdered his only son. At the end of six days I left Bacuache with Anastasio, glad to quit a

district where no law was respected but that of the strongest. Some time afterwards, I heard that Pedro, faithful to his vocation, and the extraordinary impulses by which he was actuated, had sold the rich vein at whose discovery I was present, and betaken himself once more to the perilous occupation of gold-seeking—scaling the rugged heights, and penetrating deeper into the savage ravines of the range, with a perseverance and energy that were to cease only in one of the numerous fatalities incident to his adventurous profession. I was much impressed by the sincerity with which he regarded himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence for the discovery of gold that would otherwise have remained hidden; and have preserved this record of my acquaintance with him as an extraordinary instance of apparently disinterested, though mistaken character, in a country where treachery and violence have long been the principal social elements.

A DAY IN THE SALT DISTRICTS.

'ARE you for Northwich?' was my inquiry on leaving the train at the Chelford station of the North-Western Railway, addressed to the driver of an uncommonly smart omnibus, painted in vermilion and white, and horsed with a capital pair of animals, whose appearance was eloquent of good fare, good grooming, and a considerate whip. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply; and jumping up, I was soon seated by his side, and on my way to the saliferous regions of the 'wiches,' as the Cheshire folk call them. An hour's ride through smiling fields, along a road whose borders glittered with wayside flowers of every kind and hue, now overhung with far-extending branches, now mounting up a gentle hill, and creeping across a green common, now descending, and threading the depths of a miniature forest, where rank vegetation marked the quiet course of a shallow, but silent river, brought us to Knutsford. This is an old-fashioned, but clean and wholesome-looking town, consisting of a few streets, a church, a large jail, and a factory or two. Changing horses at a tavern, a little in front of which was an angel on a great sign, employed in the unangelic office of squeezing two bunches of grapes, while further on up the street—which was full of inns and taverns—gleamed the more terrific representation of St George dealing summarily with one of the *Sauri*, we were again on our way to our destination. Three-quarters of an hour more brought us in sight of Northwich, whose hazy atmosphere, polluted by the smoke of a number of large chimneys, marks its position before it can be actually described by the traveller. Approaching nearer, the tall shafts of the salt-mines, with their engine-houses of bright-red brick, at the upper part of which the half-beam of the labouring steam-engine may be seen in ceaseless motion, dragging up to the light of day the secret treasures of the earth, assure us that we have actually entered the salt district, the exploration of which was the special object of our visit. Dismounting from the florid vehicle, and unpocketing an introductory letter to a resident friend, I was soon put in the way of getting together all the information I was in quest of upon this important trade and manufacture. Being kindly received by the proprietor of one or two extensive mines of rock-salt, I was escorted by him to a very large and old salt-mine in full work, and taking a guide with me, I prepared to descend with him in a salt bucket. But before taking the reader down with us, a remark must be made upon the aspect and character of the salt regions.

If we ascend any elevation in this neighbourhood, commanding a prospect of any extent, it is impossible not to be struck with the level aspect of the land in every direction, interrupted, however, occasionally by a few insignificant hills, which are in some places isolated, while in others they form determinate lines dividing the country into sections. In the most southern of

these salt is found almost exclusively, being confined to the valleys of the Weaver River and those of its tributary streams. This section of the Cheshire plain is remarkable for the disposition of its hills, which are so arranged as to form a basin of considerable extent at its inner borders, but narrowing as it approaches the sea. The river Weaver, at first an insignificant stream, but enlarged by subsequent additions, and by the hand of man, into a navigable current, has its course through the central portion of this basin. Standing in this position, and looking on so large a tract of land, whose level surface is only broken for some distance by woody knolls, it requires but a small effort of the imagination to carry back the mind to the time when curling waters occupied the space now adorned with woods, green pastures, and yellow corn-fields, and enlivened by gentlemen's country-seats, and labourers' cottages, or nearer at hand by the busy, steaming, smoking town of Northwich itself.

The pit's mouth, however, is no place for a reverie, as every minute brings up great loads of rock-salt, which are seized by a couple of half-naked brawny men, and cast into carts, waiting to be filled. Nor, indeed, did I and my companion look very imaginative persons, as with rusty old hats, the manufacture of some long bygone period, and miners' jackets, all grimy with earth-stains, and other suitable apparel, we got into the bucket, and began to descend into the mine. Going down is a far more unpleasant sensation than that of ascending; and as by and by we got lower and lower, until we lost the daylight, and sank by jerks, which told us we were at the mercy of the panting iron giant above, down and down into the still, cold, and dark pit, a strange unearthly feeling crept over us, which was not altogether dissipated by the jerk of the bucket upon the solid floor at the bottom of the pit. We both jumped out, and trod with uncertain steps the dry rock-salt under our feet. All seemed impenetrable darkness, save for the twinkling of a few miners' candles here and there. My guide, more accustomed to the transition, was soon able to see as well as in daylight, but my eyes refused their office for at least ten minutes, after which most objects became tolerably visible, and were increasingly so to the end of my stay in these subterranean regions. As the period of my visit was in the middle of summer, and on a warm, sunny day, the impression as to temperature was that of cold. The air, however, was very dry, and as there was no perceptible current, the coldness was not disagreeable. Miners were busily engaged in all parts of the mine. Some were labouring with the 'pick,' detaching masses of rock-salt from the roof or sides of the galleries; others were loading trucks with the salt; and others were rushing at a great rate with the trucks to and from the mouth of the shaft. Vistas, lit up with here and there a candle, stretched away in every direction from this point, and conveyed a strong impression as to the extent of the mine, which was increased by the impossibility of assigning any bounds to it by the eye. As the guide preceded me, and lighted up the way by a feeble tallow candle, giving me another for my own course, it was easy to imagine that we were treading the pearly streets of some enchanter's hall, as at every step flashes of broken light gleamed from the floor or glanced from the sparry roof. The sight was indeed a curious one. At every twenty-five yards a great square pillar of glittering gems many yards in diameter upheld the roof, looking in the dim light of the abyss more like the work of giants than the results of the labours of men. Add to this the spectral appearance of men naked to the waist, hurrying to and fro, and the dancing lights on every side, and some conception of the singularity of the scene may be formed. After walking for some distance over an uneven, and oftentimes slippery pavement, we reached the extremity of one gallery. Here the guide proceeded to show the operation of blasting; and charging a drift-hole with mining powder, and calling out 'Fire!' as a signal to the

rest of the miners, he fired the train, while I remained at a respectful distance. A muffled report followed, and re-echoed in a strange manner along the galleries, while a considerable mass of the mineral was torn up, and more was so loosened as to be removed without excessive toil by the pickaxe. It was easy to trace the extent of the loosened portion by striking it with an iron rod, when it gave forth a hollow sound, the unshaken rock sounding as firm as though it were stone, and being, indeed, almost as hard. Mounting up heaps of broken rock to the roof of the mine, a most curious appearance presented itself. On the dark yellow surface of the rock-salt thus seen in a horizontal section, it was easy to discover a large number of different figures marked out in white. These were quite distinct from the marks of the miners' tools, and a close inspection showed that they were really in-grain markings. The figures formed assume different characters: some approach the circular, others are many-sided, and others form different mathematical figures. It is very difficult to explain the origin of these appearances. They consist of masses of impure rock-salt, surrounded by a narrow boundary line of the purest white salt. Occasionally the cross sections of such markings are visible in the sides of the mine. The aspect of the salt in the mine is more that of smoky quartz than anything else. It is far from being that clear transparent substance which appears to be the general idea formed of it. Often it is mixed with clay, or it is coloured of a dark-yellow or brown, or coral red. Sometimes it is met with pure white, and as pellucid as the clearest glass, being, indeed, of a whiter lustre than most crystal; and the guide said that masses of this kind were generally found in the immediate vicinity of masses of gravel or rock. They are generally kept for visitors. Leading the way to a cask of the salt jewels, he presented me with two or three fine specimens, in which the cubical form of the salt-crystal was admirably illustrated, and which, I was told, would serve hereafter as weather-glasses, the least humidity in the air being indicated by their surfaces. Never was a subterranean cavern so perfectly dry as this: no stalactites hung from the roof, no pools lay on the floor; so much, in fact, is this the case, that the miners are often somewhat harassed by the *dust*, and the truckway in many parts of the mine looked not unlike a macadamised road on a dry summer day. The temperature of the mine ranges from 45 to 50 degrees, and is pretty constant between these points summer and winter alike. In the excessively sultry weather of some years, owing to imperfect ventilation, the men suffer from impure air, and become painfully drowsy; but at all other periods they have excellent health, and consider their occupation a most salubrious one. We now returned to the shaft, and were slowly drawn up; and being more at our ease now, the nature of the strata perforated became an interesting occupation for our minds while ascending. The shaft is about 300 feet deep. We reached the surface at length in safety, and removing our underground apparel, were refreshed with a good wash in fair water.

The geology of these mines may be shortly mentioned. There are two beds of rock-salt—an upper and an inferior. These beds are both horizontally placed on their different levels. For a long time the existence of a lower bed was unknown: it was at length discovered by some adventurous persons who determined to go deeper, and were rewarded with the discovery of this the greatest deposit of the two. In fact the existence of salt in this form at all was only discovered by accident in boring for a coal-mine a century and a-half ago. The lower bed being found on its discovery to be of superior quality, the working of the upper was immediately abandoned, and it has lain unworked ever since. It is a remarkable fact, that the middle portion of this inferior bed is more free from foreign ingredients than the upper or the lower portions of the same bed. The thickness is variable. Until lately, it had never been entirely perforated. The friend who accom-

panied me stated that this had now been done to the depth of seventy feet, and that below the bottom bed clay and salt were found in alternate layers, the thickness of which varied from three inches to seven feet. Ascending toward the surface, above the lower bed, a stratum of indurated clay occurs, tinged variously, and as hard as stone: it is about thirty or thirty-five feet thick. Then comes the upper bed of rock-salt: this is from sixty to ninety feet in thickness. Above it are layers of clay and marl tinged red, brown, and blue, to the thickness of 120 feet, covered with the vegetable soil composing the surface. These beds of salt lie in a direction from north-east to south-west; their length is doubtful, but has been conjectured at from a mile and a-half to two miles. The breadth is more satisfactorily ascertained, as mines have been sunk on each side just beyond its boundaries. From these data it is probable that the transverse breadth of the salt-beds is not more than from 1000 to 1400 yards. It has been observed by one well acquainted with the district of which he wrote, that these beds appear to thin off in a direction from the sea, being thicker at the ends next the sea. It is remarkable that, so far as our knowledge extends, no organic remains have been discovered in any of the strata covering them, or in the fossil salt itself. The hills in the vicinity are sandstone rock. One of these, at some distance, called Alderley Edge, a very romantic spot, and a great resort of pic-nic parties, is a very curious one, containing fragments of stones rounded by attrition, and pieces of various ores—of lead, copper, cobalt, &c. The rocks which furnished the clay of the alluvial soil must either be at a great distance, or have been swept away under the footsteps of advancing years. The mines are sixteen in number. The celebrated Marston mine is one of great extent and antiquity, extending for many acres under ground. This mine has occasionally, on the visits of great personages, been illuminated, when it is said to present a spectacle more dazzling to the eye, and more attractive to the imagination, than can easily be conceived. A very strange occurrence took place in one of these mines, which is worth recording. The floor in a particular portion of it had long been suspected to be hollow, from the sound emitted when it was struck. Some persons at length determined to perforate it, and with a chisel and hammer they soon effected their object, when up burst through the hole a jet of *inflammable gas*, which took fire, and streamed up in a gigantic flame to the roof of the mine, full sixteen feet. The visitors were of course greatly alarmed, and made precipitate efforts to extinguish the blaze: this was at length effected, and the hole has been carefully stopped up ever since. It is singular that in America a similar occurrence took place in boring for salt; and it is difficult to assign any satisfactory reason for the production of this gas in such positions.

The total export of rock-salt is about from 60,000 to 70,000 tons a year; but if in full work, each mine is capable of affording a supply of 10,000 tons yearly; and the mass is so large, that this quantity might be mined for many years without materially diminishing the amount. Rock-salt is almost exclusively exported, a very small portion being retained for home use. The great mass is composed of pure crystals of common salt, or chloride of sodium, with clay, oxide of iron, traces of sulphate of lime, and magnesia. In a thousand parts, about fourteen would be different impurities. Sometimes a spring bursts into one of the pits, and its certain destruction is the consequence: the water dissolves away the pillars, the roof loses its support, and falls in, and the superincumbent soil follows, leaving a great hollow on the surface. Within sight of the mine from which we had just emerged was the scene of such a catastrophe; the deep gulf and crumbling walls of what had been an engine-house, with the manifest desolation of the spot, were the sad indications of a calamity which had involved some loss of life and a large loss of property.

Although very often confounded, a salt-work and a salt-work are two entirely separate and distinct things. Having seen salt supplied by the hand of nature, I felt desirous of witnessing the preparation of the same article by the art of man. Our route lay across the river Weaver, the passage of which is effected by a curious serpentine embankment, terminating at the foot of the mound on which the works, together with a number of others, were situated. On entering, we were conducted to the evaporating-house. This is a room of 100 feet in breadth, but upwards of 2000 feet in length, so that the men working at the farthest end look quite diminutive when seen from the door. It is covered by a wooden roof, contrived in a peculiar manner to facilitate the escape of the steam from the salt-pans. The appearance it presents, with its clouds of white vapour and multitudes of half-clad men stirring and shovelling about the boiling brine, can scarcely be conceived. The heat of the house is excessive, though the abundant moisture of the air prevents its becoming annoying. The salt-pans are shallow vessels of iron, 80 feet in length, 20 in breadth, and about a foot and a-half in depth, thus exposing an enormous evaporating surface. The reader may form his ideas as to the size of the shed, by being informed that it contained seventeen of these spacious caldrons, each separated from the other by an interval of three or four feet, which formed the pathway for the removal of the salt. The pans are fed by pipes connected with the brine-reservoir, the supply being regulated by the amount of evaporation. The heat is supplied by four or five furnaces, the fires of which play under each pan, while all the many flues from this vast house terminate in a couple of tall chimneys at the side. On looking into the pans, they are seen to be in many instances partly filled with a white granular substance lying at the bottom, while a film of the same is continually forming at the top, and sinking downwards. Many of the pans, again, are seen to be bubbling and boiling with considerable vehemence, whilst in others the process goes on slowly. It is by this means that the various descriptions of salt are manufactured. The finest or lump salt is prepared by very quick boiling, and the pans are frequently raked about; it is then taken up in a shovel, and poured into wooden troughs perforated at the bottom, out of which the brine runs; when sufficiently dry, the salt is carried into the stoving-room to be stoved, after which it is fit for sale. Common salt is procured by a slower process of boiling: after the first set-off, when it is heated to the boiling-point of brine (225 degrees Fahrenheit), in order to precipitate some of its impurities—such as carbonate of lime and oxide of iron, which adhere with surprising tenacity to the bottom of the vessels, requiring even to be removed occasionally with the pickaxe—it is cast up in heaps by the side of the pans, and is 'drawn' every other day. Fishery salt is made in a slower manner still, the brine being only heated to 100 degrees Fahrenheit; but it is the strongest salt of all. A curious variety is called 'Sunday Salt;' it is large-grained, well-crystallised, and is formed by slackening the fires between Saturday and Monday. The men amuse themselves occasionally by making little ships of twigs, and immersing them in these solutions, and they soon become incrustated with the most brilliant white crystals. Thus the whole secret of the manufacture of these very different-looking varieties depends on the temperature at which the brine is evaporated.

By the side of this immense shed is a second, and beyond it a third, each containing a large number of pans, some of which were in full work, while others were unused. The stove-room between them is heated by the flues of the various furnaces; the floor of this room is covered with sheet-iron. At another portion of the building was the store-room, in which the salt is stored previous to shipment. It was calculated that this room would hold at least 10,000 tons of salt. The aver-

age production of these works alone is about 1000 tons a week, or upwards of 50,000 tons annually; an amount nearly equal to that of the whole sixteen rock-salt mines. The brine-spring, the ever-flowing source of this enormous amount of salt, is fortunately situated at a distant part of the works, and is drawn by a couple of pumps driven by a steam-engine. The brine is by this means pumped up into the reservoir, which is of considerable dimensions, formed of clay, and lined with bricks. It is as nearly as possible a saturated solution of salt; a crystal of salt not being dissolved by it when placed in the liquid, and an egg, which is the simple hydrometer in common use, lying high and dry upon its surface. It is conveyed hence by pipes to different parts of the works, the flow being regulated by a proper mechanical contrivance. It has been estimated that every pint contains about six ounces of salt. There is generally a small proportion of saline and earthy impurities present in it, but by proper care in the manufacture, these can be almost perfectly removed. There is nothing mysterious in these springs. They are formed, without doubt, simply by springs of water, originally fresh, permeating a vast bed of rock-salt, thus becoming saturated, and then rising to within a certain distance from the surface. Brine-springs have been wrought in these districts for a great length of time; they are mentioned in Doomsday-Book; and old Camden says that there was a sort of brine-well in this neighbourhood, with a stair about it, down which half-naked men went to draw the brine in leathern buckets, and then carried it to the wick-houses.

One of the most curious circumstances elicited by my visit remains to be mentioned. My road back led me by the side of other salt-works, and surprise was created by the number of chimneys which were grievously out of the perpendicular. One very large one was actually held up by a long chain, and raked as much as the spars of any fast-sailing clipper ever built. The ground, too, in various places had given way, and the road passed close by a land-slip of some size. The scene bore a faint resemblance to a territory shaken by an earthquake. Following up the inquiry, it was found that the embankment we had crossed was continually and steadily sinking; that a lake of some acres of surface had appeared only within a space of thirty or forty years; that under its waters were the sites of former salt-works; and a stump of a log was pointed out to us as the only relic of a cottage which was now buried in the waters: all these were evidences of a gradual subsidence of land of a very singular kind. An intelligent inhabitant assured us that a once favourite summer's walk of his lay through a deep part of what was now a lake. He stated also that many salt-works near this spot had been obliged to be removed to a distance, while those which were formerly far from the water became washed by it; and the water continuing (apparently) to rise, they were repeatedly compelled to raise their furnaces; and he doubted not that in three or four years they would be compelled to remove altogether. As far as could be ascertained, the rate of subsidence was about one foot in each year, or rather more. The inhabitants of the town are well aware of the fact, but the sinking goes on so slowly, as to give them no alarm. Many of the houses are screwed and bolted together to keep them secure. There is no doubt that this interesting, though destructive phenomenon is entirely due to the brine-springs; the immense quantity of salt annually removed by the water leaves a space which is filled by the subsidence of the superincumbent soil, and this sinking, below the river's level, is immediately covered with water on the surface. If these salt-works continue to be prosecuted with their present vigour, the time will come when the busy Northwich will have found a grave beneath the waters of the Weaver; but this time will not be seen by the present, nor probably by the next generation. The entire produce of the Cheshire salt district is estimated at 400,000 tons a year, or four-fifths of the entire pro-

duce of Great Britain. An equally pleasant ride back, and a rapid hour's whirl at the tail of the iron horse, terminated our day in the salt districts by conveying us home.

ROBESPIERRE.

MONSTER as Robespierre is stamped in the judgment of mankind, there can be no good reason why his life should not be written. It has been undertaken by Mr G. H. Lewes,* and executed with spirit and fidelity, but within limits which we suspect will be generally felt as too narrow for the subject. It appears that Robespierre was probably descended from an Irish immigrant of the sixteenth century: Mr Lewes conjectures that he may have been a person named Robert Spiers. Prince Charles Stuart planted a freemason lodge at Arras in 1744, and 'confided the presidency of it to his old friend, Robespierre's father.' Of the early days of our hero no anecdotes have been preserved. It is made plain, however, that he was distinguished at school, and was looked upon at Arras as a young man of talent, both in the exercise of his profession as a barrister, and in the cultivation of literature. The philosophical ideas of Rousseau—the original equality of all mankind, the foundation of society in a contract made by all for the good of all, and the sole foundation of property being the expenditure of labour upon it—these formed the favourite dogmas of Robespierre, and were at the bottom of much of his political conduct. Mr Lewes remarks pertinently on one of them:—'This contract is altogether illusory: no one's consent was ever asked or given. . . . The time will come when society will be a contract—when government will be made by all for the good of all; but Rousseau should have placed his ideal in the future instead of in the past.' Robespierre also participated in the religious ideas of Rousseau, which were at once heterodox and intolerant. This is a curious and unexpected feature in the great Terrorist. He was at every period of his career distinguished from the bulk of his fellows by a sincere and earnest theism; and this, indeed, was partly the cause of his ruin.

Mr Lewes takes, we think, in the main, the right view of the character of Robespierre. He was not naturally a sanguinary man (he resigned his situation as judge in the criminal court at Arras, from disgust at having to condemn a murderer to death)—he was only a fanatic, who, having once set out in the advocacy of an idea which he thought of consummate importance to the whole public, scrupled at no minor immediate sacrifices for its realisation, though these might infer much bloodshed. One of the most remarkable acts of his early obscure days, was to take up the cause of certain peasants against the injustice of the bishop-ruler of the town, notwithstanding that the bishop had been his own patron. In this sacrifice of his own feelings, and incurring a possible stigma for the sake of a principle, we see, Mr Lewes thinks, the germ of a fanatic. Robespierre had tolerably clear perceptions of right and justice; his deficiency lay in those affections which soften the hard affairs of human life.

In the States-General and Constituent Assembly he was at first, as is generally known, overlooked as an insignificant person, his mean spare figure, pinched countenance, and reserved manner, being of course much against him. By industry in cultivating his oratorical talents, and by a rigid adherence to his own idea of the public good, he gradually acquired importance. One observes, nevertheless, on a careful examination of the history of the Revolution, that Robespierre was wanting on almost all the signal occasions. The secret of this was his timidity. Strange to say, the man who floated upon the top of revolutionary violence for so consider-

able a time, was a coward! He only could make an appearance when, through the operations of others, things had become decided in a particular course. The glory of Robespierre is that which is essential to all fanaticism—his disinterestedness and incorruptibility. He lived in the garret room of an obscure carpenter, giving out of his salary of eighteen francs a day as a representative one-fourth to his sister, another to his mistress, and living frugally on the remainder, sometimes positively at a loss for decent clothes. His ultimate scheme of life was to marry one of the carpenter's daughters, and retire to live obscurely in the country. But Mr Lewes justly remarks that money is not the only corruption that avails with public men. 'The voluptuous soul of Mirabeau was not more *avide* of pleasure than the vain ambitious soul of Robespierre was of applause. . . . I accuse him of having flattered the mob, which flattered him; of having shaped his convictions so as to gain the applause of men whom he should have ruled and enlightened. . . . I accuse him of having uttered language which in his heart he knew was false, and that at a time when such language was translated into bloody acts.' Here we are not quite sure that Mr Lewes is right. Vanity, doubtless, had great sway with Robespierre; but any specimens of his oratory given in this work express only such sentiments regarding the people as might be presumed to flow from the man's convictions, as these are represented to us by Mr Lewes himself. We suspect that the fanaticism accounts for all, or nearly all.

The British public is, we believe, little acquainted with the oratory of Robespierre. It seems to us as in general very far above mediocrity. In connection with the above remarks, we may adduce a specimen in which he says no more in favour of the people than may fairly be supposed to have been sincere:—'The mass of the nation,' said he, 'is good, and worthy of liberty; its real wish is always the wish of justice, and the expression of general interest. A particular corporation may be corrupted, however imposing the name which decorated it, as you may poison stagnant water; but you cannot corrupt the whole nation, for the same reason that you cannot poison the ocean. The people, that immense and laborious class—the people, I say, are not open to those causes of depravation which affect the so-called superior classes. The interest of the weak is justice. It is for them that humane and impartial laws are a necessary safeguard. The people know neither idleness nor ambition, which are the two most fruitful sources of our evils and our vices. The people are nearer to nature, and less depraved, precisely because they have not received that false education which, under despotic governments, is a perpetual lesson of falsehood, of baseness, and of servitude. Compare courtiers with artisans, who in this respect are found at the two extremes of the scale. Witness our whole Revolution, every epoch of which is marked by the courage, by the disinterestedness, by the moderation, and by the generosity of the people; and by the cowardice, by the treachery, by the perjury, and by the venality of those who would raise themselves above them. Vile egotists and infamous conspirators feign to believe nothing of the kind. They obstinately continue to calumniate the people, and to degrade them. Not content with having enriched themselves by their spoils, they look upon that day as a fortunate one in which they may bathe themselves in the blood of the people. They assemble the satellites of foreign tyrants against the people; they render divine honours to assassins; they have on their side power, treasures, force, arms; the people has only its misery and celestial justice! It is this great cause we have to plead before the face of the universe!'

As to his dispositions at a cool moment with regard to the shedding of blood—'The news,' said he, 'having been brought to Athens that some citizens at Argos had been doomed to death, the people ran to the temple, and prayed to the gods to turn aside the

* *The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence.* By G. H. Lewes, author of 'Rantoul's,' the 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1849.

Argives from such cruel and fatal thoughts. I am about to pray, not the gods, but the legislators, who should be interpreters of those eternal laws which the Deity has implanted in the human heart, to efface from the code of the French those laws of blood which command *judicial murders*; and which our feelings and the new constitution alike repel. I will prove that the punishment of death is essentially unjust; secondly, that it has no tendency to repress crimes; and thirdly, that it multiplies offences much more than it diminishes them. Before society is formed, and law established, if I am attacked by an assassin or a robber, I must kill him, or be killed myself; but in civilised society, when the power of all is concentrated against one alone, what principle, either of justice or necessity, can authorise the punishment of death? The conqueror who kills his prisoner in cold blood is justly stigmatised as a barbarian. A grown man, who murders a child whom he can disarm and punish, appears a monster. An accused person whom the law has condemned, is neither more nor less than a vanquished and powerless enemy. He is more at your mercy than a child before a grown man. In the eyes of justice and mercy, therefore, these death-scenes, which are got up with so much solemnity, are *nothing less than base assassinations*; solemn crimes committed not by individuals, but by entire nations, and of which every individual must bear the responsibility. The punishment of death is necessary, say the partisans of ancient barbarity. Without it there can be no adequate security against crime. Who tells you so? Have you really estimated the springs which move the human heart? Learn to how many things does the catalogue of human woes tell you that death is a relief. The love of life yields to pride, the most injurious of all passions which destroy the heart. It is often sought after as a cessation from pain by the lover, the bankrupt, and the drunkard. The punishment, which is really overwhelming, is opprobrium—the general expression of public execration. No one seeks it as a refuge from the ills of life. When the legislator can strike the guilty in so many ways, merciful, yet terrible, bloodless, yet efficacious, why should he ever recur to the hazard of a public execution? The legislator who prefers death to the milder chastisements within his power, outrages every feeling, and brutalises the minds of the people. Such a legislator resembles the cruel preceptor who, by the frequent use of punishment, degrades and hardens the mind of his pupil. Listen to the voice of justice and of reason. It tells us that human judgments are never certain enough for society to condemn a man to death; those who condemn him being men, and subject to error. If you had imagined the most perfect judicial procedure, if you had found judges the most honest and the most enlightened, there would still always remain some place for error. Wherefore will you, then, interdict all means of repairing your errors? Of what use are sterile regrets, illusory reparations, which you accord to a vain shadow, to the insensible remains of your victim? They are the sad witnesses of the barbarous temerity of your penal laws. To take away from man the possibility of his expiating his misdeed by his repentance, or by acts of virtue, is pitilessly to close against him all return to virtue, to his self-esteem; and to hasten him to the tomb, covered with the stain of his recent crime, which is in my eyes the most horrible refinement of cruelty.

It is the mark of weak writers and ordinary thinkers to take but one self-consistent view of any human character. Human nature is in reality remarkable for nothing so much as its inconsistencies. Men change with circumstances, and even independently of them. It ought not, therefore, to be exceedingly surprising to find that this man, who acquired by public acts the reputation of an inhuman monster, was beloved in the family where he lodged, and by many other persons, and that nearly the whole strain of his conduct as a politician could be interpreted into a kind of philanthropy prose-

cuted under difficulties. Mr Lewes tells a whimsical anecdote, which may help in its own way to illustrate the character of the man.

'There is now living,' says our author, 'in Paris, a certain M. Legrand, who boasts of his acquaintance with Robespierre, whom he regards as "the best abused man" of his acquaintance. To him Robespierre was a "very amiable man in society." He only thinks of him in that light. The Reign of Terror is a sort of nightmare—he no longer thinks of it. The "incorruptible" to him is no fierce demagogue hounding on the passions of an excited nation—no vain pedagogue, striving by words of reason to calm those passions—but a pleasant, amiable, gentlemanly fellow enough, whom he delights to remember. There is one story he always tells; and I regret that I must spoil it in the telling, wherein so much depends upon the gesture, and the quiet senile tone of voice; but such as it is, it will, I think, amuse the reader:—"Je me rappelle qu'une fois étant chez la famille Robas . . . où il allait très souvent . . . j'entends du bruit sur l'escalier. "Tiens! me suis-je écrié. "Je parie que c'est ce farceur de Robespierre . . . car il était très gai . . . en société (this epithet of *farceur* is very piquant!) Effectivement c'était lui. Il entre dans le salon . . . je m'approche de lui, et je lui dis: "Citoyen tu sais . . . ou tu dois savoir . . . que M. Legrand, un parent à moi—eh bien! il est condamné, et demain matin . . . (here a very significant gesture imitative of the guillotine completes the sentence) . . . Un homme, citoyen, dont l'innocence m'est prouvée! dont je réponds comme de moi-même! . . . Et la vie d'un innocent, citoyen, c'est quelque chose—quoi!" Alors il me répond: "Voyons, voyons, votre affaire" . . . (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre!) Je lui conta la chose; alors il me demande: "A quelle heure ton ami doit-il mourir?" . . . (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre.) . . . "Citoyen, que je lui réponds, "c'est à neuf heures précises!"—"A neuf heures! c'est fâcheux! car tu sais que je travaille tard; ainsi comme je me couche tard, je me lève tard. Je crains que je ne sois pas levé en temps de sauver votre ami . . . mais nous verrons, nous verrons!" . . . (car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre.) After a short pause, he continues: "Il paraît . . . que M. de Robespierre avait beaucoup travaillé cette nuit, car mon pauvre ami!" . . . (Here again the guillotining gesture.) "C'est égal! Je suis sûr que s'il n'avait pas tant travaillé, il aurait sauvé mon pauvre ami . . . car il était fort aimable en société—M. de Robespierre."

It is interesting and satisfactory to observe the progress of truth in even such a case as that of Robespierre. The exigency which drove into sanguinary measures a man who naturally started at the very idea of judicial death, also caused his character to be regarded by his fellow-creatures as something beyond nature. By and by, terror and rage cool down, and our sense of the naturalness of all things is pleased to find that Robespierre was, after all, nothing more or less than a man.

TWO AFFAIRS OF HONOUR.

THE duel is by far the most curious relic of barbarism that has come down to modern times. In the dark ages it was simply the law of the strong, afterwards modified and harmonised by the forms and pageants of chivalry. But so far from passing away with other mediæval customs, in the first eighteen years of the reign of the 'good Henri Quatre' the lives of 4000 gentlemen of France were sacrificed to the Moloch which men fantastically called Honour; and in the time of Louis XIII, we are told by Lord Herbert that at Paris the question asked by acquaintances in the morning was not, 'What is the news?' but, 'Who fought yesterday?'

Now that this hideous absurdity seems, in England at least, to be passing fairly out of fashion, one is surprised to think how men, in any tolerably enlightened age, could have been such fools or cowards as to submit

to a law so tyrannical and irrational. It is easy to conceive that a bully, confident in his brute nerves, dexterous aim, or practised swordsmanship, might desire to employ these advantages in revenging himself upon his enemy; but the odd thing is, that the enemy, possessing perhaps neither nerve, dexterity, nor practice, should have felt himself compelled, in defiance both of the law and the Gospel, to 'go out' at the command of the other, and allow himself to be slaughtered like a calf! We all remember the story of 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' when he determined to be 'chosed' a member of Brooks's, and the nervous shrinking and prevarication of admirals, generals, lords, and commoners, when the bully marched into the club-room, and inquired of each in turn who it was that had blackballed him? 'Is it you, sur, who has been after blackballing an Irish jontleman—a jontleman both by father and mother—and a jontleman—(a general laugh)—a jontleman. I say (in a voice of thunder), *who never missed his man?*' Not one would own the grave offence; and Fitzgerald, calling for a bottle of champagne, sat coolly down to enjoy himself, remarking that 'he knew he was chose—that he was sure the blackballing was all a mistake!'

But now that men have at length thrown off the bondage of bullying, or at least are in the act of doing so, we cannot shut our eyes upon the fact, that there is one class of the community which will suffer by the change: this is the class of dramatic authors. To say nothing of the duel itself being a stock incident in the modern comedy, the laws of 'honour' are among the principal moral agents of the piece. The revolution in manners, therefore, now in progress, will here be productive of some embarrassment, and in conjunction with the melancholy deprivation of highwaymen, and by and by of Scotch marriages, will perhaps eventually drive the dramatists into a new field. If these gentlemen, however, read as industriously as they write, there would be no occasion to despair for some time to come, at least in the case of the melodrama. They would learn that their Terrific Combats have grown nauseous, not from repetition of the fact, but of the manner; and they would discover in the duelling customs of foreign countries enough of novelty to enable them to make the hair of their audience stand on end for years to come. To prove this we shall now present them with a recital of two affairs of honour, one occurring in Africa, and the other in Asia; and we choose these examples the rather that most writers on the duel deny the existence of the practice in Eastern countries.

Our first scene is laid in Kordofan, one of the most southern provinces of Egypt, lying between the deserts of Dongola and Darfur, and stretching away southwards into the *terra incognita* of the continent. The Dongolavi are the wealthiest tribe in the country, and are distinguished from the other inhabitants by wearing long shirts with wide sleeves, and a small white cap, with a shawl of the same colour wrapped round it in the manner of a Turkish turban. The married women are swathed in the folds of an ample cotton cloth, the end of which hangs gracefully over one shoulder; their eyelids are adorned with powdered antimony, and their noses, fingers, wrists, and ankles, with rings of copper or silver; and their woolly hair is arranged, with infinite labour, in hundreds of small curls, which they are so afraid of disarranging, that they frequently sleep on a couch with a hollow to admit the coiffure.

These Dongolavi belles, it may be supposed, are objects of considerable interest to the men; although this does not prevent them from being employed in the drudgery of servants, such as plaiting straw-mats, making wicker-baskets, so closely interlaced, as to be used for milk vessels, and even tanning leather, while the lords of the creation look gravely on smoking their pipes. But when the labours of the day are ended, then come the compensations of the women. The sound of the tarabaka, a drum beaten by the hand, calls the inhabitants to a blazing fire, lighted here and there before the houses; where the men, with their glittering

wives, sit down in a circle, and all begin to sing in chorus. Presently there bounds into the circle an unmarried girl, who performs a dance to the measure of the tune, marked by the beating of hands. At this moment all her labours are forgotten. She is constitutionally merry and thoughtless, but now she is wild with delight; and although her hard work had probably lasted without intermission from early morning, all symptoms of weariness disappear, and in the course of the dance she performs feats of muscular strength, though moving her feet but little, such as in England we only see on the stage. The movements are at first slow, but increase gradually in rapidity, till, as an eye-witness remarks, you can hardly persuade yourself that you are actually looking on a human being, and not on a thing of springs and wires. When she has danced herself out, she retires, and another takes her place; and so on till the whole girlhood of the party is satisfied, which rarely takes place before midnight.

When one of these dancers has particularly distinguished herself, she is called back by the spectators, as is the fashion in Europe, to receive their plaudits; and here, as a special honour, she is made to stand forth, while a sword is flourished over her head. This ceremony is performed by her admirer; but alas! it sometimes happens in Kordofan, as elsewhere, that she has more than one; and thus are introduced into the happy party jealousies and heartburnings, to be followed on the morrow by blows and blood. Let us suppose that a quarrel has occurred. Let us raise our curtain upon the fateful morning which is to determine it. Let us see whether there is not something novel as well as striking (without a pun) in the settlement of an African affair of honour.

The season is the beginning of spring, and the place one of the islands of the desert which form the country of Kordofan. The first shower has fallen; and nature, burnt up for months before to a cinder, has assumed, as if by magic, her livery of verdure and flowers. The grass rises to such a height, that in the fields people are aware of the approach of a passenger more by sound than sight. Creeping plants wind up the loftiest trees, and fling their gay streamers in triumph from the summit. Innumerable birds flutter through the groves, and fill the air with melody; butterflies and other insects vie with them in variety and gorgeousness of hue; and plants equally countless, and as brilliant, breathe forth so powerful a perfume, that the traveller of the desert is aware of his nearing the oasis before it comes in view, and feels a sort of intoxication steal over his senses as he seems to inhale

'Sabrean odours from the spicy shore.'

On the present occasion the village is pouring forth its crowd to a common centre at some little distance; and while an astonished ostrich is seen here and there spurring off, 'like a horseman that travels in haste,' the antelopes and giraffes browsing in the plain wait for a moment to gaze on the cavalcade before bounding out of its way.

The first arrivals are chiefly women, blazing in all the finery of rings, bracelets, and anklets; and adorned, besides, with strings of beads of Bohemian glass round their heads and necks, and with small round plates of gold depending upon their foreheads. Then come the men, armed with sword and dagger, the sheaths sometimes ornamented with agates, and the handles of massive silver. On their back is a large oval shield, and in a leathern quiver hanging from their shoulders a supply of spears or javelins. Some slaves carry an *angoreb*, used both as a bedstead and sofa, and covered with beautifully-variegated matting. This is set down among the trees, in a place affording sufficient shade, and yet spacious enough to hold the company. Among this company there is one young girl who seems to assume some airs of mingled modesty and importance. She is the distinguished dancer of the evening before, and is now the object of unusual attention, having been

raised by love and genius from domestic into public life. Among the men are the two duellists, as yet unarmed, and wholly uncovered, except by a cloth round the loins. Their dark skins, laboriously polished with various oils, shine like patent leather; and a novice in the spectacle that is to ensue would shrink at the idea that this beautiful surface is presently to be broken with wounds and dabbled with blood.

All is now ready. The duellists stand confronting each other, with only the narrow angoreb between them; and their weapons are put into their hands. What weapon? Pistol—spear—javelin? No: a whip! But it is no joke this whip, but a solid thong of the hide of the hippopotamus. Their friends endeavour for the last time to shake their resolution, to explain, and pacify: but all is in vain. How could it be otherwise when the lady of their love is standing by, when her reputation, as well as their own, hangs upon the issue, when her eyes are fixed upon their faces, and ready to detect the first symptom of a faltering heart? The young men are firm; and as the signal is at length given, one of them, who has the first fire, discharges his terrible whip upon the naked back of the other, with a force which makes the blood spout, and tears off the skin in a ribbon. A shout of applause rises from the spectators, for the youth has borne the lash without shrinking; and in his turn he now whirls the thong round his head, and makes it descend upon his rival between the shoulders. The result is the same; and, warming in the glorious game, the floggers ply their whips fiercer and faster, neither of them making the slightest attempt to elude the blow, but, on the contrary, disposing their bodies so as to receive its full benefit—for that is the Dongolavian point of honour. And so goes on the combat of force and endurance, till the bodies of both are one mass of exposed flesh, fringed with long strips of skin, and the blood pouring down their limbs, and forming a pool round their feet. Not the slightest expression of pain has been uttered by either party: but at length the strength of one of them fails; he is faint with the loss of blood, and unable, through fatigue, to return blow for blow; and, with an effort of perhaps still more courage than he has yet exhibited, he throws down his whip. This terminates the duel; the two combatants shake hands; and the spectators rend the air with their plaudits, and crowd around to congratulate them on their reconciliation. The lacerated backs are washed with cold water; plentiful draughts of *merissa* (a kind of beer) are quaffed by the whole assembly, and the cavalcade return to the village—in time no doubt for the evening dance.

Such is a Dongolavi duel; and any one may see that it requires infinitely more true courage to go through with it creditably than the sword or pistol combats of Europe. If Fighting Fitzgerald, on refusing to leave the room at Brooks's, had been offered this alternative, he would have made very few steps from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and we have a strong suspicion that he would never have been seen again in that quarter of the town in his life. But independently of the picturesque of the affair, which we trust we have made manifest, we would impress upon the dramatists the great moral lesson of which it is the direct and natural vehicle. It was a magnificent idea to place whips in the hands of the boy-men who settle their disputes by means of single combat; and without putting the government to the expense even of a thong, to make them leave the field with well-scourged backs, that would be sore and stiff, we will warrant you, for a month to come.

We must now turn to our second tableau, a duel decided with swords, but in a field of battle, so original, and, literally, so unearthly, that we wonder how the idea could have entered into people's heads at all. The affair came off on the borders of *Sinde* and *Beloochistan*, where the two countries are at odds with each other which is which. A feud had raged there for some time between two considerable tribes, to the great effusion of

blood and destruction of crops and flocks; and at length a khan, or chief, of the name of *Buckree*, addressed a letter to another called *Fungus*, proposing that the affair should be decided once for all by a personal encounter between them. *Buckree*, be it understood, was a *Jack Ram*, and *Fungus* a *Bungoolzuddock*—for these are the euphonious names of the two warring tribes to which the gentlemen severally belonged. *Fungus* accepted the cartel without hesitation, and a day and place were appointed.

In ordinary circumstances, the *Beloochi* women, who are somewhat of the plainest, are regarded by their lords as inferior animals, and are suffered unnoticed to get through the drudgery of the house as they think fit; but in any extraordinary exigence, such as a duel or a foray, they are taken into council, and their opinions listened to with singular respect. In fact it is only such exigencies that rouse the male sex at all, for at other times they do nothing but smoke, drink, sleep, and fatten. Accordingly, there was on the present occasion a great fluttering about the houses of the two chiefs of full petticoats and blue mantles, which, with trousers and kerchief, form the costume of the *Beloochi* fair. There were also the *seyunds* of the two families, holy men wearing green mantles and red beards, and acting as physicians and father confessors in one. With the assistance of these advisers the affair was arranged; and when the day came, the whole population of the country-side might have been seen crowding to a grove of tamarind-trees in the plains of *Nowsharra*. From all points of the compass the *Beloochis* came scudding along on their wild shelties, to which the rider presents a remarkable contrast. Small, meagre, and unkempt, but swift and hardy almost beyond belief, the horse looks unworthy of the large and muscular personage he bears, whose dark complexion, aquiline nose, large and expressive eyes, and long hair falling in bushy ringlets over his shoulders, appears to some to bespeak a Jewish origin. He wears an immense turban twisted round his head, and a short-waisted, tight-fitting body, and sleeves of white cloth, with a vast petticoat. This strange figure is armed to the teeth with sword, shield, matchlock, poniard, and other weapons, and loaded with belts, powder-flasks, ball-pouches, and numerous other military appendages, embroidered in coloured silk, and adorned with fringes and tassels. A numerous concourse of this kind must form a striking sight; but at present they are varied with groups of women in their out-of-door's mantle, covering them like a shroud from head to foot, and wayfaring *seyunds* and armed fakirs well mounted and equipped. The tamarind grove was already crowded with spectators, and the tom-tom or drum, cymbals, and guitar, were heard from the midst. A group of dancing-girls, the unfeeling accompaniment of every spectacle in this part of the country, were close at hand, and numerous camels and horses picketed around filled up the picture.

The two combatants at length appeared, each with an escort of his clan; and besides being large and heavy men, appeared loaded with arms to an extent which threatened to impede their motions. But this is not the case, for there are no swordsmen in *Asia* more expert; and their weapons are so exquisitely keen, that a *Beloochi* will fling upon the air a leaf of tissue paper, and sever it in two before it reaches the ground. Such were the swords that were to decide the feud—but not on *terra firma*! Two lofty tamarind-trees that were within a slight distance of each other were selected, and a long thick rope was fastened to the upper branches of each, and the other end firmly knotted round the waists of the two combatants. They were then drawn up, each to his own tree, till their toes were four feet from the ground, and the ropes were then made fast. Thus they hung for a while, balancing their weight, adjusting their large shields, and trying their terrible swords upon the air, till the signal was given.

At that moment some assistants below, catching them by the feet, drew them back as far as they could

reach, and then gave them an impetus forward. Onward flew the warriors towards each other, and a crash and a clang told of their meeting. But the collision was only instantaneous; for having struck, they finished their swing, and then returned, back to back, but struggling desperately to whirl round, that they might either strike or defend themselves. And so this truly Terrific Combat went on, encouraged by the beating of the drum, the clash of the cymbals, the screaming of the women, the shouts of the men; and the aerial pace of the warriors accelerated by the furious pulls and pushes of their anxious clan. Their great shields served for some time for a defence; but as their motions became more irregular, from their own maddening efforts and the enthusiasm of their friends, their bodies were more frequently exposed to the blows, till their white garments were at length dyed with blood, which rained down in showers upon the heads of those below. It seems scarcely credible, but this singular duel actually lasted *three hours*; and it was only terminated by one of the combatants being thrown within the guard of the other, and entirely disabling him by a thrust through his right arm.

This decided the victory, as was instantly acknowledged by all parties; the chiefs were lowered to the ground, and clasped each other as friends to their bloody bosoms; and the tom-tom, the cymbals, the guitar, the dancing-girls, the fakirs, the Beloochi women, and the Beloochi men, celebrated the result with a prolonged noise which rang through the tamarind grove, and startled the lonely flock-keepers at the most distant boundaries of the plains of Nowsharra.

And what more, oh concoctors of the melodrama? Only this—for we do not relate a fiction, but a fact—that Buckree espoused a sister of Fungus, and that peace was restored in the two tribes. Down with the curtain!

ANECDOTES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.*

'THE nobles and gentlemen of England, Ireland, and Scotland,' says Mr Burke in his preface to these anecdotes, 'have a capacity and chivalry of soul, and a daring spirit of adventure, which must make *some of them at least* heroes of marvellous transactions at every time, whether their course of life confines them to their stately mansions, and their unrivalled senate at home, or whether it leads them to foreign travel or to fields of war.' The qualifying words we have printed in italics cripple this peroration, but it is incurably lamed by what follows: 'and we submit that such is the case by the attestation of these volumes.' The volumes attest nothing more than what the rational reader would believe if the work had never seen the light at all, that in the aristocracy there are good and bad, mean and heroic, just as in other classes.

As a literary performance, we cannot say anything in praise of the work, and indeed the author seems rarely to have aimed at much more than a plain statement of facts. The exceptions are a few legends, in which preternatural machinery is introduced as originating real events; but in general the anecdote is given in a brief business-like manner, and frequently terminated in the style of a peerage, with the names, marriages, and deaths of the descendants. This adds in some cases to the value of the work, but does not render more readable a book of miscellaneous anecdotes, where the thread of interest is broken almost in every page, and where the readers of the *Lounger's Commonplace Book* and other similar collections will not find a great deal that is new and original.

With all these deductions, nevertheless, the book has its value, and may be dipped into from time to time with advantage, both by the genealogist and the mere seeker of amusement. To the latter of these readers

we shall offer some favourable specimens of the sort of entertainment he may expect.

It is repeated by everybody that 'truth is stranger than fiction;' but on perusing some of these pages we are more struck by the fact, that there is a sternness about truth which makes fiction shrink and wither. Who does not remember the story of that damsel of low degree who was wooed and won by an obscure stranger, and who, on being taken home to her future dwelling, found it a palace? This palace was Burtleigh, the magnificent mansion of the Cecils; the mysterious bridegroom was the late Marquis of Exeter; and the astonished girl was a farmer's daughter, afterwards the mother of the present marquis. Poets and novelists have revelled in this charming story, and dwelt with sympathetic delight upon the bewilderment of the lovely bride subsiding into true and lasting happiness. But this is fiction adorning fact—for, alas! the romance had a very different termination. 'Her ladyship, unaccustomed to the exalted sphere in which she moved, chilled by its formalities, and depressed in her own esteem, survived a few years only her extraordinary elevation, and sank into an early grave—a memorable example of the insufficiency of rank and fortune to secure happiness.'

In skimming the first volume, we are arrested next by an incident of a different kind, occurring in the life of Lady Catherine Thynne, who was married to an old gentleman, Sir Walter Long of Drayton. When the old husband was on his deathbed, he exacted a solemn pledge from his young wife that she would remain faithful to his memory; but her ladyship forgot her obligation, and gave her hand eventually to Sir Edward Young. When the marriage procession returned from the church, and the new bridegroom was leading his lady into the parlour, the portrait of old Sir Walter Long, which hung above the door, fell suddenly down upon the shoulder of the bride, and cracked itself against the floor! 'This,' says Aubrey, 'made her ladyship reflect upon her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes.' It was indeed a capital hit of posthumous jealousy.

Here is another promise better kept. Mr Hastings, the legitimate heir of the earldom of Huntingdon, while residing with the earl as his domestic chaplain, became enamoured of a pretty chambermaid called Betsy Warner, then living in the family, and to her he promised solemnly that she should be his wife, as soon as he got possession of the living of Great and Little Leke. In the ebbs and flows of human life, and its shifting concerns, early acquaintances are soon separated and forgotten. Thirty years had elapsed. Mr Hastings, meantime, had married and lost his wife, and gained a second living—that of Great and Little Leke. One day the venerable old pastor was surprised by the appearance of a strange postchaise-and-four driving rapidly up the avenue to the parsonage-house. An elderly gentlewoman alighted from it, and Miss Warner was ushered into his venerable presence. After an interval of surprise and recognition, she proceeded to tell him "that she had come to claim the fulfilment of his promise; that he had long since made the acquisition of fortune on which his obligation of performance depended; and that on her part she had never, by the slightest indiscretion, swerved from an engagement which she considered sacred from the first moment." The result was, that the reverend gentleman having duly satisfied himself by diligent inquiry concerning his betrothed's conduct and character, which was found to have been strictly correct, the bans were formally announced in the church by himself, and the parties married accordingly.' The old gentleman was not ambitious. He assumed the title of earl for a while; but disliking litigation, he gave himself no trouble about it, being loth, as he said himself, to make his wife Betsy Countess of Huntingdon.

Mr Burke tells in a few sentences the story of Lady Drogheda and Wycherly the dramatist, already familiar,

* B. J. Bernard Burke, Esq. 2 vols. London: Colburn. 1842.

we presume, to many of our readers. The Countess of Drogheda—a young, rich, and beautiful widow, eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—was one day, in the year 1679, in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge inquiring for the 'Plain Dealer.' The author happened to be present, and the bookseller good-naturedly presented him to her ladyship as the real Plain Dealer. This casual meeting led to an acquaintance, and soon after the poet and the countess were married. The poor lady died soon after her marriage, settling her whole property upon Wycherly; but the will was litigated, and the extravagance of the dramatist landed him in prison, where he lay for several years. When in his eightieth year, however, and just eleven days before his death, he married another young woman with a fortune of L.1500. A considerable portion of this he contrived to spend, leaving her with the remainder the very judicious advice, 'not to take an old man for her second husband.'

It has not been a very uncommon thing, it appears, for lady-aristocrats to marry beneath their rank. Frances, a daughter of Viscount Bindon, 'descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner's son in London.' The husband died, and left her a young, beautiful, and rich widow. She thereupon encouraged the addresses of Sir George Rodney; but on the appearance of the Earl of Hertford in the field, she jilted Sir George, and married the peer. The deserted lover followed the earl and countess to Anesbury, where, after sending her some despairing verses written in his own blood, he fell upon his sword, and slew himself. After the earl's decease, she might have been Duchess of Lennox; but the fair heroine's success had opened out such vast prospects for her ambition, that she could be satisfied with nothing less than royalty, and actually spread her nets to catch the king. The king, however, would not be caught, and she died Countess of Hertford in 1639. An amusing anecdote of her is given by an old writer:—

'When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that: but if the earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist; for when he found her in these exaltations, to take her down he would say, "Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel?" which would damp the wings of her spirit, and make her look after her feet, as well as gaudy plumes.'

A more interesting heroine is Mary, Countess of Orkney. This lady was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs to her cousin, the first Marquis of Thomond. Soon after the birth of her first child, the nurse, who seems to have watched with curiosity, and not without suspicion, the proceedings of 'a dumble,' saw the young mother creep cautiously towards the cradle of her child, as if her brain was busy with some deep design. Presently she took a large stone from under her shawl, and raised it up in both hands. The woman, who had expected nothing so dreadful as this, was paralysed with horror. She could not move—she could not scream; and the next instant down came the stone. It fell on the floor, however, not on the cradle; and when the child started, and awoke screaming, the countess fell on her knees in a transport of joy, her experiment having proved that her infant possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.

Let us instance one more lady, and then turn from the fascinations of the sex. Elizabeth Spencer, wife of Lord Compton, afterwards Earl of Northampton, was the greatest heiress of the time of James I. Her father was Sir John Spencer, lord-mayor of London, who left a fortune estimated at from L.300,000 to L.800,000—an almost boundless treasure in those days. On the inheritance falling to him through his wife, Lord Compton went out of his wits for joy; but recovering after a time, he received the following letter from her ladyship, which is given as affording a pretty complete, though

perhaps exaggerated, picture of the woman of fashion and fortune of that day:—

'MY SWEET LIFE—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of L.2600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have L.600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. My desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse L.2000, and L.200, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have L.6000 to buy me jewels, and L.4000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit—as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me L.2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance.'

An old English squire of the same reign is equally interesting. Mr Hastings was of high rank and good estate in Dorsetshire; but he built himself a lodge in the New Forest, Hampshire, and shut himself up there for life with his horses and dogs. 'He had enclosed with his own labour a vast paddock, which he called his park, and which he kept well stocked with deer and rabbits, with fish-ponds of his own making. He had also contrived a narrow bowling-green behind this enclosure, where he played by himself, chalking up for parties, as if he had any. In the same place he had

also a banqueting-room, built like a booth in a fair, where he entertained some of the poaching peasantry; for although he was a ranger, he was reasonable, and if they made him presents, he took no more notice.' His best room was full of the implements and spoils of the chase; and his bedroom and parlour were lumbered with numerous litters of kittens and puppies. His talk was of the genealogy of cats and dogs, of hawks' bills, rings, and birds' eggs, which last he kept in great numbers in the crowns of hats. After the example of his patron and master, King James I., he devoted a room in his house to devotion—that is to say, to a pulpit and desk, the only use of which he made was as a safe deposit for salted meats and seasoned pies. 'The troubles of the times disturbed him not; for he had forgotten the king, and the court had forgotten him;' and at length, in 1650, he died peacefully at the age of ninety-nine.

The following amusing anecdote is told of the late Earl of Dudley's habit of thinking aloud:—'Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend, upon the occasion of some great fête, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley's carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the county were of course well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who, being tired, had up to that moment maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low, but distinctly-audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity; when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed, "Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner; for I shan't accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good-will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness, and from that night the travellers became inseparable friends.'

SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

The following succinct account of the educational system in America was given at the November soirée of the Lancashire School Association by Mr Walter Ferguson:—

A feature which strikes every visitor is the general intelligence of the Americans. Except in one or two of the largest cities, and that chiefly among the imported population, there is no class to be found answering to our masses of unskilled labourers in town and country, whose wants and enjoyments are for the most part those of the lower animals, and their power to contribute to the wellbeing of themselves, their families, and the state, little differing in kind or degree from that of brutes or machines. The degree of elevation of the mass of the populace above this level varies in different states in remarkable proportion to the quantity and quality of popular education—according as the common schools of the state are best and most extensive, and have been so the longest time. The states may be classed, in an educational point of view, in three divisions. The first comprises New England and New York; the second, the far states of the west; and the third, the slave states of the south and south-west. Pennsylvania

and New Jersey, geographically speaking, would belong to the first division, but their educational status is scarcely such as to entitle them to a place in it.

The five old New England States, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, are by far the most interesting portion of the new world; and it is questionable if in either hemisphere a community of equal size can be found which exhibits such a model of moral and physical wellbeing as the commonwealth of Massachusetts. These states are a striking instance of the vast preponderance of moral over physical elements in the prosperity of states. In spite of the disadvantages of soil and climate under which its people labour, they are better off and happier, and their prosperity rests on a surer foundation, than that of the states more favoured by nature. The New England States, with New York which adjoins them, are about the twelfth of the surface of the Union, but contain one-fourth of its population, and probably much more than half its wealth. This is the part of the country in which popular education is most widely diffused, and of the best quality. Each state has its own system: that of Massachusetts, which has afforded a model to the other New England States, and which has been recently adopted by the state of New York, with some important modifications, is the most celebrated. It is the fruit of a series of enactments extending from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present day. Connecticut passed a law for the establishment of schools in 1650, and the other New England States provided at various times for the universal instruction of their youth, in what still stands in the statute book of Massachusetts as the minimum of teaching in her schools—namely, 'Reading, writing, English grammar, geography, arithmetic, and good behaviour.' Previously to the year 1847, there had been no medium of communication between the different common schools of the state, but each was supported by its own district, and followed its own system of education, the legislature interfering no further than to exact the penalties for neglect of the school laws. In that year, however, a Board of Education was appointed, to which Mr Horace Mann was nominated secretary, to collect and diffuse information, and to devise and recommend improvements. It was clothed with no power but that of enforcing returns, its functions being to act on the local school committees by persuasion alone, and to lead them to improvement by the light which its yearly reports afforded them on the subject.

The Massachusetts system, as it at present subsists, may be thus described:—Its means are derived from local taxes, aided by a school fund, dispensed by the state. This fund arises from old sales of state property, and claims for military service, &c. allowed to the state by the United States government. It amounts at present to 750,000 dollars, and its increase is limited to a million. But the chief support of the schools is from local taxes, which are raised by every town as, and along with, its municipal taxes for general purposes. The expenses may be thus divided:—1st, The parent provides books, stationery, &c.; 2d, The district provides school-houses, furniture, and apparatus; 3d, The town provides salaries of teachers; and for this purpose, and providing fuel, must raise a tax of at least 1½ dollar for every child in the town between the ages of four and sixteen. Towns, according to their population, must maintain schools of different grades, and for longer or shorter portions of the year, provided that each town raise not less than the above amount for each child, to be expended as above. School districts, or territorial subdivisions of the towns, when formed by the towns, and authorised by a vote of the town for this purpose, may elect their own district officers, raise money for building and repairing school-houses, and providing apparatus and libraries. Every inhabitant who has any voice in public affairs is recognised in the administration and benefits of the system. Every child, white or coloured, is entitled, as a right, to all the privileges of the schools and library of the district. The executive of the system comprises three grades of officers, which, beginning with the lowest, are—1st, The Prudential Committee for districts; 2d, The Town School Committee for towns; and 3d, The Board of Education for the state.—1st, The Prudential Committee consists of one member for each district, when the town is divided into districts. They are chosen by the legal voters of the town, or by those of the district, as the town may decide. Each member superintends a district, of which he must be a resident. His business is to engage

the teacher, to provide fuel, see that the school-house is in good repair, and attend generally to such matters of management as the Town Committee may depute to him; 27, The Town School Committee, which may consist of three, five, or seven persons, is chosen annually to superintend all the schools of the town: its functions are the apportioning of school money among the schools or districts; examining and licensing teachers; monthly visitation of the schools; regulation of text-books; and presentation of a written report annually to the town, respecting their own proceedings, and the condition and improvement of the schools: a copy of this document must be forwarded to the secretary of state of the commonwealth, which he refers to the Board of Education, as part of the returns which, as above-described, that Board is empowered to collect; 3d, The Board, which is the head of the system, consists of the governor and lieutenant-governor of the commonwealth, *ex-officio*, and eight persons appointed by the governor and council. They appoint their own secretary, who receives a salary of 1500 dollars, and the members are reimbursed their expenses.

In 1845, the amount raised by tax in the different towns ranged from the legal minimum of 1½ dollar for each child, to 7 dollars 64 cents. Boston, the capital, stands third on the list; it raised 124,968 dollars, or about L.25,000, being at the rate of 6½ dollars for each child. The amount expended by the whole state in the same year was about L.170,000, of which L.115,000 was raised by tax. The average time of the schools being in operation was 7½ months. The aggregate of scholars of all ages was 149,169 in summer, and 169,977 in winter, or about 2 in every 9 of the whole population. These children were taught by 2523 male teachers, assisted by about twice as many females, who are almost universally employed in America to teach the girls and younger boys. The report for 1845 complains much of irregular attendance, as shown by the marked difference of numbers in summer and in winter; and it appears from a closer calculation, founded on the full population returns of the state, and the admirable school statistics published by the Board of Education, that, allowing for the members attending private schools, about 1 in 3 of all the children in the state, who ought to be found in the public schools, was permanently absent from them. This, and other evils which the light thrown on the subject by the operations of the Board enables the public to detect, have since been met by prompt remedial measures, which, I believe, have much abated, and promise to remove them.

The average of salaries paid to male teachers was L.77 a year. To the female assistants, L.30. When I mention that the city of Boston pays its head-masters salaries of L.300, and some as much as L.400, it must be obvious that some of the country teachers must be very inadequately remunerated. The Board is turning its attention to the remedy of this important evil. After referring to the systems of education established in Connecticut and Rhode Island, Mr Ferguson said that the school system of the state of New York dated only from 1812, and its present development was the fruit of recent legislation. It is for the most part modelled on that of the New England States, but with important modifications. It is made a separate department of the state, and has at its head a state superintendent. There are also superintendents of counties and of towns elected by the people. Its financial system includes contributions from a state fund of half a million sterling proportioned to local exertion; and it differs from the systems of New England in deriving a part of its support from a rate levied on the parents of the pupils, but assessed from the district at large in cases of poverty. It provides the most approved normal-school education for its teachers; and has in every district a district library, containing already upwards of a million of volumes, which are free to all the children of the state. Of the schools of New York city, which cost annually about L.50,000, I can say, from personal observation, that they are in all respects most creditable. Its inhabitants wisely remunerate their teachers so liberally, that private schools cannot compete with them, and are being abandoned by their best teachers. Even stationery and books are furnished by the city, and children of all classes may be found side by side on their benches. I never saw children anywhere who appeared to be better taught. A free college has also been established to receive such pupils from the common schools as may earn that privilege by their proficiency, at which they may be carried, at the

public expense, through the gradations of a complete university education.

Of the western states it is difficult to indicate anything; for what is true of those wonderful countries to-day, is false to-morrow. Ohio has established a system of common schools which is said to be efficient. That of Michigan appears to be inferior to few of the eastern systems in its arrangements and results. The nucleus of a general fund has been provided by the general government for all the western states, by setting aside a thirty-sixth part of the land in each for the support of schools.

The state of education in the slave states appears from a return of the number of white males in each state above twenty-one years of age who could not read and write, taken from the census of 1840, to have been at that time generally backward as compared with the western states, and greatly behind that of the first group. Connecticut occupies the highest place in the return; North Carolina the lowest. He did not, however, place much confidence in the accuracy of this document. The educational aspect of the United States is, on the whole, cheering to the philanthropist. The evil influences which have been, and which are now work in that great country, and which make her enemies jeer, and her friends blush, are richest in the least-educated parts of the country, and will no doubt be altogether obliterated by education.

RIGHT OF LABOUR.

On the question now agitated, whether the state ought to provide labour for all claiming to be employed, the following remarkably sound and practical speech was lately made before the French National Assembly by Marius André, an operative, and deputy of the Var:—

'Citizen Representatives—However great may be the talents of those who appear on this tribune—however eloquent their words—they can only give you their individual opinion on the questions which are before the Assembly. I have no eloquence to bring you; but allow me, at least, to offer you my opinion. Labour is the subject of debate, and perhaps you will be glad to have on that subject the opinion of a working-man. Citizens, I think the Republic ought not to allow the providing of labour to be imposed on it as a duty; for in doing so she will create for herself an immense and permanent danger; since the working-men all over France would leave their present employments on the slightest pretext; either from insufficiency of wages, or from pure conceit, and crowd into Paris, or at least into the principal manufacturing towns, which already overflow with operatives. Suppose an operative to be dissatisfied with his master, or suppose he thinks himself not properly appreciated: "Very well," says he, "I will go and find work elsewhere—the country owes me work, and therefore it *must* give me work;" and so he sets off for Paris. What will the Republic do with all these operatives thus flocking to the capital? Will it give every one of them the labour of his trade? Will it give the shoemaker shoes to make? Will it give the watchmaker watches to make? No; it will give them all spade-work—that is, a pretext for doing nothing. It will make these men lose the taste for real work; and when the taste is once gone, it never comes back again. If you want an example of the fatal effects which the right to have work provided for them has already had on the operative population, listen to this: An employer in Paris had eighty operatives at work when the national workshops were first opened; and his men were earning, on an average, four francs a day (this is equal in value to five shillings a day in England for a poor man). When the national workshops were opened, the greater part of these operatives left their master's work: for what advantage? you will ask me. To earn in the national workshops just half what they earned with their master! I am aware that in this number one-half were driven to it by the threats of the other half; but at all events it is a fact, that of eighty workmen wanted at that very time by the master, and to whom he was willing to pay four francs a day, eight only resisted the intimidation, and were obliged to shut themselves up, that they might work without being persecuted. The rest, or at least the leaders, preferred earning two francs a day for doing *nothing*, to getting four by *working industriously*. It may be an unpleasant thing to say, but I repeat it, the taste for labour is much sooner lost than acquired; and it is for that very reason that it has pleased Providence to cherish that taste in us by a feeling of necessity: it is necessity that makes the good workman,

just as it is good conduct which makes him successful. If I declare myself against the right in question, I do so, gentlemen, as a question of prudence, and not because I do not sympathise with the operatives. I ought not to be obliged to remind you of it, but I believe I speak, if not in the name of the operatives in general, at least in the name of a very large number of them; for the majority of those who have chosen me from among their number to be their deputy, think just as I do. As for the state having a duty imposed upon it by nature to find work for operatives, as far as its power extends, and even to make some extraordinary exertions when the circumstances are extraordinary, there can be no doubt of that; but between saying this, and saying that the operatives have a right to exact labour from the state, there's an absolute gulf. What a number of things a father thinks it his duty to do for his children! yet the children ought not to claim these things of their father as a right. You will tell me that nature has infused into the hearts of parents sentiments which induce them to perform these duties almost unconsciously; well, what nature could not put into the hearts of employers, is supplied in another way, by making it their interest. There is no sort of comparison between the work which is done by the operatives who love and esteem their master, and what is done by those who have cause to feel differently towards him. I am in the same way of opinion that it is an imperious duty in the state to give food to its children; but at the same time I am bound to observe that the exercise of this duty, which can still less be contested than the duty of giving work, would, nevertheless, lead to very unpleasant consequences if you proclaimed it as a right. In the quarter where I live, when they began to make a list of those who were in want, the number first announced was 40; in a few days it was found there were 72; and soon after, when a third list was made, there were 111. God forbid that I should seem to be bringing forward an argument here for refusing succour to those who are really in want! No; I merely desired to show to what an extent the state was committing itself when, instead of confining itself to assisting those who were absolutely in want, it gave them the right to exact this assistance. Gentlemen, I think I may confine myself to these few words: if I were at the head of a shop or manufactory, I should give you the same reasons for my opinion; but then you might fairly consider them as interested reasons. Well, then, I who am speaking to you am no master: I am myself an operative, who have passed all my life in labour, and I come to tell you that those who seek for labour in good earnest, hardly ever fail of obtaining it. When that does happen, and not before, then it is the duty of the state to interfere; and in such a case it is too much the interest of the state to do so, for any one to suppose that it will fail in its duty. It is with the labour of my own hands that I have obtained the means of educating my family respectably; I have therefore a right to speak as I do; and I declare that on every occasion, if I have had a comrade who was industrious and economical, I have never found that he wanted work more than myself. I shall vote, therefore, against operatives having the power of exacting labour from the state as a right.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN LONDON.

Let us pause to indicate the movement of temperance by comparing the proportion of publicans to sinners against sobriety in former days and now. 'About a century ago,' said Dr Colquhoun before the police committee of 1816, 'multitudes of men and women were constantly seen rolling about the streets drunk;' and it was not uncommon to behold such an enticement painted under a public-house sign as this: 'You may here get drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing!' The crime became so general, that the legislature determined to lessen it by making its commission more costly and difficult, and levied a duty of 20s. per gallon on spirits, and prohibited their sale by retail. The result was, that quite as much was drunk as before; for within two years, 12,000 persons were convicted under the act within the bills of mortality of selling gin clandestinely. At that time the population of London may have been about 680,000; so that the generality of drunkenness in London at that time may be estimated by the fact, that during two years, the proportion of convictions for merely selling gin illegally to the amount of the population was nearly 1 in 60; but of course many persons were each convicted many times. The decrease of the vice was not rapid; for we find that

in 1785, to a population of about 800,000, there were in London 7180 houses at which beer and spirits were sold—namely, 5975 alehouses, 207 inns, 447 taverns, and 551 coffee-houses—or a proportion of 1 public-house to nearly 112 individuals. The comparison becomes more gratifying as we approach the present year. In 1840 there were about 1,873,000 individuals; and according to Piggott's Directory for that year, 5840 persons, exclusive of wine-merchants, dealt in strong drinks, of whom there was therefore 1 to nearly every 321 Londoners. The present year shines more brightly in this respect than any of its predecessors. In 1849 a London population of perhaps 2,250,000 gives encouragement to no more than 5017 purveyors of beer and spirituous liquors, exclusive of bottled-ale and wine-merchants, or a proportion of 1 publican to about every 450 individuals. We recommend these facts to the especial attention of temperance societies, and trust they will afford encouragement for renewed exertion in the excellent cause.—*Daily News*.

THE CHANGE-SEEKER.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Who to unknown lands would wander,
Having health and hope at home?
From the spot where he abideth
Wherefore should the happy roam?
Love-like ivy to the ruin—
Clingeth where it hath been bred;
Peace of mind forbids ambition
With its schemes to vex the head.

'Tis the spirit, disappointed
In its wayward hopes and cares,
That for novel pleasures seeketh
Foreign shores and new—despairs;
Meeting, 'neath the alien sunshine,
For the treasures missed at home,
Pangs that fret the weary body,
Joys that go, and griefs that come.

'Give me change!' the morbid spirit
Calleth, with a voice that tells
How its inner sense hath suffered
From the world's pernicious spells:
'Give me changes, give me chances,
Friendships new, and new desires;
I would blot from memory's pages
Thoughts that scorch like fever's fires.

'For the fields where roved my childhood,
Give me scenes that have no look
Of the garden, or the wild wood
Where I studied first Love's book.
Fell each tree that 'mid those forests
Gave me shelter from the sun;
In their stead plant stronger foliage,
'Neath whose shade new rivers run!'

So he says—the disappointed—
Tired and fretted, soured and palled;
Wishing still for alterations,
Finding fears that come uncalled.
Those who have no wish to wander
(Lapped in ease, and rich in health)
Look with wonder at the longings
That can ne'er be quenched by wealth.

There is sorrow in the knowledge
That the gayest heart may find,
Ere the head hath gathered snow-drift,
Fresh desires to haunt the mind;
But the Loveliest, the Loving, Healthy,
Hold alone Content's true gem;
What they know, and what they live in,
That is all the world to them.

REDUNDANCY OF WORDS.

The excess to which the unchecked use of redundancy tends may be imagined from what the Arabian authors tell us, as a boast, of their tongue. The lexicographer Mohammedes Al-Firanzabadius reckoned above fourscore names for *honey*, and 1000 for a *sworn*; and Ebn Khalawih composed one volume on the 200 words expressing *serpent*, and another on the 500 signifying a *lion*.—*Quarterly Review*.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 274. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE CONTESTED MARRIAGE.

I HAD just escaped to my chambers one winter afternoon from a heavy trial 'at bar' in the King's Bench, Westminster, and was poring over a case upon which an 'opinion' was urgently solicited, when my clerk entered with a letter which he had been requested to deliver by a lady, who had called twice before during the day for the purpose of seeing me. Vexed at the interruption, I almost snatched the letter from the man's hand, hastily broke the seal, and to my great surprise found it was from my excellent old friend Sir Jasper Thornely of Thornely Hall, Lancashire. It ran as follows:—

'MY DEAR —, The bearer of this note is a lady whom I am desirous of serving to the utmost extent of my ability. That she is really the widow she represents herself to be, and her son consequently heir to the magnificent estates now in possession of the Emsdales—you remember how they tripped up my heels at the last election for the borough of —!—I have no moral doubt whatever; but whether her claim can be legally established is another affair. She will tell you the story herself. It was a heartless business; but Sir Harry, who, you have no doubt heard, broke his neck in a steeplechase about ten months ago, was a sad wild dog. My advice is, to look out for a sharp, clever, persevering attorney, and set him upon a hunt for evidence. If he succeed, I undertake to pay him a thousand pounds over and above his legal costs. He'll nose it out for that, I should think!—Yours truly,

JASPER THORNELY.

'P. S.—Emsdale's son, I have just heard—confound their impudence!—intends, upon the strength of this accession of property, to stand for the county against my old friend —, at the dissolution, which cannot now be far off. If you don't think one thousand pounds enough, I'll double it. A cruelly, ill-used lady! and as to her son, he's the very image of the late Sir Harry Compton. In haste—J. T. I reopen the letter to enclose a cheque for a hundred pounds, which you will pay the attorney on account. They'll die hard, you may be sure. If it could come off next assizes, we should spoil them for the county—J. T.'

'Assizes'—county'—Sir Harry Compton,' I involuntarily murmured, as I finished the perusal of my old friend's incoherent epistle. 'What on earth can the eccentric old foxhunter mean?' 'Show the lady in,' I added in a louder tone to the clerk. She presently appeared, accompanied by a remarkably handsome boy about six years of age, both attired in deep mourning. The lady approached with a timid, furtive step and glance, as if she were entering the den of some grim ogre, rather than the quiet study of a civilised lawyer of mature age.

I was at once struck by her singular and touching loveliness. I have never seen a woman that so completely realised the highest *Madona* type of youthful, matronly beauty—~~the~~ starlight radiance and mild serenity of sorrow. Her voice, too, gentle and low, had a tone of patient sadness in it strangely affecting. She was evidently a person, if not of high birth, of refined manners and cultivated mind; and I soon ceased to wonder at warm-hearted old Sir Jasper's enthusiasm in her cause. Habitually, however, on my guard against first impressions, I courteously, but coldly, invited her first to a seat, and next to a more intelligible relation of her business with me than could be gathered from the letter of which she was the bearer. She complied, and I was soon in possession of the following facts and fancies:—

Violet Dalston and her sister Emily had lived for several years in close and somewhat straitened retirement with their father, Captain Dalston, at Rock Cottage, on the outskirts of a village about six miles distant from Leeds, when Captain Dalston, who was an enthusiastic angler, introduced to his home a gentleman about twenty-five years of age, of handsome exterior and gentlemanly manners, with whom congeniality of tastes and pursuits had made him acquainted. This stranger was introduced to Violet (my interesting client) and her sister, as a Mr Henry Grainger, the son of a London merchant. The object of his wanderings through the English counties was, he said, to recruit his health, which had become affected by too close application to business, and to gratify his taste for angling, sketching, and so on. He became a frequent visitor; and the result, after the lapse of about three months, was a proposal for the hand of Violet. His father allowed him, he stated, five hundred pounds per annum; but in order not to mortally offend the old gentleman, who was determined, if his son married at all, it should be either to rank or riches, it would be necessary to conceal the marriage till after his death. This commonplace story had been, it appeared, implicitly credited by Captain Dalston; and Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger were united in holy wedlock—not at the village church near where Captain Dalston resided, but in one of the Leeds churches. The witnesses were the bride's father and sister, and a Mr Bilston, a neighbour. This marriage had taken place rather more than seven years since, and its sole fruit was the fine-looking boy who accompanied his mother to my office. Mr Grainger, soon after the marriage, persuaded the Dalstons to leave Rock Cottage, and take up their abode in a picturesque village in Cumberland, where he had purchased a small house, with some garden and ornamental grounds attached.

Five years rolled away—not, as I could discern, too happily—when the very frequent absences of Violet's husband in London, as he alleged (all her letters to him were directed to the post-office, St Martin's le Grand—

till called for), were suddenly greatly prolonged; and on his return home, after an absence of more than three months, he abruptly informed the family that the affairs of his father, who was dying, had been found to be greatly embarrassed, and that nothing was left for him and them but emigration to America, with such means as might be saved from the wreck of the elder Grainger's property. After much lamentation and opposition on the part of Emily Dalston and her father, it was finally conceded as Violet's husband wished; and the emigration was to have taken place in the following spring, Henry Grainger to follow them the instant he could wind up his father's affairs. About three months before their intended departure—this very time twelve-month, as nearly as may be—Captain Dalston was suddenly called to London, to close the eyes of an only sister. This sad duty fulfilled, he was about to return, when, passing towards dusk down St James Street, he saw Henry Grainger, habited in a remarkable sporting-dress, standing with several other gentlemen at the door of one of the club-houses. Hastening across the street to accost him, he was arrested for a minute or so by a line of carriages which turned sharply out of Piccadilly; and when he *did* reach the other side, young Mr Grainger and his companions had vanished. He inquired of the porter, and was assured that no Mr Grainger, senior or junior, was known there. Persisting that he had seen him standing within the doorway, and describing his dress, the man with an insolent laugh exclaimed that the gentleman who wore that dress was the famous sporting baronet, Sir Harry Compton!

Bewildered, and suspecting he hardly knew what Captain Dalston, in defiance of young Grainger's reiterated injunctions, determined to call at his father's residence, which he had always understood to be in Leadenhall Street. No such name was, however, known there; and an examination, to which he was advised, of the 'Commercial Directory' failed to discover the whereabouts of the pretended London merchant. Heart-sick and spirit-wearied, Captain Dalston returned home only to die. A violent cold, caught by imprudently riding in such bitter weather as it then was, on the outside of the coach, aggravated by distress of mind, brought his already enfeebled frame to the grave in less than two months after his arrival in Cumberland. He left his daughters utterly unprovided for, except by the legal claim which the eldest possessed on a man who, he feared, would turn out to be a worthless impostor. The penalty he paid for consenting to so imprudent a marriage was indeed a heavy and bitter one. Months passed away, and still no tidings of Violet's husband reached the sisters' sad and solitary home. At length, stimulated by apprehensions of approaching destitution—whose foot was already on the threshold—and desirous of gratifying a whim of Emily's, Violet consented to visit the neighbourhood of Compton Castle (the seat, her sister had ascertained, of the 'celebrated sporting baronet,' as the porter called him) on their way to London, where they had relatives who, though not rich, might possibly be able to assist them in obtaining some decent means of maintenance. They alighted at the 'Compton Arms,' and the first object which met the astonished gaze of the sisters as they entered the principal sitting-room of the inn was a full-length portrait of Violet's husband, in the exact sporting-dress described to them by their father. An ivory tablet attached to the lower part of the frame informed the gazer that the picture was a copy, by permission, of the celebrated portrait by Sir

Thomas Lawrence, of Sir Harry Compton, Baronet. They were confounded, overwhelmed, bewildered. Sir Harry, they found, had been killed about eight months previously in a steeple-chase; and the castle and estates had passed, in default of direct issue, to a distant relative, Lord Emsdale. Their story was soon bruited about; and, in the opinion of many persons, was confirmed beyond reasonable question by the extraordinary likeness they saw or fancied between Violet's son and the deceased baronet. Amongst others, Sir Jasper Thornely was a firm believer in the identity of Henry Grainger and Sir Harry Compton; but unfortunately, beyond the assertion of the sisters that the portrait of Sir Harry was young Grainger's portrait, the real or imaginary likeness of the child to his reputed father, and some score of letters addressed to Violet by her husband, which Sir Jasper persisted were in Sir Harry's handwriting, though few others did (the hand, I saw at a glance, was a disguised one), not one tittle of evidence had he been able to procure for love or money. As a last resource, he had consigned the case to me, and the vulpine sagacity of a London attorney.

I suppose my countenance must be what is called a 'speaking' one, for I had made no reply in words to this statement of a case upon which I and a 'London attorney' were to ground measures for wresting a magnificent estate from the clutch of a powerful nobleman, and by 'next assizes' too—when the lady's beautiful eyes filled with tears, and turning to her child, she murmured in that gentle, agitating voice of hers, 'My poor boy!' The words I was about to utter died on my tongue, and I remained silent for several minutes. After all, thought I, this lady is evidently sincere in her expressed conviction that Sir Harry Compton was her husband. If her surmise be correct, evidence of the truth may perhaps be obtained by a keen search for it; and since Sir Jasper guarantees the expenses—I rang the bell. 'Step over to Cursitor Street,' said I to the clerk as soon as he entered; 'and if Mr Ferret is within, ask him to step over immediately.' Ferret was just the man for such a commission. Indefatigable, resolute, sharp-witted, and of a ceaseless, remorseless activity, a secret or a fact had need be very profoundly hidden for him not to reach and fish it up. I have heard solemn doubts expressed by attorneys opposed to him as to whether he ever really and truly slept at all—that is, a genuine Christian sleep, as distinguished from a merely canine one, with one eye always half open. Mr Ferret had been for many years Mr Simpkins' managing clerk; but ambition, and the increasing requirements of a considerable number of young Ferrets, determined him on commencing business on his own account; and about six months previous to the period of which I am now writing, a brass door-plate in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, informed the public that Samuel Ferret, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, might be consulted within.

Mr Samuel Ferret was fortunately at home; and after a very brief interval, made his appearance, entering with a short professional bow to me, and a very profound one to the lady, in whom his quick gray eye seemed intuitively to spy a client. As soon as he was seated, I handed him Sir Jasper's letter. He perused it carefully three times, examined the seal attentively, and handed it back with—'An excellent letter as far as it goes, and very much to the point. You intend, I suppose, that I should undertake this little affair?'

'Yes, if, after hearing the lady's case, you feel disposed to venture upon it.'

Mr Samuel Ferret's note-book was out in an instant; and the lady, uninterrupted by a syllable from him, retold her story.

'Good, very good, as far as it goes,' remarked undismayed Samuel Ferret when she concluded; 'only it can scarcely be said to go very far. Moral presumption, which, in our courts unfortunately, isn't worth a groat. Never mind. *Magna est veritas*, and so on. When, madam, did you say Sir Harry—Mr Grainger—first began to urge emigration?'

'Between two and three years ago.'

'Have the goodness, if you please, to hand me the baronetage.' I did so. 'Good,' resumed Ferret, after turning over the leaves for a few seconds, 'very good, as far as it goes. It is now just two years and eight months since Sir Harry succeeded his uncle in the title and estates. You would no doubt soon have heard, madam, that your husband was dead. Truly the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and yet such conduct towards such a lady'—Ferret intended no mere compliment; he was only giving utterance to the thoughts passing through his brain; but his client's mounting colour warned him to change the topic, which he very adroitly did. 'You intend, of course,' said he, addressing me, 'to proceed at law? No rumble-tumble through the spiritual courts?'

'Certainly, if sufficient evidence to justify such a course can be obtained.'

'Exactly: Doe, demise of Compton, *versus* Emsdale; action in ejectment, judgment of ouster. Our friend Doe, madam—a very accommodating fellow is Doc—will, if we succeed, put you in possession as natural guardian of your son. Well, sir,' turning to me, 'I may as well give you an acknowledgment for that cheque. I undertake the business, and shall, if possible, be off to Leeds by this evening's mail.' The acknowledgment was given, and Mr Ferret, pocketing the cheque, departed in high glee.

'The best man, madam, in all broad London,' said I in answer to Mrs Grainger's somewhat puzzled look, 'you could have retained. Fond as he seems, and in fact is, of money—what sensible person is not?—Lord Emsdale could not bribe him with his earldom, now that he is fairly engaged in your behalf, I will not say to betray you, but to abate his indefatigable activity in furtherance of your interests. Attorneys, madam, be assured, whatever nursery tales may teach, have, the very sharpest of them, their points of honour.' The lady and her son departed, and I turned again to the almost forgotten 'case.'

Three weeks had nearly glided by, and still no tidings of Mr Ferret. Mrs Grainger, and her sister Emily Dalston, a very charming person, had called repeatedly; but as I of course had nothing to communicate, they were still condemned to languish under the heart-sickness caused by hope deferred. At last our emissary made his wished-for appearance.

'Well, Mr Ferret,' said I, on entering my library, where I found him composedly awaiting my arrival, 'what success?'

'Why, nothing of much consequence as yet,' replied he; 'I am, you know, only, as it were, just commencing the investigation. The Leeds parson that married them is dead, and the old clerk is paralytic, and has lost his memory. If, however, they were both alive, and in sound health of mind and body, they would, I fancy, help us but little, as Bilston tells me neither the Dalstons nor Grainger had ever entered the church till the morning of the wedding; and they soon afterwards removed to Cumberland, so that it is scarcely possible either parson or clerk could prove that Violet Dalston was married to Sir Harry Compton. A very intelligent fellow is Bilston: he was present at the marriage, you remember; and a glorious witness, if he had on any something of importance to depose to; powdered hair and a pigtail, double chin, and six feet in girth at least; highly respectable—capital witness, very—only, unfortunately, he

can only testify that a person calling himself Grainger married Violet Dalston; not much in that!'

'So, then, your three weeks' labour has been entirely thrown away!'

'Not so fast—not so fast—you jump too hastily at conclusions. The Cumberland fellow that sold Grainger the house—only the equity of redemption of it, by the way—there's a large mortgage on it—can prove nothing. Nobody about there can, except the surgeon; he can prove Mrs Grainger's *accouchement*—that is something. I have been killing myself every evening this last week with grog and tobacco smoke at the "Compton Arms," in the company of the castle servants, and if the calves' heads had known anything essential, I fancy I should have wormed it out of them. They have, however, kindly furnished me with a scrawl of introduction to the establishment now in town, some of whom I shall have the honour to meet, in the character of an out-and-out liberal sporting gentleman, at the "Albemarle Arms" this evening. I want to get hold of his confidential valet, if he had one—those go-a-head fellows generally have—a Swiss, or some other foreign animal.'

'Is this all?'

'Why, no,' rejoined Ferret, with a sharp twinkle of his sharp gray eye, amounting almost to a wink; 'there is one circumstance which I cannot help thinking, though I scarcely know why, will put us, by the help of patience and perseverance, on the right track. In a corner of the registry of marriage there is written Z. Z. in bold letters. In no other part of the book does this occur. What may that mean?'

'Had the incumbent of the living a curate at the time?'

'No. On that point I am unfortunately too well satisfied. Neither are there any names with such initials in any of the Leeds churchyards. Still this Z. Z. may be of importance, if we could but discover who he is. But how?—that is the question. Advertise? Show our hands to the opposite players, and find if Z. Z. is really an entity, and likely to be of service, that when we want him in court, he is half way to America. No, no; that would never do.'

Mr Ferret I saw was getting into a brown study; and as I had pressing business to despatch, I got rid of him as speedily as I could, quite satisfied, spite of Z. Z., that Mrs Grainger's chance of becoming Lady Compton was about equal to mine of ascending the British throne some fine day.

Two days afterwards I received the following note:—

'DEAR SIR—Z. Z. is the man! I'm off to Shropshire. Back, if possible, the day after to-morrow. Not a word even to the ladies. Huzza! In haste,

SAMUEL FERRET.'

What could this mean? Spite of Mr Ferret's injunction, I could not help informing the sisters, who called soon after I had received the note, that a discovery, esteemed of importance by our emissary, had been made; and they returned home with lightened hearts, after agreeing to repeat their visit on the day Mr Ferret had named for his return.

On reaching my chambers about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I found the ladies there, and in a state of great excitement. Mr Ferret, my clerk had informed them, had called twice, and seemed in the highest spirits. We had wasted but a few minutes in conjectures when Mr Ferret, having ascended the stairs two or three at a time, burst, *sans cérémonie*, into the apartment.

'Good-day, sir. Lady Compton, your most obedient servant; madam, yours! All right! Only just in time to get the writ sealed; served it myself a quarter of an hour ago, just as his lordship was getting into his carriage. Not a day to lose; just in time. Capital! Glorious!'

'What do you mean, Mr Ferret?' exclaimed Emily Dalston: her sister was too agitated to speak.

'What do I mean? Let us all four step, sir, into your inner sanctum, and I'll soon tell you what I mean.'

We adjourned, accordingly, to an inner and more private room. Our conference lasted about half an hour, at the end of which the ladies took their leave: Lady Compton, her beautiful features alternately irradiated and clouded by smiles and tears, murmuring in a broken, agitated voice, as she shook hands with me, 'You see, sir, he intended at last to do us justice.'

The news that an action had been brought on behalf of an infant son of the late Sir Harry Compton against the Earl of Emsdale, for the recovery of the estates in the possession of that nobleman, produced the greatest excitement in the part of the county where the property was situated. The assize town was crowded, on the day the trial was expected to come on, by the tenantry of the late baronet and their families, with whom the present landlord was by no means popular. As I passed up the principal street, towards the court-house, accompanied by my junior, I was received with loud hurraings and waving of handkerchiefs, something after the manner, I suppose, in which chivalrous steel-clad knights, about to do battle in behalf of distressed damsels, were formerly received by the miscellaneous spectators of the lists. Numerous favours, cockades, streamers, of the Compton colours, used in election contests, purple and orange, were also slyly exhibited, to be more ostentatiously displayed if the Emsdale party should be beaten. On entering the court, I found it crowded, as we say, to the ceiling. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing-room that could be obtained, was occupied, and it was with great difficulty the ushers of the court preserved a sufficiently clear space for the ingress and egress of witnesses and counsel. Lord Emsdale, pale and anxious, spite of manifest effort to appear contemptuously indifferent, sat near the judge, who had just entered the court. The Archbishop of York, whom we had subpoenaed, why, his Grace had openly declared, he knew not, was also of course accommodated with a seat on the bench. A formidable bar, led by the celebrated Mr S——, was, I saw, arrayed against us, though what the case was they had to meet, so well had Ferret kept his secret, they knew no more than did their horse-hair wigs. Ferret had solemnly enjoined the sisters to silence, and no hint, I need scarcely say, was likely to escape my lips. The jury, special of course, were in attendance, and the case, 'Doe, demise of Compton *versus* Emsdale,' having been called, they were duly sworn to try the issue. My junior, Mr Frampton, was just rising 'to state the case,' as it is technically called, when a tremendous shouting, rapidly increasing in volume and distinctness, and mingled with the sound of carriage wheels, was heard approaching, and presently Mr Samuel Ferret appeared, followed by Lady Compton and her son, the rear of the party brought up by Sir Jasper Thornely, whose jolly fox-hunting face shone like a full-blown peony. The lady, though painfully agitated, looked charmingly; and the timid, appealing glance she unconsciously, as it were, threw round the court, would, in a doubtful case, have secured a verdict. 'Very well got up, indeed,' said Mr S——, in a voice sufficiently loud for the jury to hear—'very effectively managed, upon my word.' We were, however, in too good-humour to heed taunts; and as soon as silence was restored, Mr Frampton briefly stated the case, and I rose to address the jury. My speech was purposely brief, business-like, and confident. I detailed the circumstances of the marriage of Violet Dalston, then only eighteen years of age, with a Mr Grainger; the birth of a son; and subsequent disappearance of the husband; concluding by an assurance to the jury that I should prove, by incontrovertible evidence, that Grainger was no other person than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. This address by no means lessened the vague apprehensions of the other side. A counsel that, with such materials for eloquence, disdained having recourse to it, must needs have a formidable case. The smiling countenances of Mr S—— and his brethren became suddenly overcast, and the pallor and agitation of Lord Emsdale sensibly increased.

We proved our case clearly, step by step: the marriage, the accouchement, the handwriting of Grainger—Bilston proved this—to the letters addressed to his wife, were clearly established. The register of the marriage was produced by the present clerk of the Leeds church; the initials Z. Z. were pointed out; and at my suggestion the book was deposited for the purposes of the trial with the clerk of the court. Not a word of cross-examination had passed the lips of our learned friends on the other side: they allowed our evidence to pass as utterly indifferent. A change was at hand.

Our next witness was James Kirby, groom to the late baronet and to the present earl. After a few unimportant questions, I asked him if he had ever seen that gentleman before, pointing to Mr Ferret, who stood up for the more facile recognition of his friend Kirby.

'Oh yes, he remembered the gentleman well; and a very nice, good-natured, soft sort of a gentleman he was. He treated witness at the "Albemarle Arms," London, to as much brandy and water as he liked, out of respect to his late master, whom the gentleman seemed uncommon fond of.'

'Well, and what return did you make for so much liberality?'

'Return! very little I do assure ye. I told un how many horses Sir Harry kept, and how many races he won; but I couldn't tell un much more, pump as much as he would, because, do ye see, I didn't *know* no more.'

An audible titter from the other side greeted the witness as he uttered the last sentence. Mr S——, with one of his complacent glances at the jury-box, remarking in a sufficiently loud whisper, 'That he had never heard a more conclusive reason for not telling in his life.'

'Did you mention that you were present at the death of the late baronet?'

'Yes I did. I told un that I were within about three hundred yards of late master when he had that ugly fall; and that when I got up to un, he sort of pulled me down, and whispered hoarse-like, "Send for Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman." I remembered it, it was sich an outlandish name like.'

'Oh, oh,' thought I, as Mr S—— reached across the table for the parish register, 'Z. Z. is acquiring significance I perceive.'

'Well, and what did this gentleman say to that?'

'Say? Why, nothing particular, only seemed quite joyful 'mazed like; and when I asked un why, he said it was such a comfort to find his good friend Sir Harry had such pious thoughts in his last moments.'

The laugh, quickly suppressed, that followed these words, did not come from our learned friends on the other side.

'Sir Harry used those words?'

'He did; but as he died two or three minutes after, it were of course no use to send for no parson whatsoever.'

'Exactly. That will do, unless the other side have any questions to ask.' No question was put, and the witness went down. 'Call,' said I to the crier of the court—'call the Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman.'

This was a bomb-shell. Lord Emsdale, the better to conceal his agitation, descended from the bench and took his seat beside his counsel. The Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman, examined by Mr Frampton, deposed in substance as follows.—'He was at present rector of Dunby, Shropshire, and had been in holy orders more than twenty years. Was on a visit to the Reverend Mr Cramby at Leeds seven years ago, when one morning Mr Cramby, being much indisposed, requested him to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple then waiting in church. He complied, and joined in wedlock Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger. The bride was the lady now pointed out to him in court; the bridegroom he had discovered, about two years ago, to be no other than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. The initials Z. Z. were his, and written by

him. The parish clerk, a failing old man, had not officiated at the marriage; a nephew, he believed, had acted for him, but he had entered the marriage in the usual form afterwards.

'How did you ascertain that Henry Grainger was the late Sir Harry Compton?'

'I was introduced to Sir Harry Compton in London, at the house of the Archbishop of York, by his Grace himself.'

'I remember the incident distinctly, Mr Zimmerman,' said his Grace from the bench.

'Besides which,' added the rector, 'my present living was presented to me, about eighteen months since, by the deceased baronet. I must further, in justice to myself, explain that I, immediately after the introduction, sought an elucidation of the mystery from Sir Harry; and he then told me that, in a freak of youthful passion, he had married Miss Dalston in the name of Grainger, fearing his uncle's displeasure should it reach his ears; that his wife had died in her first confinement, after giving birth to a still-born child, and he now wished the matter to remain in oblivion. He also showed me several letters, which I then believed genuine, confirming his story. I heard no more of the matter till waited upon by the attorney for the plaintiff, Mr Ferret.'

A breathless silence prevailed during the delivery of this evidence. At its conclusion, the dullest brain in court comprehended that the cause was gained; and a succession of cheers, which could not be suppressed, rang through the court, and were loudly echoed from without, Sir Jasper's voice sounding high above all the rest. Suddenly, too, as if by magic, almost everybody in court, save the jury and counsel, were decorated with orange and purple favours, and a perfect shower of them fell at the feet and about the persons of Lady Compton, her sister, who had by this time joined her, and the infant Sir Henry. As soon as the expostulations and menaces of the judge had restored silence and order, his lordship, addressing Lord Emsdale's senior counsel, said, 'Well, Brother S—, what course do you propose to adopt?'

'My lord,' replied Mr S— after a pause, 'I and my learned friends have thought it our duty to advise Lord Emsdale that further opposition to the plaintiff's claim would prove ultimately futile; and I have therefore to announce, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that we acquiesce in a verdict for the plaintiff.'

'You have counselled wisely,' replied his lordship. 'Gentlemen of the jury, you will of course return a verdict for the plaintiff.'

The jury hastily and joyfully assented: the verdict was recorded, and the court adjourned for an hour in the midst of tumultuous excitement. The result of the trial flew through the crowd outside like wildfire; and when Lady Compton and her son, after struggling through the densely-crowded court, stepped into Sir Jasper's carriage, which was in waiting at the door, the enthusiastic uproar that ensued—the hurraing, shouting, waving of hats and handkerchiefs—deafened and bewildered one; and it was upwards of an hour ere the slow-moving chariot reached Sir Jasper's mansion, though not more than half a mile distant from the town. Mr Ferret, mounted on the box, and almost smothered in purple and orange, was a conspicuous object, and a prime favourite with the crowd. The next day Lord Emsdale, glad, doubtless, to quit the neighbourhood as speedily as possible, left the castle, giving Lady Compton immediate possession. The joy of the tenantry was unbounded; and under the wakeful superintendence of Mr Ferret, all claims against Lord Emsdale for received rents, dilapidations, &c. were adjusted, we may be sure, *not* adversely to his client's interests; though he frequently complained, not half so satisfactorily as if Lady Compton had not interfered, with what Mr Ferret deemed misplaced generosity in the matter.

As I was obliged to proceed onwards with the circuit, I called at Compton Castle to take leave of my interesting and fortunate client a few days after her installa-

tion there. I was most gratefully received and entertained. As I shook hands at parting, her ladyship, after pressing upon me a diamond ring of great value, said, whilst her charming eyes filled with regretful, yet joyful tears, 'Do not forget that poor Henry intended at last to do us justice.' Prosperity, thought I, will not spoil that woman. It *has* not, as the world, were I authorised to communicate her *real* name, would readily acknowledge.

GOSSIP ON MINERALS.

A VERY attractive volume is before us, professing to convey 'such information on the more important minerals and their uses as an inquiring mind may be desirous of possessing without going minutely into the subject.*' The only fault we have to find with the execution of the task, is the epistolary blending of scientific and young-ladyish gossip. The author, in revising his letters for the public, should have been satisfied with the former; which is in reality so amusing, as to make the small-talk with his fair cousin, his dearest Florence, vexatiously insipid. A book of this kind is usually passed over by reviewers with a general sentence of commendation; but in the present case we think it better, both for author and reader, to give some examples of the kind of entertainment with which it abounds.

In treating of the salts, Mr Jackson does not fail to remark to his fair correspondent that the smelling-bottle she thinks so elegant an appendage is filled from the refuse of the stable; the volatile sal ammoniac, though a solid white salt, being formed by the union of two acrifrom bodies—carbonic acid gas and ammoniacal gas—obtained from animal and vegetable matters in a state of putrefaction.

Potash, another alkaline salt, but of very different properties, is likewise obtained from the most worthless rubbish. The thistles, potato-stalks, &c. from which it is made are burnt, and the salts contained in their ashes dissolved by the admixture of water. The water, on being drawn off, is evaporated, and what remains is the potash of commerce. This, with nitric acid, forms saltpetre, of such extensive use in the manufacture of glass and the murder of men. Saltpetre is found among minerals, united with nitric acid; but perhaps the greater part is obtained from the produce of the rubbish-heap and dunghill, left to rot in the open air, and the liquor which is the result filtered and crystallised.

The salts which exist in solution in the sea (the greater part of which is common culinary salt), would cover all Europe and its islands and waters to the height of about 16,000 feet. Near Montserrat in Spain there is a mass of compact salt 500 feet high, and 16,000 feet in circumference; and in other parts of the world there are likewise vast aggregations of the same mineral. The rock-salt of Kirman is so hard, that it is employed, like stone, for building purposes. In the famous salt-mines of Wieliczka in Poland, 'there exists in the first or upper storey a chapel, wholly sculptured out of the salt, and dedicated to St Anthony. This chapel is 30 feet long by 24 in breadth, and 18 in height; the altar and steps, the candelabra and other ornaments, the twisted columns that sustain the roof, the pulpit, the crucifix, and the statues of the Virgin and of St Anthony, are all sculptured in salt, as is also a statue of Sigismund, king of Poland.'

The earthy salt, alum, is produced in great abundance both by nature and art. It is used in dyeing, candle-making, preparing leather, &c. and renders paper and wood almost incombustible. Alum is the great secret of our fire-kings; for when reduced with common salt to an impalpable powder, and several coats of it, mixed with spirits of wine, spread upon the hand, we may grasp a red-hot iron without inconvenience.

The various forms of carbonate of lime—mountains,

* Minerals and their Uses. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. By J. R. Jackson, F.R.S. London: Parker. 1849.

marble temples and statues, pearls and coral, form an interesting part of the subject. The caverns contained in limestone rocks are frequently adorned with stalagmites in the form of pyramids, columns, altars, organ-pipes, vases, and flowers. These stalagmites rise from the bottom, being formed of the sediment deposited by the drops from above, and are eventually met by the stalactites from the roof. This process goes on till the cavern is filled up, and becomes a solid deposit of alabaster. The fine ladies of antiquity kept their cosmetics in vessels of alabaster, or gypseous alabaster; while the Roman ladies applied the calcareous alabaster to the purpose of lachrymatories, or vases for receiving the tears they shed for their deceased husbands. The same material was used for cinerary urns to preserve the ashes of the dead. The fluete of lime, commonly called fluor spar, imitates very beautifully the emerald, sapphire, and other gems; but it is comparatively soft, being scratched even by rock-crystal. Its fluoric acid, however, when disengaged, has the power in turn of dissolving the crystal. 'The fluete of lime is phosphorescent by heat, and in a darkened room it shines with a very beautiful-coloured light. If, then, you have the iron stove of your boudoir studded in any fanciful manner, as, for instance, in the form of a wreath of leaves and flowers with various-coloured pieces of fluor spar, you will have a pretty object in the day-time; and when at night your lamp is extinguished, the garland will show with a soft and exquisitely-beautiful effect, of which you may form some idea by pounding some of the green Derbyshire spar, and placing it in the dark on a heated shovel.'

The gems are represented still more closely, because with greater hardness, by quartz. When of a violet colour, this is called amethyst; red, it is the Bohemian or Silesian ruby; yellow, it is the Scotch topaz or cairngorm, &c.; but when perfectly pure or colourless, it is rock-crystal. A mass of Alpine rock-crystal, weighing eight hundredweight, was taken by the French in Italy, and brought to Paris in 1797. Sometimes it is susceptible of a fine polish, and is termed Bohemian, British, Irish, &c. diamonds. 'The most beautiful work executed in rock-crystal is, in the opinion of Mr Sage, an urn nine inches and a-half in diameter, and nine inches high, and of which the pedestal was taken from the same block. This vase is enriched with carvings and masks, and the history of the intoxication of Noah, all most admirably sculptured. This splendid piece of workmanship, which belonged to the king of France, cost upwards of L.4000.'

The variety of rock-crystal called the amethyst takes its name from a Greek word signifying 'that which is not drunk,' the ancients having believed that one might drink wine out of an amethyst vessel without any risk of intoxication. 'They also thought that by wearing this stone they could foresee future events in dreams, that it drove away evil thoughts, assured presence of mind, and secured the favour of princes; and when adorned with figures of the sun or moon, it was worn as a charm against poisons.' The following is mentioned in the 'Curiosities of Literature:—'There was found on an amethyst a number of marks or indentations which had long perplexed antiquaries, more particularly as similar marks or indents were frequently found on ancient monuments. It was agreed on (and as no one could understand them, all would be satisfied) that they were secret hieroglyphics. It, however, occurred to the French antiquary Pierese that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little laminae that represented so many Greek letters. This hint of his own suggested to him to draw lines from one hole to another, and he beheld the amethyst reveal the name of the sculptor, and the frieze of the temple the name of the god. This curious discovery has been since frequently applied.'

The agate called carnelian is much valued by some of the Eastern nations. The Arabs believe that it stops bleeding when applied to the part. 'In order to test it,

they wrap it up in paper, which, on the application of a hot coal, should not burn, if the stone be good. M. Renaud tells us that he has often seen the people of the East perform a similar operation with perfect success. They cover the carnelian with their handkerchief, and then bring it to the flame of a taper as if they would burn it; but the handkerchief resists the most ardent flame, and even remains perfectly white.' Mohammed declared that he who sealed with a carnelian would always be in a state of blessedness and joy; but Mr Jackson tried both experiments, and without success.

Agates occasionally represent with wonderful accuracy the appearance of faces, figures, and other objects. 'Pliny speaks of an agate belonging to King Pyrrhus which represented the nine Muses, with Apollo in the midst holding a lyre; the whole being most perfect, though a mere freak of nature. Majolus informs us that there is in Venice an agate on which is the figure of a man thus drawn by the hand of nature. It is also said that in the Church of St John, at Pisa, there is a stone of the same kind, representing an old hermit in a desert, seated on the banks of a stream, and holding in his hand a little bell, just in the way St Anthony is generally painted.' A Scotch friend of Mr Jackson possessed an agate 'on which was the most admirably perfect representation of the sun setting beneath the sea. The lower half of the stone was in parallel lines of light gray, blue and white interspersed, in the way calm water is painted. On the upper edge of this, and exactly in the middle, was seen half of the sun's disk, from which rays diverged, filling up the rest of the stone. But the most remarkable agate of this kind I ever saw was in the possession of the Dominicans, in one of their convents abroad. It represented a most admirable portrait of Louis XVI. in profile, with a blood-coloured crescent-formed streak right across the throat. There were also other marks having allusion to that monarch, but which I do not now remember.'

Flints furnish their share of gossip. A good workman can make 500 gun-flints in the day; but, as if in punishment for the preparation of so mischievous an agent, he dies early—before thirty years of age—of consumption, brought on by inhaling the flinty dust. In striking fire with flint and steel, the result, we all know, is a quantity of sparks and little brilliant coruscations. 'In order to know what these really are, let the blows be given over a sheet of paper, and then examine with a magnifier the small particles that have fallen on the paper: you will find them to be of three kinds. *First*, minute splinters of the flint struck off by the blow, and which remain unaltered; *secondly*, little chips of steel of an irregular form, but also unaltered; and *thirdly*, small round bodies, ten times smaller than a pin's head: these latter have the appearance of a scoria orinder, and being hollow, may be crushed with the nail like little globes of glass. These have generally been taken for little bullets of melted iron, but M. Brard suspects them to be a combination of silica and iron, a true scoria, attractable by the magnet; the heat produced by the blow being sufficient to heat the steel-chips red-hot, and effect the combination of the silica and iron in the smaller molecules, which are those that coruscate in little brilliant stars with a hissing noise.'

The preparation of the beautiful and costly pigment known by the name of ultra-marine is described as follows:—'The pieces of lazulite, the most rich in colour, are picked out; they are washed, and then plunged into vinegar; and if the colour does not change, the quality is esteemed to be good. The stones are then again repeatedly heated, and plunged each time into vinegar. By this means they are easily reduced to an impalpable powder. This is then well worked up into a paste with resin, white wax, and linseed-oil, to which some add Burgundy pitch. The paste is then put into a linen bag, and kneaded under water, which at first assumes a grayish colour, resulting from the impurities that are first separated from the mass. This water is thrown away, and replaced by fresh, and the kneading

recommenced, when the water becomes of a fine blue. This is poured off, and allowed to settle, the precipitate being ultra-marine of the finest quality. The repetition of the process furnishes colour of inferior quality in succession; and finally, the residuum, being melted with oil, and kneaded in water containing a little soda or potash, yields what is termed *ultra-marine ashes*.'

The emerald was one of the stones to which superstition ascribed occult virtues; but the early Peruvians (before the government of the Incas) paid divine honours to an emerald of the size of an ostrich's egg. When it was exhibited on great festivals, the people came from far and near to worship the goddess, and present young emeralds to her, which they called her daughters. Those daughters were all found by the Spaniards; but the mother was so effectually hidden by the Indians, that she has not been discovered to this day.

Amianthus, the well-known variety of asbestos, is composed of filaments which, with the addition of a little flax, may be carded, spun, and woven into a cloth. In this cloth the ancients wrapped the bodies of their distinguished dead before they were consumed on the funeral pile, for the purpose of keeping their ashes separate from those of the fuel. 'It is said that Charlemagne had a tablecloth of amianthus, which he took pleasure in throwing into the fire after dinner, for the amusement of his guests.' In the 'Dictionnaire Orientale,' it is said—'It cannot be doubted that the cloth which may be thrown into the fire (without injury) is that which the Greeks call *asbestos*. We are not agreed as to the matter of which the cloth is made, nor do the Chinese themselves know it any better than we do. Some even say it is wove of the hair of certain rats that live in the flames of certain volcanoes.' These rats, doubtless, were the salamander. In our day the origin of the amianthus is no longer a mystery, as it is found in England, Scotland, and other European countries. 'There was a lady at Como who manufactured cloth of different degrees of fineness, and even lace, of amianthus. The lady of the viceroy of Italy, in Napoleon's time, possessed a veil of amianthus. In Siberia also, purses, caps, gloves, and similar articles, are some knitted, others woven, of amianthus. In the Pyrenees, girdles are made of the same substance intermingled with silver thread. These girdles are much esteemed by the women, not only on account of their beauty, but for certain mysterious properties they were believed to possess. Amianthus has also been employed as incombustible wicks; and it has been suggested that the perpetual lamps of the ancients were formed of this substance, and constantly supplied by a spontaneous oozing of petroleum. It is also asserted that the Greenlanders use wicks of amianthus. Attempts have been made to manufacture incombustible paper of this mineral; and M. Demidoff, a Russian proprietor of great wealth, even offered to supply all the government offices of the empire with this kind of paper; but up to the present time the attempt has not succeeded.'

On the subject of diamonds we have the following gossip:—'This diamond, the Sancí, formerly belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, where his army was completely defeated, and where he lost his life, in 1477. It was found on the field of battle by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a French gentleman of the name of Sancí. The diamond was preserved in the family of this gentleman for nearly a hundred years, until Henry III. commissioned a descendant of that family, who was a captain in the Swiss troops in his service, to raise fresh recruits among the Swiss. Driven from his throne by a league which his subjects had formed against him, the monarch, without money to pay his troops, borrowed the Sancí diamond, in order to pawn it to the Swiss. Sancí charged one of his servants to take it to its destination, but both the man and the diamond disappeared, no one could tell whither. The king reproached Sancí bitterly for having confided an object of such value to a valet. But Sancí, full of confidence in

his servant, set out in search, and discovered that the man had been assassinated by robbers, and that the body was buried in a neighbouring forest. Thither he went, ordered the body to be disinterred and opened, when the diamond was discovered in his stomach; the faithful servant having swallowed it, the more effectually to hide it from the rapacity of the brigands. From that time it has always been called the Sancí-diamond. It ultimately came into the possession of an English monarch.'

Glass is not cut with the point of a glazier's diamond, but with the curved edge formed by the meeting of two contiguous curved facets of the stone. A pointed diamond ring merely scratches the glass—it does not cut it; and writing in this way is attended with some risk to the ring, as diamonds, though hard, are not difficult to break. The diamond was supposed to protect from poison, pestilence, panic-fear, hallucination, enchantments, &c. It likewise calmed anger, maintained affection between man and wife, and was thence called the stone of reconciliation. Mr Jackson might have added that it possesses these latter virtues to this day. 'A talismanic virtue was also attributed to it: when, under a favourable aspect, and under the planet Mars, the figure of this divinity, or of Hercules surmounted by a hydra, was engraved upon it, in such case it secured the victory to him who wore it, whatever might be the number of his enemies. It was even pretended that diamonds engendered other diamonds (this is a *pendant* for the Peruvian emerald mentioned in a former letter); and Rucius informs us that a Princess of Luxemburg had some hereditary diamonds that produced others at certain times (why not, if money makes money?). In the language of iconology, the diamond is the symbol of constancy, of strength, of innocence, and other heroic virtues.'

This is sufficient to show the stuff of which the work is composed; and such of our readers as desire a little amusement blended with a little instruction, cannot do better than send for the volume itself.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ELEGANT READING.

IN the rage for making children understand all that they read at school, reading itself is now too much overlooked. At some schools of no small note, to hear more than a full sentence enunciated at a time is a rarity. It is more common to hear the young learners stopped at the end of three words, that some one of these words may be made the theme of an examination, philological, scientific, and historical, running off into an episode of several minutes, till the scholar has been perhaps driven into a field of intelligence ten thousand miles away from the point of starting, and himself and his audience are alike tired. The old system of explaining nothing was bad; but it is almost as bad to make school exercises consist of little besides an eternal jabber from Philips's 'Million of Facts,' or 'Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge.' Formerly it was a glory for a young person to be a good reader. At most schools, it is now scarcely to be expected of any that he should acquire the art of reading fluently, elegantly, and with expression. It would be well, we think, while taking care that the *intellectual system* is not lost sight of, to see that this accomplishment is also duly attended to. Of its value we get a lively idea when we hear a Charles Kemble or a James Russell give their readings from Shakspeare, a kind of entertainment of which no one could form an adequate idea till they heard it, so much of all that is most valuable in good acting does it involve. With even a moderate endowment of such a gift, we can imagine no resource for the amusement of a family circle during the long evenings superior to this; nothing

more serviceable amongst a group of young business men living together, or in a workshop where the nature of the employment is such as to admit of the voice being heard, and due attention being given. Far from being a dull amusement, our experience represents it as, on the contrary, fascinating and exciting—combining, indeed, all the pleasures of 'taking a book' with those derivable from company. For the success, however, of readings in families or elsewhere, it is essential that a power of easy and agreeable enunciation be acquired; and to favour this, it appears to us that some change in our present plans and modes of school-instruction is necessary. We must cease to be so wholly for the understanding, and begin to give a little more attention to the manner and form.

THE ARTICLE 'REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.'

We find that the article in No. 269, entitled 'Reaction against Philanthropy,' has been so far misunderstood in some quarters, as to be made a theme of unfavourable remark. The gravamen of the charge brought against us is, that we approve of a return to the old system of severe punishments for criminals, and indifference towards the claims of the poor. There is certainly nothing in the article to substantiate this charge, and we must protest against any such meaning being attached to it. It is well known that we have for many years been the advocates of a mild criminal code, and that scarcely any project for the promotion of the physical and moral wellbeing of the humbler classes of the community has failed to receive early and efficient support from this Journal. It was therefore very unlikely that any writing capable of being interpreted by a cool or candid person into such a spirit should have appeared here. In reality, the design of the article was rather to moderate that reaction against philanthropic schemes which appears to be setting in. We admitted that the philanthropy of the past age, itself a generous reaction from the mercilessness and indifference of a preceding era, had been carried to extravagance in some points, and we expressed ourselves as prepared to see the ebb of this tide attended by many circumstances of anything but a rose-water character. We advocated, what we have all along advocated, the principles of self-reliance, of industrious application, and prudent frugality, as those most indispensable to the welfare of individuals. But so far from dictating one inhumane step, or expressing any indifference on such subjects, we both intreated that the transition, if there was to be a transition, to a somewhat sterner system, should be a gentle and gradual one, and expressed our belief that, 'by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours,' no monstrous outrage would be committed. While we enforced the maxim, that it is incumbent on all to work, that they may not want, as the only economical one by which society in the mass could be benefited, the claims of those who cannot work, and of those who, in particular exigencies, cannot find employment, were expressly admitted, though only on the ground of humanity. These reclaimers, indeed, bear a small proportion of space; but this was because the main object was a discussion of the *fact* of the reaction, and an exposition of the principles on which it might be presumed that the world was not to be permanently and wholly a scene of pure philanthropy, the error to which we seemed lately to be tending, and from which the present reaction takes its rise.

We can assure all who may have been thrown into doubt on the subject, that we are, and ever must be, lovers of our kind. We must, however, confess that, other circumstances being equal, we are most disposed to feel *indifferently*, not for the idle and dissolute, but for the worthy and industrious; not for the abject soulless batters on public bounty in all its shapes, but for the constant, modest, distressed tax and rate-payers, who struggle under many difficulties to preserve

their independence, and observe the decencies of life—who make no figure perhaps in novels and orations, but who are, in very fact, the back-bone of the British empire.

ODDS AND ENDS OF A SPORTSMAN.*

THIS book reminds us of the conversation of a sportsman after a hard day's shooting. He has eaten and drunken; he has turned his chair half round to the fire; a sensation of warmth and comfort opens his heart and loosens his tongue; while a slight degree of fever withal, the consequence of fatigue and excitement, gives an incoherence to his ideas which, though amusing for a while, ends by making us vote him a bore. He skips from one subject to another, in the chance-medley way in which the game appeared. He winds and doubles, repeats himself a dozen times over, and brings out his observations, just as, before sitting down, he had shaken forth the heterogeneous contents of his wallet.

In one way, however, the garrulous sportsman is better company than the book; for a question now and again has all the utility of an index, and brings him back to the point you wish to note, however far he may have travelled from it. In the book, the moment you turn the page the thing is irrevocably lost. This defect seems to have struck either the author or publisher; but the plan fallen upon to remedy it has but little ingenuity. It is simply to break up the mass of materials, without the slightest attempt at arrangement, and call one portion a *Tour in Sutherland*; another, *Field-Notes*; and a third, *Extracts from Note-Books*.

It is so far a compliment to Mr St John, however, to complain of the want of a clue, for his facts or ideas must occasionally be of some value, or we should not care about fixing them. And indeed the book, although to read it straight through is like reading a dictionary, has much that is entertaining, and something that is useful; and the numerous class of persons interested in such subjects will, we have no doubt, feel considerable interest in dipping now and then into its heterogeneous pages.

That class does not seem to diminish much either in numbers or enthusiasm. It is of little consequence whether the quarry is a tiger or a hare, a vulture or a partridge, the chase appears to awaken pretty nearly the same excitement, and to be associated in pretty nearly the same degree with ideas of courage and manliness. The reason, no doubt, is to be found in the air, the exercise, the natural scenery, the determinate pursuit; and likewise, perhaps, in the thirst of blood as an instinct of carnivorous man. It is of little consequence what creature it is whose life we seek; although the enjoyment may be enhanced by the difficulty of the enterprise, and we should thus derive more pleasure from stalking a deer than from shooting a rabbit. But we altogether deny that the love of the chase presents the human character in its manliest phasis. Occasionally it does the very reverse, when it leads the sportsman to delight in mere slaughter. In the very book before us there is an account of the butchery of a deer (given in a detail betraying much bad taste), which, by the graphic picture it draws of the human fears and human agonies of the poor maimed animal, suggests irresistibly the idea of—murder.

A description, in much better taste, of the assassination of an osprey by our author himself, points to other feelings of a more affecting kind shared with us by the lower animals. The nest was on a rock rising from a beautiful and solitary lake; and the sportsman, after lying in wait for some time among the cliffs on the margin of the water, had the satisfaction to see his victim rise from its retreat. 'For some time after the

* *Tour in Sutherlandshire, with Extracts from the Field-Books of a Sportsman and Naturalist.* By Charles St John, Esq., author of 'Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands.' With Woodcuts. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1842.

departure of my companions, she flew round and round at a great height, occasionally drifting away with the high wind, and then returning to the loch. She passed two or three times not very far from me before I shot at her. But at last I fired, and the poor bird, after wheeling blindly about for a few moments, fell far to leeward of me, and down amongst the most precipitous and rocky part of the mountain, quite dead. She was scarcely down behind the cliffs when I heard the cry of an osprey in quite a different direction, and on looking that way, I saw the male bird flying up from a great distance. As he came nearer, I could distinguish plainly with my glass that he was carrying a fish in his claws. On approaching, he redoubled his cries, probably expecting the well-known answer or signal of gratitude from his mate; but not hearing her, he flew on till he came immediately over the nest. I could plainly see him turning his head to the right and left, as if looking for her, and as if in astonishment at her unwonted absence. He came lower and lower still, holding the fish in his feet, which were stretched out at full length from his body. Not seeing her, he again ascended, and flew to the other end of the lake, the rocks echoing his shrill cry. The poor bird, after making one or two circuits of the lake, then flew away far out of sight, still keeping possession of the fish. He probably went to look for the female at some known and frequented haunt, as he flew rapidly off in a direct line. He soon, however, came over the lake again, and continued his flight to and fro and his loud cries for above an hour, still keeping the fish ready for his mate. I at length heard the voices of my friends, and we soon launched the boat. The osprey became much agitated as we neared the rock where the nest was, and dropped the fish he held into the water. We found two beautiful eggs in the nest, of a roundish shape; the colour white, with numerous spots and marks of a fine rich red brown. As we came away, we still observed the male bird unceasingly calling and seeking for his hen. I was really sorry that I had shot her.

Another osprey's nest is described as consisting of a perfect cartload of sticks, some as large as a very stout walking-stick, the lining being composed of coarse grass. It was not less than eight feet in length, and four in width. Many other birds have the same conjugal attachment as the osprey. Mr St John mentions a hen grouse caught in a trap, whose mate collected, with many hours' labour, at least a hatful of the tender sprigs of the heather, and laid them beside the prisoner; and he gives a pretty picture of the mutual attachment of two red-necked phalaropes, feeding in a little pool mantled with weeds. 'Whenever, in their search for food, they wandered so far apart as to be hidden by the intervening weeds, the male bird stopped feeding suddenly, and looking round, uttered a low and musical call of inquiry, which was immediately answered by the female in a different note, but perfectly expressive of her answer, which one might suppose to be to the purport that she was at hand and quite safe. On hearing her, the male immediately recommenced feeding, but at the same time making his way towards her; she also flew to meet him. They then joined company for a moment or two, and after a few little notes of endearment, turned off again in different directions. This scene was repeated a dozen times while I was watching them.' Even a cat is an affectionate and devoted mother. One had her kitten carried more than a mile off, while its twin was left at home; and the poor mother, who lived in a large town, dared every night the dangers of boy and dog, and made a journey to suckle her distant offspring, returning, as soon as the process was over, to perform the same duty to the other. The otter goes beyond this. Not only does she feed her young, but the young repay her cares with filial respect. 'My keeper tells me that he has seen an old otter feeding her young with fish; the two young ones were sitting on a flat stone at the edge of the burr when their parent brought them a good-sized trout. They immediately both seized the fish, pulling and tearing at it like two

bulldog puppies. At last they came to a pitched battle with each other, biting, squealing, and tugging, and leaving the trout to its fate. On this the old one interfered, and making them quiet, gave the trout to one of them as his own. The other young one, on seeing the parent do this, no longer interfered, but sat quietly looking on, till the old otter (who in the meantime had renewed her fishing) came back with a large trout for it also.'

This may be instinct, but what shall we call the stratagem fallen upon by a fox to get hold of a fine mallard, feeding with its companions at the rushy end of a Highland lake? He crept round to windward, and set afloat upon the loch some bunches of dead rushes, which floated down among the ducks without causing alarm. He repeated the experiment again and again, till he had accustomed the ducks to the appearance; and then, taking in his mouth a bunch of the same kind, he floated himself gently off, with nothing above the water but his snout and ears. In this way he drifted down among the unsuspecting feeders, and captured his victim. This is precisely the mode of duck-hunting practised in some of the rivers in China. The Celestial sportsman sends a gourd now and again to drift among the ducks, who, by and by, feel themselves all on a sudden drawn under the water by some mysterious agency. The explanation is, that the last of the gourds has within it the hand of a Chinaman, who makes use in this manner of his hands. Mr St John does not give the story of the fox on his own authority; but he himself saw 'one in confinement lay out part of his food just within reach of his chain, in order to attract the tame ducks and chickens about the yard; and then, having concealed himself in his kennel, wait in an attitude, ready to spring out, till some duck or fowl came to his bait, which he immediately pounced upon.'

Our author is of opinion that few or no wild animals die either from natural disease or old age. They either serve as food for each other, or fall a victim to the general devourer—man. When unmolested, wild birds more especially, he thinks, live in a state of constant enjoyment; and even when the evil hour comes, their terror or pain is of short duration, having no anticipation, and if they escape, but little memory. Their want of anticipation, however, we doubt; for wild animals, and more especially birds, appear to be in a state of constant alarm. Many of them, even when roving in flocks, cannot go to feed in comfort before placing a sentinel to keep watch. His own account of the precautions of wild geese is interesting. 'Wild geese, while feeding on the open fields, invariably leave one bird to keep watch, and most faithfully does she perform this duty. Keeping on some high spot of the field, she stands with neck perfectly erect, watching on all sides, and listening to every sound far or near. Nor does she attempt to snatch at a single grain, however hungry she may be, till one of her comrades thinks fit to relieve her guard; and then the former sentinel sets to work at her feeding with an eagerness which shows that her abstinence while on duty was the result not of want of appetite, but of a proper sense of the important trust imposed on her. If any enemy, or the slightest cause of suspicion appears, the sentry utters a low croak, when the whole flock immediately run up to her, and, after a short consultation, fly off, leaving the unfortunate sportsman to lament having shown the button of his cap or the muzzle of his gun above the bank of the ditch, along which he had perhaps been creeping, "suadente diabolo," for the last half-hour up to his knees in water, well iced to the temperature of a Scotch morning in February.' These birds are likewise quick in taking hints from creatures not of their own species. Once when our sportsman was lying in wait for them in a hiding-place, a couple of gulls chanced to come by, and detecting him at once as a suspicious character, immediately began screaming and wheeling round his head. This was enough for the geese, who were dispersed throughout the field, and they immediately took to flight.

The manner in which woodcocks are described as transporting their young from the wood to the swamp is curious. This operation, it seems, they perform in the evening, by taking up the unfledged bird in their claws, and carrying it down to the soft feeding-grounds. They bring it back in the same way, before daylight, to the shelter of the woods, where it remains in security during the whole day. This story may be doubted by those who take their analogies from the young of partridges and other birds, which run vigorously about as soon as they are hatched; but with snipes, woodcocks, and waders, the case is different. Their bills take some time to harden, and their legs and wings to strengthen; and without the assistance of the parent birds they would certainly perish, as their nests are usually placed in dry heathery woods, which afford nothing for their support.

While on the subject of birds, we must not omit to mention the fact—which all of us, as well as Mr St John, must have remarked—that notwithstanding the kind of religious immunity they enjoy, the robins do not appear to increase in numbers. We have the same solitary visitor of this species, year after year, with hardly a single rival to dispute the ground with him. The reason is supposed to be that the robin thinks fit to build upon the ground, and that the rats, weasels, and other animals, do not share in the tender feelings with which he is regarded by mankind. But this, after all, is no great matter; for your robin is the most litigious, irritable, desperate fellow imaginable. 'When snow and frost cover the ground, and we feed the birds at the windows and on the gravel walks, thrushes, blackbirds, sparrows, and many other birds come to share the crumbs, but none dare eat if any robin is there, until the fiery little fellow permits him. Thrushes and all are beaten and driven away, and even after he has crammed himself to repletion, the robin will sit at the window and drive away with the most furious attacks every bird whose hunger prompts him to try to snatch a morsel of hisavings. Perched amidst the crumbs, he looks the very personification of ill temper and pugnacity.' The thrush is more mild, or less inhospitable. He freely allows other birds to share with him; and even when some impudent vagabond among them snatches at the morsel in his bill, he looks more in sorrow than in anger.

Our author is as amusing in his remarks on fish. 'Among others,' says he, 'I have more than once seen a most hideous large-headed brute of a fish, whom the country people call sometimes "the sea-devil," sometimes "the sea-angel," but whose more regular cognomen is, I believe, "the sea-angler." The first name he owes to his excessive and wicked-looking ugliness; the second must have been given him ironically; whilst the third is derived from his reputed habit of attracting fish to their destruction by a very wily ruse. He buries himself, it is said, in the sands, by scraping a hole with his two most unseemly and deformed-looking "hands," which are placed below what may be called his chin. Being in this way quite concealed, he allows some long worm-like appendages, which grow from the top of his head, to wave and float above the surface of the sand: fish, taking these for some kind of food, are attracted to the spot, when the concealed monster, by a sudden spring, manages to engulf his victims in the fearfully wide cavity of his mouth, which is armed with hundreds of teeth sloping inwards, and as hard and sharp as needles, so that nothing which has once entered it can escape. So runs the tale, the exact truth of which I am not prepared to vouch for.'

Our author's personal adventures are neither numerous nor uncommon; but one hairbreadth 'scape when in pursuit of ptarmigan is worth mentioning. The scene was the summit of a mountain covered with snow, and sloping down to a nearly perpendicular cliff of great height. He shot one of the birds, which fell upon the slope, and as it was fluttering towards the precipice, ran to secure it. The shepherd was some little distance

behind me, lighting his everlasting pipe; but when he saw me in pursuit of the ptarmigan, he shouted at me to stop: not exactly understanding him, I still ran after the bird, when suddenly I found the snow giving way with me, and sliding *en masse* towards the precipice. There was no time to hesitate, so, springing back with a power that only the emergency of the case could have given me, I struggled upwards again towards my companion. How I managed to escape I cannot tell; but in less time than it takes to write the words, I had retraced my steps several yards, making use of my gun as a stick to keep myself from sliding back again towards the edge of the cliff. The shepherd was too much alarmed to move, but stood for a moment speechless; then, recollecting himself, he rushed forward to help me, holding out his long gun for me to take hold of. For my own part, I had no time to be afraid, and in a few moments was on terra firma, while a vast mass of snow which I had set in motion rolled like an avalanche over the precipice, carrying with it the unfortunate ptarmigan.'

We must now conclude with a very interesting picture exhibited in quite a different department of nature. The subject is the Merry Dancers (*aurora borealis*) and the sound of their petticoats! 'The keeper,' says he, 'told me that when the aurora was very bright, and the flashes rapidly waving through the sky, he had frequently thought that he heard the merry dancers emit a faint rustling noise, like the "moving of dead leaves;" but this was only when the night was quite calm, and there was no sound to disturb the perfect stillness. . . . I was pleased to hear him say this, as I had more than once imagined that the aurora, when peculiarly bright, and rapid in its movements, *did* actually make exactly the sound that he described; but never having heard it asserted by any one else, I had always been rather shy of advancing such a theory. The aurora is seldom seen, or at least seldom attentively watched in this country, in situations where there is not some sound or other, such as voices, running water, or the rustling and moaning of trees, to break the perfect silence: but it has occasionally happened to me to be gazing at this beautiful illumination in places where no other sound could be heard, and then, and then only, have I fancied that the brightest flashes were accompanied by a light crackling or rustling noise, or, as my keeper expressed it very correctly, "the moving of dead leaves." . . . In the northern mountains of Sutherland, where the aurora is frequently very bright and beautiful, there is a fascinating, nay, an awful attraction in the sight, which has kept me for hours from my bed, watching the waving and ever-changing flashes dancing to and fro. I have watched this strange sight where the dead silence of the mountains was only broken by the fancied rustling of the "dresses" of the "merry dancers," or by the sudden scream or howl of some wild inhabitant of the rocks; and I have done so until an undefinable feeling of superstitious awe has crept over my mind, which was not without difficulty shaken off.'

From this rapid survey of the book, the reader will see that it has good matter; although, from the want of common arrangement, he will find it somewhat difficult to make the discovery for himself.

ELIZABETH FRY.

ELIZABETH GURNEY, afterwards Mrs Fry, born on the 21st of May 1780, was the third daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham in Norfolk, a member of the Society of Friends. She lost her maternal parent, a woman of great worth and ability, when only twelve years of age. The family then consisted of eleven children, the eldest of whom was only seventeen. Her feelings of benevolence towards her suffering fellow-creatures appear to have been drawn out in very early childhood, by her being the companion of her mother in her visits to the cottages of their poor neighbours.

In other respects there was nothing striking in her character excepting strong affection, which was particularly called forth towards her parents, and brothers and sisters. When about seventeen, she was seriously impressed with the importance of religion, and both her judgment and conscience subsequently decided in favour of the society to which her family belonged, and of which she afterwards became such an ornament.

She was now enabled to gratify her feelings of benevolence by becoming her father's almoner, and she was never sparing of her own personal sacrifices, both of time and property, for the benefit of others. Though her own education was rather deficient, owing to some want of application in herself, and partly from her general delicate state of health, yet even at this early period of her life she felt the necessity of giving instruction to the humbler classes, as a means of improving their moral condition. To carry out this idea, she taught the poor children in the neighbourhood; and in a short time her school, which was commenced with one little boy, increased to above seventy scholars, and was then held in a vacant laundry attached to their house. The first mention we have of her sympathies being drawn out by the moral degradation of her species, was while on a tour through part of Wales and the south of England, in company with her father and six sisters. When at Plymouth (1798), they visited the dockyards; and she notes in her diary: 'My mind felt deeply hurt on account of the poor sailors and women, of whom I have seen a sad number, and longed to do them good, to try one day to make them sensible of the evil state they appear to be in.'

On the 19th of August 1800 Elizabeth Gurney was united to Mr Joseph Fry, who was then a junior partner in a large mercantile establishment, and she and her husband took up their abode in St Mildred's Court, City. During their residence in this place, their five eldest children were born; and notwithstanding the duties of her family, and the delicate state of her own health, she devoted much time to visiting the abodes of want and misery. Her removal to Mashet, in 1809, was not only more congenial to her feelings, by gratifying her natural love of the country, but opened fresh fields for her benevolence. The change was occasioned by the death of her husband's father, whose country seat it had previously been. She established a school in the neighbourhood, and was looked up to by the poor around as the Lady Bountiful of the place. Even the gipsies, who, about the time of Fairlop Fair, were in the habit of pitching their tents near her house, came under her kind notice; and the pariahs of society heard themselves—many perhaps for the first time—addressed by fair and gentle lips in terms of sisterly sympathy.

But we must now follow her to the principal sphere of her philanthropy—the loathsome and neglected cells of the prison; where her sweet voice was heard whispering to the most abandoned of her sex of a return to virtue and happiness. In 1813, several members of the Society of Friends visited Newgate, to see some felons under sentence of death. These gentlemen were on terms of intimacy with Mrs Fry, and they gave her such a sad account of the state of the women confined there, that she, accompanied by a female friend, Anna Buxton, entered this abode of misery and crime, for the purpose of affording warm clothing to the wretched inmates. Owing to ill health and domestic trials, she did not renew her visits for three or four years; but during that time she was learning in the school of affliction to sympathise even more truly with the sufferings of others. Her next efforts were made in 1817, when she formed a school for the children of the prisoners and the young criminals. In a letter to her eldest sister, she expresses the interest

she took in the cause of these poor outcasts—'My heart, and mind, and time,' she says, 'are very much engaged in various ways. Newgate is a principal object; and I think, until I make some attempt at amendment in the plans for the women, I shall not feel easy; but if such efforts should prove unsuccessful, I think that I should then have tried to do my part, and be easy.' In the spring of this year an association was consequently formed for the 'Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate.' The object of this society was to provide clothing, employment, and instruction for the women. They were paid for their work, and received part of the money immediately, that they might procure any little comfort they needed; the rest was placed in the hands of the committee, as a reserve for future use. This plan was found highly beneficial, by occupying the time which had before been spent in gaming, drinking, and quarrelling.

Before these steps were taken, however, the city authorities were consulted. They expressed their approbation of the plans, but looked upon their realisation as hopeless, thinking that the prisoners would never be brought to submit to the restraints which such a change must impose upon them. But Mrs Fry collected the women together; and after having pointed out to them the advantages of industry and sobriety, and the pleasures of conscious rectitude—at the same time contrasting this picture by their own direful experience of the misery of vice—she told them that the ladies of the committee had not come to command their obedience, but had left their homes and families to intrude upon their good. She then asked if they were willing to act in concert with them, assuring them that not a rule should be made without their entire and united concurrence. Each rule was then put separately to the vote, and such was the effect of gentleness and reason even upon minds so untractable, that they were all unanimously carried.

Hitherto, a scene of riot and confusion had occurred on the occasion of removing the female convicts from Newgate in open wagons. The common sense of Mrs Fry revolted at this indecent exhibition, and she suggested that the removal should take place privately by means of hackney-coaches. The governors having acceded to the proposal, the experiment was tried, and it proved perfectly successful. When on board, Mrs Fry and the ladies of her party examined into the accommodation, and made many wise arrangements for the voyage; among others, materials for work were provided, which was to be sold for the benefit of the convicts on reaching the place of their destination. This was of more essential service to them than she was then aware of, for she afterwards learned from the chaplain of the colony at New South Wales that there was at that time no asylum provided for them on their arrival. A building has since then been erected, and many proper arrangements made for the preservation of the morals, and for the comfort of these unhappy beings.

In August 1818, Mrs Fry journeyed into the north of England and Scotland, accompanied by her brother Mr Joseph J. Gurney. They made a close examination into the state of the prisons in their route, and Mr Gurney published an account of these investigations, and laid before the magistrates at the various places a statement of facts, pointing out to them modes of improvement, which were in most instances adopted. Two years after, Mrs Fry took another journey into the north, and in many places was able to form committees of ladies to visit the female prisoners in their own county jails. 'The British Ladies' Society for Promoting the Reformation of Female Prisoners' was instituted soon after. Its object was to unite these branch societies in one body, that there might be systematic effort in the good work. This association has proved highly beneficial in many ways, by establishing houses of shelter for discharged prisoners who had no homes, and affording relief, part in the shape of a loan, and part as a gift, to such as were willing to earn an

honest living by their own exertions: also by founding schools of discipline for female vagrants and juvenile offenders, &c. &c. In the summer of 1824, in consequence of ill health, Mrs Fry made a stay of several months at Brighton. While here, she was much interested in the state of the poor around—both that of the numerous beggars and the resident poor in the neighbourhood. She had, a short time before, consulted with Dr Chalmers on the best method of assisting this class, and was therefore in some measure acquainted with his views: she now directed her attention to the subject, and 'District-Visiting Societies' were in consequence set on foot, to examine into and relieve real cases of want.

Her illness was attended by frequent attacks of faintness in the early morning, and she was at such times carried to an open window for the influence of the fresh breezes. The coast was visible from her chamber, and as she sat and watched the first gray streaks of dawn over the foaming ocean, or gazed on the dreary cliffs before her, only one living object was present to her view. This was the coast-guard, who paced with measured step the lonely beach. Her thoughtful and ever-active benevolence suggested means of benefiting these men, who were in a great measure shut out from intercourse with their fellow-creatures. One day, when passing near one of the stations, she ordered her coachman to stop, that she might make inquiries into their general condition. The man addressed, however, politely told her that he was not allowed to hold communication with any one whilst on duty. Fearing that this short colloquy might therefore bring him into trouble, she gave him her card, telling him to present it to his commanding officer. A few days after, the lieutenant in command called upon her, and offered to answer any inquiries. He informed her that the coast-guard were subject to many dangers and privations, being exposed to all weathers, as well as to the violence of the smugglers. She at once provided those in the vicinity with Bibles, and afterwards made strenuous efforts to obtain libraries for the use of all the men thus employed. She saw that the loneliness of their situation, and the absence of proper subjects for thought, together with their contact with lawless smugglers, must of necessity produce idle habits and fierce manners; and that, to prevent this moral evil, it was requisite to provide wholesome food for the mind. In consequence of her representations, a committee was formed for this object, and by means of a liberal grant from the government, and various subscriptions, upwards of 21,000 persons were supplied with religious and instructive books; 498 libraries were established for the stations on shore, containing 25,896 volumes; 74 also for districts, comprising 12,880 volumes; 48 others for cruisers, composed of 1867 volumes, beside 5357 numbers of pamphlets, and 6464 school-books for the use of the children of the crews; making a total of 52,466 volumes.

In 1835, Mrs Fry accompanied her husband on a journey into the south of England; and, as usual, it furnished objects of interest for that strangely active mind, which found 'sermons in stones, and good in everything.' When passing over Salisbury Plain, she noticed the monotonous life led by the numerous shepherds, and the thought suggested itself that libraries would be equally useful to them as to the coast-guards. She therefore stopped a short time at Amesbury, in order to form a library there; and the following letter, which was written a few months after by the person who had the charge of the books, will show the success of the plan:—'Forty-five books are in constant circulation, with the additional magazines. More than fifty poor people read them with attention, return them with thanks, and desire the loan of more, frequently observing, they think it a very kind thing indeed that they should be furnished with so many good books, free of all cost, so entertaining and instructive these long winter evenings.'

At Falmouth she witnessed the arrival and departure of different vessels and packets, and her benevolent

heart again pointed out the benefit to be derived from books, especially to those who have much time unemployed. By the co-operation of friends, chiefly the captains of the vessels, and generous grants from different societies, she was enabled to see this deficiency supplied, each packet being furnished with a box containing thirty volumes, which were changed from time to time. Captain Clavell kindly undertook the charge of this library, and one of his family sent the following account of it to Mrs Fry:—'Our library is getting on with much success: the men appear more anxious than ever to read. I cannot tell you how much we all feel indebted to you for your kindness and benevolent exertions, but particularly our poor sailors.' At a later period:—'I have delightful accounts from all the packets: the men really beg for the books. I wish I could show you a box just returned from sea; the books well thumbed, a proof, I should think, of their being read.'

Another object of interest to her was the naval hospitals; and by her influence libraries were introduced there likewise. Nor must we omit to mention the reading-room and library she formed, a short time before her death, whilst staying at the little village of Cromer for change of air. This was for the use of the fishermen in the neighbourhood, to draw them from the public-house; and though it was but a small experiment, it was entirely successful, and is full of encouragement and instruction to those who seek, on a larger scale, the deliverance of their fellows from the bonds of vice and idleness.

Mrs Fry had at this time the gratification of receiving numerous letters from officers of the coast-guard stations, informing her of the good resulting from her labours in this way. She had also many written expressions of gratitude and affection from the poor prisoners in Newgate, as well as cheering intelligence from New South Wales, several of the convicts having sent letters of thanks to her for the instruction she had given to them, and for the kind interest she had taken in their welfare. These things greatly encouraged her in her arduous undertakings, and showed that she had not mistaken her mission, though, in fulfilling it, she was obliged in some instances to step out of the conventional rules of her sex. She had much to endure from the narrow prejudices of some, and the illiberal judgment of others. Her noble self-sacrifices were attributed to low motives, and she was even charged with a neglect of her home duties. All this, however, was of little moment, for it could not overturn the obvious and practical results of her labours. If Mrs Fry had preferred the opinion of the world to the divine spirit of philanthropy which impelled her from within, she would have continued to dance and sing at least as long as the sun of life shone.

In 1828, a house of business in which Mr Fry was concerned failed. It was not the one which that gentleman personally conducted in St Mildred's Court, but it occasioned a loss so serious to him, as altogether to change the circumstances of the family. They were now obliged to give up Plashet House, and all the luxuries of affluence, and remove, after a short stay in London, to a comparatively humble dwelling in the vicinity of their late abode. The chief cause of regret to Mrs Fry arose from the fact of her being now unable to render assistance to the poor around, who had so long looked up to her as their friend, and being obliged also to withdraw her support from her school. Much sympathy was expressed in this hour of trial by those who had united with her in her labours of love, and many gratifying testimonies of esteem and affection were presented. Notwithstanding the diminished resources of this remarkable woman, she continued to devote her time to the cause so near her heart. In company with one or other of her brothers, she made fresh tours into Scotland and Ireland, and afterwards extended these journeys to several parts of the continent. Their object was not only to inspect the prisons, but also the lunatic asylums, national schools, and hospitals,

which were equally in need of improvement; and a vast amount of good resulted from their labours. Our limits will not allow of our entering into details respecting these journeys; but Mrs Fry and her brothers made personal appeals to the sovereigns of England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Hanover, and others, on behalf of suffering humanity. Nor did they forget the claims of the poor slave, but remonstrated with these exalted individuals on their countenancing the slave-trade in their colonies. They were received with courtesy, and many of their suggestions adopted. None could listen to Mrs Fry's simple eloquence, bold in its truthfulness, yet breathing the very soul of love, without being touched by it. The monarch felt that the beauty of sincerity surpassed the homage of the courtier; and the hardened heart of the criminal melted under the gentle influence of her nature, and felt the loveliness of virtue. That she experienced no self-exaltation at the universal respect which was shown to her, is obvious from many passages in her diary. At one time she says—'I have fears for myself in visiting palaces rather than prisons, and going after the rich rather than the poor, lest my eyes should become blinded, or I should fall away in anything from the simple, pure standard of truth and righteousness.'

Fatigue of body and mind had long been weakening her health, and in July 1843 her friends became alarmed. This illness continued, with short intervals of amendment, until October 1845, when her earthly career ended. All that affection could devise was done for her: she was taken from one watering-place to another; but nature was exhausted. In her sixty-sixth year she breathed her last at Ramsgate, deeply lamented not only by all who were bound to her by the ties of kindred, but by thousands whom her philanthropy had assisted, and her virtues had attached to her. When estimating the success of her labours, something must be attributed to the general spirit of improvement of the age; yet surely much praise is due to those individuals who nobly pioneer the way. At the time that Mrs Fry entered this field of labour, the prisons were in a lamentable state. Various causes had operated to destroy the good which Howard had laboured to effect, and the acts of parliament which were passed in consequence of his exertions had become a dead letter. The ground had therefore, as it were, to be trodden afresh, and for this work Mrs Fry was eminently qualified. Her warm, loving heart embraced the whole human family; but her chief object was to stretch forth the hand of encouragement to those of her own sex who were sunk in vice and misery, and to lead them to virtue and happiness.

ANECDOTE OF ALBONI.

Nor very long since there resided at Bologna a gentleman worthy in character, but of somewhat eccentric habits, whose age might be about forty-five. He had obtained a certain degree of celebrity in the musical world: his name was Rossini. Partial to tranquillity, good cheer, and solitude, his door for some years previous had been closed against a particular class of visitors; his *concierge* having received directions not to admit any lyrical composer—a little farther, and he might have written on the walls, 'No musician enters here.' Despite these injunctions, a young damsel one morning glided into his presence, bearing a letter of introduction. Rossini was furious, but his better feelings prevailed.

'What is your pleasure, mademoiselle?' asked he.

'To sing before you, monsieur, and to solicit your advice.'

'Eh, my poor child, you wish to sing? Why, no person sings now-a-days.'

'I have, however, a tolerable voice.'

'Pauvre petite! At her age doubts never intrude. Let me see; what can you sing—contralto or soprano?'

'Both, monsieur.'

'How! Both?'

'Certainly: anything you wish.'

'Do you know "Il Barbieri?"'

'By heart: I shall sing, if it pleases you, the air of Rosina and the *morceau* of the Calumny.'

'Ah, ah! the young rogue is merry,' muttered the composer, patting her cheek. 'What is your name?'

'Marietta.'

'Well, Marietta, open the piano, and sing whatever you choose.'

The young girl sat down, and accompanying herself, sang the grand air of Basile with the greatest steadiness and accuracy. Rossini was confounded. Without taking time to repose herself, she sought amongst the music ranged on the *pupitre*, and selected the air of Mathilda in 'Guillaume Tell,' which she executed with inconceivable expression, and with the same faultless precision as the former.

'The organ is superb!' exclaimed the composer, affectionately shaking her hands; 'but it must not remain idle. Study and sing, and heed not what persons say or do around you.'

This young girl, whose *début* in the arts was mainly owing to the undeviating kindness of Rossini, is the same who, a short time since, completely revolutionised the musical world of Paris. Her name is Alboni; the most extraordinary songstress, with the exception of Jenny Lind, that has been heard for thirty years.

Mademoiselle Alboni's character is a compound of winning frankness and strange caprice. Devoid of that self-love so common to other *artistes*, she willingly suits herself to any part assigned, provided the melody is such that she can do it justice.

She has often been compared to a German student, having all the *sans-froid* and courage usually attributed to that class. An amusing incident which occurred during her stay at Trieste is thus related:—Having heard on the day of her arrival that a cabal against her was being organized, she wended her way to the *estaminet*, and mingled amongst the conspirators; her short locks, full figure, and *dégagée* air, rendering it difficult to divine her sex.

'I am a stranger,' said Alboni, addressing herself to the Brutus of the cabal; 'but if there's fun on hand, count upon me.'

'Agreed!' was the reply. 'We are preparing to hiss down a cantatrice this evening.'

'What has she done—anything wicked?'

'We know nothing about her except that she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no singers here of whose reputations we are not the creators.'

'That appears to me fair enough: now as to the part I am to take in the affair?'

'Take this whistle; each of us carries a similar one. At a signal which will be given after the air of Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," you have but to add to the tempest which will be raised.'

'I comprehend;' and Alboni, faithful to her disguise, received from the hands of her dupe a pretty black whistle attached to a red ribbon.

That night the theatre bent under the weight of spectators. At the rising of the curtain, Almaviva and Figaro, two favourites, were listened to with attention; but when Rosina appeared in the scene in which she addresses the jealous tutor, a half-dozen whistles sounded their shrill notes through the house, unmindful of the signal to be given by the leaders of the cabal.

Alboni advanced to the foot-lights, and displayed the whistle suspended round her neck. 'Gentlemen,' said she with a smile, 'we must not hiss me, but the cavatina; you have commenced too soon!'

There was a moment of silence; then thunders of applause rang through the house. The cantatrice was that night recalled eleven times amidst showers of bouquets.

'I had no idea that you were aware of this cabal?'

said the director after the performance, as he kissed her hand.

'My dear *impresario*,' replied she, 'it is here as in politics—you must conduct the movement, or else be swept away.'

A STORM IN THE BALTIC.

SOME years ago, during a temporary residence in the small island of Sylt, on the coast of Schleswig-Holstein, I had an opportunity of witnessing the effects of a storm in the Baltic, of which I had often heard very strange things stated.

The season was autumn, and the weather had become broken and unpleasant. At length we had a day of incessant rain, accompanied with a gale which blew with considerable fierceness. Next day matters seemed approaching a crisis. The storm had fairly commenced operations. I shall never forget the scene which now presented itself. At the beginning of the hurricane, all the trees in the island were in full leaf, though tinted with autumnal hues. When the storm was over, vegetation seemed to be destroyed, the leaves being blackened and withered on the branches, and in a few days more, I was told, they would all fall off. Only a few, which had occupied peculiarly-sheltered positions, remained undestroyed; while some that the wind had whistled through in a particular direction had the one-half of their leafy crowns left as black as a coal, and the other quite uninjured. It was really a pitiful sight: one could almost fancy the wind must have had a poisonous breath. But the effect proceeded, it was said, from the long-continued violent shaking, which hindered the proper circulation of the juices, just as a human creature might be shaken to death; yet in the inland parts of Germany and in England trees are often shaken by the wind for days together without any such fatal consequence, and many of their coasts are as much exposed to gales from the North Sea. Can this injurious action take place only from the west? The first that went were, I perceived, the leaves of the chestnut trees; then followed the limes; and lastly the poplars and the willows. Those that endured it best were the black-thorns; and it is natural that the larger the leaves, and the more firmly attached to the branches, the more they suffer. Those of a long narrow shape, or which are very small and limpy, yield more easily to the storm, and feel it less.

When the wind had lasted a short time, the windows became covered with a coat of fine salt, like hoarfrost, and the lips and skin also acquired a salt taste. At the back of the house where I was staying there were some swallows' nests, in which the young ones now began to make a most pitiful and unusual noise. On going to see what was the matter, we found them all stretching their necks out of the nest, and the old birds flying a little way off, screaming, and evidently in great distress. It appeared that the violence of the wind prevented the parents from flying out in search of insects, and that they were consequently suffering from hunger. Our good-natured hostess, however, took pity on them, and chopped up a quantity of meat and bread crumbs to feed them till the storm was over. But it was not enough that this fierce gale should destroy the leaves and starve the birds: it had worse things in store for us.

On the second day we suddenly became aware, to our dismay, that the white surf, which we had been admiring, as it broke at some distance on the shore and the sandbanks, was now dashing up in the middle of the island. The sea had risen and covered the marshes, and towards evening a swift stream was rushing through the most fruitful part of the island, which unluckily was the lowest, and cutting it into two divisions, having opened a passage for itself from one bay to another.

The raging storm had lashed up the waters to such a height, that we could not distinguish whether the tide was in or out; it seemed to swell as much at ebb as at flood. The inhabitants of the island, not expecting such

a storm as this in the summer, had left their flocks out on the pastures, and it now became a question how to provide, if possible, for their safety.

The flooded country, which we were anxiously contemplating through the telescope, presented an interesting spectacle: the dark-gray waters were rushing in various directions across it, and leaving only numerous strips and patches of green visible, as far as the high *geest* land against which they were breaking. The cattle, horses, and sheep were crowded together on the spots still left for them; and the composed manner in which they were feeding formed a striking contrast to the excitement and agitation of their masters. It not unfrequently happens, indeed, that the people lose their lives in attempting to save those of their flocks. As night came on, the gale seemed to grow even fiercer, and it now became decidedly necessary to go to the help of some of the sheep.

I joined one of the men who were going out for this purpose, and we walked along towards the inner Hoff, where we hoped to be able to cross to where the animals had taken refuge; but we found an arm of the sea, which was rushing across with great fury. It was impossible to go that way, and we sought another passage, and got on some distance towards them by wading; but we soon found the water getting so deep, that we were compelled to give up our intention. The poor man was in a state of the greatest alarm—not for himself, but for his sheep; indeed our danger was no more than just sufficient to create a pleasant excitement: the sky was covered with clouds, and sea and land seemed mingled together in the thick darkness. As we passed along the edge of the *geest*, or high heathly land, we perceived on the little border of reeds around it that the water was lower than it had been; and at midnight the shepherd went out again, as he said if his sheep were drowned, he should still perhaps be able to save their skins. This time, however, I was not his companion; another man went with him, and I returned and passed the remainder of the night in smoking, and listening to my host's stories of perils in the great deep. His house, fortunately for us, lay very high, on a tongue of firm *geest* land.

On the following morning we heard much of the sufferings of the night. One of the islanders had lost ten sheep, one thirteen, another his whole flock; and the bodies of many were carried in mournful procession into the village. I could not help, however, admiring the patience of the people. There was no loud complaining, and still less any cursing; but all showed sober patience and resignation, although their sheep are almost their only possessions. Several vessels had been wrecked in the night on or near the island, and indeed we had heard guns fired, but had no means of giving assistance.

As we rode along the shore we passed two of the wrecks. The crews of these had got safe to land; and the captain of the one, still dripping wet, was standing answering a long string of questions put to him by the *strandvoegt*, or steward of the shore, who was driving about the sands in a little light one-horse carriage, with wheels of three yards' diameter. 'Whence had he come? What was the name of his vessel? What was his cargo? Why he was lying there? How came he to go ashore?' &c.; though the still howling wind might perhaps have answered the two latter questions for him. At a short distance further on we found the next wreck. It was a little Dutch vessel; and, like other aquatic creatures, the captain had made himself quite at home on the waves: he had had his wife and baby on board. These had been deposited safely in a cottage; and the father, a grown-up son, and a boy, were busy getting what they could out of the wreck. Here lay a little iron stove; there a blue-painted corner cupboard, a copper tea-kettle, and a china teapot, with cups, &c. thereunto belonging, besides a tub of butter, a cheese, and an old loaf. Sometimes one of them would return with nothing better than a pair of trousers, a

tumbler, or some little garment of the baby's; but they continued their work, though the sea was still breaking over their vessel, so that they got many a shower-bath.

A little farther on we came to a large mast that had evidently been cut away. The marks of the hatchet were still fresh upon it; but of the vessel to which it had belonged there was not a trace. Probably it had gone entirely to pieces, and the crew been scattered like chaff before the wind.

THE ICARIAN PARADISE LOST.

For a number of years, a M. Cabet in Paris carried on a delusion which has ended as badly as all knew it would, the dupes of the delusion alone excepted. Whether M. Cabet was a rogue or a fool, or a mixture of both, is a matter of little consequence. He was one of those men who alleged that the competitive system of society is all wrong, and that Communism, or a general partition of goods in common, is the only means of earthly happiness. In order to practise what he preached, he induced a large number of credulous people to make an investment in an American Utopia called Icaria, to which they proceeded in shiploads by way of New Orleans.

It always appeared to us that Icaria had no real existence, but it now seems to have a locality somewhere in Texas; and here, on this happy spot, Communism was at length to have a fair start. Alas! evil tidings have reached France respecting the Icarians; and M. Cabet is denounced as a most perfidious individual; though he still carries on his plans, and is not without supporters among the Red Republicans. Let the following account of Icarian affairs, transcribed from the 'Journal des Débats' and other papers into the 'Times,' not be lost on those who give ear to schemes for reconstructing society:—

Several articles in the American papers, and some letters that we have partly republished, have made our readers acquainted with the fate of the unfortunates who, excited to fanaticism by the doctrines of M. Cabet, had the deplorable temerity to abandon their homes, their trades, and their families, to go and found in the solitudes of the New World the Paradise of Icaria—that "new Jerusalem" whence were to arise the salvation and happiness of the human race. We thought these afflictive disclosures would have provoked explanations, or at least a reply, from the man who is accused as the author of so many misfortunes; and without really yielding any credence to the extravagant and immoral Utopias of M. Cabet, we hoped that he would at all events be able to prove that these deplorable narratives were exaggerated. We were deceived, however, and we still wait—for we cannot view as serious the letter addressed to several of our contemporaries by forty-nine adepts of the Icarian doctrines, who protest, in the most vague, but violent terms, against those whom they call traitors. We certainly do not question the good faith of the subscribers of this letter, but they must have been aware that abuse is no answer to precise and definite accusations, and that they ought, for the honour of the school, to have opposed to the facts specified allegations no less positive.

As for M. Cabet, he keeps aloof, just as if he were a party not concerned in the matter at all. Disdaining to reflect on such miseries, he continues his labours with the same ardour as before, and if we are to believe public report, he is still urging the departure of new colonists—that is to say, of new victims for his chimerical Icaria. We have no power to prevent these unfortunates from rushing to their ruin; we know of no other available jurisdiction in this affair than that of the press; but we deem it our duty to lay before the public such facts as have come before us, in order that the tribunal of opinion may be in a position to pronounce, with a full knowledge of the circumstances, on the merits of the Icarian doctrine and its prophet.

Were anything wanting to substantiate the intelligence of the utter ruin of Icaria and its victims, it would be found in what follows from the 'Echo of Louisiana' of November 29:—

"Thirty more colonists arrived from France last Sunday, to re-establish the republic of Icaria. The blindness of these poor people is truly incomprehensible; for our readers are aware that all those who reached the promised land have been obliged to abandon it, and have succeeded with great difficulty in regaining our city, the majority being reduced to the greatest distress.

"These new-comers have met those who preceded them, and the latter have given them a sad description of the dreadful state to which they would be reduced if they continued their journey to Texas. You perhaps imagine that this gloomy account frightened the new colonists. By no means! These unhappy wretches must have been fanaticised by M. Cabet. It is in vain to point out to them the emaciated and ragged ex-emigrants in question, or to urge them to halt—go they will, and nothing will stop them! They do not believe the assertions of their old companions; and the picture of the sufferings which await them is regarded as a frightful falsehood, invented by paid agents of the French government, in order to prevent the foundation of the Icarian colony.

"Poor idiots! Some of them, however, have come to the conclusion that there may be some truth, after all, in these narratives; for if Icaria were a country of eternal felicity, why should their predecessors have left it to come and die of starvation at New Orleans? Many would have gladly remained, but before sailing, they had been so simple as to confide their money to the agents of M. Cabet, and they wished to recover at least a part of it. The purse of M. Cabet, however, is a gulf far more profound than that of the ocean on which his adepts are wafted to the scene of his delusions. Never has a single one of the one hundred sous pieces, of which the worthy high priest of Icaria virtuously deigns to despoil his victims before sending them to the promised land, been returned to the pockets of the owner.

"As to the unhappy chosen ones who have reached this land of enchantment, they in vain consign M. Cabet to perdition. M. Cabet seems to pursue his career in France notwithstanding, despatching fresh recruits after having despoiled them like the rest. His only occupation is to obtain as many as possible, to accompany them to the place of embarkation, and to give them his paternal blessing. As soon as the sails are set, Cabet exclaims—"Ic missa est!"—"Go, the race is played!" He then returns to Paris, and eats and drinks to the prosperity of the happy Icarians whom he has just despatched to starvation in the backwoods of Texas. In our opinion, M. Cabet alone can claim the pompous title of "the first Robert Macaire of transportation."

"The first victims that he has despatched to us did not obtain a single sou to remain here, and they then decided to push on to Texas—a further instance of insanity in our opinion. They did not reason; their faith in Cabetism is perfect.

"What! They are running to Icaria, where they know that distress awaits, and will be fatal to them, if it do not drive them back again more miserable than ever. And wherefore? To get back their money? Not so; for they are aware that all is lost. No matter; they are setting out for Icaria; so stick a pin there.

"If these unfortunates had reflected a little, they would have seen that they must make the best of the deceit thus practised upon them; and if they had set to work, they would have made another fortune, instead of going to endure acute sufferings for twelve weeks, and then returning hither sick and destitute.

"One of them, a member of the second vanguard, and who has now (as he poetically expresses it) had his bellyful of Communism, informed us that there was no slavery to equal Communism in action. No idea can be formed of it: for example, there is not soup enough for everybody; so it is given to the dogs, in order that no jealousy may be excited amongst the Socialist guests! At table, each individual watches—not his own plate, but that of his neighbour, and generally discovers that the pittance of the latter is larger than his own! Each must have the same appetite and the same tastes, for the morsels of food are weighed and measured, and all must eat of the same dish. So much the worse if you have a keen appetite, for you have only your own portion; whilst those (a rare occurrence amongst the Communists) whose stomachs are not so sharp-set, throw the superfluous part of their provender to the dogs, for the same reason as before—to prevent jealousy. "We were told," added our friend from Icaria, "that Icaris was a wonderful city, which utterly distanced Paris and Capua in luxury and sensual gratifications. When we arrived, however, we only found a few huts, open to all the winds of heaven and all the inclemencies of the weather. Thousands of acres of land were to have been sown—so we were told. But what was the fact? We found fifty square leagues of ground, in which they had planted five hundred

radishes, of which not a single one appeared above the soil!" Such is Icaria. It is the pendant to the Botany Bay of Great Britain; with this difference, that instead of transporting thieves thither to live, they send out plundered dupes to die.

"Such was the account given by our ex-Communist of this promised land. What a picture!"

TRIFLES.

ONE Saturday night we listened to a very amusing discourse, the tendency of which was to show, that although no one should be a trifle, yet that every one should be attentive to trifles. A trifle was defined to be one who habitually gives up his time and attention to things that are, or that ought to be, beneath his notice; while a trifle was said to be something insignificant in itself, yet capable of producing important results. By way of illustration, an incident in the life of Lafitte, the great French banker, was quoted. Lafitte, in 1787, entered Paris as a poor peasant boy; his introduction to that career in which he was afterwards so eminently successful was owing to a mere trifle. M. Perregaux, to whom he applied on his arrival for employment, at first rejected his suit; but on seeing the youth, while crossing the courtyard of the hotel, disappointed and rejected, suddenly stop, pick up a pin, and carefully stick it in the cuff of his coat, the man of money was moved, the petitioner was recalled, and after a few minutes' conversation, appointed to a vacant post in the office. In 1804 Lafitte became the partner of Monsieur Perregaux; and subsequently obtained the entire direction of the bank. After enjoying the highest civic honours of his country, he died a millionaire in the year 1844; owing his extraordinary success in life, probably, to the habit, early formed, of never neglecting the most trivial thing likely to be useful.

The falling of an apple from a tree is said to have occasioned the discovery of the laws of gravitation: apples had fallen many many times, no doubt, before Sir Isaac Newton seated himself in his arm-chair in his orchard; but until that afternoon, it would seem that no one accustomed to regard even trifles with attention had noticed the circumstance. 'History, if referred to,' said the lecturer, 'would afford numberless instances of the veriest trifles producing peace or war, entailing prosperity or adversity for whole generations.' As an instance how far even civilisation is affected by trifles, an anecdote from Sir Francis Head's narrative of his governorship of Canada was cited. 'At a certain season of the year,' continued the speaker, 'if my memory serves me, Sir Francis Head says that a little fly appears upon the prairies, and torments the wild animals there terribly. To escape its sting they flee to the forests, and hide in its recesses; the Indian follows, and to drive out his game, sets fire to the underwood. He obtains his venison and buffalo hump, but loses his hunting-ground; for as the land is thus cleared, the white man advances, and his red brethren are compelled to retreat further before him.'

The lecturer next touched upon the influence of trifles in promoting or destroying domestic happiness; and concluded by explaining a few such phrases as: a man ought to be above trifles, &c. B—Y.

[We take the above from an interesting little paper called the *Queenwood Reporter*, published periodically at Queenwood College, near Stockbridge, Hants, and which purports to consist of articles written by the pupils of that establishment. We have heard much of Queenwood, as agreeably uniting the character of a home with that of a public academy for boys.]

MINERAL CAMELEON.

If one part of the black oxide of manganese, and three parts of the nitrate of potash, both reduced to powder, be mixed together, and thrown into a red-hot crucible, and continued there until no more oxygen gas is disengaged, a greenish friable powder is obtained called *mineral cameleon*, from its property of changing colour during its solution in water. If a small quantity of this powder be put into a glass of water, the solution is first blue; oxide of iron then separates, and by its yellow colour renders the fluid green; this subsiding, the blue reappears; then, as the oxide of manganese absorbs oxygen from the atmosphere, it becomes reddish, brownish, and at last black. It then subsides, and leaves the fluid colourless. Again, if hot water be

poured upon this singular substance, a beautiful green solution will be produced, whereas cold water will give one of a deep purple. These changes depend upon the various states of oxydization which the metal acquires by change of temperature. In the first formation of this compound, care should be taken that no sulphur comes in contact with it; as the addition of a very small portion of sulphuret of potash would counteract its effects.—*Parkes's Chemical Catechism.*

SONNET.

Who hath not treasured something of the past—
The lost, the buried, or the far away?
Twined with those heart-affections which outlast
All save their memories—those outlive decay!
A broken relic of our childhood's play,
A faded flower, that long ago was fair—
Mute token of a love that died untold!
Or silken curl, or lock of silvery hair—
The brows that bare them long since in the mould!
Though these may call up griefs that else had slept,
Their twilight sadness o'er the soul to bring;
Not every tear in bitterness is wept,
While they revive the drooping flowers that spring
Within the heart, and round its ruined temples cling.

J. CRAIG.

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION-BRIDGES BY THE CHINESE
1600 YEARS AGO.

The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at this early period, is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shang-leang, the commander-in-chief of the army under Kaou-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shen-se, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, 'flying-bridges,' and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high, that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shen-se stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying-bridges are so wide, that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries in China made known the fact, more than a century and a-half ago, that the Chinese had suspension-bridges, and that many of them were of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Thornton's History of China.*

TIME.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun goes on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait a while, that he may, at the harvest, receive with advantage.—*Owen Fellham, 1636.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. & A. G. 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 275. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

MOVERS AND RESISTERS.

We lately endeavoured to trace the natural bases of political partizanship in certain characters of mind. We may now go on to remark that the same peculiarities of temper and thinking which determine for a man which colour he is to wear at elections, or on which side of the House of Commons he is to take his seat, rule his choice as well in scientific matters. Philosophy has its Whigs and Tories, its Radicals and its Nondescripts; and if doctrines of all kinds were as regularly subjected to votes as is the case with political questions, we should be not less able to foretell the places of our friends in the division list, than the best whipper-in ever was to vaticinate on the fate of any ministerial motion in parliament.

It is a curious circumstance that Resisters of all kinds always believe themselves to be the representatives of the Movers of a former age. The unfortunate Conservatives of the Reform-Bill era went to the martyrdom of their defeat under the conviction that they were the true Whigs of 1688. The modern possessors of that title they held to be a degenerate race, who were seeking to destroy the very fabric which their venerated predecessors had reared with so much trouble and so much wisdom. 'We,' said they, 'though you call us Tories, are in reality the protectors, and, alas! the only remaining protectors, of what the Whigs did in the days of William of Orange.' This was true in the letter; but at a cool moment we must own that it was not true in spirit. Whatever might be the merits of the question so keenly agitated in 1831-2, no reasonable person can doubt that if Somers, and Seymour, and Halifax, had been summoned from the grave to take a new lease of political existence, they would, with the dispositions we know they possessed, have ranked themselves, not beside Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst, but Lord John Russell and Lord Durham. To think otherwise is to suppose men more true to a lifeless word or phrase than to their own inborn impulses, which all experience is opposed to. So also in some of the ecclesiastical questions of the last few years, we have occasionally heard the stand-still, or defensive party, referring with pride to great reforming names of a former age as the glory of their cause, when it was more than doubtful whether those reformers, if recalled to life, would have taken their side. The fallacy consists in overlooking the change of ideas and of the relations of things which has taken place since the time of the persons referred to, and in failing to see that these persons, if now alive, would have something to judge of very different from what they had in their own day. If still actuated by the dispositions which they manifested in their former life, they would judge of the matters submitted to them

under the bias of those dispositions, and determine according as these were affected by the new circumstances. Thus we can imagine a great founder of some particular form of external religion, after three centuries, taking part against the very system he had founded, seeing that it did not, in its new relations, fulfil the end he had originally in view. Perhaps, indeed, there is scarcely any such system which would at the end of three centuries obtain the full sanction of the very persons who, at the beginning of the period, were its most zealous advocates and defenders. That duty would in general have to be left to a different class of minds.

One can easily see how precisely it is the same phenomenon, when a stand-still party of scientific men seek to shelter themselves under the prestige of some great man of former days, whose doctrines, originally themselves an innovation, are now predominant. The opponents of the natural classification of plants wielded against it the authority of Linnæus, whose system was so very different. But Linnæus was in his day exactly such an innovator as Jussieu was afterwards. The improvement which he effected was as great as could be expected of any one man in his day; but it was not all that was capable of being made. Much remained to be done, and no one knew this better than Linnæus himself. When Jussieu, passing from the artificial arrangement of the Swedish naturalist, brought plants into the association of their natural affinities, he only took the next proper step in the process. The haters of improvement affected to rally round Linnæus, whose name was a tower of strength. But would Linnæus, if still alive, have stood up for his own system as against that of Jussieu? Very improbable, seeing that his mind was essentially active and progressive, and therefore apt to adopt exactly such novelties as this. We can scarcely, we think, be going far wrong when we affirm that many a man to this day patronises Linnæus in a degree for which that great man would blush were he capable of appreciating the superior system of the French botanist.

Aristotle, as we all know, was at one time a kind of religion to the learned world. When a new system came into notice, it was held as a sort of heresy. Men professed to defend their ancient master, as they would have defended the temples or images of the gods against a barbarian enemy. But no one now-a-days can study the character of the Stagyrte philosopher, and doubt that, if he had lived in the sixteenth century of the Christian era, he would not have been an Aristotelian. Far more probably, he would have defended De la Ramée in the Sorbonne, when that extraordinary genius was seeking to undermine his own method of logic. So, also, when the Cambridge doctors held out for him against Bacon, we cannot doubt that he would have

himself been the leading Baconian. He would have astonished them by giving up his own books. Bacon, again, if now living, would probably be busy with some improvements upon the inductive method; some expansion of it, or some ascension above it, which, were it to be propounded by any nameless man of our day, would, beyond question, be denounced as a heterodoxy with respect to the actual ideas of Bacon.

The fact is, in such cases, minds of very different calibre are concerned. The original mover was a great man; the resisters are small men. The latter can take up an idea, and make food of it, when once it has received a stamp from authority or from age; but they cannot truly judge of it, or of the character of its originator. Had they been his contemporaries, they would have been his greatest opponents and vituperators—resisting the very doctrines which now they hold fast as they would their most valued possessions. It is the fate of the great man to be before his age, of the small men to be behind theirs. The ideas of a great man, at first difficult of acceptance, acquire in time a wide prevalence. They may then be regarded as in harmony with the general mind to which they are addressed. As the general mind advances, they fall behind, and then it is that they become suitable for the tribe of Resisters. Then is the time of the dotage of ideas, and it is of course as absurd to appeal from a new idea to one in this state, as it would be to endeavour to correct a man in the prime and vigour of his days by showing how his bedrid grandfather would have conducted himself in similar circumstances. The true and just appeal is not to what the great man of a former age has said on a particular subject, for everything he has said must bear a character from the circumstances and prevalent ideas of his own time; but to the spirit of the man. We must call into court the Aristotelian mind, or the Baconian mind, as a mere instrument, and endeavour to imagine what would be the tune which would flow from it under the existing circumstances, after it had been duly adjusted to the pitch of a new and advanced age. It is difficult to imagine this. Well, then, put it entirely out of court, and endeavour to decide the question otherwise. But if the great dead are to be brought forward at all, undoubtedly this is the only right way in which they can be brought forward.

Akin to the fallacy here described is that of the plunder of bygone times. When he praises some feature of a past age, as a thing whose extinction is to be regretted, because there is nothing now like it, he is usually under a complete mistake. It is only the narrowness of his own judgment which prevents him from seeing that, in as far as any such thing is now needed, its place is filled by something of an analogous or corresponding character, which perhaps serves the end even better. What is more, if this person had lived in the past age referred to, it is probable that the feature which he now deplores as extinct would have affected him disagreeably as an innovation. He only can love it because he cannot see it. On the regret sometimes expressed by romantically-inclined persons for the system of chivalry, we take leave to quote some remarks which appear to us, strikingly just:—'To lament its extinction, still more to affect the restoration of its outward semblance, is not only childishly to attempt a reversal of the march of wisely-ordered events, but to militate against the very spirit from which the system attempted to be recorded first arose, and to which, while prevalent, it owed its short-lived existence—the spirit of improvement upon worse manners, and yet

more imperfect institutions of an earlier date. As in every other system in which the better principles imparted to man have been more or less perverted by his weakness, his ignorance, his attempt to restrict that which was intended to be universal, and to individualise that which was destined for the common good of all—whatever was worth preserving in those days, to which some even in the present time are fond of reverting as the epochs of the truest glory of our race, still lives among us—lives a nobler and more vigorous life. It is but the false and the imperfect, the vain and the useless, the deceptive and the dangerous, which has been irrevocably swept away. In return, therefore, to the lament that the age of chivalry is gone, we may truly reply that we have a better and a nobler chivalry of our own—a chivalry which, if it watches no more in steel, and wields no weapons of mortal warfare within the field of actual contention, has its vigils and struggles yet more painful in their character, and undertaken for a far higher end—which, if it no longer traverses sea and land, the tempestuous ocean and the parching desert, to seek

"In Calvary Him dead who lives in Heaven,"

often goes forth into painful exile in lands yet more remote—or, nearer home, confronts the ghastliness of misery and the perilous atmosphere of contagion and death, to multiply living monuments to the common Lord of Christianity in the recovering from crime and ignorance, from anguish and disease, those over whom—as far as their improvement, whether mental or physical, is concerned—every revolution of society has hitherto passed almost in vain—which sees, moreover, in difference of faith or of nation, no longer, as formerly, fresh pretexts for warfare and extermination, but rather motives for closer intercourse, and a wider exercise of the common law of charity and love.*

The characters of men might be regarded as so many casts from a certain number of moulds. The individual men change in generations; but the moulds remain, and the characters accordingly are continually reproduced. Two similar events, or relations of circumstances, in two distant ages, are surrounded by perfectly similar characters, though by different flesh and blood. Let there be a persecution for opinion in our age, and men precisely corresponding to the distinguished inquisitors of old, and to all their subordinate instruments, would immediately appear. Let there be a new attack on France in circumstances precisely similar to those of 1792-3, and we should have a new Robespierre and Marat, a new set of Girondins, and finally, when the crisis was nigh past, a new Tallien and Barras. In the recent Revolution, the men whose character would have fitted them for a Committee of Public Safety have been, under the totally different direction which things have taken, remanded to the obscurity of the Parisian jails, instead of being drawn on to dictate who should live and who should die. In his play of the 'Baptistes' George Buchanan introduces two Pharisees, Malchus and Gamaliel, who do the hero to death on fallacious grounds which may be supposed. Without in the least violating the truth of the picture, the poet is understood to have described under these names two of the leading doctors of the ancient faith of his own day—the kind of men by whom Hamilton and Wishart in Scotland, and

* From a paper recently read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester, by J. F. Hollings, Esq.

Cranmer and Latimer in England, were adjudged to the flames. In our age, we have no such fierce controversies going on, and no such tremendous punishments for opinion inflicted; but amidst those which we have, it is not difficult to distinguish the Malchuses and Gamaliels, or the men at least who would fill those parts if the times were in a temper to call them into full development.

THE GOLD-SEEKER AND THE WATER-SEEKER.

A MEXICAN NARRATIVE.

BY PERCY D. ST JOHN.

At no great distance from the city of Chihuahua, in a vast plain, is a small village in the centre of a deep wood, almost wholly unknown save to the wandering hunter, and the few inhabitants who dwell in its poor huts. It is called Torpedo. Twenty sheds, with roofs, it is true, but with scarcely any walls save on the northern side, composed, with one exception, the small hamlet. A neat wooden hut stood aloof from the rest, marking an advanced degree of civilisation which excited the wonder, but not the emulation, of the happy but idle and poverty-stricken Mexicans. This hut had been built by an American who, having taken to the woods after a quarrel in the capital, had selected this obscure retreat for himself and his two boys, now orphan youths of nineteen and twenty. The Mexicans did as their fathers did before them: they planted a little maize and a few vegetables; they caught wild horses, and hunted enough to procure what was strictly necessary; and after this meed of exertion, thought themselves justified in spending their leisure hours, at least nine months in the year, in smoking, drinking *pulque*, and gambling for the few rags which they managed to procure in exchange for a little surplus maize, some fowls, and other commodities which their wives and daughters took to the market of Chihuahua. Zealous and Patient Jones, the lads above-mentioned, were very far from being satisfied with this state of existence. They worked six days in the week, they went to market themselves, they took there six times as much produce as did any other two men in Torpedo; they bartered tobacco—the vaporous luxury of all idle nations and idle people—against maize and wild turkeys, and at the time we speak of, bade fair to make of the lethargic village a place of trade, and hence a place of prosperity. Though only just emerging from boyhood, they could have bought the whole village, inhabitants and all.

But Zealous and Patient Jones had no such vast desires; and of all the men, women, and children residing in the hamlet, they coveted only the possession of two. These were Zancetta and Julietta, the daughters of the alcalde or mayor of the small locality. Zealous loved Zancetta, and Patient loved Julietta. Their affection was warmly returned, and nothing was wanting to their felicity but the passage of a year, when it was agreed that all parties would have arrived at their years of discretion, which, however, are oftener supposed to be reached than really attained.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and the brothers sat at their door enjoying the refreshing breeze wafted over the trembling tree-tops, and odorous with floral richness. They were talking of the future, and of the world of which they knew so little, when a horseman suddenly appeared before them. He wore a costume which was not of the country, and had features which reminded them in their character of their departed parent. They rose as the traveller halted before their hut, and asked, in very bad Mexican, the way to Chihuahua. Zealous hurriedly replied in English that it was eleven miles off.

'I expect you're countrymen,' said the horseman, much surprised.

'We are from New York State,' replied Zealous.

'Well, that's pleasant. I'm dead beat, so is my horse. Will you give a countryman a shake-down for a night?'

The young men eagerly proffered their hut; and while one held the horse's head, the other assisted the traveller to dismount. Mr Bennett, a merchant who travelled

annually to Mexico, was the visitor the hospitable Americans had received; and it was difficult to say who derived most pleasure from the meeting. Mr Bennett was delighted with the candour of the young men; they with his conversation and knowledge. He gave them glowing descriptions of the world; of the power and advantages of wealth; of the delights of an existence among one's fellows; and in fact so fired their imaginations, that when he sought his Mexican grass hammock, the brothers were wholly unable to sleep. They talked, they thought of nothing save the world; and when the traveller quitted them next day, they felt for the first time impatient and discontented.

'I have a great mind to turn *gambusino*, and go gold-hunting in the mountains,' said Zealous. 'I should like to become rich, and return to my native land.'

'For me,' cried Patient, less wild and fiery than his elder brother, 'I could wish to find some hidden spring in yonder forests, and there found a village.' The country was bare of water, and a spring in the wood was a treasure which enabled the fortunate finder to fertilise a vast property, if he had enterprise sufficient to carry out his plan.

'It would be scarcely worth abandoning our home for that,' said the ambitious Zealous, and the conversation dropped. But the thoughts remained, and at the end of a week Zealous had become so infatuated, and so restlessly eager to become rich, that taking a horse, a rifle, powder, shot, a mattock, and a few clothes, he started towards the far-distant mountains without even bidding adieu to his brother or Zanetta, so alarmed was he that his visionary enterprise should be prevented.

Though Zealous had quitted humble prosperity, gentle and real happiness, to go run the world for mere money, he was no common youth. He had genius, courage, and determination, and his whole conduct displayed these qualities. From time immemorial, it had been a tradition that the far-off mountains were full of gold, and regularly every year some ardent and young spirits started in search of the precious metal, to meet only with death or disappointment. Few returned, and of these few none ever brought any portion of gold worth the labour of their search. They hinted at vast treasures discovered in places so distant and difficult, as to preclude their being reached with mules or horses, and returned to the search with renewed zest, but always alone, each man expecting to be the fortunate one, and refusing to share his visioned wealth with a partner. Zealous Jones knew all this, and was determined to take warning by the fate of his fellows. He travelled slowly and steadily, used as little as possible of his powder and shot, and when he killed game, bore away the remains to be eaten with wild fruits, berries, and the esculent roots of the tropics. He was careful, too, of his horse, and reached the entrance of the hilly regions without having violently fatigued man or beast. He then rested two days in the mouth of a sublime gorge of the mountains, where cliff and rock, tree and water, height and vastness, all combined to give grandeur to the scene. But Zealous thought little of the magnificent landscape: his eye, wandering over the green plains behind, seemed to wish to pierce space, and discover, five hundred miles behind, the forms of his brother and his affianced wife. Once or twice his heart was touched; but a glance at the mighty ramparts of the gold region roused within him other thoughts, and he still advanced on his perilous journey.

Months passed, and Zealous was still wandering in the hills, now ascending steep gorges, now precipitous cliffs, that forced him to abandon his faithful horse to graze at their feet; now leaving him a whole day to feed the length of his tether while he explored the rugged hills, matted in hand, in search of gold; now travelling over lofty table-plains: now resting in delicious valleys scarce if ever trod before by the foot of man; but never finding a trace of the treacherous metal that had lured him from home. Zealous was getting gaunt and thin, his clothes were in rags, his horse was lame, and his ammunition was nearly all spent, having only lasted until now because Zealous had starved himself to spare it.

Overcome by these considerations, he determined to

make a halt in a green valley watered by a stream that formed a pool in the centre. He bathed his hardy steed, examined his feet, and left him to graze unbound, quite certain of his not leaving the valley, and took himself to the water. He floated an hour in the warm sun on the surface of the water, and then struck for the shore, on the banks of which something sparkling made his heart leap. He tore up a handful, and the glittering globules of pure gold revealed the riches of the valley. To dress, to seize his mattock, to tear up the ground, was the work of an instant. The whole mass was full of the precious metal; and forgetting all cares, Zealous began his work of gold-washing and digging. A mattock, a basket of green-willow boughs—such were all his tools; but a month's arduous labour put him in possession of a heap of treasure perfectly marvellous. He now thought of returning, when the fatal idea entered his head—how was his treasure to be removed? Zealous stood speechless with astonishment and despair. His horse, though fattened by a month's rest, was unable to bear much more than himself and his heavy rifle. He accordingly resolved to take a little, bury the rest, and return to the settlements in search of assistance. He accordingly restored the precious heap to its former position, mounted his steed with a small parcel of gold, and began his journey back. It was difficult and painful. Hunger came upon him, his ammunition was all spent, and a few days made him despair of reaching home. A fever and ague, contracted in the mountains, came strong upon him, and his mind began to wander. He gained at length the vast forest that bordered his home, but at nightfall was exhausted with sickness and fatigue. He alighted, lit a fire with difficulty, and lay down beside it to die. The fever was raging, and he lost consciousness.

When he recovered, he was in a comfortable bed in a large farmhouse, with every sign of opulence and wealth. Patient and his wife were beside him. His brother had sought his fire from curiosity in time to save him. The greeting was warm on both sides, and Zealous found to his surprise that he had been more than a year absent. The young man looked wistfully at his brother and at Julietta, who pressed to her bosom an infant a month old. 'Zanetta is married too,' he said with a deep sigh. A sob behind the curtains was his answer, and the faithful girl was kneeling next minute by his couch. The gold-seeker, when an hour had been given to unconnected greetings, asked his brother's history. Patient replied that his grief on the departure of his brother had almost deprived him of reason, but that Julietta had made him cling to life. He resolved, however, to go a journey; and burying himself in the forest, sought as diligently for water as his brother did for gold. A month's search rewarded him. A spring, bubbling at a tree foot, was found, and here he took up his dwelling, married Julietta, hired all the youths of the old village, and was now master of the richest *hacienda* or farm in all the country. Zanetta, true to her first affection, had come to live with them.

'And so will I,' cried the gold-seeker. 'I have gold enough to buy a vast herd of cattle; that is my share. We will be partners once more, brother; and if Zanetta will forgive—'

A smile was his answer. The water-seeker now asked his narrative, which he frankly told. Zanetta shuddered at the dangers he had incurred, Prudent wondered at the gold; but all joined to dissuade Zealous from again risking his life in the dangerous occupation of a gambusino. He cordially agreed; and a month after, the tie of husband came to bind him more strongly to home. The gold he had brought made them amply wealthy; every happiness was around them; love, duty, prosperity, a life without a care, made the hacienda in the woods a little paradise. But the very calmness of this existence acted unfavourably on the ambitious Zealous, who could not feel the reasoning and solid enjoyment of his brother the water-seeker. He thought of his vast treasure in the hills, grew silent and moody, spoke little to his wife, and one day disappeared with five horses and as many sacks, taking this time ample ammunition and some food.

Leaving the inhabitants of the hacienda to their grief, we follow the wild gambusino, who travelled for some days with intense rapidity, for fear of being pursued. It was only at the foot of the mountains that he halted. As before, he stayed two days; but this repose over, he no longer went searching through the mountains, but led his five horses straight towards the unknown valley. After many days of arduous and painful travelling it was found, and Zealous had the delight of finding also his treasure untouched. Two days were devoted to rest and to packing his gold in the sacks provided, one of which he placed on each horse, that he himself mounted bearing the lightest.

When the gold-seeker started on his return, the arid season of the hot days had commenced; the grass was scorched up, and scarce a drop of water could be found. Zealous travelled rapidly, but this acted fatally, for on the fifth day one horse dropped with heat, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and more than a fifth part of his treasure was lost. To load the other horses with it was vain; the poor animals, parched with thirst, staggered under their present load. Zealous, with a deep sigh, abandoned his gold, and struck across the desert towards the distant forest. No water was found that day, and at night both man and beast were raging with thirst. They halted in a sycamore grove, the dewy leaves of which at nightfall slightly restored Zealous, who, however, found another horse unable to move. Rage, despair in his heart, the young miser pursued his journey; but on arriving a whole day's journey distant from the forest, his whole caravan had broken down. The gold-seeker, mad, his brain fevered by the heat and by disappointment, turned back on foot. His senses seemed gone; and when he reached the first stage where he found a carcass, his mind was really affected, for he wildly strove to drag the gold towards home. From this moment his senses were utterly lost. He flew back on the trace of his fatal treasure; he ate roots, horse-flesh, and berries, and at last reached the spot where lay the last horse. His day was spent in frenzied efforts to drag the sack of gold onwards, his night in sleeping with it for a pillow; and in this state he was found by his brother and a mounted party, who found him after a long and weary search.

It was many months ere the gold-seeker was restored to health and consciousness, and then sad was the result. He seemed a premature old man; his wife vainly strove to charm him; and but for the constant watch set upon him, he would again have started on his perilous and mad enterprise. The water-seeker clearly saw the cause of his brother's grief; but he said nothing, continuing calmly his course, and reaping every day the reward of his solid industry. When, however, a certain time had elapsed, and the body of the gold-seeker was sufficiently restored, Patient determined to try an experiment on his mind. He shut himself in a room with him, and spoke thus: 'My dear brother, you are unhappy, and your misery causes ours. My wife and yours equally suffer from your sorrow: we can do nothing to remove it, because we know not the cause.' The gold-seeker sighed deeply, and shook his head. 'Speak, Zealous,' cried his brother, 'and there is nothing you can wish but that we will all gladly do.'

'It is in vain to struggle against my destiny,' said Zealous. 'Did you find any sacks of gold near me?'

'They are all five in your cupboard,' said Patient. 'They are untouched: they are yours. They contain vast wealth, but was wealth like that necessary to us? See how happy I am. Why? Because all around is the fruit of my labour and my industry. You are unhappy, your wife is wretched, and all because you have an inordinate thirst for mere gold. With millions of dollars in your cupboard, you long again to tempt fortune.'

'Never!' replied Zealous firmly. 'Take the gold: it is not mine, but yours. Use it for our mutual advantage. Give me my task to perform, and from this day you shall have no reason to complain.' And the gold-seeker went out in search of his wife, with whom he conversed for an hour; and that day at dinner all were

happy. But Patient determined to spare no sacrifice to insure his brother's happiness. A month after that, he left his hacienda, sold it to a rich convent, and retired to the United States, where the brothers entered into a partnership as merchants. But Zealous was wholly cured. He felt deeply the noble conduct of his brother and his wife, and sought in every way to repay them. They are now all contented. Patient has three children, Zealous as many; and their commerce succeeding, they have few cares for the future. They are looked up to in the great city they inhabit; and when the Californian gold fever burst out, the most sensible advice came from the lips of Zealous. 'Do not quit the certain for the uncertain,' said he to young men ready to abandon lucrative posts to go gold-digging; 'honest industry gives you an existence, success can do no more, while the chances of failure are so great. I was one of the fortunate. But then if the gold-seeker did not perish, it was because the devoted water-seeker was at hand.' And he would hurry home to press the hand of his brother, and thank him once more for all he owed to him. The advice of Zealous is little followed, because youth and ardent imaginations are little influenced by reason; but it is probable that, in after-days, the few who stick to their counters and their situations will never regret having taken the counsel of the now cautious gold-seeker. There are always bold and enterprising characters enough to risk such perils, there are always sufficient men of desperate fortunes who cannot lose, without fathers of families and comfortable citizens leaving their home and household gods to tempt Dame Fortune. So always thought Patient, and so now thinks Zealous Jones.

MARINE PHENOMENA.

THE ocean, beautifully rounded in as it is, agitated by storms, and holding in solution the saline particles which elsewhere are distributed so differently, includes a congeries of grand movements, by whose means the waters of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Polar Seas are continually being interchanged. Its apparently capricious magnificence becomes still more sublime when thus beheld subjected to rigid law; as when we connect the pulses of the tide upon the beach with the distant moon emerging from the horizon, or see the tempest-clouds out at sea drawn gradually into the suction of the trade-wind. More interesting yet is it to the voyager to fall in, ever and anon, with tokens of that great motion from the East which turns the Cape, runs up towards the line again, crosses the Atlantic, issues from the Mexican Gulf, and flowing upward like a river till it meets the ice-streams of the north, sweeps round upon itself again, or diverges, like a fan, towards the Mediterranean Strait and the coast of the Great Desert. Hence probably the number of dangerous minor currents that bear in landward along the south-western shores of Africa; and some of which none but the eye of a practised old sea-dog accustomed to those parts can detect. A sailor who was one of my shipmates told me he was once homeward-bound in the same latitude we were in at the time, in a Hull barque, commanded by a hard-a-weather captain, who depended, however, on his mate for the navigation, when they fell into a mess, as he said, all owing to a 'double current.' They were driven to eastward a good deal by a strong south-wester, after which they had just begun to lie their course again, with a very light breeze from south-east, when, according to the mate's reckoning, they were but a few degrees from land. The captain got rather uneasy, knowing the nature of the coast and the badness of the chronometer; but the barque kept slipping all day through smooth water with every stitch of canvas set, and the mate considered it was all right, and plenty of sea-room, even though she had been a Dutch tea-ship instead of the sharpest barque out of Hull. There was an old fellow of a sailmaker on board that had been once in a slaver, and the mate saw him spitting over the side, and watching it go past.

'Well, my man,' said the mate, 'what does she make?'

'Barely a knot and a-half, sir,' said the sailmaker; 'though, to my thinking, there's a current with us by all appearance.'

'So much the better, my man,' said the mate, rubbing his hands.

'I don't like the look of it though, sir,' said the sailmaker. 'That same haze yonder to nor-eastward, you see, sir, 'tis a good sight nearer on our weather-bow, to my thinking, since the morning. There's a bluer colour in the sky thereaway too; in short, sir, it's dreadful like the loom of the slave-coast. I shouldn't wonder,' said he, 'if there was an under-current sliding her in, starn foremost, all the time she looks to be going ahead!'

The mate only laughed at this idea; but the old sailmaker having kept hard at work for some time sounding alongside with a line and a half-sunk float, found reason, ~~and~~ thought, to confirm his notion; and by next morning they were actually in sight of the African land, almost embayed, and setting in towards it. Upon this the captain had recourse to the old seaman's advice, and altered the course, so as to steer across the drift of the current until they had got free of it, and gradually edged off with the sea-breeze; probably just in time to escape being grounded upon a bank.

We were once in a calm on the Atlantic, a little to the southward of the line, and in longitude somewhere between 20 degrees and 30 degrees west; the ocean, having subsided from a swell on the previous evening, appeared so perfectly at rest, and so did the vessel also, as to recall the poet's image of

'A painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

There was not even that low tremulous heave, or those long serpentine undulations, resembling the faint breaths of a sleeping or shackled monster, which generally seem to pervade the most entire repose of the great deep; the round expanse lay intensely blue in the paler embrace of the sky, that poured upon it, as from a mighty cup of light whose inverted bottom glowed like a single diamond, the equatorial cornucopia of light and heat. Which of the two was the more impressive it were hard to say—a 'sleeping calm' or a 'dead' one, as they are emphatically designated by sailors; but the latter, as is obvious, indicates in itself the far longer continuance of its reign, since it shows how distant is even the impulse of any breeze; and perhaps because, although 'every calm breeds its own squall,' yet for a time the very smoothness of the water tends, within so wide an extent, to spend, diffuse, and prevent the acceleration of those that may arise. What gave one the most striking sense, however, of helplessness and awe, was the manner in which our Indianan, so long true to her compass and her sails, not only lay like a log upon the sea, but by degrees revolved as upon a pivot, until at length she boldly faced the way she had come, then the pole, north-west, and west, while the motionless and unbroken horizon round her betrayed no sign of the change. It was difficult to conceive what cause this freak could be attributed to without a breath of air or a pulse of ocean; but the more complete the calm became, the more apparent on the surface grew the long-drawn wrinkles and winding lines that testified to some sub-superficial agency. Rising, as it were, with the cessation of all upper influences, from the blue depths of ocean into light, or possibly elicited by the inert mass of the ship, the undulation of their movement seemed traceable towards one direction—that of north-west. With next morning's dawn, indeed, when the sun's presence below its rim gave a leaden tinge to the water, and a long thin cloud lay along it, these faint traces looked still more obvious in the shadow, wearing the aspect of a path to the horizon, or of a gigantic web-work intermingled with slow, oily eddies, while the ultra-marine tint of the sea was variegated with wind-

ing patches of pale, of emerald, and of dark; the horizon itself glowed purple, and was edged with a keen semicircle of light, as the morning radiance spread from beneath it. Here was probably displayed some palpable development of the westward equatorial current, or some modification of it, from the South American continent and the estuary of the river Amazon. But in the evening again the surface appeared to have become perfectly smooth; the fragments thrown overboard by our cook seemed to float away ahead inch by inch, though in reality it must have been the ship that, from her deeper hold of the water, drifted almost broadside on in the course of this secret draught. From chronometrical and quadrant observation, we had by next midday actually crossed the line again, and increased our west longitude by some perceptible proportion of a degree. This sudden smoothing of the water to a glassy uniformity too was to all appearance premonitory of wind, which that evening came on from north-westward; gently at first, then almost failing, then with increased force, and which might at a considerable distance have exercised such an influence upon the surface as to depress the motion of the current. In the twilight, while we stood away with all sail set upon our former course, the ship was surrounded by little floating lights, crossing her track astern and ahead, as if produced by columns of medusæ, that rose on the tops of the small surges or sunk in the hollows. As the shock of the waves became more violent, they absolutely blazed up into flame under her bends, seething in liquid fire over the chains, the whole ocean apparently rising into vivid life after the long calm, and communicating with every wash of its waters the sense of joy partaken by a thousand unknown creatures.

While upon this head, I cannot forget the emotions produced by my first conscious view of the celebrated Gulf-Stream. From about 30 degrees north latitude, and 30 degrees west longitude, nearly opposite to the Canary Islands, the continuation of a violent south-easterly gale had driven us for no less than eight or ten days so far to the north-westward, and in such a wild state of atmosphere and sea, that by the dead reckoning alone we had but a poor idea of where we were. Our ship was strong and new, and buffeted gallantly against it; the increasing cold, the pale savage look of the billows, with the showers of hail and sleet, made us think we were fated to drift over the Newfoundland banks, and some fine morning or other might have to hail an iceberg from the fore-topsail yard. At length, however, the storm seemed to have blown itself out, our usual canvas was again gradually substituted for the stiff, dingy-looking staysails, and we began to beat up for the north-east, though still close-hauled, and occupied in furbishing up our weather-marks. Before a distinct observation could be taken, the atmosphere being pervaded by a moist blue haze, there was suddenly a perceptible change of temperature from the sharpest cold to mild and balmy; the wind, shifting to south, became warm, and all at once we were surrounded by floating pieces of light-coloured weed, which thickened as we proceeded, appearing to keep down and encumber the rise of the waves, till at length we felt as if they impeded the ship's course. The huge dark surges were now long low swells; the interesting variety of marine productions, vegetable or animal—of tropical waifs, even of nautical odds and ends, which turned up from the furrow we ploughed, or were seen floating astern—kept those who had leisure perpetually on the look-out. Bunches of beautifully-delicate sea-weed, trailing patches of green *fucus*, fragments of reed and cane, a cask-head covered with barnacles, and numbers of mollusca, medusæ, and star-fish—all intimated our being on the outskirts at least of the 'weedy' or 'grass sea': these oceanic meadows which, towards the south-eastern bend of the great current, become at times so dense as to convey the notion of a vast swamp or rice-field.

Next morning watch at daybreak, with a light breeze

from the south, the sea scarcely ruffled, but heaving, and sunrise crimsoning the long line of haze upon our larboard-bow, the edge of the Gulf-Stream could be seen from the bowsprit and decks, marking the north-eastern and eastern horizon. It was distinctly contrasted with the colour of the sea around us, as a dark indigo blue from a more azure one, having somewhat the appearance of the broken water at a distance which betokens a squall; although the level beams of the sun gave it a pure opal tinge, which was deepened by the horizontal focus; while the mild clearness of the sky beyond sufficiently precluded any notion of danger from wind. However, on ascending to the fore-topsail yard, where it seemed like a broad band of intense colour fading into a sapphire rim, one could easily perceive the waves of which it was composed to be toppling and dancing up at a brisker rate than those near us, as well as to be running in a different direction—namely, to the east or south-east. At particular conjunctures of wind and sea, the Gulf-Stream is understood by sailors to enlarge or contract its volume, and to increase or diminish its rate of motion, which latter is here generally about a mile and a-half per hour: at present, the eddy along its limit, with the counter-impulse of the two sets of surges, formed a short cross-sea, yeasty, broken, and passing farther on into larger foam-topped waves. The nearer to a calm over the sea in general, the more striking must be the phenomenon displayed by the sight of this bluer and warmer expanse of water, in an atmosphere of its own, moving along to the south-east like the current of a huge river. Our entrance upon it an hour and a-half after was sensible even below by the pitching, jerking, disagreeable heave of the ship; she went dancing and tossing her martingale over it, the wind almost instantaneously having shifted to a strong breeze from north-west, that brought in our topgallant sails; while another vessel was perceived hull-down to westward of us, apparently heading across our course under single-reefed topsails, as if she had met with a gale.

From the Gulf-Stream, one branch of its fanlike termination sets in towards the Mediterranean, blending probably with the strong suction through the Gut of Gibraltar, where the encounter of these with the frequent *greggales*, or north-easterly gales from the Levant, makes that strait rather a ticklish situation for the most skilful and hardiest of mariners. The whole of the Mediterranean, by the way, from the variety and fickleness of its moods and peculiarities, is calculated for a useful school to the seamen bred in it; yet it may be remarked that even in their own sphere these inland sailors show nothing equal to the experience, ingenuity, and practical readiness of the regular northern tar accustomed to blue water. They are too much addicted to coasting, and dodging about from point to point; and in a Levanter their plan is to haul down or cut away everything; while they do not appear to be better prophets of a 'white squall' than those whom long use of an open horizon has taught to be always looking to windward. Speaking of the Mediterranean, which is well known to have no tides perceptible on land, it is the opinion of old sailors that there are, however, many strong currents throughout its expanse, on which the moon, both at full and change, has a very powerful effect. A similar remark is made in the journal of Mr Williams, the nautical friend of the poet Shelley, who was with him up to the point of his melancholy fate off the coast of Italy. He mentions a heavy swell having got up along shore, evidently caused by lunar influence, and which made a noise on the beach like the discharge of artillery, the moon shining brightly; while out at sea it was quite calm, and without a breath of wind for days together, although succeeded by violent gales.

The *phosphorescence*, or luminous property of the ocean, in various circumstances, and with different modifications, is another phenomenon generally known. This, although observed more or less not only in the extra-tropical, but in the polar seas, becomes still more

distinct between the limits of the torrid zones—perhaps most of all remarkable in the Indian Ocean. By Humboldt, Scoresby, Darwin, and others, the appearance in question has been unmistakably assigned as the result of no quality in the water itself, or simple phosphorescence of animal or vegetable matter, but as proceeding from the innumerable animalcula, medusæ, and mollusca which people the upper regions of ocean, as glow-worms do a green bank in Kent, or fire-flies an Indian grove. Of these minute creatures there are evidently many species, some of which not merely produce light in the dark, but in the daytime give a peculiar tinge to the sea. In size they no doubt vary from imperceptible points up to several inches in diameter; the presence of electric forces in the star-fish, torpedo, and other marine animals, might seem to point towards some special economy in the ocean with respect to the distribution of this vital fluid. Humboldt found that if a very irritable *Medusa noctiluca* were placed on a pewter plate, and the plate were struck with any metal, the small vibrations were enough to make the animal emit light. The fingers which had rubbed it also remained luminous for two or three minutes. Either a change of temperature, or the shock of the waves, would in various ways act upon all these curious species in the production of light. The phenomena discoverable in a drop of water are, as it were, shown on a scale of corresponding magnitude in the depths of the sea, which sometimes appears about to display at large the common experiment of the chemical lecturer—turning water into fire, or *vice versa*; so linked together are nature's apparent extremes.

To the voyager towards tropical regions this wonder of the solitary ocean furnishes one of those beautifully-varied spectacles which, growing familiar, become almost a compensation for many lost home-comforts. Like the outspread starry heaven, too, of the sea vigil, the ship's track glows winding astern in the dusk, where the gulls and petrels hang aslant, or run along like the crows after the plough in the field, to pick up the food turned out by her mighty keel; it grows brighter as the darkness increases, the wave crests glimmer, the water splashes on the bulwarks in fiery spray, keen sparks rise in constellations under the eyes of the passenger as he gazes overboard. The phenomenon exhibits sometimes, nevertheless, a solemn and almost awful aspect even to one accustomed to it. I remember this one dark night at sea, in the equinoctial latitudes, with a light breeze after a swell, when the slow, sullen, long wash of the surges rising and falling round us had in itself something impressive, heard in the boundless obscurity of the first watch on deck. Here and there detached floating lights were faintly distinguishable to a distance on either hand, dipping in a hollow, rising on the top of a wave, or suddenly brought near by a wider swell, so that one could scarcely get rid of the notion of being surrounded by mystical elfin things, or in the vicinity of some strange foreign shore. Now and then, too, looking into the water alongside, with the slow motion of the vessel, you could perceive coming up towards the surface, or gradually sinking down from it into the liquid dark, some luminous point, or a larger form dimly visible by its own trailing glimmer, like a star-fish or sea-jelly. Gradually the breeze had freshened a little, while out of the gloom of the northern horizon burst now and then a silent flare of 'summer lightning' or 'wild-fire,' that showed the outline of the dark surges heaving multitudinously for miles around. Almost all at once the water, as it washed up about us, and the tops of the waves next to the wind, began to sparkle and blaze; the dark hull of the ship, as she leant over with her upper canvas rising into the obscurity, was brought out in vivid contrast to the face of the rolling element seen by its own light. Every time she plunged into it you expected the whole abyss would kindle next moment in actual flame; and although, with the help of custom and experience, a thrilling interest was soon felt in hanging over it, till the crest of a sea burst, warm and seething, above the fore-chains, yet one was

relieved, after all, when he went below, or the dawn gradually restored the original ocean colour.

The natural colour of the ocean, as essentially composed, and when unmodified by extrinsic circumstances, is a property which, most obvious as it is of all others at first sight, furnishes in itself no small source of pleasurable sensation to the voyager. By landsmen, green is considered the tint most calculated to refresh the eye, or least apt to weary; but the sailor is still more strongly convinced in favour of deep blue, which perhaps, indeed, from its transmitting no direct rays of red or yellow, may have the advantage in this respect. The colour of the sea, unlike that of rivers and lakes superficially depending on the sky, is the result, not of simple reflection, but of refraction in the dense medium constituted by its diffused salts, where all but the blue rays are absorbed in the absence of any bottom to intercept those of greater subtlety. The sky over the ocean is, it has been observed, comparatively less blue than that towards land, and of a paler azure; since the watery vapours collected near the coast transmit the blue rays to us more freely. The deep fixed indigo of the main surface continues almost irrespectively of the floating clouds above it; deepening, however, with the compression or the wrinkles of a breeze, and softened at the distant line of horizon into that exquisitely-delicate tint hence called *ultra-marine*, which varies, according to the light, from the hue of the 'forget-me-not' up to that of transparent opal. The true tinge of the sea is best noticed by looking through a tube or orifice, such as the ship's rudder-trunk; while that of the sky is naturally *intense* in degree when seen between the openings or past the white edges of the sails. Objects floating within sight below the surface, the blade of an oar or the body of a fish, reflect back the absorbed rays of yellow or red, and appear visibly green; so that, even from the highest mastsheads, a shark or smaller fish can be discovered as it swims past the vessel.

The various accidental tints of portions of it, however, both in and out of soundings, bring into stronger contrast that of the great main ocean, and might, on a large and well-figured terrestrial globe, be represented with interesting effect. The brown or green sea along a coast—the Red Sea, coloured by its bottom or by animal matter—the Yellow Sea, by clay in solution, are familiar to most. The blue of the Mediterranean, embraced by its pure, violet-tinted atmosphere, is of a lighter and more shifting character, more in harmony with the sky and air, than that of the solemn tropical waters, over which the heavenly vault looks more pale and unearthly, while the distances seem smaller to the horizon. Within soundings, where the depth is not great, the colour is affected by the quality of the bottom. 'Fine white sand, in shallow water, yields a greenish-gray or apple-green, deepening with the depth of water or decrease of light; yellow sand, in soundings, gives a dark-green; dark sand, blackish green; rocks, a brownish or blackish; and loose sand or mud, in a tideway, a grayish colour.' Not only from these causes, probably, but from foreign admixture, as well as weaker refractive power, does the well-known sombre green prevail, even in the deepest parts of the 'narrow seas.' The local varieties, however, which here and there occur with apparent caprice, and irrespectively of such influences as those already mentioned, are still more illustrative of the boundless fertility of nature, when, as it were, required to relieve the otherwise monotony of her effects. In the western Atlantic, in the parallel of the island of Dominica, or about 15 degrees north, is a large space, where the water, although of course very deep, is constantly milky. Another remarkable anomaly is found in the abrupt transitions of the Greenland sea from blue to green, the former of which tints was supposed by the earlier discoverers to denote the vicinity of ice, the other an open passage. These alternations were seen by later voyagers, especially in high latitudes, about the meridian of London, to lie near each other in long bands or stripes upon the open surface of the ocean, chiefly

towards north and south, varying with greater or less suddenness, and from a few miles to leagues in breadth. Lines of pale-green, olive-green, and clear blue were fallen in with during a quarter of an hour's sailing; at other times the shade was nearly grass-green, with a shade of black; and the separation of the two colours was frequently as definite as the rippling of a current. In this green water the whale was known to prefer seeking for food; while, on account of the greater obscurity, it was there more easily caught, so that the fishers generally resorted to these localities. Captain Scoresby's observations proved that some yellow substance was held in suspension to give this peculiarity of hue; and on microscopic analysis of dissolved snow, which had been stained orange by such a substance, he ascertained the cause to be analogous with that which in other latitudes occasions the phosphorescence of the waves. The melted water was found full of semitransparent globules and fine hair-like substances; different species of small medusæ, possessing the property of decomposing light, and in some cases showing distinctly the colours of the spectrum. Whether these were luminous or not, it was impossible to say, from the absence of darkness during the long polar day; but in no case do we remember having heard of this latter phenomenon to any extent in the Arctic seas; nor do the medusæ of the tropical waters, on the other hand, seem to communicate any foreign tint to the ocean, except in one case, to be mentioned immediately.

In about the year 1796 or 1797, the Dutch captain Stavorinus, when commanding an East-Indiaman, steering for the Channel of Mamala, between the Laccadive and Maldivé islands, on the south-western coast of India, met with a very singular appearance in the colour of the sea. During the day they had observed the water to be darker and browner than usual, without that azure clearness it always has in the open sea. With the approach of evening it gradually assumed such a degree of whiteness as, when the short twilight was fading, to have become perfectly like milk—increasing in paleness till nine o'clock, when it looked as if covered by a white sheet, or like a flat country at night overspread with snow. The horizon was not distinguishable, except to north-west, where the line of separation between sea and sky was only discernible from the latter being somewhat dark and gloomy. No bottom was found with a line of 150 fathoms. The water was transparent in a vessel, but tasted less briny and bituminous than ordinary. The same appearance was observed by the English captain Newland in the same part of the ocean, with this difference, that he saw it intermixed with black stripes, running in a serpentine direction through the whiteness. He also distinguished animalcula in it, by putting a glass with some of the water in a dark place, and holding his hand close over it. From the 30th of January till the 3d of February, the thermometer standing generally about 72 degrees, Captain Stavorinus and his ship's company continued to see this phenomenon every evening and night; each time, however, decreasing in vividness, till it was no longer perceptible. He, too, succeeded in tracing the cause in what he calls 'very minute mussels, of the same shape and appearance as those we vulgarly call long-necks, which adhere to timber that has been long in the water, and to the curiously-beautiful shells floating on the surface of the water from the Red Sea with currents (*nautilus*). The rapidly-varying and shooting motion of these animals occasioned, in my opinion, this circumstance.'

The same phenomenon has been remarked in the seas between Amboyna and Banda (Philippine Islands). It is called by the Dutch the white water, and occurs twice a year in the seas around Banda; the first time, at the new moon in June; the second, at new moon in August, not having altogether subsided during the interval. Very few fish are caught while it lasts, but afterwards so much the more: the fish do not like the water, and from its clearness, they more easily see the boats and

tackle. It has also been observed to rot the bottoms of vessels allowed to lie much in it; while it throws up ashore great quantities of slime, filth, and different species of mollusca. It is dangerous for small craft to be at sea in the night where it comes; since, though the air may be calm, the sea always rolls with heavy surges, enough to overset them. This 'milk-sea' has generally been supposed to originate from the Gulf of Carpentaria: it has been by some attributed to sulphureous marine exhalation, condensed at the surface; by others to the myriads of animalcula. To the southward of Amboyna it appears in the form of stripes; and westward, more in heavy rollings of the sea. The more tempestuous the weather proves, the more it rains; and the harder the south-east tradewind blows, the more this white water is seen. Probably a similar provision is thus furnished for those larger mollusca on which the sperm-whale of the Pacific feeds, to that made in the north for the whale of Greenland.

A phenomenon resembling the last in some particulars has been met with in a different part of the Indian Ocean—that vast repository and arena for the more singular marine wonders, whether aqueous or meteoric. It is known by English seamen under the name of 'the ripples,' and an account of it will be found in the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Journal' some time back. It generally takes place with a sudden calm and oppressive atmosphere at night or evening. Electric tokens of disturbance are discernible in the distance, and the horizon glimmers with sudden coruscations, followed by a hollow murmuring sound, which increases gradually till the crews of ships thus overtaken have supposed themselves in the vicinity of breakers. The light in the distance seems to approach, brought vividly out by the darkness of the sea, which becomes agitated, and appears to indicate the furious burst of a hurricane, in spite of the stillness overhead. All at once, with a tremulous motion of the smooth water alongside, the tumultuous line of fire, foam, and noise reaches the vessel, which reels to the shock; the spray rises over her bulwarks, and the whole rushes past like a torrent toward the opposite horizon. This strange disturbance is repeated again and again, as soon as the first has died away; the roar and hiss each time generally diminishing; and the luminous appearance less intense; the air all the while still, but suffocating, the sails not even flapping to the masts. Its effect is appreciated in the greater freshness and coolness of the morning, and the breeze which succeeds; but hence some of those groundless accounts of new rocks or shoals given by timid navigators, who have happened to be thus surprised by the phenomenon partially taking place, and while they had yet steered-way for making off from the fancied breakers.

THE OUTCRY ABOUT CHICORY.

There has lately been no little clamour respecting the adulteration of coffee with chicory, the exact merits of which we will attempt to analyse. In the first place, what is chicory? Chicory is a vegetable of the endive or dandelion order, only larger in the root, and it is cultivated chiefly in Germany. From Hamburg there is a large export of the root to Great Britain. It arrives here in a dried, shrivelled-up state, cut into morsels resembling the shreds of a carrot. In this condition it is whitish in colour, almost tasteless, and exceedingly light in weight as respects bulk. To render it available as a beverage, it is roasted like coffee beans; and when it has undergone this process, it has a black-brown appearance. After being ground, it resembles ground coffee: if anything, it is finer in the grain, of a lighter brown colour, and when put into water, it melts almost entirely away. It soils the hands much more than coffee; and from this liability to impart its colouring properties, it may be distinguished from coffee powder.

In Germany, its infusion, without any mixture with coffee, is taken as a beverage by persons in humble circumstances. The flavour of chicory in this pure state is that of a sharp, sweetish wort, slightly resembling the taste of liquorice, and in colour it has the appearance of a dark sherry.

In its fresh vegetable state, chicory, or succory—the *Cichorium Intybus* of botanists, is said to be a good tonic, and to have the effect of an aperient. Judging from the vast care which nature has taken to spread the dandelion and its kindred species over the earth, we might infer that plants of this kind were designed to be of some considerable use to man or the lower animals; and it would be more than a matter of curiosity to learn what are the actual and beneficial uses to which the vegetable in question may be put. What if the despised dandelion, the 'unprofitably gay' decorator of our roadsides, and the pest of our grass-plots, turns out to be a most important material of human solace and subsistence!

Whatever be the discoverable properties and applicabilities of the dandelion tribe of vegetables, our object in the meanwhile is to see what part chicory is made to perform in the preparation and sale of coffee. To get, if possible, at the truth, we have had three infusions made, one of pure chicory, a second of pure coffee, and the third of coffee and chicory mixed, in the proportion of one to two ounces of chicory to a pound of coffee—that, we are assured by a respectable coffee-merchant, being the proper ratio of admixture. The experiment was made without and with sugar and cream, so as to be assured against any fallacy in the ingredients. Of the flavour of the pure infusion of chicory we have already spoken: it was that of a peculiar bitterish sweet, not very palatable, yet not positively distasteful. The flavour of the pure coffee was something different from what coffee is usually considered to be. There was a *thinness* of body about it, as wine-tasters would say; it was not exactly the thing; few would take it from choice. The flavour of the mixed coffee and chicory infusion was at once recognised to be that which the beverage called coffee ordinarily has when well made, and which most coffee-drinkers, we should imagine, would prefer. Any one can of course make the same experiment for himself, and he will probably arrive at the same conviction. The truth seems to be, that coffee is not what people call coffee, unless a certain quantity of chicory be prepared along with it; and it is rather remarkable that the world has been so long in getting at this fact. The chicory seems to give body to the coffee. It gives it also depth of colour; but that is nothing. It fortifies the quality of thinness in the coffee, imparts that softish and pleasing aroma which makes the beverage acceptable. Besides this, we are informed that chicory improves the medical virtues of coffee, by neutralising in some degree its constrictive effects.

So far, then, the use of chicory as an attendant of coffee may be said to be not only unobjectionable, but proper. The commercial part of the question, however, presents a different aspect. Chicory is a cheap, coffee is a dear, article; and therefore if dealers sell an over-proportion of chicory in their coffee, without making a corresponding allowance in the price, they commit a fraud. The correct and reasonable proportion ought to be not more than two ounces of chicory to sixteen ounces of coffee; but it is stated on good authority that in many shops the proportion is half and half, or in some cases as much as two-thirds of chicory to a third of coffee.

Any such intermixture is undoubtedly dishonest, and cannot be spoken of without reprobation. A principal reason for our alluding to the subject has been to warn coffee buyers against practices of this nature. The most effectual method of guarding against deception will consist in all parties buying coffee and chicory unground, and having ground them separately, they can then mix them in any proportions they please. From all respectable dealers the two articles can be had separately. A good coffee-mill may be purchased for about 4s. 6d.; and with this handy little machine, a housewife may set all the tricks of coffee-dealers at defiance. But there are persons too poor to buy a coffee-mill. That is too true, and in this, as in many other things, the destruction of the poor is their poverty. At the same time, there must be few artisans who cannot spare the sum we speak of; and the knowledge that the public are roused to the subject of coffee adulteration, will at all events prevent grocers from carrying on their adulteration to the extent above referred to.

The discussions in the newspapers respecting the chicory cheat have brought into view another question. At present, a moderate custom-house duty is levied on foreign chicory; and under the operation of the active demand for the article, farmers have begun to raise it duty free; nor can we see any reason why people should not grow it for themselves in their own gardens. Before the cultivation goes any great length, the Chancellor of the Exchequer may perhaps attempt to procure a repressive act of the legislature, such as exists against the home cultivation of tobacco, though we should scarcely expect with the same success. To stop the growth of dandelions, big or little, would baffle even the omnipotence of parliament, and the very effort to do so would be a step beyond the sublime.

As if chicory were destined to raise an uproar, still another branch of the subject has excited declamation. The coffee-growing interest in our colonies has begun to be alarmed at the increasing consumption of chicory, whether foreign or native. It is stated that, for 36,000,000 lbs. of coffee, 12,000,000 lbs. of chicory were sold last year. To stop this abuse, they propose that a duty should be levied of 4d. per lb. on home-grown dried chicory, by that means placing it on an equality with British plantation coffee, and thus, if not checking the consumption of chicory, at least producing a revenue of £200,000 annually. Coffee-drinkers will feel obliged by the colonists taking so much care on their account; but we believe they may spare themselves any farther trouble. Chicory-growers and chicory-drinkers are quite competent to look after their own affairs. If any fresh law is required in this department of economics, it is one to remove all duties whatsoever on coffee; and everything portends that such a law will be in operation at no distant date.

To wind up these rambling observations, it is our belief, as it is that of respectable coffee merchants, that if the use of chicory were utterly put down, coffee-drinking would be lessened in a very considerable degree—perhaps as much as would be the drinking of beer if the use of hops were proscribed. As a diluent of coffee, chicory is used all over continental Europe; and it was not until the English learned that a small proportion of chicory was put by the French into their coffee, that they attained the same skill in the preparation of the beverage. This knowledge was first acquired by those coffee-dealers who aimed at selling 'coffee as in France.' Statesmen are not ignorant that the use of chicory helps the sale of coffee. In April 1844, when a debate on the budget took place in the House of Commons, Mr Baring observed that 'we were mistaken about chicory, in thinking that the use of it prevented the consumption of coffee: he believed that chicory was mixed to a large extent with bad coffee. When Lord Spencer first proposed the reduction of the duty on chicory, the result was, that a certain amount of bad

coffee, which would not pass in the market, was, by admixture with chicory, made to go down. People were wrong in supposing that chicory made bad coffee; he believed that the foreign coffee, which we so much preferred, contained one-third chicory. Cross the Channel, and in point of fact all the coffee you drink contains one-third part of chicory.' It may, however, be urged that, for the protection alike of the fair trader and the public, coffee exposed for sale in a ground state should be liable to the examination of officers of excise, and to confiscation in the event of chicory being found too largely intermingled with it. Nothing would be more proper than such a power of inspection and seizure, provided it could be exerted at little expense or trouble. But we need hardly point out the practical inexpediency of employing excise officers to visit every little grocery establishment throughout the United Kingdom, commissioned with a power to judge of the quality of an article which even experienced parties would be at a loss to determine. On this account, we fear that the public must in this, as in many other things, be left to its own unassisted shrewdness, as well as the ordinary principles of competition in trade, for protection against the unfair imposition of chicory for coffee.

THE MENZIKOFF FAMILY.

CLOSE to the Kremlin at Moscow was to be seen, about the end of the seventeenth century, the shop of a pastry-cook of the name of Menzikoff, famous for making a kind of honey-cake in great request amongst the Russians. This Menzikoff had a son, who, though a mere boy, from his quickness and intelligence was most useful to his father. It was his business to sell the cakes; and he might be seen in every quarter of the city with a basket, which he was often fortunate enough to empty three or four times in the day. On some occasions, however, he was unsuccessful in disposing of his merchandise; and when thus bringing home again part of what he had carried out, he used to steal into his little room to avoid meeting his father, who in such cases would fly into a passion, and send him to bed supperless, and perhaps, in addition to this punishment, beat him severely. And never was chastisement more unjust; for Alexander did his very best to sell his cakes, repairing to the most public walks, and the doors of the principal churches, traversing the streets and the thoroughfares, till at length he was well known to all the inhabitants of Moscow—nay, even to the Czar Peter himself, who condescended, while buying cakes from him, to chat with him, and laugh at his lively sallies and quick repartees.

Brought thus into contact with princes and nobles, the sight of the luxury and magnificence that surrounded them soon inspired the young Menzikoff with a disgust of his trade sufficiently strong to make him long to throw aside his basket, and bid adieu for ever to his cakes. But his aspirations had scarcely taken the form of hope, so vague were they, and so little probability did there appear of any change of condition. Little did he imagine that fortune was even then about to take him by the hand, to raise him to the highest pinnacle.

One day his father received an order for cakes from a nobleman, who was giving an entertainment to several of the courtiers of the czar. Alexander was of course the bearer of them. Admitted to the banqueting-room, he sees a large company, all of whom had indulged in copious libations, and the greater number of whom were quite intoxicated. To Alexander's astonishment, in the midst of the jingle of glasses, and the clamour of drunken riot, he hears threatening words against the czar. A vast conspiracy exists to expel him from the throne, got up by the Princess Sophia, whose ambition could not be satisfied in the obscurity of the convent in which her brother Peter obliged her to remain. The very next day the conspirators were to carry into effect their terrible plot. Alexander hesitates not one moment; he glides unnoticed from the room, and hastens to the

palace. He is surrounded on his arrival by the guards, to whom he is well known.

'Good-day, Menzikoff; what brings you here without your cakes?'

'Talk not of cakes!' he answered, panting and breathless, and almost wild with terror: 'I must see the czar; I must speak to him, and that on the instant!'

'A mighty great man truly to speak to the czar: he has other things to do besides listening to your foolery.'

'In the name of all you love best, for the sake of great St Nicholas, our patron saint, take me to the czar; every moment lost may be the cause of frightful misfortunes. If you hinder me from seeing the emperor, you will repent it all your life.'

Surprised at his urgency, one of the guards determined to go to the emperor and ascertain his pleasure concerning him. Peter, always accessible to the meanest of his subjects, ordered Menzikoff to be admitted. 'Well, Alexander, and what have you got to say so very important?'

'My lord,' cried the boy, throwing himself at the prince's feet, 'your life is at stake if you delay a single hour. Only a few paces from your palace they are conspiring against you: they have sworn to have your life.'

'I will not give them time,' answered Peter smiling. 'Come, rise, and be my guide. Remember only that you must be silent as the grave upon all you already know and all that may happen. Your future fortunes depend on your discretion.'

With these words the emperor wrapped himself in a cloak, and repaired *alone* to the house where the conspirators were assembled. A few minutes' pause at the door of the room gave him, in the words he overheard, sufficient proof of the truth of Menzikoff's report, and he suddenly entered the room. The conspirators, supposing that his guards were at his back, fell on their knees before him, imploring pardon at the very moment that his life was in their hands.

From that day might be dated the brilliant fortunes of the young Menzikoff. Peter, grateful for the service he had rendered him, kept him about his person, and gave him all the educational advantages within his reach. And well did he profit by them, acquiring in a short time several languages, and such skill in arms, and knowledge of state affairs, that he soon became necessary to the czar, who never went anywhere without him. When on his return from Holland, Peter wished to carry out those plans of social amelioration at which he had been labouring for so many years, he found in Menzikoff a second self, able and willing to co-operate with him in all his projects. Such signal services soon obtained for him the government of Ingria, the rank of prince, and in 1702 the title of major-general. He was then five-and-twenty years of age.

War having been declared against Poland, Menzikoff signalled himself in several battles, and attained to the highest offices. But was he happy? No: the perpetual fears of a reverse that haunted him, the consciousness that he was an object of jealousy and envy to all who surrounded him, robbed him of anything like tranquillity of mind. Every thought was absorbed in the unceasing effort to maintain his elevated rank, now only second to that of the emperor himself. But he was even now ill; he might die; what, then, would become of the favourite Menzikoff? Would his successor extend to him the same countenance? This thought pressing upon him perpetually, induced him to try and find out from the emperor what his intentions were as to the succession to the throne; but the prince was so much offended by the attempt, which he had too much penetration not to perceive, that, as a punishment, he deprived him of the principality of Pleskoff. Menzikoff was fully aware that his fate was bound up with that of the Empress Catharine, over whose mind he had always had great influence, and in concert with her he gained over all parties to favour her succession to the throne after the demise of her husband. No sooner were

Peter's eyes closed in death, than Menzikoff seized on the treasury and citadel, and proclaimed Catharine empress under the name of Catharine I.

The czarina proved herself no ungrateful mistress; she ordered her stepson Peter, whom she had named as her successor, to marry the daughter of Menzikoff; and through the same influence a marriage was also agreed upon between the son of the latter and the Princess Anna. Both couples were betrothed; and Menzikoff, left nothing to desire, thought himself henceforth secure from all reverses; but it was not long before he experienced the proverbial inconstancy of fortune. All his efforts to place his power on a solid basis proved fruitless; the sudden death of Catharine I., which took place two years after that of her husband, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Peter II. ascended the throne, and soon the impending storm burst upon his head. The Dolgorouki family were the counsellors and favourites of the new monarch, and they had long been the enemies of Menzikoff. They excited in the czar's mind a jealousy of the power of his intended father-in-law, and succeeded not only in breaking off the projected marriages, but in procuring the banishment of Menzikoff to his estate of Reuneburg, about 250 leagues from Moscow. But their hatred was not yet satisfied: his wealth alone gave him formidable power; he might reappear at court; and they now represented to the czar in the most odious light the pomp and splendour which Menzikoff had been imprudent enough to display in the removal of his family from Moscow; and the ruin of the unhappy man was irrevocably sealed. At some distance from Moscow a detachment of soldiers, commanded by one of his bitter enemies, came up with him, and a decree was shown to Menzikoff condemning him for the rest of his life to Siberia, stripped of all his honours and wealth. He was made to alight from his carriage, and after he and his wife and children had been compelled to put on the coarse garb of peasants, they were placed in the covered carts which were to convey them to their place of exile.

Who can paint the despair of the unhappy Menzikoff! A few short days before, he held the second rank in the state, under an emperor whose throne his daughter was to share; and now, stripped of his possessions, of liberty, of hope, he was borne along in a wretched vehicle to the horrible place where he was henceforth to drag out his miserable existence! As a favour, the emperor sent him to the circle of Ischim, called the 'Italy of Siberia,' because a few days of summer are known in it, the winter lasting only eight months; but that winter is intensely cold, though not as long as in the other parts of the country. The north wind is continually blowing, and comes charged with ice from the deserts of the north pole; so that from the month of September till the end of May the river Iobol is completely frozen over, and the snow thickly covers its rude and desolate banks.

Immediately on his arrival in Siberia, Menzikoff was put in possession of an *isba* (the Russian name for the peasant's hovel), situated in a very remote district of the gloomy region, and there he was subjected to the strictest watch. He was forbidden, with his family, to pass beyond a certain prescribed limit, even to go to church. A few days after their installation in their wretched abode, some cows and sheep, and a quantity of fowls, were brought to Menzikoff, without any intimation to whom he was indebted for this act of kindness. It was indeed an alleviation of his sad fate, not only as an addition to his physical comfort, but as inspiring a cheering hope, by showing that he had friends who still remembered and were interested in him. Perhaps their zeal to serve him would not stop here. This feeble ray of hope sufficed to cheer the unhappy family, and impart to them some degree of fortitude for the endurance of their misery; and Menzikoff steadily devoted himself to the cultivation of the ground which was to be the support of beings so dear to his heart.

But new trials awaited him. The health of his beloved wife gave way under the sad reverse and unwonted privations of her new situation, and a short time after their arrival she died. Menzikoff, in his despairing grief, would have soon followed her; but the thought of his helpless children bade him live to be their guide and stay. Religion now imparted to his mind that elevation and fortitude which it alone can give; he now knew the fleeting nature, the nothingness of the riches and honours of which a moment sufficed to deprive him; and he submitted with resignation to his fate, finding in prayer and in the affection of his family his sweetest consolation. But his cup of sorrow was not yet full: his three children were attacked at the same time by the small-pox. His son and one of his daughters recovered; but the eldest, she who had been betrothed to the czar, fell a victim to the fearful disorder. The unhappy father could not bear this fresh bereavement: he sunk under his grief on the 24th of November 1729, after two years' abode amid the hardships of Siberia.

The death of Menzikoff caused some relaxation in the severity of the government, and a little more liberty was now allowed to the two children; such as permission to go on Sundays to divine service at the town of Ischim, a considerable distance from their *isba*; but they were not allowed the gratification of being together—the brother going one day, and the sister the next.

Three years elapsed without any change in the situation of the young Menzikoffs; but now events occurred that totally altered the aspect of affairs at the court of Russia. Peter II. died without issue, and Anna, the eldest daughter of Peter I., ascended the throne. The solicitations of the friends of the unhappy family found a ready response from the compassion she herself felt for them, and an edict soon received her signature, recalling the young Menzikoff and his sister from banishment, and permitting their return to Moscow. The young creatures, far from expecting such a change, passed their days in cultivating their farm, and alternately availing themselves of their weekly privilege of going to church at Ischim.

One day, when the young girl was returning as usual alone, as she was passing a cabin, a man put his head out of the little hole that served as a window, and called her by name, and then made himself known as Dolgorouki, the enemy of her father, the author of all the misfortunes of her family, now in his turn a victim to court intrigues. She was hastening home to inform her brother of this fresh instance of the instability of human greatness, when, as she approached the house, she saw a government *jäger*, escorted by a band of soldiers, at the door. Her heart sickened with the apprehension of some new misfortune, and her trembling limbs were unable to bear her farther, when her brother ran out to meet her. 'Joy, sister, joy!' he cried; 'Heaven has at last had pity on us. Our gracious sovereign restores us to our home and our country. Here is an order from the Czarina Anna recalling us to court, and putting us in possession of the fifth part of our poor father's property.'

For wonder and joy, the young girl could not believe that she heard aright; and it was not till she actually had the document put into her hands that restored them to liberty and to their country, that she could be persuaded that she was not the sport of illusion. But once assured, she stood motionless, breathless, under a revulsion so mighty, so sudden. Then came the thought of her father, of her mother, of all they had suffered; and the first joy was soon mingled and tempered with pensive regret. It was with eyes dimmed with the tears of memory that she met her brother's glance beaming with hope, as on the day fixed for their departure they got into the carriage that was to convey them to Moscow, after having paid a last visit to the grave of their parents, and made over to Dolgorouki their *isba* and all that it contained. The czarina received them

most graciously, and gave to Menzikoff the place of captain of her guard, and that of tire-woman to his sister. Soon after she richly endowed her, on the occasion of her marriage with one of the most powerful nobles of her court.

FESTIVALS AND HOLIDAYS.

REFERENCE to festival days was a primitive mode of marking the seasons as they circled away over earlier and less-occupied generations. These were doubtless the oldest reckoning points in mankind's measurement of time, as the earliest festivals of nations were instituted to celebrate those natural occurrences in which they were most deeply interested, such as the rising of the Nile in Egypt, the date season in Arabia, and the gathering in of the corn in Europe. Old country people still count in a similar fashion. From Halloween to Hogmanay is a well-known period in the calendar of the Scottish peasant; the English rustic knows the weeks and days between May-day and Michaelmas; while Midsummer, Candlemas, and Patrick's Day are recognised terms in the cabins of Ireland.

The holiday times seem to have passed from us hard-working and hard-thinking Britons, with the exception of some Christmas doings by English firesides, accompanied by the emptying of schools and the thronging of theatres; the royal birthdays, known only in our great towns; and a feeble remnant of Scotland's ancient welcome to the year. We are careful and troubled about many things of more importance; but as these half-obsolete words meet us in rural districts and legal documents, to which their very mention is now almost confined, it is curious to look back on the variety of days that have been regarded, and the still more various fashions in which they were celebrated.

The observation of days is among the facts which prove the dominion of memory over human life; as dates are the pillars of history, so anniversaries are the most enduring memorials; since time, which corrodes the brazen, and crumbles down the marble monument, perpetually restores them, in spite of wars and vicissitudes: hence, though the first festivals of the world had always a natural sign and origin, yet the commemoration of important events by their real or assigned anniversaries has been sanctioned more or less by the divines, legislators, and the custom of all nations. Fast as well as feast days were indeed thus instituted; but our attention is for the present bestowed on the latter, being at least a more cheerful subject.

The Feast of Fools was the most remarkable festival of the middle ages, the oldest in its establishment, and the first to disappear—having come into use in the middle of the fifth century, and been utterly abolished at the Protestant Reformation. It was observed in almost every country of Christendom on different days, but always between Christmas and the last Sunday of Epiphany. Its chief ceremonies were the election of an abbot or bishop of Unreason, and a burlesque imitation of all the acts and offices of the then dominant Church of Rome. That these mockeries were not only tolerated, but encouraged by the ecclesiastics of the period, whose authority was so extensive and unquestioned, is in itself a phenomenon; yet such was generally the case in spite of both popes and councils, whose decrees were frequently issued, but in vain, against the Feast of Fools. Similar minglings of the burlesque and the pious of every description were characteristic of the Gothic times, and are still observable in the illuminated manuscripts and elaborately-carved columns they have left us, where grotesquely-comic figures are occasionally introduced amid theological, and at times most instructive allegory.

The Feast of Fools is believed to have been a derivation of the Saturnalia, an ancient Roman festival, in which all social positions were reversed for the time, and a good-humoured sort of anarchy prevailed. It occurred at the same season as did many festivals

among the elder nations; nor is it the least curious part of our subject that almost every feast day known to us or our fathers dates its observance from the most remote antiquity, and has been transmitted from age to age, and from people to people, changed in name perhaps, and in the cause of its festive honours: as one order of things passed away, and another came in its stead, successive generations found the old feast days in their places, and used, rejoiced in, or, it may be, abused them, as they did with the other productions of their seasons.

It is also remarkable that the earliest and most widely-celebrated festivals of the world occur in mid-winter. Amongst the Chinese, Persians, and Indians, not only was our Christmas observed with the full complement of twelve days, according to old travellers, but the very sports and amusements peculiar to the season among our European ancestors, and still practised in a small way, were current in those remote regions of the East.

Our New-Year's Day belongs not entirely to the Christian era. The Romans patronised the 1st of January in a similar fashion: it was sacred to their god Janus, from which the month was named; an idol with two faces representing time, the past and future. The custom of New-Year's gifts seems also to have descended from them; for the despotic Emperor Caligula was accustomed to remain in his hall of audience the whole day for the purpose of receiving such offerings. Henry III. of England profited largely by the Roman's example, when he intimated to his courtiers and subjects generally that his feelings towards them for the ensuing year would be regulated by the gifts presented on the 1st of January. Queen Elizabeth availed herself of the steps of her predecessors: she was wont to furnish her jewel-box and wardrobe by contributions so levied; and judging from the three thousand dresses which that 'bright occidental star' left behind her, the presentations must have been neither few nor small; they were even accepted from the servants of her majesty's household; among others, the dustman is recorded to have presented her with two pieces of cambric. But to return to the perpetuation of festivals: it is worthy of remark that Twelfth Night, whose attendant cake, beans, and lumps-wool, not to wear, but drink, stood so high in the estimation of old festive times, and from which Shakspeare named his finest comedy, is known to have been observed by the early Egyptians with strange symbolical ceremonies of joy for finding their deity Osiris: some philosophers have attributed this coincidence of festivals in different times and nations to what has been asserted as a historical fact, that occurrences of great moment in the destiny of nations or individuals generally take place at the season to which we have referred. It is singular that even the Greenlanders believe their magicians can visit the Land of Souls much more easily at mid-winter than any other period, because the way is shorter; and they also celebrate a festival called the Feast of the Departed about the end of December. There is a sort of agreement to differ between these ideas, not unfrequently found in those of widely-separated men; but it appears that mankind generally have concurred in cheering up mid-winter with festal lights and doings, and, independent of weightier considerations, the season seems to require them. Strange to say, France and Scotland have been the two modern nations that most extensively practised and longest retained the celebration of New-Year's Day by gifts and visits; and though diverse in history and character as any lands could be, they still assimilate in this respect. In Paris, before the recent Revolution, the sales of confectionary, jewellery, and fancy articles of all sorts on the last week of the year were estimated at one-fourth of its entire purchases. No statistic, as far as we are aware, has yet calculated the amount bought and sold north of the Tweed for similar purposes; but it would probably seem of more account in the eyes of the present generation than the New-

Year's gifts most valued by their British ancestors; which consisted of the mistletoe bough, cut down with a golden knife, and distributed among them by the Druids of their tribes. After-times gave to that wintery parasite of the oak a less mystic signification than that attached to it in the faith of the Celtic nations, to whom it was a pledge of safety and good fortune.

The Carnival was a worthy successor to the Feast of Fools: its glory grew, while that of the former declined; but was almost restricted to the south of Europe, and flourished especially in Italy, from whose language its name—signifying *Festalt*, to flesh—was derived. The custom of masking on that day is said to have been introduced by the Venetians, amongst whom it was always common; and being in many respects suited to the Italian genius and character, it still prevails to a considerable extent in those showy but grotesque celebrations for which the peasant or mechanic of Italy musters up his whole stock of merriment and paras, as the Carnival has been for many centuries the only holiday enjoyed by those classes. The splendours and the license of the Carnival at Venice were standing themes with the old tourists; but they have long since shared the fortunes of its deserted palaces. At Rome, the festival is still observed with all its ancient honours; and in Paris it is kept as a day of more than usual display and freedom, particularly among the lower orders; while in Britain, under the Catholic name Shrovetide—from the Saxon word *shrive*, to confess—it was distinguished only by a feast of pancakes, prepared of old in both castle and cottage, but now remembered no more except in remote hamlets.

Valentine's Day is said to be the heir of a Roman festival at which the young unmarried were accustomed to draw lots, by way of divination, regarding their future partners, in the temple of Venus. When transferred to the saint whose name it bears, this practice remained associated with the day, according to tradition, because St Valentine was the only one among the fathers of the church who contemned celibacy: its observance is old in Britain, but has undergone various modifications before reaching the present form of post-office employment. Shakspeare, in the play of 'Hamlet,' introduces a rustic song, from which it appears that about this time, or earlier, the choice of Valentines, then meaning persons only, was shown by visits; and in the reign of Charles II. it was exhibited by presents, especially of gloves. Pepys in his 'Diary' mentions with wonted minuteness 'half-a-dozen pairs bought for his Valentine.'

The moon has been the governess of many festivals: the apparent growth and wane of that familiar planet, in its revolution round the earth, presents in all climates a species of visible calendar, which they that see may read: it is the simplest method of astronomical computation, and is still in use among the Mohammedan nations, who reckon their year by moons. The Greater and Lesser Bairam are the only festivals countenanced by the Moslem faith; the latter, which is of comparatively little note, is kept sixty days after the former: it begins with the new moon immediately following the Ramagan—a month of fasting from sunrise to sunset—which no doubt contributes to the welcome of the feast. In Mohammedan cities this is given with a general burst of illumination, prepared for some hours previously, and loud shouts from all the dervises, the moment the imam, who has been on the look-out, announces from the minaret that he has descried the first bright edge of the new moon. The Great Bairam continues for three days, and is the special season for present-making in the East; even European residents and ambassadors are expected to remember the pachas and viziers to some purpose. The festival is believed to have existed long before the days of Mohammed, and was probably adopted from the Jews, whose ancient celebrations of the new moon are known to all acquainted with their history. Travellers have remarked

that the only trace of stated festivals observed among the aborigines of Australia was a sort of assembly which they were accustomed to hold on their wide plains, in order to practise the kangaroo dance under the new moon; but their traditional reasons for so doing have never been assigned. The full moon has also its attendant festivals: the Olympic Games, which were celebrated every fourth year, and governed the historical calendar of ancient Greece, four years being reckoned an Olympiad, commenced at the first full moon after the summer solstice with sacrifice and feast, and were attended by the expert of all nations, who contended for prizes in every department of gymnastics, as well as in eloquence, music, and poetry.

Every year, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, the emperor of China repairs in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the princes and the principal officers, prostrates himself, and touches the ground nine times with his head, in honour of Tien the god of heaven. He pronounces a prayer prepared by the Court of Ceremonies, invoking the blessing of the great being on his labour and that of his people; then, as the high-priest of the empire, he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good. Whilst the victim is offered on the altar, a plough, drawn by a pair of oxen highly ornamented, is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robes, lays hold of the handle of the plough, and opens several furrows over the whole field. The principal mandarins follow his example. The festival closes with the distribution of money and cloth amongst the peasantry.

Easter, the most generally-observed of Christian festivals, occurs, as decreed by the Council of Nice, on the first Sabbath after the full moon on or after the equinox. It is especially rejoiced in by the Greek Church throughout her wide dominions. At the same season, splendid processions move under the green olives of Jerusalem, and through the deep snows of Moscow; but their Easter is different from that of the West, as the nations of the Greek faith retain what is commonly called Old Style—the calendar as it stood at the Council of Nice in 322—consequently reckon our 1st of April the equinox, and keep the festival accordingly. The said 1st of April, All-fool's Day with our fathers, though scarcely a festival in the ordinary sense, was long and widely distinguished by its peculiar license for practical jokes. The custom can be early traced in France, Germany, and even Hungary; but its origin remains in more than rustic obscurity.

May-Day, though essentially rural in its character, is a festival whose very memory is bound up with pleasant and graceful associations. It was probably a natural tribute to the general joy and beauty of the season, and early practised among the Greeks, the Celtic nations, and the Saxons, by whom it was bequeathed to the rustic hamlets of England, lingering among them almost till our own railway times. It has been referred to by every poet from Chaucer to Tennyson, whose 'May Queen' is at least the most popular of his poems. Cervantes mentions it in his day as one of the rural feasts of Spain; and the celebration of May-Day with garlands, queen, and morris dances, was considered one of the grandest affairs of London in the fifteenth century.

Beltane E'en, the Vigil of St John, or Midsummer Eve—for by all these names it has been known—is now scarcely recognised except in the remote districts of Ireland, where fires may be seen kindling from hill to hill as the sun goes down, and round them groups of the younger peasantry, gathered to dance, sing, and chat, till the long twilight of that season fades into the dewy night. The festival is old among the remnants of the Celtic race, and has been observed in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, and in Brittany. Some say it was derived from the Guebre faith or fire-worship, introduced into Ireland by the builders of those round towers that have been such a puzzle to antiquaries. Certain it is that traces of it are found throughout

Asia: the well-known Chinese Feast of Lanterns is supposed to have a similar origin, and on the steppes of European Russia it is practised exactly as on the hills of Ireland. The affinity of human beliefs and fashions might be almost proved from festivals; but among those of summer days, there is one peculiar to North-western India and the adjoining Persian provinces, extolled by all the poets of Asia as the Feast of Roses. It occurred when that queen of flowers—for the cultivation and abundance of which those regions have always been remarkable—was in its fullest bloom, and flourished most under the early Mohammedan sovereigns, who were accustomed to leave the cities with their whole court and harem for some chosen spot, where they might enjoy its sports in rustic ease—the burden of Eastern etiquette being cast aside for the time. Moore gives a glowing description of this feast in his 'Lalla Rookh.' But on the principle that mankind naturally rejoice over their profits, it evidently originated from the fact, that the rose has for several ages furnished the chief articles of commerce to those provinces, in the form of a variety of perfumes, including the famous attar and rose-water, both indispensable to an Asiatic toilet.

Similar causes promoted the merriment of the vintage in France, and made the sheep-shearings of England such festive scenes when Thomson described them. Wine in the one country, and wool in the other, were linked with national industry and interest—so all nations have kept feasts in autumn. The Indians of North America, with whom agriculture was confined to a little half-weed maize, had their corn feasts; and the 'harvest homes' of Britain have in some degree survived the changes of creeds, of thrones, and of manners. They were doubtless more important affairs when, as tradition hath it, Queen Elizabeth assigned a goose for the Michaelmas dinner of all her subjects who could afford it, because her majesty was engaged in discussing a portion of one when informed of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

The last day of October, our Scottish Halloween, and the Saxon Allhallows, though now fallen into nearly total neglect, was one of the most noticeable and peculiar of all our popular festivals; the celebration of the feast only at night, surrounded by a perfect network of legendary beliefs and tales, which Burns has so graphically sketched for the amusement, or perhaps instruction, of less credulous generations, mark it with strange characters of mingled mirth and fear. It may be observed that something of the latter has been attached to the eve of almost every festival in the popular belief of different countries. To the German peasant, St Mark's Eve, which occurs at the opposite season, was notable for the same degree of activity among the spiritual powers characteristic of our Halloween; and in the western provinces of France, Christmas Eve was invested with a still more extraordinary terror, as on that night the domestic animals, especially cattle, were believed to be endowed with the power of speech; but their conversation was fatal to all the human family, for those who heard it invariably died soon after. These remnants of what in old English phrase is called 'Fochlore,' illustrate the times to which they belong no less than the specimens of quaint carving and rude utensils exhibited in our museums. Both represent a state of things which has been, and enlarge our knowledge of the past with all its lessons.

The festivals of Christendom were mostly instituted for religious purposes, from which, however, the greater part were soon alienated; and in the progress of the dark ages they increased to such a degree, that at one period Europe had not a single common or working-day throughout the entire year, all being dedicated to one commemoration or another. In short, to quote from a modern poet, 'They had weeks of Sundays, a saint's day every day;' but as a matter of necessity, the majority remained unobserved, for to the great mass of mankind life can never be a succession of holidays;

but the peasants of Russia and France, though so far apart, concurred in appropriating a kind of individual festival from that literal calendar: the French called it their 'Fête,' and the Russians their 'Names-Day,' being, in fact, the day of the saint whose name a person happened to bear, which was therefore celebrated by his or her friends after the fashion of their respective countries. Parties were made in France, and presents in Russia; but the custom is still retained in the dominions of the czar, and servants particularly never permit their names-day to pass without the knowledge of both master and mistress.

The utility of festivals to nations and society in general is a question of considerable controversy: the opposing arguments are founded chiefly on the interruptions they occasion in public business, the facilities they afford for improvidence and idleness, and the abuses by which they have been too frequently disgraced among the working-classes, to the injury of both their means and morals. There is sad truth in this last objection; but, on the other hand, it is contended that the institution of festivals is natural to humanity, and one of the distinguishing traits of our species; that they serve great moral purposes, in reviving the pious or elevating recollections connected with those events which they generally commemorate, and apt to be forgotten in the dusty bustle of business, or the dull routine of mechanical employment. It is also maintained that they contribute to the cultivation of the social virtues, and refresh, with needful relaxation and amusement, the toil-worn lives of the labouring population, which without them would be 'all work, and no play,' with the proverbial consequence—that all human privileges and arrangements are liable to abuses, and those to which they have been subjected, are no arguments against festivals.

CURIOSITIES OF MENDICANCY.

In the 'Journal of the Statistical Society' there are some curious particulars given of the progress of mendicancy in London. During the past twenty years, English mendicancy, as shown in the applications to the Mendicity Society, has scarcely varied at all in the average. The principal increase was in the severe winters of 1832-3 and 1837-8; and a corresponding decrease occurred in the mild winter of 1842-3. This accounts naturally for the variation, and shows that there is neither a moral nor economical deterioration going on among the people.

Irish mendicancy, on the other hand, has increased in London so enormously, that there are about eleven Irish relieved for one English! It is stated that the food-tickets of the Mendicity Society were probably one of the causes of this influx of mendicants. It is supposed that the low lodging-house keepers contrived to obtain a supply of the tickets, and offered them as bonuses to their customers. The news would immediately fly throughout the country, and induce thousands of tramps to pay the metropolis a visit. The rapidity of communication among persons of this class is illustrated by a very remarkable fact: two days before the closing of the Society's office, on the death of the assistant manager in 1848, there were 697 cases, and on the following day not one applicant appeared! A system of communication, therefore, must exist among the London mendicants about equal in effect and rapidity to that of the telegraph. In the course of a single day the whole vast body were informed that it would be a waste of time to present themselves in Red Lion Square on the following morning.

The alteration in the poor-law in the years 1837-9 is described as another cause of the evil, so far as London is concerned. Before that period it was the custom of the metropolitan parishes to refuse relief to all but those who had a settlement in the parish; but since then, a wandering mendicant has as good a right to relief as a resident. The remedy suggested is the discontinuance

of all establishments which provide food or lodging for mendicants without inquiry or the labour test; and to open in their stead district receiving-houses under the superintendence of the police, where, in return for the labour of the applicants, they might be supplied for a limited time both with bed and board. Such places would accommodate the really deserving labourer moving in quest of work; and they would be carefully shunned by the tramps, whom they would bring under the power of the Vagrant Act.

But eleven Irish beggars in London for one English—with an enormous majority on the same side in the amount of crime, as is shown by the reports from the great provincial towns! This is the startling curiosity in the affair; and taken in conjunction with the large sums mentioned from time to time as being remitted to Ireland, the produce of work, theft, and beggary, it points to a state of things without a parallel in history.

MISFORTUNES OF MR NIBBS.

THE other day, on glancing over a newspaper, the following paragraph, descriptive of proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy, met our eye. The name of the party only is altered:—

Mr Commissioner ——— sat, but the cases disposed of were of no public interest. Augustus Nibbs, who was director of a society called the ———

Coal Company, came up on the question of certificate. Mr Nibbs, an elderly gentleman, had retired from trade on a handsome independence, and was unfortunately induced to become a member of this bubble company. Being the only solvent man in the concern, he was sued for the debts of the company, and ruined. His honour expressed his surprise at the credulity with which Mr Nibbs had suffered himself to be gulled by sharpers, but at the same time expressed his concern at the condition to which he was reduced.—Certificate granted.

We think the reporter for the press was scarcely justified in saying that the above case had no public interest. To our mind it is full of meaning and instruction. We have never, in so few words, read a more affecting case of individual ruin—hopes destroyed, confidence abused by the blackest roguery. We offer a tribute of compassion to Mr Nibbs, although we know nothing of him beyond what the reporter has given of his sad history. Ignorant of actual particulars, we can nevertheless easily fancy a biography for the unfortunate gentleman. Every line in the paragraph aids the imagination.

Mr Augustus Nibbs is an elderly person retired from business. By a long course of diligence in his profession, he had realised a competent fortune, and had retired to a neat villa at Hampstead, Norwood, or some other pleasant suburban retreat. In this delightful seclusion, within an omnibus distance of town, and an arrangement by which he might read the 'morning paper daily,' Mr Nibbs had every reason to look forward to a few years of tranquil enjoyment, along with the aged partner of his fortunes. There is a slight difficulty as to whether Mr Nibbs had any family. We rather believe he had an only daughter, who was grown up, and married, and therefore, as he supposed, off his hands. But the marriage of Eliza, as we shall call the daughter, had not turned out happily, so far as worldly prosperity is concerned. Her husband had not been successful in business, and shortly after the retirement of the father, his son-in-law stood very much in want of a situation. Let us here moralise for a moment.

The putting of sons, sons-in-law, or brothers into business, or giving them a share of your own concern, is often a very perilous thing. You mean well, no doubt. Your heart glows with delight at the notion of giving James, Thomas, or whatever his name is, a chance of getting forward in the world. And all very right, if the said young personage is really deserving and competent to the undertaking—if he possess that degree

of skill, steadiness, and self-denial which will enable him to do battle in the great struggle in which society is engaged. If you be not perfectly sure on these points, don't make the risk. Let James feel by experience that he must be self-reliant. And if reasonable help and advice fail, far rather put James on an alms for a life than send him into business. Give him L.100 a year to do nothing. It will be the cheapest way in the end.

Fathers-in-law are not always Solomons. Mr Nibbs was anxious to see his son-in-law employed; and his son-in-law seconded the intention. Just at this juncture there appeared an advertisement in the 'Times' announcing the formation of a joint-stock company for supplying London with coal on surprisingly profitable terms to the subscribers, and vast benefit to the public. Nibbs was taken with the idea. His money was little better than rotting in the 3 per cents. Here was an opportunity for making an investment; and besides, if he took a hand in the thing, it might be the means of getting a good situation for Tom, that unfortunate son-in-law of his. Here we again take the liberty of moralising a little.

One with another, at least three-fourths of all the joint-stock companies projected rest on false or delusive statements. Decent people, who have retired for life to their easy-chairs, are not blessed with a thorough perception of this fact. There they sit reposing at one side of the parlour fire, their wife on the other. There is a pleasant warmth from the grate. A favourite little dog lies stretched out confidently on the rug, a picture of animal ease and enjoyment. No sound is heard but the cheerful piping of a canary, which is hung up to bask in the sun's rays at the kitchen window. Employment—old man reading the paper; 'missus' at darning or crocheting. Now who would have the soul to break up this scene; shift the accessories; turn out the old gentleman from his well-earned chimney-corner; break the heart of the wife; send the little dog adrift to be the sport of butchers' boys; and kill the canary? Trust us, there are such upbreaks. The law is an unrelenting monster; and those may think themselves well off who do not come under its talons.

Not to wander too far from the point: the worthy beings whom we talk of commit a serious indiscretion when they have anything to do with joint-stock companies. To understand these concerns, you require to go about and hear all the gossip respecting them—who has got them up? whether the names appended to prospectuses are real or sham? what, soberly speaking, are the prospects of success? Not being assured on these points, let the schemes, however fair-looking in print, pass unheeded. By no means attend any preliminary meeting. If you do, you will get yourself in some way or other committed. Should you be afflicted with a benevolent tendency, be only still more on your guard. Let all projects involving money-risks be examined on rigorous commercial principles. It may sound harshly to say this; but who thanks Mr Nibbs for having ruined not only himself, but his wife, his dog, and his canary, all to help on a concern which he had some notion would benefit his son-in-law?

Unfortunate Nibbs! It was a bad business your ever going near that preliminary committee meeting of the ——— Coal Association. Why did you ever take the chair, and feel flattered at seeing your name down as a director? That polite gentleman in the satin waistcoat and rings, who acted as secretary, was a regular sharper. The whole thing was a scheme concocted to cause decent people like yourself to lose their money. And had not Mrs Nibbs always her suspicions? Do not you remember her saying to you one day, when you were taking your hat to go out, 'Really, my dear, I wish you would have nothing to do with them joint-stock concerns? What business have you to run such risks? Are not we quite comfortable as we are? Any more money would do us no sort of good; we could not eat, drink, or sleep better if we had the whole Bank of England. Twelve and a-

half per cent. you say! I believe that is all nonsense. My advice is, let well alone; and don't go bothering about joint-stock companies, of which you have no proper experience.' 'It may lead to something good for Eliza and her husband.' 'Stuff! let Eliza and Tom fight through the world as you and I have done.' 'Think of the great benefit to the poor in giving them coal at a moderate price; that weighs greatly with me.' 'Then help those poor you know something about; but don't run into schemes involving thousands of pounds, and which you cannot see the end of. Well, well, I see you are determined; but mind my words—you'll repent it.'

Married women are not speculative. They are generally suspicious of clap-trap-looking projects; and, on the whole, they are right. They see things coolly. They have a salutary fear of domestic disorganisation. Nibbs, a bankrupt, cleared out, now feels the force of his wife's observations and counsels. All the fruits of forty years' industry are gone. An old man, almost forgotten by professional acquaintances, he finds that he has once more to begin the world. But compassionately we drop the curtain over the efforts which a manly though subdued spirit makes to recover itself. At the worst, there are nooks to shelter men like Nibbs from the blasts of adversity. The corporations of London, with a munificence which has no parallel, offer a humble and not comfortless home in their respective almshouses to those whom the world has not treated kindly. Let us hope that, all else failing, the too credulous Nibbs and his old woman—not forgetting the dog and canary—will in one of these homes have found a refuge wherein their aching hearts may rest in peace!

ASTRONOMY.

The least acquainted with the philosophy of the heavens must derive, more or less, instruction and improvement from the most superficial view that can be taken of them. We cannot even cast our eyes above us or about us without feeling our minds expanded with admiration, and our hearts warmed with devotion. In an age of ignorance and barbarism, the heavens taught idolatry and superstition; but now that knowledge is more generally diffused, and men are better informed, they inspire only gratitude and piety. They borrow all their brightness from the great Fountain of light and life, and diffuse it liberally for our use; to teach us that all our endowments are likewise bestowed for the benefit of others as well as ourselves. We learn, from their inviolable steadiness and order, the incalculable advantages of regularity in our conduct, and exactness in discharging the duties of life. Clouds may intercept their lustre, but cannot interrupt their tranquillity; and the upper regions are never more serene than while the lower are convulsed with storms. They affect no precedence but what is sanctioned by nature; as the lighter are ever attracted and controlled by the weightier masses; intimating to us that they are best entitled to rule who are best able to fulfil the ends of government, which is the welfare of the community; and that, among members of society possessing unequal parts, a perfect equality of condition is impracticable. Their obedience to the primary institutions of their Maker is a standing condemnation of our habitual aberrations from the laws he subscribes and the precepts he enjoins. Their beauty, which arises more particularly from their answering so perfectly their respective destinations, reproaches our moral deformity; their harmony, our mutual dissensions; and their combined utility, our want of public as well as private worth.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

A FINE FIELD FOR THE FAIR.

Out of the female immigrants who recently arrived at Melbourne by the 'William Stewart,' eight were married within twenty-four hours after their landing. An offer made to the match (a cautious Scotch lassie) was deferred by the fair one, who, with some slight adumbrations as to higher aspirations, professed her intention to 'wait a wee while.' The 'Portland Guardian,' in noticing the nuptial arrangements, only regretted that the ladies had not been landed in that delightful bay, where double the number would have met eligible matches in half the number of

hours. 'Eight weddings in twenty-four hours' quoth our contemporary; 'pooh! in Portland there would have been sixteen in twelve!' We perceive that some of our London contemporaries have been making comparisons (all in our favour, by the way) between America and Australia as fields of colonisation. We think, with the above matrimonial matters of fact before them, our fair countrywomen at home will acknowledge that the Australian colonies are the true 'United States.'—*Australian Journal.*

LITTLE MILLY.

LITTLE MILLY hath a look in her dark and serious eyes,
Sure it bodeh future grief—hidden tears and stifled sighs;
Little Milly hath a voice of a low and plaintive tone,
Sad as western breezes dying o'er the harp with thrilling moan;
And she liketh well to wander o'er the solitary hill,
When the silver moonbeams flicker on the diamond-crested rill,
And the apple-blossoms glisten laden with the subtle rime,
When it falleth noiselessly in the latter evening time.
Little Milly looketh up, and the stars she tries to number,
Then a pleasant thought doth come—'tis of Jacob's happy slumber;
Little Milly fain would sleep here beneath the cedar-tree,
Dream of angels floating down, singing songs of melody.
Simple prayers she now repeateth, and her tears begin to flow;
Why she weepeth often thus, Little Milly doth not know;
Only that her heart is full when she speaks to One above;
Above and all around she sees proofs of His Almighty Love.
Little Milly trembleth much at a harshly-spoken word,
Cowering in silent pain like unto a wounded bird;
Little Milly shrinketh ever from a cold reproving eye,
And her timid faltering tongue frameth not a bold reply.
But she goeth 'mid the flowers, precious comforters are they;
God made both the stars and flowers—stars for night, and flowers
for day;
Earthly friends may prove unkind, but the gifts of bounteous
Heaven
pledges are of love and truth—to the single-hearted given.
Little Milly is a child. Presages of wo to come
Fling not gloom across her path, for she hath a sheltered home;
Little Milly hears the storm, as it wildly onward sweeps,
For the drooping birds and blossoms she is pitiful, and weeps.
But a day is coming soon when she will stifle tear and sigh,
Hiding holy tender thoughts, lest the scorn should be nigh.
Stars may shine, and flowers may bloom, but they can no longer
prove
Solace to a heart that pines—sickening for human love!

C. A. M. W.

A FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH STUDIES.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call II-o-u-g-h?
—*Tutor.* Huff.—*Fr.* Très bien, Huff; and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha!—*Tutor.* Oh no; Snuff is S-n-u double f. The fact is, words ending in ough are a little irregular.—*Fr.* Ah, ver' good. 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is Huff, I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h Huff. I have one bad Huff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, that is wrong. We say Kauf, not Huff.—*Fr.* Kauf, eh bien. Huff and Kauf; and, pardonnez moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h—Duff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, not Duff.—*Fr.* Not Duff? Ah! oui; I understand—is Duff, hey!
—*Tutor.* No, D-o-u-g-h spells Doe.—*Fr.* Doe! It is ver' fine; wonderful language; it is Doe; and T-o-u-g-h is Toe, certainment. My beefsteak was very Toe.—*Tutor.* Oh no, no; you should say Tuff.—*Fr.* Tuff? and the thing the farmer uses, how you call him P-I-o-u-g-h, Pluff? Ha! you smile: I see I am wrong; it is Pluff? No? Ah, then it is Ploe like Doe; it is beautiful language, ver' fine.—*Ploe?*—*Tutor.* You are still wrong, my friend: it is Plow.—*Fr.* Plow! Wonderful language! I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, Doe, Kauf; and one more—Ro-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor; Kauf and Ready! No? certainment it is Row and Ready!—*Tutor.* No: R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.—*Fr.* Ruff, ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is Ruff; and B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha!—*Tutor.* No, Bow.—*Fr.* 'Tis ver' simple, wonderful language; but I have had what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! Ha! what you call him?—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 276. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

OLD TIMES IN ENGLAND.

SCOTCH reminiscences, Irish recollections, jottings on Germany, notices of French manners, sketches of Italy, &c. seem to be the order of the day; and every one who writes at all, has something lively to relate about modern manners and foreign scenes of the nineteenth century. Why may not I, an old woman, go back a few score of years, and try whether a description of bygone English manners, in a remote part of the country, might not interest the few who are lovers of old things, as I can pledge myself for the truth of my own recollections?

My great-grandfather married in 1722, and new-furnished his house when he brought home his bride: my grandfather and my father made few additions except to the library, so that in my youth all remained much as it had originally been. There were four public rooms—namely, a dining-room, drawing-room, library, and parlour, which last was our school-room. The furniture was very solid, and not very commodious—high, heavy, straight-backed chairs; odd little sofas; fire-screens and hand-screens representing flowers and fruit, frightfully worked in worsted by my sisters and myself; and two stools embroidered in silk by my mother; antique vases, services of transparent china (baby cups and saucers); family portraits; inlaid tables and tea-chests; very full silk curtains drawn up by cords into two scolloped festoons over each window—these formed the furniture of the drawing-room, in the middle of which was a small square carpet, looking even in those days cold in winter. The tall narrow windows, which we children had to stand on tiptoe to see out of, commanded the least cheerful view from the house; and it was only upon 'company days,' when plumcake and flattery abounded, that we liked to find ourselves in it. The parlour was a large, low room, with three windows looking into the garden, and broad window seats, where work and books were always to be found, and where cheerful employment and lively conversation made us pass our time happily. This room, as well as several of the bedrooms, was hung with painted canvas in imitation of tapestry, by which name the decoration went: the figures represented on it were most grotesque, being only copies of famed originals. The garden was, and is still, to me 'a dream of summer.' In spring, a perfect wilderness of birds, bees, and blossom; in autumn, of fruit in such abundance, that we never missed the portion abstracted by the wasps which swarmed there. Everything was in abundance—'Lavender and thyme, and rosemary and rue;' 'balm and tansy;' 'every herb that sips the dew,' in short; and all common flowers, wallflowers, jessamine, lilacs, and laburnums, thorn and sweetbrier, guelder-roses, moss-roses, cabbage-roses, York and Lancaster roses, maiden-blush roses—

smelling as roses never smell now: and much occupation the distilling of the herbs and preserving of the fruits occasioned the whole household. The apple, pear, plum, and cherry-trees were *really trees*; and under the shade of their o'erarching boughs I have spent many a happy hour. In the midst of a smooth-shaven grass-plot there was what in those days was considered rather uncommon—namely, a fine mulberry-tree, the berries of which regularly became red under our northern sun, but never purple. The herb-garden was busy with bees, the hives being placed there near a certain honey-suckle bower, which we children considered especially our own, and where, from babyhood to youth, we spent much time.

My father was very proud of his ancient Saxon family, and looked down upon many of the magnates of our land as mere modern adventurers, who had come over with William I. (he hated to call him the *Conqueror*) to be made gentlemen of by robbing better men than themselves; and he congratulated himself that, from the remoteness of the situation, and the insignificance of the property, *his* ancestors had lived undisturbed in their possessions, and never owned the sway of any of Norman blood. We all bore Saxon names—Ursula, and Edith, and Emma, and Ulrica; Ralph, Harold, Edward, and Edmund (my father would not have called a son William for the world). My brothers were all six feet high, with bright bold countenances, brown hair, and blue eyes; my sisters were tall, fine-looking women. Those were not the days of accomplishments, but we had all a correct ear for music, and sweet true voices; and we used to sing very agreeably in parts 'The Banks of the Dee,' 'Sweet Willy, oh,' 'Barbara Allen,' 'Shepherds, I have lost my love,' and other then popular songs. My sister Edith, indeed, soared much higher, and both played and sung Handel's music much better than it is now executed; and Ursula performed country dances with such spirit, that it was difficult for any young person to *sit still* and listen to her. We could all read French, although our pronunciation was rather barbarous; and all the old standard English authors, Shakespeare particularly, we had at our fingers' ends. All the linen of the family, our father's and brothers' frilled shirts, all our own and our mother's under-garments, were made by my sisters and me; and as we sat in the sunny windows I have described, one read while the others sewed, taking the book by turns; and our conversation when we met at dinner was always directed by my mother to what we had perused in the morning, in order to prevent us as much as possible from indulging in gossip.

Scandal we certainly never talked; but news was eagerly listened to, and the common events of the family and the farm became subjects of importance. Every animate, and many inanimate things had their

comes, such as Miss Bremer describes in her delightful 'Home.' The servants, who were all tenants' children, and who did not seek 'to better themselves,' and never dreamt of change, had two names: Marias and Louisas, Elizas and Emilys, were unknown; it was Nanny Wilson, Molly Allen, Betty Bee, and Jenny Foster. Billy Bee, Betty Bee's brother, was the groom, behind whom my mother—when her health became delicate, and she was recommended horse-exercise—rode on a pillion, holding by a broad leathern belt strapped round his waist; and Tommy Fenwick, so called by every one but ourselves—who thought it dignified to promote him to Thomas—was the footman. Billy Bee was a Jack-of-all-trades, though nominally groom; he drove the carriage when the horses were not employed with the carts, he assisted Thomas as footman on company occasions, gave a helping hand to the gardener at a busy time, and carried coals and water up stairs for the maids when they asked him: it was even reported that he had once been seen in the ignoble employment of shelling peas; but *this* wants confirmation, and I believe was a coinage of the brain of Jemmy Darrel, a boy who carried the post-bag, fed the pigs, and was everlastingly busy or idle about the house. All in those days and those districts were Billys and Bobbys, Tommys and Jackys; their sons became Will, Bob, Tom, and Jack; and their grandsons are now William, Robert, Thomas, and John.

We had a cat with a lame foot (Molly Allen, the cook, not deeming it *respectable* to be without a cat), which my mother, who had pet canaries in the house, and pet robins in the garden, mercifully permitted to live, inasmuch as it could not possibly catch any of them any more than it could the mice. Under the name of Mrs Tabitha Grey, she daily lapped her milk, and regularly every six months brought forth four kittens, which were as regularly drowned, until she produced one with a defect in its fore-paw similar to her own, and this, to our great delight, we were allowed to keep, and called it Kitty Grey. The cows, Daisy and Dapple, Cherry and Lady Coventry, were fondly cherished; the horses, the pony, the dogs, even the very pigs, all had their names; and everything relating to these animals was duly desecrated on. The quarrels between the three terriers, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and the two cats, Mrs and Miss Grey, more than once caused serious domestic disturbances, my brothers siding with the dogs, and we sisters invariably taking the part of the cats. But, upon the whole, we were an affectionate and united family, and the sun 'never went down upon our wrath.' I love to dwell upon these happy careless days and their simple pleasures. What was most unlike the things of to-day, perhaps, was the kitchen. It was a very large apartment, hung on one side with every conceivable description of vessel in *pewter*, none of which were ever used by any chance, though all were regularly cleaned four times a year, Molly Allen priding herself in keeping them as bright as silver. The meat was roasted by dogs—little ugly turnspits, named Cupid, Venus, and Psyché; and although the manner of teaching them was cruel, no sooner had they learned their lesson, than they seemed to like the fun, and those left out barked and yelped angrily at the one selected. There was a large pot for drying feathers, as big as a slipper-bath; and several others, of so enormous a size, one wonders what they could possibly have been intended for. The fireplace was large enough certainly to have roasted a sheep, and even, I think, an ox whole; but in my day nothing larger than a sucking-pig was ever prepared at it. On one side of this furnace, in a sort of recess, was a large square stone trough, with a round wooden mallet called a *mull*. It was used to separate the outer husk from the wheat, which, when cleansed from it, was boiled in milk, and called 'furnity.' My brothers and sisters were very fond of this mess, which I never could eat, preferring and begging for what they were indifferent to—the chocolate, thick enough for the spoon to stand

in it, that was always kept ready, and offered to all visitors who came from any distance.

While upon the subject of forgotten dishes, I may allude to a happy evening my brother Harold and myself spent with his nurse, a pitman's wife, at a village a short distance from our house. It was the custom in those days when the lady felt herself unable to perform a mother's first duty, to send the child out to a more healthy nurse; Harold was accordingly delivered to Peggy Cornforth, who returned him, at fourteen months old, a rosy robust infant, fonder by far of his mammy and black-faced daddy than of his more refined papa and mamma. Her cottage was kept brilliantly clean by the tidy, industrious Peggy. It had whitewashed walls, nicely-sanded floors, mahogany chest of drawers, a good clock, and tins which reflected the ruddy glow of the large blazing fires that ever cheered the winter's day. Her husband coming home as black as the coals he worked amongst never seemed to soil anything; and well he enjoyed the good things it was her pride and pleasure to welcome him to. The evening she kept Harold and me to tea, nothing loth, all pretending to believe that it was impossible to return home because of the rain, she produced a 'scalding of peas'—that is, peas boiled in the pods, and served with butter—a 'singin' hinny,' and bumble or bummlekite jam—the first an immense girdle cake, the last a preserve of blackberries and brown sugar, which, to the day of his death, my brother preferred to any other; indeed we all liked north-country dishes—'lamb's wool,' made of apples and ale, and a spice veal pie—that is, a veal pie half-filled with prunes in addition to other seasoning. We also ate currants with roast pig, fried crumbs with our game, sage and onion with goose and duck, and so continue doing to this day, such of us as survive, in spite of modern improvements. My father was a pious man, and regularly attended church with his whole household, wet or dry. Moreover, he insisted on our *walking* there: to be sure, the church was not at a very great distance—for Sunday, he said, was a day of rest, and on it no beast belonging to him should carry a weight or draw a load. We had no parasols to protect us: they were unknown. Umbrellas, I suppose, must have been as uncommon, for there was kept, I remember, in the vestry an enormous one of green leather, studded with gilt nails, at least six feet in diameter, which was held over the clergyman at funerals in bad weather when he read the service at the grave. To see father, mother, their eight children, the tutor, governess, and all the servants enter the church in order, was a sight worthy of old England, and calculated to raise the family higher in the respect of the tenants and labourers than if they had come, like some of our neighbours, in a carriage-and-four. Two families even appeared in what I never see now—a carriage-and-six.

Many years afterwards the church and our pew were the only things I found unchanged in the dearly-loved home of my childhood. My visit to the church was indeed a sad one. I sat alone in the old square pew, the green baize linings of which had grown almost white with age. I looked on the worn hassocks where my father and mother had knelt in pious abstraction, with their blooming sons and daughters round them—all gone now, with their hopes and fears, their ambitions and expectations! I gazed on the painted windows and old monuments where often, as a child, I used to fix my eyes while drowsily struggling to give my attention to the sermon I was made to write out afterwards; and which I looked at in later times whilst striving to keep my thoughts from wandering, from what ought to have been their employment in such a place, to the gallant young soldier, whom I followed afterwards as my husband through all the Peninsular war, and to the East and West Indies, where I lost him and the last of my children. Oh what had I not felt and suffered since I last sat there! The old house in its new dress was as little agreeable to my faithful affection for the past.

The garden, I was told, was much improved: it was certainly altered. The fruit-trees were down, and replaced by paradise-stocks; the little, rough, red gooseberries, so old and overgrown, that the birds used sometimes to build in their branches, were rooted out, and small plants growing Brobdignag fruit occupied the same ground; the early scarlet Virginian strawberries were gone; and roseberries, king's-owns, and queen's-owns, and a hundred other names, grew there instead. The old honeysuckle bower, so full of memories, was swept away; few York and Lancaster cabbage or common roses remained, but there were plenty of pretty-looking scentless flowers of the name. The old herb garden was planted with dahlias, and the beehives removed. The old mulberry-tree still stood on the green, which was now enlivened with beds cut into hearts and diamonds, squares and ovals, and filled with fuchsias, geraniums, and verbenas—all very pretty no doubt, but they said nothing to me.

I wandered through the churchyard beneath the old trees, and pored over the tombstones where slept those with whom I had often trod the same ground. I shall never revisit these scenes more: the church has been painted and repaired, and beautified, the spire taken down, and a tower raised instead. Our seat is lined with crimson cloth, and filled with well-stuffed cushions and new plump hassocks. The few old people who remained when I paid this my last visit are dead, and repose in the old churchyard, where the sun ever seemed to shine brighter than in any other place, at least to me. I am a widow in confined circumstances, living in the west of England with an old woman some few years my junior, whose father and husband belonged to the —th Regiment, and whose granddaughter assists her to keep my small household in order. We talk over old times more like friends than mistress and servant, follow the regiment in idea wherever it goes, watch for the promotions and exchanges in it, and take an interest in all the young men who at present compose its strength, many of whom are the sons of those who jested and enjoyed life with us 'in the merry merry days when we were young.' One day, hearing it was to pass at some short distance, we took a weary walk in the heat to hear 'our band' once more. It was long before we recovered the pang of listening to the well-remembered 'quick-step' to which those we loved had so often and so gaily marched, or of seeing ourselves carelessly looked at by our own regiment as unknown old women, whose *home* knew them no longer.

It is said old age deadens the sensations; mine at seventy-nine are as acute as ever. I have often remarked that as people get old, even when the intellect continues to be vigorous as ever, the thoughts continually revert to childhood: even the accent in speaking which they had lost at times strikes again upon the attentive and observing ear, and they think of occurrences that have lain dormant in the secret chambers of memory since that time. Our very dreams become again the dreams of youth! Not a week ago I awoke in tears and distress, fancying that tall, sharp-nosed governess of my youth was going to punish me for a mistake in my lesson. I remember my dream perfectly: the room, the fire, the old harpsichord, were as vividly present to my fancy as they could have been in reality seventy years ago. I saw my young sisters in their low-cut frocks and diaper pinafores. I saw distinctly their healthy mottled bare arms, their stout black leathern shoes, their close-cut hair. I saw and knew again the music-book, and many of our old school-books, as plainly as I see the pen I am writing with, the pattern of the paper on the wall, the naked waving boughs of the trees. I heard footsteps which I recognised for my mother's in the passage, and heard her speaking to a servant, though I could not distinguish the words. I was once more a child and at home again; and when I awoke, it was some time before I could realise to myself that I was indeed an old woman with whom life was well-nigh over, and all those loved ones, who had

been before me so distinctly but a few minutes ago, long since dead. I close my reminiscences here; to pursue them further might be uninteresting, since I have so little to add to the above recollections of a long-past age. Education is fast assimilating the manners and the habits of even the remotest districts, and there is hardly a trace now left in my old neighbourhood of the ways of the merry days when I was young.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

'RAILWAY Property, its Condition and Prospects,' a pamphlet by Mr S. Smiles, is one of the most comprehensive treatises on the economic history and present condition of English railways which has yet appeared; and suggests a number of facts and observations that will probably interest general readers.

Railways are a creation almost entirely of the trading and manufacturing classes. They have been made from the spare money of people in business; the rural population have had little hand in them, and the landed gentry and aristocracy have chiefly concerned themselves in extorting high sums for the land which was required. From the interested opposition of landowners, as also of rival companies, the cost of carrying bills through parliament has generally been enormous. The expenses incurred in obtaining the act for the Great Western Railway was L.88,710; the London and Birmingham, L.72,868; the Eastern Counties, L.45,190; and for the Great Northern, L.434,861.

Our author hints at a great blunder having been originally committed by government, in not prescribing certain main routes, and disallowing all railway undertakings till these were completed. A well-digested scheme of railways, superintended by scientific men appointed by government, might no doubt have averted many serious evils; but in all probability the people would have been the first to cry out against any such interference, and no ministry could have stood against the storm that would have been raised. This difficulty, however, Mr Smiles does not notice, though, in our opinion, it meets the whole question. The truth is, the blame of any redundancy in railway undertakings rests substantially with their projectors, the great bulk of whom cared for nothing at the time but making money by the sale of shares.

The total length of railway sanctioned by parliament till the end of 1847 was 11,673 miles; the capital to be raised was L.336,580,210; the amount actually raised was L.167,321,356; and the length of lines opened for traffic was 3816 miles. 'In the session of 1848, about 300 miles of new railway were sanctioned, making the total mileage at present sanctioned by parliament amount to about 12,000 miles. And in the course of 1848 there was called up on railway shares L.33,260,159, making a total of about L.200,500,000 of railway capital raised [by calls and loans] up to the present time.' As there are 3000 miles of proposed railways too absurd to be executed, the length of railways for some time to come will not be extended beyond 9000 miles, and years will elapse before even that extent is completed: at present, only about 4000 miles are opened.

The gross traffic receipts of all the railways in operation amounted in 1847 to L.8,510,886: this sum represented an average per mile of L.2804, and was made up of L.5,148,003 for passengers, and L.3,362,883 for goods. In 1848, the receipts were L.10,068,000; and when the 9000 miles are completed, the gross returns will amount to little short of L.20,000,000 per annum. The statistics of passenger traffic are curious. In 1847, there were 6,572,714 first-class passengers; 18,699,288 second class; 22,860,804 third class; and 3,229,357 mixed—total, 51,352,163. This shows that about a million of people travelled by rail weekly: 140,000 souls daily on the move! Railways develop traffic in the ratio of the length of time they are in operation. First, the passenger; and then the merchandise traffic is developed. 'Already the railways had afforded, up to 1847, accom-

modation for 34,000,000 of travellers yearly, beyond what was provided by the old coach and other accommodation.

It is incontestably proved that those railways pay best which pass through a populous country. It is all very well for a railway to rest on a large town at each terminus; that of course helps it; but, with some peculiar exceptions, the true paying quality in a line is its accommodation to a thickly-peopled intermediate district. In short, it is local, not through traffic, that a railway company ought in general to reckon upon. The great sums-total are made up not of sovereigns, but of shillings and half-crowns. 'Manchester and Leeds are two excellent termini for a railway, and it might be supposed that the through-passenger traffic between those two places would be very considerable; yet it is the most inconsiderable part of the passenger traffic, which is more of the character of "omnibus traffic." Many passengers are taken up at one station and set down at the next. The Yorkshire traffic is distinct from the Lancashire traffic: as the trains pass through the tunnel under Blackstone-edge, the passengers are generally reduced to their smallest number; then a new influx takes place at Littleborough and Rochdale, and continues down to Manchester. The same features are discernible, in a greater or less degree, on most other lines of railway.' The average distance travelled by each passenger differs according to the class. First-class passengers travel greater distances than those of the second or third class. In 1847, the average distance travelled on the London and North-Western by each first-class passenger was 50½ miles; of each second class, 31½; and of each third class, 17. The average fare paid on this line by each passenger of all classes was 4s. 2d. Small as was this sum, it was above the general average, which in 1847 on all the lines was only 2s. each passenger. About two-thirds of the passenger traffic of all railways is of the second and third class. It has further been brought out by statistics that 'the rural population travel about on railways much more, in proportion to their numbers, than the manufacturing population. The agriculturists live out of doors; they attend markets and fairs, and their pursuits lead them regularly away from home. They go to look after the sale or purchase of their farm produce or stock, to hire or to be hired, to buy and sell in the large towns; and hence we find that the passenger traffic on such lines as the Eastern Counties is much greater, in proportion to the population living along the line of railway, than in the densely-populated manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire.' Some lines of railway are fed by a stream of passengers in pursuit of health or pleasure, especially during the summer season, a species of traffic very remunerative. In 1845, the pleasure traffic of the London and South-Western Railway is stated to have amounted to 500,000 passengers.

Some curious particulars are stated with regard to the traffic in cattle and other stock. In 1847, there were carried by railway 500,000 cattle, 2,000,000 sheep, and 390,000 swine. This kind of traffic, and also the traffic in killed meat, are rapidly increasing. 'Large quantities of country-killed meat are now sent to London for sale; much of it is from Scotland. The electric telegraph is employed in the ordering of meat; such a message as the following traversing the wires:—"Send up 600 or 700 stone of fore and hind quarters of mutton." And such is the despatch used, that Mr Hicks, a London salesman, says, that on an order of this kind being recently given to a butcher at Ipswich, the required quantity of meat was in his premises in Newgate-Market for sale on the following morning by five o'clock, having been alive on the day before. Not only this, but the country butchers are buying their meat from London, which is becoming the centre of the meat trade. The country south of London supplies itself with meat from the London market; and even Birmingham market is in a great degree supplied from

London through the medium of the railways. The traffic connected with cattle promises to continue an increasing and remunerative branch of railway industry.'

Rural districts at a distance from the metropolis are so largely profiting by railway accommodation, that tracts of country through which no railways pass are placed at a prodigious disadvantage. The traffic on the Eastern Counties Railway to London will give an idea of what is doing in the transit of rural produce. 'In one week, in September 1848, there were carried on this railway—529 cattle, 73 calves, 5598 sheep, 865 pigs, 17,711 sacks of grain and malt, 6578 sacks of flour, 197 tons of meat, 37 tons of poultry, 332 tons of fish, 643 tons of fruit and vegetables, 229 tons of beer, 73 tons of wine and spirits, 19,608 quarts of milk, 59 cwts. of bread, &c. In 1847, 300,000 tons of lime were carried by railway for agricultural purposes, and a great trade is springing up in distribution of town manure over the country. 'The corporation of Newcastle has already set a good example in this respect, having undertaken the collection of the town's manure, which is sent along the railways branching out from that town, and delivered in the agricultural districts at 2s. 6d. per ton. The farmers of Northumberland use the whole of it, and the demand is far beyond the supply. Guano has recently been a considerable article of traffic on some of the lines in agricultural districts; but the manure of the large towns promises to be a far more lucrative source of traffic: only 40,000 tons were carried in 1847. Sand is also used in some districts for agricultural purposes; the Bodmin and Wadebridge Railway (Cornwall) carried 15,000 tons for this purpose in 1847.' In the same year, 8,900,000 tons of coal were carried by railways, at the rate of less than 1½d. per ton per mile. The general goods traffic on railways is still in its infancy; though it may be justly inferred that it will never be able to compete with the traffic of steam navigation where sea transit is available.

The cost of construction of railways necessarily regulates the fares of passengers. To pay 5 per cent. on capital expended in construction, the following ratio of returns is requisite. If a line cost £10,000 per mile, it will require a weekly average revenue of £16 per mile; if £20,000, £32; if £30,000, £48; and so on. To vary the calculation, for each passenger, or each ton of goods carried, 1d. per mile must be charged, if the cost of construction was £15,000 per mile; 2d. per mile if the cost was £30,000; and so on. On this account, expensively-constructed lines must either charge comparatively high fares, or resign their profits. Much also depends on working expenses. The more level a line is, it is the easier and cheaper worked. 'To master an ascending gradient of 1 foot in each 300 feet of distance—a very trifling rise—a traction force is required twice as great as is sufficient to move the same load at the same speed along a level railroad.' The greater speed required on any line, the greater must be the power employed. 'A good locomotive of the heavy kind now used will draw a train of fifty loaded wagons, or a gross weight of say 375 tons, at a speed of from 15 to 20 miles per hour; but the same engine will only be able to draw on the same line a train of twenty-five wagons, being half the above weight, at a speed of 30 miles an hour. Thus it appears that the thirty-mile speed costs double the slower speed of fifteen to twenty miles, besides the great wear and tear that is inevitably produced by the more rapid traffic.' The demand for power increases in rapid proportion to the rate of speed. Going at the rate of 10 miles an hour, a locomotive will draw 250 tons; but push the speed to 30 miles an hour, and it will draw only 28 tons. Great speed is therefore a most costly thing in railway economics. High velocity is said to be more damaging to the rails than a low rate of speed; but on this point we entertain doubts. Weight of engines, and, still more, irregular bumping motion, we should think to be the more injurious element. An objection has been raised to express trains, on account

of their damaging the permanent way. According to our experience, ordinary trains go actually faster than expresses; they put off so much time in their numerous stoppages, that inordinate and dangerous speed is usually effected between the stations. Steady smooth motion, irrespective of speed, is what ought to be aimed at. By the substitution of lighter engines and carriages, a considerable saving remains to be effected in the working of lines. At present, the average weight of a train on the branch lines of the leading railways is 56 tons, and the average number of passengers conveyed by each train on such branches does not exceed 40. The weight of these passengers is about 3 tons, so that for each ton of paying load there is a dead-weight of about 20 tons. Twenty tons of apparatus to draw one ton!

On continental railways, trains run at a low rate of speed, usually from 15 to 20 miles per hour, and thus insure safety, and enable companies to charge light fares. All, however, in this country wish to drive on at a prodigious speed, and yet they complain of high charges, which is scarcely reasonable. Assuredly the public cannot have both high speed and low prices. Under the old stage-coach system, the higher charges made for fast travelling were recognised, because reasonable. There was a great difference between the fares of the mail and the ordinary coaches; and the same conditions should hold equally with railway travelling. The right of travelling in parliamentary trains at an average speed of not less than 12 miles an hour, and at a penny a mile, must be considered no small boon.

Mr Smiles takes a hopeful view of railway property, and considers that the public is blind to its own interest in not investing in it with greater confidence. He speaks of the financial statements of leading railways as being put forth 'in good faith,' and to be relied upon. On this, unfortunately, the public entertain doubts, which no representations of the press can remove. There is everywhere a lurking fear that the statements issued by directors are to a certain degree fallacious; and the undeniable circumstance of certain companies paying interest out of capital, tends to confirm popular incredulity. The extreme difficulty which companies have in raising loans by debenture is the most convincing evidence that something is financially defective. No one, in lending money in this way, can tell whether he is protected by act of parliament or not. For anything that is known, the borrowers may have already incurred obligations up to or beyond the sum sanctioned by the act. There is only one way of restoring railway property to the thorough confidence of capitalists: it consists in the affairs of each company being investigated and published annually under the authority of a public officer; and also in establishing a record of loans effected on each line, open to public inspection. When the railways are more developed, arrangements of this reasonable nature will be considered a proper part of the system.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

My elder sister Ruth and myself were the only children of our widowed mother. She was poor, and we were brought up in a cheap retired village in the west of England. We had two paternal aunts, Mrs Wilson and Mrs Coningsby, and a vast array of cousins, of all ages and sizes. Mr Wilson and Mr Coningsby were wealthy men of business, living in large towns, and we knew but little of these relatives. We had one uncle also, a bachelor, our deceased father's only brother; and it had been a mystery to me from earliest childhood why he was so much disliked and vilified by all the Wilsons and Coningsbys. He resided in a distant part of the country, and I did not remember having ever seen him; but kind and useful presents occasionally arrived from Uncle Moss, for which our dear, patient mother was humbly grateful; and both Ruth and I learned to think

with affection of this unknown uncle, to whom we were indebted for many good and pleasant things. Not that the gifts were costly: they were simple and inexpensive; but to us, unused to notice of the kind, they were very valuable. It was not their value we thought of—it was the remembrance, the interchange of mutual sympathies we rejoiced in; and when we did see our aunts and cousins, and they sneered at Uncle Sabby, as they called him, denominating him 'selfish, crabbed, and odd'—yet never, to us at least (in the midst of all their affluence), following his benevolent example—no wonder if Ruth and I defended him with all our might. Moreover, we never called him Uncle Sabby, as Mr Moss had a perfect horror of the name, and our mother told us we had no right to offend the feelings or prejudices of any one unnecessarily.

As we advanced in years, we understood better the meaning of the animadversions unsparingly lavished on our uncle's conduct; for he had, some fifteen years ago, bought a life-annuity with his fortune of ten thousand pounds; bequeathed by a godfather—thus 'defrauding,' as the Wilsons and Coningsbys said, the legitimate expectations of nephews and nieces. 'Surely,' said Mrs Wilson, 'the interest ought to have satisfied the selfish old curmudgeon!' 'It would serve him right if he had died a year after the transaction was completed,' chimed in Mrs Coningsby. But our mother, who had never expected anything, thought Mr Moss had a right to do what he liked with his own. It would be far different were he married; but a bachelor, confirmed in celibacy as he was, ought not to be blamed for making the most of his means—particularly as all his nephews and nieces, with the exception, indeed, of her poor fatherless girls, were the children of affluent parents. And as Uncle Sebastian had disapproved of her portionless marriage with his brother, she might not complain that Ruth and Berenice were excluded from any possibility of eventually benefiting by his death.' Thus argued our pious, charitable mother; and when we heard on all sides of Uncle Sabby's egotism, ridiculous vanity, and disgusting selfishness, we almost wondered how it was he continued from time to time these especial tokens of regard to the poor widow and her two little girls. Our mother herself informed us that Mr Moss had a peculiar weakness attached to his Christian name. The abbreviation of 'Sabby,' for Sebastian, had given him mortal offence; and although the Wilsons and Coningsbys had never trespassed on his forbearance during the continuance of their hopes as to the ultimate destination of his fortune, whenever they found this was disposed of past redemption, to spite him, and revenge their supposed wrongs, they persisted in the abhorred abbreviation, until 'Uncle Sabby' had disowned, and refused all further intercourse with the offenders.

Now, as she ever had done, our mother always humoured her brother-in-law in this particular. It was an innocent, if a foolish whim, she said. He was Mr Sebastian Moss at all times with her. He had a morbid craving to see his name in writing, or printed, or in any manner that would bring it into notice; and she humoured him, and he was kind to her after his fashion, and she was very grateful, and taught us to be so too.

When Ruth was in her nineteenth year, she married the curate of our parish. 'It was a most foolish and imprudent thing of our mother to permit it,' said Aunts Wilson and Coningsby, for Mr Mordaunt was nearly as poor as ourselves; although he had a snug parsonage and productive garden, and was young, and loved Ruth dearly, while she was well fitted to be a clergyman's wife on a small income. They had not been married above twelve months, and it was charming to witness their felicity—my mother and I thought them very rich indeed!—when a letter came from Uncle Sebastian—a most singular epistle we thought it—requesting that his niece Berenice might be spared to him for two or three months. He required a cheerful companion—low spirits—nerves affected, &c. My mother hesitated for a long time; she did not know any-

thing about my uncle's mode of life; it was a long journey too; but a ten-pound note was enclosed to defray the expense of that, plainly intimating that acquiescence was expected.

'Berry is cheerful and good-humoured enough to enliven anybody,' said my partial mother; 'and as I am fortunate in having you so near me, Ruth, perhaps I had better let her go: her uncle seems to wish it very much; and Berry is a spirited girl, and can take care of herself.' And so, after much deliberation, it was finally arranged that I was to pay Uncle Moss a visit of three months: my mother could not spare me longer. To Branzholm, therefore, I went by the mail-coach; and never having been far from home before, every object charmed me by its novelty, and I made the best use of my eyes and ears, drinking in with avidity the changing scene, and endeavouring to catch information from the conversation of my fellow-passengers.

I had always heard so much about Uncle Moss's *riche*, that I naturally expected to see a fine house and many servants; so that I was much surprised to find his domicile a small common-looking cottage enough, on the outskirts of the quiet gray town of Branzholm.

He was a tall and thin elderly gentleman, with a long pale visage, and a flaxen wig beautifully curled; a continual nervous twitching about the mouth, and blinking of the eyes, made me feel quite nervous and uncomfortable till I got used to it; he had a peculiarly low sweet voice, and he looked refined and delicate, took extreme care of his health, and was terribly afraid of getting cold. He had suffered a good deal from low spirits or melancholy of late; and his medical man advised change of air and scene; but as the patient refused to quit his beloved Branzholm, the next best thing, if not *the best*, said the accommodating practitioner, was to have a cheerful young companion for a while! The cottage consisted of eight apartments: a breakfast-room at one side of the door as you entered; behind that my uncle's library; opposite were the kitchens; up stairs was my uncle's bedroom over the breakfast-room; opposite, the spare chamber, now mine; behind these were two more rooms corresponding with those below, and looking into the garden—one the housekeeper slept in; the other was shut up. That other!—it was the mystic chamber of Blue Beard.

The housekeeper, Mrs Dawson, a middle-aged decent female, had resided with Mr Moss for nearly five years; and during that period she had not seen the interior of that mysterious chamber. I never knew any individual so utterly devoid of curiosity as she was; she did not think about it till I spoke to her. There she was, night after night, in this small house, sleeping opposite to this closed room, and never wishing to know its contents, or caring anything at all about them. She had once asked her master if he would like to have it cleaned; but he simply replied, 'No, thank you, Mrs Dawson; it is an empty uncarpeted room, and I never require it.' From the garden I looked up at the single window, and that was often open to admit the air, for Uncle Sebastian Moss went into it once every day. I found that out very soon. Did I not long to climb up to that window, and just take one peep? This did not appear to be utterly impossible of accomplishment; for there was a fine spreading apple-tree below, whose branches reached to the casement, and as I was an expert climber—an accomplishment my worthy uncle little suspected—it would be an easy feat to swing myself from the said branches into the Blue Beard's chamber. But honour forbade me doing this, until at least I had tried fairer means; for my curiosity was really painfully aroused, and I became quite feverish and fidgety. Mrs Dawson had a boy to assist her, but he did not sleep in the house; and although my uncle's establishment was so humble, and his table perfectly plain, though excellent and abundant, I was not an inmate many weeks ere I became aware that he needed all his income, however plentiful that might be, to meet expenses he incurred by his liberal, nay lavish outlay

of sums for beautifying and repairing the parish church and erecting almshouses—to say nothing of a magnificent pump in the middle of the market-place, bearing an inscription signifying its erection by 'Sebastian Moss, Esq. churchwarden, &c. &c. In short, my uncle was a second 'Man of Ross' as regarded Branzholm; but here the comparison between the individuals ceased, for Uncle Moss's liberality did not arise from either philanthropic or ostentatious motives, but simply from a singular craving to hand his name down to posterity. I found this out afterwards, though at the time I was ignorant of it. He was much respected and considered in Branzholm, and his existence was as unvaried in monotonous routine as it is possible to conceive a human existence to be. He was a nervous, timid being, but inoffensive; fond of reading memoirs, pleasant travels, and such-like; while his game at backgammon and weekly club were the amount of recreation he indulged in. 'Then what *can* he have in that chamber?' soliloquised I. Often I listened at the door, and peeped through the keyhole; and at last I made up my mind to the bold step of plainly asking him for an explanation.

'Dear Uncle Sebastian,' I commenced one morning at breakfast-time, 'I hope you will not think me impertinent, but I am *very* desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you. I fear I am a poor companion, and that you are disappointed in me.'

'Not at all, Berry—not at all,' he answered shortly. 'I have not been very well of late, and I wanted to see a young blooming face near me. I should like to have had Ruth too; but you do very well, and I am *not* disappointed.'

'Then, Uncle Sebastian, let me be of use to you. Let me go in and dust the spare room, and open the window each day as you do.'

He looked sharply at me, and became so nervous, twitching his mouth, and winking his eyes, that I feared having gone too far; but the scrutiny of my countenance seemed to content him, and he said, 'I daresay you mean well: you are a good notable girl, Berry; but that chamber is sacred to myself. Take my advice, and never pry into secrets; there is a "skeleton in every house," did we but know it.'

'A skeleton,' thought I: 'how horrible! What can he mean?' I did not know that it was a mere conventional expression.

I fancied he became more particular than ever in locking and double-locking the door; and I daily became more fidgety and feverish with the uncontrollable desire to explore the forbidden precincts.

I had been my uncle's guest for six weeks, half my time was expired, and I already looked forward with joy to returning home; for though I was most kindly treated, yet the wearisome sameness of the life I led—companionless, and far more confined than I was used to be—preyed on my spirits. I longed for the woods and streams, for a madcap race, and for a hearty laugh again; for I had not heard my own laugh since I had been at Branzholm.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, my uncle was at his club, and would not be home till late; Mrs Dawson was in the front kitchen busy making preserves, and I sat alone under the apple-tree trying to read: but read I did not; for, alas! the temptation was too strong to be resisted any longer. *The* window was invitingly open; how simple and easy to climb the knotted trunk of the apple-tree, and to gain the broad window-sill! One peep was all I wanted; just one peep, to see if there really was a skeleton there. This was all wrong, and showed great weakness, and I turned away once or twice. Honour forbade the gratification of my curiosity, but the excitement was delightful; the idea of a climb—the peep—the descent—the secret gained, and none the wiser but I! I resisted no longer; but in a few minutes sat exultingly amid the high branches, and crept with ease and safety to the casement.

Once *there*, I was not satisfied with peeping; but ducking in, I alighted in the midst of the mysterious chamber, looked round, and what do you think I saw? You would never, never guess were you to puzzle your brains for twelve months.

The room was bare, utterly devoid of furniture of any description, and the only thing in that Blue Beard's den was a slab of pure white marble, leaning against the wall, and fashioned as monuments erected to the memory of the dead usually are. There were cherubs at the corners, with wings outstretched and smiling faces, and there was an inscription, legible from a distance, signifying that 'Near this place repose the mortal remains of Sebastian Moss, Esquire,' a blank being left for the date of the month and year of decease; beneath were several lines of versification, the composition of my uncle, and his sole literary production. The tablet was evidently designed for the inside of a church; and I may here mention that Mr Moss had bequeathed L.50 to the clergyman in his will, to see that his wishes were carried into effect, and the tablet well placed.

How long I gazed in blank amazement at the unexpected sight before me! It was difficult for me to realise the morbid craving which had led to such strange results—this wish of an obscure, unknown, lonely old man to have *his name* remembered apart from his deeds.

After the first astonishment subsided, I indulged in a hearty laugh. I had a pencil in my pocket, and a sudden impulse of mischief prompted me to fill up the blank spaces in minute fairy-like text, that day fortnight being the date I chose to insert. This done, I cautiously descended, leaving the window as I found it, and not so much as disturbing a leaf out of its place, by which I might be discovered as the daring perpetrator of the outrage. My dress, indeed, was torn, and my hand was hurt; but I perfectly succeeded in concealing both these disasters; and I was in bed long ere I heard my uncle return. He went to the empty apartment, but quickly returned, having only remained to close and secure the open window. After breakfast next morning I heard him softly enter again. A considerable time longer than usual he remained; and when he came out, locking the door carefully as usual, he went straight to his own room, and did not make his appearance below until dinner was announced. I felt very sorry to see him looking paler than ever, and with a disturbed air, as if some weighty misfortune impended. My heart began to quake, for conscience whispered he *must* suspect my impudent trick, and every moment I expected to be taxed with it, and to receive a serious chiding. But no: dinner passed away, he ate little, and no allusion was made. Could he have discovered the pencil-marks? When a week went by, and day after day he gradually pined away, and lost all appetite, still making no comment whatever, I became dreadfully alarmed; this silence was an awful punishment; and I asked myself, *could* it be possible that my uncle attached importance to the minute writing? On the eighth day from my ascent of the apple-tree Uncle Moss became so much worse, that Mrs Dawson wished to call in medical advice; but he would not hear of it. That morning he had received a letter from my mother, requesting him to stand godfather to Ruth's little son, who was to be named Sebastian Moss. At any other time the compliment would have delighted him extremely; now he merely adverted to it by saying, 'Well, I am glad the name will be perpetuated: as the old Sebastian departs, the young one comes. The stroke cannot be averted; concealment is useless; I have received my call, and I hope I am prepared to obey it.'

When I heard him speak thus, I was almost distracted; and without another moment's hesitation I should have thrown myself on my knees beside him, and confessed my foolish trick. But he stopped my precipitancy by kindly saying, 'Berry, I wish to say a

few words to you, my dear. I do not think that I shall be much longer in this world—in fact my time is very limited—and I desire you to pay particular attention to what I am going to say. Should any sudden change take place whilst you are here, which is more than probable, you will send to Hospital Street for my solicitor: he has my will, and will attend duly to its fulfilment. Out of my income I have saved upwards of a thousand pounds; L.500 I mean for Ruth, and L.500 for you, my dear. Nay, do not weep; you must be prepared; for I have received a mysterious and extremely solemn warning. A few days more, and all will be over, Berry; but worthy Mrs Dawson will take care you are properly conveyed back to your estimable mother, to whom present my parting affectionate remembrance.'

Poor dear Uncle Moss! Need I say what I did—need I repeat my confession, delivered amid tears, remorse, and terrors unspeakable, for he disbelieved me at first. It was *impossible* I could have gained admittance to that room, for the lock was one that could not be tampered with; and as to a young lady climbing a high tree, *that* was out of the question. Nor until I convinced him of the possibility, by repeating the experiment in his presence next morning, did he signify his belief of my assertion by an outburst of wrath which did more towards facilitating his recovery than my confession itself. He, Mr Sebastian Moss, churchwarden, &c. &c. of Branxholm, had been duped and laughed at by a little saucy girl! She had witnessed his exhibition of superstitious weakness; she had also discovered his treasured secret; and would he not be held up as an object of ridicule and contempt for the residue of his life? I guessed what thoughts were passing in my uncle's mind, as I innocently said, 'Indeed, indeed, dear Uncle Sebastian, I am so ashamed of myself, that I will never repeat the circumstance even to my own mother; say you forgive me—pray forgive me, and forget it.'

'I do forgive you, Berenice Moss,' he solemnly answered; 'but I cannot *forget*, neither shall I suffer you to do so.'

I did not comprehend the hidden meaning of these words at the moment, but ere another week had elapsed their signification was explained. My uncle's solicitor at Branxholm waited upon him, and they were closeted together in the library, where by and by my presence also was required. My uncle introduced me to the young lawyer, gravely requesting me to be seated, and then proceeded to say that he had sent for me in due form thus, that I might be properly acquainted with the alteration he had made in his affairs.

'Your unjustifiable curiosity, Niece, Berenice, meets at my hands with the punishment it deserves, to say nothing of your having played off so cruel a practical joke on gray hairs. The L.500 destined for you, before I discovered your real character, I have now transferred to your sister Ruth; she will therefore inherit L.1000 on my decease. Your secrecy, young lady, I do not desire on *my own* account, being convinced that your share in the transaction will secure that during my lifetime at least.'

Oh! never shall I forget what I endured on hearing these cutting words. It was not regret for the paltry hundreds—besides, I would far rather Ruth had them than I—she needed them more—but it was that I appeared ungrateful and heartless to the uncle who had been kind to us for years. Silly, weak, and vain he might be; but he was, as he had just said, a gray-headed old man, sickly and ailing too, and not a fit subject for my joke. Bitterly I wept and intreated forgiveness; my uncle thought I was weeping for the loss of the money, and that made me cry the more; but I considered it as part of my just punishment to be thus misjudged.

The other individual present at this scene read my heart aright; and though I deserved punishment, and met with it, my genuine distress and contrition won for me a friend in the wise young man of law. From a

friend, he became a lover; and when I left Branzholm at the expiration of the stipulated three months, it was as the betrothed of Mr Richard Blossom. Yea, thus I met my dear husband, in humiliating circumstances enough, my uncle expressly warning him to beware of attempting to preserve any secrets from me—and I am quite sure he never has.

We were not married until Richard settled in the metropolis; and soon after the blank spaces on the marble tablet were filled up, and the real date of my uncle's decease inserted, the tablet itself occupying a conspicuous place in Branzholm church.

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

We are approaching what is called the 'full blaze' of the London season. The dawn will ere long be lost in meridian brightness. The votaries of pleasure are on the alert: ruminant philosophers are revealing their thoughts, in preference, for a time at least, to chewing the cud; the litterateur is thrashing his straw with renewed vigour; the man of science is on the *qui vive*, hoping to meet with listeners for his theories, and new applications for his facts; goldsmiths and silk-mercers are rubbing their palms with expectation; interests of all sorts, from those of the prime-minister or prima donna down to the pickpocket, are hastening to their periodical culmination; and perhaps a better time could not be chosen to make country readers acquainted with a few jottings of town talk.

London has been compared to a big pond surrounded by a restless crowd, each individual eager to throw his stone in with a louder splash than his neighbour: and those who can make a splash in no other way will do it by talk. The Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin has been a fertile subject. One party contends that the authorities are to blame for not taking further measures to obtain intelligence of the long-absent explorers, and that public meetings should be held with a view to raise subscriptions for the equipment of additional vessels; while another party maintains that government has done all it can in the despatch of the three expeditions sent out last year, with a provision-ship this spring; and the best-informed persons consider that the present year will not pass without bringing us intelligence of the missing adventurers. Let it not be forgotten that the country has been put to an outlay of nearly £500,000, first and last, in making attempts to discover the north-west passage, which, if discovered, would not be of the slightest practical value.

Another topic is the South-Sea whale-fishery: the fact that the United States have 600 vessels engaged in that trade, while England has less than twenty in the southern whaling-grounds, has for some time been felt as a reproach to this country, and British enterprise is now about to attempt further efforts in the antipodean seas. The want of a proper station has perhaps been a cause of delay; but Mr Enderby, late M.P. for Greenwich, whose name is already associated with antarctic discovery, has just obtained a grant of the Auckland Islands, on condition that government be called on for no portion of the incident expense. This group of islands lies to the south of New Zealand, and is said to be well suited for a depot, both as regards climate and situation; and a successful trade may be anticipated, as the vessels engaged in the capture of whales will be spared the long voyage to England as at present. No special inducements are to be held out to colonists, as it is believed that a community will naturally establish itself in the islands in course of time. Mr Enderby himself will go out to superintend the arrangements.

Among engineers considerable discussion has taken place with respect to the government project of harbours of refuge, which originated in the report of a parliamentary committee, stating that the average annual loss for

several years by shipwrecks on the coasts of England amounted to nearly £3,000,000 sterling, besides nearly 1000 seamen; and one of the causes was said to be the want of secure harbours, to which vessels might run for shelter. Various schemes have been proposed to meet the difficulty: one was to moor huge wooden gratings, both vertical and horizontal, at a convenient distance from the shore, as lately carried into effect at Brighton, within which the sea would be comparatively quiet; another was a line of floating caissons, on which the waves should expend their fury; a third proposed a belt of huge reeds or tubes to be made of cocoa-nut fibre, indestructible in salt-water, and coated with caoutchouc. These were to be moored so as to stand erect in the water, and at the same time present no impediment to the passage of a ship between them. A fourth suggested driving piles and laying down brushwood on the shallows off Deal, which it was expected would be silted up by the action of the tides, and that eventually the Goodwin Sands would be thus converted into an island of 8000 acres; and the necessity of attempting something of the sort was shown by the fact, that the Brake, one of the smaller sands, is now half a mile nearer the shore than it was fifty years ago. None of these plans was considered as suited to the circumstances of the case.

The places recommended as sites for the harbours are Dover, Portland, Seaford, and Harwich: the one at Dover, to contain 520 acres, is determined on, after a good deal of debate as to the relative merits of slopes or perpendiculars; and a vertical breakwater of stone and rubble 800 feet in length is to be erected in the bay.

Another question at present exciting much attention is that of electric telegraphs under sea. It is proposed to enclose the coated wires within a leaden tube, which, being sunk, will in a short time bend and fit itself to the conformation of the sea bottom. No difficulty is anticipated in laying down such a line across the Channel; and instead of Holyhead and Dublin, it is suggested that the telegraphic communication with Ireland should be made to the nearest point opposite Port Patrick. Those who propose to cross the Atlantic with wires, say that it can only be done by the route of the Orkneys, Farøe Islands, and Iceland, to New Brunswick—equivalent to pronouncing the scheme to be impracticable, or indefinitely deferred. But more sanguine or more skillful experimentalists affirm it to be possible to establish a telegraphic communication through the sea without wires: earth and water, it appears, are quite sufficient for the purpose. The fact that such a communication has already been effected across the Thames, is quite enough to cause the parties now in motion to persevere. The *modus operandi* generally stated would be this:—A galvanic battery is placed at Dover, from one end of which a wire passes to a sheet of zinc or copper buried in the sea beyond low water-mark; from the other end the wire is led into a coil, from which it is continued to a greater distance along the shore than to the opposite coast, and there terminates in a metallic plate also under water. A similar arrangement would be made at Calais, and the conclusion, as far as yet worked out is, that the resistance being less between shore and shore than between the extremities of the wires on the respective coasts, the electric current would find its way across in sufficient force to deflect a needle. The idea is most ingenious, and if carried out as anticipated, will obviate the difficulty presented by liability of submerged wires to fracture. One really important advantage to accrue from a wide extension of telegraphs would be the announcement of storms. Take, for example, such rivers as the Loire and Rhone, liable to sudden inundations; if the news, 'a flood is coming,' could be flashed along its course, the dwellers in the lower country would receive twelve hours' notice of the rise, and take measures to secure their property.

In palæontological science, an important addition has been made to our knowledge by Dr Mantell's completion of the skeleton of the *Iguanodon*. Recent

excavations in Tilgate Forest, and the Isle of Wight, have brought to light portions of fossilised bones hitherto wanting. These have been laid before the Royal Society, and serve but to heighten our conceptions of the magnitude and powers of the antediluvian monster; upon which it is said Dr Mantell will go down to posterity. Among other interesting topics connected with the same society, may be mentioned an instructive paper by Captain Beechey on the tidal phenomena of the English and Irish Channels.

According to Mr Smee, the human body is nothing more or less than a voltaic machine, and mental and physical action depend on the efficiency of the animated battery. The idea is not new, but it will give people something to talk about for the next few months. And while on the subject of physiology, a curious fact is worth notice, of which Quetelet was perhaps unaware when writing on physical growth. Lord Lovelace adduces it from a recent French work on the deterioration of the population in France. 'In spite,' it is observed, 'of so large a portion of the French population being agriculturists—that is, belonging to that calling in life which most develops muscular strength and activity—in spite of that proportion being on the increase as compared with the rest of the inhabitants, it is proved that the number of recruits rejected as unfit for the military service, from deficient stature, health, and strength, is slowly, surely, and constantly on the increase: 40 per cent. are turned back from this cause, and yet the required height is now less than five feet two inches. The standard has been lowered three times since 1789, and yet there is as large a proportion of conscripts below it as ever.' Here is one of the changes going on before our eyes, attracting but little attention in detail—like a geological upheaval—but startling in the aggregate. In connection with it, a fact brought forward by a writer in the Edinburgh Review deserves consideration:—'There are certain districts,' he states, 'in Leitrim, Sligo, and Mayo, chiefly inhabited by the descendants of the native Irish driven by the British from Armagh and the south of Down about two centuries ago. These people, whose ancestors were well-grown, able-bodied, and comely, are now reduced to an average stature of five feet two inches—are pot-bellied, bow-legged, and abortively-featured; and are especially remarkable for open projecting mouths, with prominent teeth, and exposed gums, their advancing cheek-bones and depressed noses bearing barbarism on their very front. In other words, within so short a period, they seem to have acquired a prognathous type of skull, like the savages of Australia—thus giving such an example of deterioration from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured in perfecting its appalling lesson.' But truly may it be urged that such facts as these are interesting not only to future ages; the subject of pauperism and mendicancy is in every one's mouth, and here we seem to arrive at one of the physical causes of the evil. With nearly 2,000,000 of paupers, people may well iterate—What is to be done?

California of course is a prolific topic of discourse; but it is a little singular that the returns from the 'diggings' should be considered as unprecedented. Large lumps of gold have been found in other countries. Sir R. Murchison states that at the time of his visit to the east of Russia, lumps weighing from 13 to 24 lbs. had been discovered in the Ural district; and subsequently, in 1843, a mass weighing 78 lbs., now deposited in the museum of the Imperial Mining-School at St Petersburg; and in the same year the total yield from the Russian gold works was nearly L.3,000,000 sterling. In fact the gold districts of eastern Russia and Siberia comprise an area larger than France; and it is only within the past few years that Chinese Tartary, as well as Siberia, a tenth of the earth's surface, has been proved to be auriferous. Hence we may look for large returns from other regions besides California.

Among the schemes, too, for a route across the isthmus, no one appears to remember Mr Lloyd's survey made in 1828-9. He was commissioned by General Bolivar, and carried levelings across at the points now considered as the most desirable; the commencement of the work being marked on a stone on the shore at Panama, and the termination on the stem of a tree at Chagres. The 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1830 contain an account of the whole proceedings.

Prospectuses are issued for a 'Panopticon of Science and Art,' a sort of rival Polytechnic Institute, originating, it is said, in a bequest of L.20,000 left for the purpose. Several houses adjoining Exeter Hall have been purchased, and are to be cleared away to provide a site for the new edifice, which is to be opened next Christmas. Besides this, cheap gas and cheaper water are much talked about: one projector proposes to form a reservoir by erecting a dam across Dovedale, and thus to supply London with pure water brought in pipes all the way from Derbyshire. But to detail all the topics of London talk would require more than two or three brief columns; I must therefore close with the fact, that amidst the various claims of model lodging-houses, new streets, abatement of nuisances, and public slaughter-houses, Mr Layard's 'Nineveh' is most highly esteemed, and competes successfully with Macaulay's 'History' as the book of the season. Though not a politician, the author is acknowledged to be one of the first men of the day; and it is a source of regret that government has granted no more than L.1500 to enable him to resume his interesting excavations.

INCIDENTS OF CANADIAN TRAVEL.

It was on a fine morning in the month of June, a few years ago, that I stepped on board the steamer 'Canada,' just as she was about to leave the wharf, on her way up the river, from Quebec to Montreal. Their steamboat architecture has recently much improved on the St Lawrence; but the Canada was one of the old, clumsy, and gaudy race of boats at one time so common on the inland waters of America. She had been constructed, like all her fellows, without much regard to proportions, her hull being scarcely visible, from the extent to which her double tier of decks projected over her sides. Behind two enormous funnels, which were simultaneously ejecting dense columns of flame, sparks, and smoke, the 'working beam' rose high above the upper deck, and when in operation, was one of the most striking features in her singular *tout-ensemble*. Seen from a little distance, she appeared like a huge concoction of Bristol-board and paint, the ground-colour being white, with jet-black stripes traversing her whole length along the most prominent lines of her frame. To one accustomed to the sight of a British-built steamer, it seemed as if the slightest breeze could have reduced her to her original elements; and as the hot steam shot shrieking from the escape-pipes, you felt her shake like a jelly beneath your feet.

Having no further occasion for delay, we steamed with all speed up the river. The tide being in our favour, we were soon extricated from the labyrinth of ships anchored in the stream—each being surrounded with its small raft of timber, with which the crew were busily loading it. Thousands of men being thus simultaneously at work, there was something indescribably cheerful in the songs with which they lightened their labour.

As seen from the river, Quebec has a most imposing appearance. The bold promontory, crowned by the battlements of the citadel, rises like a perpendicular wall immediately behind the lower town, which nestles at its feet, and which it has the appearance of crushing into the water. The spires and roofs of the upper town, covered with tin, and glistening in the sunshine, are seen peering over the fortifications, the only connecting link between the two towns, on the St Lawrence side, being a zig-zag street, appropriately called

Mountain Street, which struggles up a cleft in the rock. In some places the battlements of Cape Diamond seem to impend over Champlain Street, a long and narrow street, which leads to the western extremity of the lower town.

Immediately on passing the city, the river expands to nearly treble width. Both banks are very lofty, that to the south sloping down to the water's edge, and being covered with the richest foliage. The north bank, on which the city stands, is rugged, precipitous, and almost naked. At the end of Champlain Street are many building-yards, in some of which, as we passed, vessels were on the stocks, and nearly ready for launching. Then came the 'coves,' as they are called, and which are neither more nor less than those portions of the beach on which the great timber merchants transact their business. Wolfe's Cove is about two miles above the town, and is the spot at which that gallant general struggled with his army and artillery up an almost perpendicular cliff, to gain the plains of Abraham above, on which he afterwards lost his life, fighting the decisive action which struck the last blow at French dominion in America. These coves follow each other in close succession for nearly three miles, the whole beach being lined for that distance with vast quantities of timber, squared, and ready for shipping.

There are similar coves on the other side of the river, about seven miles above the town, where the Etchnin enters the main stream, on its southern side. At the mouth of this tributary we passed a series of saw-mills, erected on a most gigantic scale, and in which the largest logs are converted, almost in a twinkling, into slabs, beams, deals, and scantlings. On the wharfs which surrounded them, the produce of these mills was piled in enormous masses, ready for conveyance to Europe in the vessels anchored hard by. Two miles farther up, the river receives, on the same side, another tributary, called the Chaudiere. The Falls of the Chaudiere, which are not more than a league from its mouth, are far superior in size and grandeur to those of Montmorency, nine miles below Quebec. And yet there is not one traveller in twenty who sees the former, although only twelve miles from the city, whilst almost every stranger thinks it necessary to pay a visit to the latter. The Chaudiere, at its mouth, is spanned by a noble bridge of one stupendous wooden arch, somewhat resembling in its construction the centre arch of Southwark (iron) Bridge. It springs from rock to rock at a great elevation above the stream; and as we passed, its complicated frame looked, in the clear morning air, like light gossamer-work suspended from the foliage which richly mantled the two banks.

The town of Three Rivers is at the head of tide-water, on the north bank, the tide thus flowing for nearly 500 miles, or nearly the whole length of Great Britain, up the channel of the river. The banks here are comparatively low, and continue so, with but little exception, up to the great lakes. A few miles above Three Rivers we entered Lake St Peter, a broad and magnificent sheet of water, resting on a shallow and ever-shifting bottom. The changes which are constantly taking place in its navigable channel render it the most precarious point in the navigation of the river from the Gulf to Montreal. At its upper end it is studded with islands, some of which are made the basis of great government works, with a view to straightening, deepening, and rendering uniform its channel. About the middle of the lake we met an enormous raft from the Ottawa, making its way slowly towards Quebec. It was covered with small sheds, for the accommodation of the lumber-men who navigated it, and looked awfully with jury-masts, to each of which was appended a sail. These rafts sometimes encounter rough weather in Lake St Peter, which in numerous instances shatters them to pieces, and leads to melancholy loss of life.

It was early next morning that we approached Mon-

treal. The country was exceedingly rich, and radiant with all the glories of 'leafy June.' Its general character was flat, but here and there from the vast level plain, which extended on both sides as far as the eye could reach, small isolated and conical hills rose to a moderate elevation, to relieve the scene from the monotony which else would have characterised it. It was fully an hour before breakfast-time when we made fast to the noble stone quay which lines the river in front of the city.

While Quebec owes its chief celebrity to its commanding military position, Montreal has few advantages in a military point of view, the strongest piece of fortification about it being on the island of St Helen's, a little below the city, and about midway between both banks of the river. It is, however, admirably situated with a view to the requirements of modern civilisation, which looks more to good commercial than to military positions. Although situated upon a large island, it may be said to occupy a position on the north bank of the river, the main stream running between it and the south bank—that which sweeps around the northern side of the island being comparatively insignificant. Occupying the very centre of a vast and exuberant agricultural region, it is the point upon which four great natural highways converge, leading from regions as varied in circumstances as they are great in superficies. The site which it occupies is but about thirty miles below the confluence of the Ottawa and the St Lawrence—the former leading, for miles counted by the thousand, from the very heart of the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the latter from the great lakes, with all the yet undeveloped wealth of the far north-west countries in the midst of which they lie. To the south, the Atlantic is directly accessible to it by the route of Lake Champlain and the Hudson; whilst to the eastward it can reach the ocean, by following the river to the gulf. This is the spot which, within the last few years, has been selected as the capital of United Canada; and few capitals have a situation affording so much promise for the future.

Montreal has a fine appearance when approached by steamboat from La Prairie; a small French-Canadian village several miles from it, on the opposite bank. It is chiefly built of stone, as are Quebec and Kingston—the three forming in this respect a marked exception to all the other towns of the province, and to nearly all in the United States, in which the wooden is almost invariably superseded by the brick tenement. The French portion of the city is very characteristic. The new part, all of which has been added since the conquest, has more of an English aspect about it; and some very magnificent streets and terraces have been added to it since its selection as the seat of government. The finest building by far which it contains is the Catholic cathedral, which is second only on the continent to that of Mexico, and of which any city in the old world might be proud as an ornament. The small hill immediately behind the town, and from which it derives its name, screens it completely from the cold northern winds. The slope which descends towards the city is covered with villas and orchards, and having a southern aspect, it produces the most luscious fruits. From the summit of this hill the view is very superb, commanding the city, the river, the Rapids, and a vast region of fertile country beyond.

The Rapids of the St Lawrence! who, within the domain of intelligence, has not heard of these stupendous phenomena? They needed not the muse of Moore to spread their fame: they are too gigantic in their sweep—too impetuous in their flow—too mighty in their power—too terrible in their aspect, ever to be forgotten by those who have once beheld them. As I was hurrying to the upper country, I had but a few hours to spend in and about Montreal, of which I took advantage to cross to La Prairie and see the Rapids of La Chine. The main rapid is almost entirely

screened from the city by some islands, which here break into different channels the great body of the stream. La Prairie, which is about nine miles from Montreal, lies at the foot of the Great Rapid, which rolls in tumultuous grandeur between one of the islands and the south bank of the river. The steam ferry-boat, in crossing, had to stem a portion of the rapid, but only where the delirious waters had subsided into comparative quiescence. Below, all was smooth and quiet; above, all was noise, tumult, and commotion. The river appeared to be rolling down the broken fragments of some gigantic staircase; and as it leapt maddened from rock to rock, the deep-blue current dashed itself into masses of foam, which for miles up covered its surface, like so many snow-wreaths borne down upon the tide. It is impossible that, in the presence of such a scene, even the most stolid and unimaginative can escape being struck with awe. The first feeling which it inspires is that of terror, the troubled flood seeming to bound onward to overwhelm you. Once assured by a sense of security, the mind becomes divided between amazement and self-humiliation; for you cannot avoid contrasting your own weakness with the stupendous development which nature here vouchsafes of her power. This is not the greatest rapid of the series, which, with some interruptions, agitate the river for the next hundred and fifty miles up, but it is in some respects the most terrible to encounter.

Having determined to ascend the river in a 'Durham boat'—a trafficking vessel which visits the upper country for flour—I set out, in the first place, in the stage for La Chine, in order to avoid the tedium of the first canal ascent. Here I found about twenty Durham boats ready to proceed on their upward voyage, but having no favouring wind, they were to be towed up the lake by the mail steamer. There being nothing novel in this part of the journey, I preferred the steamer to the Durham boat; and it was about noon when the 'Swan' started for the head of the lake, with a little fleet of cygnets behind her. Lake St Louis, now entered upon, is the result of the confluence of the St Lawrence and the Ottawa. It is a small body of water for these regions, but it is surpassingly beautiful, being studded with islets, covered with shrubbery dipping into the lake, so that they seem to be afloat upon the water. At its head the Ottawa enters it by a broad and placid estuary, stretching off to the right, and flanked by lofty banks, the St Lawrence bounding into it on the left through a screen of islands by a series of raging rapids called the Cascades. On getting ashore, it was with no little interest that, standing upon a small rocky point, I witnessed the first intermingling of the confluent waters of these two mighty torrents.

The Cascades being impracticable to upward-bound craft, they are turned, as on the La Chine Rapids, by a short canal, which leads into still water above them. Here, for the first time, I betook myself to the Durham boat, which was 'polled' close along-shore by the crew, until we reached the lower end of another series of rapids called the Cedars. These being practicable, first brought me in contact with the peculiarities of the navigation. A strong rope was attached to the boat, by means of which we were pulled by eight lusty oxen, which slowly scrambled along about midway up the high sloping bank to our right. They were attended by two Canadians—one to drive them, the other walking immediately behind with a large, sharp, and trusty knife in his hand, from which the sunlight every now and then flashed in our faces. I was about to inquire the object of this formidable armament, when an alarming incident furnished me with ocular demonstration of it. We were close upon shore, but the current which we had to stem ran prodigiously swift, although but little broken on the surface. Twenty yards farther out, however, it was roaring, and covered with breakers. The great point in steering was to keep the boat's head direct to the current. We had nearly mastered the rapid, when, by some unfortunate accident, her head

was allowed to tend slightly astwards. The current thus caught her broadside, and brought the oxen in their snail-like course to a stand. The confusion on board was only equalled by the hubbub raised by the two Canadians ashore, who, in an incredibly short time, exhausted all the oaths in their fertile vocabulary. In vain did the driver urge the oxen to their utmost efforts; the resistance was too great, and they could not move. In the meantime, by the action of the current, the boat was being driven farther out into the stream, until at length the oxen failed in their powers of resistance, and began to give way. They had been dragged backwards and downwards about three feet, when the man with the knife sprang to the rope, and in a twinkling severed it in two. The cattle were thus saved; but the boat, abandoned to the mercy of the current, shot, stern foremost, like an arrow down the stream, tossed about amid foaming breakers, which now and then dashed upon her deck. So suddenly did all this happen, that for a moment or two I felt as if awaking from a trance. Trees, banks, bushes, houses, every fixed object ashore, seemed reeling around me, as if in the delirium of some fantastic dance. The great anxiety of the crew was to prevent her from shooting the Cascades, which were within sight but a short distance below. At one time it appeared in the highest degree likely that she would do so.

'Stand to your oars, and be ready to put her head about,' cried the captain.

The men obeyed, ready to turn her round as soon as she was in smooth water, so as to shoot the Cascades safely and in regular style. Fortunately this was not required, for at the foot of the rapid she swung into an eddy, which enabled her to gain the shore.

'What would have happened had we gone down the Cascades?' I inquired very simply of the captain, who was already giving orders for reascending the rapid.

'We should have been back again in Lake St Louis by this time,' he replied with an air of great indifference, leaving me lost in wonderment at his estimate of the greatest calamity contingent on such an event.

We were not long in making up lost ground. The oxen were once more attached to the boat, and by dint of better steering we soon mastered the Cedars. The channel of the river is here again broken by numerous islands, between which it passes with prodigious force and velocity. Close to the southern bank, some miles off, are the Rapids of Beauharnois, which showed us their white crests until hidden from view by a sudden bend in the river, which brought us to the village of the Cedars. From this, up to the foot of Lake St Francis, we were alternately polled and towed, ascending several minor rapids, and flanking, by another very short canal, one too formidable to be breasted, and which formed on one side the defence of a small fort which rested upon it, and which, on that side at least, was impregnable. At the village at the foot of Lake St Francis we passed the night.

Next morning, as on Lake St Louis, a whole fleet of Durham boats were towed up Lake St Francis by a steamer. This is a somewhat larger sheet than the other, its upper half being very much broken with islands. On one of these, near the boundary line between the upper and lower provinces, is a rude pyramid of unhewn stones, raised by the Highlanders of the border county of Glengarry in honour of Sir John Colborne, who crushed the insurrection in Lower Canada in 1837. After sailing through many beautiful and mazy passages at the upper end of the lake, we arrived at Cornwall, the first frontier town of the upper province.

Twelve miles above Cornwall is the greatest and most formidable rapid of the St Lawrence, known as the Longue Sault, or, as it is commonly called, the Long Soo Rapid. Hitherto we had come along the northern bank; but to overcome this rapid we had to cross the river, the only practicable ascent being on the southern side. The stream was narrow where we crossed,

and the portage was the mouth of a small rivulet on the northern side. We ascended the still water on the northern side, and got nearly a mile above this point. The men then took to their oars, and pulled lustily across the stream. As soon as we touched the impetuous current in the middle, we were swept down with amazing rapidity, until we got into still water again on the other side, about half a mile below the rivulet, to which we were then leisurely polled up.

The rapid being still a mile or two up, I walked along the beach, leaving the boat to be polled to the foot of it. In doing so, I bounded over the rivulet which crossed my path. That bound brought me from monarchical to republican jurisdiction—the boundary line between the province and the United States here intersecting the St Lawrence, the broad current of which henceforth intervenes between the rival jurisdictions. I embarked again at the foot of the Great Rapid, which, in all its appalling grandeur, was now in full view. As at all the rapids, islands here also blocked up the channel, the river escaping with terrific violence between them. The broadest and most fearful rapid was on the Canada side, some distance from us. The channel on the American side, which we ascended, was narrow, and comparatively tranquil; but the strength of the current may be estimated by the fact, that it took no less than twenty-eight oxen to tow an empty boat against it, keeping quite close to the shore. The rapid is in all twelve miles long, and it took us some hours to ascend it. We were almost at the top, when I was favoured with a sight for which I had yearned—that of a boat shooting the rapids. Doubling a point of the island to our right, and emerging, as it were, from the trees and bushes, which seemed to hem in the still water above, came a boat, on her downward voyage, laden with flour, a tier of barrels being upon her deck. For some distance before the rapid broke, the current was swift and powerful, although the surface was smooth. Down she came, faster and faster every moment, as the current became stronger. No human power could then have stopped her course, or saved her from the rapid. The crew stood motionless, each at his appointed post. Having reached the line where the rapid broke, she made one bound into the troubled current. Her prow was every now and then buried in foam, and twice and again did the water wash over her deck, as she was hurried past us, like an arrow on the omnipotent stream. My eye followed her, until a point below concealed her from view. It was like a dream. Almost in a moment she came and disappeared. I had scarcely withdrawn my eye from the spot where I last saw her, ere she would be riding safe in less troubled waters at the foot of the rapid.

It were needless much further to prolong this recital. At Dickenson's Landing, which is at the head of the rapid, on the Canada side, we passed another night. Thence we next day ascended to Prescott, encountering many smaller rapids, up which we were towed. The channel was thickly strewed with islands the whole way up to Prescott, at which town my journey by the Durham boat terminated, this being the place at which it received its cargo for Montreal. The neighbourhood of Prescott was the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts that took place in the upper province during the rebellion in the winter of 1837-38—a Pole, of the name of Von Shultz, having landed with some hundreds of sympathisers from the American town of Ogdensburg, directly opposite, and taken possession of a windmill a few miles below Prescott. From this they were dislodged after a sharp engagement. Von Shultz was tried at Kingston as a freebooter, and hanged.

The steamer by which I proceeded from Prescott to Kingston crossed over to Ogdensburg on her way up. It was the first American town that I had seen, and left a very favourable impression upon my mind. It is situated at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, the waters of which are deeply tinged by the masses of choleric decomposition through which it flows. From

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this to Brockville, on the Canada side, and twelve miles up, the river is clear of islands, and has the appearance of a large lake. Great is the change, however, immediately above this town, which lies at the lower end of the far-famed 'Thousand Islands.' I shall say nothing of them at present, as to do them justice would require more space than is now at my disposal. It was evening ere we reached Kingston, at their upper extremity. Here my eye rested upon what appeared to be the broad and boundless ocean, quietly ruffled by the evening breeze, and over which the setting sun threw a brilliant pathway of ruddy light. It was Lake Ontario, the smallest, and the last in the order in which they lie, of that wonderful chain of lakes which drain into themselves one-half of a continent. I remained for some time gazing upon it in mute wonder, as I thought of its vast proportions and the illimitable regions to which it led.

The distance from Kingston to Toronto is 180 miles. This was prolonged by the steamer touching at Oswego, on the American side of the lake. From Oswego we took an oblique line across to Coburg, a Canadian town. During this part of the voyage we were for many hours out of sight of land. Think of that, reader; out of sight of land on a fresh-water lake! Even to this one becomes accustomed in America, as I did afterwards. The distance from Coburg to Toronto, which is seventy miles, is accomplished during the night. Toronto is still fifty miles from the head of the lake. Arrived at my destination, I took up my quarters at the North American Hotel, where I rested for several days, after a journey novel and varied in its processes, and replete with incident and interest.

HISTORIC TABLEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF X. B. SAINTINE.

It was Saturday, the last day of August 1483. In a gloomy castellated mansion on the banks of the Loire, not far from the city of Tours, five persons, each of a very different aspect from the other, were assembled in a large apartment, hung with gilt leather, and more abundantly furnished with arms, vials, and relics, than with articles of comfort or of luxury. This dreary chamber was only to be approached by a narrow staircase, which wound its way through the massive wall. A pale, worn sufferer, with a haggard and restless eye, lay stretched upon a couch. At one side of him a venerable hermit knelt in prayer; at the other stood a physician, immovable as a statue, with his forefinger pressed upon the pulse of his patient. Two others stood in a distant corner, silently observing what was going on, or now and then conversing in subdued whispers, or by the silent interchange of looks.

The first of these, of middle stature, and in the prime of life, united with an air of frank good-nature an expression of acute intelligence and clear-sightedness. He held an inkhorn in his hand, as if ready to write from dictation. He might have been taken for a notary, had it not been for the rich robe of black velvet which formed his attire, and the chain of massive gold which hung around his neck. The second, a man of tall stature and spare form, with a bald head, and a countenance expressive of mingled cruelty and cunning, stood with his arms folded, as if in the deepest anguish, and his thick shaggy eyebrows closely knit, whilst every now and then there burst from him a deep-drawn sigh.

There was yet another being, another sufferer, in the room. Will it, however, be seemly here to speak of him?—for he was but a greyhound. He lay in a corner, on a little bed which had been made expressly for him—for his master loved him well. Both had been equally devoted to the pleasures of the chase, and both had been taken ill on their return from a fatiguing course. The dog, like the rest of those who were present at this scene, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the patient; whilst the latter, turning apprehensively from the gloomy and foreboding gaze of the physician,

glanced towards the dumb animal, and exclaimed with peevish impatience, 'Can we not contrive to get up a death-struggle between the cat and the rats, as we did yesterday, to divert my good greyhound and myself, and to keep us awake? Oh what agonies I am suffering!' he suddenly exclaimed, writhing upon his couch. Then turning towards the hermit, he continued, 'My father, pray to God to alleviate my sufferings. He only can. Even if He will not show this favour to me, He will do it for you, who are a holy man, and have never offended Him as I perhaps may have done. Pray to Him, father—pray very devoutly; He surely will not be able to refuse you anything.' And deep sobs mingled with the paternosters of the hermit, as he bowed his head in supplication, and earnestly besought of God and St Eutropus that they would assuage the sufferer's anguish, and restore to him the health of the soul as well as of the body.

'That of the body for to-day; speak only of the body, my father,' said the sick man, laying his wasted hand upon the hermit. 'When one wants very much to obtain anything, one must not ask for so many things at a time.'

The monk obeyed; but the sufferings of the patient continuing in unabated force, he now turned towards the physician.

'Cannot you help me, my best friend?' he exclaimed. 'Oh, for pity's sake, do give me some relief: you are my only hope. I have already made you rich and honourable, I will make you richer still; but do not look at me in that way, or I shall think what I would not think! Unkneel your brow, and rejoice in your good fortune; for by'r lady, for every month you keep me alive from this day forth you shall be paid, not, as heretofore, ten thousand crowns, but twenty thousand; yes, and more even if you require it.' The physician, apparently unmoved by all these brilliant promises, held a bottle of smelling-salts to the nose of his patient, and administered to him a few drops of some narcotic mixture. For a brief moment the sufferer seemed relieved, but it was not long before his sufferings returned with aggravated power.

'The relics!—the relics!' he exclaimed, turning anew to the saintly man, who still knelt by his couch. The monk, having made the sign of the cross, reverently approached a rich reliquary which lay on a small table in the centre of the room, and made the necessary preparations for charming away, by its touch, the sufferings of the patient. For this purpose it was necessary to lay it gently for a moment on the sufferer's head. The monk was feeble and attenuated—less perhaps by age than by continual fasting and self-mortification. He required assistance. He raised his eyes timidly towards the physician, who stood facing him at the other side of the bed: the latter only replied by contemptuously shrugging his shoulders, and with a scornful smile quitted his post by the bedside, where, however, he was quickly replaced by the man who wore the ink-horn by his side.

'If I recover through your means, oh, my holy and most powerful relics!' exclaimed the patient, 'I will erect to your honour a church, in which every one of you shall have his chapel; and there you shall repose in pure gold, studded with jewels, and prayers and invocations shall continually be offered at your shrine.' Then suddenly interrupting himself, he exclaimed in a hurried voice, and as if gasping for breath, 'The potion! the potion!'

A moment of calm now supervened. He sought to deceive both himself and others, and his courage and confidence in himself and in his destiny seemed suddenly to revive. 'Why should I die of this stroke?' said he: 'am I then so very old? That dog which lies there looking at me out of the corner, and which was ripped up by the stag—he is yet worse than I am; he is not possessed of all the appliances and means for the recovery of health with which I am surrounded: none pray for him. And yet they say he will recover. Well, then, I too will

recover! I swear by the blessed Virgin I will! It is the want of air and of nourishment which is killing me: it is this confinement to the couch which turns my brain! I will rise and take a turn in the gallery, or breathe the fresh air; or else I shall go, I think, into the town, and show myself to the people—not as a miserable invalid, but in my hood and doublet of crimson silk, lined with ermine; or, better still, my address, cloth of gold; it cannot be much worn, for I only used it once—yes, the day I went to meet the lord high constable. Let it be brought to me directly; and order my horse to be saddled; let him, too, be richly caparisoned with his Persian embroidered housings.' 'You, my good friends, can come along with me, and in case I should need a little support, will lend me a helping hand. Come, let us lose no time.'

Those whom he thus addressed took all these vain words for a passing delirium; but with a movement of impetuous haste he threw off his bedclothes, and sprang from his couch. The faithful greyhound, perceiving this unexpected movement, raised himself, not without effort, from his bed, and hastened with feeble steps towards his master. But weak as were the demonstrations of joy which the poor animal could at this moment show, even they were too much for the exhausted frame of the sufferer: he stumbled, and sunk fainting on the floor. The monk gently lifted him to his couch, whilst the unconscious offender was driven rudely to his bed. When the patient recovered from his swoon, he peevishly exclaimed, 'It was that accursed greyhound which tripped me up; but I will make another attempt.'

'You must not stir!' cried the physician in a tone of command which kept him passive as a child; whilst, as he looked on all around, and saw consternation and dismay in every countenance, a pang of anguish shot across his heart, for he felt that the fatal hour was at hand.

If ever man feared death, it was he who now lay on that bed of anguish. The very word was so hateful to him, that he had long forbidden it should be uttered in his presence. And yet, for the sake of his soul's safety, he did not wish to allow this dreadful hour to come upon him unawares. He therefore signed to the man with the inkhorn to approach him, and bend over his couch. The latter obeyed; and the sufferer, gasping for breath, feebly whispered in his ear, 'My faithful servant, it is possible that this illness may end badly for me; but I do not wish that the news should be conveyed to me in any other way than that on which we have already agreed; and if—in a few weeks—in a few days—perhaps—I should be in danger of—may God avert such an evil!' he added, interrupting himself—'remember only to say those few words, "Speak but little!" that will suffice.'

Whilst he thus whispered his wishes to his confidant, the physician was engaged in conversation with the bald-headed man whom we before noticed standing in the corner. This latter now approached the sick man's couch; and as the restless sufferer turned from his friend, he beheld this pale and sinister countenance bending over his pillow, and heard this voice, more harsh than sorrowful, saying to him, almost without preamble, 'Neither prayers nor remedies can longer avail you aught; you must prepare yourself to die in a holy manner, as all good Christians should do. The event is inevitable, and probably near at hand. It is to me a painful duty to announce it to you, as it is doubtless to you a painful task to—' The dying man, with a shudder, turned in his bed. His eyes were haggard; his lips compressed with rage; and he darted upon the speaker such a look of concentrated fury and despair, that he caused him to pause in his speech. A moment of awful silence ensued, which the sufferer was the first to break.

'I am not yet,' said he, 'fallen so low as you seem to think. Besides, had I only two moments to live, here I am the master, and I can still punish whosoever has

dared to disobey me, and to dispute my will. Yes! I swear it, on my soul's salvation, amongst those now present it is not I who shall be first to die!' As he thus spoke, he raised to his lips a small silver whistle which hung suspended near his bed. The monk laid his hand upon his arm, and said in a voice which was still firm, though expressive of deep emotion, 'And God! the Almighty God! do you forget that soon, very soon, you may be standing before Him?'

'God will grant me absolution, father, and so will you; for it is an act of justice which I am about to accomplish. This man has many a crime to answer for.'

'Sinner!' replied the monk in a tone of deep earnestness, 'it is God alone who has a right to be swift in executing His judgments! The justice of man should be slow, for he is blind and liable to err. Retract what you have said; if not, neither from God nor from me can you hope to receive absolution!'

The dying man listened in gloomy silence; and after a moment of reflection, replied in a voice which was more subdued than before, but which yet betrayed ill-suppressed passion, 'And this oath, on which I have staked my salvation; this oath! I cannot break it without risking my share in the joys of paradise.' And raising himself with much effort, he exclaimed in a resolute tone, 'This oath! I will fulfil it; I ought to do so, and I shall!' The monk had fallen upon his knees with his hands clasped; his companions gathered around the couch with an air of supplication. The proposed victim alone, the man with the bald head, stood immovable, his countenance impassible, and seemingly prepared to brave the danger. And yet it was evident that he was well aware of the imminence of the peril. His death-like paleness, and the cold dew which hung upon his brow, proved that his calmness proceeded rather from terror than from resignation. The expiring man fixed upon him an eye whose expression was that of power and of malignity. 'I have sworn,' he exclaimed, 'that amongst the living beings in this room I shall not be the first whose breath shall fail.' Then pointing towards the corner where the poor greyhound lay crouching on his bed, he said in an authoritative tone, 'Take that dog, and let him be put to death this moment.' The man with the bald head did not wait for the order to be repeated a second time, but taking down a club which hung against the wall, he struck the dog violently, but with an uncertain hand. The unfortunate animal howled piteously, and was struck three times before he received his death-blow.

'Good Heavens! how he makes him suffer!' exclaimed the dying sportsman as he sunk backwards on his bed, his countenance betraying at the same time an unwonted degree of emotion.

'My son,' said the hermit, 'even the death of this dog is an act of guilt which you must expiate by a speedy repentance!'

'If God reckons the death of this animal amongst my sins, what may I not then expect?' murmured the sufferer in a feeble voice. 'Of this sin, father, I do indeed repent; for I loved this poor dog. We had often been companions together in the chase; and I cared so much for him, that I have had him nursed here under my own eyes. I have at least this conviction with regard to him, he is the only being amongst those lives I have taken away who never once offended me. As an expiation of my offence, I desire that his form may be sculptured upon my—you understand me? Yes, sculptured in marble, and placed by my side. Now, father, receive my confession.'

From that moment the thought of death no longer seemed to press upon the mind of this still formidable sufferer; he recovered all his collectedness and sang-froid; he passed a long time in dictating instructions concerning his last wishes to the man who bore the inkhorn by his side; made his confession to the monk; and towards eight o'clock in the morning, after having discoursed long and wisely on the course to be pursued

with regard to politics in France, he passed from time into eternity, and the hermit closed his eyes.

This hermit was St François de Paule; the physician, Jacques Coitier; the man with the inkhorn, Philippe de Comines the historian; the man with the bald head, Olivier le Dain, surnamed Le Diable; he who had just gone to his long account, the king, Louis XI.

Amongst all the dying wishes of this once absolute sovereign, but one, that which related to his dog, was religiously executed. In the church of Notre-Dame de Clévy, near Tours, a marble monument represents Louis XI. in the costume of a hunter, kneeling upon his tomb, his white greyhound by his side.

ROBIN CARRICK.

A Scotch country paper—the 'Ayrshire News Letter'—presents a biographical sketch of Robert Carrick, a merchant and banker who flourished in Glasgow half a century ago. Robin, as he was familiarly called, was the son of a clergyman, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house in Glasgow, in which he ultimately rose to be a partner, after which event the title of the firm was 'Carrick, Brown, and Company.' This concern, located in an old dingy building at the corner of Argyle and Glassford Streets, united the business of manufacturing muslins with those of banking and bill discounting. As is usual with Scotch banks, the company issued notes of a pound and upwards. We have a distinct remembrance of these notes; they were printed in blue ink, with the picture of a ship in full sail in the corner, and obtained a wide circulation. The firm issued no small number of notes on its own account, by paying them away to weavers and others employed by the company in their muslin manufacture.

The apartment in which the banking business was carried on was meanly furnished with a couple of plain deal desks, and a kind of barrier with a slip of flat board which served as counter. The notes were kept in pigeon-holes in one of the desks, and were not seen by customers; for when the desk was opened, the lid was supported by the head of the clerk, and this operation screened the interior from too curious observation. These details are significant of the great difference in the style of money-dealing in past and present times. A similar simplicity of arrangement prevailed among the old London banking-houses; and till the present day banking is conducted in much the same primitive manner in most continental countries.

Robin Carrick was the *beau idéal* of a steady, calculating, plain-living, old-fashioned Scotsman. His thin gray hair was tied behind with a black ribbon; his garments were ample, and of an antique cut; and his legs were encased in a pair of white ribbed woollen stockings. His mode of doing business, though consistent with perfect civility, partook of that degree of sly caution which the national dialect expresses by the word *pawky*. In his room, he sat on a high-legged stool at a wooden desk, with his feet resting on a cross bar; and when any person called on discounting business, he did not rise, but wheeled only half round, in order not to commit himself too far. When he declined to discount a bill, he always said with a bow and a cold smile, 'It's not convenient;' and never yielded to importunity, but became more firm in refusing the more the suitor pressed. To test the urgency of his customers, he was wont to disappear from Glasgow for some time; this enabled him to discover who could and who could not pay their bills without renewals, obliging all to carry their paper elsewhere. By these means many bad debts were avoided. Such absences he turned to account. He went privately to look at lands and estates that were for sale; and picked them up if they offered a profitable investment. His plan was never to buy good or improved land. He preferred purchasing extensive ill-reclaimed bogs, moor, and wildernesses, where corn never ripened, and the farm-houses were turf hovels. With the eye of a connoisseur he knew what

tracts were susceptible of improvement by draining, fencing, and road-making, and these he bought if they were a bargain. In this way he purchased a great breadth of land in New Monkland, a bleak region within the north-eastern boundary of Lanarkshire; of course dispossessing a large number of small lairds and tenants, whose poverty and ignorance stood in the way of all sorts of improvement. Robin, be it observed, did not let it be known that he wanted to buy any property to which he took a fancy; had he done so, three prices would have been asked for it. He resorted to all sorts of manoeuvres, aided by confidential agents, and in these was generally successful.

Robin Carrick's housekeeping was conducted in the rigidly-economical style of a Scottish bachelor of the old school. He lived in the floor above the bank, to which there was access by a common stair entering by a door behind. His house was kept for him by a respectable female domestic; and from all accounts, this lady was as economical in her plans as her master. Sometimes—we should suppose not very often—Robin gave a dinner to a party of friends, and on these occasions his housekeeper bought a pound of old cheese, on condition that what the company did not consume should be taken back by the cheesemonger—a trait of parsimony pretty well known, but probably only relished as a joke on the rich banker's method of housekeeping.

So far go the facts which are given of Robert Carrick's career. He died a number of years ago; and the concern of which he was a member having latterly merged in a new joint-stock banking company, his famous ship-notes are withdrawn, and no longer seen by the public. At his death he left a large fortune, amassed by the means that have been mentioned; but what became of his wealth is not stated. With the exception of having once been a bailie and dean of guild, two offices in Scottish civic economy, it does not appear that he took any part in public affairs; and his historian is silent as to any services he performed in connection with social improvement. It would seem, therefore (for we know nothing of the fact), that, after all, this man—rich, 'respectable,' and with every possible opportunity of being useful in his generation—was a mere money-gatherer, a muck-raker of the most commonplace character. It is hard to say this of Robin Carrick. *But we want to know what he did. Providence gave him the means of doing much, and did he do much? Did he devote his growing riches to objects of a nature which would benefit his fellow-creatures? Did he abundantly relieve the sick; bind up the broken-hearted; build and support schools; open up new and useful thoroughfares; erect wholesome dwellings for the classes condemned to live in the midst of filth and pestilence? The only good sort of thing that we have heard of him was buying land for the sake of reclaiming it; but when he cleared out the wretched inhabitants, did he help them to emigrate to more suitable fields of industry? If he did none of these things, his life, though not useless to society, must be pronounced to have been undeserving of commendation; he may be remembered as a millionaire, but that goes a short way in the summary of what constitutes the chief aim of existence.

The stupid money-making life of Carrick—supposing it to be confined to what his historian relates—is a fair specimen of the beginning, middle, and end of hundreds of lives of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers. First, there is much painful labour; then there is rapid acquisition; lastly, there is a large fortune, which the makers leave to be spent by persons who only laugh at them for their folly. To vary the insanity, they occasionally leave their hoards to build magnificent hospitals, which demoralise society, while they perpetuate the vulgar name of the founder; and which institutions, we may rest assured, will some day be swept away by law as public nuisances. Why, in the name of common sense and human experience, will not people make proper use of their money while

they live, instead of leaving it in a lump to be squandered thoughtlessly, uselessly, mischievously, when they are dead? Considering the frequency of fortunes being made only to be left at death, it would almost seem as if money-makers were not aware of the pleasure which might be derived from working out beneficiary and other plans under their own cognisance. Were men, on whom family obligations do not heavily rest, properly conscious of this fact, we think they would be inclined to expend at least a reasonable portion of their accumulations on objects of taste and public utility. We know of no locality which might not thus be greatly benefited at even a moderate outlay.

DUELLING MONOMANIA.

THE hero of the action we are about to record was Mr Mathew, the proprietor of the estate of Thomastown, Tipperary, where Dean Swift paid a visit of four months. The rental of the estate was £8000 a year, and Mr Mathew desiring to spend the whole in the exercise of hospitality, had the resolution to live abroad for seven years at an annual expense of £600, that he might accumulate enough of money to build a commodious house for the reception of visitors. This house contained forty apartments for guests, where each might take his meals by himself, or invite his friends to join him. Or they might meet at a daily ordinary in the common parlour, where the only rule was, that there was no one master of the house. In addition to these accommodations, there was a place fitted up like a coffee-house, where the guests might obtain refreshments at any hour of the day; and likewise a *tavern*, where such of the guests as were addicted to intoxication might indulge themselves without the reserve which would be occasioned by the presence of more abstemious persons—among whom Mr Mathew himself was one.

When Mr Mathew returned from abroad, the duelling-mania was at its height. There were in London at that time—towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign—two gentlemen, a Major Pack and a Captain Creed, both of them accomplished fencers, who, hearing of the daily exploits in duelling which took place in Dublin, repaired to that city in quest of adventures. Here they learned that Mr Mathew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe; and Pack, firing at the news, insulted him by jostling one of his chairmen as he passed, and boasting of the exploit in a tavern as an affront which Mathew had not had spirit enough to resent. This brought about the desired consummation; and Mathew, accompanied by a friend, Macnamara, repaired to a tavern where they knew Pack and Creed were to be found. The sequel we give in the words of Mr J. B. Burke, in his recent work, 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' 'After securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that in cases of this nature he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion Mr Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" "Yes," replied Mathew with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly pack after him," at the same time making a home-thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life,

either before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured.

AN ARTISAN EMIGRATION SOCIETY.

A **HANDBILL** has been brought under our notice purporting to be the 'Rules of the Wardour London and New York Self-Affecting Transit Society' (a name much too long and complicated), the object of which is, to afford means of emigration to artisans and their families. The locality of the association is Wardour Street, Soho—Thomas Shute, secretary, 24 Cecil Court, St Martin's Lane. We possess no means of judging of the respectability of the club, as it may be called; and our only reason for noticing its establishment is, to point out what a body of men propose doing on their own behalf. At the head of the rules is inscribed a proverb, by way of motto—'Help yourselves, and your friends will love you all the better;' and this wise saying is apparently significant of the principles on which the society is to act. The members seek no assistance from anybody. All they desire to do is, to gather up small weekly sums till enough has been accumulated to remove the members and their families *en masse* to New York. The payments are to extend throughout seventy weeks; during which each adult is to pay 1s., and for each child above four and under fourteen years of age, 6d. per week. The estimated cost of transit, therefore, appears to be L.3, 10s. for each adult, and L.1, 15s. for each young person; infants being free. Thus for a man and his wife the charge will be L.7, exclusive of children, which we believe is the usual price of a steerage passage to New York.

For the credit of the working-classes we hope the scheme will do well. It manifests an earnest self-reliant principle worthy of all praise; and the only thing wanting to its perfect success, besides steadiness in making payment, is the security of the accumulating fund. We trust that means are taken to prevent misappropriation of money, or any other of those irregularities to which associations of a humble class are too frequently exposed. To such societies men of respectability and capital might lend valuable assistance, if only by charging themselves with the safe custody of the funds. And what is this but saying that a mutual dependence, as well as a spirit of kindness, ought to pervade society. It is to be regretted that unworthy suspicions in many instances stand in the way of this intercourse, and these can be removed only by education and experience. Meanwhile, the institution of a society, chiefly, if not altogether, composed of artisans, affords a useful hint to workmen whose thoughts are turned towards emigration. Each man has only to save up 70s. to get himself carried to New York, where he will be in the way of obtaining employment. Of course, besides this sum, each individual will require to possess a trifle more, as well as clothes, bedding, and some other articles; but what thrifty family is without these necessities?

PROGRESS.

Progress is the touchstone of revolutions; but it does not accomplish itself in a day, nor dart forth as the lightning which illuminates space. Nations gain freedom by degrees. Liberty widens, and the base of power extends in proportion to the spread of intelligence. Every evolution of humanity brings out a new idea, and consecrates new rights: each has its destiny to fulfil. The laws ought neither to rush in advance nor pass abreast of manners, for then they would be chimeras or assaults.—*Leon Fischer.*

A SISTER'S VALENTINE.

Know ye that every flower that blows
A language hath, to rouse or melt;
That falls not on the outward ear,
But in the lonely heart is felt?

So I, a gentle *penelope*, come
A messenger of love to you;
Bearing a billet in my leaves
Of nature's thoughts transcribed in dew.

My mistress plucked me far away,
Beneath a bright and sunny sky,
And said, 'Sweet gem, with autumn's breath,
Like other flowers, thou shalt not die.

'Within my herbal thou shalt live;
To stranger lands with me thou'lt roam;
A little exile dearly loved,
And cherished for the sake of home.'

Yet now a mission she provides,
And sends me with my gentle art,
To fan the sweet and holy flame
That warms a darling brother's heart.

Then frequent thou my leaves peruse,
Examine closely, and thou'lt see,
In language of the flowerets writ,
That fond appeal, 'Oh think of me!'

THE PREVENTION OF EARTHQUAKES.

When the electric origin of earthquakes first occurred to me, I thought it quite possible to prevent them, if a metallic or other good conducting communication could be effected through the temporary, or permanent, non-conducting strata, so that the electric currents might find a ready passage. I found, subsequently, that this idea had actually been carried into execution. The Chevalier Vivonzo, at the latter end of the last century, being convinced that earthquakes were the result of electric discharges in the earth, through bad or non-conducting media, and probably borrowing from the lightning conductor, proposed to fix metallic rods, terminating in a number of points, like a brush, in the ground to as great a depth as possible. But a better method has been carried into execution. In Naples there is a pyramid erected before a church, under which is a deep well, with several mouths opening about the base. This was made that the water, being a conductor, might form a good electric communication between the strata through which the well is sunk, and thus, acting on the principle of a lightning conductor, draw off the fluid. In the city of Udine, wells and other excavations have been made for the same purpose, and also great numbers in Nola in the kingdom of Naples. The success of the attempts at Naples and Udine does not appear; but at Nola it seems most unequivocal, for that city was never known to be damaged by earthquakes.—*Polytechnic Review.*

POPULAR ERRORS REGARDING SUGAR.

Amongst the common errors entertained by the people in regard to the origin and causes of diseases, is that of supposing sugar to contain certain ingredients destructive to teeth, and thereby a promoter of toothache. Chemists have proved that beyond doubt sugar contains no properties that can act chemically on the bone, and no injury can arise in this respect from the use of it. At the same time they have discovered that the crystals, or particles of the sugar (when in a state fit for use), are of such a hard nature before being thoroughly moistened with the saliva, that they rub or scratch the enamel of the teeth when in the act of crushing it between the molars. This brings on the gradual decay of the teeth, and consequent toothache.

A 'PINCH' FOR THE QUEEN.

The 'New York Standard' having read in 'Jerrold's Weekly News' that Messrs Stiven and Son of Laurencekirk had been appointed snuff-box manufacturers to the Queen, not unnaturally concluded that her Majesty 'took a pinch;' and expressed surprise that 'this young woman,' who had 'enjoyed the advantage of a good education,' and was said to 'sing some,' and 'draw pictures worth stealing,' should 'not only be a snuff-taker, but carry a box!'

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Oller Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 277. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

SELF-DEPENDENCE AND MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

THE cement which, in a state of advancing civilisation, keeps human society together is mutual dependence; and this mutual dependence, although perhaps originating in social sympathy, is mainly sustained by community of interest. The degree in which mutual dependence exists indicates the point of civilisation reached by the community, and it affords a test of the probable stability of the government and prosperity of the people. The working of the principle may be likewise traced, it is true, in the tribes of the wilderness, and in the trained savages of some of the ancient republics; but in both it betrayed the restricted character that might be expected in conditions of society obviously not adapted for permanence. It was there the mutual dependence of a small community, surrounded by other communities which it supposed to be its natural enemies, and itself fated to be extirpated by conquest, or swallowed up in new forms of social life. In the present age, partaking of the character of a higher civilisation, and influenced by the catholic spirit of Christianity, it is more fully developed. Its circle, though not wide enough, is wider than before, and is widening still. It acquires strength from this enlargement; it feels stirring within a vitality it was hitherto unconscious of; and already half suspects that it is destined to girdle the earth.

From this we gather that mutual dependence is not innate, or similar to the gregarious instinct we find in the brute creation, but the result of experience, reflection, and intelligence. It grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of society; it spreads itself throughout all the ramifications of life, moral, social, and political; and yet, so far from being destructive of *self*-dependence, as we shall endeavour to explain in the sequel, it is its surest safeguard. But there is one thing mutual dependence wants; and that is, a knowledge and recognition of its existence as a great social principle. At present, its influence is felt without being formally recognised; and the consequence is, that, acting, as it does, like an unaccredited agent, it is constantly liable to interruption from the circumstances of life or the passions of men.

If we only look closely at our state of mutual dependence, we shall be filled with wonder at the hardness of heart, or obtuseness of intellect, which permits the continuance of the hostile feelings that still exist in a society so thoroughly knit, so inextricably interwoven, as ours. Look at that party of men lounging beside the railway—idle for want of work, moneyless and friendless. They perhaps assisted in constructing the wonder on which they are gazing, and their eyes are perhaps now following the proud traffic that sweeps past

them on the line they themselves pioneered. What precautions do we adopt regarding them? Creeping over the lines in the dark, to tear up a small portion of the rail, would do to them only the work of a few minutes; and what horror would be the result! Hundreds of lives might be destroyed; and before the news of the catastrophe could reach the great cities, a pause of terrible expectation would take place in the communications of the country, which would be felt throughout the whole of her social and commercial relations. There stand these men, however, unwatched and uncared for, and there pass they on in their hunger and desperation. We are safe, for they belong to the same system of which we form a part. In a political convulsion, or a great class agitation, they might be our enemies; but in the ordinary circumstances of life, they acknowledge universally that law of mutual dependence on the protection of which we as universally rely.

The still more recent wonder of the electric telegraph is as completely at the mercy of the evil-disposed or the desperate. A single blow, dealt in the dark, cuts off a communication which we believe to be as secure and infallible as if it were protected by the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. To sever a thin wire is to neutralise one of the most brilliant and important of the inventions of modern times; and this wire extends, in the open air, over a vast line of country, and is almost everywhere accessible to the casual passer-by.

When we observe the brilliant appearance presented by our cities at night, where innumerable jets of gas illumine the streets, and make the interior of our dwellings almost as light as at noonday, it never occurs to us that a few blows of a mallet and chisel struck upon the main pipe, would at once reduce the whole to the darkness of the grave. Mallets and chisels are not scarce, nor are hands that can wield them, nor are bitter and blighted hearts fit to suggest the blow: but the idea never occurs even to the most unfortunate or the most depraved; and so the city blazes on, and the hymns continue to resound from the church, and the music from the hall, and the lonely hearts to brood in harmless dependence over their idle hands and useless tools.

We might place the public supply of water in the same category with that of gas, but a still more familiar illustration presents itself in domestic life. The maid-of-all-work is condemned to almost hopeless drudgery; and owing to the mechanical nature of her employment, and the roughness and want of finish we permit in it, she is far worse remunerated than if she only took a part in the distributed labour of the house. She eats and drinks, however; she sleeps at night; she is able to purchase the homely clothes of her degree; and so matters go on till a fit of illness renders her unfit for our purpose. What becomes of her then? We do not know. She goes forth, no one can tell whither,

We are ignorant whether she lives or dies—we never see her again. But suppose, before this occurs, the family desire to betake themselves for a month or two to the country: what do they do with their house and household property? Why, they leave all in the charge of this despised drudge, whose connection as a link of the family system is so slight and arbitrary, and sleep tranquilly at a distance of a hundred miles, undisturbed by the slightest suspicion of her unfaithfulness!

But all these are only negative instances of our dependence upon others: we trust to the various classes we have mentioned for abstaining from doing us injury. The active and positive instances, however, are still more numerous—so numerous, that to mention them is to describe the whole machinery of social life. On the railway we have alluded to, the passengers, flying along at the rate of forty miles an hour, have entrusted their limbs and lives to the skill and experience of two or three men of the lower classes, whose names they do not know, and whom they probably never saw and never will see in their lives. In a ship we lie comfortably in our cot, listening to the hurried footsteps of the sailors on deck, on whom we depend for safe guidance across the ocean. The roar of the midnight storm mingles with the sound of their footsteps, with the hoarse cries of the crew, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, which are the sole barrier between us and the fathomless abyss of the sea. The ship rolls and staggers, now climbing the vast and almost perpendicular steep of a wave, and then plunging headlong into the trough below, as if seeking the bottom. What of that?—we are only passengers! In like manner, we loiter lazily in our carriage while it is guided by our coachman through the tumultuous and dangerous streets of a great city; or if night has fallen upon the road we travel, and the progress of the vehicle is slow and difficult because of the darkness, we call to the man to 'mind where he is going,' and compose ourselves to sleep. We every day emulate the boasted heroism of Alexander, and trust our lives to our physician. In getting a prescription prepared at the apothecary's, we see him selecting our medicine from among the poisons by which he is surrounded; and never suspect him for a moment of a want of knowledge, or even a simple carelessness, which might make the draught our last in the world. But the catalogue is endless. From the moment we open our eyes in the morning till we close them at night, our history is a series of such instances of dependence; and if we live in a city, when we draw the curtains around us, perhaps the last sound of which we are conscious is the roar of a fire-engine, as it passes at full gallop, telling of some accidental calamity, and of the headlong haste with which men are flying to stop its progress and succour its victims.

We have hinted that in order to derive the full benefit from this mutual dependence, it must be recognised, not merely by abstract reasoners, but by the people generally, as one of the great principles of social life. It is not enough that we lean upon our neighbours from habit or instinct: we must know and feel that we do so. Such knowledge and feeling will make us all of mere consequence to each other, and draw nearer and closer the bonds of social union. But they will have another effect, which many will consider an anomaly: the mutual dependence thus recognised will strengthen our self-dependence.

Mutual dependence springs from community of interest, and can be sustained only by the reciprocation of rights and duties. No man can lean—not the highest

in the state—without submitting to be leaned upon in turn. We must all contribute to the common fund in one way or other: some by personal service; some by goods; some by money, which represents service and goods; some by the work of the hands; and some by the work of the brain: for the condition of our enjoying the rights of society is our performance of its duties. Self-dependence, therefore, so far from being inconsistent with mutual dependence, is one of its essential elements. For this reason the recent 'philanthropical' tendency, alluded to on a former occasion, towards relieving the poor as much as possible from the care of themselves, is still more injurious to them than to the rich. Having no foundation in social science, the principle cannot last, and reactions are always dangerous, and often fatal. The unfortunate objects of this philanthropy are robbed by their quasi-benefactors of their social rights; for it is absurd to suppose that these can be enjoyed by men who are absolved from the social duties.

We think it is in Locke that a remarkable illustration is given of the doctrine of rights and duties. 'It is the duty of a king to protect his subjects: the king has a right to obedience from his subjects.' The one condition depends upon the other: neither is binding alone. If the king falls a victim to treachery, and is unjustly deprived of his throne, it is impossible for him to extend protection to his people from the foreign country in which he has taken refuge. Are the well-disposed part of the people, then, still to obey? No: their right to the royal protection is lost through the force of circumstances, and they are therefore absolved from their duty of obedience. This is no doubt an individual hardship, but it is necessary for the common good; because if the claims of the sovereign upon his people continued to exist after he was unable to answer their claim upon him, the consequence might be, the subjection of the nation to foreign policy—perhaps eventually to foreign arms.

The same kind of hardship is felt in other grades of life. A man is thrown out of work by circumstances not under his own control; and he is forthwith placed as a pensioner upon a large fund wrung from the industry of the country to meet such exigencies. This fund is not expended in finding him employment, and thus maintaining him in the performance of the duties and the enjoyment of the rights of a citizen. It supports him as a public pauper, at once useless and offensive, and breeds hostility between him and that society on which he is a mere excrescence. This is a fearful hardship as regards the individual; and as regards society, a crime not inferior to the unjust deposition of the sovereign. But when the destitution is caused not by want of work, but inability to work, arising either from illness or age, the case is different. The man, having served the community till his power to do so ceased, either in the course of nature or by the visitation of God, has earned his pension, and has a right to enjoy it.

It will of course be observed that, in describing the system of dependence, we have not referred exclusively to the dependence of the rich upon the poor, of the employer upon the labourer; for the condition is obvious. The *quid pro quo* is exacted by those whose fortune it is to serve to the uttermost farthing—even up to their prospective pension from the community in the case of disease or superannuation. The fortune to serve, however, is constantly changing by the force of talent and industry, aided by circumstances. In numberless cases the servant becomes the master, the employed the employer—requiring a new adjustment of the social rights and duties. And so revolves the 'whirligig of time,' with a general equality resulting even from its alternating series of individual elevations and depressions. Such views of society are neither new nor profound; but they are wholesome. It is too much the fashion to consider the rights of the poor as nothing more than a right to public beggary. This is gross injustice to the poor themselves, since, by absolving them from the social duties, it degrades them from the rank of citizens.

It subdues their spirit, enervates their manliness of character, and saps gradually the vital strength of the nation. The cause of the fatal mistake so often fallen into on this subject, is the forgetfulness of the fact, that there can be no right without a corresponding duty; that self-dependence is inseparably bound up in mutual dependence; and that both, in union, form one of the grand principles of social science. L. R.

COMMERCE HOUSE.

A TALE.

DECEMBER 184— had just commenced, and not a shop in the City Road but gave earnest of the approach of Christmas. The publicans issued handbills discoursing of forthcoming largesses of geese and spirits, resulting from divers weekly shilling instalments, and informing those for whom the announcement possessed interest that Smith or Jones was drawing the finest glass of ale in the United Kingdom. The grocers exhibited cartoons representing the 'Hearty Family' seated round a plumpudding of mammoth size, whose merits extracted, from the juniors especially, unreserved and rhyme-expressed eulogy. The cheesemongers displayed Stiltons and Chedders, inscribed with toasts of a social, not to say convivial character, in addition to Leaning Towers of Pisa in cream cheese, and cottages with water-mills in the best Dorset. The chandlers, toymen, and confectioners contributed severally coloured candles, curious little presentable devices, like the underlined dramas at the minor theatres; and all-prize-and-no-blank Twelfth-Cake lotteries: shopkeeper and shop alike heralded in our great national festival.

Nor was Commerce House, the great drapery establishment of Messrs Tappolet and Beggs, less demonstrative of the impending occasion than its neighbours. The resplendent ribbons, and loveable neck-ties, with so remarkable a bias to ultra low prices; the diminutive and flossy parasols clearing out at 2s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; no less than the cheap prints sacrificing at 1s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. the full dress; even to the disclaimer of connection with any other establishment, so vigorous and deflected in its ink outline on the pasteboard ticket—all seemed to wear a jaunty holiday air, that rendered them unusually appealing to the heart and purse-strings of domestic servants.

It was an old-fashioned shop of ordinary dimensions, with nothing more noticeable in its appearance than a wooden beehive over the door, with a bee about to take wing on the threshold. The generally antiquated air of the place, the beetle-browed, drab-painted front, and the small panes of glass, presented a striking contrast to the placards wafered to the windows, announcing that 'in consequence of extensive robberies by confidential young men, realisation without regard to cost had been determined on; and that T. and B., vouching for every five shillings to give the value of ten, appealed to a discerning public to copy the address.'

That gentleman standing outside is Mr Sweeny Beggs, the junior partner; and a glance will suffice to show you that he is an oddity. Light hair of unusual length, sloping down his coat-collar, rigidly brushed back from the temples, and trained behind the ears; a lay-over collar, encircled by a wisp of black silk, slovenly to eccentricity in tie; a suit of black, and a colourless face, that, with something of a sinister expression, evidences considerable natural talent; such are his leading characteristics. The old-school-looking gentleman inside with the bald head, and some half-dozen hairs crossing it transversely, is Mr Tappolet; while a younger man farther in the shop, whose ingenuous and manly face impressed you favourably at first sight, is the worthy Mr Hadnum, 'the young man.' Mr Tappolet had been in business some thirty years in the same house; and only within a few months before our tale's commencement, had taken

Mr Beggs, heretofore a stranger to him, but who was understood to have been unsuccessful in the same line in the country, into partnership; and this he had done partly from a conviction that he himself was 'behind the time,' and partly from a desire that more active superintendence of the business than his own increasing infirmities permitted him to give should be exercised by a party equally interested in its welfare. Mr Beggs, apart from his business character, concentrated in himself the attractions of 'an ancient Forester,' 'a Druid,' 'a loyal united friend,' 'a benevolent brother,' and 'a total abstinent son of the Phoenix,' besides being a popular advocate of enlightened views, and a staunch friend of progress. In addition to these recommendations, he was of very agreeable manners, and entertaining in conversation; so much so, that if you had been giving a party, you would have been sure to have invited him. Since Mr Beggs's admission into the concern great external change was visible in its conduct—his favourite theory of an equal distribution of chattels being in part borne out by an innovating practice he had introduced of giving away certain articles of small value to purchasers of above a certain amount. While, under Mr Tappolet's sole management, Commerce House had gloriied in the brightest window-panes and most burnished brass-plates, it had now of late absolutely revelled in an out-of-condition sort of appearance, which, if accounted for as in the case of books from circulating libraries, would seem to point to the large share of patronage enjoyed.

And now we must introduce the reader to a little shop nearly opposite Commerce House, whose occupant is cast for leading lady in our brief drama. It is a little suggestion of a shop, of amphibious description, combining the tobacconist and news-vending, and adding the sale of cooling summer drinks and multiform walking-sticks. It is a very little place, but so scrupulously neat and clean, that you involuntarily stop to look at the wooden but lifelike representation of Mr Punch puffing a huge meerschaum, the shag being symbolised by brown paint, and the incandescent ashes by glowing red tinsel; likewise at the strip of plate-glass, suspended by pink ribbons, on which are so captivatingly laid out the Taglioni pipes, saucers of different tobaccos, and genuine Varina's c'naster; at the huge Christmas cigars; at the newspapers, so artfully disposed for effect; and lastly, at the little green curtain, keeping out cold air and curiosity at the same time.

In this tiny box, 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' but yet 'gay, cheerful, and industrious,' lived Emma Norman, Mr Tappolet's niece—an orphan who, with her unmarried brother, who was engaged in the City by day, and returned at night, were the sole tenants of the house. She, or Emma, as we shall call her, was rather above the ordinary height of woman, with large, black; love-darting eyes, of which I would say, with Cowper, 'blest be the art that could immortalise them,' beautifully-arched brows, a profusion of glossy and fine black hair, neatly braided on either side of a lofty forehead, dimpled lips, teeth of perfect shape and colour, hands small and plump, and a skin of the complexion of alabaster. Her figure, shown to advantage by a dress of dark merino, close-fitting, homely in its want of ornament, and rising high to the throat, the painter's brush might convey some idea of; but our deponent steel pen never could describe these items, any more than the bewitching toss of the head, the arch and fascinating glances from under the long lashes, or the general sunny and ingenuous aspect. She bore no resemblance to the portraits of 'an English girl,' such as one sees in albums, at picture exhibitions, or in frontispieces to love-sick music. The pictured pretty faces in the Burlington and Lowther arcades would in no degree help you to a just conception of my heroine. For the rest, she was great in the manufacture of pastry; exemplary in the production of muffatees for wrists, purses, watch-pockets, and guards; untiring in glove cleaning; fond of reading

novels, Mr James's in particular; could sing 'Molly Bawn' and 'I should like to marry' unexceptionably; danced in such a way, to quote Suckling, that

'No sun upon an Easter day
Was half so fine a sight;'

and, in a word, wherever she went, made all the young men crazily in love with her, and set all the girls insanely jealous. What wonder, then, that the very policeman came here for his tobacco; that the curate regularly had his box filled from her stores of rappee; and that Mr Beggs, after closing, so regularly visited here for his five minutes' conversation and cigar, while Mr Hadnum would come alone, or with Mr Tappolet, and stay to supper? What marvel either that the Mrs Grundys of the place, intent on her affairs, endeavoured to evolve a unanimous verdict on the subject of her matrimonial intentions; or that, while one faction declared for Mr Beggs, another recorded its opinion in favour of a youngster endowed by nature with good connections, a coarse complexion, and red hair, and by art with blue spectacles, and aspirations after literary fame, and who, moreover, had published a little volume of poems, in which 'gibbous moons,' 'silvery waters,' and 'brilliant mazes of clustering stars,' were constantly introduced. No one thought of Mr Hadnum on this occasion, any more than of Uncle Tappolet; for Mr Hadnum, being only the young man, behoved of course to give place to his superiors. One might have thought, indeed, that he was Emma's young man, as well as the young man of Commerce House, he made himself so useful in one way and another; and especially in directing her taste in novel-reading, and fetching and carrying the volumes.

Novels, however, transact a good deal of business in the way of love, and there are always a few marriages at the end of them; and perhaps it was these dangerous associations which made Mr Beggs look very austere whenever Emma and the young man began to talk of Lord Reginald and Lady Wilhelmina, which they did as familiarly as if they were their first cousins. He was a great dealer himself in the fictions of trade, and the ingenuity of his plots would have made Mr James blush for himself; but he never had time to study much the productions of other masters, and perhaps, therefore, he regarded them with a little of the contempt which clever men are apt to bestow upon what does not come within the scope of their own knowledge. His remarks to his partner upon this head had some effect, and by degrees they deepened in shade, till Mr Tappolet felt nervous as he read in large letters everywhere, in passing along the street, 'Jack Shephard,' 'Eugene Aram,' and 'George Barnwell,' and saw in his own window, the first thing on coming back to business, 'Robberies by confidential young men.'

Matters were thus thrown into the state very unpleasant to Mr Hadnum, who had almost resolved upon giving warning, and advertising for a new situation; although his success would in all probability compel him to migrate far from the City Road.

'What can it mean?' said Emma one evening with the tears in her eyes; 'there is uncle looking at you these three weeks, as if you were an Ojibe-away; and that Mr Beggs smiling at you like any Iago, till I'm sure I creep all over!'

'It's all along of the novels,' replied Mr Hadnum moodily.

'And why, I wonder? Is a novel so much worse than a Soul-stirring Romantic Melodrama? and I know he reads them.'

'Why, how do you know that?'

'Because,' said Emma, 'I caught him in a whole line twice; and not a line of the kind one would pick up from the stage. It was in the drama written by Piccolo, the player of Ponder's End, which long ago, you may remember, we were going one night to see; only we didn't. But you bought me the work for threepence, and I keep all your things—somehow.' Mr Hadnum

was in a brown study, and in it was the 'work' in question and its author.

'Piccolo—Piccolo—Piccolo,' said he, endeavouring to grasp some idea, as Macbeth would have clutched the air-drawn dagger. 'Yes!' cried he—for now he had it—I saw Piccolo once—he was pointed out to me on the street—and he was the very moral of Mr Beggs! The young couple looked at one another strangely. Emma at length laughed, for she did not know what else to do; but Mr Hadnum, catching up his hat, made a hasty exit from the shop. Whither he went, how he acted, what he discovered, are the mysteries of this story; for no story is worth paper and print that does not leave something in doubt; but it will be seen that the dramatic reminiscences of our Emma had important results.

About ten days before Christmas-Day, and about eleven o'clock in the morning, an unusual stir was observable at Commerce House, where Hadnum and Mr Tappolet were talking with great energy to two ill-favoured looking men in the shop; and not a few idlers, like the chorus in Greek plays, looking on and giving advice. To put the reader in possession of the facts more quickly, and without the accumulated mass of fiction which a rolling narrative proverbially acquires—a letter had arrived for Mr Beggs, marked 'confidential' in one corner, and 'haste' in another. Immediately on glancing over it, in Hadnum's presence, Mr Beggs had betrayed great excitement; and in a quarter of an hour had hurried from the house. Shortly after his departure, two gentlemen of unpromising exterior, limbs of the law, had cleared up the mystery by their appearance in search of a man named Benson, who, under innumerable aliases, had committed almost numberless frauds, his appellation having, as we have seen in the present instance, been Beggs. The sheriff's officers (for such they were), who described this Chevalier d'Industrie as owing money in almost every county in England, stated that he had been 'everything by turns, and nothing long:' at one time a mesmerist professor, popular advocate, and editor of the 'Toiling Millions' Voice, under the name of Bachoff; at another, under the name of Piccolo, an actor, whose genius had shaken the buskined stage of the Theatre-Royal, Ponder's End, for which thriving establishment he had written a drama, of which the playbill candidly stated that 'a sympathetic joy diffused itself through every bosom as the thrilling situations and effects of the author's exciting efforts drew onwards to a conclusion;' in short, a swindler equally *au fait* at a lecture on Cromwell and the Commonwealth, or a sale of depressed manufacturer's stocks at terrific prices.

Of course Mr Tappolet acquainted the officers with the circumstance of the letter, and they were soon again in pursuit of Benson. However, he was gone, and most probably not to return—so thought the tradespeople, to all of whom, with the exception of Emma, he was indebted; so thought that coarse-complexioned but gifted author, who had lent him some ten pounds, much on the Roderigo and Iago principle; and so thought Mr Tappolet, who set to work vigorously to ascertain the state of the concern. As for Hadnum, he thought nothing about the matter, for he *knew* how it would be, and so he devoted himself to taking stock, and striking balances. This occupied a day or two, but the result was more favourable than might have been anticipated; the ruinous prices and alarming sacrifices had not, it is true, brought much grist to the mill; but still the prospects of the business were just those which advertising columns daily set forth as 'capable of great extension by a persevering young man with moderate capital.' This being so, then, Mr Tappolet being desirous of retiring on his little income, and conceiving Mr Hadnum to be the persevering young man with moderate capital. This being so, then, Mr Tappolet being desirous of retiring on his little income, and conceiving Mr Hadnum to be the persevering young man above-mentioned, and Mr Hadnum drawing out of a banker's no less a sum than one hundred and fifty pounds, which he had saved by a course of self-denial almost amounting to amateur pauperism, and increased

by judicious investment, and being willing to conduct the business on his own account, and Emma, with her uncle's cordial acquiescence, agreeing to make Edward the happiest of men—the fact will appear less surprising that Christmas-Day 184— beheld the little cigar shop let to a different business, and Mr Hadnum, Mrs Hadnum, late Miss Norman, and Mr Tappolet, all three eating their Christmas dinner in the parlour of a newly-painted shop, where the name of Hadnum was newly written up, and the distinctive feature of the beehive still remained.

Rosalind says 'men are April when they woo, December when they wed;' but seven Christmas-Days, anniversaries of their wedding, have passed over this couple's heads, and Mr Hadnum finds the wife (who has no time now to read novels) dearer, if possible, than the bride. They have two or three children of their own and follow that

'Good old fashion when Christmas is come,
To call in all their neighbours with bagpipe and drum.'

Mr Tappolet is always present on these occasions; and on the last, delivered himself of 'a wise saw,' with which our little history shall conclude—namely, 'That popular progress, as some people regarded it, was Walk-er, and that mouths always full of the people's *cause* were to be suspected of watering at the people's *effects*.'

MEMOIRS OF SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his 'Chronicles of the Canon-gate,' has immortalised, under the name of Mrs Bethune Baliol, a charming specimen of the Scottish female aristocracy of the last century, whose actual appellation was Mrs Anne Murray Keith. The real lady had a brother, a notable person of the last age in a wider circle than that of Scottish society. Sir Robert Murray Keith had been, for the twenty years antecedent to the French Revolution, the British ambassador at Vienna; previous to which time he had served in the same capacity at Copenhagen, where it was owing to his firmness and discretion that the unfortunate Queen Matilda, sister of our George III., was rescued from the malignity of her enemies. The traditional character of the man is high for honour, spirit, and talent. He was beloved and esteemed by his sovereign; and during his long residence at one of the most elegant courts in Europe, he had endeared himself to one-half of the young aristocracy of England by his unaffectedly benevolent services and his many delightful accomplishments. When we learned, therefore, that the memoirs and correspondence of this pattern of plenipotentiaries was to be published, we prepared ourselves for a most agreeable book, and we have not been disappointed.

The chief value of it, in our opinion, lies, not in the light it reflects on history, though this is also of no small consequence, but in the new and unexpected view which it affords of a group of men whom popular chronicles and disquisitions usually present in an unfavourable light. We here find that among the statesmen of the days of Junius there were such things as honour, and even disinterestedness. It is seen that an ambassador of those days could be a perfectly upright man; that a Scotsman could be manly, generous, and enthusiastically attached to his friends. The screen is withdrawn from before many of the public men, whom the contemporary journalists were every day abusing; but it is only to show them as men acting in general under no unworthy impulses, while in their private capacity they were playful and kindly to a degree which might disarm rancorous opposition, even where it was more just. A very large portion of the first volume is de-

voted to a history of the affair of Queen Matilda, and this has a deep tragic interest of its own, though our ambassador's part in it is somehow left more obscure than could be wished.

The best of the book is to be found, we think, in the ambassador's letters to his sister Anne. A clever man writing to a very clever woman, and relating, in all the ease of unrestrained confidence, everything which came under his eye in a most refined and delightful society, the reader may readily suppose that the result is of no commonplace character. Acting as envoy at Dresden in 1769, being then a gay bachelor of thirty-nine, he thus writes—'Now I'm about it, I'll give you a little sketch of my way of living. Morning, *eight o'clock*—Dish of coffee, half a basin of tea, *billets doux*, embroiderers, toymen, and tailors. *Ten*—Business of Europe, with a little music now and then, *pour égayer les affaires*. *Twelve*—*Devoirs*, at one or other of the courts (for we have three or four). From thence to fine ladies, toilettes, and tender things. *Two*—Dine in public—three courses and a dessert; venture upon half a glass of *pure wine* to exhilarate the spirits, without hurting the complexion. *Four*—Rendezvous, sly visits, declarations, *éclaircissemens*, &c. &c. *Six*—Politics, philosophy, and whist. *Seven*—Opera, *appartement*, or private party. A world of business; jealousies, fears, poutings, &c. After settling all these jarring interests, play a single rubber at whist, *en attendant le souper*. *Ten*—Pick the wing of a partridge, *propos gaulans*, scandal, and *petites chansons*. Crown the feast with a bumper of Burgundy from the fairest hand; and at twelve steal away mysteriously—*home to bed!*' The reader must not suppose from this that the ambassador was altogether a mere butterfly of high life, or tainted at all with the vices attributed to courts. He never touched cards; he consigned 'that old harridan Etiquette, with all her trumpery, to the lowest underling of all possible devils;' and when he conceived himself ill-used either by parties at home or in the seat of his embassy, he spoke out in a tone of boldness which forms a striking contrast to his ordinary good-humour.

While at Dresden, he had frequent occasion to visit the chief of his family, the venerable ex-rebel, the Earl Marischal, who had spent half a century in exile, and was now near eighty, and converted to Whiggism. 'His taste, his ideas, and his manner of living are,' says Sir Robert, 'a mixture of Aberdeenshire and the kingdom of Valencia. . . . I had mentioned Dr Baillies to him, and begged he would send me a state of his case and infirmities, that the doctor might prescribe for him. This is a part of his answer:—"I thank you for your advice of consulting the English doctor to repair my old carcase. I have lately done so by my old coach, and it is now almost as good as new. Please, therefore, to tell the doctor that from him I expect a good repair, and shall state the case. First, he must know that the machine is the worse for wear, being near eighty years old. The reparation I propose he shall begin with one pair of new eyes, one pair of new ears, some improvement on the memory. When this is done, we shall ask new legs, and some change in the stomach. For the present, this first reparation will be sufficient; and we must not trouble the doctor too much at once." You see by this how easy his lordship's infirmities sit upon him; and it is really so as he says.'

A circumstance which afforded some amusement at Dresden is thus related:—"You must know that we have more pages here than any court in Christendom; all pickles! One of these little gentry, during the last fair, stood for a considerable time at a booth where toys were sold by an ill-natured old woman. His looks spoke desire, his cloth forbade credit; and the beldame told him peevishly not to take up the room of one who *might* become a buyer. The page observed that the lady had upon a shelf in her booth a pitcher filled with cream, and as all pages have packthread in their pockets, he slyly fixed one end of his clue to the handle of the pitcher, and retired grumbling to a private corner at

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, K. B., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 to 1792. With a Memoir of Queen Carolina Matilda of Denmark, and an Account of the Revolution there in 1772. Edited by Mrs Gillespie Smyth. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1849.

some distance. There he sat *perdue*, with his packthread in his hand, watching the moment when he could tumble down the pitcher upon the old woman's head.

'At the instant, the *Gouverneur des Pages*, a grave, sententious, leaden man, came that way, and seeing little pickle in the corner, he wisely smelt a rat. "What are you doing, you little dog?" "Nothing." "I suspect you have been pilfering: show me your hands." Behold the packthread, which the governor immediately seized. Supposing some stolen goods at the end, he pulled, and pulled; the nimble page took to his heels; down came the pitcher; and screamed the beldame, and she and twenty of her neighbours fell with tongue and nail upon old gravity, who, being caught in the very fact, was scratched and hooted out of the fair without the possibility of making a defence. If you knew the proud old fool of a governor, you would kiss the little page for his cunning!'

Having made a journey to Vienna, the ambassador described the circumstances in a letter to his father, who had once been ambassador there, and was now living in retirement at Edinburgh. 'I must tell you a little anecdote which gave me real pleasure, and took prodigiously at Vienna. The second day of my being there, I was strolling about the streets, and stopped, with a spy-glass in my hand, at the front of the Coloredo and Chancery buildings. While I looked up at the statues, an old servant (porter to Prince Coloredo) knew me at once, and stepping forward, with the kindest familiarity, and slapping me on the shoulder, said in German, "Precisely what your dear papa used to do twenty years ago!" Nothing could be more benevolent than the look with which he accompanied this, and I own I was struck with it. I mentioned the agreeable sensation it had given me in the company where I passed the evening, and next day I found the porter and I had been in the mouths of all Vienna. It is, in my opinion, no bad sign of the people of a great capital, who expressed themselves pleased with so simple an incident as this.'

After this one is not surprised to find Keith announcing his appointment as ambassador to Vienna, and his intended journey to receive the congratulations of his friends in Scotland, with this addition—'My poor nurse must be told of my happy arrival: inquire into her situation, and let me know when and how I can mend it.' And when he had gone to Vienna as resident minister—writing to a gentleman friend, he says, 'The first ten days of my residence here were trotted away in leaving bits of card at doors, and repeating my dancing-master's bows to crowds of people who may, in a course of years, become my friends, or at least acquaintance. I don't know how my own face looked upon these occasions, but I know that I felt pleased, as every person turned of forty said something kind about my father.'

In so many letters to friends in Scotland, there were, as might be expected, many allusions to Scotland itself and to its people, and many affectionate reminiscences of home. It is charming when the great ambassador, in the midst of details regarding continental politics and great people, raps out some homely or humorous phrase of his native land—as where he says that 'the king of Naples has delighted all Germany by his unaffected cantiness'—*Anglice*, cheerfulness; or remarks, that the New Town of Edinburgh being so very geometrical, 'the very *dubs* will run at right angles' (*dubs* being the home-phrase for puddles); or tells from Sistoro, a remote place in the domains of the sultan, that he has a score of Turkish *unco's* to relate (*unco's* being marvels). Having inherited from his grandmother a small property in a moorish part of Peeblesshire, he delights to speak of himself by his territorial appellation of *Murrayshall*. It is amusing to hear of what *Murrayshalls* is next to do in a negotiation conducted near the shores of the Black Sea for a pacification amongst the powers of Eastern Europe. He tells Anne to have the place planted by all means: 'you shall be ranger of the

new forest in Tweeddale; and your husband, when you get one, shall be lord-warden of the marches!' Somewhat oddly, while Mr Woodfall was railing at Sir Robert as a full-fed placeman and pensioner, he was actually kept so low in pocket by the expenses of his situation at Vienna, as to be under a constant fear of having to sell this poor moorland in Tweeddale merely to keep out of debt. In his good-will to his native country, he subscribes largely to the new buildings for Edinburgh College, and only refrains from urging the same duty upon his friend, the celebrated General Loudon, who was a Scotchman at only four or five removes, from a consideration of the poor old general's poverty. As a pendant to all this, the following anecdote of a journey he made at an early period of life in France tells pleasantly:—'In passing through the noble forest of Compiègne, I took the liberty of questioning, as follows my man Andrew, who is a gentleman of great sagacity:—"Pray, Andrew, saw you ever so fine a forest as the one we have come through?" "Sir," quoth Andrew, "the forest is a gay forest, but I see warrant I've seen other forests before now." "Where, Andrew? Have you anything like this in Athol?" "Ay, sir. I wish your honour had only seen the Duke of Perth's grit forest in our country! It has a handle of fine deers in't, and Colonel Grème pays a hunder pund starling by the year just for till keep the deers frae bein' destroyed intil." "Well, Andrew, I'm glad to hear what you say; but are the trees in that forest as fine as those we saw to-day?" "Trees, sir!" quoth Andrew: "no, sir, there's no a stannin' stick in the duke's grit forest; but it's a bonny hill and heather, like the *wood o' Mar!*" Oh patriotism, patriotism, thy errors are beautiful! I embraced my man, Andrew, and we pursued our journey.'

Next to the letters to Sister Anne, we would place those which pass to and fro between the ambassador and a certain fraternity of friends, chiefly official men in London, who were designated the *Gangy*, and two or three of whom seem to have been rivals to Sir Robert in gaiety of heart, humour, and unaffected, unworldly character. Thus it is, for instance, that Mr Bradshaw, a lord of the Admiralty, addresses his friend at Vienna:—'All that you love here, love, remember, and regret you. If our parties are dull, you are wished for to enliven them; if cheerful, you are longed for, that you may have your share of them. There is not a D—, or a B—, or any honest letter in the alphabet, that is not devoted to you, and would not willingly make you a partaker of our pleasures; because, by coming to claim your share, you would more than double our stock. Finish your business, obtain your well-deserved reward, and "live with us, and be our love," as the old song says.' Sir Robert, on his part, overflows with benevolent expressions towards this set of his correspondents. Amidst all the dignity and even splendour of his position abroad, he sighs like a schoolboy for the enjoyments of home: for example—'I don't know how it is, my dear friend, but the same old story which you and I talked over in a postchaise about a thousand pounds a year, a wife and a farm, is continually trilling through my brain; and I can't for the soul of me help thinking that in something of that kind consists the *summum bonum*. But mounted as I am upon the above-mentioned hobby-horse, I can, however, assure you with great truth, that whilst I am to serve my master abroad, I never can have a commission so honourable and agreeable as the one I now enjoy. I like the sovereigns I am sent to, their capital, and their subjects. There is not a happier man in all Austria than myself; yet I have a hankering after home, which, as it is built upon laudable motives, I cannot wish to suppress. I have often thought that not one in a hundred of you odd fellows, who wallow in the luxury of the land you live in, knows the value of the enjoyments which are within his reach. For my own part, I never think of John Bull and his little proud island without a singular pleasure. There is a *querness* in John that I delight in; there is a stamp

upon him—a character—a variety—a manliness, which nothing can come up to; and then John's women are so fresh and tidy, his grass so green, his mutton and claret so good, his *house so much his own*, that I cannot relinquish my share of those advantages.'

This appreciation of England strikes with the less surprise when we read of the ambassador's experiences in Denmark, where, except for formal audiences and business visits, he found scarce a door open to him; or read that, even in refined Vienna, conversation was apt to be made up of commonplaces. As to Denmark, he says to his father, 'You know M— Hall, that nasty, boggy, bare, and foggy corner of the world. If I would exchange it against some kingdoms I have seen, with the obligation of governing them, may I be hanged and dissected! I have seen more mirth at a Scotch dredgy* than ever brightened the features of the best sort of people I have seen here.' Speaking in another letter, at Vienna, of some caricatures which had been sent to him, he says—'I laughed myself black in the face at the "*Shaver* and the *Shaves*;" and my German servants, who had never heard the vulgar sound of a loud laugh, ran into the room to see what the *déuce* had befallen his excellency. You must know that we never laugh here beyond a gentle simper that dimples the cheek, unless when a grandee or a dear creature happens to be immoderately witty, and then we indulge them with a flying titter. They say through Europe that John Bull is a grave, morose fellow; but hang me if John does not shake his fat sides with ten times the glee that I ever saw since I left him!' On another point he compliments England with, we think, even greater truth—it is in speaking of what is to be done with the rebellious Americans:—'If I hear of a *half measure* in the next six months, I shall be sorry for it; if I could hear of a *cruel one*, I should be still more so. But there is at bottom in John Bull and all his children an innate principle of humanity which no other nation under the sun can boast of. John Bull can quarrel and box with his own brother, and give or take a black eye with every exertion of his hot-headedness; but to shake hands and be friends again, without the smallest remnant of rancour, is a species of benevolence which, as far as I know, belongs to John exclusively, and I love him for it most cordially.'

Our space forbids us to dilate farther on the merits of this charming book, except to remark that the editress, a daughter of the hero, has in general performed her task with great judgment, and in a spirit of sympathy which pleases without ever being offensive. But before concluding, we would make room for a curious anecdote of Charles Fox. 'He was under a necessity of staking L.2000 at Newmarket last Monday for some matches that were to be run that day. The twelve tribes of Israel were all tried, but their hearts were uncircumcised and hard, and he could not raise a single guinea. He declared this at White's and Almack's on the preceding Friday night; he seriously offered L.6000 at the end of six months for an immediate supply of L.3000; and at last, thinking himself sure of winning his matches, he offered L.500 for the loan of L.2000 till the following Tuesday night. No offers would tempt his friends, nor soften the hard hearts of the Jews; and poor Charles was in the last stage of distress. In this situation, with five guineas, his whole fortune, in his pocket, he came into White's an hour before dinner on Saturday; there he found Harry Cavendish (the House of Commons note-writer), with whom he began to play billiards for a guinea; and having a run of luck, he won, with the assistance of some bets, eighty-five guineas; which enabled him to go to Almack's at night, where, without losing one cast, he won L.3000! His good fortune then left him, and he lost back L.700; but he cut at three o'clock in the morning with L.2300, which enabled him to make his stakes at Newmarket. All this I know to be exactly

true. I have not heard what he did at Newmarket, but I will venture to pronounce that no lord of the treasury ever had such a practical knowledge of *circulation*, nor such extensive dealings with the *monied interest* of this country. If he escapes a pistol in a gloomy hour, when the *ways and means* are desperate, what has not this country to expect when he is at the head of its finances!'

THE THRUSH.

'Light-hearted herald of the coming spring!
To Fancy's ear, whose wildly-warbling strains
Speak of fresh foliage, emerald-tinted plains,
And flowers that all around sweet odours fling:
Of those—yes, more than these—thy glad notes bring
Fair promise; for they tell of azure skies,
Bright days, soft breezes, and the melodious
Of birds and rills, and insects' tremulous wing.
To him whose healthful frame and gladsome breast
Are yet unscathed by withering care or pain,
The chanting seems to say, that he again
Shall live with vernal joys and pleasures blest.
But to the victim of disease or grief
Thy spirit-soothing tale brings small relief!'

PLEASANT memories of bygone days are said to be a source of vigour to the mind—a well of contentment to their possessor. He who, when called upon to buffet with the world, can revive a bright thought, a glad some association, feels that life is not altogether vexation of spirit—that it has some animating impulses. Among pleasant reminiscences, few are more welcome than those connected with natural objects; and many, now the denizens of populous towns, will recall a time when the music of birds afforded full scope to all their powers of enjoyment. Such at least will not be reluctant to refresh their memory—

'Hear how the bushes echo! by my life,
These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing,
Like poets, from the vanity of song?
Or have they any sense of why they sing?
And would they praise the heavens for what they have?'

Of all the 'messengers of spring,' the thrush is one of the earliest to communicate his joyful thoughts in most musical language. Ornithologists describe twenty varieties of this bird proper to Europe, of which seven, and at times eight, are found in this country, comprehending the water and ring ouzel; the song and missel-thrush; the blackbird, redwing, and fieldfare: it is chiefly, however, to two of the number that we shall confine our attention. On the continent the song and missel-thrush are migratory, in common with the fieldfare and redwing; but in England they remain the whole year, giving us music when otherwise not a note would be heard. The song-thrush (*Turdus musicus*), or throistle, breeds three times in the season—in April, May, and June; but the first brood is considered the best. The nest is constructed of moss and vegetable fibres, lined with a cement of cow-dung and decayed wood, of so firm a texture as to hold water. The birds pair at the end of winter, and maintain their union for a long period with great fidelity. They are of a shy and solitary habit, and for this reason generally avoid open districts, preferring thick hedgerows, copses, and woods. Most commonly the nest is placed high up in the fork of a tree; yet, as has been remarked of even the wildest birds, a degree of tameness is induced by the season of nidification, and thrushes will then build near to public thoroughfares or human habitations, and several instances are on record of the nest being constructed within the house. A pair once built in Gray's Inn gardens but a few feet above the ground; and though close to a much-frequented thoroughfare, were apparently undisturbed by the busy traffic. Unfortunately, one day while the female was sitting, a cat climbed up and killed her. An interesting account is given in 'London's Magazine' of the constructive process as exhibited by two thrushes, who made their nest between the teeth of harrows laid up on the beams of a shed at Pitlessie, Fifeshire, where several wrights were at work

* An entertainment after a funeral.

making a thrashing-machine. The birds were first observed about seven o'clock in the morning, and from the forward state of the nest, must have begun by peep of day. At noon they began to carry mud for plastering the inside, and before sunset, one of them was seen sitting, while the other continued the work of finishing the structure: the hen had been compelled to deposit an egg before the whole of the inside was plastered. When this was complete, the male took his share in the task of incubation, but for a shorter time than his mate, whom he was often seen to feed. Other eggs were laid, and the whole hatched in thirteen days. The old birds removed the empty shells, and fed the young brood on crushed snails, worms, and butterflies. As the demand for food increased, the activity of the parents became incessant; they were perpetually on the wing. One Sunday, in the absence of the workmen, a prowling boy discovered and made a prize of the nest. The honest Fifeshire artisan, who had watched the proceedings with much interest, related that 'the parents mourned about for two days: mainly the hen; and he himself couldna weel settle to his work for an hour or two, being neither to haud nor to bind, he was sae mad at the illedeed laddie.'

The thrush has a bright and piercing eye, yet it is said to be rather a silly bird, avoiding only the most obvious dangers, and easily captured by means of springes or the pipe. It has been known to lay its eggs in the place from which its nest had been stolen the day before. Thrushes are, however, more intelligent than many of their congeners: they quickly learn to feed themselves. A young one shut up with a blackbird soon acquired the power of satisfying its own wants, and fed its companion, which otherwise would have died of starvation; and a similar case occurred where a newly-hatched thrush became nurse to a cuckoo, and laboured unceasingly to satisfy the larger bird's voracious appetite.

Wherever known, the thrush is celebrated for its song. The Germans call it *sing-drossel*, equivalent to our song-thrush or throistle. By many persons it is considered as the most musical of British birds. It commences so early in the season, as to be often heard singing while the ground is covered with frost and snow. Perched on the top of a high tree, it will sing for two or three hours together, repeating a number of short passages, which in numerous instances are beautifully true to the chromatic scale. In fact, scarcely excepting the nightingale, its notes are more varied than those of any other songster of this country. Like the nightingale, too, it is endued with the emulous spirit. A thrush had for a long time frequented a garden in Sussex, where its copious song obtained willing admiration: one day it was seen to fall suddenly in the midst of its exertions, and on being picked up, was found dead from the rupture of a bloodvessel. In May, the thrush has often been heard singing after dark, and again before two o'clock the next morning: it sings also upon the nest. Grahame conveys these characteristics in pleasing verse:—

—'The thrush's song
Is varied as his plumes; and as his plumes
Blend beautiful, each with each, so run his notes,
Smoothly, with many a happy rise and fall.
Sometimes below the never-fading leaves
Of ivy close, that o'ertwisting binds
Some riven rock, or nodding castle wall,
Securely there the dam sits all day long;
While from the adverse bank, on topmost shoot
Of odour-breathing birch, her mate's blithe chant
Cheers her pent hours, and makes the wild wood ring.'

The truthfulness of the poet's description will be recognised by all who are acquainted with its subject. There is something peculiarly English and inspiriting in the song of the thrush, especially when heard in the silence of early morn or evening twilight, and the thoughtful listener will assent to Wordsworth's sentiment—

'And hark! how blithe the throistle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher.'

Nor are we without evidence as to the quality of the

warbler's voice; for Browne, describing a bird's concert in his 'Pastorals,' says—

—'The thrush
Sang counter-tenor sweetly in a bush.'

The food of thrushes consists of berries, worms, insects, snails, and they exhibit extraordinary skill in breaking the shells of the latter; besides which, the fact of their breaking the hard shells of periwinkles and whelks in order to devour the occupant, is well authenticated. This habit of the birds renders them particularly useful in a garden, where they hunt for snails and worms with knowing perseverance. 'Watch an old thrush,' observes Stanley, 'pounce down upon a lawn moistened with dew or rain. At first he stands motionless, apparently thinking of nothing at all—his eye vacant, or with unmeaning gaze. Suddenly he cocks his ear on one side, makes a glancing sort of dart with his head and neck, gives perhaps one or two hops, and then stops again listening attentively, and his eyes glistening with attention and animation. His beak almost touches the ground—he draws back his head as if to make a determined peck. Again he pauses—listens again—hops perhaps once or twice, scarcely moving his position, and pecks smartly on the sod; then is once more motionless as a stuffed bird. But he knows well what he is about; for after another moment's pause, having ascertained that all is right, he pecks away with might and main, and soon draws out a fine worm, which his keen sense of hearing had informed him was not far off, and which his hops and previous peckings had attracted to the surface to escape the approach of what the poor worm thought might be his underground enemy—the mole.'

Doubtless what have been considered as mischievous and destructive propensities on the part of the thrush, would be proved, on correct observation—as in the case of most other birds—to be rather a persevering and beneficial warfare against the countless tribes of minor hurtful creatures. At all events we may afford to listen to their expostulation, as stated in 'Jennings's Ornithology':—

'How is it that the good we do
Is kept most carefully from view?
We hear not of the many seeds
Which we devour of noxious weeds;
Of worms and grubs, destructive things,
That each of us his offspring brings.
What though we snatch a feed of corn
Or ere it's safe in yonder barn,
Yet is there not enough beside
For man and his consummate pride?'

The different kinds of thrushes were greatly esteemed by the Romans, who kept thousands of these birds, together with quails and ortolans, in huge aviaries or voleries, where they were fattened for sale. These structures were traversed by numerous perches, and trees and turf so disposed about them, as to cheat the captives into a belief that they were in their native woods; and a small clear stream of water was constantly running in a channel along the floor, to furnish the means of drinking and bathing. The famed Lucullus had one of these aviaries so constructed with glazed sides around a dining-hall, that his guests could see flying about in their natural state the same kinds of birds as those eaten at the extravagant repasts. The stock of thrushes was kept up by renewed captures, as it is said they did not lay while imprisoned. They yielded, however, a large profit to their owners, the demand being such for the luxurious feasts of the Romans, that 1s. 3d. each was a common price for the birds. Martial gives the first place among meats to the flesh of thrushes; and on account of the succulence of their flesh, the songsters were often used in the stuffing of roasted pigs, a dish greatly relished by the imperial citizens. Tiberius once gave 40,000 sesterces to a writer who had composed a dialogue in which a mushroom, becafo, oyster, and thrush contended for the pre-eminence. According to Pliny, a thrush roasted with myrtle berries was a specific for dysentery; ma-

cerated two days in vinegar, the flesh was administered as a cure for the plague; while the gall was held to be remedial in white leprosy and skin diseases generally. But to quit these medicinal errors, it is certain that, for persons of weakened digestion, the flesh of thrushes, including the fieldfare and redwing, is particularly restorative, as conveying stimulating and exciting properties into the system in a small volume.

Thrushes are found all over Europe, but appear to be most abundant in northern countries, not excepting Lapland and Siberia. They are so numerous in Poland, as to be exported in boat-loads at a time from certain provinces of that country. They migrate on the approach of winter, and arrive in vast numbers on the southern shore of the Baltic. Klein states that 90,000 pairs are consumed annually in the city of Dantzic! They swarm also in the forests of Silesia, and furnish the inhabitants with an ample supply of food from one season to another; it being the custom to preserve the birds, partly roasted, in vinegar. In France and Germany the bird is called the wine-thrush, on account of its frequenting the vineyards, and devouring large quantities of grapes during *vendange*, or the grape-harvest. It speedily becomes fat, and is much sought after at this season. At times, indeed, it appears to be intoxicated with the luscious food, a phenomenon which in Bourgoigne and other places has given rise to the phrase 'drunk as a thrush.'

According to Bechstein, the thrush requires a large cage, on account of its vivacity, and is best provided for when at one end of a room enclosed by a screen of wires. In this way it will live for ten or twelve years. Sonnini mentions one belonging to a lady that lived for eight years, and in each year consumed fifty-two pounds of bread-crumbs mixed with rape-seed. This bird had learned to whistle several airs in a very agreeable manner; it was subject to occasional fits of gout, and at last died from accident. The writer first quoted says that the best method of catching a fine male is to use a perch with a lined twig: water-traps are also employed in September and October, as the birds delight in bathing. 'When they enter the water, haste must be avoided, because they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once, by means of a particular call. The first which finds a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy—*sik, sih, sik, siki, tsac, tsac, tsac*; immediately all the neighbourhood reply together, and repair to the place: they enter the bath, however, with much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a redbreast bathe without danger; but the first which ventures is soon followed by the others, and if the place is not large enough to accommodate all the bathers, they begin to quarrel.'

The habits of the missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*) are very similar to those of the song-thrush; it is, however, bolder, and less easily snared. This bird, it is said, is so named because it 'missels' or soils its feet with the viscid slimy juice of mistletoe berries, on which it occasionally feeds. But figs and olives, beechmast, juniper and ivy berries, are much sought after by the bird in their respective climates; and in winter it eats holly berries; and selecting a particular tree, contends resolutely for exclusive possession. The missel-thrush builds in lofty situations, and is equally early with the *Turdus musicus* in commencing its song. Although said by some to be a mere repeater of four set notes, its song is very musical; and even in the stormy gales of March it may be heard piping away for hours at a time. Thirty years ago, this bird was not to be found in Ayrshire; but from some unexplained cause, it is now common in that county, where its song is considered a sure presage of a fall in the barometer. This supposed predictive faculty has obtained for it the name of 'Storm-cock,' and, as a writer observes in the 'Journal of a Naturalist,' not without reason; for 'the approach of a sleety snow-storm, following a deceitful gleam in spring, is always announced to us by the loud untuneful

voice of the missel-thrush, as it takes its stand on some tall tree, like an enchanter calling up the gale.' He can fight as well as sing: Le Vaillant says he once saw an osprey vanquished by ten missel-thrushes in the neighbourhood of Paris; and Gilbert White states that 'the Welsh call it *pen y llwyn*, "the head or master of the coppice." He suffers no magpie, jay, or blackbird to enter the garden where he haunts; and is for the time a good guard to the new-sown legumens. In general, he is very successful in the defence of his family. But once I observed in my garden that several magpies came determined to storm the nest of a missel-thrush: the parents defended their mansion with great vigour, and fought resolutely *pro aris et focis*: but numbers at last prevailed; they tore the nest to pieces, and swallowed the young alive.' There is a variety in the United States known as the wood-thrush (*Turdus melodus*), which possesses many qualities in common with the European tribes, and is an interesting exception to the general unmusical denizens of American forests. 'The prelude to its song,' observes Nuttall, 'resembles almost the double-tonguing of the flute, blended with a tinkling, shrill, and solemn warble, which re-echoes from his solitary retreat like the dirge of some sad recluse, who shuns the busy haunts of life. The whole air consists usually of four parts or bars, which succeed in deliberate time, and finally blend together in impressive and soothing harmony, becoming more mellow and sweet at every repetition. Rival performers seem to challenge each other from various parts of the wood, vying for the favour of their mates, with sympathetic responses and softer tones; and some, waging a jealous strife, terminate the warm dispute by an appeal to combat and violence. . . . In dark and gloomy weather, when other birds are sheltered and silent, the clear notes of the wood-thrush are heard through the dropping woods from dawn to dusk; so that the sadder the day, the sweeter and more constant is his song.'

With his loving spirit and truthful ear for natural music, old Izaak Walton could well appreciate the 'throssel's' melody; and he expatiates on it eloquently, yet reverently. And here, with a sonnet to the welcome vocalist, we may appropriately bring our jottings to a close:—

* A flute-like melody is thine, oh thrush!
Full of rich cadences, and clear and deep:
Upon the sense it cometh like a rush
Of perfume stolen by the winds that sweep
Where spice-isles gem the bosom of the deep.
At early morn, and 'mid the eve-tide's hush,
Pouring thy mellow music, thou dost peep
From out the blue-tree or hawthorn bush.
I love thee for the love thou bear'st the lowly:
The cottage garden is thy favourite haunt;
And in those hours so calm, so pure, so holy,
It ever is thy pleasure forth to chant
Those blithesome peans, seeming, as it were,
Thy wish to make all happy dwelling there.'

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.* COMENIUS.

NONE of the early reformers of education is entitled to more notice than John Amos Comenius, who was born at Comnia, in Moravia, in 1592. His parents belonged to the sect of the Moravian brethren, and he himself was pastor at Fulnek, the head-quarters of that body, until driven from his native country by the imperial edict of 1624, exiling all Protestant clergymen. From that period he led a wandering life. Sought after by the governments of England, Sweden, and Transylvania, to assist in the reform of education, he passed some time in each of those countries; and driven from several of the stations at which he had settled by the ravages of the war which then desolated Europe, he at last found refuge in Holland,

* The preceding article under this head appeared in No. 263, containing an account of the educational views of Rastich.

and died at Amsterdam in 1671. At an early age he dedicated himself to the improvement of education; and during the whole of his long and anxious life, in spite of all the losses and disappointments to which he was subjected, he laboured for this darling object. He was not one of those who content themselves with partial attempts at improvement, and seek for a complete remedy by opposing or advocating this or that particular method; but he was, in the best sense of the word, universal; and yet, with this universality, he was not superficial, but strove for an absolute and radical reform. 'All,' says he, 'must be educated; rich and poor, boys and girls; and all must learn everything. Not that each of them can be grounded in every science; but all—since it is the mission of all to be not merely spectators, but actors in this world—must be taught to mark the reasons, relations, and objects of everything of importance. At present we never teach realities, but instead of them, spend fifteen or twenty years in teaching Latin, and yet make nothing of it.' Comenius's principle was, that all useful knowledge was to be imparted to his scholars; but then he was not to follow the system of the generality of the teachers of his time, who graft in plants instead of sowing the seeds of plants; and instead of giving their pupils simple principles, carry them at once into a chaos of books and perplexing exercises.

His abstract theory of instruction is as follows:—'We must first exercise the senses, then the memory, thereafter the understanding, last of all the judgment. For knowledge begins with the appreciation by the senses, which, through the imagination, is borne in upon the memory; then the understanding, by a process of induction applied to the observation of individual objects, realises universal truths, and finally certain knowledge results from the judgment exercised upon that which is sufficiently understood. Nothing, therefore, is to be taught by rote which has not been thoroughly comprehended. That which is appreciated by the senses sticks fastest to the memory, and therefore the use of pictures is much to be recommended. On the same principle every branch of knowledge is to be taught by actual practice: the art of writing, by practice in writing; singing, by practice in singing, &c. The master must commence by giving a specimen for imitation by the pupil, without wearying him by theoretical instructions.'

In the same style Comenius, as a true disciple of Bacon, goes on to enlarge upon the inutility of merely theoretical study. 'For,' says he, 'do we not dwell, as our first parents did, in the garden of nature? Why, then, should we not make use of our eyes, and ears, and noses, as they did? Why should we seek for a knowledge of the works of nature by means of other teachers than our own senses? Why should we not, instead of dead books, open the living volume of nature, in which there is far more to observe than any books can repeat to us, whilst the very observation brings of itself more delight and richer fruit than is to be found in them. The schools formerly did little more than teach the pupil, like the daw in the fable, to dress himself in borrowed feathers. They showed him, not things themselves, as they are in themselves, but imparted to him what was thought or said of the same by this man or the other, so that the proof of the greatest learning was to be able to remember the contradictory opinions of various authors on various subjects. In this way it came to pass that the greater number did nothing more than extract certain phrases, sentences,

and opinions out of various authors, and string them together like a piece of patchwork. . . . Man should seek for knowledge not from books, but from observation of the heavens and the earth, trees and plants—that is to say, he must know and inform himself about things themselves, and not merely learn what others say of them. Instruction must not commence by a verbal exposition of things, but by a visual observation of them; and then, after the inspection of the thing itself, the verbal exposition should follow. He who has once seen a body dissected, will understand the anatomy of the human body far better than he who has read the most admirable treatises on anatomy without dissection.'

With these views, Comenius began with education at the very beginning, dividing his course of instruction into three stages, of which the first was the mother-school—that is, the education at the mother's knee. During this period the child is to be instructed in the first principles of morals and religion. Many rules are laid down as to diet, exercise, &c.; and he is to commence his study of the sciences—as, for instance, astronomy—by being taught the names of the sun and stars, and being led to observe the increase and decrease of the moon; and geography begins with an acquaintance with the localities of the house, the roads, and the fields, &c. At six years old the child is taken to the German school, for the mother-tongue is to be taught before adventuring on any other. Here he is taught to read, write, reckon, and the elements of general history. The school is to be divided into six classes, for each of which a class-book in the mother-tongue is to be provided. From this the pupil rises to the Latin school, where he is instructed in grammar, physics, mathematics, dialectics, &c., and so on to the highest branches of learning.

Comenius's principle, then, was—literally, and only too literally—that everything within the circle of human knowledge was to be brought under the view of his pupils. Education was not to be restricted, as formerly, to the learning of certain languages and sciences, but was to be extended to a comprehensive survey of all that is, and passes around us, to an acquaintance with the habits and customs of men, their occupations and trades, natural and mental science. Thus, also, his system embraced the training of the body as well as the mind, the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. As a specimen of the universality of his views, it may be mentioned that his academical plan included the supervision of the sports of the pupils, and that a certain time in each week was set apart for the reading of the public journals, in order to impart a knowledge of what was passing in the political world.

The reader will now have a general idea of what Comenius meant when he said that everything ought to be taught, and to be taught by experiment; but the best mode of conveying a thorough understanding of his system will be to give a short account of some of the many books composed by him for the use of schools. The fundamental principle of these books is, that the learning of languages, especially of Latin, should go hand in hand with the teaching of things as designed and explained by means of the language. 'The schools,' says he, 'proceed on an erroneous principle in teaching language first, and then proceeding to things; the pupils are busied for several years with the study of language and the knowledge thereto appertaining, and then for the first time they are presented with realities, such as mathematics, physics, &c. And yet things are the substance, words only the accident—things are the body, words the clothing. Things and words should therefore be taught at the same time; but things above all, as being the object of the understanding and the language.' And he then proceeds, almost in Ratch's words:—'In teaching language, it is wrong to commence with the grammar, instead of beginning with some author or schoolbook, since the book furnishes the material of the language, and the form will be sup-

plied by the grammar. So examples must precede abstract rules, and in all cases the matter the form. The proper plan, then, is to present pupils with a cyclopædia, as it were, of things to be taught, which is to be gradually rendered more and more extensive; and every language, art, and science is first to be learned according to its simplest rudiments, and then more fully by means of rules and examples, all exceptions being systematically adduced.' The last sentence expresses the object which Comenius proposed to himself in all his works; an object which, he says unreasonably enough, cannot be obtained by reading the classics, since they do not treat of all subjects. His own works were, in fact, Latin phrase-books, containing, in encyclopædic arrangement, the terms and principles of the various branches of knowledge as then understood. The first of these in the order of publication was the 'Janua Reserata;' but he afterwards produced an amended edition of it, making it the second of his course. This course commenced with the 'Janua Reserata Vestibulum,' which was intended as a class-book for the lowest class of the school organized by Comenius at Patah in Transylvania. In the 'Vestibulum,' to use his own quaint words, the foundations of language are laid down; in the 'Janua' the essential parts of the building are erected; in the 'Atrium' the ornamental portions are added; and the scholar may then enter the palace of authors—that is, betake himself to the authors themselves. The 'Vestibulum' commences with the consideration of things individually, substantives alone being introduced—as, for instance, 'the elements are, fire, air, water, earth. In the sky are the heavenly bodies, from which proceed heat and cold. The heavenly bodies are, the sun, moon, and stars. In the sun is light; without light there is darkness,' &c.; and so on through trees, animals, man and his occupations. We then come to the qualities of things, and are presented with adjectives. 'The sun is bright or obscure; the moon full moon or half moon,' &c. We then go on to pronouns and verbs—as 'everything can be or do something. The action of God is to create, to sustain,' &c. Then follow the various actings of man by the members of his body, his mind, and so forth. In the same manner the author pursues his way through all the various parts of speech. The 'Vestibulum' was accompanied by a rudimentary grammar, and a glossary of the whole of the words contained in the text.

The 'Janua,' in the first edition, was a phrase-book, consisting of one thousand Latin sentences on all subjects, beginning with the creation of the world, and concluding with a chapter on angels. The second 'Janua' was a more complicated work, consisting of three parts. Of these, the first is an etymological lexicon, arranged according to the roots, so as still to keep up the connection between words and facts, in the following manner:—'*Fin*-is-it omnia, et ostendit rei-cm; *h. e.*, *alem* causam. *De-ibus* agrorum *sape* sunt *lites*, *quas-itor* de-it.' That is, *Finis*, the end; *finit*, finishes all things, and shows *finem*, the end of the thing; *h. e.*, *finalem*, the final cause. With regard to *finibus*, the boundaries of fields, there are often disputes, which *finitor*, the surveyor, *definit*, defines. In this way the pupil goes over about 2500 roots, together with the words derived from and compounded with them, and the rules of derivation and composition are then given. This is followed by a grammar; and lastly by the text, which is the same as that of the 'Janua' in the first edition, though much enlarged.

The 'Atrium' also consists of three parts, beginning with grammar, which Comenius defines as the art of speaking elegantly; and the treatise relates, in fact, rather to what is generally styled rhetoric, than to strict grammar. This is followed by the text and lexicon. These three works were intended to be class-books of the three lowest classes in the Latin school, after completing which, the pupils were to betake themselves to the reading of the classics, and a more extended course of study.

Besides these works, which we have subjected to special consideration, as containing a regular course of school-instruction, Comenius was the author of many and elaborate treatises, all tending to the development of his one great idea—a system of pansophistic, or universal education. Of all his productions, however, the 'Orbis Pictus,' that which he perhaps considered, on its philosophical merits, of least value, is the one by which his name is best and most advantageously known. It is similar in its general method to the 'Janua,' but with this most important addition, that it is profusely adorned with pictures illustrative of the subjects treated. Comenius had long felt that the want of pictures was a serious defect in his books. His principle being, that instruction must proceed on the basis of actual practice and personal appreciation, it followed that where this could not be obtained, the want could only be supplied by visible representations. Comenius saw that the teaching realities by a series of barren descriptions, devoid of that which could make them best appreciable by his pupils, was little better than the verbal realism which he himself decried. So strong was his feeling on this subject, that he had made every exertion to get illustrations for his previous works; but in vain; nor was it without great trouble, and much loss of time, that he succeeded in supplying this desideratum in the 'Orbis Pictus.' The realisation of Comenius's great principle, that instruction in things must go hand in hand with instruction in words—that the knowledge of words by themselves is vain—was only promised in the 'Janua;' in the 'Orbis Pictus' that promise was fulfilled; and how admirably the work was fitted for its purpose, may be inferred from the popularity enjoyed by it from its first appearance in 1657 up to the present day. The 'Orbis Pictus' has been translated into several languages; and with many alterations, often no amendments, on the quaint force of the original, is still a favourite child's book in Germany.

It is unnecessary to enter at length on the many points on which there is a striking similarity between the principles of Ratich and Comenius: the slightest examination will show how close was the agreement between them, both in general views and on special points; in none more than on the inexpediency of harshness, and the advantages of rendering instruction agreeable to the pupils. There was this additional similarity between them, that the principal error into which Comenius fell was occasioned by his carrying his own principles to excess. We have seen that whilst altogether averse to the neglect of the mother tongue, he insisted on the most thorough study of Latin. His object in this seems to have been a fantastic idea that Latin might be made the universal language of the world; but be this as it may, the rules which he lays down, as those on which language is to be studied, are lost sight of in his Latin phrase-books. 'Latin,' says he, 'must be thoroughly mastered. By which, however, I do not mean that every word of the language must be known. You may understand Cicero thoroughly, and yet not know the technical expressions of handicraftsmen. Why not? Because you have not visited their workshops. It is not to be expected that any one should trouble himself to learn those terms in another which he is unacquainted with in his own tongue. The meaning, therefore, of a thorough mastery of a language in its fullest extent, is to be taken according to the circumstances and necessity of each student of it. All must consequently learn the language, so far as common to all who speak it; but the physician alone need learn the technical terms of medicine, the divine the theological.' But why, then, does he object to the classics 'that they do not treat of all subjects?' If they contain all that is requisite for learning the language, so far as common to all who speak it, is not this sufficient? Nay, why does not Comenius remain true to the correct principle just laid down by him in his own books? They are crowded with technical expressions and phrases relating solely

to particular trades and occupations, collected with incredible trouble, but totally useless. Latin they are not, many of them being his own composition, and such that, in the general case, the better the Latin scholar, the more they would puzzle him. In this way near one-half of the 'Orbis Pictus,' so far as Latin is concerned, is useless. How, then, did Comenius fall into this error? Simply by a too literal carrying out of his principle of parallelism between things and words. The 'Orbis Pictus' was to embrace the universal world of reality, and accordingly the verbal explanations of the pictures must be equally universal. But why should he embrace the universal world at all? In attempting to force upon the memories of his pupils—for it could be nothing else—a mass of undigested minutiae relating to every art and science in existence, he was rejecting the principle recognised by him in the study of language. Was he not liable to the same objection as that urged by him against the former system of instruction, that it attempted to plant trees instead of sowing seeds? Pansophistic education, properly so called, consists not in the teaching of everything, but in laying the foundation for self-instruction in everything; and Comenius fell into the same error, though in a smaller degree, as Ratch.

Allowing all due weight, however, to this failure on the part of Comenius in carrying his theory into practice, the cause of education is still greatly indebted to him. It is not merely that in his works may be found the original idea of the elementary school-books of Pestalozzi and Basedow, as well as of almost every one of those improved treatises for facilitating instruction which issue daily from the press, but that he imparted an altogether new view of education to thinking men in general. A witty author of the present day sums up the instruction to be gained at a modern public school thus:—'When I left Eton, I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour; I could construe *without* an English translation all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones *with* it; I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years in acquiring all this fund of information. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period, and as one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration, so of everything which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, you have every right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, in the profoundest ignorance.' It was of such education as this that Comenius first practically showed the futility; and it was to obviate such miserable waste of time as that described above, that he composed his pansophistic phrase-books. Following in the footsteps of his master, he did that for education which Bacon had done with regard to philosophy in general. At the present day, it is almost impossible to realise the difficulties which lay in his way, or the vast improvement offered by these little works, crude and meagre as they were, on the previous means of tuition. In our present superfluity of illustration, both pictorially and otherwise, we smile at the almost unintelligible pictures of the original 'Orbis Pictus,' and wonder at the anxiety which its author expresses to obtain such blind guides for his pupils; and yet there can be no doubt that the appearance of this book forms in itself an era in the history of education. Let any one—to take the simplest case—but imagine for a moment the difference of the impression which would be made on a youthful mind by a picture, however rude, of any animal, and that likely to be produced by the most detailed description, and he will at once see the importance of the Baconian principle, imparted by Comenius into education, that our own personal experience is the true medium of instruction. How great was the improvement effected, even in his own day, by his exertions, is proved by the testimony of his contemporaries. Adolphus Wasse, professor of mathematics at Hamburg, writes:—'In every country in Europe the study of a

better method of instruction is pursued with enthusiasm. Had Comenius done nothing more than kindle this desire in the public mind, he would have done enough.'

A DAY IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.

'HENCEFORTH,' says a recent writer, speaking of the East, 'a lovely and stately vision is ever present to my mind and my heart. . . . Mountains, valleys, and oceans are now between us, but mental portraiture can never be obliterated.' To this I yield a cordial assent; for in far more vivid colours than any other scenes of my life are those of a short residence in India painted on my memory; Daguerreotypied there perhaps by that glorious sun, the remembrance of which makes the brightest day of our northern summer appear pale and faded. My Eastern home was the governor's house at Parell, a noble building, originally a Portuguese convent, surrounded by the nearest likeness to an English park that ever I saw in India. The chapel of former times has been made a vast dining-room; the chancel a billiard-room—a sad desecration, to which time, however, has reconciled the inmates of the dwelling. Above this transformed church a suite of drawing-rooms has been built, opening into lofty stone corridors hung with the painted lamps of China. The sleeping apartments are also in suites, and to each is attached a sitting-room and baths. The jalousied windows of our chambers commanded a fine view of the Kandalla Hills; and immediately beneath them lay the garden, which, though rather quaint and formal, was very pretty. In the centre path, opposite the dining-room, stood that loveliest of ornaments, a fountain, having on each side of it one of those tall trees, the berries of which are natural castanets, that ring most musically in every breeze, bringing to remembrance the singing-tree of the 'Arabian Nights.' From the branches of these leafy musicians a magnificent creeper hung in a festoon over the fountain, and the sparkling water, playing high above it, left in its descent many a liquid opal on its large white bell-shaped flowers. Beyond these opened a glimpse of the tank, shaded by lofty palms.

A day spent in this Eastern dwelling was so different in its routine, its business, and its pleasures, from one passed in busy England, that a sketch of the 'sayings and doings' of four-and-twenty hours there may not be void of interest to those who know little of the detail of Oriental life; in which 'the golden hours' glide by in such a sweet monotony, that a picture of one day would image forth nearly all the year's.

Very regularly, at five o'clock every morning, the crows awake, and by their discordant matins effectually banish sleep; a very unromantic ending to pleasant dreams; but the freshness of the morning air stealing through the jalousies atones for the ungracious noise. Those of our household who rode or walked early then prepared for their excursion; for myself, I preferred the 'between sleeping and waking' of the coolest hour of the day, except on a few occasions, when I was tempted to sketch by starlight. Gradually this half sleep is disturbed by the low plashing of water, as the bearers commence filling the bath; an employment of some duration, as it is effected by bringing the water in jars called *chatties* up several flights of stairs. The bath is undoubtedly the greatest luxury of the East: one lingers in it as long as possible, for the toilet which follows is in the heat a weary task; though, on returning to the sleeping-room, the refreshment of a cup of tea and biscuit is always presented to the bather. On issuing from our chamber, we were greeted in the long corridor beyond it by the assembled servants, who had passed the night there—the head-servants, the seapoys, the bearers, and a gardener; the last of whom held on a silver his fragrant morning offering of a bouquet of red roses, tied round a stick to preserve them from the warmth of the hand, and bathed in rose-water to increase their freshness. This pretty

gift is offered with a profound salaam, and a grace which is apparently the inheritance of the children of the East.

The corridor we traversed was a gallery open on one side with jalousies; on the opposite wall hung some pictures, on which, from the train of thought they awoke, I could never gaze without feeling touched. They were views of Scotland, and a faded likeness of Niel Gow, memorials of the patriotic feelings of a former and Scotch governor. But the climate of India is unfriendly to the arts. The monsoon is the unsparring enemy of pianos and pictures; and the views of the Falls of the Clyde and Melrose Abbey have become, under its influence, very ghostly and faded images of the distant scenes they represent. Nine o'clock brought breakfast, a meal consisting of fish (of which the pomfret is perhaps the best), curry, mutton-chops, grilled chickens, eggs, guava-jelly, marmalade, limes, oranges, mangoes, bananas, tea, &c. At its close the servants bring finger-glasses, in which are fragrant lime leaves, a delightful addition to the cool water they contain. Over the breakfast table a punkah is suspended. As we dispersed to our several morning occupations, we saw a number of horses on the lawn in front, led about by the grooms, and adorned with strings of the calamata-flower. On inquiry, we found that the day was the 'festival of horses,' and that their owners were expected to give a *bucksheesh* to the animals' attendants, part of which was devoted to religious purposes—if such a term can be applied to a heathen sacrifice—and the rest to a grand entertainment among themselves.

The governor had retired to his office, whither he was speedily followed by a royal suppliant, whose approach excited no small amusement. We were standing in the drawing-room, when from the grand staircase rose the sudden apparition of a couple of large blankets held sideways by six bearers, so as to form a sort of passage. Within this extraordinary veil walked the Eastern princess, her tiny and jewelled ankles and naked feet being visible below it. She did not deign to take any notice of us; but without appearing to observe any one in the room, the procession moved slowly and solemnly past us, and ascended to the Burra Sahib's apartment. Here, as we afterwards learned, she stepped from her screen, and after a speech to the governor, informing him that she considered him as a father, and his private secretary as her brother, she lifted her veil, and displayed the features of an elderly Hindoo woman, which are almost invariably plain even to ugliness. The request she came to proffer was, that she might marry her minister; but for certain political reasons, the Burra Sahib had the cruelty to refuse her; and after trying all kinds of eloquence unavailingly, the disappointed lady returned behind her blanket screen, and departed in the same singular and solemn state in which she had appeared. As strange, or even a stranger guest, occupied the remainder of the governor's morning. This was a chief whose mother had vowed before his birth that if Siva granted her a certain prayer, her child, when he had attained a proper age, should creep on his hands and knees to pay his homage to the nearest English ruler. The fated period had now arrived, and the involuntary pilgrim, in obedience to his mother's vow, had crawled nearly seven hundred miles, taking many weary days or nights for the journey, and gained Parell, his hands and knees torn and wounded by his terrible toil. I missed seeing him, and regretted the circumstance much, as such unselfish performance of duty gave him a strong hold on our interest.

Tiffin, or luncheon, was ready at half-past two, and in the profusion and variety of the viands, greatly surpassed the breakfast. The attendants, who wait behind each person's chair, are Parsees—the ancient fire-worshippers, or Ghebers of Persia, who fled from Mohammedan persecution to Bombay, and have there risen, by their talent and energy, far above the original lords of the land. Tiffin is the time when in general all

the family assemble, and occasional visitors are received. It is, I believe, usual for people to take a siesta after luncheon; in this Eastern custom, however, we did not indulge, but read, played, or worked, as in England, till five o'clock, when the carriage was announced, and we went for our usual drive. The governor's equipage is always attended by a cavalry guard; and on this occasion it was from the Hindoo lancers his escort was chosen; whose slim forms, dark complexions, gay uniform, and the fluttering pennon at the head of their lances, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the runners with gold sticks, and the gaudy gorra-wallahs belonging to the turn-out. Our drive was either to the esplanade outside the fort, where the regimental bands generally played, or (as on the day I am describing) to the Breach—a broken shore facing the setting sun. It was a long and picturesque drive; the road being sometimes bordered by cotton-trees, at others winding through cocoa-nut groves, and at intervals giving us view the round towers in which are the Parsees' sepulchres. Here the hateful vultures have their haunt, and sometimes swoop low, over the carriage, gorged with their foul repast upon the dead; for on a grating upon the top of these towers the Parsee corpse is laid to be devoured by the birds of prey, the bones falling through in time, and thus making way for another body. The Breach is the loveliest spot in Bombay; it is a winding shore, on which the waves of the Indian Ocean lose themselves amongst small and low black rocks. A grove of palm-trees bounds the view towards the south; a Hindoo temple towards the north; and on the landward side of the road, black broken rocks are crowned by the palmyrene, in whose fan-like crown of leaves and branches the bird which, like the Parsee, loves the light, hangs her nest with fireflies. And here, at sunset, a singular and impressive scene presented itself. Our carriage was at first alone, but presently several white-robed Parsees made their appearance, and standing in a line on the shore, offered their worship to the elements in silence. Then a mounted Affghian galloped up, and springing from his steed, spread his prayer-carpet, and commenced the gesticulations of Mohammedan devotion, laying his forehead on the earth. At a little distance, by the way-side, a Hindoo knelt in prayer. His altar was a red stone with a flag over it. The stillness of the hour—for not a sound was audible except the dash of the waves—added greatly to the interest of the scene; and the carriage was kept stationary here for some time, the gorra-wallahs fanning away the insects from the horses till the moon rose, when by its clear pure light we drove homewards.

That evening was to be marked by a display of royal favour to the first descendant of Shem who (since Saladin!) has received the honour of knighthood. After a grand dinner, the governor was to present to Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a Parsee, a gold medal set with diamonds, and bearing her Majesty's likeness, as a present from the Queen. The dinner hour was eight, and the party consisted—what would people think of such a dinner-party at that season?—of eighty persons! It is the duty of the aides-de-camp to arrange the precedence properly; and as the Anglo-Indians are somewhat jealous of the essential privilege of going down stairs first, the East India Company have given certain rules by which the judgment of the gentlemen of the staff is guided: one point being, that all the civil and military people of the Company's service shall precede the Queen's. A dinner at the government house is a grand affair. The stairs are of black marble, and on each step stand two Hindoo soldiers, each with a drawn sword; flowerpots of choice plants being also placed near them on the same wide step. The dinner is served in the Russian fashion: a splendid display of plate, fruit, and flowers on the table, and a bill of fare on everybody's plate, from which all choose their repast. These bills of fare are curious, from the mode of expression adopted in them by the Parsee writer. After

soup, fish, &c. 'cock-turkey roast' generally heads an endless list of strangely-spelled dishes; 'plumpudding boil' and 'bananas fry' being almost always in the catalogue of the second course. About eighty servants wait on the guests at Parell: in private houses it is usual, we were told, for the guests to bring their own attendants to wait at table.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, preparations were made for the presentation of the medal. A small table, covered with a velvet cushion, was brought to the upper end of the principal drawing-room, and the governor took his place beside it. The Parsee knight was then led forward by the secretaries; he was a tall, fine old man, with a most benevolent expression in his dark eyes and on his lofty brow. He was dressed in the costume of his nation—a flowing and snowy-white robe girt round the waist with a rich scarlet shawl of Cashmere, and on his head the stiff square cap, covered with deep lilac cotton, which was originally a badge of degradation and inferiority imposed on his race by the Hindoos (as the yellow cap was during the middle ages on the Jews), but is now retained by the Ghebers as an honoured memorial of their adherence to their ancient faith. The governor presented him with the golden gift in the Queen's name, informing him that it was a token of her Majesty's esteem, and of her sense of the munificence he had displayed towards her subjects, he having in the course of a year bestowed the immense sum of L.90,000 in charity on Europeans. The Parsee listened with looks of intense gratification; and when the governor ceased speaking, drew a paper from his girdle, and read his answer of thanks very intelligibly. He was then presented to the ladies near him; and his little daughter was introduced. She was a lovely child, of about ten years of age, wearing a head-dress similar to her father's, and in her nose a splendid ring, about the circumference of half-a-crown, to which were suspended an emerald and two large pearls. This ornament is by no means unbecoming, and is equivalent in signification to our wedding-ring. We learned, however, that the little Perojeebhoy was not betrothed, as is usual at her age, her father, with singular liberality, leaving her the privilege of choosing her husband; but that he judged it expedient to conform to the prejudices of his caste by making her wear the nose jewel. Her attire otherwise consisted of a scarlet satin tunic covered with figured lace, trousers of the same materials, a close jacket of dark-blue satin, and four necklaces—one of emeralds, another of sapphires, and the others of large pearls and diamonds: these costly ornaments were valued at L.10,000, or a lac of rupees. The Parsee girls are allowed to mix in society till they attain the age of twelve, when they are closely shut up in the zenana; and it is not considered etiquette to make even an inquiry after their health of their husbands.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy owes his immense fortune, estimated at L.300,000 a year, solely to his industry and energy. He was originally a bottle-wallah, or seller of old bottles; but by carefully husbanding small gains, and living frugally, was at last able to speculate in opium, and other branches of Oriental traffic. His commercial genius directed these speculations so judiciously, that he is now the richest of his race, and the gold thus won is used for the noblest purposes. The sum mentioned above on the authority of the governor, an hospital erected and endowed at his own expense, a causeway to unite the islands of Salsette and Bombay, formerly a dangerous passage—are but a few public instances of his beneficence. When he drives out, he has always a bag of *pice* (halfpence) beside him to throw to the poor, and is of course followed by a strange and motley crew. Dancing followed the presentation, and terminated at eleven by the performance of 'God save the Queen.' We asked the young Parsee if she would like to dance? She replied very quietly, 'No: when I wish for dancing, I need not do it myself; I get people to dance for me; and I wonder the rich English do not

so likewise, instead of dancing themselves.' She made the same observation with regard to music, a stretch of philosophical contempt for the fine arts which we found much more difficult to pardon. At eleven we retired for the night, passing again through the picture-gallery, the floor of which was now partially covered with sleeping figures, closely muffled in long robes, and extended on mats; one Parsee boy being distinguished from his companions by a floating drapery of silver gauze over his head and shoulders. Through the partially-open *jalousies* shone the lucid stars, looking so clearly bright and solemn, that (but for the mosquitoes) one longed to keep a vigil on 'the house-top,' and watch their silent courses. But the shrill horn of the tiny tormentors hovering round us forbade the wish: this is *their* hour, and their reign is a despotic one. No marvel one cannot see a feature of the dark visages of the sleepers; they are muffled from the burning sting or bite of these evil genii, who as effectually destroy repose as if they were so many troubled consciences.

At the end of the corridor stood an unkindled *shiggy*, or iron basket of charcoal, with a kettle and a fan near it, in case the 'ma'am sahibs' should require tea in the night; and near it sat our seapoy Juan, a tall graceful Hindoo, waiting our coming with his sword beside him, before he also went to sleep, which he did on the mat outside our silken screen. A cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter, constituted our evening meal, and then we prepared for rest. The lamps of cocoa-nut oil were placed on the matting; the mosquito net had been already let down, as, if kept up after five o'clock, there is a chance of a mosquito finding a hiding-place within it. The bed itself is raised from the floor, and stands on small stone pedestals, arched, and filled with water, to prevent the ascent of ants or other insects. Getting within the mosquito net *must* be a very rapid achievement, and is effected while the *ayah* waves a large fan round, to keep off the tiny foe; it is then closely secured, the candles extinguished, and all seek repose. This, nevertheless, is sometimes difficult of attainment, as occasionally the heat at night is intolerably oppressive, and the noises are varied and ceaseless: snakes hiss; a certain unknown insect snores so like a man, that at first I laid the blame of the disturbance on Juan; and the jackals that cross over from Elephanta in search of prey, utter their shrill wail, which bears a painful resemblance to the cry of an infant. Towards midnight, lights glancing by the palm-trees near the tank, the sound of the tom-tom, and of an instrument very like a bagpipe, announced a native wedding in the village, recalling the beautiful parable of the Bridal Virgins; and before the last shrill tones became inaudible, we were in the land of dreams, gazing on home images, and hearing long silent voices; for in sleep the East and its gorgeous visions were invariably forgotten, and we were again in that little northern isle which has no equal either in the Western or Eastern world.

THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

It was the 20th of March 1827. In the poorly-furnished apartment of a small house in Baden in Austria, an old man was making preparations for a journey. He hastily folded within a knapsack a few changes of linen. The weather was cold, the windows were covered with hoarfrost, and yet only a few dying embers burned upon the hearth. Either the old man's mind was too deeply engrossed to think of feeding the flame, or perhaps his scanty resources needed careful husbanding to meet the expenses of his approaching journey.

In truth, the aspect of the room bespoke a state of want rather than of affluence. A bed with curtains of faded green serge, a few antique arm-chairs of varnished wood, covered with well-worn tapestry, a walnut table, and a harpsichord, composed its entire furniture. The harpsichord was strewn with music, partly in manuscript; and a flying sheet covered with nearly illegible notes, and disfigured by numerous erasures, showed

what had been the old man's recent employment. The occupier of this desolate abode was between fifty and sixty years of age. His lofty forehead, encircled by locks of silver gray, beamed with intelligence, although he appeared bowed down beneath the weight of some great affliction. A dark fire kindled in his hazel eyes, and his cheeks, glowing with one bright feverish spot of hectic colour, contrasted strangely with the deadly paleness which overspread the rest of his countenance. When the knapsack was made up, the old man approached the table, on which lay an open letter, stamped with the Vienna postmark. He took it up, and stood a while with his eyes fixed on its contents, though it only contained these few words:—

'My dear Uncle—Pardon me the grief which I am occasioning you; but implicated in an unhappy transaction, I have just received an order to quit Vienna, whence I am commanded for the future to absent myself. I beseech you to come to my aid: you alone can save me. Adieu. JOHN.'

This letter came from a nephew whom he had brought up, and whose disorderly conduct had rendered necessary the rigorous mandate which now banished him from the capital.

When the old man had perused it once more, he appeared confirmed in his resolution, and with his knapsack in one hand, and his walking-stick in the other, he prepared to set out. But on reaching the threshold, he turned back, and casting a look of deep regret on this modest asylum, where he had long and happily dwelt, he sighed; then, as if attracted by a magic charm, he returned to his harpsichord, and quickly laying down what he held in his hands, he ran his fingers over the discoloured notes of the instrument. His gloomy and dejected countenance was gradually lighted up with an expression of intense happiness, and a sublime strain ascended towards Heaven, a fitting hymn of praise to the Almighty.

As he plunged into these regions of harmony, it seemed as if his spirit had bid adieu to earth, and soared to the realms above in search of consolation. But soon all was again silent; the old man wept; he heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed—'And to think that I can hear nothing!' Alas! he was deaf.

The poor pilgrim again took up his staff, and set forth on his journey. At the turning of the street, he once more looked round on the humble dwelling where he had passed the last ten years of his life, shut out by his infirmity from the sounds of the external world. Music for him only existed within the soul. He walked on into the country; for, by way of husbanding his small store, he was going on foot from Baden to Vienna. The evening closed in: the old man stopped before a peasant's cottage. He had presumed too much on his strength, having expected, before night closed in, to reach Vienna, from which the village of Baden is only ten leagues distant. He had walked vigorously, but night approached, and he felt his strength failing him. He knocked at the door; a young girl opened it, asking him what he wanted. The old man, who guessed her question from the movement of her lips, replied, 'Hospitality, my good girl.' 'Come in then: there is always a welcome at my father's hearth for the benighted traveller.' Thus cordially invited, he entered a large room, where the frugal evening repast was smoking upon a homely table. A cover was quickly laid for him near the father of the family, and he sat down to table with the friendly household group. After supper, he seated himself in an old leather arm-chair by the chimney-corner: a cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth. The mother and daughter cleared the table, whilst the father opened an old harpsichord, and the three sons took down their instruments which hung against the wall. They consisted of an alto, a violoncello, and a hautboy.

The performers attuned their instruments, the mother and daughter seated themselves with their work near the fire, where a single lamp afforded the needful light. The

father gave the signal, and the four musicians began a piece with that *ensemble*, with that knowledge of measure, which the Germans possess beyond all other nations. By degrees their eyes kindled, divers emotions were depicted on their countenances, they abandoned themselves to the ardour of the sentiment with which they were transported. The two women listened whilst they almost held in their breath. Their work fell from their hands. The music ceased—they exchanged looks of delight—the young girl kissed her father's gray hairs with emotion: they forgot the presence of their guest. He had followed all their movements with a longing eye, for his deafness prevented his hearing a single note of the music which had so deeply affected them.

'Oh how happy you are,' he said with a faltering voice, 'to be able to enjoy this delicious pleasure! Alas! it is long since I have been able to hear either the human voice, or music, which is the voice of God. When I go out to meditate in the forest, I feel indeed the wind which blows around me, but I hear not its mighty voice, whilst it shakes the trees, or murmurs among the leaves, mingling with the general harmony of nature. When I return from my walk at the close of a fine summer's day, I can indeed see the young shepherdess as she leads her flock to be watered at the fountain, but I cannot hear either her joyous song or the tingling sound of the sheep-bells. I can see the lark fly swiftly to the valley where her nest lies hidden, but I hear not her melodious voice mingling with the whisper of the breeze. Oh, music! harmony! it is my life; but, alas! its vocal expression is lost to me for ever. Let me, I pray you, read the pages which have so deeply stirred you.' He rose, took the sheet in his hand, a sudden paleness overspread his features; he sunk upon his seat overwhelmed with emotion.

He had just read upon the cover, 'Allegretto, from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven.' All gathered around him, and inquired the cause of his agitation. When he was able at length to command his voice, he arose from his seat and said, 'I am Beethoven!' At the sound of this name the father lifted his woollen cap from his head, and the sons bowed with the deepest reverence. Beethoven pressed their hands in his, and wept for joy. The good peasants kissed these venerated hands; for this man they felt was the genius who had lightened for them the daily burthen of life—the genius so honoured in Vienna, that when he took his daily walk, the passers-by exclaimed, 'There is Beethoven!' and silently made way for him, lest they should interrupt his meditations. The peasants looked with unwearied delight on that noble brow where grief had indeed stamped its fatal marks, but which still was encircled with the halo of genius.

Beethoven then seated himself at the harpsichord, and desiring the young people to take up their instruments, he played for them his own symphony. It was a moment of unspeakable happiness.

When they had finished, Beethoven improvised sublime melodies: his spirit, breaking through the bonds which enchained him to earth, seemed to rise triumphantly towards Heaven.

The poor harpsichord under his hand gave forth unwonted sounds—sometimes majestic as the voice of thunder, sometimes mysterious as the sighs of the dying.

Alas! it was the song of the swan! A part of the night thus glided on. The bed usually occupied by the father of the family was prepared for Beethoven, and he was constrained to accept it.

During the night he became feverish, and to cool his burning brow, he arose and went out into the open air too slightly clad. The air was bitterly cold: the wind groaned in the branches of the trees, and penetrating rain drifted over the country. When the old man returned, he was benumbed. The dropsy from which he had long suffered mounted to his chest, and too soon it became apparent that all remedies were useless. He was with difficulty transported to Vienna, where he was

visited by a physician, who pronounced his case a hopeless one. Hummel, his dearest and truest friend, heard of his danger, and flew to attend him in his last moments; but he was almost insensible. The words he sought to utter expired on his pallid lips. Still he recognised his early friend, and thanked him with a mournful smile. Hummel pressed the icy-cold hand within his own with deep emotion.

When the dying man felt the pressure, his glazed eye kindled with a momentary consciousness.

He sunk back upon the pillow. With a gentle sigh the spirit had fled!

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

A series of beautiful experiments of a most interesting character has been made at the establishment of Professor Glukman, Sackville Street, Dublin, before a number of scientific gentlemen, who deemed the results in the highest degree satisfactory. The principal object sought was to ascertain, among other appliances of the electric light, its power and capability of producing portraits by means of the Daguerreotype as a substitute for the solar rays. In the effectuation of this process the several experiments proved eminently successful, and afforded the greatest satisfaction to all who had the privilege of witnessing them. The electric battery employed was that of Mr Glassford, and under his direction. The illumination obtained was of the most sunlike brilliancy, and remarkable for its steady and luminous bearing on every point towards which the focus of the reflector was directed. The first experiments were on plates prepared by the ordinary process—the battery being managed by Mr Glassford, and the camera and Daguerreotype process by M. Glukman. Portraits were instantaneously produced—the marked fidelity of outline in which, with the depth and delicacy of shade, elicited the highest admiration. After the complete success of the experiment in that respect had been established, a new test of its power was essayed—namely, the preparation of the glass or plate on which the portrait is fixed by means of the electric light. In this novel and ingenious appliance the utmost success also rewarded the efforts of the experimentalists. Surgeon Lover took the direction of the battery; and Mr Glassford having occupied 'the chair,' an exquisite portrait of that gentleman was produced in a few seconds. Messrs Galbraith, Yates, and others, who took much interest in the proceedings, also tested the agency of the new power, and expressed themselves delighted with the result.—*Freeman's Journal.*

WHAT ALL MUST EXPECT.

Manhood will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever cast on your acquaintances will come, and the agony of the parting breath will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the churchyard will come, and that minute when you are put into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose earth into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it—all, all will come on every living creature who now hears me; and in a few little years, the minister who now speaks, and the people who now listen, will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this, you know, must and will happen—your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it. Perhaps it may have been little thought of in the days of carelessness, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now, to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to trifle and delay when the high matters of death, and judgment, and eternity are thus set so evidently before you. And the tidings wherewith I am charged—and the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them—the object of my coming amongst you is to let you know what more things are to come: it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and of sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you, in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour of laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to the God who gave it. Yes, and the day of final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and His mighty angels around Him, will come, and the

opening of the books will come, and the standing of the men of all generations before the judgment-seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix you for eternity will come.—*Dr Chalmers's Sermons in Posthumous Works.*

A BENEVOLENT METHOD OF SERVING ONE'S SELF.

An Italian gentleman, with great sagacity, devised a productive pump, and kept it in action at little expense. The garden wall of his villa adjoined the great high road leading from one of the capitals of northern Italy, from which it was distant but a few miles. Possessing within his garden a fine spring of water, he erected on the outside of the wall a pump for public use, and chaining to it a small iron ladle, he placed near it some rude seats for the weary traveller, and by a slight roof of climbing plants protected the whole from the mid-day sun. In this delightful shade the tired and thirsty travellers on that well-beaten road ever and anon reposed and refreshed themselves, and did not fail to put in requisition the services which the pump so opportunely presented to them. From morning till night many a dusty and wayworn pilgrim plied its handle, and went on his way, blessing the liberal proprietor for his kind consideration of the passing stranger. But the owner of the villa was deeply acquainted with human nature. He knew that in that sultry climate the liquid would be more valued from its scarcity, and from the difficulty of acquiring it. He therefore, in order to enhance the value of the gift, wisely arranged the pump, so that its spout was of rather contracted dimensions, and the handle required a moderate application of force to work it. Under these circumstances, the pump raised far more water than could pass through its spout; and to prevent its being wasted, the surplus was conveyed by an invisible channel to a large reservoir judiciously placed for watering the proprietor's own house, stables, and garden, into which about five pints were poured for every spoonful passing out of the spout for the benefit of the weary traveller. Even this latter portion was not entirely neglected, for the waste pipe conveyed the part which ran over from the ladle to some delicious strawberry-beds at a lower level. Perhaps, by a small addition to this ingenious arrangement, some kind-hearted travellers might be induced to indulge their mules and asses with a taste of the same cool and refreshing fluid; thus paying an additional tribute to the skill and sagacity of the benevolent proprietor. My accomplished friend would doubtless make a most popular chancellor of the Exchequer, should his Sardinian majesty require his services in that department of administration.—*Baggage's Thoughts on Taxation.*

EARTH NUTS.

The earth chestnut is the indigenous growth of our soil; but, like the potato plant, before its introduction into this country as an article of sustenance, it is now quite neglected, and nobody thinks it worth while to have a plant in his garden, although it is as plentiful in its native and wild state as the potato is in Peru, or in the first place of its discovery. Yet, by cultivation in two or three years, it will, I have not the least doubt, produce as large a quantity per acre, of a root three times more nutritious than the potato, and at less than one-fourth the expense. The plant is known to almost every schoolboy; it grows in old pastures, and is called in these parts jar-nuts, earth nuts, or earth chestnuts. The plant is like a small key, rather larger than a parsley plant, and something like that also; it bears a white flower, and is to be found in almost all old pastures in any part of England. I planted some roots of these nuts (but they may be produced from the seed as well) in the year 1840, and they came up beautifully; and in the summer, when I dug them up, I found some of them two inches in diameter, and nearly as large as a man's fist. I roasted some of them, and found them delicious. They something resemble in taste the sweet potato of Virginia, or roasted chestnut of our own growth. They are a rich vegetable production, containing more of the elements of nutrition than the potato by three times at least, and will be relished as well by the community as soon as they can be introduced.—*Correspondent of Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 278. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

I AM a literary man—that is to say, I have only my inkstand for my bank, and have no income to look forward to but what dividend my brains can afford me. I do not, however, grumble at my profession, for I weigh its advantages against its evils, and find they are both nicely balanced, which I take to be as average a state of living as we should expect. Favourable critiques have ceased to make me vain, for I have passed my first youth; and depreciating ones are no longer causes of annoyance, for I express my own opinion at times contrary to that of many others, and must expect others in return to do the same. I never abuse publishers if they do not heap money on me when any work I have sold them makes a 'hit;' on the contrary, I am glad of it, because its publication has been a speculation on their part; and had it not succeeded they would have been the losers, whereas I was safe either way. And lastly—which possibly will not be believed, but I don't care—I am never sore when another book in my own line achieves a success, because it most probably creates new readers still; and so, indirectly, we are all benefited thereby. Writing for periodicals and journals is very wearing work. Sometimes I am very worn and jaded with family matters and the countless engagements of a London life, even when I begin; and sometimes I catch myself heaving a deep sigh whilst penning what may chance to be considered my best bits. But I reflect that possibly my earnings are lightly got in comparison with those of others; and I know, from what I am about to allude to, that many believe they would be supremely happy in my position.

I have worked very hard for these last ten years; and by constantly keeping my name before the public, and now and then by fortunately observing something which they themselves perhaps knew of, and placing its actuality in a pleasant or appropriate light before them, have been considered as one of a somewhat insecure class—that of 'popular' light authors. Hence my name is tolerably well known, as I find from letters which arrive from remote parts of England, bearing unknown postmarks, asking for my autograph 'to add to a collection which,' &c. But I am assured of this, in a manner certainly more troublesome, by certain individuals to whom I am about to allude.

Unless one is in a position to become acquainted with them, nobody can form an idea of the swarms of aspirants bursting to appear in print in London, and, I doubt not, the United Kingdom generally. Editors of magazines know the number of immature communications they receive, aiming at the higher styles of composition, but they do not come in contact with the authors. The manuscripts are 'left with the publishers,' and are called for, and that is all. It is only your ac-

cessible authors who understand fully the daring energies of the 'great unprinted' of the present day.

If we by chance encountered a man who all at once, not being hitherto accounted a mechanic, fancied he could make a church clock, and proceeded gravely to file out pieces of brass, and fix them in certain positions, with the notion that they would work, and inform the town of the time of day, we should say he was remarkably foolish, to use no stronger terms. And yet every known literary man will tell you that every week he has a novel sent him, in manuscript, either by a friend or through his introduction, the first work of a person who, with scarcely a knowledge of putting down a phrase, or the simplest elements of the art of composition, dashes at once at the conventional three volumes, and, as is usual in such cases, only building the characters from types that struck his fancy on reading, and which he thought he could imitate, instead of originating, introduces us to all those old friends in slightly new dresses, characteristic of such productions. The subsequent history of these works is always the same. The literary man is worried into taking the manuscript to a publisher, but of course he cannot recommend it. It is returned, and the author, burning to rush into print, pays heavily for some feeble utterer of false novels to bring it out. Favourable notices in the reviews are begged by all sorts of private manoeuvres; people read these, get the work, and are grievously disappointed; a heavy stock remains on hand, and the author gets off luckily with the loss of a hundred pounds. I have remarked that the majority of these amateurs are ladies; and here at times one's gallantry is severely tested. But it is always in the end kinder and more charitable to crush these aspirations at once, than, by a seeming approval, to lead the writers into all kinds of quicksands and difficulties.

The amateur novelists are bad enough in their way, but they are nothing to the dramatists of the same order. It does not appear to be generally known, even amongst many actual authors, that to write a play which shall have a chance of success requires not only great terseness, and almost epigrammatic closeness of expression, but also a practical knowledge of the mechanical exigencies of the theatre—a story in which a peculiarly constructed or *culminating* interest is needed, and an experience in the action of the different scenes—all which being not attended to, will weary the public, and make them hiss. But our aspirants do not think of all this. One of them calls upon a friend, who may have had one or two successful pieces produced, and something like this conversation ensues:—

Amateur. I wish you would look over a piece I have got here. [*The literary friend trembles, as he knows that in his chiffonnier closet there are a score of manuscripts sent for the same purpose, with polite notes.*] If you would

send it to a manager, your recommendation would do anything. [*This is the old story, the amateur forgetting that the author might compromise his reputation for judgment by so doing.*]

Friend. Well, what is it?

A. It's in five acts. [*The countenance of the friend falls, he having thought that it was a harmless farce.*] It's called 'Francesca.' I've taken the subject from old Italian history. There's a great character for — in it. A friend spoke to him about it, and he appeared to like the notion. [*This is the most fatal rock upon which the backs of the amateurs are wrecked. They get some one who knows a performer to mention it to him, and the poor man, not wishing to offend, or driven into a corner, says he thinks the idea good.*]

F. Ah; do you know much about the mechanical appliances of a theatre?

A. Not a great deal. I have gone for poetry and—if I may call it so—elevated writing.

F. Yes, I see. [*The friend looks over the manuscript, and sees speeches of two or three pages long; and the piece altogether would play about seven hours.*] I have not got the time to read it, but I will give you a note of introduction to Mr —, the manager, and I am sure he will pay attention to your views.

A. [*Emphatically.*] Oh—thank you.

The note is written, and the author starts off filled with visions of a great success and being called before the curtain. He leaves his piece, and the first glimpse is sufficient to show that it is an amateur work—one of the hundreds poured into a theatre during a season. The manager wishes you would really not introduce such rubbish to him. The manuscript is thrown by amidst a pile; and the author every week begs you will make an application for its return, as he has called often and can get no reply. Then when he gets it, he hunts you down for introductions to other theatres, and always with the same effect; and at last, finding this piece rejected everywhere, he sets to work and writes another, assumes a coolness towards you, and fastens on another writer.

The most indefatigable class, however, are the aspirants to periodicals, and small poets. During my connection with a tolerably well-known 'monthly,' scarcely a day passed but one called, either an acquaintance or with a letter of introduction. It was the same story with all. 'They knew I could do anything with —. Would I get the article into his magazine if, upon reading, I thought it suitable?' I really did read a great many of these, but none were ever available. If the notion was original, the style was either immature or over-elaborated; and if betraying some knowledge of construction, the articles were nothing more than clever imitations of popular writers. The would-be aspirants to light literature were the most painful—those who thought it comic to use such phrases as, 'the immense sum of eighteen-pence,' or, 'that specimen of sable humanity vyept a chimney-sweep;' or believed that humour consisted in a simple change of synonymes, such as calling an old maid an 'antiquated spinster;' or in that elaboration of meaning by which a dancing-master was described as 'a professor of the saltatory art' (which, according to the present style, he is *not*); and the simple word 'married' could only be explained as 'led to the hymeneal altar.' In fact, the drollery chiefly aimed at was of the school in which police cases are written by facetious reporters. I once heard from the treasurer of one of our largest theatres, that in the course of twelve years he never knew an amateur play accepted; and I may add, in like manner, that during my connection with the magazine I never knew an amateur 'funny' paper made use of. Yet the constant rebuffs do not check the aspirants. With the elasticity of Indian-rubber balls, which would be invaluable otherwise directed, the harder they get knocked down the higher they rebound.

The poets, as a mass, are less troublesome, for the fashion-books and annuals open some refuge to them.

Besides, their productions being usually comparatively short, they can with less expense get them printed and published. In this latter case it is curious to observe that the preface is always the same. The author invariably remarks, that 'several kind, but in this instance, he fears, too partial friends, have suggested the publication;' and then he assumes the habits of the 'lion' in society, loves to read his own works, gasps for notices, and believes, in common with most young authors, that his ideas have pervaded the entire world.

Perhaps the aspirants will now ask, 'How does anybody begin?' If they are curious to know, I will tell them how I began myself: and I pray them not to accuse me of egotism, which would be most contemptible, but rather look upon the statement as a wish to show them that I am practical and somewhat experienced, when I say that I have written several novels, and produced several plays, which have met with more or less success; that I have now and then attempted poetry, when applied to by composers for the words of ballads; that I have written sketches for magazines, criticisms and notices for newspapers, and paragraphs for light ephemeral periodicals; in fact, that I have gone through all the work which a man must be *au fait* at to attain even the humblest position in the high-pressure literature of the present day.

I began, then, as every profession ought to be commenced, with the rudiments. I used first to make up, with great care and trouble, small paragraphs and notions which struck me as I walked about, for little penny publications, and put them, unknown to any one, into the editor's box. This was when I was at school. Sometimes these were printed—which was a circumstance of great but secret glory to me; sometimes they never appeared, and I heard no more of them. After a time, I began to see the style which was usually the most fortunate. I found that little domestic sketches, made from actual observation, and not comic invention, were readily accepted. The materials for these were within my grasp; indeed, never having read much, I did not attempt to soar beyond them. My paragraphs grew to sketches; my sketches to more finished delineations; and at last I tried a short story, and sent it to a periodical which was exactly the size of the old 'Mirror.' It was directly accepted and printed; and with an engagement forthwith to write at half-a-crown a column, I considered my fortune made.

The periodical failed; but I was still so delighted at communicating my notions to (as I considered) the world, and fancying they sympathised with some of them, that I went on writing for nothing, when certainly I ought to have been at times attending to something else. I then went to study abroad; and an adventure occurring to me, which found its way into the London papers, I was applied to by the editor of a magazine to send in an account of it. This was an honour I had never dreamed of. I transmitted my seven or eight pages, and they appeared. Two or three kind opinions were passed on the article; and I soon found myself a regular contributor. I then began a story, to be finished in two chapters, one each month. There was something in the first that appeared to please my readers, and the editor asked me if I could not elongate it into six. When the fourth was sent in, I was asked if I could not extend the sketch to the length of a three-volume novel. I was so frightened at this that I took two days to consider; and at last, in great nervous anxiety and mistrust, acquiesced. With this novel possibly you may be acquainted; and its completion and tolerably-favourable reception brought me up to London. But otherwise I should never have conceived so daring a project.

From this time I got a great deal to do, but I never sought it. An engagement to write small essays on social topics for a paper, led me to the position of the theatrical critic, on the secession of my predecessor; the principal reason for this being that my style and opinions were known to the proprietors. Then, as from

constant attendance I got experienced in dramatic matters, and saw tolerably well what would, and what would not succeed, the authors used occasionally to ask my opinion about hazardous points or effects in their works; and finally, one suggested that I should join him in concocting a piece. Fortunately this was very successful, and I learned more on its production than years of mere observation before the curtain would have taught me. Then I tried a play, at a minor theatre, myself, and had ten shillings a night for it. Several pieces in two and three acts followed, with varying luck, but never very bad; and now I have produced a dozen. But I should think myself crazy to start on a five-act piece, like all those which the aspirants wish to have forthwith accepted and represented.

I have thus endeavoured to show that the progress of a literary man is very gradual—step by step, and each step made sure before the next is taken. Amateurs think because at times an author comes suddenly and brilliantly before them, whose name they were hitherto unacquainted with, that this *coup* has been obtained all at once. It is not so, however. Be sure that he has worked long and patiently at other matters, and commenced with the humblest compositions, and anonymously. Rare instances to the contrary occur, it is true; but every rule has exceptions except one—and that is, when an amateur, unprepared by experience, and for no other purpose apparently than the mere gratification of a little vanity, produces off at once a mass of manuscript, the best thing he can do with it, to avoid much expense and disappointment to himself, and the chance of occupying the time and compromising the recommendation of his literary friends, is to put it in the fire. A. S.

OPTICAL MAGIC OF OUR AGE.

ANY one who is at all familiar with the optical illusions and scenic effects which form a favourite portion of some of our public exhibitions, must be convinced that the art of producing these phenomena, with their various and mind-bewildering play of colours and change of character, has attained great perfection. But probably few persons are in the least degree acquainted with the manner in which the appearances they so much admire are produced. It will therefore be possibly an interesting subject to many, if we glance first at the optical phenomena themselves, and then proceed to explain the method of their production.

The magical effects which owe their origin to the magic lantern, are those which will chiefly occupy our attention; and it will be found that the position of this ingenious instrument in the popular estimation is very far below that which it deserves to occupy. In fact, all those appearances which so much perplex, surprise, or please us in exhibitions of this kind, are entirely due to various ingenious contrivances appended to, or in connection with, this instrument, although this fact is but little known generally. This instrument, as now employed, is the same in principle as it was when first invented in the middle of the seventeenth century by the universal genius, Kircher; but in common with most other optical apparatus, it has largely benefited by the advance of mechanical and mathematical science, and is now constructed in a form apparently little capable of further improvement. Essentially, it consists in its improved form of a powerful source of light, of two double convex lenses which concentrate the rays, and direct them upon the picture placed in front of them; and of two other lenses which concentrate the rays after they have passed through the picture, and direct them on the disk where the image is beheld by the spectator. There is a little contrivance of some importance which has been added by Messrs Carpenter and Westley of London* to

the extremity of the brass tube holding the second pair of lenses, by which some of the extreme rays are cut off, the effect of which is to give a great degree of distinctness to the depicted image, although with some sacrifice of illuminating power. This contrivance consists simply of a brass ring, and may be adopted or removed at pleasure. From this casual description of the instrument, it will be manifest that the various delusions and singularities of effect we are about to describe are referable not so much to any alteration effected by modern science in the principal instrument, as to the accessories of the exhibition. But let us admit the reader into the mysterious apartment, where science can bid to appear more and more strange phantasms than ever obeyed the summons of enchanter's wand.

And first about the *Phantasmagoria*. In 1802 a French gentleman, a M. Philipstal, astonished crowds of people in London by an optical exhibition which he entitled the *Phantasmagoria*. It was a soul-appalling spectacle to those who had hitherto been ignorant of the wonders of light and shade! The spectatory was a room where no light but that of a dismal oil-lamp hanging in the centre was admitted. On the assembling of the audience, this lamp was drawn up into a chimney, and a pitchy gloom overspread the place. Presently the soft and mournful notes of sepulchral music were heard, and a curtain rose displaying a cavern, on the frowning walls of which were depicted the forms of skeletons and spectral figures. The music ceased: the rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance. Gradually it became louder, until at length vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied with peals apparently of the deep-toned organ of the skies, gave all the impressions of a tremendous storm. The thunder and lightning continued at their height, when suddenly a small cloud of light appeared in the air; it gradually increased in size, until at length it stood revealed a ghastly spectre, around whom the lightning gleamed in fearful reality. Its eyes moved agonizedly from side to side, or now turned up in the sunken eye-socket, the image of unutterable despair. Away, back to the dim abyss from whence it came, it was seen swiftly to retire, and finally vanished in a little cloud, the storm rolling away at the same time. Then came other phantasms, some of which rushed up with apparently amazing rapidity, approaching the spectators, and again as rapidly receding—to return clothed with flesh and blood, or in the form of some well-known public personages! After a display of a number of similar apparitions, the curtain fell, and the lamp was uncovered; the spectators departing with expressions of great astonishment at what had been seen. Such was the early introduction of the *Phantasmagoria* to the honours of a public exhibition.

This variety of optical effect, although occasionally resorted to since that time, has only recently been reintroduced at some of our public places of resort in more than its original power. In some of these exhibitions the effect on the mind is indescribable, and in a less enlightened age would be far from desirable; but all are now so well acquainted with the source of the awful and mysterious beings which appear to present themselves to the eye, that the exhibition simply creates wonder where it would formerly have excited superstition or alarm. Images of birds on the wing are introduced with great force: the bird is seen rapidly moving its pinions, apparently at a great distance, then swiftly approaching and increasing in size. Motion is also given to its eyes; and when a particularly solemn-looking bird, like the owl, is selected, the effect is, to say the least, very remarkable. Scenes are now introduced in which a movement of figures is managed with great adroitness—a fiery snake, for example, may be seen winding its undulating body across some in-caverned pool. Then appears a fairy scene, where fountains are playing, and Cupids flying about or shooting at a target in whose centre—to carry

out the poetical idea—is a bleeding heart: or, through a narrow gorge, we catch a glimpse of a lake encamped round about by tall mountains; and behold! some Undine or water-spirit, with her attendant sprites, appears in a majestic chariot drawn by the most graceful of swans, whose long necks are elegantly bent into the waters every now and then! Again, a cloud of fire hangs in mid-air, enlarges, brightens, and rolls gradually aside, disclosing one of the mythological impersonations seated in the *quadrifuga*. A favourite concluding scene is a British oak. While the spectators are looking on, and listening to—of course—'Rule Britannia,' suddenly, in every bough, behold! a flight, a whole flight of sailor-boys waving the Union Jack: the trunk opens, and out steps the sailor-prince; presently the sailors in the branches take their flight, the prince once more is received into the mighty trunk, and the scene vanishes.

Some of the minor phantasmagoric displays descend to the ludicrous. The spectacle of an industrious cobbler, who heaves long-drawn gasps for breath, and busily plies his arms, is much admired among this series; and the knowing look of the eyes is wonderfully productive of merriment. The next scene is a view by the sea-side, where a bathing woman is seen dipping a reluctant little girl into the rolling waters: smiths are seen hammering ferociously upon their anvils: shoe-blacks are giving exquisite lustre to boots: old men are breaking up stones, or bowing politely, and unbosoming to draw forth the charities of cottage-door lingerers: the chameleon is well shown in all his versatility of tint: and roses, tulips, and other flowers, including cauliflower, blossom with Cupids, white and black, or other representations grotesque as unexpected. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is the feat of a man asleep in a bed, who swallows rats and mice by the dozen, and without awaking!

The explanation of these varied effects is very simple: the phantasmagoric displays are always shown upon a transparent screen; a broad piece of *Nainsooks* muslin wetted with water, and fixed in a convenient position, is better than any other contrivance whatever. The magic lantern, slightly modified, is the instrument employed for developing the images, and is thus managed:—it is either held in the hand or placed upon a little railway: it is then brought close up to the screen, the light being shaded by the hand; and when sufficiently near, the hand is removed, and there appears on the screen a little cloud of light without any definite image depicted in it. The lantern is then gently carried backwards, and there appears on the screen the gradually-enlarging image of some spectre, or other object, which appears rapidly to approach the spectators. On bringing the lantern back again nearly up to the screen, the spectre seems to recede, and finally vanishes in the little cloud spoken of: thus is the astonishing effect of advancing and receding images accomplished. It requires of course some little arrangements as to focus; and mechanical contrivances for effecting this have been applied to the carriage of the lantern successfully. Sending up a balloon is well exhibited by this means: the balloon, at first swelled in all its vast proportions, presently becomes smaller and smaller until it is lost to sight; and by a little swaying of the lantern from side to side, the undulating character of its motion is well represented. By using two, three, or even four lanterns in the hands of several clever assistants, a surprising degree of life can be given to the scene. One manages the flying Cupid; another the moving chariot; a third the fountain; and so on. By means of two lanterns, Fame may be made to descend from the skies and plant a laurel-wreath on a warrior or a statesman's brow. The opening of clouds is effected by drawing gently aside two slips of glass which cover the slider containing the picture; the figure behind thus seems to step out of the clouds. Movement is communicated to the figures in various ways: sometimes in the manner already described, by a separate lantern; more frequently by a double slider, one slider being painted black, with the exception of a clear space, through which the head or some one of the limbs is shown or obscured at pleasure: thus a cook carrying in a pig's

head alternately loses and regains his own by moving the slider to and fro. The rolling about of spectral eyes is effected by painting them upon a slider which moves from side to side, the eyeballs showing through the eye-sockets of the image with singular effect. A water-wheel is set in motion by a double slider, on one of which the landscape is painted, on the other the wheel; and this one is moved round by a pinion-wheel working into a cogged rim. The reeling motion of a ship is given by a slider moved up and down by a lever. A little reflection will soon show the infinite number of movements which by these simple means may be effected. A very strange effect is sometimes produced by giving the lantern a sudden shake, when the images will seem as if seized with a cold shudder.

Leaving, however, the chamber of scientific horrors and supernaturalities, let us advert briefly to the more recent and beautiful discovery, the *Dissolving Views*. Very few persons are, we believe, at all aware of the means by which the exquisite effects of these exhibitions are accomplished; yet they are surprisingly simple. A country landscape, basking in the warm glow of a July sun, lies outspread before us; the fields are golden with corn, the trees in full verdure clad, and the water tumbles, half in play half at work, upon the over-shot wheel of the mill in the foreground. A change comes o'er the spirit of the scene: the sky loses its warm and glowing tone; a cold, gray, ghastly look creeps over the picture; the air darkens; the babbling stream is stayed in icy bondage; the wheel has stopped, and icicles a foot long hang from its spokes and rim; the trees are leafless; the fields are brown and naked; the path is covered with snow; and the flickerings of a roaring fire are seen through the cottage windows. But, marvel of marvels! the sky grows thick and lowering, and a few flakes of snow are seen to fall. Presently a thick shower of snow descends. The illusion is complete, and it requires some little self-recollection to form the conception that, after all, it is a mere picture we are looking upon. The snow-storm passes over, the sky and air gently resume their warmer aspect, leaves come on the trees, the snow melts away, the brook runs again, and the wheel resumes its duties, for summer has returned! This sketch presents us with the leading features of the *Dissolving Views*; let us now explain how the changes are brought about.

To exhibit the *Dissolving Views*, two lanterns of equal size, and placed on the same platform, are necessary. In the one we will suppose the summer scene; in the other, the same scene, but in its winter dress. Now, immediately in front of the brass tubes of both lanterns is a circular disk of japanned tin, in which a crescentic slit is perforated half round near the rim. This disk is made to revolve on an axis which passes between the two lanterns, and is moved by a little handle behind. The rays of light proceed through the slit on to the screen, but only allow those of one lantern to do so at one time, the tube of the other being shaded by the imperforate part of the disk. The rays of the summer scene are now pouring through the slit, while those of winter are obscured by the other part of the disk. The lanterns being properly arranged, so as to cast their images on precisely the same place on the screen, the exhibition begins. Summer is shown for a little time; then by means of the little handle the disk is very gently turned round, and thus while, from the crescent shape of the slit, the rays of one lantern are gradually cut off, those of the other are at the same time gradually allowed to fall on the screen, until the disk is turned quite round; and now the tube through which summer shone is obscured, while the colder light of winter from the other tube streams through the slit in the disk. The effect to the beholder is the gradual and imperceptible transition of the one scene into the other. If the reader will be so kind as to suppose that his two eyes represented the magic lanterns, and will close one eye first, and then gently lift the lid while he shuts down that of the other, he will obtain a perfect idea of the dissolving mechanism. The plan of the perforated disk, which, as being the most gradual, is the most perfect, is the plan observed in the instruments we have seen of

Messrs Carpenter and Westley's make; but there are other and simpler means of effecting the same object, the principle remaining in every instance the same; namely, the gradual blinding of one lantern, and unblinding of another. To produce the falling of the snow, a slider is introduced upon the previously blinded side, a cap is unscrewed off the disk, and so both tubes shed their light on the screen. The slider is painted black, with little dots scraped out to represent snow-flakes; and on its being set in motion by a wheel, the appearance on the screen of these moving dots of light is exactly that of snow-flakes falling. We have understood that the best effect is produced by drawing a piece of perforated paper slowly upwards in the place where the sliders go. This principle of causing the light from two lanterns to fall upon the screen—the one producing the picture, the other introducing some fresh elements into its composition—is largely applicable for the development of other effects besides the falling of snow. By representing a Lapland scene with one lantern, a beautiful resemblance of the Northern Lights, or aurora, can be thrown on the sky by means of the other lantern, and when well managed, the effect is most extraordinary. Lightning or a rainbow is thrown on the scene by the same means. The flickering fiery glow of a volcano, or a ship on fire, is managed by quickly moving the fingers, so as alternately to intercept and give passage to the rays streaming from the tube: this appearance, too, is very singular and real.

A word now about the *Chromatropé*—literally, the *colour-turner*. The image on the screen produced by this instrument may be described for those who have not seen it as strongly resembling that presented to the eye by the kaleidoscope. A mixed, moving multitude of colours, vying in lustre with the precious stones, are seen whirling together, threading in and out; now, as it were, blown from a trumpet-mouth, now pouring back into the same, and in their revolutions producing a variety and perplexity of patterns which would weary even the eyes of a manufacturer to gaze upon. These results are produced by means of compound sliders, two or three in one. Two of these are movable, the third is often fixed. They are painted variously in designs of different colours, consisting generally of some combination of circles or other mathematical figures: all the portion of the glass containing no figure is painted black. The movable glasses are turned in different directions by a handle attached to the slider, and the result is the complicated play of colours and forms which is depicted on the screen. A somewhat similar but more varied effect was produced soon after the invention of the kaleidoscope by Sir D. Brewster, by adapting that beautiful instrument to the magic lantern, and was exhibited by a celebrated chemical lecturer to his class. But the present is the simplest form, and in the beauty of its images leaves little to be desired. Two lanterns are commonly employed in its exhibition, so as to avoid any stoppage of the performance. The appearance of a fountain casting up water is managed by a variety of the same contrivance as the *Chromatropé*. The introduction of this variety of optical image is recent.

The exhibitions which have received the fantastic titles—the *Opaque Microscope*, and the *Physioscope*, are very pleasing of their kind, and may be readily made intelligible to the reader. By the contrivance entitled the *Opaque Microscope*, the images of medallions, bas-reliefs, Paris-plaster casts, and other opaque objects, are thrown on the screen, and produce a singular *raised* effect. The surface of these objects is very highly polished, and they are introduced within the body of the lantern: a strong light there falling upon them in a particular position is reflected from their surface on to a concave mirror, and thence through the lenses of the tube of the lantern on to the screen; thus the image is produced. The *Physioscope* is apparently a modification of Sir D. Brewster's contrivance for the exhibition of what he calls the *Catadioptrical Phantasmagoria*. The visitors to the Royal Polytechnic Institution used nightly to be diverted by beholding a benevolent old gentleman's half-figure in gigantic proportions upon the screen. For

their amusement this old gentleman used to drink wine, eat buns, gape and sneeze, all of course in the most life-like manner; and generally finished the exhibition by standing gradually up, and revealing a stature as tall as any of the monsters commemorated in fable or in song. This really remarkable exhibition is produced in the following manner:—in an apartment out of sight of the spectators are a large concave mirror, a powerful light, and the person whose figure is to be thrown on the screen. He is so placed that the rays of light reflected by his person are received by the mirror, and, collected by it, are reflected through a lens, and then directed on to the screen, where they appear in the form of a gigantic image. Other objects may be effectively exhibited by the same means; and some singular and startling effects are capable of being produced, such as the decapitation of a warrior, and restoring his head again, and such-like, by intercepting a part of the reflected rays from the mirror by means of a prism. In this, as indeed in all the other exhibitions, everything depends on the power of the artificial light; and the oxyhydrogen lime-light is the best for this purpose. The electric light, could it be made steady and permanent, would prove valuable. In exhibiting the human face, the glare has the disagreeable result of causing the eyes to blink, and thus in some measure interfere with the perfection of the image.

The last marvel of our modern optical magicians that we shall notice is the *Diorama*. This beautiful method of exhibiting optical effects is, we believe, the invention of M. Daguerre and another gentleman. In the production of a life-like impression on the eye, this *Diorama* is unequalled by any other contrivance: it is nature itself. All the accidents of the landscape—sudden gleams of sunshine, the passage of a cloud, the dim diffusive light of early morning or approaching night, are all thrown in indescribable beauty and truthfulness upon the painting. The solemn soul-subduing influence of some of the scenes which have been exhibited at the Regent's Park in the metropolis cannot be conveyed in words. The destruction of an Alpine village by an avalanche can never be forgotten after it has been once seen. The manner of effecting this representation is strikingly simple: the spectatory is a darkened room, which revolves upon rollers; the sight-aperture, or proscenium, is of moderate size, and through it is seen a large painting representing some scene or celebrated locality. The light is thrown upon this picture from above, through ground-glass; and arrangements exist, by means of shutters and blinds, to modulate the tone of the light cast upon the picture, so as to imitate with the nicest accuracy the natural effects of light and shadow. Some parts of the painting are transparent, permitting light from behind to be employed with great effect, where a chapel or such-like scene is to be lit up at night. By having two pictures, the spectators are insensibly carried round to behold first one, and then the other. In some large continental dioramas several pictures are employed. Few who have witnessed the changes represented in a well-managed dioramic exhibition, would believe that the whole art consisted, as we have seen, in a skilful manner of operating with light.

Before concluding this article, we may be allowed to express pleasure at the rational amusement which may be afforded by means of the simple instrumentality here variously described, in addition to the lighter diversions also spoken of. The various sciences of astronomy, natural history, meteorology, botany, anatomy, geography—are all capable of the most beautiful illustration by the same means as, when amusement is the object, will develop all the phenomena of the *Phantasmagoria* and *Dissolving Views*. Need we repeat it! This is simply the magic lantern fitted with the appliances of modern science. Well is it for our age that the powers conferred by science on man are no longer, as formerly, prostituted to enslave the mind in the bondage of heathen ignorance and superstitions. Far from feeling terror, even a child would now laugh at what once made the stoutest heart quail in the courts of Grecian and Roman temples—the apparition of the so-called 'divinity' on the wall of the building, or amid the fires of the sacrificial rites. There

is every reason to believe that to ends base as these, as dishonouring to the Former of all things, as enslaving to the minds of the people, were the interesting phenomena of light and shade of which we have here spoken once, and for a protracted period, made subservient. The optical magic of our age, we may thankfully say, sets up no claim to the supernatural.

MR ROBERT SIMPSON'S COURTSHIP.

ABOUT three years have elapsed since Mr Robert Simpson succeeded, at the demise of Mr Isaac Simpson, ironmonger by trade, fishmonger by Livery, and common councilman of the City of London by election, to the prosperous business and municipal honours established and acquired by his respectable, painstaking parent. Some natural tears he shed; but, the exigencies of business and the duties of his corporate office—replacing, as he immediately did, his father in the representation of the important ward in which his shop was situated—not permitting a protracted indulgence in the selfish luxury of wo, he fortunately recovered his equanimity in a much less space of time than persons acquainted with the extreme tenderness of his disposition had thought possible. Mr Robert Simpson, albeit arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, was still a bachelor; and not only unappropriated, but, as ward-rumour reported, unpromised; at perfect liberty, in fact, to bestow himself, his very desirable stock in trade, business premises, and three freehold houses in the Poultry, upon any fair lady fortunate enough to engage his affection, and able to return it. Indeed to this circumstance, it was whispered at the time of his election, he owed his unopposed return to the municipal niche so long and worthily occupied by his departed father; Mr Crowley, the highly-respectable spectacle-maker, having suddenly withdrawn from the contest on the very day of nomination; thereto induced, hinted gossips of the City, by the fact that Miss Crowley, who chanced to meet Mr Robert Simpson on the previous evening at the house of a mutual acquaintance, had been by him most courteously and gallantly escorted home. The matrimonial inference drawn from so slight a premise as a few minutes' walk along unromantic Cheapside, by gas, not moonlight, proved, as might be expected, an altogether erroneous one. The Fates had other views regarding the prosperous ironmonger; and as those 'sisters three,' like most ladies, generally contrive to have their own way, Mr Simpson was ultimately quite otherwise disposed of; and Miss Crowley, for aught I know to the contrary, remains Miss Crowley to this day.

Not that Mr Simpson was by any means insensible to female fascination: he was, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, somewhat too susceptible; an ardent admirer of beauty in all its hues and varieties, from the fair and delicate grace and beauty of the maidens of the pale north, to the richer glow and warmer tints of orient loveliness. The strict surveillance of his honoured father, joined to a constitutional timidity he was quite unable to overcome, had, however, sufficed during that gentleman's lifetime to prevent rash impulse from eventuating in rash deed. He was also, I must mention, extremely fastidious in his notions of feminine delicacy and reserve; and his especial antipathies were red hair, or any hue approaching to red, and obliquity of vision of the slightest kind. Such was the Mr Robert Simpson who, about two o'clock on the afternoon of March the 1st, 1847, stepped, richly and scrupulously attired, into a Brougham, specially retained to convey him to dine at his friend Mr John Puckford's modest, but comfortable establishment at Mile End, where he was by express arrangement to meet his expected, expectant bride. Before, however, relating what there befell him, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of certain important incidents which had occurred during the three previous days.

On the evening of the preceding Tuesday, Mr Simpson, finding himself at the east end of the town, and moreover strongly disposed for a cup of tea and a quiet gossip, resolved to 'drop in' upon his new acquaintance Mr

John Puckford, hoping to find him and his wife alone. In this, however, he was doomed to disappointment; for he had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the knocker, when he was startled—Mr Simpson was, as I have before hinted, a singularly bashful person in the presence of the fairer and better half of creation—by the sound of female voices issuing, in exuberant merriment, from the front parlour. There was company it was evident; and Mr Simpson's first impulse was to fly: as the thought crossed his mind, the door opened, and Mr Puckford, who chanced to be in the passage, espying him, he was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and was speedily in the midst of the merry party whose gaiety had so alarmed him. That the introduction was managed in the usual way, I have no doubt; but the names, however distinctly uttered, seem to have made no impression upon the confused brain of the bashful visitor; so that when, after the lapse of a few minutes, he began to recover his composure, he found himself in the presence of three ladies and one gentleman, of whose names, as well as persons, he was profoundly ignorant. The ladies were two of Mrs Puckford's married sisters, and Miss Fortescue, a young lady of reduced fortunes, at present occupied as teacher in a neighbouring seminary. The gentleman was Mr Alfred Gray, a bachelor like Mr Simpson, but nothing like so old, and scarcely so bashful. Mrs Frazer, the eldest of the two sisters, a charming lady-like person, of, you would say, judging from appearances, about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, seemed—after some oscillation between her and Mrs Holland, whose fuller proportions, dark hair, and brunette complexion, contrasted not unfavourably with the lighter figure, and fair hair and features of her sister—to engross Mr Simpson's whole attention, and to arouse after a while all his conversational energies, which, by the way, were by no means contemptible. Mr Simpson's time was come: ere a couple of hours had fled, the hapless ironmonger was hurt past all surgery; had fallen desperately in love with a married lady, and the mother of three or four children! On the only single female present, Miss Fortescue, Mr Simpson had bestowed but one glance on entering the apartment: that had been quite sufficient to check any desire for a more intimate perusal of her features. The lady combined his two antipathies: her hair was decidedly red; and a strong cast, to use a mild term, detracted from the uncommon brilliancy of her mind-glancing eyes. She took very slight part in the conversation; and that little, so absorbed was Mr Simpson, was by him utterly unheeded. She wore, like her friend Mrs Frazer, a plaid-dress, and the baptismal name of both was Mary.

The ladies departed early, and Mr Simpson and Mr Gray followed their example a few minutes afterwards. 'Mr Gray,' said the former gentleman, as he took leave of his companion at the end of the street, 'what is that charming person's name? I have quite forgotten it.'

'Which charming person?' inquired Mr Alfred Gray with a quiet smile.

This Mr Simpson thought a very absurd question; he, however, replied—'The lady in the plaid-dress: Mary, Mrs Puckford called her.'

'The lady in a plaid-dress, whom Mrs Puckford called Mary, is a Miss Fortescue: she is a teacher of music and drawing,' rejoined Mr Gray with demure accent. It was too dark for Mr Simpson to see his eyes.

'Thank you, sir: good-night,' rejoined the enamoured municipal dignitary. Mr Simpson was soon at home, and before an hour had elapsed, had carefully penned, and posted with his own hands, a letter to his friend Puckford. He then retired to bed, and dreamt dreams.

'Sarah,' said Mr Puckford the next morning to his wife after reading a letter, just delivered, with a perplexed expression of countenance—'did Mr Simpson seem to you particularly struck with Mary Fortescue yesterday evening?'

'With Mary Fortescue! Surely not. Why do you ask?'

'Only that here is a letter from Simpson professing violent love for her; and stating his determination, should

you and I be able to assure him, which he scarcely dares venture to hope, that she is disengaged, to immediately solicit her hand in marriage!

'Gracious!—Is it possible!'

'Read the letter yourself. Her beauty, he observes, is, he is quite sure, her least recommendation. Comical, isn't it?'

'Well, it is odd; but she is, you know, a most amiable creature; and will make, I am sure, an admirable wife.'

'And he, too, that so especially detests red hair, or the slightest twist in the organs of vision!'

'Mary Fortescue's hair,' interrupted the wife, 'can scarcely be called red: a very deep gold colour I should say!'

'Very deep indeed—remarkably so,' interjected Mr Puckford.

'And as to the slight cast in her eyes, that no one observes after a few days' acquaintance with her.'

'I suppose we may with a safe conscience assure him that she is not engaged!'

'Of course we may. It is a wonderful match for her, and we ought to do all we can to forward it. Friday next, the 1st of March, is Alfred's birthday; suppose you ask him to dine with us on that day to meet her! We need have only the same party he met yesterday evening.'

This was finally agreed upon; and accordingly, as soon as he had finished his business in the City, Mr Puckford, previous to returning home, called on Mr Simpson. He found him in a state of great excitement, which, however, gradually calmed down after Mr Puckford's solemn assurance, which he gave unhesitatingly, that the charming Mary Fortescue was certainly disengaged; and, in his opinion, by no means indisposed to entertain an eligible matrimonial proposition. All this was balm to the stricken Simpson; and after several failures, he at last succeeded in inditing a formal offer of his hand and fortune to the lady of his affection; of which impassioned missive Mrs Puckford was to be the bearer; her husband undertaking that she would exert all her eloquence and influence to secure acceptance of the proposal.

'And now, Puckford,' said Mr Simpson, 'we'll have a glass of wine, and drink the future Mrs Simpson's health. What a charming ornament,' he added with a sort of rapturous sigh, as he placed the decanters on the table—'what a charming ornament she would be to this fireplace!'

'An odd expression that!' thought Mr Puckford, forgetting that the speaker was an ironmonger, and dealt in such articles. In fact, from the way in which Simpson had been rapturising upon Miss Fortescue's charms, a doubt of his friend's perfect sanity had sprung up in John Puckford's mind; and he shrewdly suspected that the affair would terminate in a *de lunatico inquirendo* instead of a license.

'Do you know, Puckford,' said Mr Simpson with a benevolent, patronising air, after the third or fourth glass—'do you know I fancy there is a great likeness between you and Mary Fortescue!'

Mr John Puckford, the reader must understand, was a handsome young man with a brilliant florid complexion, perfectly-agreeing vision, and light-brown hair. No wonder, therefore, he was more startled than flattered by the comparison. The colour mounted to his temples, and a conviction of Simpson's utter insanity flashed across his brain. 'Mad as a March hare!' he mentally ejaculated; at the same time resolving, should the paroxysm grow dangerously violent, to knock him down with one of the decanters; both of which, as two could play at that game, he drew, as if in doubt which wine he would take, to his own side of the table. Mr Simpson, mistaking the nature of his friend's emotion, added, 'Don't suppose, Puckford, I intend any absurd flattery!'

'Not at all, Simpson; I didn't suppose anything of the sort, I assure you.'

'To be sure not; nothing is more contemptible. You are a good-looking fellow—very: but of course I couldn't mean that you, a man, are to be compared to Mary Fortescue.'

'I should think not!' drily responded the more and more mystified and bewildered Puckford.

'Exactly: you do not resemble each other about the eyes, either in colour or expression.'

'Oh!'

'No: as to hair,' continued Mr Simpson meditatively, 'yours, there can be no doubt, is decidedly the lightest.'

'It's coming now,' thought Mr John Puckford, grasping at the same time one of the decanters, and eyeing his friend intensely.

Mr Simpson, quite misinterpreting the action, added quickly, 'Do, my good fellow, fill me a bumper, and we'll drink her good-looking friend's health—the lady, I mean, with the dark silky hair and brunette complexion. Do you know,' continued the complacent Simpson, crossing his legs, throwing himself back easily in his chair, and hooking his thumbs to the arm-holes of his waistcoat—'do you know that, if Mary Fortescue had not been at your house yesterday evening, I might have!'

What the worthy ironmonger might, in the case supposed, have done or said, must be left to the reader's imagination; for on the instant a clerk hurriedly entered the apartment, to announce that an important customer awaited Mr Simpson in the counting-house below. Hastily rising, Mr Simpson shook hands with his friend, and both departed their several ways: Mr Puckford bearing off the epistle addressed to Miss Fortescue, and musing as he went upon lover-madness, which, he fully agreed with Rosalind, deserved chains and a dark house quite as much as any other variety of the disease.

The next day Mr Simpson received a note from Mary Fortescue, modestly and gracefully expressed, in which, with charming humility, and many expressions of gratified surprise, the offer of his hand was—on one condition, unexplained, but which rested altogether with himself—gratefully accepted.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 1st of March, Mr Simpson, as I have before stated, entered a Brougham, and directed the driver to make the best of his way to Mile End. It was a fine bright and exceedingly cold day; but notwithstanding the nipping eager air, the love-lorn ironmonger, as he approached the house which contained his charmer, was in a state of profuse perspiration and high nervous excitement. Once more he drew from his pocket the fairy note, and glanced over the modest, grateful, delicately-feminine expressions. 'Dear lady,' he audibly exclaimed as he finished about the five-hundredth perusal of the familiar lines—'dear lady, she will be all tears and tenderness!'

About a minute after giving utterance to this consolatory reflection, Mr Simpson found himself in Mrs Puckford's presence, who, congratulating him on his punctuality, and pointing to the door of the front apartment said, 'There is only *one* lady there, and you know her.' Mr Simpson's heart leaped and thumped, as if desirous of bursting through his green velvet waistcoat. He stepped desperately towards the door, and essayed to turn the brass handle; but so profusely did the bashful man's very fingers perspire, that they slipped round the knob without turning it. The second trial, with the help of his cambric handkerchief, was more successful, and the lover was in the presence of the lady.

Certainly it was she! Mrs Frazer, the hapless Simpson's Mary Fortescue, was there in bodily reality. But the grateful humility, the 'tears and tenderness,' prefigured by the charming note!—Oh Alfred Gray!

The unruffled ease, the calm, reserved politeness with which Mrs Frazer received him chilled his enthusiastic fervour wondrously. His perspiration became a cold one, and in a few moments he felt as if enveloped in coatings and leggings of Wenham-Lake ice. Recovering himself as speedily as he could from the shock of this unexpectedly-chilling reception, Mr Simpson stammered forth something about his extreme good fortune in having obtained a favourable response from so amiable a person, *et cetera*.

'Certainly,' replied the lady, 'I think you are very fortunate, Mr Simpson.' And then, by way of saying something particularly civil, and to relieve the modest man's

embarrassment, she added, 'But few men have, like you, sufficient discrimination to discern and appreciate attractions which lie hidden from the merely superficial observer.'

Poor Simpson gasped for breath! He was literally dumbfounded! Here was modest gratitude, to say nothing of 'tears and tenderness,' with a vengeance! Miss Fortescue, with a precarious salary of some twenty pounds per annum, exclusive of bread and butter, was, in her own opinion, conferring a tremendous obligation upon a civic dignitary worth at least twenty thousand pounds, by accepting him for a husband! That was quite clear; and although Mr Simpson was too much in love to deny such a proposition in the abstract, still it was, he thought, scarcely consistent with maiden modesty to state it so very broadly.

Notwithstanding his amazement, Mr Simpson, as soon as he recovered breath, continued, so well had he studied for the occasion, to get out a sentence or two about the superiority of connubial to single blessedness. This sentiment also met with ready acquiescence.

'Oh dear, yes,' said Mrs Frazer; 'I would not have been an old maid for the world!'

'Well,' thought the astonished admirer of feminine reserve, almost doubting the evidence of his ears, 'this is certainly the frankest maiden I ever conversed with!'

A considerable pause followed. Mrs Frazer, seated upon a sofa, played with the luxuriant auburn—really auburn—tresses of her nephew Alfred.

'A handsome boy,' at length remarked Mr Simpson. 'It's a pity that he hasn't different coloured hair!'

'A pity!' exclaimed the lady: 'I think it beautiful! And,' added she, looking the astonished man somewhat sternly in the face, 'I should be well pleased if all our children had hair of the same colour!'

This was a climax! Simpson leaped to his feet as if impelled by the shock of a galvanic battery. 'Our children! Well, after that! But I must be dreaming,' thought the fastidious ironmonger, as he wiped the perspiration from his teeming forehead; 'labouring under some horrid enchantment.'

Dreaming indeed, and to be swiftly and rudely awakened. The door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom Mrs Frazer immediately introduced with—'Mr Simpson, my husband Mr Frazer!'

The blow was terrific! Simpson staggered back as if he had been shot. He glared alternately at the husband and wife for a few seconds; then, pale as his shirt collar, tottered to a chair, and sinking into it, ejaculated with white lips, 'Oh!'

'What is the matter, sir; you look ill!' said Mr Frazer.

The bewildered man made no reply. His brain was whirling. 'Who on earth, then, had he been courting?' A loud knock at the street door somewhat aroused him. 'My sister, I daresay,' exclaimed Mrs Frazer.

'Her sister! Possibly his Mary might be the brunette; and yet— There were but three females present on that fatal evening, besides Mrs Puckford, that he distinctly remembered; and perhaps— Vain hope! the door opened, and the brunette and two gentlemen entered—'Mr and Mrs Holland, and Mr Alfred Gray.'

All illusion was now over. He, Robert Simpson, wealthy tradesman, respected fishmonger, and common councilman, was the betrothed husband of a red-haired damsel with a decided cast, with whom, moreover, he had never exchanged a sentence! His first impulse, as the certainty of his miserable fate flashed upon him, was to strangle Alfred Gray out of hand as the author of his destruction, when fortunately another *rap-tap* arrested his fell intent.

'Miss Fortescue at last!' cried Mrs Frazer, as if announcing glad tidings.

'Oh!' ejaculated the accepted suitor, dropping nervelously back into the seat from which he had just risen—'Oh!'

He was seized with a sort of vertigo; and what occurred, or how he behaved for a considerable interval, he never distinctly remembered. He was, however, soon seated at

table by the side of his affianced bride, Mr Puckford saying grace. This was the *actual* state of affairs; but poor Simpson's impression at the moment was, that he had been led out to sudden execution by an enormous Jack Ketch with red hair and a frightful aquint, and that his friend Puckford was the chaplain reading the funeral service. Gradually, however, his brain cleared, and he grew cooler and more collected. Upon reflection, his position did not appear so *very* desperate. As to Mrs Frazer, all that was of course over, past praying for, and he must dismiss it from his mind as speedily as possible. The lady beside him, who he could see was almost as discomposed as himself, was, he had no doubt, a sensible person—her letter was sufficient evidence of that; and when he had explained the unfortunate mistake that had occurred, which he would by and by take a quiet opportunity of doing, would no doubt release him from an engagement he had never intended to contract. He would, moreover—Simpson was anything but a churlish or ungenerous man—bestow upon her a marriage-portion of, say, four or five hundred pounds, which would doubtless enable her to marry respectably, and thus console her for her present disappointment. Thus philosophising and reasoning, Mr Simpson's spirits, considering the suddenness of the shock he had endured, rallied wonderfully, and he was enabled to address a few words of course to Miss Fortescue in almost a cheerful voice and manner. The lady's answer was uttered in the gentlest, sweetest tones he had ever listened to; and Mr Simpson was a connoisseur in voices. The conversation continued; became general; and the dinner, commenced so inauspiciously, passed off, considering all things, remarkably well. After dinner Miss Fortescue—her friends, who greatly esteemed her, generously drawing forth her powers—appeared to great advantage. Her mind, of a superior order, had been well cultivated, and her conversation was at once refined, sparkling, and sensible. Mr Simpson was surprised, pleased, almost charmed. Music was proposed, and she sang several songs admirably. Mr Simpson determined to postpone his explanation—necessarily an unpleasant one—till the next day, when he would do it by letter. The party separated about nine o'clock; long before which hour it had several times glanced across the ironmonger's mind, that a dislike of any particular coloured hair was, after all, a very absurd prejudice: as to the *cast*, that, he was satisfied, was so slight as scarcely to deserve the name. It had been arranged that they should all dine with the Frazers the day after the next; and as Mr Simpson handed Mary Fortescue into the cab, in which Mrs and Mr Frazer were already seated, she whispered, 'Oblige me by coming on Sunday half an hour before the time appointed: I have something of importance to say to you.' Mr Simpson bowed, and—how could he do less!—raised the lady's hand to his lips. The carriage drove off, and the worthy man was left in the most perplexing state of dubiety and irresolution imaginable. He began to think he had gone too far to recede with honour; and, that was very extraordinary, he felt scarcely sorry for it! At all events, he would not act rashly: Sunday was not far off: he would defer his explanation till then.

Mr Simpson, punctual to his engagement, found Miss Fortescue awaiting him alone. He felt on this occasion none of the violent emotions he had experienced on the previous Friday. His heart, instead of knocking and thumping like a caged wild thing, beat tranquilly in his bosom; yet it was not without a calmly-pleasurable emotion that he met the confiding, grateful smile which beamed on his entrance over the lady's features. Seating himself beside her, he, with respectful gentleness, requested her to proceed with the matter she wished to communicate. She blushing complied, and speedily beguiled him, if not of his tears, which I am not quite sure about, of something, under the circumstances, far more valuable. Her family, not many years before in apparently affluent circumstances, had been, by reverses in trade, suddenly cast down into extreme poverty. The only surviving members of it, her mother and youngest sister, had been long principally dependent on her exertions for support.

The assistance she had fortunately been able to render had hitherto sufficed them; but of course, if she married, that source of income must fail; and she never would marry—indeed she had never, till surprised by his generous offer, contemplated marriage—but she was even now fully resolved never to do so unless—unless!—Mary Fortescue paused in her narrative, and her timid, inquiring glance rested anxiously upon the varying countenance of her auditor.

Mr Simpson was not made of adamant, nor of iron though he traded in the article; and no wonder, therefore, that the graceful manner, the modest, pleading earnestness, the gentle tones, the filial piety of his betrothed, should have vanquished, subdued him. Her features, plain as they undoubtedly were, irradiated by the lustre of a beautiful soul, kindled into absolute beauty! At all events Mr Simpson must have thought so, or he would not have caught the joyfully-weeping maiden in his arms and exclaimed, in answer to her agitated appeal, 'Unless your home may be theirs also! Be it so: I have, thank God, enough and to spare for all.'

Thus was oddly brought about, and finally determined on, one of the happiest marriages, if Mr Simpson himself is to be believed—and he ought to know—that holy church has ever blessed. Should he attain, of which there is every reasonable prospect, the dignity of Lord Mayor, he will, I am quite sure, attribute that, as he now does all fortunate events, to his supreme good-luck in having unwittingly fallen in love with another man's wife!

HURLBUT ON HUMAN RIGHTS.*

ALTHOUGH this cannot be considered as either a complete or a classically-written treatise, it possesses a strong claim upon our notice, in as far as it is an attempt to trace the true natural root of human rights in the human constitution itself. The author, an American lawyer, is an adherent of the doctrines of Gall, which is only saying that he acknowledges a definite mental organisation in man as a department of nature—a doctrine which has led this school to many views of human happiness and destiny now rising into importance, even amongst those who start most at phrenology in its ordinary—we might say vulgar, acceptation.

'The duty of the legislator,' says Mr Hurlbut, 'is simply to conform to natural truth. If Infinite Goodness has ordained the employment of the human faculties for the attainment of happiness, and invited their activity by surrounding them with the means of employment and gratification, human wisdom has but one work to perform—and that is, to reduce the means of happiness to possession according to the natural design. . . . The law is merely declaratory as to all natural rights. It does not create, but enforces them. . . . If the law forbid that which nature allows, it restrains human liberty. If it enjoin a duty which nature does not impose, it inflicts an act of tyranny upon man. If it confer a right which nature has not ordained, it robs some one, or many of that which it confers, and works injustice among men.' How can we avoid this tyranny? 'Nature outraged appeals from human to divine laws. We have but to know ourselves and our natural relations, and we may be redressed at once.'

'Man,' pursues our author, 'has a right to the gratification, indulgence, and exercise of every innate power and faculty of his mind. The exercise of a faculty is its only use. The manner of its exercise is one thing; that involves a question of morals. The right to its exercise is another thing, in which no question is involved but the existence of the innate faculty, and the objects presented by nature for its gratification.'

Mr Hurlbut then argues that, as life has been given by the Creator, it is a right as against all but the donor; as God has surrounded man with the means of happiness in conformity with his nature, he has further a

right to happiness. Having a right to happiness, man has also a right to employ the means for its accomplishment which the Creator has conferred upon him in certain innate desires, emotions, and faculties. 'Here is the consummation of man's rights.' There is, however, 'a wide difference between the rational gratification of human desires, and the abusive indulgence of them. There is the same difference as between eating and gluttony—between drinking and drunkenness—between mirthfulness and satire—between justice and vengeance. We are not contending for the abuse, but for the enlightened gratification of man's natural desires; not justifying violence to the laws of the Creator, but struggling for conformity to them. We are seeking to establish the divine origin of human rights, and not the divine origin of human transgressions. Here will be found no apology for vice, but a vindication of virtue.'

It has been a favourite doctrine, that 'the individual substantially bargains with society upon becoming a member of it by surrendering a portion of his natural rights for certain acquired rights or advantages which the laws of government may confer.' Mr Hurlbut denies this, and shows that, the love of society being one of the natural appetites, it is itself a right, instead of a reason for the surrender of rights. 'The social state emanates from our proper nature, and must not contradict or wrong it. There need be no war between society and the individual man; and tyranny alone declares it.'

Mr Hurlbut regards government—that is, we presume, government as it ought to be—as an expression of the aggregate of morality that may be in a country. A nation composed exclusively of high moral characters, each of whom was a law unto himself, would require no coercion. But, as mankind actually exist, this is necessary. 'A large share of the members composing the social body is constituted of persons in infancy and youth—periods in human life when the passions are strongest, and the intellectual and moral forces have the least control over them. The process of moral and intellectual culture is not perfected, and the advantages of experience and reflection have not yet been attained. Here, then, are defective characters placed in the midst of society, and their restraint is necessary for the safety of its members.'

'Again, as we have seen, the mental constitutions of the different adult individuals of the human race vary indefinitely. All are alike, but not equal. Uniformity of kind, but inequality of powers, seems to have been the rule of nature when she formed the character and appointed the destiny of the various members of the human family. It is easy to perceive this disparity in the physical proportions, strength, and appearance of different individuals. Their intellectual and moral powers vary no less, as is established by phrenological science. 'The same divine hand which made "one star to differ from another star in glory," has made one man to differ from another in the strength and activity of the various instinctive, moral, and intellectual forces of his mind. All men may rise upward from their starting-point, but he whom nature has favoured most may retain his advantage even to the end.' Government, accordingly, becomes necessary, 'in order that there may be imposed upon the actions of each individual in society such moral restraint as is felt by a man having the best moral and intellectual endowment and culture. In other words, government ought to prescribe such limits to individual action as are sanctioned by reason and natural morality.'

'A just government,' adds our author, 'will impose no restraint upon man which his own moral nature and enlightened intellect do not sanction. A good and proper man ought to feel no restraint under government but that of his own enlightened nature. The law of government and the law of his own mind ought to present the same limit to his actions. Government no more directs him than he directs the government. The obligations of the law and those of humanity are to him

* Originally published in the 'Phrenological Journal,' reprinted cheaply by MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh. 1847.

one and the same. If the laws are just, they are the offspring of his moral nature. The obligation of the laws is derived from their moral fitness. His submission, then, is not to man, but to the Creator; not to government, but to himself—to his better, his superior self. If he make a sacrifice, it is upon the altar of his own happiness: he surrenders no right but the right to do wrong; he gives up no privilege but the privilege of erring. But he had no right to transgress a rule of action prescribed by his superior nature to effect his happiness. He surrenders no positive right, therefore, when he becomes a citizen of a just and free government. He is yet as free as his own true nature ever allowed him to be.

Mr Hurlbut then asserts the right of man to adapt government to the constitution of his nature. 'The next great requirement of humanity is—that the laws shall be general in their scope and application, equal and impartial to all.

'If the aim of all mankind be happiness, and if that depend upon the same rule of intellectual and moral action, then the rule prescribing or limiting that course of action must be the same for all men. Hence the demand of all the enlightened world, that the laws shall acknowledge the equality of all men; not the equality of their physical, moral, or intellectual powers, but the universality and equality of human rights. The doctrine of human equality is not understood by all who assert it. Legal equality exists where the laws create no factitious greatness, confer no partial privileges, and deny no natural rights. So that if the laws be adapted to the constitution of the human mind, and apply to all men alike, or are just and general, affecting all men alike, then all men are equally regarded, protected, and punished by those laws, and legal equality is established. But the inequalities arising from the disparities of men's physical and mental constitutions will still exist. One man will have the advantage of another still; but he will owe it to the laws of his organisation, and not to the laws of man. So far as human legislation has gone, it has left him as it found him—strong, if he were strong before, and weak if he were weak. It has guaranteed the freedom of his nature, not the powers of it. It has kept his course free from human obstruction. It has conferred neither rights, nor privileges, nor powers—but protected all, and all alike. It is not the fault of the law if he is still weak, as it is not the boast of the law if he is now strong. It made him neither. It took him as he was, and kept him as it found him. The most perfect human laws can claim no higher merit than that they have followed nature; not having conferred the rights of humanity, but guaranteed and defended them; not having bestowed powers upon any man, but having kept him free from obstruction in the exercise of his natural faculties. The boast of the laws should be, that they have not obstructed the true course of humanity; that they have neither advanced nor retarded any man; but that they let him alone to work out his happiness in the exercise of his own true nature, according to its beautiful harmonies, and to attain happiness in accordance with the laws of his mind.'

Our author is strong in his denunciations of that kind of legislation which seeks to confer local and special benefits. It is a kind apparently in great force in his country, and unhappily it is becoming somewhat formidable in ours. He adds—'The legislator properly represents the state, the whole people; nay, humanity itself. He is the guardian of human rights, not the promoter of selfish interests. He should be moved from within, not from without; and if he considered only the justice of general laws, he would act under the impulses of his enlightened sentiments alone. No bribe would tempt his integrity, and his only reward would be the reward of virtue. What dignity, what moral grandeur in his work! He toils now for humanity. Not for particular men, but for mankind, he labours; not for the present, but for all time he rears the structure of human govern-

ment, and adorns the temple of justice. He becomes the student of nature, and reverences her laws. He proclaims the rights of man, asserts their sacred inviolability, and keeps the high course of humanity free from obstruction. He is the friend of all rights and the foe of all privileges.'

In descending to details, Mr Hurlbut advances upon ground where we cannot follow him. We would, however, recommend his treatise to the class of minds which desiderate rational inquiry into such subjects.

ADVENTURES IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

ONE error appears to prevail almost universally respecting the great Deserts of Africa, whose aspect is supposed to inspire melancholy by suggesting ideas of death. This is in direct opposition to our own experience. On many a day have we ridden through these fiery wastes, accompanied by natives of the Nile Valley, or Arabs from the borders of the Red Sea; and on these occasions, instead of depression and sadness, have felt the most buoyant cheerfulness, and an inexpressible enjoyment of life. Among all the things around you, there is nothing that can die. You seem to have overstepped the boundaries of mortal existence, and to be moving within the regions of immortality. The sun pouring down its rays through an unclouded sky; the endless expanse of rocks and sand, seemingly rendered transparent by excessive light; and the elasticity, purity, and sweetness of the air, which almost intoxicates you by its exhilarating qualities, render the traversing of the Desert a source of more than ordinary pleasure. That many who have made the trial think differently, is to be accounted for by accidental circumstances. They have been suffering perhaps from ill health, or been rendered dejected by other causes, and have attributed to physical influences what should rather have been ascribed to the condition of their minds.

These, however, are the feelings with which the generality of mankind regard the Desert. History and poetry have peopled their fancy with varied images of terror: whirling sand pillars reaching to the clouds; trackless regions unblest with spring or fountain; an unstable soil in perpetual motion, rolling like the waves of the sea before the wind, and ever ready to submerge the luckless traveller; fierce tribes of men, addicted to pillage and murder; scorpions, serpents, pestilential blasts, and death by suffocating heat. But the spirit of enterprise overcomes everything. Trade perpetually conducts caravans across these burning tracts; and curiosity and the love of science from time to time impel single adventurers to despise the sand-storm and the simoom, and to penetrate into these half-fabulous solitudes, in which the venerable traditions of antiquity are found side by side with the offspring of modern ignorance and superstition.

When we were ourselves in Egypt, invincible obstacles prevented our approach to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. We have therefore read with deep interest the narrative of Mr Bayle St John,* who was more fortunate than ourselves, since he succeeded in reaching the site of the oracle and the celebrated Fountain of the Sun. He was lucky enough to find at Alexandria three gentlemen, who consented to become his companions; and on the 15th of September 1847, started in the direction of the Arab's Tower. The four travellers were mounted on asses, camels carried their tent and baggage, and they were accompanied by a number of donkey boys and two Moggrebins or African Bedawins. For various reasons, the natives who attend you on such expeditions are greatly given to multiply the dangers of the way. First, ignorance is always prone to the marvellous; second, the persons whom they meet returning from the place to be visited are apt to exaggerate, in order to enhance their own intrepidity; and third, if they

* *Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By Bayle St John. London: Murray. 1848.

are expected to face thirst, fatigue, fevers, robbers, and assassins, it is but fair that their reward should be augmented in proportion to their risks. We were ourselves fortunate enough to meet with Arabs of a better class, who made light of real dangers, and exhibited unusual disinterestedness and forbearance. But they were evidently exceptions to the general rule; at least old Yúnus, who conducted Mr Bayle St John to Siwah, was one of those unprincipled and uncompromising vagabonds who are too commonly found on the frontiers of all countries, more especially in the East.

The region over which they travelled for several days lies along the borders of the sea; and though represented almost by a blank in our maps, exhibits tokens of having been well cultivated and extremely fertile in antiquity. Tanks, wells, cisterns, fountains, and streams of water existing in great numbers, attest the industry of its ancient inhabitants, and justify the reports transmitted to us by historians. But it is now no longer the abode of civilisation. Instead of husbandmen and vine-dressers, merchants and shipowners, we only encounter a few straggling Moggrebins, half shepherds and half thieves, who vanish at the approach of a powerful caravan, but lie in wait and attack stragglers, whom they pillage, and occasionally assassinate.

The party in whose company we are about to proceed to the Oasis having remained two days at Abusir, the Taposiris of Egyptian geography, and made during that time all necessary arrangements, on the 18th of September committed themselves to the perils of the Desert. The sheik who was to be their guide lingered very naturally about his tent, loth to quit his young wife and the command of his clan, however small, in order, for gain, to herd with those whom he regarded as unbelievers, and to brave in their society thirst, pestilence, and famine. Gold of course prevailed ultimately. Having held an affectionate dialogue with his helpmate, and given a great deal of good advice to his son, Yúnus put the diminutive caravan in motion. In this march, though they kept moving till midnight, little way was made. Next day also the spirit of lingering prevailed. The guides were restive; the travellers not yet invested with that authority which habit and distance usually confer on them; and so it was late in the afternoon before they recommenced their march. But with the Arabs little difference is made in travelling between day and night; or rather, we should perhaps say, they prefer the latter, partly through prudence, and partly through an instinctive hankering after that excitement which new scenes, beheld by star or moonlight, everywhere afford. Few objects presented themselves to arrest their curiosity. Close upon dusk they passed the ruins of a fortified camp, and three hours later a Sarcenic castle, which, standing amid the white sands on the beach, awakened in their minds many associations of legend and romance. Then, again, about the witching time of night, they spread their mats upon the rocks, enjoyed their pipes, and having further fortified themselves with brandy and water against the cold, slept in their cloaks beneath the open sky. In this way they proceeded day after day, sometimes pausing to examine the ruins which presented themselves on the route, now and then meeting kafilas going down into Egypt to buy corn: here pitching their tent to defend them from the chill blasts of the Mediterranean; and there, overcome by weariness, omitting this precaution, and contenting themselves with the shelter of a rock.

The reader, perhaps, has studied Plutarch, or Quintus Curtius, or some other historian of Alexander the Great. In that case he will remember that the Macedonian conqueror pursued exactly the same route, though with far greater celerity, when he undertook his expedition to Ammon's Temple, in order to strengthen among his followers the belief that he was sprung from a Divine source. In his case there was greater haste than prudence. Four days after leaving the border of Lake Mareotis, the future site of Alexandria, he and his companions were in danger of perishing from thirst,

and were at length saved only by the occurrence of copious showers, which enabled them to fill their water-skins. It was customary, however, in those times always to look for marvels, into which, by a peculiar system of interpretation, they converted whatever they saw. The Macedonians lost their way in the Desert, when a flight of crows making its appearance, guided them through the dangerous passes until they beheld the verdant Oasis expanding before their eyes. In the protracted duration of traditions we put less faith than many others; but from the nomenclature of the Desert, it appears that a wild gorge in the interior still retains the name of the Pass of the Crow, from the fact, perhaps, that that bird is constantly observed there. Mr Bayle St John and his companions lost their way, like the Macedonians, and were extricated from their difficulty by following in the wake of a couple of crows, which, they concluded, were flying towards the Oasis. In the Valley of the Nile there is a particular mountain, which, though several hundred miles from the Mediterranean, is habitually covered with flights of the Damietta duck and other aquatic birds. They doubtless find some favourite food in the Nile at that spot, and therefore proceed thither in numbers, which sometimes render all the rocks in the neighbourhood almost black. The constant presence of the crow in the pass which bears its name, may probably be accounted for in the same way. On the night after this adventure, they found themselves under the necessity of traversing a series of hollows, that remind us of those which intersect the route between Tajara and the Abyssinian Highlands. For some time they had been journeying along a lofty ridge, from which it became necessary to descend by forcing the camels down a narrow and precipitous declivity, full of danger and difficulty. At the bottom they halted three or four hours to wait for the moon, in a position sufficiently romantic and uncomfortable. A north-east wind, cold and cutting, came whistling over the tops of the hills, and seemed to be sucked down into the hollow, where they sat on the chilly stones enveloped in their cloaks, or lay prostrate to catch a brief space of sleep. 'On all sides,' observes the traveller, 'perpendicular masses of rock reared themselves, black and frowning, looking like a vast ruined wall encircling us; whilst overhead the Milky Way spanned the heavens, and all the constellations shone with a brilliancy known only in the East, and, I may add, in the Desert. At about ten the moon lifted up its slightly-depressed orb over the vast pile of rocks, and we were soon again in motion, right glad to escape from so bleak a spot. A few hundred yards ahead, after passing a narrow defile, an extraordinary scene burst upon us. Whilst the irregular line of rocks continued close on our left, we suddenly beheld to the right a great chasm; and beyond, glittering in the moonlight, and clothed by it, no doubt, with yet stranger forms, and more gigantic proportions than nature had afforded, a huge pile of white rocks, looking like the fortifications of some vast fabulous city, such as Martin would choose to paint, or Beckford to describe. There were yawning gateways flanked by bastions of tremendous altitude; there were towers and pyramids, and crescents and domes, and dizzy pinnacles and majestic castellated heights, all invested with unearthly grandeur by the magic beams of the moon, yet exhibiting, in wide breaches and indescribable ruin—evident proofs that, during a long course of ages, they had been battered and undermined by the hurricane, the rain-shower, the thunderbolt, the winter torrent, and all the mighty artillery of time. Piled one upon another, and repeated over and over again, these strangely-contorted rocks stretched away as far as the eye could reach sinking, however, as they receded, and leading the mind, though not the eye, down to the distant plain below. In vain did our eager glances endeavour to ascertain the limit of the descent to which we had so abruptly come. The horizon was dissolved in a misty light; but stars twinkling low down, as if beneath our feet, showed that we were about to abandon, once for all, the great

range, along the summit of which we had toiled during so many nights and days.

A gorge, black as Erebus, lay directly across our path; and we had to make a detour to the left in order to reach the place where it is practicable for camels. Here there was a pause; for again the generally patient beasts hesitated, and moaned, and backed, and drew up their long necks, and huddled together; as well, indeed, they might. The declivity was steep, and filled with heavy shadows. Precipices hemmed it in on every side; and here and there we could distinguish a huge fragment of rock standing like a petrified giant in the way, and catching perchance on its bare scalp some stray beams of sickly light. But down we did go; the camels, when once the impetus was given, carried forward by the weight of their burthens, yet keeping their footing with admirable sagacity; we, almost in the same manner, each leading by the halter his long-eared mounture. In truth it was a picturesque scene: partly lighted by the slanting rays of the moon, partly buried in broad masses of shade, and only requiring a few Bedawin heads appearing from behind the jagged rocks, and the flash of a gun or two, to make it worthy of the pencil of Salvator Rosa. According to our guides, some probability existed of such an illumination taking place; and our imaginations were thus supplied with materials to work on, as in the solemn hush of that romantic night we scrambled, slid, staggered, almost rolled down.

Having thus reached the bottom of the gorge, they there bivouacked for the night; and next day, after the usual quarrels and altercations with the guides, moved along the base of a series of white and red cliffs, passed the Hill of the Cannons, and traversing an exceedingly rough and rocky tract of country, entered upon a plain, where they discovered the first signs of vegetation since leaving Alexandria. By these they were inspired with such feelings of pleasure, that although they consisted of nothing but a number of huge thorns, they could not, as the traveller expresses it, take off their eyes from the green of their leaves. They were now drawing near to what, in the poetical phraseology of the Arab, is called the Gates of the Milky Mountains. Their Bedawins always took care to keep them in a state of perpetual expectation, and indeed would themselves appear to have looked forward hourly to the occurrence of some unfortunate disaster. Already several times had they been surrounded by the elements of strife, and only escaped what might have proved a fatal encounter by the prudence of the Cyclops who had taken them under his protection. Now, however, danger seemed to approach in a formidable shape. Weariness and want of sleep had sharpened their powers of apprehension. The heat was terrific. They were standing in their tent faint and dispirited, when they descried some objects ahead, which created the usual interest and excitement. 'Pipes were laid aside and guns taken up. For aught we knew, the *Manser* might be coming down upon us. It soon appeared, however, that a large caravan was approaching; still there might be cause for alarm. To what tribe did these strangers belong? If hostile to the Waled Ali, a collision might take place. Presently we beheld a number of armed men advancing ahead of their camels. Our tent, no doubt, had attracted their attention, and roused their curiosity, perhaps excited their alarm. They came on cautiously, as towards an enemy, with their muskets half presented. One of them at length detached himself, and drew near us, keeping a little out of the direct line, possibly to allow his companions an opportunity of firing in case of necessity. He was a strapping giant, above six feet high, with a fine open countenance, high Roman nose, and reddish complexion. I could not help admiring the appearance of this young lion as he crept along, slightly bending, with his gun thrown forward, gazing at us with eyes in which distrust and curiosity were amusingly blended. As he approached, Yúnus, who had more of

the tiger in his composition than the lion, went with the same precautions to meet him; and we heard them both, with the infernal suspicion perhaps necessary in the Desert, bring their weapons to full cock ere they came to close quarters. A moment afterwards, however, hand-shaking and embracing succeeded; and the whole party coming up, our little encampment was soon filled with a set of ruffianly-looking young fellows, with skull-caps, that had been white, pulled nearly over their eyes, with brown blankets wrapped closely round them, and tucked up in marching trim, and shoes of various colours in various degrees of dilapidation. Many had daggers and pistols in their belts, from which were suspended shot and powder-purses, with an amulet or two; and all were armed with long guns, some with the addition of bayonets.

Now began a prodigious number of mutual inquiries, all in cut-and-dried phrases, after one another's health, each of the new-comers thinking it necessary to ask at least ten times of each of our companions how he did. The most satisfactory answers were invariably given; but the anxiety and solicitude of these kind people were not easily soothed. They seemed really afraid that some peculiar source of sorrow might be suppressed through mere delicacy. Exquisite display of the finest feelings of the human breast! I wish I had not detected certain covetous glances at various articles of property, and that this affectionate meeting had terminated in any other manner than a general cry for drink, and a rush at our water-skins. They were but ill supplied for their journey. Improvidence, or poverty, or both, had presided over their arrangements. I could only see about five small *kárbels* distributed among the thirty or forty camels that crowded past laden with heavy bags of dates. However, the thirsty souls were not unreasonable; they were made to understand that we could not satisfy the wants of the whole party, and we only spared two or three draughts of water to those that seemed the heads of this band of youths, among whom he who had advanced to reconnoitre was the chief. We received in return for our limited civility a small pile of fresh dates of excellent quality, and the information that there was no fever reported at Siwah; the party, which came from some point on the coast to the west, had only been as far as Garah, where they had obtained their winter's provision of dates. They were good-natured, but rough customers. I should not have liked to have encountered them beyond the range of Yúnus's bland eye.

They now passed through the little Oasis of Garah, where they were well received, and reached the great valley, which, for its extreme beauty, was denominated by the ancients the Island of the Blessed. The character of its inhabitants, however, had greatly changed since those days. Instead of being hospitable and genial, they have now degenerated into a horde of savages, fierce, bigoted, vindictive, and disposed to thrust the stranger from their doors: for the honour of the children of Ishmael, it should be stated that they were not Arabs, but descended from the Berber race, which would appear to be scattered under various names over all the eastern division of the Sahara. Out of consideration for the Bedawin who brought them to Siwah, they were granted a conditional permission to remain; taking advantage of which, Mr St John explored the valley in its whole length and breadth, visited the ruins of Ammon's Temple, the Fountain of the Sun, the Hill of Tombs, and the margin of those salt lakes which, encircled with a glittering snow-white rim, connects the Oasis with the Desert: what still remains of natural beauty and fertility may be said fully to justify the descriptions of the ancients. Everywhere you behold magnificent palm groves which produce valuable dates, gardens of superb pomegranate-trees, and apricots and bananas, equalled in richness those of Boretta. The olive also, as in El-Fayoom, interposes its dusky verdure among the clumps of brighter green, and large expanses of bursin or Egyptian clover, interspersed with brooks

and rills, separate the orchards and the groves. The chief town, Siwah-el-Beber, constructed with blocks of rock-salt, rises in a castellar form, tier above tier, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, and glitters like a pyramid of tinted snow in the sun. But into this the strangers were not permitted to enter. In these were the women of the Berbers, whom it was not permitted to any other eyes than those of the Muslims to behold. Fearful this rule might accidentally be broken, the natives desired to terrify away the travellers as speedily as possible; and without doubt succeeded in thoroughly disgusting them. They fixed, therefore, upon an early day for their departure; and the occurrence of the following scene may be supposed to have hastened their movements:—The travellers are seated in their tent, having made all the necessary preparations for their departure, and are discussing in a friendly manner as to whether their evening's entertainment should consist of grog or tea. 'The vote having been given for the latter, Derweesh and Saad, who had been heard through the canvas astonishing the weak minds of the Bedawins by accounts of the "fast" life they led in Alexandria, received orders to light the fire, to boil the water, and to skim it; for at Siwah a thick scum always rises to the surface as soon as it begins to warm. Our kettle was nothing but a tin can, employed for a variety of purposes; none, however, more important than this. Well, a cheerful blaze was soon lighted up, and the two lads crouched down to it, spreading out their blue shirts to keep off the wind that came sweeping along as usual, howling amidst the palm groves, and threatening at every moment to bear away our little tent. By this flickering light we could discover our patient donkeys still weary, after four days' rest, hanging their noses in melancholy companionship together close along the wall of the plantation near at hand; and the surly Yúnus casting ever and anon towards us a sinister glance from his remaining eye; and the good-tempered Wahsa showing his white teeth; and old Saleh mumbling and shaking his long thin beard—all three crowded round some mess of their own making; and we could dimly see the camels at no great distance, either holding their heads erect, or working their way here and there in spite of their fettered legs; and in the background the huge dark mass of the town of Siwah rising in sullen silence against the sky. . . . Our conversation that evening was not of long continuance. One by one we stretched out to repose in anticipation of the labours of the next day, and a general silence soon prevailed. The fire had gone out, our guides and attendants had sought shelter from the wind in little nooks formed by the zembeels and bean bags, and the whole encampment would probably have been soon wrapped in slumber, had not the report of a gun close at hand among the palm-trees aroused us. It was pretty evident that some evil-disposed person had crept up behind the wall, and taken a shot at the Nasára. Luckily he could not aim, and was too cowardly to try his fortune a second time. However, Mr Lamport, who was the first to understand what was going on, put out the lantern at once, for there was no knowing how many ruffians were prowling about anxious to make a target of us; and we quietly waited events, making our preparations in silence to resist any attack unless of overwhelming numbers. Presently a crowd of people were heard coming with loud cries from the direction of Siwah, and we could soon distinguish the name of Yúnus several times repeated. It appeared that his friends within the city had heard the report, and being aware of the feeling that existed against us, because we were Christians, and against him for bringing us, had come out to see what was the matter. They expressed great sorrow at what had taken place, and some of them resolved to remain all night in the neighbourhood of the tent. We now understood that there was a large party at Siwah, who, if they had their will, would massacre us at once; and unpleasant reports reached us that twenty-four individuals had leagued together

to waylay us on our return towards Garah. However, sleep being absolutely essential, we arranged our carpet-bags so as to protect us as much as possible in case half-a-dozen slugs should intrude into the tent, and soon forgot the incivility of which we had been the objects. The return to Egypt was accomplished in the utmost haste. Some fresh ground was gone over; but the novelty, and therefore the interest of the Desert, had been exhausted. Compelled to live on bad food, to drink bad water, and to sustain the annoyance and everlasting quarrels and bickerings with their guides, it was with unusual pleasure that, after a journey of nearly forty days, they found themselves once more in Alexandria, amid the comforts of a comparative civilisation, and in the midst of genuine friends, who had almost given them up for lost, and were engaged in urging the pasha to send out a body of horse in search of them.

QUADRUPEDS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

WHOEVER has read the 'Ornithological Biography,' one of the most delightful of all contributions to scientific literature, will hear with great interest of the appearance of another work of the same kind, and by the same author, although on the present occasion Audubon has had the assistance of Dr Bachman. The non-scientific reader will perhaps be startled at the outset by the title 'Viviparous Quadrupeds,' and inquire what animals of the kind are oviparous. The expression, we presume, is intended to distinguish quadrupeds, popularly so called, from the four-footed oviparous reptiles; but we doubt whether, in its general application, it would answer even this purpose, since some of the lizard tribe (though possibly not American varieties) are viviparous—that is to say, the young are born alive, the eggs being hatched within the body.

This is the first attempt—except those made by early writers, when the number of species known was inconsiderable—to give a complete description of the quadrupeds of America; and the authors have been compelled, in the course of their researches, to consult the various scientific journals for the information scattered throughout the papers both of American and European zoologists. They have themselves described, however, not from stuffed specimens, but from the living or recently-living animal; and in the department of 'habits' more especially, their information appears pretty generally to have been drawn either from their own observation or other original sources. The book, therefore, independently of its scientific importance, possesses a strong interest for the general reader; vast numbers of whom, in these comparatively well-informed days, have at least that smattering of science which enables them to obtain instruction from entertainment.

We are told in the introduction that the history of the habits of the quadrupeds was the production of both authors; but occasionally there occurs a passage which is Audubon all over. Who can doubt from what pen comes this description of an assembly of flying squirrels? 'We recollect a locality not many miles from Philadelphia where, in order to study the habits of this interesting species, we occasionally strayed into a meadow containing here and there immense oak and beech-trees. One afternoon we took our seat on a log in the vicinity to watch their lively motions. It was during the calm warm weather peculiar to the beginning of autumn. During the half hour before sunset nature seemed to be in a state of silence and repose. The birds had retired to the shelter of the forest; the night-hawk had already commenced his low evening flight, and here and there the common red bat was on the wing; still, for

* The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America. By John James Audubon and the Rev. Dr Bachman. Vol. I. London, Wiley and Putnam.

some time not a flying squirrel made its appearance. Suddenly, however, one emerged from its hole and ran up to the top of a tree; another soon followed; and ere long dozens came forth, and commenced their graceful flights from some upper branch to a lower bough. At times one would be seen darting from the topmost branches of a tall oak, and with wide-extended membrane and outspread tail gliding diagonally through the air, till it reached the foot of a tree about fifty yards off, when, at the moment we expected to see it strike the earth, it suddenly turned upwards and alighted on the body of the tree. It would then run to the top, and once more precipitate itself from the upper branches, and sail back again to the tree it had just left. Crowds of these little creatures joined in these sportive gambols; there could not have been less than two hundred. Scores of them would leave each tree at the same moment, and cross each other, gliding like spirits through the air, seeming to have no other object in view than to indulge a playful propensity. We watched and mused till the last shadows of day had disappeared, and darkness admonished us to leave the little triflers to their nocturnal enjoyments.

These little creatures enjoy life only during the night. They become tame in a few hours, and show little disposition to change the residence that is allotted to them. One of them, with its young family, was taken from a hollow tree, carried home in the finder's hat, and placed in a drawer with a chink open to admit the air. The mother, however, made her escape, and some fears were entertained for her progeny, as they showed no disposition to eat. They seemed to thrive, notwithstanding, and were always in good order—a circumstance that was at length accounted for by the discovery, that the mother sacrificed her gambols on the trees to her natural affection, and, stealing in by the window, passed the night with her offspring.

The migration of the northern gray squirrel towards the east is curious. They are stopped neither by mountains nor rivers, but march on in vast troops, devouring the corn and wheat wherever they pass, and filling the farmer with dread. As on ordinary occasions the squirrel has an instinctive dread of water, some stories have been invented to account for their being able to cross rivers. One of these, which is believed by many, is that they float across on a piece of bark, raising their broad tails by way of a sail! Our authors, however, saw them swimming, and some so unskillfully that they were drowned; while others were fain to rest on the long steering-oar of the boat.

The squirrel is preyed upon by many animals, but more especially by the snake; and the common mode of accounting for so agile a creature being caught by its sluggish enemy, is to suppose that it has been 'fascinated,' or paralysed by its deadly glance. Our authors, however, contend that there is no fascination in the case, but that the squirrel is either transfixed with horror, or induced to approach by simple curiosity. As an instance of the latter feeling, they mention having seen one come down from a tree to inspect a beautiful little scarlet snake, not much larger than a pipe stem, and scarcely able to master a grasshopper. But this, we submit, is no case in point; for the squirrel, like other animals, is doubtless well acquainted with the strength of his enemies. We once witnessed an instance of what very much resembled fascination in the case of a bird. It was a canary, so admirable a songster, that when we put him out in our balcony in London, he usually gathered a crowd of listeners in the street. There was in the house at the same time a Tom-cat, as black as night, a quiet and sagacious old gentleman, but to whose appearance the bird could never be reconciled. Tom frequently crept up to its cage, and stole its bread and cake; but although he never made the slightest attempt at personal violence, the canary on such occasions always fluttered and squeaked as desperately as if it apprehended murder. With us it was on such good terms that it would come upon our finger, to be taken out of

the cage for a fly about the room; but on one unfortunate day a third individual was present unobserved. The canary flew up to a corner of the ceiling, and at that moment we caught a view of the head of the Tom-cat protruded from beneath a table-cover which had concealed him. The discovery was made too late; for at the same instant the canary, after a flutter or quiver, darted right down into the mouth of the animal, and was crushed to death with one movement of his jaws.

Tom's American relations in a wild state—the Indians of the cat race—are represented in these pages as rather interesting in their character. They have all the external marks of ferocity, and but little of the reality: they look claws, but use none—but when flight becomes hopeless, they turn to bay, and grapple in infuriated despair with either man or dog. They are sometimes hunted with packs of foxhounds, and on these occasions the wild-cat exhibits 'an exercise of instinct, so closely bordering on reason, that we are bewildered in the attempt to separate it from the latter. No sooner does he become aware that the enemy is on his track, than, instead of taking a straight course for the deepest forest, he speeds to one of the largest old fields overgrown with briery thickets in the neighbourhood; and having reached this tangled maze, he runs in a variety of circles, crossing and recrossing his path many times; and when he thinks the scent has been diffused sufficiently in different directions by this manoeuvre to puzzle both men and dogs, he creeps slyly forth, and makes for the woods, or for some well-known swamp; and if he should be lucky enough to find a half-dried-up pond, or a part of the swamp on which the clayey bottom is moist and sticky, he seems to know that the adhesive soil, covering his feet and legs, so far destroys the scent, that although the hounds may be in full cry on reaching such a place, and while crossing it, they will lose the track on the opposite side, and perhaps not regain it without some difficulty and delay.'

This is indeed a curious part of the instinct of animals—the knowledge they have that they are betrayed by their scent. On other occasions the wild-cat is described as making a desperate, and therefore temporary effort, to get some distance ahead of its pursuers, when, instead of continuing to run on, which it feels would be unavailing, it loses time, as an inexperienced looker-on might suppose, by traversing repeatedly from end to end the trunk of a fallen tree. It then makes a sudden spring, and leaps, without touching the ground, into the branches of a neighbouring tree; and climbing to one of its highest forks, awaits, closely squatted, the arrival of its enemies. The result usually is, that the dogs, confounded and wearied out by the scent on the tree, which they can trace up and down, and down and up, a dozen times over, but not a foot farther along the ground, are soon at fault, and the huntmen calling them off from the hopeless search, give up the chase.

A wild-cat hunt of this kind, but with a different termination, is described in our author's best manner. The cat is for a time difficult to find, but at length some of the more experienced dogs begin to give tongue, and onward goes the trail through a broad marsh. "He will soon be started now!" "He is up!" What a burst! you might have heard it two miles off—it comes in mingled sounds, roaring like thunder, from the muddy marsh and from the deep swamp. The barred owl, frightened from the monotony of his quiet life among the cypress-trees, commences hooting in mockery, as it were, of the wide-mouthed hounds. Here they come, sweeping through the resounding swamp like an equinoctial storm—the crackling of a reed, the shaking of a bush, a glimpse of some object that glided past like a shadow, is succeeded by the whole pack, rattling away among the vines and fallen timbers, and leaving a trail in the mud, as if a pack of wolves in pursuit of a deer had hurried by. The cat has gone past. It is no evident that he will not climb a tree. It is almost invariably the case that where he can retreat to low swampy situations, or brier patches, he will not take a

tree, but seeks to weary the dogs by making short windings among the almost impassable brier patches. He has now been twisting and turning half-a-dozen times in a thicket covering only three or four acres—let us go in and take our stand on the very trail where he last passed, and shoot him if we can. A shot is heard on the opposite edge of the thicket, and again all is still; but once more the pack is in full cry. Here he comes, almost brushing our legs as he dashes by and disappears in the bushes, before we can get sight of him and pull trigger. But we see that the dogs are every moment pressing him closer, that the marauder is showing evidences of fatigue, and is nearly "done up." He begins to make narrower circles; there are restless flashes in his eye; his back is now curved upwards; his hair is bristled nervously forward; his tongue hangs out; we raise our gun as he is approaching, and scarcely ten yards off—a loud report—the smoke has hardly blown aside, ere we see him lifeless almost at our very feet: had we waited three minutes longer, the hounds would have saved us the powder and shot!

A fox is described as hunting on his own account, and watched in his operations by one of our authors, who, after the animal has been successful in capturing a bird, puts his gun instinctively to his shoulder. He is stopped, however, by the reflection, that the marauder had only obeyed an instinct of his nature, and obtained a meal in the prescribed way; that he killed only a single bird, instead of murdering, as man would do were he able, the whole covey; and that he took no wanton pleasure in the destruction of his prey, or in exhibiting his spoils to his companions, but was perfectly content to satisfy his hunger. This is good reasoning, and well befitting a philosopher, as contradistinguished from a mere sportsman.

The fox is frequently hunted in his turn, and on such occasions displays a sagacity which is altogether wonderful. The late Benjamin C. Yancey, Esq. an eminent lawyer, who in his youth was very fond of fox-hunting, related the following:—A fox had been pursued near his residence at Edgefield several times, but the hounds always lost the track at a place where there was a foot-path leading down a steep hill. He therefore determined to conceal himself near this declivity the next time the fox was started, in order to discover his mode of baffling the dogs at this place. The animal was accordingly put up and chased, and at first led the hounds through many bayous and ponds in the woods, but at length came running over the brow of the hill along the path, stopped suddenly, and spread himself out flat and motionless on the ground; the hounds came down the hill in pursuit at a dashing pace, and the whole pack passed, and did not stop until they were at the bottom of the hill. As soon as the immediate danger was over, the fox, casting a furtive glance around him, started up, and ran off at his greatest speed on his "back track."

An anecdote is given of a wolverine, which, on getting his leg into a trap, carried off the whole concern, weighing eight pounds, a distance of six miles. This he did, not by dragging the trap after him, which the snow and hanging branches of the trees would have rendered the next thing to impossible, but by taking it up in his mouth, and running on three legs.

We are not aware that an opportunity has frequently occurred of observing a hibernating quadruped in his state of torpidity; but this occurred in the case of a ground hog, or wood-chuck, which was kept in a house as a pet. Its chamber was a large box supplied with a bed of hay, and on the approach of winter this was placed in a warm corner of the room. The instinct of the animal, however, was not to be deceived. The time for its winter sleep had arrived, and entering the box, it arranged its couch with care, and became torpid. After six weeks had passed, it was taken out of the box, and found to be inanimate, and as round as a ball, its nose pressed upon its abdomen, and covered with its tail. It was rolled over the carpet again and again

without effect; but after being laid down for half an hour close to the fire, it slowly unrolled itself, raised up its nose, and looked round in bewilderment. It was now replaced in its box, when it went to sleep as before, and so remained until spring.

The habits of the Florida rats in America, as regards their habitations, are highly curious. In some places they burrow under stones and ruins; in others they remain in the woods; in others, in swampy situations, they pile up a cone of dry sticks; and in others still, they make their nests in the forks of lofty trees. About fifteen years ago, on a visit to the graveyard of the church at Ebenezer, Georgia, we were struck with the appearance of several very large nests near the tops of some tall evergreen oaks (*Quercus aquaticus*); on disturbing the nests, we discovered them to be inhabited by a number of Florida rats, of all sizes, some of which descended rapidly to the ground, whilst others escaped to the highest branches, where they were concealed among the leaves. These nests, in certain situations, are of enormous size. We have observed some of them on trees at a height of from ten to twenty feet from the ground, where wild vines had made a tangled mass overhead, which appeared to be larger than a cart-wheel, and contained a mass of leaves and sticks that would have more than filled a barrel.

Of all the animals described in the present volume, the skunk is the most curious, and the most detested. It has claws and teeth, but is too timid to use them, and is so slow of foot that it might seem to be completely in the power of its enemies; but the most ferocious of these, while still at a distance of many feet from their prey, turn tail, and fly, or run their noses into the earth, and roll and tumble, as if in convulsions. As for a man, he usually runs from the little animal, which is only seventeen inches long, as if a lion were at his heels. The means furnished by nature for this creature's defence, is simply a liquid, contained in two small sacs on each side of the tail, and which it is able to discharge at its enemies to a distance, as measured by our authors, of fourteen feet. It takes an unerring aim, saluting a dog in the face and eyes, and setting the animal distracted with pain and inexpressible loathing. So offensive and so permanent is the odour of this liquid (which has nothing to do with the ordinary excretions), that clothes once sprinkled with it are useless. No washing, no perfume, not even burying them for a month in the earth, has the slightest effect. The following is an account of the adventure of one of our authors with a skunk:—It happened in our early schoolboy days that once, when the sun had just set, as we were slowly wending our way home from the house of a neighbour, we observed in the path before us a pretty little animal, playful as a kitten, moving quietly along: soon it stopped, as if waiting for us to come near, throwing up its long bushy tail, turning round and looking at us like some old acquaintance. We pause and gaze: what is it? It is not a young puppy or a cat; it is more gentle than either: it seems desirous to keep company with us, and, like a pet poodle, appears most happy when only a few paces in advance, preceding us, as if to show the path. What a pretty creature to carry home in our arms! It seems too gentle to bite; let us catch it. We run towards it; it makes no effort to escape, but waits for us; it raises its tail, as if to invite us to take hold of its brush: we seize it instantly, and grasp it with the energy of a miser clutching a box of diamonds; a short struggle ensues, when—faugh! we are suffocated; our eyes, nose, and face are suddenly bespattered with the most horrible fetid fluid. Imagine to yourself, reader, our surprise, our disgust, the sickening feelings that almost overcome us. We drop our prize, and take to our heels, too stubborn to cry, but too much alarmed and discomfited just now to take another look at the cause of our misfortune, and effectually undecieved as to the real character of this seemingly mild and playful little fellow.

It would be easy to multiply extracts of this kind;

but the above are sufficient to show the style and character of the book. Scientific readers will find in it information of more value, to which it is not our province to direct their attention.

SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRY.

At the seventh annual meeting of the London Early Closing Association, held on Tuesday se'night, at which the Marquis of Blandford presided, Mr. Williams, M. P., pithily pleaded the cause of early shop-shutting by a reference to his early life. He said—'No man in England had felt the disadvantages of late shop-shutting more than himself. He came to London at the age of fourteen, and the first situation he obtained was in a draper's house, where he served twelve months for L.6. At the end of the twelve months his first ambition was—leaving Wales as a poor boy—to be enabled to do something for his mother. (Cheers.) He saved just enough to buy her a pound of tea, for which he paid 8s. (Hear and cheers.) He used to sleep under the counter, and he had no doubt that many whom he addressed slept under the counter, if they were not too proud to own it. (Laughter.) He then moved from the situation where he had wages, to one at the west end, where he had a salary. (Laughter.) There was a difference between wages and a salary. (Laughter.) His great prayer and aim was to do his duty to his employers, and assist his poor relations in Wales. (Cheers.) He used to get up at six o'clock in the morning, and go to bed at two o'clock the next morning. Many a time had he sat down on his bed to rest himself for a moment, before he undressed, and many a time had he found himself, at six o'clock in the morning, almost as tired, with his clothes on. (Hear.) Was there any state of slavery so bad as that? He had to bear with it, for he had no one that would give him twenty shillings to support him until he got another situation. The only time he had to read was between two and six o'clock in the morning, and he sometimes did so by the light of the gas in the window, until he was discovered, and censured for so doing.'

THE CHANCES IN MATRIMONY.

The Belgian statistical documents, which have been kept with great care in that country, show that the annual number of marriages, regard being had to the increase of the population, maintains constantly the same proportions—nay, that it varies less even than the number of deaths; although this latter event is not, like the former, an act of the will. But more than that, not only the number of marriages continually recurs, but the proportion of bachelors marrying spinsters, bachelors marrying widows, widowers and spinsters, widowers and widows even, perpetually reappear; and these last unions, however few in number, manifest a remarkable identity, of which there exist few stronger instances in statistics. Indeed the harmony of ages is so general, that it almost seems as if severe penalties had been appended by law to marriages between persons of disproportionate years. These instances, standing prominently out from a long series of studies, induce M. Quetelet to conclude that the *liberum arbitrium*, as far as social phenomena are concerned, is restricted within very narrow limits; that, in point of fact, indisputable as it may be for each individual, it is effaced, and remains without any perceptible effect when the observations embrace mankind in the mass; for man is as sociable on the one hand as he is selfish on the other—he voluntarily renounces a great part of his individual caprices, pleasures, feelings, and liberty, in order to form an aliquot part of aggregate society, the circle, the city, or the nation to which he belongs.—*Prospective Review*.

FAITHFUL SHEEP-DOG.

We have heard an anecdote connected with the Inverness floods which is worth recording. The scene is the river Conon, near to Brahan Castle. In an island, about 200 sheep were pasturing—so that when the swelling river changed the dry land into a deep swamp; all were in imminent danger of being drowned; there was no possibility of reaching them; and in this dilemma a faithful colly was sent for, and told that the sheep required his aid. The hardy beast soon breasted the billows, entered the island, and tearing down a portion of the enclosure that penned in the flock, he drove them to the only safe spot, keeping watch and ward round them for two days, until the river subsided low enough to make the fords passable.—*Inverness Courier*.

THE MODERN DANÆ.

IN vain! in vain! it will not be,
There is no answering sign;
Unheeded thy heart's worship lies
On that fair idol's shrine.
She sees not, boy, thy graceful form,
Thy frank and manly face,
Where all that's bright, and pure, and good,
Hath left its holy trace.
She does not hear the voice of song
That thrills to every heart,
And bears the very sense away
By its resistless art.
She does not feel, when all on fire,
The poet's fancies pour,
In bursts of eloquence divine,
From the mind's varied store.
Nor worth, nor beauty, genius, fame,
Can move that maiden's soul:
She mocks Affection's sacred ties,
And scorns soft Love's control.
A second Danæe all confined
Within her brazen tower
Of worldly selfishness and pride,
She owns but one high power.
And he, fond boy, who seeks to win
That heart of earthy mould,
A second Jupiter must come
To woo in showers of gold.

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MÉMOIRS OF FRANCIS HORNER,

WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

[PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.]

In 1843, the Memoirs of the lamented FRANCIS HORNER were given to the world under the able and appropriate editorship of his brother,* Mr Leonard Horner. The work having latterly gone out of print, it occurred to us that a new edition, in a form which would render it accessible to a large portion of the community, would be favourably received. With the approval of Mr Horner, the present edition has therefore been prepared.

The career of Francis Horner is one of the most exemplary which biography can present to the young. It is that of a man who, without aristocratic birth, fortune, or even dazzling genius, had made for himself a great unsullied name, and was treading the sure path to high station, in which he was stopped only by an untimely death. The great importance of his example lies in this, that the secret of his success rested in qualities more or less at the command of every one—diligence, steadiness, independence, and integrity—and his biography teaches more emphatically than almost any other that has been written, how much our lot in life is of our own making. In troubled times, the young political aspirant may learn how to steer his course by this example: he will see how ardour, courage, and independence may all tend to good purposes when they are regulated by reflection, firmness, and integrity, and he may learn how the boldest and most original political views may be followed out with safety and advantage.

In producing this work in a condensed form, it was necessary in some degree to re-arrange its parts—to unite together passages originally dispersed, which served to explain each other, and to discard much that had a mere temporary or local interest. It was necessary here and there to insert remarks or brief narratives, serving as a means of cementing, as it were, the different parts together. But essentially the plan of the original work has been adhered to in this important feature, that Horner himself is made, through his journal and his correspondence, the teller of his own history.

W. AND R. C.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M. P. Edited by his Brother, Leonard Horner, Esq., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray, 1843.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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

No. 279. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

USE AND ABUSE OF MEDICINE.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

THE English public attach too much importance to the mere administration of medicine. They appear to think that for every complaint medicine is to be taken; that the chief, if not the only duty of a medical man, is to prescribe and administer drugs; and that medicine is the sole cause of every change in a disease, whether for better or worse, which follows the use of it. In all this there is much error. An illustration will at once show what is meant, and prove its truth. Take a case of indigestion. The disease may have arisen from excess or impropriety in eating or drinking, or from some other bad habit continued through ignorance, necessity, or self-indulgence. In the majority of such cases, if the cause be removed, the suffering will cease. If the medical man, however, were to content himself with pointing out the cause, and directing the patient to avoid it, and were to prescribe no medicine, such is the inveterate expectation of physic, that most patients would go away dissatisfied. Medicine is therefore given, *together with* directions to avoid the injurious habit; the patient recovers, and the drugs get the credit. Too often the cause is repeated, and the same process of cure is again and again submitted to. It is not to be supposed that *all* cases of indigestion belong to the class from which the above example is taken. There are some in which the cause may not admit of being removed; those arising from mental anxiety, for instance; others in which, owing to great debility in the stomach, the suffering is very disproportionate to the offence. In both these medicine may be legitimately and usefully employed to *palliate* suffering, until time can be gained for effecting a more radical cure by other means.

It is important to know that there is great power in the human body to throw off disease, and to restore health, without any help, when the cause is temporary, and has ceased to operate. This power alone is sufficient to cure many diseases, not merely the trifling, but even in many instances the more severe ones. Suppose a cold has been taken, and the subject of it is a little feverish. In the mass of cases the patient will get well without any medical assistance. The duty of the medical man, if called in, is to find out whether there be any serious disease: if there be, he will treat it; if not, little further may be needed. He may *palliate* suffering, and may *shorten* the illness—both good things; but nature would effect a cure without him. Again, suppose a case of measles, scarlet fever, or typhus fever. The disease has arisen from a contagious poison, and it will run a certain course. Some cases are very mild. In these the medical man has little to do but to keep the patient out of harm's way, and to be ready to act if the case becomes more severe. Each

of these diseases is liable to become complicated with serious internal changes, or with a dangerous falling of the strength. A case that is mild to-day may be severe to-morrow. The prompt attention of a professional man in these circumstances may save life. If it were known, however, beforehand that the case would be mild, it might be safely left to nature. In the case of typhus, it will be important to find out the *cause* of the attack, with a view to its removal, or to the removal of other members of the family from the sphere of its influence. Suppose, lastly, a case of *erysipelas*. It may be the most trifling or the most serious disease imaginable. Many cases are so mild, that they might very safely be left to themselves; others are so severe, as to baffle the highest professional skill. How often do we find the cure of the trifling cases ascribed wholly to the drugs taken, whether from the hand of a regular or an irregular practitioner; whether in the ordinary doses of the Allopath, or in the inconceivable dilutions of the Homœopath.

The habit of looking to physic for everything, and of taking it to excess, prevails much more in England than in Scotland; and the difference depends very much upon the difference in the circumstances of the medical profession in the two countries. Originally, the English apothecary was a dispenser of medicines only, and not a medical practitioner: he compounded physicians' prescriptions. About the close of the seventeenth century, the apothecaries in London and its neighbourhood began generally to prescribe, as well as to dispense medicines.

The encroachment was resisted by the College of Physicians; and from a pamphlet published in 1724, defending the apothecaries, it seems that they only claimed permission to prescribe for the poor. Even so lately as 1812, the parties who were instrumental in obtaining the present Apothecaries' Act express the opinion, 'that the management of the sick should be as much as possible under the superintendence of the physician.' Since 1815, the course of instruction, and the examinations instituted by the Apothecaries' Company, have been gradually improved; so that the apothecary of the present day, instead of being ignorant of physic, as his prototype was, is a well-educated medical man; and, in point of attainment, may fairly rank with the surgeon.

Whilst the education of the apothecary has been thus improving, and his position changing from that of a dispenser of medicines to a medical practitioner, the mode of remunerating him has not changed correspondingly. The old apothecary appears to have been paid for his medicines only, no account being taken of his visits or advice; for it has been only very recently decided by the judges that a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company can legally claim compensation for his visits

and his time. Many are still paid almost exclusively by their charges for medicine, and nearly all look to this as the chief source of their income. A very few charge cost-price only for their drugs, deriving their gains from charges for their visits. A still smaller number of general practitioners supply no medicines, but write prescriptions, and are paid solely for their visits and time.

It is easy to see that the practitioner who is remunerated chiefly by payments for medicine, is not only subjected to the temptation, but is often really obliged to send more medicine than is needed, in order to be able to live. It is not meant that medicine is sent which will do harm, but patients are often called upon to swallow innocent, though not always agreeable drugs, instead of being required to pay for the really useful article—namely, the medical man's time and skill. A community so trained of course think all this medicine useful and necessary; an irrational faith in its powers is fostered; and they would feel dissatisfied with the man who should adopt the more straightforward and honest practice of sending them no more drugs than are good for them. The evil is not confined to the public: it has been equally felt by the medical man. He has been a petty trader rather than a professional man; his self-respect has been lessened by having to supply under really false pretences, and to charge for an article not wanted; his position in public estimation has been lowered by the gradual discovery of the real state of things; and too often an unfounded degree of confidence in drugs has been fostered in his own mind. He gives physic for the sake of the pay, until he ends by believing in its necessity. A habit of meddling activity is apt to be engendered, by which not a few patients are made worse instead of better. His practice also suffers; for the public, finding themselves dosed with unnecessary drugs, often run into the opposite extreme; and losing all confidence in them, and in regular practitioners, fly to hydropathy, homœopathy, and other forms of error or imposture.

In Scotland a different state of things has prevailed. There they have druggists, surgeons, and physicians, but no apothecaries. The surgeons sometimes supply their own medicines, charging a low price for them, but more frequently they only prescribe. The duties of the 'general practitioner' are performed by surgeons, often by physicians, who in that case charge only a small fee; and very commonly by gentlemen possessing at the same time a surgeon's diploma and a physician's degree. Most of the leading physicians in Scotland are 'family physicians' in a great number of families—that is to say, they are the only medical attendants. At the same time, being the most eminent men of their body, they are applied to as 'consulting practitioners' in cases of greater difficulty or danger. The physician in Scotland retains the place which he has always held, whereas in England he has been almost superseded as a 'family physician' by the advancement of the apothecary, and he is too often regarded as a consulting practitioner only. It will be at once seen that the temptation to give unnecessary quantities of medicine has been much less in Scotland than in England, and that this fact will explain the corresponding difference in the habits of the profession and of the public in the two countries.

The remedy for these evils is simple. Let the public be made to understand that the money which they pay to a medical man ought to be given chiefly for his time and skill, rather than for drugs. Except in remote country districts, it would probably be an advantage if medical men kept no drugs, but only wrote prescriptions. This would remove every temptation to the evils which have been described, and would also render the professional intercourse of the consulting and general practitioners more satisfactory. When two medical men agree upon a plan of treatment, it ought not to be in the power of one of the two to yield to the temptation, which may be presented in various ways, to adopt

a different practice from that which has been settled between them.

Whilst the evils adverted to admit of remedy, there is another class of evils far less remediable, not arising from the abuse of medicines, but still connected with the relationship between medical men and the public. It is very much to be regretted that even the most intelligent portions of the community have not, and perhaps never can be expected to have, the knowledge of physic required to enable them to compare justly the merits of one medical man with another, or of medical men with quacks. It is the right of each person to choose among a number of practitioners, regular and irregular, the one that he will employ, and to choose among rival systems that by which he will be treated. Yet nothing is more certain than that few persons are qualified to choose well. Their selection, even if it happens to be a wise one, is more likely to be determined by bad than by good reasons. There is much truth, as well as some exaggeration, in Dr. Johnson's remark, that 'a physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is for the most part totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency.' This is a very discouraging circumstance in the life of a scientific physician, as compared with that of a member of either of the other learned professions. One or two illustrations, taken from actual observation, will show the kind of difficulties which the public encounter, and by which they are liable to be misled.

The cure of a patient is accounted, and, with due precautions, ought to be accounted, a proof of skill. But the recovery of a patient is not always a proof of skill, nor even of the absence of ignorance on the part of the practitioner; for to keep a patient from immediate death is only one part of a medical man's duty. Take, as an example, rheumatic fever. The patient's suffering is excruciating, yet he seldom dies during the attack. Suppose two similar cases, treated by two different medical men, or one by a regular, and one by an irregular practitioner. Both patients will probably escape death, and both the practitioners will therefore probably be accounted skilful. But on further inquiry, it may be found that one case lasted four or five days only, the other twenty or thirty. Is it nothing to have saved a patient several weeks of agony? Both, however, at last resume their duties. It may then be found that the one can do anything that he was able to do before his illness, and with the same comfort; whilst the other begins to suffer, sooner or later, from symptoms which turn out to have their origin in disease of the heart, left by the rheumatism. Both these cases were reputed to be 'cured,' but surely the cure was a very different thing in the two cases. The one patient continues well; the other is an invalid from the first, and after a few years, dies of dropsy: yet the public know no difference.

The disease to be treated may be an incurable one. Patients or their friends are too ready to think that it does not matter by whom an incurable disease is treated. There is the greatest difference, however, in the amount of suffering to be endured, and in the length of life in such cases, according as the treatment is judicious or otherwise. But the greatest difference between different medical men, and especially between medical men and quacks, in incurable diseases, as well as in others, is in their skill in finding out what the disease is; in other words, in what is technically termed the art of *Diagnosis*. An ignorant medical man, conscious of his inferiority to abler ones in this branch of knowledge, often plumes himself upon being still able to treat disease as well as they can. But it is easy to show that, both in curable and incurable cases, the correct treatment must be based upon correct diagnosis; and therefore that the man who is inferior in the one art, must, in the great mass of cases, be inferior in the other also. A patient seeks advice, and,

without perhaps suspecting it, is in the early stage of consumption. How much may depend upon the positive discovery of the real disease! To say nothing of cure—which, if it is to be hoped for at all, can only be in the earliest period—nor of the prolongation of life by judicious change of climate, the discovery of the disease may affect the question of marriage, of entering into or leaving business, and of life insurance. Again, another patient seeks advice who suspects that he is consumptive. A man unskilled in diagnosis can only give an equivocal answer to the inquiries made, whilst another, better informed, may be able to state absolutely that the disease is not consumption, and that there is no reason to fear that disease, and so may dissipate at once the fearful anxiety of the sufferer and his family.

Another patient suffers from dropsy. One man treats it by rule, and for the time gets rid of it, but does no more. Another discovers the cause of it, and gives the patient such further directions as may prolong his life for years. A patient is the subject of disease of the heart, but does not know it. A man who can detect it is able to apprise him of it, to warn him against injurious or dangerous habits, and so to prolong his life, and enable him to make arrangements in anticipation of a sudden death. Another patient fears that his heart is diseased, and seeks to have the question determined. A practitioner, skilled in diagnosis, may be able with certainty to assure him that the disease is only nervous palpitation, and is wholly free from danger.

In curable diseases, the importance of skill in diagnosis is even greater than in incurable ones. A patient is the subject of scurvy. One man does not know the disease, and cannot therefore treat it, and the patient dies. Another sees what it is, gives lemon-juice, restores health in a month, and then points out the causes from which it has arisen, and thereby enables the patient to avoid the disease in future. The ignorant medical man and the impudent quack, if asked the question, will no doubt answer that they can cure scurvy as well as the ablest man in the land. So they can, when they are told that the case to be treated is scurvy; but ere they discover this the patient dies.

A female seeks advice with a pain in the side. One man sees in it a pleurisy, bleeds the patient, and throws her down for months. Another sees it is a nervous pain, strengthens the patient, and cures her in a month.

A patient is seized with symptoms of high fever. One practitioner sees that it is the beginning of typhus, husband the strength, and saves him. Another believes it to proceed from an internal inflammation, bleeds largely, and so takes away that power which alone could resist the fatal poison of the disease. All these instances are taken from observation; and the same observation has shown that the patient and friends rarely see the difference between the two practitioners, and that they not unfrequently blame and discard the skillful one, and laud and patronise the ignorant or the dishonest one.

A medical man is often very unduly praised or blamed for changes which arise from the natural course of the disease, and with which he may have nothing to do. The same disease runs a very different course in different cases, from causes with which we are but imperfectly acquainted, and quite independently of any difference in treatment. The course of consumption will afford a good illustration of this truth. One case will get rapidly and progressively worse, and will end fatally in a few months, whatever treatment is adopted. Another case will begin and go on in the same way as the first up to a certain point: the patient will then improve, and perhaps appear to get well. After a time he relapses again; and these alternations of comparative health and severe suffering may occur many times, and the disease be protracted over a period of many years, ending fatally at last. The medical man commonly gets the credit of being the cause of such change, whether for good or ill, and is praised or blamed accordingly. Such cases are a fertile source of reputation to regu-

lar practitioners, who claim credit for the improvement, and easily find something, or some person, to blame for the aggravation of the disease.

A surgeon is consulted in the early stage of a serious disease. The nature of it is yet doubtful: he may think the case trifling. The illness goes on; the patient becomes worse; consults another surgeon. The nature of the disease has then become plain, and is announced accordingly. The first surgeon is accounted a blunderer, the second skilful; yet the very reverse may be true.

A surgeon makes a clear mistake; the patient finds out that he has done so, blames and discards his adviser for ever. The surgeon may, notwithstanding, be a very able and a very skilful man. There is no man living who does not make mistakes sometimes.

Two medical men are consulted in succession: each gives a different opinion. The patient almost invariably assumes that the second is right, and blames the first. If the two men previously occupied an equal professional station, the one opinion should still be regarded as equally good with the other, until further evidence has shown which was right.

Another error consists in supposing that a medical man cannot have acquired much experience until he is considerably advanced in life. The frequent consequence of this is shown by the adage—'A physician cannot earn his bread until he has no teeth to eat it.' The late eminent surgeon Mr Liston has well expressed this error in the following words—'Years are not the measure of experience. It does not follow that the older the surgeon is, the more experienced and trustworthy he must be. The greatest number of well-assorted facts on a particular subject constitutes experience, whether these facts have been culled in five years or in fifty.' One man advantageously placed may have seen more patients at the age of thirty than another has seen at seventy. But the number of patients seen is not the only guide to the amount of experience. One man, from natural ability, or industry, or the stimulus to think, furnished by the circumstances in which he is placed, sees more and reflects more, and therefore extracts more experience from one case than another does from a hundred.

An excessive confidence in physic, if not the parent, is certainly the nurse of quackery or irregular practice, both without and within the pale of the profession. Whilst there is suffering to be relieved, there will be found ignorant and weak men, who deceive themselves, and dishonest men, who deceive others, in professing to have the power of relieving it. Examples of cure are adduced, circulated, and believed, and so the fame and practice of the empiric are extended. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the subject of quackery: the question is too large for the end of an article like this, but one or two remarks upon it may not be without their use.

Medical men and the public commonly take different views of this subject. Medical men are charged with professional prejudices, and with interested motives, which shut their eyes to the truth. They, on the other hand, think that the public are not qualified to discern, until schooled by a disastrous experience, the deceptions practised upon them. We believe that it is not the interest of medical men to oppose any improvement of their art, and that, as a body, they do not think it to be so; and as to professional prejudice, we ask for evidence of the existence of anything more than a due measure of scientific caution. History will show how many infallible remedies for various diseases have been vaunted and forgotten: for how many improvements can history show us that we are indebted to quacks?

But cures are adduced, and respectably attested. Facts are stubborn things—how are these to be set aside? Some of them are true, and some of them are false. The history of empiricism is full of interest to the mental philosopher. The phrenologists have an organ of wonder; and of the existence of the faculty ascribed to this

organ, we think it is impossible to doubt. Whatever is new or marvellous has an irresistible attraction for some minds; to doubt the marvel is to rob them of their idol. What they love they cling to; and without a particle of conscious dishonesty, they will solemnly attest to be true that which is plainly and indubitably false. History will place beyond the power of any to doubt the assertion, that it is impossible to invent statements more absurd and more false than some which have been attested as facts by intelligent and respectable persons. One instance of this kind may be given from the life of an individual, of the value of whose pretensions most persons will probably by this time have formed the same opinion. St John Long professed to have a liniment which would cure consumption; and he declared it to possess this remarkable property—that when rubbed upon the chest, it would produce a sore upon the skin over the diseased part of the lung, but would produce no effect upon the skin over the sound parts. Many persons of rank, intelligence, and undoubted integrity attested the truth of this statement in a court of justice. Yet the fact so attested was undoubtedly false, and few persons probably now believe it. The public caressed St John Long, enriched him, and when, in spite of his own liniment, he fell a victim himself to consumption, they raised a splendid monument to his memory. The liniment still exists, and consumption finds as many victims as ever. Can it be a matter of surprise that medical men, whose pursuits necessarily familiarise them with a long succession of such frauds or follies, should be slow to believe the reports of improbable or impossible cures, which are propagated by silly, sanguine, or wicked men, even when they are attested by respectable and disinterested persons? But some of the recoveries are real: how is the argument in favour of quackery drawn from these to be disposed of? The explanation will be different in different cases.

It is not by the result of a few single cases that the benefit of any plan of treatment can be judged of. It is only by a comparison of the results of a large number of cases, treated in one way, with an equal number similarly circumstanced, treated in another way, that the truth can be arrived at. Such a comparison the public have neither the opportunity nor the requisite knowledge to make. Take a number of cases of any curable disease, and treat them all in the worst possible way, and a few of them will be almost sure to get well. The most ignorant quack will therefore be able to adduce some recoveries, which he will parade as cures. The failures he will take care not to talk about; and no other person will think the matter worth his trouble. Thus a number of persons may die who could have been cured; still more may have been kept in protracted suffering; and the public can never know these facts. An occasional recovery, well advertised, either by zealous friends, or in the usual newspaper channel, will make a reputation that will often wear long enough to accomplish the author's purpose, by filling his pocket.

All quacks are not to be placed upon the same level, nor are they all without the limits of the medical profession. The essence of quackery is one spirit assuming many shapes. Universally it ministers to the love of the marvellous, by its reports of wonderful cures, generally effected by some novel means: it profits by the pain which doubt, or suspense, or absolutely blighted hope inspires; and it soothes and pleases by confident promises to do that which is impossible. It builds up a reputation out of the ruinous materials of the reputation of others which it has pulled down: it creates a danger that it may have the honour of removing it: it conjures up disasters which would have come but for its timely and accidental interference: it blows its own trumpet, persuades or pays others to blow for it: it often assumes a profession of pure disinterestedness, while it is always purely selfish, although it often for a time honestly hides the vice.

We will now briefly indicate a few of the ways by which an explanation may be given of most of the

'cures' attributed to quacks, admitting at the same time that they may at times do good by accident: and also that many cures ascribed to the regular doctors might fairly be attributed to the causes here pointed out:—

1. The regulation of the diet—the omission of excessive drinking, or smoking, or the correction of some other bad habit, may have done all the good. Examples: cases of indigestion, nervous depression, &c.
2. The natural powers may have effected a cure in many cases, independently of, or in spite of other means employed at the same time. Examples: common cold, slight fever, mild cases of erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, &c.; and even some more severe diseases.
3. The improvement may be a part of the natural course of the disease. Example: some cases of consumption, as previously explained.
4. A trifling disease may be mistaken for a serious one—as a cold for consumption—and the latter disease may then appear to have been cured. So an innocent swelling may be mistaken for cancer.
5. We have known patients convalescent from serious diseases, before they had regained their wonted strength, become impatient, consult an irregular practitioner, and then give him credit for the subsequent improvement, which was simply due to the gradual return of health under the influence of natural causes.
6. Faith.—The confident expectation of benefit cures many. This is especially seen in nervous diseases. Many years ago Dr Beddoes and Sir I. Davy were engaged at Bristol in experimenting upon the effects of breathing various gases. Sir H. Davy wished to observe the effects of the respiration of some gas upon a patient suffering from palsy. Before using the gas, he noted the temperature of the patient's body, and for this purpose he inserted the bulb of a small thermometer under the tongue. The man imagined this little preliminary proceeding to be the means of cure, and immediately declared himself cured. Innumerable examples of this kind might be culled from the records of science.
7. Injudicious medical men not unfrequently do harm, as by bleeding, purging, and otherwise depressing patients who really require support. Suppose a homeopathist then called in, and doing what we take leave to assume as nothing, the patient may gain time to recover strength, and appears to be benefited.
8. There are some diseases which we have little or no power to cure, but which ordinarily cease after a time of themselves—such is the suffering produced by the passing of gall-stones. A patient may have been treated for months by a surgeon without benefit; another surgeon or a quack is then consulted. The disease ceases sooner or later spontaneously, and the last-comer takes the credit, which is due to neither, but solely to nature.

In conclusion, we must guard against an inference which would not be warranted, but which an inattentive reader might draw from what has been said—namely, that we have no faith in drugs. Although we do not believe much which is currently received, both in the profession and out of it, we have the firmest faith in the benefit to be obtained from the proper use of drugs. We will refer to a few facts, as examples only of the kind of evidence upon which our faith rests. We appeal, then:—1. To the case of ague.—It will go on for months if left to nature; it will ruin the general health, and destroy life. It may be stopped in most instances, at almost any period of its course, by a single dose of quinine, and almost always by a very small number of doses.
- 2. To cases of anæmia or bloodlessness.—A girl blanched, feeble, and useless, becomes rosy, strong, and fit for any work under the use of a short course of iron.
- 3. To the immediate benefit often afforded by opium in asthma, colic, neuralgia (tic), rheumatism, and many other spasmodic and painful diseases.
- 4. To the benefit of opium in delirium tremens—the trembling delirium of drunkards.—A furious maniac is restored to reason by a few doses of this drug.
- 5. To the benefit of opium and other astringents in dysentery and diarrhoea.
- 6. To

the utility of iodine in many cases of swelled neck (bronchocele). 7. To the utility of arsenic in various diseases of the skin; of sulphur in the itch; of various drugs in St Vitus's dance, and in losses of blood from different parts; and lastly, to the utility of alcoholic drinks in certain forms of fever.

These facts might be increased, if necessary, to any reasonable amount. They are simple enough, and common enough to be verified by any one, and they admit of no dispute. We invite those who doubt the utility of drugs to seek an opportunity of witnessing them, and to reflect upon them, with a simple desire to find out the truth, and we will answer for the conclusion to which they will be forced to come.

THE CONTRAST.

It was in a town in one of the northern counties of England that a festive meeting was one evening held. The light from the chandeliers fell on a table loaded with the choicest delicacies, and glanced back again from the plate and rich cut glass with which it sparkled. It was indeed a gay sight that splendid table: the rarest wines circulated freely, and many was the glass of sparkling champagne, or rich glowing Burgundy, quaffed by the joyous company assembled there. It was a dinner where all the officers of a certain honourable corps of yeomanry-cavalry met to eat and drink, and show their loyalty to their Queen and country.

The colonel of the regiment, a peer of the realm, was acting as president on this auspicious occasion; and, to use a newspaper phrase, the utmost conviviality and good-feeling prevailed among the guests. They did ample justice to the well-furnished board, proving the sincerity of their commendation by their actions, when they pronounced both the venison and the champagne excellent, and seemed resolved to enjoy themselves to the utmost of their power. Speeches followed the dinner—toasts were proposed and drank with acclamation—songs were sung—the laugh and the jest circulated as freely as the bottle; and nothing could exceed the hilarity of the whole meeting.

Mirth and music combined to make it charming: all that money could purchase, or refined taste could desire, was there; and who would raise a voice of disapprobation?—who would call in question the propriety of such a meeting?—one which tended so strongly to create a social and friendly feeling, to give rise to acquaintances useful in life, or to promote and strengthen a kind and neighbourly disposition amongst the guests.

But this was not the only convivial meeting on that evening. A few miles from this place, had any one taken a view of the tap-room of the little beer-house called the Crown, they might have witnessed an assembly as mirthful, though less elegant, than the feast of the yeomanry-cavalry. It was a long, low room, well furnished with settles and tables, which bore the marks of many a blow, and much rough usage; the plaster walls were discoloured by smoke, and greasy from the heads, shoulders, and fingers which for years had lolled against them. Two dingy oil lamps, high upon this wall, added their smoke to that of the many pipes at this moment lighted; and certainly to a refined or fastidious taste the place would have had little charms. But there were merry voices there too; laughter and song was to be heard; the joke was not wanting; and many a rough swarthy face, resting on the broad hand, or leaning over the crossed arms, which sprawled upon the table, relaxed into a grin as some favourite topic was touched upon—some standard jest among the village gossip.

A thin, anxious, careworn-looking man entered the room whilst they were merrily laughing in this way; he looked around him with a sigh as he saw the joyous faces assembled there, and thought of his own comfortless and squalid home. They pressed him to join them: he was fretting?—he was working too hard?—he was out of work?—or what was the matter to make poor Johnson look so very wo-begone!

No; he could not stay; his wife was sick, his children

were hungry, and he must return with the wages which had just been paid him for half a week's work—the only employment he had had for ten days.

But they pressed him to stay; they set before him a foaming tankard; one even offered to treat him to a pint if he would remain and sing the song for which he was so famous.

He yielded; flattery, comfort, and cheerful society carried the day over natural affection: he fully intended every draught should be the last, but there seemed always some excuse for swallowing another; and by midnight, when he attempted to return home, he was sufficiently intoxicated to be unable to walk steadily.

In company with one of his companions, who was more sober, but much more noisy than himself, he set out. The other man would shout and sing, and succeeded in making such a disturbance, that the rural policeman was seen approaching. Andrews, the noisy one, was sufficiently sober to effect his escape, whilst his quiet but stupid companion, Johnson, was detained by the policeman, with an assurance that he should be taken before the magistrates next morning, and fined for being drunk and disorderly in the streets at night.

It was two o'clock before the officers of the yeomanry-cavalry broke up their gay assembly. Time had flown rapidly away, and perhaps there were few who felt no surprise when they discovered the lateness of the hour. After a few hours spent in heavy feverish sleep, one of the corps rose early on the following morning to return to his own home, a distance of nine or ten miles. His temples yet throbbed with the excitement of the evening before; the shouts of merriment and applause still rang in his ear; the glittering scene still danced before his eyes. But he felt dull, heavy, and miserable—in a frame of mind to quarrel with everything, and especially himself. In the wild excitement of the preceding night, all had seemed brilliant; now he felt rather inclined to wonder where the charm could have been. He remembered all the early part of the evening distinctly, but towards the latter part his recollections were dim and uncertain; and the splitting headache which oppressed him made him conscious that he had somewhat exceeded the bounds of sobriety on the occasion.

He was a young man, and being usually a sober one, to say the truth he felt a little ashamed of himself upon this account. He returned home slowly through the cool morning air, which refreshed and invigorated him; and many a resolution did he form to avoid in future all such excesses.

Edward Gardner—this was his name—was a magistrate: it was bench day; and though he did not often attend, he resolved this morning, as a sort of penance for last night's excess, to do his duty.

Of course one part of their business was to hear the case of poor Peter Johnson, accused of being found at twelve o'clock at night intoxicated, and making a disturbance in the streets. The culprit stood before the magistrates with a countenance still more dejected than it had been last night, and his whole air and attitude betokened misery and shame.

Mr Gardner's companion on the bench, a middle-aged man, fond of talking, with pompous manners, and rather a narrow mind, interrogated the unfortunate man. 'And so, my good friend, we are to understand that you got very drunk last night—eh, my man?'

'Why, please your honour, I was a little overtaken.'

'Overtaken indeed! But what right had you to be drunk, I should like to know?—a man like you, who ought to know better! Pray where had you been drinking?'

'At the Crown.'

'The Crown! Eh! Well now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, idling away your time like that? Why were you not at your work?'

'Please your honour I have no work.'

'No work!—no wonder! A drunken, disorderly fellow like you, who would employ you! It's your own fault, entirely.'

Peter Johnson only hung his head more sheepishly than before at that assertion, which he dared not deny.

since it came from Squire Fletcher, though he felt it to be untrue; for he was perfectly willing to work when he had the opportunity, and was as seldom at the alehouse as most men in the neighbourhood. But Mr Fletcher delighted to bully the poor, at least all those who came before him in his magisterial capacity; not that he was really unkind, but it resulted from a desire to show his wit, wisdom, or judgment to the spectators, without any consideration as to the feelings of his helpless victims.

'Well,' continued he, 'I should like to know how you came to go to the alehouse at all?'

'Please your worship, I went to meet Mr Gardner's bailiff, who was to pay me for three days' work.'

'I am sorry my bailiff selected so injudicious a place to pay it,' observed the young magistrate. 'I must look to this.'

'Injudicious! Why, the Crown's a very decent house,' replied Mr Fletcher. 'The premises are mine, and Turner is as regular in paying his rent as any tenant can be. I consider him a highly-respectable man.'

Mr Gardner was silent again: he appeared to be reflecting. His companion went on—'But why could you not go home quietly when you had the money? Answer me that, my good man. No one stopped you, no one compelled you to get drunk, or to make a noise, I presume!'

'Please your worship it was not I made the noise—it was George Andrews, who was with me.'

'Oh no—I daresay it was not you—and it was not you that was drunk! and it's not you standing here before us! I am sorry, my good fellow, extremely sorry to appear to doubt your word; but unfortunately it's not in my power entirely to credit your statement.'

'I think,' interposed Edward Gardner, 'you might let him off, Fletcher, he looks so wretchedly poor; and after all, it's not clear that it was he who was making the disturbance.'

'Ah, but then, you see, it's such a shocking habit that of loitering in the alehouse: it leads to so much evil, waste of time, and discontent and political discussions, and, above all, poaching: it's there that they arrange all their villanous plans for the destruction of our game. There is no end to the immorality it gives rise to.'

'If you think so ill of this beer-shop, shall we withdraw the license?'

'What! Turner's! No, no; I didn't mean his; it's a very respectable house: I do not accuse him of anything of the sort. However, we must fine this man one shilling.'

'Please your worship I cannot pay.'

'Eh! What did you say?' ejaculated Mr Fletcher.

'What's become of your wages?'

'It was but four shillings, your honour, and I paid two to Jackson for bread we had eaten last week.'

'And the rest—what's become of that?'

Peter remained silent, and fidgetted from one foot to the other with a desponding air.

'What! gone? all gone—swallowed—gone in your cups—eh man! Now isn't it a disgrace to such a man as you to have reduced yourself to such extremities? But you shall learn a lesson; you shall remember and take care of your money; we will commit you, and give you something else to do than to indulge in drinking. Clerk, make out the warrant.'

Whilst the clerk was busy writing, Mr Fletcher, turning to his companion, said, 'Ah, Gardner, I suppose you had a merry meeting last night?'

Edward Gardner feeling this topic to be peculiarly inappropriate to the place and the matter before them, gave a reluctant assent.

'Was his lordship in good spirits?' pursued Mr Fletcher.

'Very.'

'And the wine good?'

He nodded his assent.

'You look a little heavy,' laughed the other: 'too good perhaps. Does your head ache?'

The young man reddened, but knew not how to stop him, when their attention was suddenly diverted by the hurried entrance of a woman, pale, emaciated, and poorly

clad. She carried one child in her arms, whilst two other sickly-looking creatures clung to her gown, and tried to conceal their frightened faces in the scanty folds of her clothing. Tears stood in her hollow eyes, and her frame trembled as much from weakness as from excitement.

'Oh please your worships,' cried she with frantic eagerness, putting back those who interposed to stop her, 'have pity on us, and do not send my poor husband to jail; he has seldom, very seldom, done so before; and if you will forgive him, he will never do so again; but we are all weak in temptation.'

'My good woman,' said Mr Fletcher, 'I cannot allow this noise. If Peter Johnson is your husband, let me tell you that he is here to answer for having broken the law, the dignity of which we sit here to uphold; and that it is this same law which condemns him, not we alone. Pray remember to whom you are speaking, and compose yourself to a proper and respectful manner.'

'I should be sorry to show disrespect to your worships; but pray have pity on my husband, who is a good man as times go, I assure you.'

'And pray how do you account then for his squandering all his money at the alehouse, and leaving you and your family to starve?'

'It's company, sir; and joviality and good-fellowship, your worship. If you found yourself in a comfortable, warm room, light and cheery like, merry companions enticing you, and pleasant chat, and good liquor too, would you leave it at once for a dreary, darksome house, no comfort, crying children, and hardly a mouthful to give them? Oh, gentlemen, may you never be so tempted, or feel how hard a thing it is to resist!'

'Woman, I desire you will not talk in this way! Do you mean to place us on a level, or imagine that I should succumb to the temptations which overpower your weak-minded husband? Begone! Clerk, is the warrant ready?'

'And what is to become of us?' shrieked the wife. 'Are we to starve, I and my little ones, whilst their father is in jail?'

'Constable, remove that woman,' said Mr Fletcher harshly. 'Her noise interrupts the course of justice.'

Peter Johnson was committed to prison, but his confinement was of short duration; in a very few hours he was informed that the fine was paid, and that he might return to his own home. He did so, and to his astonishment discovered that it was no longer the destitute home which he had left it. Food was there for the present, and work was promised for the future, to be dependent on steadiness and good conduct for its continuance.

This was the work of Edward Gardner: he had a conscience, and it whispered to him pretty loudly that the revellers at the Crown were only humble imitators of the gay and aristocratic party which he had joined, and that the excesses which they were obliged to punish in the poor, were equally wrong, and far more inexcusable, in the rich.

A VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

FIRST ARTICLE

'How shall we employ ourselves this forenoon?' exclaimed a young lady to her uncle, shortly after breakfast, on the morning of a pleasant day in August. 'What would you recommend to wile away Mrs Russell's time, now that it draws near her last day in Edinburgh?'

'I must first know what you have seen before I can offer my advice on the occasion,' replied Mr Lander. 'You cannot surely have exhausted the lions of our Northern Athens in a single week?'

At this moment Mrs Russell entered the room, and overhearing Mr Lander's remark, she immediately replied, as she shook hands with the quærist, 'What have we seen? My dear sir, I think we have seen every hole and corner of the fair city, and it would puzzle me to say what delighted me most. We have rambled up the Water of Leith, and drank of St Bernard's Well.

We have looked down on it from the lofty span of the Dean Bridge, with its splendid and varied prospect of city and country on either side. We have gone through your west-end squares and circuses, with their substantial architecture of polished stone; and then, after looking down on them, as on a map, from the airy heights of your Calton Hill, nothing would satisfy Mr Gregor but that we should explore the lanes and alleys of smoky old buildings which we saw piled up in confused masses beyond.

'Well,' said Mr Lauder, 'and what think you of Auld Reekie? Wapping or Lambeth is attractive, I presume, when compared to its dingy repulsiveness?'

'I do confess,' replied Mrs Russell, 'that I was loth to be decoyed into the grim alleys and tall narrow courts, where the light of heaven seems struggling in vain for admission; but there is certainly, after all, something grand about these substantial piles of masonry, with their half-defaced shields, and old legends and inscriptions. Then, too, we had for our guide an intelligent friend, who told us so many romantic tales and old-world stories of knights and dames of high degree; or of hobgoblins, warlocks, secret chambers, and haunted houses, that it really seemed like reading a romance, or rather perhaps like acting one, amid the very scenes where it is laid. Nor was it all romance either. All the associations of Modern Athens seem of right to belong to its venerable precursor. We were shown the residence of David Hume, and the mansion—a humble enough one to be sure—whither Boswell conducted Dr Samuel Johnson when he visited Edinburgh on his way to the Western Isles, and where he treated learned doctors and unlearned duchesses with equal bearishness. Not far from this was the haunt of Burps during his first visit to the same city—a dusky old mansion, deserted by Scottish grandees even in the days of the ploughman poet. But indeed your old scenes are a perfect haunt of poets. We were shown the dwellings of Ramsay, Scott, and Campbell; the lodgings of Gay, Smollett, and Goldsmith; the birthplaces of Falconer and Ferguson; while, ever and anon, there mingled with these some old-world story of Queen Mary and John Knox, of King James or Cromwell, of Montrose or Argyre and the martyrs of the Covenant—that I do confess I shall return to Taunton with an impression of interest and pleasure such as I did not conceive it possible any mere town-rambles could convey.'

'You do, indeed, seem to have heartily enjoyed your visit to the wynds and closes of Auld Reekie,' replied Mr Lauder. 'It is, I confess, a source of pleasure I should hardly have ventured to propose as one of your pastimes. But you would not of course omit its more popular attractions?'

Mrs Russell. You mean the Castle and Palace, I presume? We visited both with great delight; inspected the Regalia, the crown of Bruce, the sword of James IV., the ring of Charles I., and the York jewels—these strangely-interesting relics of the hapless race of the Stuarts. We peeped in too at the newly-discovered chapel of St Margaret; but we did not dare to venture over the threshold.

Mr Lauder. And pray what grim goblin haunts its hallowed precincts that you went no further?

Mrs R. Very substantial goblins I assure you, Mr Lauder. On remarking to the old soldier who escorted us that we would need a light to explore its old Norman chancel—'A light!' said he hastily. 'Quite against orders, ma'am; the gentleman is standing on a bag of gunpowder!'

Miss Gregor. You would have laughed indeed, uncle, had you seen how papa jumped when he heard this. We thought no more of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret, or the usurping Donald Bane, and the miracles at Dunfermline. I am sure, for my part, I trembled till I saw the door safely locked on the dangerous stores. Is it not strange to turn the most ancient chapel in Scotland—as they say it is—to so vile a use?

Mr L. It is indeed, and disgraceful too. But we

must remember what is still stranger, and may in some degree account for it, that the venerable chapel associated with our pious Saxon Queen has only been brought to light during the past year, after remaining for centuries unheeded and forgot. But we must not waste the forenoon in reverie or vain regrets. You have seen the Palace of Holyrood, I presume; and drunk to George Heriot's memory out of his own cup, still preserved in the magnificent edifice which he founded and endowed! You have visited the old Parliament House, the libraries, and colleges; and have even, as I understand, extended your excursions to Roslin, Hawthornden, Corstorphine, and Dalketh. What say you to a visit to the Antiquarian Museum? To-day it is open to the public, and I shall have great pleasure in being your guide.

Miss G. La. uncle, you are surely joking! What should we see in the Antiquarian Museum?

Mr L. Much, my dear niece, that may both interest and instruct you. Besides, Mrs Russell describes her visit to the Old Town with such gusto, that I think she is half an antiquary already.

Mrs R. Nay, nay, my dear sir, you altogether mistake me. I do confess, indeed, that I enjoyed my visit to the Old Town in a way I could not have conceived possible: but as to inspecting a collection of old Roman pots and kettles, rusty pikes, and broken crockery, I must confess its merits would be thrown away upon me. I am not quite sure whether I should laugh or yawn.

Mr L. Laugh you may, possibly enough, and you shall have full permission to do so; but I am quite sure you shall not yawn. So come along: lose no more time; but get on your bonnets and shawls, and let us see if the New Town has not also its antiquities, quite as capable of yielding interest and pleasant recollections as those you discovered, so much to your surprise, in the dingy closes of Auld Reekie.

Such was the conversation which led to the visit we are now to describe, to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. Mrs Russell was an English lady, who had left the pleasant glades of Somersetshire for a brief sojourn in Scotland, during which a whole host of old prejudices had evaporated at the touch of experience, like the morning mists on the hills before the rising sun. The carriage was speedily at the door: and in a short time the party alighted at the entrance of the Society of Antiquaries' Rooms, in George Street, and ascended to the gallery in which their miscellaneous collection of antiquities is displayed.

Mr Lauder walked with his companions round the room, and at the first listless glance, it seemed to promise little more than Mrs Russell's half-jesting inventory of its contents had described. He was one, however, to whom the study of Archæology was no new thing. He had learned to regard the relics of elder times as something very different from mere idle rarities designed to beguile a listless half hour, or employ the leisure of 'children of an older growth.' Having allowed them to get over the novelty of the scene, along with which there seemed some risk of their getting over its interest also, he begged them to put themselves under his guidance, and take an orderly survey of its contents, as a collection designed to illustrate the science which deals with the unwritten historical records of our race.

The first case to which Mr Lauder begged their attention contains what he described as relics of the Stone Period—a collection of hammers, adzes, spears, arrows, &c. all made of stone or flint, which have been dug up from time to time chiefly in the burial-places of the British aborigines. The large stone-hammers were popularly known during the last century, in Scotland at least, as 'Purgatory Hammers,' being designed, according to the vulgar creed, to enable the deceased warrior to knock so loudly at the gates of heaven, that St Peter might hear him without fail, and hasten to turn the key, and give admission to the Elysian fields. A different and more homely superstition conferred on

the little flint arrow-heads—of which the Museum contains a variety of beautifully-formed specimens—the name of *Elf-balls* or *Elfin-arrows*. These are regarded, even in our day, in the remoter Highlands, as well as in parts of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as arrows shot by the fairies, and peculiarly injurious to the peasants' cattle. Thus Wilson represents his disconsolate farmer mourning

O'er harried roosts an' ankers toom,
By warlocks riding on a broom;
Or on a black-cat naig belyve,
Or south-fast sailing in a sieve;
While snaw-drifts smoothe the silly sheep,
An' dwintin' kye the *el'-shot* threep,
Maagre the Elfin cup should keep.'

Among these curious illustrations of the rude arts of the British aborigines, and the simple superstitions of their descendants, are some very beautifully-formed flint spear and arrow-heads, a donation of the present king of Denmark, who visited this country in 1844 when crown-prince, and took a lively interest in the comparisons which such collections enabled him to make between his own rude Scandinavian ancestry and those of like barbarian simplicity in the British Isles.

While the ladies were examining these evidences of the primitive arts of Britain, and pressing Mr Lauder with questions which showed how much he had already excited their interest, he directed their attention to a collection of modern New Zealand clubs, spears, and the like relics of a southern voyage, which every sailor who visits any of the Polynesian islands brings home with him as the spoils of the southern hemisphere; and there, among the tattooed clubs and fantastically-carved oars, hung several Polynesian adzes and chip-axes of flint, exactly corresponding to those they had been examining as the weapons and implements of the aborigines of Britain and Denmark.

'But surely, dear uncle,' exclaimed Miss Gregor, 'you do not mean to say that our ancestors were ever such a set of savages as the Tahitians or New Zealanders?'

'Undoubtedly I do,' replied Mr Lauder. 'In the mechanical arts we have evidence here that they were at one time far inferior to the natives of Polynesia. Here,' said he, pointing to a rude flat-bottomed boat which occupies a stand in the centre of the Museum—'here is an ancient British boat, no doubt of the Stone Period we are now considering. It was dug up within 300 feet of the margin of the river Clyde, opposite the Broomielaw, at Glasgow. Mr Stuart remarks of it, in his notices of Glasgow in former times: "This relic of a very primitive age in the history of our country has been formed from a single piece of timber; the trunk, we may believe, of one of those giant oaks which overshadowed in their day of life the gloomy solitude of the ancient Caledonian forests, and has most probably been hollowed, with the aid of fire, by the rude hands of some barbarian Briton." This rude British boat,' added Mr Lauder, 'if compared with one of the vessels of the New Zealanders, decorated with a richly-carved prow, and furnished with a raised platform or deck, would undoubtedly compel us to give the palm of superior civilisation to the New Zealander over the early Briton. But,' said Mr Lauder, leading his companions to another part of the room, and pointing to a long canoe, also formed of a single trunk of a tree, 'let us compare it with this Malay canoe, brought home by Captain Thompson in 1833: even this, you will perceive, though destitute of ornament, is more regularly shaped, and more skillfully and neatly finished, than the ancient Clyde canoe.'

'It is astonishing indeed,' said Mrs Russell. 'I confess I now look upon that rude boat with an interest I never felt in any vessel before. Centuries—many—very many centuries ago, that and such-like vessels formed the fleets of the Clyde, where now hundreds of large steam-ships are arriving and departing every hour, and vessels laden with the wealth of distant shores daily crowd into the port of the western capital of Scotland.'

How interesting would it be to be able to recover some traces of the progress of these British barbarians; but every record of the interval of many centuries is lost beyond recall!

'By no means,' replied Mr Lauder. 'We learn here, in the first place, that they were altogether ignorant of the use of metals, and constructed their weapons and implements of stone, or of deers' horn, or bone. Here, for example, is a rude lance-head of bone, found in an ancient tumulus, and almost exactly corresponding with another hanging on the walls, constructed by the modern Esquimaux for a fish-spear. One not dissimilar to this was found, at a considerable depth, in the Blair-Drummond Moss, some seven miles above Stirling, lying among the bones of a whale. The speculations which such a discovery suggests are curious indeed, but we have not now time to enter on them. It points to a remote period when the broad estuary, in which a whale could swim, not only extended inland, where now a child might wade across the deepest of its streams, but stood at a height of many feet above its present level; and yet even at that remote era the Briton inhabited the carse-land of Stirling, constructed his rude deers'-horn harpoon, and boldly waged war with the monsters of the deep. Here,' said Mr Lauder, directing the ladies to the contents of another case, 'you see the personal ornaments of the same period: bracelets or armillae of coal, jet, or wood; necklaces of the same simple materials; combs, still ruder in construction; and even cups, basins, and porringers roughly hewn out of stone. Here, too, is the half-burnt clay pottery of the British aborigines. Some of the urns are decorated with considerable taste with ornamental patterns, yet we detect in the very finest of them that their makers were ignorant of one of the most ancient mechanical contrivances—the potter's wheel. In the Prophecies of Jeremiah, the prophet remarks, "Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold he wrought a work on the wheels!" So that we perceive this simple device, which was familiar to the Jews more than six hundred years before the birth of Christ, was altogether unknown to our British ancestry.'

'But we cannot afford to spend all day on this department of antiquities,' said Mr Lauder. 'Let us therefore examine next the relics of the *Bronze Period*, as it is styled. Here is a very rich collection of the weapons and implements of the period when the early Britons had learned the art of working in metals—an immense step in the progress of civilisation. Here we see a beautiful pair of the *leaf-shaped swords*, as they are styled, which were dug up only two years ago on the southern slope of Arthur's Seat, in making the Queen's Drive; while others, dredged out of Duddingstone Loch in considerable numbers, point to this as an early seat of northern civilisation. The most common relic of this period is the *axe-like weapon* termed a *Celt*, one of which was found along with the swords on Arthur's Seat. These have been assigned by earlier writers as the works of the Phœnicians, if not of the Romans; but all idea of their foreign origin has been set at rest of late years by the discovery of moulds, made, some of bronze, and others of stone, indicating that the old Briton furnished himself with weapons very much as the modern sportsman casts his own bullets for his rifle.'

'It is worth your while,' added Mr Lauder, 'to read when you go home the picture which Milton has so happily conceived of these first ingenious workers in metal. You will find it in the fifth book of the "*Paradise Lost*," where the Archangel Michael reveals to Adam the future progress of his race, and the varied displays of inventive skill and ingenuity exhibited by his descendants:—

— "The liquid ore he drained
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed,
First, his own tools, then what might else be wrought
Fossil or graven in metal."

'But I exhaust your patience, I fear,' said Mr. Lauder. 'Oh no, not in the slightest,' responded both his companions. 'On the contrary, you interest us exceedingly.'

Encouraged by this assurance, Mr. Lauder drew their attention to another case, which contained the personal ornaments of the Bronze Period. Some of these were of the most beautiful description: Massive gold and silver armlets; or large and heavy bronze collars for the neck, styled *Torques*; and armillæ, in like manner constructed of bronze, in the form of snakes—a common Scandinavian device. There, too, were variegated glass beads of large size, which frequently occur in the tumuli of the same period; with bronze and bone needles and pins; large and richly-decorated brooches made of bronze; a massive chain of pure silver, weighing nearly a hundred ounces, dug up in making the Caledonian Canal; and a variety of other objects, all proving the rapid progress in the arts of civilisation consequent on the discovery of the art of working in metal.

The ladies were still busy inspecting this interesting department of the collection, when a curious old clock in another corner of the large hall struck the hour of four, and warned them that they must return home.

'The clock must surely be wrong, dear uncle,' said Miss Gregor; 'it seems scarcely half an hour since we left home.'

Mr. Lauder smiled, as he assured his niece that the old clock was correct and trustworthy. 'You see the *old pots and pans* are not so unattractive as you imagined. We have not gone over one-half of the collection, and it is time that we were home.'

Mrs. Russell was equally unwilling to leave the Museum. She thanked Mr. Lauder again and again for the very pleasant day she had spent under his guidance, and expressed an earnest wish that, should she be able to prolong her stay in Edinburgh, he would again become their guide, to inspect the remaining portion of the collection. Mr. Lauder expressed himself no less gratified by the sympathy they had manifested in what he termed his favourite study of archaeology, and assured them that he would greatly enjoy their company on some future occasion, to investigate the Roman and Mediæval Departments, in which the collection is no less rich than in those of an earlier date. In this understanding they returned home, discussing on the way many curious speculations, suggested by what they had seen and heard. Our readers, we trust, have been no less interested, and will be equally willing to accompany them should they accomplish their proposed second visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.

A GLANCE AT THE SIKHS.

Most people have by this time formed some notion of the rise and progress of our Indian empire; but the notion is not, generally speaking, so fixed and precise as might be desirable. The time, indeed, has gone by when our dear countrymen pleased themselves with the idea that the East India Company had marched a regiment of sepoy, officered by Europeans, against the Mohammedan empire, driven the descendants of Timour from the throne, and clapped upon its own four-and-twenty heads the crown of the Grand Mogul. But this heroic illusion has given place in many minds only to other illusions, and much valuable time, therefore, is lost in arguing about shadows and mockeries. It ought to be distinctly understood—or else as distinctly denied—that the Mogul dominion had been utterly broken up, and that the English, who had their commercial interests to protect, as well as being goaded on by their jealousies of the French, found themselves struggling for life and purse among the contending elements of the crumbled empire; that they fought their way step by step, bravely and successfully, till, drunken with blood, and maddened by the rage for gold, they found themselves in a position where retreat was im-

possible, and the onward movement their only hope of safety; that as their territories increased, the idea at length dawned upon them that they were destined to rebuild the empire; and that although this idea was combated from time to time, chiefly by an ignorant, but generous outcry at home, the period at length came when they could no longer doubt that they were the paramount power in India, and, as such, intrusted with the fate of more than a hundred millions of their fellow-men.

While thus driven onwards by chance or fortune, the English exhibited a remarkable mixture of recklessness and timidity. At times, the Mahrattas themselves never went out 'a-kingdom-taking' with less remorse; while at other times they passed, awe-struck at the apparition of legitimacy, in the person perhaps of some brigand who had within their own memory risen from a petty robber into a king. Thus their vast empire was dotted, and is so to this day, with native states, left in greater or less independence, which serve as hotbeds of dissension and intrigue, counteract successfully the influence of European civilisation, and keep up a chronic war from the Indus to the Brahmapootra, from the Himalaya to the sea. We have for some time past been engaged (much against our own will, as usual) in fortifying our frontier on the west and north-west, by the reduction of the Valley of the Indus, and the country of the Punjab within that line. The lower Indus, or Scinde, to the delight of its people, has been already rescued from the savage Belooches; and now we shall no doubt be forced by recent events to *invite*, after our fashion, the warlike Sikhs to place themselves under the wing of our motley empire. This will be a most important attainment; for the Indus is, geographically, the outer ditch of our vast fortress, beyond which there are only the thinly-peopled wastes and mountains of Beloochistan and Afghanistan—utterly worthless as acquisitions, and if acquired, utterly impossible to retain.

But the reduction of the Sikhs, which would have been easy at the proper time, is now a very difficult matter; for the Sikhs are not a people, but a Sect, which, being in close *rapproch* both with the Hindoo and Mohammedan mind, has a power of expansion that defies all ordinary calculations. We have now before us a history of this singular body, from which we shall endeavour to collect some particulars; and the rather that it is a task which few general readers will be tempted to undertake for themselves. The history is a work of great ability, and exhibiting indefatigable industry; but it is written only for the erudite on such subjects. The very names, which the author has drawn up in grim and threatening array on every page, are more than a sufficient barrier against the ordinary reader: it is as though a historian of Great Britain were to form in line the sept and families of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; and this not for the purpose of exhibiting their distinctive characteristics, but merely the frantic spelling of their patronymics.*

The Hindoo mind is not stagnant, as many people suppose. A thousand years before the Christian era, the reform of Buddhism, as pure as the first message of Mohammed, made a struggle against Brahminism and its degrading system of caste, which deluged all India with blood. The Brahmins appear to have been successful within the empire; but the nations on the north and east became converts, and the island of Ceylon was the head-quarters of Buddha. In process of time Buddhism degenerated into a system as wild as Brahminism itself; and then came Mohammedanism, to leaven and quicken them both for a new development. Towards the end of the fourteenth century a philosopher promulgated the doctrine that 'where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty,' and thus broke the fetters of caste

* A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej. By Joseph Davy Cunningham, Lieutenant of Engineers and Captain in the Army of India. London: Murray, 1849.

among his disciples; he was followed by another, who preached the omnipotence of faith and self-denial; and then came one who made war upon the worship of idols. As we approach the sixteenth century, we find the minds of the people, both Hindoo and Mohammedan, in a state of strong fermentation; and in the midst there arose the founder of a sect destined to become a nation.

This man, who was born in the neighbourhood of Lahore in 1469, was called Nānuk, and he set himself to the diligent study of both religions, but 'could find God nowhere. He preached one indivisible and eternal God, the equality of men, the necessity for Divine grace, and for leading a virtuous and loving life. He called his followers Sikhs, or disciples, but assumed no other superiority over them than as a spiritual teacher. He was followed by a succession of eminent men; one of whom, by interdicting quietism or ascetism, very early preserved the community from sinking into a mere sect. Another mustered his followers in a hamlet called Amritsar, which has now become a populous city. He collected the writings of his predecessors, established a tax instead of the voluntary offerings of converts and adherents, and began to accustom the people to a regular government. This lawgiver encouraged the pursuit of secular occupations, and was himself a great merchant; but one of his successors—Hur Govind—took to the trade of arms, and marched his followers to the wars of the Empire. He had a stable of 800 horses, and a constant guard of 300 mounted followers, with 60 match-lock men round his person.

In the last quarter of the seventeenth century, Govind Singh purified and strengthened the Sikh doctrines, and this church was now called the 'Khālsa'—saved, liberated, or chosen. The worship of the one true God, in spirit, and not by means of images, the abandonment of ceremonies of all kinds, and the acknowledgment of the perfect equality of mankind, were the grand essentials. Baptism by water was the form of initiation. The Sikhs were commanded to bathe from time to time in the pool of Amritsar, to call themselves Singhs or soldiers, to leave their locks unshorn, to wear arms constantly, and to pass their lives in war. 'The last apostle of the Sikhs,' says Captain Cunningham, 'did not live to see his own ends accomplished, but he effectually roused the dormant energies of a vanquished people, and filled them with a lofty although fitful longing for social freedom and national ascendancy, the proper adjuncts of that purity of worship which had been preached by Nānuk. Govind saw what was yet vital, and he roused it with Promethean fire. A living spirit possesses the whole Sikh people, and the impress of Govind has not only elevated and altared the constitution of their minds, but has operated materially and given amplitude to their physical frames. The features and external form of a whole people have been modified, and a Sikh chief is not more distinguishable by his stately person and free and manly bearing, than a minister of his faith is by a lofty thoughtfulness of look, which marks the fervour of his soul, and his persuasion of the near presence of the Divinity.'

This remarkable change has been operated in two centuries upon the Jat peasants of Lahore, who were the first converts made by Nānuk to his doctrines of religious reform and social emancipation. After Govind Singh, the Sikhs must be considered as a nation, not as a church; but our limits forbid us to trace their history. During the breaking up of the Mogul empire they obtained in sovereignty the provinces of Sirhind and Lahore. 'In 1764 the progress of the genuine Sikhs attracted the notice of Hastings, and he seems to have thought that the presence of a British agent at the court of Delhi might help to deter them from molesting the vizier of Oude. But the Sikhs had learned to dread others, as well as to be a cause of fear; and shortly afterwards, they asked the British resident to enter into a defensive alliance against the Mahrattas, and to accept the services of thirty thousand horsemen, who had posted themselves

near Delhi to watch the motions of Sindhia. The English had then a slight knowledge of a new and distant people, and an estimate two generations old may provoke a smile from the protectors of Lahore. 'The Sikhs,' says Colonel Francklin, 'are in their persons tall; . . . their aspect is ferocious, and their eyes piercing; . . . they resemble the Arabs of the Euphrates, but they speak the language of the Afghans; . . . their collected army amounts to 250,000 men, a terrific force, yet, from want of union, not much to be dreaded.' The judicious and observing Forster put some confidence in similar statements of their vast array, but he estimated more surely than any other early writer the real character of the Sikhs; and the remark of 1783, that an able chief would probably attain to absolute power on the ruins of the rude commonwealth, and become the terror of his neighbours, has been amply borne out by the career of Runjeet Singh.' At the close of the last century this celebrated adventurer rose into eminence, organized, by the aid of European science, a powerful military system, and extended his dominions from Thibet to Moultan. 'Runjeet Singh grasped the more obvious characteristics of the impulse given by Nānuk and Govind; he dexterously turned them to the purposes of his own material ambition, and he appeared to be an absolute monarch in the midst of willing and obedient subjects. But he knew that he merely directed into a particular channel a power which he could neither destroy nor control, and that, to prevent the Sikhs turning upon himself, or destroying one another, he must regularly engage them in conquest and remote warfare.' The Maharajah died in 1839; and in six years after—in 1845—the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, and engaged deliberately in a struggle with the British empire, which, after a momentary intermission, still continues.

The Sikhs may become able coadjutors of the English in the work of civilisation; but they are the most formidable enemies we have yet crossed swords with in India. According to the highest estimate, they are only about a million and a-half in numbers; but their increase is not according to the ordinary laws of population. Theirs is the standard both of religious and social reform; and it invites under its folds not only the reflecting and philosophical, but the desperate and depraved—the Fariaks of civilisation. The Mahrattas, who had no aid from religious enthusiasm, were merely the low castes of Southern India; and yet in a few years they became a mighty nation, which, with a tithe of the military science of the present Sikhs, would have formed an impassable barrier against the advance of the English beyond Bengal.

'The observers of the ancient creeds,' says our author, 'quietly pursue the even tenor of their way, self-satisfied, and almost indifferent about others; but the Sikhs are converts to a new religion, the seal of the double dispensation of Brahma and Mohammed: their enthusiasm is still fresh, and their faith is still an active and a living principle. They are persuaded that God himself is present with them, that He supports them in all their endeavours, and that sooner or later He will confound their enemies for His own glory. This feeling of the Sikh people deserves the attention of the English, both as a civilised nation and as a paramount government. Those who have heard a follower of Goro Govind declaim on the destinies of his race, his eye wild with enthusiasm, and every muscle quivering with excitement, can understand that spirit which impelled the naked Arab against the mail-clad troops of Rome and Persia, and which led our own chivalrous and believing forefathers through Europe to battle for the cross on the shores of Asia. The Sikhs do not form a numerous sect; yet their strength is not to be estimated by tens of thousands, but by the unity and energy of religious fervour and warlike temperament. They will dare much, and they will endure much, for the mystic "Khālsa," or commonwealth; they are not discouraged by defeat, and they ardently look forward to

the day when Indians and Arabs, and Persians and Turks, shall all acknowledge the double mission of Nâouk and Govind Singh.

But even their religious enthusiasm is not necessary for the extension of their way, for in India it is an easy matter to collect armies without the plea of religion, or anything else but pay; and on this subject our author gives a few details of the history of George Thomas, a European adventurer, who acquired a principality in Northern India. This man was bred to the sea, but deserted from a vessel of war, and took military service at Madras. He wandered to the north of India, and entered the employment of the famous Begum Sumroo; but being disappointed in obtaining her highness's hand, he went into the Mahratta service, in which he defeated a body of Sikhs at Kurnal. The soldier of fortune at length determined to set up for himself. He repaired the crumbling walls of Hansee, once an important fortress, assembled soldiers, cast guns, and proceeded, with various alternations of success and defeat, to conquer territory. He possessed at one time 10 battalions, 60 guns, and a land revenue of L.45,000. He was supposed to be ambitious of subduing the Sikhs; but his enemies were too strong for him, and he returned in 1802 into the British provinces, where he died.

The first husband of this Begum Sumroo, to whom George Thomas made love, from a private in the French service became a military chief of some consequence in India, although, as he was not connected with Sikh history, our author does not mention him. He was a native of Saltzurg, and his real name was Walter Reinhard, although, from the gloomy cast of his countenance, his companions gave him the name of Sombre. How he came to marry the Begum, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, we do not remember; but he first rose into eminence by murdering, at the command of Kasim Alee, Mr Ellis and other British officers taken in the city and factory of Patna in 1763. He then persuaded his master to endeavour to seize upon the principality of Nepal; and they would actually have succeeded, but for the circumstance of one of the men in the secret of the enterprise getting drunk. Sombre now entered successively into two other services; but eventually set up for himself, like Thomas—hiring out his battalions to the highest bidder. At his death, the Begum took the command of the force herself, and made an excellent commandant. Among the officers who entered her service were George Thomas and Le Vassout, both of whom proposed marriage to their mistress; but the Frenchman, unfortunately for himself, gained the prize. After his tragical death, the Begum entered into an alliance with the British government, her forces then consisting of six battalions, a party of artillery, and 200 horse. Her expenditure at this time was L.60,000 a year; but she nevertheless contrived to leave at her death a magnificent fortune, L.600,000 of which came to Mr Dyce Sombre, a grandson of her first husband, whose daughter (by an earlier wife) had married Colonel Dyce.

These instances show what may be the fortune of unaided individuals; and with so many higher influences at work in their favour, it is hard to say where the progress of the Sikhs may stop. In our opinion it ought to be advanced, not hindered, by the British. Sikhism is the intermediate step to Christianity, without which, to all human appearance, Christianity has but little chance in India. 'Our missionaries,' says Captain Cunningham, 'earnest and devoted men, must be content with the cold arguments of science and criticism; they must not rouse the feelings, or appeal to the imagination; they cannot promise aught which their hearers were not sure of before; they cannot go into the desert to fast, nor retire to the mountain tops to pray; they cannot declare the fulfilment of any fondly-cherished hope of the people; nor, in announcing a great principle, can they point to the success of the sword and the visible favour of the Divinity. No austerity of sanctitude convinces the multitude, and

the Pundit and the Moolah can each oppose dialectics to dialectics, morality to morality, and revelation to revelation. Our zealous preachers may create sects among ourselves, half Quietist and half Episcopalian; they may persevere in their laudable resolution of bringing up the orphans of heathen parents, and they may gain some converts among intelligent inquirers, as well as among the ignorant and the indigent, but it seems hopeless that they should ever Christianise the Indian and Mohammedan worlds.'

When we say that the progress of Sikhism ought to be aided by the British, it will occur to our readers, from the foregoing sketch, that there is no necessary or original connection between their social and religious reform and the trade of arms. The Sikhs were as zealous when they were a mercantile people, and their lawgiver a great horse-dealer; and when Hur Govind detached them from their peaceful pursuits, and wedded them to a military life, it was only because, in the confusion of the time, when the Mogul empire was crumbling in pieces, they could not otherwise have remained undivided and flourishing body. The case is now different. There is a paramount power in India; and there is nothing extravagant in the idea that, by a series of judicious measures, the Sikhs might be led back to their original standard—'Peace on earth, and good-will towards men.'

This, however, cannot be accomplished in a day—or a generation; and the hasty politicians of our time will therefore demand that we shall either crush the Sikhs, or leave them and their country alone. They are already counting the cost of our retaining Scinde, and exclaiming that the money would be better spent in improving our original territories and civilising their inhabitants. They forget that, by the insecurity of our position, we have hitherto been forced to postpone almost all such projects; and that without a strong frontier, we should never have either the leisure or the power to do our duty to our interior dominions. The deprecators of the annexation of the Punjab say that in the countries beyond there is as numerous and powerful a population, which in their turn will offer themselves for conquest. But this involves an error. The tribes beyond the Indus have no national union, and the Afghan cities are divided by barren mountains and deserts, and still more by antagonistic interests. The Punjab is the last country on our frontier where there is a regular government and a concentrated population; and of this we must either assume the rule, and lead the Sikhs by degrees into habits of peace, or submit to have the territory of the Five Rivers a thorn in our side for ever.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD.

ONE evening in the month of July 1525, a child about ten years old, badly dressed, and with bare feet, was driving a flock of sheep across a plain in Picardy. Young as he was, his countenance was grave and pale, and his large dark eyes were intently fixed on a book, which he held open in his hand; while, but for the watchful care of a dog that accompanied him, his fleecy charge might have strayed in every direction without his being conscious of it. He walked slowly on, still looking at his book, until, as he was passing a cottage, a voice from its door recalled him from his abstraction. 'What, Pierre, are you going to pass by your old friend Louison without saying good-evening?'

These words were spoken by an old woman who was spinning at the threshold.

'No, good Louison,' replied the boy with a very serious air; 'I intended to call and embrace you.'

'How say you that, Pierre!' said the old woman. 'One would think you were going away, and that we were never to see you again.'

'I hope, whenever I see you, to find you well and happy,' replied the child.

'And always ready to share my luncheon with my

little Pierre, who on Sunday has the kindness to come and read prayers for me, since I have become too feeble to go to church myself. Here, Pierre, take this nice little white loaf which the baker gave me this morning, and these fresh nuts—and stay, put this in your pocket. What's the child afraid of?—'tis only a silver sixpence. Ah, Pierre, you have fine eyes, and a large high forehead. Do you know I often think you are not destined to keep sheep all your life: something tells me you will be a great man one of these days. Still one thing puzzles me: if you remain here in this village of St Gobain, how are you ever to become great?—a man whom every one will talk of and say, "Do you know that he was once little La Ramée, the son of La Ramée the charcoal-burner and Calinette his wife?"

'Indeed, Louison, I don't think I shall remain long at St Gobain. Who knows?—better days may come; and then,' added he, throwing his little caressing arms round the old woman's neck, 'when you don't see me here, will you pray to God for me? Farewell, dear Louison; I shall never forget you.'

'Why, what do you mean by that, Pierre?—Pierrot!'

But Pierre was already out of hearing; and having overtaken his sheep, drove them towards a farmhouse which stood at some distance, surrounded by piles of charcoal. On his way he stopped at an old oak-tree, and climbing its lower branches, he placed in a deep hollow among them the bread, the nuts, and the silver coin which Louison had given him. As he was getting down, he felt his leg grasped by a powerful hand.

'Ah, little robber of birds'-nests, have I caught you?' said a loud good-natured voice.

'Oh, Richard, is that you?' said Pierre. 'You startled me: I thought at first it was my father.'

'Your father came home long ago; and when your mother went to the fold, she found a very sorry account of her sheep.'

'Oh my mother wont be very angry.'

'Yes, but that's not all, replied Richard; 'while she was looking for the sheep, she found something else—a book!—and you never saw such a fuss as she made about it.'

'I hope she will give me back my book,' said Pierre, speaking more to himself than to his father's servant.

As he entered the house, after putting up the sheep, his mother met him, and said coldly, 'Go in; your father wants to speak to you.'

A rough-looking man was seated at a table laid for supper, his eyes were fixed on the fire, and his hand rested on the book found in the sheepfold.

'Husband, here is Pierre.'

La Ramée looked up. 'What has happened to keep you so late?'

'Nothing, father.'

'To whom does this book belong?'

'To me, father.'

'Who gave it you?'

'I did, sir,' said Richard; 'I gave him money to buy it.'

'And what do you do with it, child?' asked his father.

'I read it, father.'

'You read it!' cried his father and mother together; 'and where did you learn to read?'

'I taught him,' said Richard. 'The little fellow did me a service one day, and I returned it by doing him another.'

'A fine service truly!' said Calinette.

'If this child is ruined, Richard, we shall have you to thank for it. Teach him to read! Did any one ever hear such folly? Perhaps you have taught him to write too?'

'Alas, I can't do that myself, mistress!' replied Richard.

'That's fortunate, I'm sure; and I should like to know what good will learning ever do him?'

'That's not the question, wife,' said La Ramée: 'certainly, if I could, I should like to have him instructed; but poverty is a sad thing.'

'Oh, indeed it is,' said Pierre with a deep sigh. Then taking courage, he added, 'However, father, if you would—'

'Send you to school, I suppose you mean?' interrupted his father. 'You know I have not the means; I can't afford to feed idle mouths.'

'Here is your supper,' said his mother, giving him a basin of soup and a bit of brown bread.

'May I have my book?' asked Pierre, taking his supper with one hand and extending the other towards his father.

The latter handed it to him, and asked, 'Who wrote this book?'

'Jean de Roly,' replied Pierre.

'Who was that priest?' asked his mother, as she continued to help the soup.

'He was one of the most eloquent orators of the last century, mother,' replied the child. 'He was chancellor and archdeacon of the church of Notre-Dame in Paris. He knew how to read and to write too,' added Pierre with a sigh; 'so that in 1461, when parliament sent a remonstrance to Louis XI., it was he who composed it. Afterwards in 1483, the clergy of Paris sent him to the assembly of the States-General at Tours, where he spoke of the suppression of abuses. Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI., and the father of our present king, Louis XII., was so much pleased with him, that he appointed him his almoner, and kept him at court.'

'There, there—that will do,' cried Calinette.

'You see now I was the means of teaching all that to the little fellow,' said Richard proudly.

'Fine things I'm sure to teach him! Go to bed, Master Wiseacre,' added she, giving her son a slight push—'go and look for your *Jean Joly!*'

'Jean de Roly, mother; and I can't go look for him, because he died twenty-six years ago.'

'But for that, I suppose you'd go to him and all the grand people in Paris; and you, forsooth, the son of a charcoal-burner in Picardy!'

'My father certainly burns charcoal,' said Pierre in a low tone; 'and yet he has gentle blood in his veins.'

'And you think yourself a gentleman, I suppose?' said his mother.

'Oh,' cried the boy, 'I care not for rank or wealth; all I want is to gain knowledge!'

'Well, go to bed and dream that you have it, and it will be all the same thing.'

'Good-night, mother; good-night, father; good-night, Richard,' said Pierre, and went to sleep in the stable among his sheep.

The next morning, when Pierre prepared as usual to take out his flock for the day, he paused on the threshold of his father's cottage, and turning back, said, 'Kiss me, mother.'

'What for, child?' replied Calinette.

'Old Louison says,' replied Pierre, 'that we never know when we may die. If you were never to see me again—'

'What strange ideas the boy has!' said his mother, giving him a hearty kiss. 'There, Pierrot; 'tis time for you to go.'

An hour afterwards, Pierre, having led his flock to their accustomed pasture, commended them to the care of his faithful dog, and turned his steps towards the Paris road. Something in his heart reproached him for leaving his parents, and told him that an enterprise commenced against their wishes could not prosper; but the boy tried to stifle the uneasy feeling, and walked on, carrying a stick and a bundle containing a change of clothes, a few books, and the provision given him by old Louison.

He had not gone far when he saw Richard coming towards him.

'Where are you going?' asked the man.

'I can't tell you, Richard; for if they should ask you at home, I want you to be able to say you do not know.'

'I guess it, child—you're going to leave us,' and the old servant's voice faltered as he spoke.

'Richard,' said the child, bursting into tears, 'dear Richard, don't betray me. You taught me to read; that was like opening the gate of a beautiful garden, and now I want to enter and taste the fruit. I am going to Paris.'

'Without your father's permission?'

'Yes; you know if I had asked him, he would have refused. I shall never forget you, Richard; and when I am learned and happy'— He could say no more; but dashing away the tears that blinded him, was some distance on his way before Richard turned slowly towards home.

That evening there was sad consternation in the farmhouse when the sheep returned under the sole escort of Loulou the dog.

'Pierre! Pierre!—where is Pierre?' resounded on all sides.

Richard alone sat silently in a corner praying God to protect the little traveller.

After much fatigue, Pierre La Ramée at length reached Paris. While passing through the country, he was kindly received, lodged and fed by the peasants, so that he had no occasion to spend the few sous he possessed. But it was different in the great city; there he was obliged to purchase a piece of bread, and having eaten it, to seek a lodging where he best could. The covered entrance to the market afforded a tolerable shelter; and there, with a stone for a pillow, Pierre managed to sleep soundly. Next morning he was awake early by the noise of the town; and seeing a number of children going towards a school, he followed them to the gate. They entered, and he remained standing alone. His heart beat fast, and taking courage, he knocked at the gate.

The porter opened it. 'What do you want?'

'I want to enter and listen to what is going on,' replied the little stranger with simplicity.

'Who are you?'

'A poor child come on foot from his own village to acquire learning.'

'Can you pay for admission?'

'Alas! I have nothing in the world.'

'Then I advise you to go back as quickly as you can,' said the porter, shutting the door in his face.

Still the child was not discouraged; he sat down on the step. 'The children,' he thought, 'will soon be coming out: perhaps one of them will take pity on me.'

He waited patiently until the great gate opened, and the scholars, leaping and shouting for joy, rushed out tumultuously. No one minded poor Pierre; and he might have remained quite unnoticed, had he not started forward to raise a little boy whose foot had tripped against a stone.

'Are you hurt, little master?' asked Pierre.

'No, thank you,' replied the child, and passed on.

Fancy the despair of poor little La Ramée when he found himself once more alone before that large green gate, which seemed resolved never to admit him. Still he waited until the pupils returned; and as the child who had fallen passed by, he saluted him.

'Master,' said Pierre advancing.

'Here,' said the child, offering him a piece of money.

'It is not that,' said Pierre, drawing back his hand.

'What, then?' asked the pupil with surprise.

'Lend me one of your books, little master; I will return it when you come out.'

'What good will that do you?' said the child, greatly astonished.

'Oh, a great deal; it will make me very happy.'

'Here, then,' said the pupil, giving him the first book that came to hand.

It was a Latin grammar. Pierre opened it, and turned over the leaves without being able to comprehend a sentence. When its little owner came out, Pierre returned it to him with a sigh. 'To-morrow I will lend you a French book,' said the child, and he kept his word.

But in this world reading and learning are not all-

sufficient; it is necessary likewise to eat; and in order to do this, however sparingly, Pierre was obliged by degrees to sell part of his clothes, and yet sleep in the open air. Hunger and misery produced their usual effects, and the poor child felt that his frame was sinking.

'This,' thought he, 'is a just punishment from God for having left home without my parents' permission. Oh my poor mother, I have caused you grief enough without adding to it the anguish of hearing one day that your son died far from you without your blessing, or hearing you say that you forgave him. My God, give me strength to go home!'

The prayer was heard. Some time afterwards Pierre once more entered his native fields, feeling that he had done very wrong, and deserved punishment, yet full of trust in his parents' affection.

Richard was the first to see Pierre. He rather guessed it was he than recognised him; for the poor child was so altered, so pale and thin, that he looked like the shadow of the pretty little La Ramée. Richard caught him in his arms, and hugged him with transport.

'Oh how they wept for you!' said he; 'and what difficulty I had in keeping your secret. Well, have you seen Paris? Is it as large as people say? Have you learned a great deal there? Are you very wise now?'

Pierre smiled sadly: 'I have seen but little of Paris,' he said; 'and I return as ignorant as when I set out. Oh, Richard, I have suffered a great deal, especially from hunger. But mother, father—how are they?'

Just then they reached the cottage door: the parents of Pierre tried to look stern and unforgiving, but it would not do. The father's eyes were filled with tears while he told his son that he had forfeited his affection; and the mother covered him with kisses while she protested that she would never embrace him again in her life.

'Come,' said a brother of Calinette, who had lately taken up his abode with the family, 'this is the return of the Prodigal Son. Let every one embrace him and be satisfied. You, brother-in-law, forgive the little fellow; and you, sister, give him some good warm soup. And do you, my boy, promise your parents not to leave home again.'

'Without their permission,' said Pierre.

'What! do you still think of returning?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Notwithstanding all you have suffered?'

'Oh, to suffer is nothing! to learn is everything!'

Astonished at this determination, the uncle considered for a moment, and then said—'Your desire shall be accomplished, nephew; it would be a pity to disappoint so much courage and perseverance. I am an old man without children, and I have a few gold coins lying idle in my trunk: I think, brother, I'll e'en spend them in indulging our young scapegrace: what do you say?'

'I say, Vincent, that if you will pay for his schooling, I do not desire better than to have him instructed, and I will readily allow him to return to Paris.'

Great was the joy of Pierre at hearing these words. Behold him again on the high road; but this time with a light heart, an easy conscience, and a pocket furnished with money, and a letter of introduction to the principal of the college of Navarre in Paris.

He arrived, and was admitted. The first time that our young hero found himself seated in a class, with a professor about to instruct him, was an hour of unmixed delight. It seemed to him as though he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, nor memory to retain all he wanted to learn. He came to the banquet of science as a hungry man would come to a delicious feast; therefore the progress that he made, especially in Latin, was so marvellous, that his companions, to commemorate it, Latinised his name, and called him RAMUS. By this name he was ever afterwards distinguished. But the trials the poor boy was destined to undergo were not yet ended.

His uncle, more generous than rich, found at length that his funds were exhausted. He caused a letter to be written to him containing these words:—'Leave the college, dear Pierre; I have no more money to send you. You have now quite sufficient learning to conduct your father's trade.'

Just before the receipt of this letter the principal had told Ramus that in two years more his studies would be completed.

'Two years!' thought he; 'only two years; and I must leave the college! Oh no! I will find some means of remaining.' And instead of despairing, as an ordinary boy might have done, Ramus applied himself to diligent exertion.

For some time the managers of the college had been seeking a servant to brush the clothes and clean the shoes of the pupils. As the wages were small, and the work laborious, but few candidates offered for the place, when one day a young lad presented himself, whose appearance greatly astonished the principal.

'Ramus!' he cried: 'Ramus! One of our best pupils offering himself as a shoe-boy!'

'My uncle can no longer pay for my education, sir, and I cannot bear to leave the college.'

'Well, my child, then remain,' said the master, touched by his anxiety; 'but 'tis a great pity. You would make a better pupil than servant. How much do you expect?'

'Ah, I dare not say.'

'Let us see; on account of your age and anxiety to remain, I will increase the wages somewhat.'

'Sir,' said Ramus with a desperate effort, 'I do not ask money; all I wish is permission to retain my place in the class. I will continue my studies by day, and work hard as a servant by night.'

'And when will you sleep?' asked the principal, greatly affected.

'During the hours of recreation!' replied the noble boy.

What may not be accomplished by a real thirst for knowledge. Ramus steadily continued his almost superhuman labours of mind and body, and in the end he reaped a reward. After leaving the college, he received all the honours and degrees that are conferred on learned men; and King Henry II. named him professor of eloquence and philosophy in the College of France.

He published several works, which still attest the enlargement of his mind and the extent of his knowledge. It was he who invented the letter V. Before his time, U had been employed in all cases when either letter was required.

Ramus became rich and prosperous, as well as learned; but he did not forget his parents, nor his old friend Louison—who had predicted that he would become a great man—nor Richard, who was the first to develop his intellect, in teaching him to read. I am sorry to have to add, that Ramus perished in the year 1572, in the cruel massacre of St Bartholomew.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER AND ITS SANITARY TENDENCIES.

The origin of the observance of the Passover among the Israelites is well known to readers of the Bible. But very few are acquainted with the trouble and expense entailed on the orthodox Jews who adhere to the canon law as inculcated by the 'Mishna,' particularly the portion entitled 'Helchas Passochim,' wherein is given the formula for the Passover, for the guidance of all true believers.* It is not the intention of the writer to enter into the minutiae, but simply to show the hygienic tendency of the laws of cleanliness, as enforced in the portion of the oral law to which reference has been made.

* The 'Mishna' is a digest of all the laws and usages extant among the Jews, and was published some hundreds of years since to preserve uniformity in the communities of this people, however they might be separated in many lands.

We may premise that the Scriptural or written law, on which the rules, as enforced by the Mishnaic doctors, have been based, are to be found in Exodus, chap. xiii. 7: 'Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and then there shall be no leaven seen with thee, neither shall there be any leaven in all thy quarters.' The portion of this text marked in italics forms the data for the minute observances of those laws on which we shall treat; and in order that they may be literally and spiritually obeyed, there is a list in the 'Helchas Passochim' of every imaginable substance that may be subject to fermentation: so that the rabbins in their catalogue include under the term leaven every vegetable and animal substance which modern chemists in their tables speak of as capable of *vinous* and *acetic* fermentation.

As soon, therefore, as the Feast of Purim has passed, it is a custom, from time immemorial, for the females of every Jewish family, rich and poor, to commence the annual cleaning.* Every nook and corner, every drawer, box, and cupboard, every room, from the attic to the kitchen, and every article of furniture in them, is cleaned, for the purpose of removing all accumulations, whether of dust or other extraneous matter, because such accumulations are considered by the Doctors of the Talmud as subject to a species of fermentation, or as generating impurities, which they deem dependent on a similar law. Every room and cupboard is lime-washed; and every shelf is scrubbed, to remove even any stain or extraneous impression, from the probability that such stain has been produced by fermented matter. Thus the rabbins, under the express command of religious observances, have enforced such rigid cleanliness, that the houses of Jews are rendered pure and healthy by the preparations for this annual festival. This may in some measure account for the known longevity of Israelites—the writer of this having known many who attained the ages of 100, 110, and even 120, whilst few die, comparatively speaking, very young. These facts are worthy of attention, as they have been in operation for many hundreds of years before sanitary reforms were thought of, and before scientific men had ascertained that the want of radical cleanliness in the houses of the poor often generated malignant fevers and other disorders.

In most European cities the Jews have been forced to reside in some obscure and huddled locality, where one might expect them to be more liable than the average of the population to fevers and other ailments supposed to arise from filth and want of fresh air. It appears, however, that the Jews are in fact less visited by disease than the generality of their fellow-citizens. This, while attributable in part to their superior temperance, may well be believed to be owing in no small measure to their one month of annual purification and the consequent cleanliness. It may not be altogether uninteresting to add, that the plates, dishes, teacups, and saucers, knives and forks, saucepans, kettles, spoons, &c. which are used during the year, are not used for the Passover; these things being kept from year to year for this one week, or else new articles are purchased. In cases where poverty precludes the possibility of changing everything, there are certain formulae showing how to purify them with boiling water, or with fire, or both, so as to deprive them of any fermentable matter which might otherwise, as in some kinds of porous earthenware, be absorbed.

The houses of the middle-class Jews, when the annual preparations for the Passover are completed, present a novel and a most cleanly aspect. Every shelf, dresser, table, tray, and cupboard, is covered with beautiful white napkins; and as each Jew has a pre-knowledge of the pains and penalties consequent on not removing

* Some idea may be formed of this annual undertaking, when it is known that Purim commences on the 14th day of Adar (see the Book of Esther); and the Passover commences on the 14th day of Nisan (Exodus, chap. xii. &c.) Hence a whole month is occupied in these important ablutions.

all things subject to fermentation, there is experienced a sensation of purity which reacts on the mind, and disposes the sincere Israelite to express an intense gratitude to God, as if he had been actually a manumitted slave, and felt for the first time the pure air of freedom.* To these facts may be added the constant ablutions prescribed during this month by both the written and oral laws, rendering cleanliness of person a religious obligation; whence also arises cleanliness in culinary preparations. In short, it is manifest that the injunction of the lawgiver, even while one is disposed to smile at the literalness with which it is followed out, has been attended, through that very literalness, with effects of a most salutary as well as extraordinary kind.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THE 'Edinburgh Review' for April 1849, in an article on the clever novel of 'Mary Barton,' combats some of the delusions of the present day respecting the working-classes. It shows from facts the fallacy of supposing that the employers remain unaffected in their prosperity and comforts in bad times, while their workmen are thrown out of employment and starve. It shows the greater fallacy advanced by the stirrers of sedition among the working-men, that capital and labour are antagonistic, and that the share of the labourer is unjustly small. This writer comes clearly and distinctly to the conclusion that factory workers are, as a class, and taking all times together, well off, and in a situation to realise many of the blessings of life. He says—'The wages of men in most such establishments vary from 10s. to 40s., and those of girls and women from 7s. to 15s. a week. And as from the nature of the work, in which even children can be made servicable, several individuals of the same family are generally employed, the earnings of a family will very frequently reach £100 a year—and by no means unfrequently, when the father is an overlooker or a spinner, £150 or £170—a sum on which families in a much higher rank contrive to live in decency and comfort. Saving, then, out of such earnings is obviously not only practicable, but easy. Unhappily it is rare: for not only is much wasted at the alchouse (though less now than formerly), not only is much squandered in subscriptions to trades' unions and strikes, but among the more highly-paid operatives, spinners especially, gambling both by betting and at cards is carried on to a deplorable extent.† Much also is lost by bad housewifery; and we do not scruple to affirm that, were it possible (and who shall say that it is not?) to transport among these people those thrifty habits, that household management, that shrewd, sober, steady conduct characteristic of the Scotch peasantry, and which are so well depicted in Somerville's "Autobiography of a Working-Man," not merely comfort, but wealth and independence would speedily become the rule instead of the exception among our Manchester artisans. Even as it is, we are cognisant of many cases where hundreds—in some instances thousands—of pounds have been laid by for future calls by factory workmen.'

The writer alleges that the men who habitually labour to persuade the operatives to lay the burthen of their own sins and follies at the door of their employers are never the really distressed, 'but very generally those who have thrown up lucrative employment, because they preferred travelling and haranguing to steady and honest toil. . . . The plain truth,' says the reviewer, and most cordially do we concur in the whole strain of his remarks, 'cannot be too boldly spoken, nor too frequently repeated: the working-classes, and they only, can raise their own condition; to themselves alone must they look for their elevation in the social scale; their own intellect and their own virtues must work out their salvation; their fate and their future

are in their own hands—and in theirs alone. Of the power of the agricultural population to do all this we should speak more doubtingly, if we spoke at all; but in reference to the manufacturing and mechanical operatives, we speak with the conviction of positive knowledge (and the facts we have just mentioned cannot fail, we think, to obtain some credit for us with most of our readers) when we pronounce that for them to be as well off in their station as their employers are in theirs—as well provided against the evil day of depression and reverse—as comfortable, according to their standard of comfort, in their daily life—as respectable in their domestic circumstances—little more is necessary than that they should emulate their employers instead of envying them; that they should imitate their prudence and worldly wisdom, their unresting diligence, their unflagging energy, their resolute and steady economy. It is not higher wages nor more unvarying employment that our artisans need. As it is, they are more highly paid than many clerks, many schoolmasters, many curates. But with their present habits, twice their present earnings would not mend their position. The want is moral, not material. . . . The desperate delusion that the evils of society are to be remedied from *without*, not from *within*, that the people are to be passive parties—and not the principal, almost the sole agents—in their own rehabilitation, has met with far too general countenance in quarters where sounder wisdom might have been looked for. . . . The sounder, sterner, healthier doctrine which we have ventured to enunciate—hard as it may seem to preach it in a period of distress—is the only one which can prevent this distress from perpetual and aggravated recurrence. The language which every true friend to the working-man will hold to him is this:—"Trust to no external source for your prosperity in life; work out your own welfare; work it out with the tools you have. The Charter may be a desirable object, the franchise may be worth obtaining; but your happiness, your position in life, will depend neither on the franchise nor the Charter, neither on what parliament does nor on what your employer neglects to do, but simply and solely upon the use you make of the fifteen or thirty shillings which you earn each week, and upon the circumstance whether you marry at twenty or at twenty-eight, and whether you marry a sluggard and a slattern or a prudent and industrious woman." We are as certain as we can be of anything, that if the factory operatives and mechanics were possessed of the education, the frugality, the prudence, and the practical sense which generally distinguish their employers, no change whatever, either in the regularity or the remuneration of their work, would be needed to place them as a body in a state of independence, dignity, and comfort.'

OUR NATIVE FLOWERS.

Perhaps no one of our readers would dissent from the proposition that beauty, not rarity, is the first quality to be desired in the tenants of our parterres; and for themselves, we have no hesitation in saying that that gardener should not have the direction of our flower-borders who rejected the beautiful because it was common, to make room for the more insignificant merely because it was scarce. No, we prefer before all other considerations beauty of colour, beauty of form, and excellence of fragrance. Moreover, we are not of those who admire most that which costs most; but, on the contrary, we should be best delighted to save every guinea we could from being expended upon the tenants of our out-door departments, in order that we might have that guinea to spare upon our stove and greenhouse; the denizens in which must, beyond escape, be excellent in proportion to their costliness. We make these observations because we happen to know that effects the most beautiful may be obtained by the aid of our native plants: we have seen rustic seats looking gay, yet refreshing, from their profuse clothing of our *cinna minor* and *major*; and we will venture to wager a Persian melon against a pompon, that half the amateur gardeners of England would not recognise these flowers in their cultivated dwelling-place. Again, if any one wishes to have the soil beneath his shrubberies gladsome in early spring, let him introduce that pretty page-like flower the wood-anemone, to wave and flourish over the primroses and violets. Let him have there also, and in his borders too, the blue and the white forget-me-not, *Myosotis palustris*, and *M. alba*. We will venture the same wager that not a tithe of our readers ever saw that last-named gay little

* The *paies* and *penalties* for retaining any fermented matter (leaven) on the Passover, involve not only moral and social exhortation, but also political exhortation.

† We have now lying before us some particulars showing the prevalence of this vice in one single factory. One man had lost £7, another £3, another £3, 10s. in a single night at cards. In the same mill the losses incurred on one occasion, in the betting on a foot-race, by the hands in one department only, exceeded £12.

native. Mr Paxton's observation applies to these both when he says—as a border-flower, it has very high characteristics; it only requires planting in a moist soil, slightly sheltered and shaded, to become a truly brilliant object; it is equally good for forcing, very valuable for bouquets, and alike fit for windows, greenhouses, borders, and beds. Under favourable cultivation, its blossoms increase in size nearly one-half. The plants only require to be divided annually, and to have the flower-spikes cut off as the lower florets decay. By thus preventing their seeding, a very protracted display of bloom is obtained. These are not a hundredth part of the native flowers which might be introduced with happiest effect into your gardens. We have seen the broom, the honeysuckle, and the holly blended with rarer shrubs, and aiding the best conceptions of the landscape gardener; and we have seen garlands of flowers in which not one exotic was interwoven, so beautiful, that some culled from our choicest stove plants could have much excelled them.—*Gardeners' Almanac.*

THE PER CENTAGE OF POETRY THAT WILL PROBABLY ENDURE.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have made in the ranks of our immortals—and the accumulation of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands, and as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present—and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of our great grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and we confess we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell—and the fourth part of Byron—and the sixth of Scott—and the scattered tithes of Crabbe—and the three *per cent.* of Southey—while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is a hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakespeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of *short-hand reading* invented—or all reading will be given up in despair.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

MEDICAL INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

Dreaming, as the precursor and accompaniment of diseases, deserves continued investigation; not because it is to be considered as a spiritual divination, but because the unconscious language often very clearly shows, to those who can comprehend its meaning, the state of the patient. According to Albert, lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous actions: soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the brain—after a nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favourable crisis: frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head: dreams about fire are, in women, signs of an impending hemorrhage: dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions: dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy: dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver: dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease of that part: dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (*incubus*), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. We may add, that dreams, after the bite of a mad dog, often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequence of excited imagination.—*Dr Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

They fit, they come, they go,
The visions of the day!
They change, they fade, they glow,
They rise, they die away.
And all within the scope
Of one poor human breast,
Where joy, and fear, and hope,
Like clouds on heaven's blue cope,
Can never be at rest.

They press, they throng, they fill
The heart where they have birth;
Oh pour them forth to thrill
Thy brethren of the earth!
In circles still they swim,
But outward will not go;
The lute-strings cage the hymn,
The cup is full, full to the brim,
Yet will not overflow.

When will the lute be stricken
So that its song shall sound?
When shall the spring so quicken
That its streams shall pour around?
We for the struggling soul
That utterance cannot find,
Yet longs without control
Through all free space to roll,
Like thunders on the wind!

The painter's pencil came
The struggling soul to aid,
His visions to proclaim
In coloured light and shade;
But though so fair to me
His handiwork may seem,
His soul desponds to see
How pale its colours be
Before his cherished dream.

So from the sculptor's hand
To life the marble's wrought;
But he can understand
How lovelier far his thought.
The minstrel's power ye own,
His lyre with bays ye bind;
But he can feel alone
How feeble is its tone
To the music of his mind.

So strife on earth must be
Between man's power and will;
For the soul unchecked and free
We want a symbol still.
Joy when the fleshly veil
From the spirit shall be cast,
Then an ungarbled tale
That cannot stop or fall
Shall genius tell at last!

IMPORTANCE OF COOKERY.

It is a curious fact, that during the war in Spain, some forty years since, when the French and English armies were alike suffering from the scantiness of provisions, the French soldiers kept up their strength much better than the English, solely because they put such food as they could get to much better account. The English soldier would take the lump of meat, and broil it on the coals till a good part of it was burned almost to a cinder, though even then part of the remainder was probably raw. The French soldiers, on the contrary, would cut two or three together, and stew their bits of meat with bread, and such herbs and vegetables as they could collect, into a savoury and wholesome dish. So great was the difference between these two ways, in their effect on the strength and health of the soldiers, that it was remarked that a French army would live in a country in which an English army would starve.—*Family Economist.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 280. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

UTOPIAS.

'Before you, had you morning's speed,
The dreamy land would still recede.'

LIKE Sir Guy the Seeker wandering round the enchanted castle of his lady-love, and even when his locks had grown gray, and his knightly arm had lost its vigour, still ardently hoping and longing for one more glimpse of the fair vision that had once long ago for a moment blessed his sight—even such is the belief in utopias—a belief more of the heart than of the brain, and against which all the weapons of logic often fall broken and ineffectual. Every one has a utopia in his heart, though it may not have 'a local habitation and a name.' Every one pictures to himself scenes of ideal happiness, various as the spirits of their framers, but all lovely—day-dreams which the heart delights to contemplate, but which youth alone is ardent enough to hope to realise. This tendency has existed in every age; and hence the belief or superstition which is the subject of our remarks. But before proceeding further, the title of our article perhaps may require a few explanatory words.

In giving to an imaginary spot, in one of his Scottish novels, the title of *Kennauhair*, Sir Walter Scott has very happily translated into Scotch the originally Greek term 'Utopia.' It is a place which has no latitude or longitude in physical geography; and which, accordingly, is a most suitable region wherein to place all that is too wonderful or too beautiful for ordinary earth. The term, therefore, has been applied to those representations of a so-called perfect state of human society which Plato and many after him have delighted to draw; but it is not with such limbos of vanity that we have now to do. All the utopias of philosophers are 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' when placed by the side of the living and lovely ideal worlds which have arisen like emanations from the heart of nations, and have become engrafted on their popular creeds. A brief sketch of these is what we now propose to furnish: and when thousands are rushing to a new *El-Dorado* on the banks of the *Rio Sacramento*, it may not prove uninteresting to review, among kindred subjects, the struggles of our forefathers after an equally alluring, though imaginary, land of promise.

The Greeks, who had all sorts of marvels, had a utopia also, in which the fancy of their poets could luxuriate untrammelled by the ordinary laws of nature; and this ideal realm they called the Garden of the *Hesperides*, and placed far away, nigh to the setting sun. As to its exact geographical position considerable diversity of opinion prevailed; and *Hercules*, their great hero for accomplishing impossibilities, had to inquire first of the nymphs of the *Po*, and subsequently of the all-knowing sea-god *Nereus*, as to its whereabouts,

ere he started on his search. One old writer placed it 'beyond the ocean;' but if plurality of votes is to decide the question, its site was near the foot of *Mount Atlas*. Here, in the country where, says *Diodorus*, all the gods of antiquity received their birth, sheltered by lofty mountains from the scorching blasts of the south wind, and with streamlets from the heights meandering through it, and flowing on all sides round it in a serpentine course, bloomed a fair garden, where grew all manner of delicious fruits; and *Ovid*, pleasing the eye and the fancy more than the palate, makes trees, foliage, fruit, all of gold. The beings who presided over this fair scene were the *Hesperides*, sister nymphs, varying in number, according to different authors, from three to seven; while a dreadful dragon, which never slept, guarded the precincts from the intrusion of adventurous mortals. This monster is said to have had a hundred heads, and possibly had lives in proportion; but at last his extraordinary existence was cut short by *Hercules*, who carried some of the golden apples back with him into Greece: but *Minerva*, the goddess of wisdom, restored them to their native gardens, because she foresaw they could be preserved nowhere else on earth. (This conclusion of the legend is finely allegorical of the distance existing between the world of imagination and the common life of man.) As there are some who consider the wide-spread belief in 'Isles of the Blessed' as the effect of vague traditional reminiscences of the lost *Eden* of our first parents, we may mention for their behoof that in Paris there is an antique medal (at least there was one last century: for aught we know, it may ere this have been melted down in the revolutionary mint) representing *Hercules* and the dragon at the foot of the gold-fruited tree; and this medal, in the opinion of the *Abbé Massieu*, but for the male sex of *Hercules*, would pass for a memorial of the temptation of *Eve* by the serpent.

The natives of *Hindoostan* have a story of a great city named *Baly* having been submerged in the sea, whose gilded pinnacles were seen by their forefathers glittering above the waters, and whose streets are still visible in the clear depths of ocean. But as no one depones to having personally inspected this submarine abode (albeit the best of divers are on these coasts), we pass on to another which has been more fortunate in this respect, and whose story bears some resemblance to that of *Jonah* and *Nineveh*; with this difference, that in the present case the prophet would have had no occasion 'to be angry' at the ultimate fate of the city. Amid the burning wastes of sand which lie between *Abyssinia* and *Aden* there once existed, say *Mohammedan* writers, a great city and lovely gardens called the *Paradise of Irem*. But the king and people of the place (the tribe of *Ad*) were very wicked; so that the *Prophet Houd* was sent to threaten them with judg-

ments unless they repented. But they did not; and accordingly all, except the prophet, were destroyed; or, according to another version, turned into apes! The city, we are told, is still standing in the deserts of Aden; but it is only visible to such as are privileged by God to behold it. This favour, it seems, has been enjoyed by one favoured mortal, Colabah by name, who, being summoned by the Caliph Mo'awiyah, related how that, when he was seeking a camel he had lost, he found himself on a sudden at the gates of the city, and 'entering it, saw not one inhabitant; at which, being terrified, he stayed no longer than to take with him some fine stones, which he showed to the caliph.'

Leaving the turbaned Mohammedans of the East, we shall find the imaginative spirit and vague aspirations of the northern races creating a utopia even more poetical, we think, than those hitherto noticed, and certainly exercising a more powerful influence over those who believed in its existence. Passing over, as apocryphal, Macpherson's legend of the Flath-innis, or Noble Island, authentic records show us the belief existing among the Welsh mountaineers, then just emerging from paganism. Looking from their native mountains, they beheld the sun setting, amid golden glories, over the waters of the western sea; and it was far away upon those sunset waves that they placed their utopian realm. They called it *Gwerdonnan Llan*—the Green Isles of Ocean, or the Green Spots of the Floods; and they deemed it a fairyland of bliss, where dwelt the souls of good Druids, who, being pagans, were not permitted to enter the Christian heaven. Yet, though thus the abode of spirits, it was nevertheless a material paradise: they considered that its happy shores were accessible to mortals, and that he who succeeded in reaching it, imagined on his return that he had been absent only a few hours, when in truth whole centuries had passed away. At times it was visible from land. 'If you take a turf,' says an old author, 'from St David's churchyard, and stand upon it on the sea-shore, you behold these islands. One man,' he adds, 'once got sight of them by this means, and forthwith put to sea in pursuit; but they disappeared, and his search was vain. Nowise daunted, he returned, looked at them again from the enchanted turf, again set sail, and again was unsuccessful. The third time he took the turf on board with him, and stood upon it till he reached them.'

Whether this fable originated in an optical delusion similar to the *Fata Morgana*—in the prevalent tradition of the lost Atlantis, or large island in former times existing in the Western Ocean—or in vague rumours of the American continent, cannot be determined; but it is undoubted that the fable was received as sober truth by the Welsh.* It is on record that several expeditions were undertaken for the discovery of the happy islands; and the 'three losses by disappearance of the island of Britain,' lamented by Welsh bards, appear to have all been connected with it. The first of these was the expedition of Madoc, a Welsh prince, who sailed for the 'far west,' and who is believed to have reached Mexico; the second was that of Prince Gafran, who avowedly went in search of the *Gwerdonnan Llan*; the third was that of the far-famed Merlin and his bards, who likewise voyaged for the west. Considerable dubiety, it must be acknowledged, attaches to the accounts of the last of these 'disappearances,' as Merlin is said to have sailed in a ship of crystal.

A veil hangs over the fate of these adventurers: whether they triumphed, or whether they sank in mid-ocean, we know not. One thing alone is certain, that even in the savannas of the new world they were as

far from success as ever. Islands of the blest, indeed, were not unheard of among the simple tribes; but they were known chiefly for the deceptive nature of their fascination. A belief of this kind still lingers among some of the American tribes; and in recent times Bertram mentions in his 'Travels through North and South Carolina' that he found it entertained by the Creek Indians. The river St Mary, he tells us, has its source in a vast marsh nearly three hundred miles in circuit, which in the wet season appears as a lake, containing some large islands or knolls of rich land. One of these the Creeks represent as 'a most blissful spot of earth;' and they say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. This terrestrial paradise, they add, 'has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters when in pursuit of game; but in their endeavours to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths; and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it, it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing.' At length they resolved to abandon the delusive pursuit, and after many difficulties, they succeeded in retracing their steps. 'When they reported their adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade and make a conquest of so charming a country; but all their attempts have hitherto proved abortive, never having been able again to find that enchanting spot.'

Here, then, is the human spirit first creating an ideal paradise, and then pining for the work of its own fancy. Thus it is also with the most gifted sons of genius, upon whose spiritual eye or ear fall sounds and forms of more than earthly beauty, and who, even while enjoying the delights of human life, long for the realisation of day-dreams, nobler and more lovely far. Listen to the lay which the sweetest of lyric poets puts into the mouth of the wild Indian of the prairies; and say, as he sings of the fascination of his Isle of Founts and its sparkling waters, if the picturesque strain be not emblematic of the enthusiast-votary of high art, wrapt up in the ideal beauty which his soul beholds:—

'But we for him who sees them burst
With their bright spray-showers to the lake:
Earth has no spring to quench the thirst
That semblance in his soul shall wake—
From the Blue Mountains to the main,
Our thousand floods shall roll in vain.

E'en thus our hunters came of yore
Back from their long and weary quest;
Had they not seen the untrodden shore?
And could they 'midst our wilds find rest?
The lightning of their glance was fled;
They dwell amongst us as the dead!

They lay beside our glittering rills,
With visions in their darkened eyes:

—the visions of the dreamy land that once had glowed before them like a new Eden, and the memory of which so filled their hearts that there was no room left for any other joy. Thus, in ordinary life, do the imagination and exquisite susceptibilities which provide genius with her divinest joys become to her at times the source of anguish. Pleasure and pain enter by the same portal, and in this way is the lot of her possessors reduced to little above that of mankind at large.

Having thus traversed the four quarters of the globe, and obtained glimpses of utopias of various kinds, and as variously tenanted—some by hoary Druids, others by beautiful women; some by apes, and some by nobody—we now start for the isles of the Pacific Ocean, to view the happy land of the Tonga people. Bolotoo—such is the name of this singular place—is a large island, they say somewhere to the north-west of the Tonga group; but a long way distant. They deem it the abode of their gods; and certainly, by their account, animal and vegetable life proceeds there on very strange principles. Its fruits, flowers, birds, and *hogs*—in the last of which it abounds—are all of rare beauty (except the pigs, we should think); and they are immortal, unless when

* We would suggest that in this, as in many other cases, natural appearances gave rise to the fiction. It is remarkable, in the case of the Hesperian gardens, as in this case, that the supposed place was held as situated under the radiance of the setting sun. The idea of a glorious land amidst this many-hued effulgence seems natural. Perhaps, for similar reasons, the Greeks of Asia Minor adopted the idea of a residence of the gods on Olympus, which they might see to the westward while voyaging on the Egean.—ED.

plucked or eaten by the Hotooas, or gods; in which case a new pig, bird, or flower forthwith occupies the place of that destroyed. Like all places of the kind, it is very difficult to be found; but once on a time a Tonga canoe was driven thither by stress of weather. The crew were short of victuals, and not knowing where they were, they landed, and proceeded to gather some bread-fruit; but to their utter amazement they could no more grasp it than if it had been a shadow! They walked through the trunks of trees, and passed through the substance of the houses, without feeling any resistance; and at length the Hotooas themselves appeared, and completed the amazement of the Tongese by walking through *their* bodies as if they had been of air. 'Go away immediately,' said the Hotooas; 'we have no proper food for you; and we'll give you a fair wind, and a speedy voyage home.' Profiting by the good-natured offer, they put to sea directly; and after sailing for some days with the utmost velocity, they at last got safe to Tonga. But in a short space of time they all died—not as a punishment for having been at Bolotoo, but as a natural consequence—the air of Bolotoo, as it were, infecting mortal bodies with speedy death.

We cannot conclude this notice of the imaginary realms which fancy has located in various parts of the world, without adverting to the celebrated fable of El-Dorado, which for ages dazzled and deluded the most gallant adventurers of Europe. Misled by the imperfect science of his day, the illustrious discoverer of the New World imagined that one part of Southern America was nearer the sun than the rest of the world; and influenced by the fervour of his imagination, and the novelty of the scenes around him, he deemed that there the original paradise of our race was to be found. This idea of Columbus seemed to be confirmed by the reports of the natives; and soon it became generally credited that a golden region existed in the interior of the country lying between the Orinoco and the Amazons. Its rocks were represented as impregnated with gold, the veins of which lay so near the surface, as to make it shine with a dazzling resplendency; and its capital—Manoa—was said to consist of houses covered with plates of gold, and to be built upon a vast lake called Parima, the sands of which were auriferous. Among the many stories told of this wealthy region, one Martinez, a Spaniard, deponed that, having been made prisoner by the Guianians, he was by them carried to their golden capital, where he remained several years, and was then conveyed blindfold to the borders, that he might not be able to make known the approaches to that envied principality. Von Hutten and his companions in arms solemnly averred that they saw—but, by a body of ferocious Indians, with whom they had a long and bloody combat, were prevented from reaching—a place containing structures whose roofs shone with all the brilliancy of gold.

The tales of this golden land were not altogether fabulous, and the recent investigations of Humboldt afford an explanation of many of these recitals. When near the sources of the Orinoco, he informs us, he found the belief in El-Dorado still existing among the natives, and he points out the district between the sources of the Rio Essequibo and the Rio Branco as furnishing the groundwork of the fiction. 'Here, in a river called Parima, and in a small lake connected with it called Amucu, which is occasionally much augmented by inundations, we have basis enough on which to found the belief of the great lake bearing the name of the former; and in the islets and rocks of mica-slate and talc which rise up within and around the latter, reflecting from their shining surfaces the rays of an ardent sun, we have materials out of which to form that gorgeous capital whose temples and houses were overlaid with plates of beaten gold. . . . We may judge of the brilliancy of these deceptive appearances, from learning that the natives ascribed the lustre of the Magellan's clouds, or nebulae of the southern hemisphere, to the bright reflections produced by them.'

Moreover, we find an old resident in Guiana representing part of the country as abounding in 'mines of white stone, in which are much natural and fine gold, which runneth between the stones like veins.' Another says—'The high country is full of white sparre; and if the white sparres of this kind be in a main rock, they are certainly mines of gold or silver, or both. I made trial of a piece of sparre, and I found that it held both gold and silver, which gave me satisfaction that there be rich mines in the country.' So late as the middle of last century, a Spanish company attempted to extract gold from these alluring rocks; but after great loss had been incurred, the undertaking was abandoned.

Though enterprise succeeded enterprise to discover this fabulous kingdom, each new adventurer experienced little difficulty in finding comrades to embark with him. The excitement in Europe was extraordinary. In Spain, we are told, 'the desire to be included in the adventure excited an eager competition, and led multitudes to dispose of their property—even landed estates—~~and~~ doubting to be repaid tenfold from the treasures of El-Dorado.' For long the belief lingered in the hearts of men. In the early part of last century the Jesuit Gumilla unhesitatingly embraced the old opinion; and about 1770, Don Manuel Centurion, then governor of Spanish Guiana, was so ardent in his faith, that one more expedition set out on this luckless enterprise. Of this party only one man returned to narrate the disasters which had overwhelmed his comrades!

Thus terminated the dream of the golden utopia; and with its sad tale of rash enthusiasm we close our sketches. If of less airy form than its predecessors, it was equally delusive as they, and infinitely more fatal to the enthusiastic spirits who adventured on its search—foremost and noblest among whom was our own gallant Raleigh. All the sufferings of those ardent adventurers—some in search of riches, others with the higher but still vainer dream of Eden in their hearts—hardly convinced them that El-Dorado was but a fiction of their heated fancy. Toiling onwards in courageous hope, everything seemed to them to announce their approach to the golden land: rocks of mica glittering in the sunbeams were its golden barriers, the hues of sunset were its gorgeous skies. But vanity of vanities was all their searching. Hunger, and pestilence, and fatigue thinned their ranks and bowed their spirits; and many a gallant heart, worthy of a nobler fate, thus fell a victim to its high-wrought fancies amid the wilds of Guiana—

'All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain!'

THE CHAMBER OF REFUGE.

In the year 1783 there occurred in Sicily and the south of Italy one of the most fearful earthquakes on record. In this terrible convulsion perished upwards of forty thousand people. Mountains are said to have changed places; new rivers burst forth, whilst old ones disappeared; entire plantations were removed from the spot they occupied to one far distant; and the face of the country was so altered, that a native returning to it after a month's absence would not have had the most remote idea where to seek the home he had so lately left.

It is one of the most frightful facts connected with the history of mankind that occasions of this description are always more or less seized on for the commission of crime; and the robber and the murderer, reckoning on the impunity afforded by the universal terror and confusion, not content with the horrors of the time, add to them those of their own dark deeds. Many such instances of atrocity occurred at the period we allude to; and we are about to relate one of them, not for its own sake, since it is to be feared the incident was of too common a nature to merit particular notice, but for the sake of the influence it had on the fate of two innocent and estimable persons.

In the neighbourhood of Reggio lived the Marquis Agostino Colonna, a widower, who counted a long line of

ancestors, and had only two sons to inherit his wealth and his titles, the former of which was reputed to be very considerable; not that his manner of living countenanced this notion, but he had the reputation of being a miser, and was supposed to be hoarding immense sums for those much-beloved sons, the junior of whom was at the period of the earthquake residing in Paris with his young wife and child, as envoy from the Neapolitan to the French court; and this immense treasure was believed to be deposited in a secret chamber situated somewhere in or near the castle, but where no one knew except the marquis himself. In the disturbed times of our ancestors, such chambers were attached to many a baronial tower, either for the purpose of concealing treasure, or to serve as a hiding-place in case of danger, and as the value of the resource depended on the inviolability of the secret, the head of the family was alone permitted to possess it, with the liberty, however, of communicating it, whenever he thought fit, to his immediate successor.

In accordance with this custom, the eldest of the two sons, Count Agostino, was duly made acquainted with the family mystery; but in 1782 the young man being accidentally killed whilst hunting, Count Neocles became the heir. He being absent in France at the time, the old marquis, not choosing to commit so important a secret to the insecure post of those days, preferred writing certain directions by which the chamber might be discovered, depositing the sealed paper, with others of importance, in a casket, which, in case of his death, was to be opened only by his son. The marquis had a servant called Baldoni, who had been the foster-brother of the eldest son. To this man, in whom he placed entire confidence, he pointed out the casket, enjoining him, in the event of his the marquis' dying before the return of Neocles, to deliver it into his son's hands himself. Baldoni promised; but it appears that the idea of what the casket might contain had haunted his mind; and not the less that some inadvertent words dropped by the marquis led him to suspect that the key to the great family secret would therein be found. Nevertheless Baldoni might have continued honest had not a fatal temptation to be otherwise fallen in his way.

On the 5th of February 1783 an oppressive sirocco wind had thrown the inhabitants of the castle of Colonna into that state of languor so well known as one of its effects, when the marquis, who was confined to his apartment by the gout, summoned a young girl called Pepita, who had been a protégée of his late wife's, to come and sing to him. This girl had so exquisite a voice, that the manager of the small Opera company at Reggio had made her liberal offers to induce her to join them; but the marquis, by promising to provide for her at his death, persuaded her to remain where she was. She was gentle, cheerful, neat-handed, and pretty; and these qualities, together with the charm of her singing, rendered her very valuable to the old man in his declining years and sickness: inasmuch, that whenever he was ill—and he was subject to long and frequent fits of gout—she was appointed his special attendant; and in order that she might be always within call, he appropriated a small room adjoining his own to her particular use. On this fatal 5th of February, however, Pepita being as languid and incapable of exertion as her betters, had retired to this little apartment, locked the door, and thrown herself on her bed, where she lay silent and still, even when she heard Baldoni knock and say the marquis wanted her. He had scarcely quitted her door, concluding her to be elsewhere, when a strange sound arose in the air, and the castle began to rock to and fro like a ship on a stormy sea. At the same time a large beam that supported the ceiling fell, penetrating the partition wall, and bringing great part of the ceiling with it. A cry from the adjoining room alarmed her for her master's safety, made Pepita rush to the door; but it was so blocked up by the fallen beam that she could not reach it: whereupon she sprang to a hole in the wall, and leaping on a table, looked through it. The marquis was stretched insensible upon the floor, evidently struck down by a heavy piece of cornice that lay beside him; and Baldoni, who had just

entered the room, was standing beside him. Pepita was on the point of raising her voice to ask his assistance, when she saw him rush to a corner of the room, open a press, take out a small casket, and hastily quit the room; the whole transaction being so rapid, that the girl had scarcely time to comprehend what she beheld till it was all over. Nor, indeed, had she much leisure to think of it, for the shocks succeeded each other with such rapidity, and the noise and darkness were so terrific, that she expected every moment to be her last; but, unfortunately for her, she was reserved for a worse fate. By sheltering herself under the beam, she escaped being crushed by the falling masses around her; and although the castle was destroyed by the earthquake, poor Pepita was dug out of the ruins alive, after lying under them for three days without food. A severe illness was the first consequence of this calamity; and the second was, that her hopes of a provision from the marquis were annihilated, he being found apparently crushed to death, and no will discovered. As Pepita had no friends, she was carried to a public hospital, temporarily arranged for the reception of the sufferers: and here, as soon as she was well enough to be permitted to see anybody, she was surprised by a visit from Baldoni. She had, during her confinement, had plenty of time to reflect on what she had witnessed; and an Italian herself, she was well aware of the danger she would incur, should the party principally concerned suspect her acquaintance with his fatal secret, until she had some one to protect her from his vengeance. She therefore resolved to preserve an unbroken silence on the subject till the return of the heir, Count Neocles; but, not doubting that the casket contained some valuables belonging to the family, she determined, on his arrival, to disclose what she had seen, and in the meantime to avoid, if possible, a meeting with Baldoni, apprehending that her countenance might involuntarily betray her. Nothing, therefore, could be less welcome than his visit, the more so as it was quite unexpected, and she had no time to compose her spirits or prepare her countenance for the interview. He spoke to her with considerable kindness—too much, indeed; for jealousy of her interest with the marquis had hitherto made him rather her enemy than her friend, and the altered tone alarmed much more than it encouraged her. He offered to supply her with anything she required; bade her entertain no anxiety with regard to her future subsistence; assuring her that although the marquis had left no will, he would communicate to Count Neocles his father's intentions in her favour, and her claims on the family; and finally left her, promising shortly to repeat his visit. And what rendered this sudden accession of good-will the more suspicious was, that during the whole of the conversation his countenance belied his words: no benignity was there, no sympathy, no pity. It was evident to her that he was racked with anxiety, and that, while he was speaking to her, his eyes sought to penetrate her soul; whilst she, terrified and conscious, could not summon courage to meet his glance.

Baldoni, on his part, left her, convinced that his worst fears were realised—Pepita knew his secret. He had expected no less. He had been foremost in the search for her and the marquis when it was discovered that they were both buried beneath the ruins: the one he knew to be dead, and he felt perfectly indifferent as to the other, till they reached the spot and found her alive. Till then, he had not believed her to be in that room; nor, in his haste and eagerness to fly, had he observed the rent in the wall made by the fallen beam. Struck with dismay when it was ascertained that she was there and alive, Baldoni had immediately retreated, lest the sight of him should have provoked her to an abrupt disclosure of what she had witnessed. It possibly might have done so; as it was, all she did was to point to the adjoining room, exclaiming 'My master!—my master!' And then, overcome by her sufferings, bodily and mental, she fainted; and in that state was carried to the hospital.

The unwelcome visitor soon returned; and she was more alarmed than before when she found that his professions of kindness were beginning to assume a more

special form; and that, whilst his stubborn features expressed hatred, he wished to convey the idea that he was in love with her. This was worse than all; and anxious to elude the persecution that she feared awaited her, Pepita quitted the hospital, and sought a refuge with a sister of her mother's, who had a son called Antonio, a fine young man, who earned his bread as a vinedresser. Antonio had long entertained a *tendresse* for his pretty cousin; but her situation at the castle, and the favour in which she stood with the marquis, had so far lifted her out of his level, that when she visited the cottage she was received rather as a superior than a relation. Besides, it was well known that Pepita was to be provided for: Pepita, in short, in the estimation of the poor vinedresser, was an heiress, and far above his aim. Now she was as poor as himself; and that event, which to her was the most severe misfortune, first awakened his heart to hope. Although Antonio had never told his love, Pepita was quite as well aware of it as if he had, and had been, even in her most prosperous days, extremely well disposed to return it. She was now doubly so; there was love on one side to propel her, and fears on the other. Once the wife of Antonio, she reckoned on being free from the persecutions of Baldoni, and she would have some one to protect her from his vengeance till the return of the new master. Young, innocent, and simple, and residing under the same roof, it was not long before the priest was spoken to, and the wedding-day fixed. How they were to subsist gave them little concern. In that mild climate human necessities are with less difficulty supplied than in colder countries, where more substantial shelter and food, together with fuel and warm clothing, are required. Besides, Pepita was well aware that she could gain money by her voice if she needed it.

Whilst these arrangements were making, she scrupulously avoided Baldoni, and she trusted that he knew nothing of her movements; at all events, he seemed to have intermitted his pursuit, and she almost ventured to hope that her alarm had been groundless. But she was mistaken: Baldoni had intermitted his pursuit, which had been prompted by policy, and not by love, because he had read in her countenance that it was worse than hopeless. He apprehended his perseverance might only have served to provoke her to some decisive measures against him, and therefore he forbore; but he had his eye upon her, was informed of all her movements, and cunningly penetrated the motive of her temporary silence. It is needless to say he hated her, and her husband no less, for he never doubted that she had made him acquainted with the fatal secret; and as there is nothing so cruel as fear, he would probably have hesitated little to take their lives could he have done it without danger to himself; but that being impossible, he hit upon a scheme for securing his own safety a thousand times more barbarous.

When the period appointed for the return of the marquis approached, Baldoni one day presented himself at the cottage of the newly-married pair, with a letter in his hand, dated from Rome, and signed Neocles Colonna. The epistle was addressed to Baldoni, and in it he was desired immediately to despatch Pepita to Rome, where he had procured an engagement for her to sing at one of the theatres on very advantageous terms. The writer then gave directions as to how she was to travel, adding, that if she had any relation who could accompany her, so much the better, as she might need a protector. Your husband will accompany you of course, said Baldoni.

That the letter was a forgery seems never to have entered the mind of the girl; and to dispute the will of the master would have been out of the question; whilst to have so convenient an opportunity of communicating with the count at a distance from Baldoni was very agreeable to her. As for her husband, no misgivings assailed him, for he was not aware of any reason for entertaining any; she having prudently resolved not to make him the confidant of her dangerous secret till the marquis's arrival. Baldoni, in accordance with the orders given in the letter, undertook to arrange everything for

their journey; and as quickly as their preparations could be made they started.

In due time, the marquis with his wife and son arrived; the latter a fine lad of twelve years of age. Baldoni shortly afterwards relinquished his situation in the family, and went to reside at a lonely village called Tempesta, where he associated with no one but his own household, which consisted of his wife and a lovely daughter, of whom he was passionately fond. As for Pepita and her husband, it not being the custom to interrogate great people about such matters, no inquiries were made respecting them; especially as the old woman, Antonio's mother, who was the only person interested in their fate, after a reasonable interval, received a letter announcing their safe arrival at Rome, and also their extreme satisfaction at their reception, and the engagement made for them. In less than three years after the departure of her son and daughter-in-law the old woman died; but as she had nothing to leave, there was no necessity for seeking her heirs; and thus, as is the way of the world, no more being heard of them, Pepita and her husband were soon as much forgotten as if they had never existed.

We must now request our readers to imagine a lapse of six years. Young Count Agostino, the son of Neocles, who was twelve years of age on his return from France, is now a noble, handsome youth of eighteen; romantic, bold, very fond of sport, and a capital shot. Adored by his father and mother, he enjoyed a great deal of liberty; and as there was very good shooting in the neighbourhood of Tempesta, he was in the habit of paying frequent visits in that quarter; on which occasions he frequently contrived to be benighted, and Baldoni's house being the best in the neighbourhood, he had an excellent excuse for making it his lodging. The fact was, that on one of these excursions he had met with Baldoni's beautiful daughter Lucia; and although she was some years older than himself, had fallen in love with her. Baldoni was perfectly aware of the effect of his daughter's charms, and instead of repressing, encouraged the attachment, allowing himself to indulge ambitious hopes of a union betwixt the young people; and although to any other person such a project would have appeared utterly absurd, Baldoni had his own private reasons for considering it by no means so desperate as it seemed. It is also not to be doubted that whilst his ambition on the one hand, and his paternal affection on the other, made him desire the match, the stings of conscience, which did not prompt him to restitution, were yet sufficiently troublesome to make him rejoice in an occurrence which would enable him to render back his ill-gotten gains to the family he had injured, by simply making his daughter heiress of his hidden treasures.

Ever since the death of the late marquis, a mass was annually performed for his soul on the anniversary of the earthquake; and this ceremony took place in the evening at Tempesta, in an old chapel belonging to the family of Colonna, situated on the sea-shore, which was especially dedicated to services for those who perished by sudden accident, whether by land or water. However little disposed for such solemn offices, the gay young Agostino was expected to be present at these rites; and it is scarcely a matter of surprise that, weary with his day's sport, he should be more inclined to indulge in a sly nap in an obscure corner of the chapel, than to listen to the prayers for the dead, chanted by the quivering voice of the family chaplain. At all events so it was; and on one of these occasions, so soundly did he sleep, that the whole congregation defiled out of the chapel without arousing him. Neither did any one miss him; his father and mother concluding that he intended to remain at Tempesta to shoot, and Baldoni, at whose house he had slept on the preceding night, taking it for granted that he had returned to the castle with his parents.

It was long past midnight when he awoke, and it was not immediately that he could recollect where he was; and when he did so, and comprehended his situation, he soon found that he must be obliged to content himself with his lodging for the rest of the night. There was light enough from the moon to enable him to find his way to

the door; but it was locked; and having called as loudly as he could, without obtaining any response, he made up his mind to the worst, and settled himself once more to sleep, till the sacristan, coming to sweep out the chapel, should release him in the morning.

He had, however, scarcely fallen into a state of forgetfulness, when he was once more aroused by a noise proceeding from the altar; and turning his eyes in that direction, he was surprised to perceive a man muffled in a cloak, with a lantern in his hand, who seemed suddenly to rise out of the earth. Amazed and alarmed, for the young man was without arms, he remained silently watching the stranger, who first stooped down, then blew out his lantern, and finally, with a stealthy step, crossed to the door of the chapel and went out, locking the door after him.

Who could this be! and what could he be doing there? The face of the stranger was undistinguishable; but there was something in the air and gait that put him in mind of Baldoni. Now although Agostino was after a manner in love with Lucia—that is, in love with her as great lords are in love with maids of low degree—he was far from admiring Baldoni, whom he thought a gloomy, forbidding man, and whose designs on himself he had penetrated; and it was therefore less difficult for him to conceive some evil purpose on the part of the ex-steward, than to imagine what that purpose could be. In vain he puzzled his brain to discover it; and morning finding him quite unsatisfied, he resolved that the matter should not rest there; and as, in order to facilitate his further investigations, it was necessary to be silent with respect to what had occurred, after examining the spot where the man had emerged, and finding nothing to explain his appearance, he climbed up to one of the windows, opened it, and letting himself carefully down on the outside, made his way back to the castle long before his father and mother were out of their beds.

On the following night, unseen by anybody, the young count repaired, well armed, to the chapel, to which, as the family had a private key, he had no difficulty in obtaining access. There, in concealment, he remained till dawn, without seeing anything of the mysterious stranger. For three successive nights he met with no better success, by which time he not only began to be extremely tired of his stone pillow, but he also began actually to doubt whether he had seen what he imagined he had, or whether the whole had not been a vivid dream. For several ensuing nights, therefore, he slept quietly in his bed; but as soon as he was thoroughly refreshed, his spirit of adventure returned, and his curiosity urged him to make one more attempt. It had been on a Saturday night that he had seen the stranger; a fortnight had now elapsed, and it was Saturday again; and with a strong presentiment of success, he started once more for the chapel, and having locked himself in, took up his position in an obscure corner near the high altar; and, sure enough, shortly after the clock struck twelve he heard a key turning in the chapel door, and presently he saw the same individual enter, with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other. He walked straight up to the altar, near to where Agostino crouched, concealed by a pillar; and then placing his lantern and basket on the steps, he stooped down under the table, and took something which Agostino concluded was a key, since he immediately afterwards opened a door in the pillar adjoining that behind which the young man was concealed, and entering the aperture, shut it after him, and disappeared. In about half an hour he returned, with the basket still on his arm, locked the door, replaced the key, blew out his lantern, and left the chapel as before. Agostino not only now felt himself secure of penetrating the mystery, but he was also satisfied that the man was no other than Baldoni; and for the first time a recollection of the family tradition regarding the secret chamber, and the treasures it was supposed to contain, recurred to his mind. Baldoni had no doubt discovered it, and was helping himself to its valuable contents. It was a grand thing at eighteen to have found out this; and it would be still grander to complete the enterprise himself; and this he resolved to do. So he waited till the morning dawned, and then set

about searching for the key, and the door to be opened with it; but neither could he find, nor even the smallest trace of them. What was to be done! Go to Baldoni, tell him what he had seen, and insist on a confession! But how force him to it! He was a dark, silent, resolute man, and might prefer dying, and taking the secret with him to the grave. On the whole, Agostino thought a better plan would be to wait till the next Saturday, then place himself in ambush, and just at the moment that Baldoni had opened the door in the pillar, and was entering the aperture, to place a pistol at his head, and stop him; and to this scheme he adhered.

Accordingly, when the night came, he was at his post betimes. At the accustomed hour the chapel door opened, and, as usual, Baldoni advanced to the altar, stooped down, and then, turning to the pillar, stretched out his arm to insert the key in the lock. It had been the intention of Agostino not to stir till the door was open; but in his eagerness not to lose the opportunity, he moved too soon, and the instant he emerged from behind the pillar that concealed him, Baldoni, without pausing to see who the intruder was, drew a pistol from his bosom and fired; whilst at the same moment the young count, perceiving the action, levelled the one he held in his hand, and drew the trigger. The two reports were simultaneous, and both the combatants fell. On the following morning, when the sacristan entered the chapel, he found Baldoni and the young count both apparently dead on the floor; beside them lay their weapons, an empty basket, and an extinguished lantern. News was immediately sent to the marquis, who soon arrived with a physician. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary an incident nobody could guess. Why they should have been in the chapel at all, and still more why they should have shot each other, was altogether inexplicable. Lucia declared that she had no idea that her father was anywhere but in his bed; and that as for the young count, he had not been at their house for a fortnight or more. In spite of this, the conclusion to which everybody inclined was, that Baldoni had quarrelled with the count in consequence of his attentions to his daughter, and that, for some incomprehensible reason, they had met there to discuss the question.

In the meantime, whilst everybody was guessing and wondering, the physician declared that Baldoni was dead, but that Agostino, though wounded, was not dangerously hurt, and was suffering chiefly from loss of blood; and due remedies being applied, he was ere long restored to consciousness; but as he was exceedingly weak, talking was forbidden, and all inquiries as to the meaning of this strange event were deferred till he was stronger.

In the meanwhile there was nobody more perplexed about this affair than Lucia herself. Whatever the world might think, she felt assured that there had been no quarrel betwixt Agostino and her father about her; and a thousand circumstances recurred to her that had at various times induced her to believe that there was some strange mystery connected with that chapel. In the first place, she was well aware that double the quantity of provisions they consumed were weekly provided, and as regularly carried out of the house, to be given to the poor, as her father had told her; but who these poor were she had never been able to ascertain. Then, as for lamp-oil, the quantity that was bought and disappeared was truly astonishing; added to which, she not only was aware of her father's having at different times purchased coarse clothing which he never wore, but since her mother's death he had also desired her to procure complete suits of female attire, and even baby-linen of the same ordinary description, which she had done and delivered to him, but which vanished in the same mysterious manner. Many slight observations of her own had connected these disappearances with the chapel; and she never went into it without casting her eyes around in the hope of discovering some clue to the mystery; and finally, finding none, she concluded that some political offenders or state criminals, whom her father favoured, were concealed in the vestry room, probably with the cognisance of the marquis; and this last opinion was strengthened by her

knowledge of the sums of money her father expended, though whence he drew his funds she did not know. There was not only the amount lavished on provisions, oil, and so forth; but she knew that he had lately purchased an estate, although the transaction had been conducted with great secrecy.

On one occasion, too, when her father had been ill, and confined to his bed for some days, she remarked that he was suffering great anxiety of mind, and he was even once on the point of disclosing a secret of importance to her. He had gone so far as to swear her to secrecy, and had commenced his instructions, which were to the effect that she should fill a basket with provisions and a jar with oil; but there his communications stopped, and he said he would wait to see how he should be on the following day. On the following day he was better; and his health continuing to amend, she heard no more of the matter, whilst an attempt she once made to renew the conversation was too eminently unsuccessful to admit of her repeating it.

Reviewing all these circumstances, Lucia, who was a well-disposed girl, felt extremely uneasy. That these provisions and clothes were for some concealed fugitive she could scarcely doubt. In those days, too, and in that part of the world, such hidings were by no means uncommon. Supposing such to be the case, the supply of their necessities must now fail: she trembled to think what might be the consequences. Yet whom to apply to she did not know. She would have selected Agostino; but in the first place, he was ill; and in the second, she naturally concluded that the quarrel, if such there had been, must have been connected with this secret.

Thus perplexed, her first step after her father was interred was to send for the sacristan and question him: if there were any persons above ground in the chapel, he must know it. However, he assured her there were not; but he admitted that he had his own suspicions about the chapel too. He was not altogether ignorant of Baldoni's visits, though the latter had made it worth his while to be silent; and how he had obtained the key with which he entered he could not tell. The sacristan confessed that he believed somebody was concealed in a vault beneath the building, but the entrance to it he had never been able to discover.

'They will be starved,' exclaimed Lucia, 'if we cannot find it!' And terrified at this possibility, she resolved to take the curate of the village into her confidence. He, apprehensive of incurring too much responsibility, lost no time in applying to the marquis's confessor for advice. Now it happened, on the day before this visit of the curate's to the castle, that Agostino, being considerably recovered, and able to speak without inconvenience, had described the circumstances which had led to his being wounded, concluding his narrative with a request that no attempt should be made to penetrate the secret passage till he was well enough to accompany the explorers.

The intelligence brought by the curate, however, altered the case: there was not a moment to be lost: Agostino had no great difficulty in indicating the situation of the door, but where was the key? Baldoni had certainly had it in his hand when the ball struck him; and as he had not been able to move from the spot, the chances were, that it might be found near the pillar, and with that hope the two priests and the marquis started for Tempesta. On inquiring for the key, the sacristan said he had picked up a small one of a singular construction on the floor of the chapel a day or two before, and not knowing to whom it belonged, he had left it on the window sill; and there they found it.

The directions they had received from Agostino enabled them, after some seeking, to discern a small round hole in the pillar, into which the key fitted, and immediately a panel slid back, and discovered a flight of steps, which, having provided themselves with lights, they descended, till they reached a door which was locked; they were about to send for instruments to break it open, when, observing a hole like that in the pillar, they bethought themselves of trying the same key: the experiment suc-

ceeded; and a second door being opened in a similar manner, they found themselves in a kind of chamber about twenty feet square. It contained a bed and several articles of domestic use; whilst three individuals, huddled together, with haggard features and sunken eyes, sat crouching on the floor in the dark. These were Pepita, her husband Antonio, and a child born to them in their dismal captivity!

The poor prisoners were so reduced from want of food, and their senses so dulled by their long confinement, that at first they could hardly comprehend that relief had reached them. They had been two days without food or light, and had already quietly resigned themselves to the death which they believed awaited them. They were immediately conducted above ground, where every kindness and attention was shown them. It was remarked that the woman was much less blunted and stupefied than the man, the influence of her maternal affections having operated favourably by supplying her with a constant source of interest.

As soon as they were in a state to be interrogated, Pepita, having just communicated what she had seen on the day of the earthquake, proceeded to mention the order she had received to join the marquis at Rome; and how, under the guidance of Baldoni, they had started on their journey, with a vettura provided by him. They travelled at a slow rate along the sea-shore, and had not been more than an hour on the road when a wheel came off, and they were invited to descend, and take shelter in a sort of grotto or hermitage close upon the shore, whilst the driver went to fetch somebody to repair the carriage. 'Here we waited some time,' continued Pepita; 'and as we had started in the evening, night soon came on, and after partaking of some supper, Antonio getting uneasy at the driver's absence, went out to seek him; whilst I, feeling excessively drowsy, stretched myself on the floor to rest. How long I slept I do not know; but when I awoke, I found myself in a place I did not recognise, with Antonio lying on the floor beside me fast asleep. There was a lamp burning on a small table, a bed in one corner, and the basket of provisions and wine with which Baldoni had furnished us for the journey, standing close to me. I tried to wake my husband, but could not; and being still overcome with drowsiness, I turned round and went to sleep again. The next time I awoke it was he that had aroused me.'

'Pepita,' said he, 'where are we? What has happened?'

'I do not know,' answered I. 'We can't be at Rome; can we?' For my head was quite confused, and I did not remember well anything that had occurred since we left home.

'My husband's memory was very much perplexed too, and it was some time before I recollected how I had gone to sleep in the old hermitage, and before he was able to describe to me what had happened to him.'

'After we had eaten some cold meat, and drank some wine out of our basket,' said he, 'I remember going out to look for Baldoni, but I could not find him; and a strange feeling coming over me, as if I were intoxicated, I returned to the grotto, where I saw you lying asleep on the floor. I believe the wine I had drunk had given me a relish for more, for I remember opening the basket, and applying again to the bottle. I must have drunk a great deal, I am afraid, for after this, I cannot clearly recall what happened; only I think the Signor Baldoni came and said he was sorry for the accident, and that he would take us to a better place to pass the night; but which way he took me I am sure I cannot tell; but I suppose in the morning we shall learn where we are, and pursue our journey.'

'I thought so too,' continued Pepita; 'and it was not till many hours had elapsed that any suspicion of foul play entered my mind; and when it did, I did not dare hint my thought to Antonio, till at length he himself began to be uneasy. Not that he had any suspicion of Baldoni; but many strange stories of travellers being betrayed into the hands of banditti by the vetturinos had reached us, and he was afraid we had fallen into some

such ambush. As for my own apprehensions, I confess I was afraid to avow them; for if they were well-founded, I comprehended that our case was desperate; for Baldoni must either intend to take our lives, or keep us in perpetual captivity, in order to insure his own safety.

'We had no means of computing time, but we fancied about twenty-four hours had elapsed since we awoke from our heavy sleep, when we first heard the sound of an opening door and approaching footsteps. By this time our lamp had gone out, and we were in the dark; but our visitor had a lantern, and I saw that my fears were verified—it was Baldoni. He brought us provisions and oil; but when we asked him where we were, and wherefore imprisoned, he refused to tell us. All he would answer was, that he was acting under authority, and that we should shortly be released. In this story he always persisted; and sometimes he gave us reason to believe that our freedom was at hand. He said we were to go by sea, and not to return to Italy under pain of death. I believe it was this constant hope of liberty that kept us alive through all these tedious years. We never wanted for food or clothing, nor did we suffer much from cold. Neither did any incident vary our sad life, except that once Baldoni exceeded the usual period of his absence by about twenty-four hours, which alarmed us very much, and himself too, I believe; for after that, he always brought us a larger quantity of provisions in case of any accidental impediment to his coming; and it is to this precaution we owe it that we are now alive.'

The history of the melancholy six years passed in this cruel imprisonment was comprised in these few words; and as Baldoni himself was gone, no further particulars could be collected. These vaults were the secret refuge known traditionally in the family, to which Baldoni had found the clue in the casket. The amount of treasure reported to be there had been greatly exaggerated; but a considerable sum had been always left in case some sudden danger should necessitate a precipitate flight, and of this Baldoni had possessed himself. There were three entrances or exits: one under the castle; one in the old hermitage by the sea-shore; and the third, as we have seen, in the chapel.

There was every reason to believe that the wine the unfortunate travellers had drunk was drugged; and it appeared evident, from a variety of circumstances, that the wretched man had intended to send them away by sea, after alarming them to such a degree as to deter them from ever attempting to return; but the difficulty of arranging the removal, and his personal apprehensions, had delayed the fulfilment of his intentions till he was himself cut off in the blossom of his sins; an event which would have insured the death of the poor captives, but for the singular train of accidents that led to their release.

It is needless to say that the sufferers were well taken care of for the rest of their lives; whilst Lucia, who was guiltless of her father's crimes, was, at the request of Agostino, respectably married, and sent to reside with her husband to Rome.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHAT BECOMES OF DISCHARGED PRISONERS?

No one believes that imprisonment in the usual way produces reform; and the question, therefore, is highly interesting, 'What becomes of discharged prisoners?' They leave the jail without money, and without character, and are turned loose upon the world to seek a subsistence as they can. Their former haunts are the only places open to them, and their former associates the only human beings who do not turn away from them in terror or contempt. What resource have they? Is it possible for them to change their evil habits, and become members of society? It is not possible. Crime is their destiny. Society has punished them for their transgression of its laws; its dignity is vindicated, its outraged virtue appeased; and having deprived them, by the stigma it has attached to their character,

of any possible alternative, it dismisses them to their old course of villany. Society has caught a wolf; and having punished its depredations by imprisonment, it gravely unlocks the door, and turns it out—with teeth, appetite, and instinct as sharp as ever—into the sheep-walk!

If the liberated prisoner is caught again, he is of course punished for his offences as before? Not as before. He receives a heavier punishment, because this is the second time; because he has yielded to an uncontrollable fate; because he has done what he could hardly by possibility avoid doing. The magistrate examines the record, discovers a former conviction, and is indignant at the depravity which took no warning, but on the contrary, after a wholesome chastisement, gave itself up anew to crime. The poor wretch is awe-struck by the dignity of virtue, and is too much abashed to offer even the poor excuse, 'But I was hungry—I had not a penny—no one would give me work—what could I do?'

In Manchester, we are told in the Daily News, it is the custom of the criminal class to celebrate the liberation of a comrade by a day of carousal. They wait at the door of the prison, carry him off in triumph, and thus guard against any extraordinary circumstance, any exception to the general rule, which might occur to save him. But of late years, it seems, an opposition has started; an influence of an opposite kind is lying in wait, and now and then a brand is plucked from the burning. This opposing force, it may be thought, is the respectable class of Manchester, who have thus arrayed themselves against the criminal class. Alas! no. The good angel is a solitary individual—a humble workman in a foundry, who obeys the Divine impulse without knowing why; and without a theory or a plan, neutralises alike the destinies of the law and the allurements of the law-breakers.

This individual is Thomas Wright, an old man of threescore-and-ten, and the father of nineteen children. The following account is given by the paper we have mentioned of the way in which his attention was first attracted to the prison world:—'There was a man of a sailor-like appearance who had got work at the foundry as a labourer; he was a steady and industrious workman, and had obtained the favourable notice of Mr Wright. One day the employer came and asked if he (Wright) was aware that they had a returned transport in the place? He had learned that the sailor was such. Mr Wright desired to be allowed to speak with the man, and ascertain the fact. Permission was given; and during the day he took a casual opportunity, not to excite the suspicions of the other workmen, of saying to the man, "My friend, where did you work last?" "I've been abroad," was the reply. The man was not a liar. After some conversation, he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had been a convict. He said he was desirous of not falling into ill courses, and kept his secret, to avoid being refused work if he told the truth. Wright was convinced that in the future he would act honestly, and repairing to their common employer, begged, as a personal favour, that the man might not be discharged. He even offered to become bound for his good conduct. This was ten years ago; and the prejudice against persons who had ever broken the law was more intense than it is now. There were objections; and other partners had to be consulted in so delicate a matter. Great numbers of men were employed in the foundry; and should the matter come to their knowledge, it would have the appearance to them of encouraging crime. This was on the day of paying wages for the week. Before night, however, Wright had the satisfaction to obtain a promise that, upon his responsibility, the convict should be kept. The following day Wright went to look after his protégé—he was gone. On inquiring, he found he had been paid off and discharged the previous night. It was a mistake. The first orders for his dismissal had not been countermanded, and gone he was. Mr Wright at once sent off

a messenger to the man's lodging to bring him back to the foundry. He returned only to say the man had left his lodgings at five o'clock in the morning, with a bundle containing all his property under his arm.' In short, notwithstanding every effort of this benevolent person to find him, the poor convict was never more heard of.

This incident made Mr Wright think as well as feel. The case was only a solitary one. He had been attracted to the man by the mere circumstance of their passing a portion of the day at the same work; but were there not hundreds of other cases, of equal exigence, which had as strong a claim upon his sympathy? He went to the New Bailey, and conversed with the prisoners, passing with them his only day of rest—Sunday. The jealousy with which the authorities at first viewed his proceedings was gradually changed into approbation; and at length, when a prisoner was about to be discharged, he was asked if he could find the man a situation. He did so. 'This was the commencement of his ministry of love. In ten years from that time he has succeeded in rescuing upwards of three hundred persons from the career of crime. Many of these cases are very peculiar; very few, indeed, have relapsed into crime. He has constantly five or six on his list, for whom he is looking out for work. Very frequently he persuades the former employer to give the erring another trial. Sometimes he becomes guarantee for their honesty and good conduct; for a poor man, in considerable sums—L.20 to L.60. In only one instance has a bond so given been forfeited, and that was a very peculiar case. The large majority keep their places with credit to themselves and to their noble benefactor. Most of them—for Mr Wright never loses sight of a man he has once befriended, through his own neglect—attend church or Sunday-school, adhere to their temperance pledges, and live honest and reputable lives. And all this is the work of one unaided, poor, uninfluential old man! What, indeed, might he not do were he gifted with the fortune and the social position of a Howard?'

There are probably very few Mr Wrights in Manchester or anywhere else; but there are hundreds of individuals in every large town in the empire who would cheerfully subscribe a small sum each, to aid in the institution of a society for doing on a large scale what Mr Wright does with the limited means and power of an individual. This, we presume to think, would be the noblest of all charities. It would not, like some other public charities, including the workhouse, rob men of their social rights, and withdraw them from their social duties. It would restore to them the one by leading them back to the other; it would turn felons into citizens; and, in fine, it would save the country the expense of one or more new convicts and new imprisonments for every man rescued. Do not let us be told of impossibility, or even difficulty, in the face of the fact, that in ten years three hundred felons have been saved from a continuance in a life of villany by a poor workman in a foundry!

FURTHER PROGRESS OF ADULTERATION.

We have at various times referred to the processes by which articles of general consumption are adulterated; and we drew the attention of our readers lately to one—*mirabile dictu!*—of a beneficial nature rather than otherwise. This was the mixture of coffee with chicory, which, in proper proportions, improves the taste of the beverage, while it lowers slightly the price at which the article can be sold. We were not then aware, however, that chicory is *itself* the subject of large adulterations; and that, when advising the addition of two ounces of the powder to fourteen ounces of coffee, we could offer no security that our docile readers would not be thus indulging in a preparation of carrots, parsnips, and other vegetables, or old warm-eaten ships' biscuits, highly roasted and ground!

The best chicory is sold to the retailer at 4s. per

cwt., but he can obtain it as low as *fourteen shillings*—a fact which is tolerably significant of itself. Perhaps the cunning purchaser, however, may buy his chicory in nibs; but that is of no avail, for the nibs are plentifully mixed with a kind of bread very highly baked, and broken into pieces of the proper size. That our information on this subject is correct we have no doubt, from the result of an experiment we recollect making ourselves in London some years ago. We tried the admixture of chicory first in small proportions, and then gradually to the extent of a fourth part; but all in vain. The desired taste would not come, or anything like it; and we were at length obliged to have recourse again to a grocer who had acquired the reputation of selling *French* coffee, and who took care no doubt to supply himself with the *genuine adulteration*.

The only article the trade sells at a 'prodigious sacrifice' is sugar; and on this they make no scruple of submitting to a loss of 5s., 7s., or even 10s. per cwt. The custom, no doubt, commenced when sugar was dear, and brought in inadequate quantities into the market. Some speculative grocer, to tempt and secure his tea and coffee customers, submitted to a loss on the condition requisite for these beverages; and this stratagem being of course imitated by his rivals, became a custom of the trade. But this cheap sugar was not cheap enough; and some enterprising dealers sought 'in the lowest deep a lower still.' They intermixed with it potato sugar and sago flour, and so produced an article which they announced with great truth as being able to 'defy competition.' The public, however, must share the blame with the grocers. They will not take the trouble of calculating what the fair remunerating price of an article should be, which they can easily do by adding the duty to the publicly-known price in bond, and allowing a reasonable profit. They demand what is *cheap*; and they pursue cheapness from shop to shop till they obtain adulteration. In this country of shopkeepers there is no demand that does not meet with an almost immediate supply. Do you desire cheap tea? How can that be obtained with a duty of 2s. 2½d. per lb.? Very easily. The used leaves can be collected in large quantities, and even after deducting the expense of manipulation, can be sold to you—since you must absolutely have it so—at 3s. per lb. Cheap coffee, we have already said, is a mixture of the ground berry with chicory, culinary vegetables, and ships' biscuits; but sometimes burnt treacle or sugar is added, which confers upon the beverage a strong and peculiar taste.

But perhaps you want cheap cocoa? Why not? A good dash among the powdered beans of baked flour, common starch, sago flour, or a dozen other things of the sort, properly coloured with red ochre, will give you at once what you want. Is the desideratum cheap pepper? This is easily manufactured of rice, linseed meal, and an article (a mystery to us) called African Powder. Cheap soda is simply Scotch and English soda intermixed. Must you have cheap fruit? In that case the obliging dealer will purchase for a trifle damaged raisins and currants, and give himself the trouble to have them well sodden in treacle and water. This will make them new fruit, and you will hug yourself upon your bargain.

But if the man sells cheap raisins in the natural state, is it not an imposition in him to charge dear for preserves? Your indignation recalls him to his duty; and since in buying marmalade you will not pay for the rind of Seville oranges, he sells this to you in the candied state, and gives you the pulp for your marmalade, intermixed with apples, turnips, carrots, and other wholesome, but not very expensive matters.

Cheap soap you readily obtain, but suffer, we fear, some disappointment in its use. The adulteration here is merely water, mixed with it during the manufacture. It is sold to you at a most conscientious price, and of course before it has had time to dry. Cheap butter is produced at your demand by the admixture of flour and water—pea flour with salt butter, and

wheaten flour with fresh butter; the proportions being one-third butter, one-third flour, and one-third water.

Many of the above-mentioned articles are not, and could not be, sold to the retailer by the wholesale houses at as low a price as he charges to the public. The difference is in the adulteration; and we repeat, the public is as much in fault as the dishonest dealer. They will not give the fair dealer even the price which he himself has paid, and he is compelled either to cheat them or 'decline business.' But is it not lamentable to think that this system of fraud pervades a considerable portion of the retail trade of this great country, celebrated throughout the world for the integrity of her merchants? Who are the men who perform such juggleries? Are they the grave and sober citizens we see behind their counters, or passing, genteelly dressed, along the streets, or sitting, with reverent air, in their pew at church, or deciding upon far lighter crimes than their own in the jury-box? The imagination is confounded by such questions. We are ready to think that there must be a mistake somewhere; but the stubborn fact remains confronting us, that there are adulterations, and hundreds more than we have mentioned, and that there must, therefore, be hands to effect them, and retailers to sell with a guilty knowledge even apart from the manipulators themselves.

Such facts as we have stated throw an odium—in many cases, we believe, undeserved—upon those houses which profess to sell cheaply for the consideration of ready money. Would it not be worth the while of one of these houses to publish from time to time a list of wholesale prices (including the duty separately specified) and retail prices, thus showing the amount of profit they charge? Many higher businesses make no secret of their per-centages, and why should they hesitate—more especially since they are well aware that it is only a secret as regards them, because the public will not take the trouble of making the calculation for themselves? If this were done by a house of established character, whose profits were really fair and reasonable, it would convince the public of the stupidity and criminality of their incessant outcry for cheapness, and it would sink the dishonest traders into the scorn and infamy they deserve.

MR SMEE ON ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.

THE philosophy of the present day is characterised by the desire to investigate causes rather than to speculate on effects—objective takes precedence over subjective research; and the popular inquirer asks to be informed not only of what is *done*, but *how*? To talk of gravitation now-a-days is hardly safe; people want some more definite term: they would like to have an image, so to speak, of the abstract idea. Hence the multifarious attempts to explain and clear up the abstruse and undefined in physical or moral science.

Readers of the Journal can hardly be ignorant of the fact, that for some time past it has been considered that the life-principle manifests itself by an electric or voltaic process. In No. 57 (1845),* we published an account of Professor Matteucci's researches on the subject, in which, although the phenomena examined were clearly referrible to voltaic action, yet the complete arrangement of the animal battery was not satisfactorily made out. But according to a work now before us, the title of which appears below,† there need no longer be a doubt upon this point. Mr Smee not only confirms the conclusions of prior investigators, he goes farther, and endeavours to account for mental as well as physical phenomena. 'The physiological matter,' he observes, 'required two lines of investigation: the one having reference to the ultimate structure of organic beings; the other to the actions tak-

ing place in them. . . . By the electro-voltaic test, the mechanism of nervous actions has been determined. . . . Whilst, however, electricity appears to me to be an important agent for the cure of disease, the cases in which it is especially valuable are comparatively few; and I myself regard the treatment upon general electro-therapeutic laws as more valuable than the immediate action of electricity itself.' Thus much premised, it becomes necessary to describe the battery: the author states that 'a central parenchyma,* a peripheral parenchyma, connected together, and each supplied with bright arterial blood, are necessary to life. It follows that bleeding causes death; that the supply of imperfect blood, such as carbonaceous blood, is insufficient to life. Moreover, a destruction of the central parenchyma, by injuring the brain, or of the peripheral, by destroying the body, instantly prevents the manifestations of the functions of animal life. . . . Now a central apparatus, supplied with a peculiar fluid, a peripheral apparatus similarly supplied, the whole connected together to form one universal total, is the apparatus desired; and such an apparatus we have in a double voltaic battery. If we abstract the proper exciting fluid from either end, or substitute any other fluid, or destroy the structure either at one end or the other, or divide the connecting portions or wires, the effects proper to the apparatus will not be manifested, and the battery will be destroyed.'

That animal membranes and fluids may take the place of metallic plates, wires, and acids, is apparent from an experiment suggested by Liebig: a pile was constructed, 'consisting of disks of pasteboard moistened with blood, of muscular substance (flesh), and of brain. This arrangement caused a very powerful deflection of the needle of the galvanometer, indicating a current in the direction of the blood to the muscle.' On this Mr Smee observes: 'In the muscles we have a nitrogenised material which is acid; in the blood we have a nitrogenised material which is alkaline; and the connecting part or nervous fibres are neutral. . . . The periphery or body, therefore, consists of the muscular substance, forming one pole; the cutaneous tissues the opposite; the serous fluid, which lubricates the parts, being the electrolyte. The whole forms a voltaic battery, which I shall hereafter consider in minute detail as the Peripheral Battery.'

'From the peripheral battery two series of connecting media proceed—the first, the muscular nerves, or nerves supplied to the flesh; the second, the nerves distributed to the cutaneous textures. If we examine the nerve-fibres in recently-killed animals, we find that they consist of fine tubes containing a fluid, and lined with a peculiar species of fat, which may be obtained, from their prolongation into the brain, in large quantities, when the part is soaked in alcohol for a long period. In this structure we have all the conditions necessary to insulation—namely, a fine membranous tube lined with fat on its inner side, and containing a fluid in the centre; and such a structure, as far as electrical properties are concerned, would be analogous to a glass tube containing liquid.'

'If we follow the course of the nerves, we find that they are prolonged to the brain, and end in the gray matter, where they again come in contact with a large quantity of blood-vessels. As the two series of nerves are not immediately connected in the brain, it follows, according to the laws of voltaic action, that another battery exists there, which may be termed the central battery. . . . For the integrity of the circuit, it is essential that the peripheral and central batteries be perfect; that their connection be maintained; and that a proper exciting fluid, or bright arterial blood, be distributed to each part.'

Such is Mr Smee's view of the living battery: we come next to his detail of the mode of action. For this he proposes the term *Electro-Aisthenics*, or a study of the various organs of sensation; and these again are com-

* See also Journal, No. 167, 'Remarkable Electric Agencies.'

† Elements of Electro-Biology, or the Voltaic Mechanism of Man; of Electro-Pathology, especially of the Nervous System; and of Electro-Therapeutics. By Alfred Smee, F. R. S. London: Longmans, 1849.

* *Parenchyma*, in physiological language, is the spongy, porous, or membranous substance which forms the bulk of some of the viscera of animals (as the liver), and the tissue of the leaves and growing parts of plants.—Ed.

prised under a new terminology: Opsaisthenics, of sight; Ousaisthenics, of hearing; Gumaisthenics, of taste; Rinaisthenics, of smell; Caenaisthenics, of touch; and last, a sixth sense, Somaisthenics, or bodily feeling. Blood and nerve being present in a normal condition, the integrity of the various actions is assured. The eye, for example, is stimulated by light, leading to the inference of a photo-voltaic current. By means of various chemical solutions, the author establishes the fact artificially. 'Upon exposing,' he writes, 'the apparatus to intense light, the galvanometer was instantly deflected, showing that the light had set in motion a voltaic current, which I propose to call a photo-voltaic circuit.' The eye itself is tested by thrusting a needle through the choroid coat, and another into a neighbouring muscle, and passing the animal experimented on suddenly from darkness into light, when, if carefully conducted, a slight deflection of the galvanometer is the result. With the retina and blood of the choroid coat for the positive pole of the organ of vision, we find the iris and muscles of the eyeball and eyelids proposed for the negative. The phenomena of hearing are accounted for in a somewhat similar way; the poles being the auditory nerve and adjacent muscles. The specific action can only be determined by showing that sound effects a voltaic current; and then how various are its modifications! 'The range of sounds appreciated by the human ear consists of about 12½ octaves, and perhaps extends to the 32d of a note in those endowed with most perfect hearing. From this it follows that the human ear can distinguish about 3200 sounds; and therefore it would require 3200 poles for that purpose.' With respect to the organ of taste, Mr Smee assumes the gustatory nerve as the positive pole; and states that 'we may make a voltaic battery in which the circuit shall be determined by savours, in very different methods. For instance, if we place a little per-salt of iron, with two platina poles, in a V-shaped tube, and then drop a little infusion of meat into one side, a voltaic circuit will instantly be produced.' Next in order comes the sense of smell: and here the author supposes that odorous substances determine a voltaic current, by 'facilitating the reduction of the highly-oxygenated blood;' and that the olfactory nerves constitute the positive pole of the battery. He then proceeds to establish a sense of feeling, Caenaisthenics, as distinct from Somaisthenics, or bodily feeling. The former, he says, 'is that feeling by which we derive certain impressions from without, and is never in our understandings confounded with a bodily feeling, or that sense by which we estimate the changes taking place within our own frame.' Thus Caenaisthenics may be excited by heat or cold, or by mechanical or other pressure; and it is possible to imitate this effect by varieties of voltaic apparatus. But it would appear that, in experimenting on the living body, muscular power must be exerted before the galvanometer marks any trace of a current, as will be understood from Mr Smee's statement. The subject under test was a 'black rabbit, into the *mas-seter* of which,' he observes, 'I introduced one sewing needle, whilst the second was placed in the subcutaneous cellular tissue. After leaving them for a few minutes, so that they might be in the same state, they were connected with the galvanometer without sensible deflection of the needle. After a few moments, the animal, not liking its treatment, made an attempt to bite my finger, and the deflection of the galvanometer instantly showed the mechanism of volition. I then gave the creature a piece of wood to bite, upon which it used all its power of mastication; and by catching the oscillation of the needle, a very powerful current was exhibited.'

We have thus, as clearly as the subject would well admit of, traced an outline of the author's peripheral battery: we now come to the details concerning the central battery. The author maps out the brain into different regions, separated by commissures: to the first, which repeats the impressions conveyed by the sensor, or aisthenic nerves, he assigns the term *Ireno-Aisthenics*: the second, or that by which combined impressions are retained, is *Syndramics*: third, the seeing of numerous

objects, or hearing of numerous sounds, conveys but one idea of sight or audition; the term for this mechanism is *Aisthenic-Noemics*: fourth, *Syndramic-Noemics*, for the ideas derived from combined senses: fifth, *Pneuma-Noemics*, for the notion of infinity: and lastly, to quote the author's own words, 'we have to consider from whence the impulse is sent for the brain to cause action: a study which may be conveniently followed under the term of *Noemic-Dynamics*. . . The details are exceedingly difficult to comprehend in all their minutiae; and yet I trust, by passing gradually from the simple to the complex, the leading features of this wonderful and intricate apparatus will be developed; and though the exemplification of the structure of a single brain would occupy many acres, I can exhibit examples of the mode of acting in the several departments by ordinary voltaic combinations.

'The requisites of action, blood and nerve, are found in sufficient abundance in the central battery or brain, as that organ is literally nothing but fibres and blood-vessels. The nervous fibres are so numerous, that no estimate could be given of the myriads of which the brain is composed; in fact the whole of the white matter of the brain is composed of nerve tubes.'

We believe it was Coleridge who once met a metaphysical serving-maid at a tavern in Germany, and was surprised by hearing her express her belief that every thought, idea, or impression received generated in the brain, remained there ever afterwards, each one stored up in a minute cell, and that good or bad memory would consist in the greater or lesser power of reopening these cells and making use of their contents. If science be competent to determine the point, she was not far from the truth. Mr Smee states: 'When a man receives an impression, it is not evanescent, passing immediately away, but it is retained in the system to regulate future actions. Now, in voltaic constructions, it is not difficult to produce an action which shall influence future motions, and thus exhibit the effects of memory.'

'If we take two iron wires, and place them in a solution of argentic-cyanide of potassium, and direct a voltaic current through them, silver would be reduced at that wire constituting the negative pole. The two wires would be ever afterwards in different electric relations to each other; one would be positive, the other negative; and thus the effects of memory would be shown, and future actions regulated.'

As the nerve fibres all terminate in the gray matter of the brain, these terminations are taken to be the negative poles. In this way the entire body is repeated in the brain, which organ again is supposed to be double, and yet so constituted, that two impressions made at different parts of the body convey but one idea to the mind. Under the head of *Syndramics* the author shows that the large size of the brain, with its multiplicity of fibres and vesicles, is necessary for the reception of the endless variety of impressions made upon that organ. When it is remembered that twenty-four changes can be rung on only four bells, we may form some conception of the myriads of changes to be effected in the 2000 or 3000 elements from each organ of sense. Mr Smee considers that the brain 'probably contains room for all the most important, when packed and arranged with the absolute perfection manifested in all the operations of nature.'

Without following each step of the investigation, we may state that each portion of the brain, as enumerated above, is severally treated of in a somewhat similar process of reasoning. A few of the conclusions at which the author arrives will serve to show the mode by which he builds up his theory. 'The faculty of desiring,' he observes, 'resolves itself into a tendency to act, and is manifested when the central batteries are in a condition of excitement. Desire is to mental operations similar in all respects to tension in electric arrangements. When the desire is gratified, it ceases for a time. This phenomenon is similar to an exhausted battery in which arrangements exist for replenishing the exciting fluid; as in this case, after a time, the battery would again become active, and exhibit tension.'

Again—I might dilate largely upon the mechanism by which pleasure and pain may be regulated; but it will be sufficient to give a single illustration of the most simple method in which, in the voltaic circuit, a strong impression might stop action. If a very minute piece of metal be placed in a glass of fluid as a positive pole, and a large current be passed through it, the metal would instantly be dissolved, and the circuit could not be completed by that road. What is true of solid poles is true of liquid poles, or intervening fluid; and where repair is constantly necessary, as we know it is in the brain, a strong impression would more than equal the ordinary supply, and thus action, through that combination, would be stopped. The effect upon the brain by a painful impression appears to amount to more than mere exhaustion, as the part seems damaged permanently, and the action through that road does not again readily take place.

Next in order we come to Electro-Psychology or 'properties of the mind, deduced from the voltaic structure of the brain.' This portion of the subject involves many important considerations and metaphysical speculations. Mr Smee finds a process for every faculty, even up to the idea of immortality. 'We know,' he says, 'from the very organisation of our bodies, that we are immortal; that God exists; that there is virtue and vice; a heaven and a hell. Man, in every age, in every climate, is compelled, by his very organisation, to believe these first principles. . . . Electro-noemics,' he also explains, 'should be the basis of jurisprudence. It shows that crime and pain should be associated together at the same time, because a stronger result would attend punishment inflicted the moment the crime was about to commence. Such a course is suitable for the lowest intellects, or persons of the lowest mental capacity. When, however, good principles could be effectively instilled, they would control every action, and prove far more useful.'

'Electro-noemics also show that to produce a strong effect in future actions, a strong impression must be left on the brain. From this cause punishment should be inflicted upon a man in a healthy, vigorous condition, and neither ill-fed nor debased in energy; otherwise the impression would be transient or evanescent, and would not deter the party from the commission of future crime. Electro-noemics also indicate that slight and proportionate punishment invariably following crime, would have more effect than severer punishment, with less chance of its infliction.'

From the foregoing summary of Mr Smee's book, it appears to contain matter interesting to other classes of readers as well as electricians and physiologists; but we believe that the time is distant when legislators or philanthropists will discuss questions of social economy or politics in an electro-biological point of view. Still, we are willing to accept the work as another contribution towards an inquiry that has long engaged the attention of philosophers: biology, the science of life, is a subject of permanent interest; and if a writer do no more than provoke discussion, he may do that which will eventually elicit truth.

We here close our notice of Mr Smee's book with an enumeration of its further contents—points of the investigation into which we have not thought it necessary to enter. They are—Electro-bio-Dynamics, or the forces produced in the living body; Bio-Electrolysis, or the changes taking place in the human body; Electro-Biology of Cells, or the relation of electricity to growth, nutrition, and circulation; and last, Electro-Therapeutics and Pathology.

PARTING OF THE HINDOO BRIDE AND HER MOTHER.

[Hindoo girls are generally married at the age of five or six years, and remain under the paternal roof till they are eleven or twelve, when they are taken away by their wedded lord. The *susoorie*, or mother-in-law, is held in universal detestation by the young Hindoo wife; for these women have generally great influence over their sons, are jealous of their affections, and misuse

their power, their ignorance making them unfeeling and tyrannical. As the uneducated Hindoo female has few resources, so her love of external adornment is greater perhaps than is generally ascribed to the fair sex, and jewels and silken sheen constitute her most cherished day-dream. She dyes her feet with *alkah*, extracted from the Brazil wood, a lovely red. Cotton is steeped in this, and dried in the sun in thin patches like lint, and about the size of a dessert plate; in which state it is kept in the bazaars for the toilet of the Hindoo, whose delicate little feet, after being pared and scraped with a pumicestone by a professional female barber, are very tastefully painted with the cotton. The Hindoo females have generally fine long glossy hair, which is neatly plaited at the back of the head into a knot; the front hair is parted à la *Madona*; and the toilet is not complete without a stripe of *sindoor*, a red powder, where the hair parts on the forehead; and a *ticca*, or ornament of tinsel, or talc and gold-leaf—sometimes characteristic of caste. The rich have handsome ornaments of gold or silver, which are fixed to the forehead, and set off very much a fine Hindoo face, peeping out from under a white transparent veil. Tenderness for her offspring is the characteristic of the heathen mother: she lives for her children, and parting with them is almost death.

The *bunnia-bhow*, or *surroff's* daughter, also called *bhow-cottah-cow*—('Speak, daughter-in-law; speak!')—from its saying these words in a mournful manner chiefly during the lovely moonlight nights of the East, is, in its own climate, as interesting a bird as our 'visitant of spring.' The *bunnia-bhow* is of the Oriole tribe; and its yellow plumage, varied with sky-blue and white, is greatly admired. The Europeans sometimes style this lovely creature 'the mango bird,' as it makes its appearance when that fruit is in perfection.

The Asiatic connects no romantic feelings with the turtle-dove; on the contrary, from the following conversation, it will be seen how our favourite in all tender matters is looked upon; she, too, is metamorphosed into a wicked penitent, doomed to proclaim her own sins, and to wander through ages to come over the wide world.]

THE HINDOO MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER CHANDIKA.

Mother. My dear Chandika, you look very dull to-day, and your fingers are very slow. See, I have finished for you the wreath of *bokool* blossoms I began; and there is your string, and the little stick to string the flowers with. Look how pretty these *champas* will be in your black hair: they are like gold!

Chandika. Oh, mother, I can do nothing! Must I not soon leave you? That odious emissary from my husband's house, is he not to be here this afternoon with a *doolie*? And then, my own mother, I shall be under a *susoorie*!

Mother. Dear Chandika, every Hindoo girl is disgraced if she has not a husband and a home to go to. You must look to your lord, Rajhissur, for protection. I saw him, and I am not deceiving you; he is kind, young, and handsome; and your mother-in-law is not such a firebrand as you suppose.

Chandika. I don't know: I hear all the young wives who come to our tank for water at noon, and every one is louder than another in invectives against her *susoorie*. Oh I wish never to leave you!

Mother. Come, let me see your feet. Has the *naptanie* painted them neatly with *alkah*? And are the flowers nicely done on your insteps?

Chandika. Oh dear, yes: she is the handiest *naptanie* in this village. See, my hair is all oiled and plaited, and I have gummed on my *ticca*, and tied on the frontlet of gold; so there remains little else to do to my toilet.

Mother. Come, then, now, and put on your gay new red *saree* of rustling flax: it has cost six rupees, and it is one of the best. Your bracelets (*cangoons*) and armlets (*bazonbands*) are all pure silver, and your nose-ring

is Rajhissur's most valuable gift: the pearls in it are of a fine lustre, and the garnets are sparkling.

Chandika. But my eyes are heavy, and my spirits are dull. Last night, although I did not disturb you, I went under the neem-tree; and there, as the moon shone brightly, I listened to the beautiful bunnia-bhow reiterating her sad notes. Was she not once an odious mother-in-law? And did she not cruelly knock her son's wife on the head for leaving an assigned task unfinished? The soul of the sussoorie should have been put into an owl instead of the yellow bunnia-bhow. Well, I fell asleep at last, and at sunrise I was awakened by the cooing of the turtle-dove. Oh, it kept wailing, 'Bow outpo, poora poor!'—('Rise, daughter-in-law; the measure is full—is full!') She, too, was a cruel wretch, and killed her young *bow* for not pounding and filling a certain measure of rice fast enough; and for that crime she has been transformed into a dove, and can never forget her wicked deed. Oh these odious mothers-in-law!

Mother. Come, dear Chandika, my fair one; come, forget all this: I shall come and see you at the *Door-gapoojah*. How well you look in all your new things! Your skin is as clear and beautiful as the fresh peel of an onion just drawn out from between its flakes!* But there, behold, there comes your father, and the old Brahmin agent with him. Cover your face, and do not cry; I must go and cast myself at the *thagoor's* feet. Let us embrace, my own Chandika; my only child, I must away. [*She prostrates herself at the Brahmin's feet.*]

Brahmin. Good woman, arise. Where is your daughter? The *sewahree*† waits, and we must reach Burdwan to-night: so bring out the young wife. I am answerable for her.

Mother. Just as you please, maharaj. [*Chandika is brought out, covered and veiled, and placed silently and sadly in the litter. The mother is left gazing, until the sewahree diminishes to a speck; then her grief breaks out in loud cries and lamentations.*]

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

ARE as numerous as ever, and nothing gives us so much pain as the continual rejection of papers in prose and verse, written with an apparently earnest wish to succeed; and though not exactly up to the mark, yet occasionally manifesting no small amount of taste and ability. An editor, however, must have no compassion. He stands himself before a critical tribunal, and requires to act with scrupulous indifference in rejecting what seems unsuitable. At the same time, we are of course anxious to help on aspirants for literary honours, and a word of counsel and kindness to the deserving is not wanting where it can be of service.

Correspondents, however, who favour us with hints on miscellaneous topics, are perhaps still more numerous than those who send us papers for consideration. Sometimes these communications are of an amusing kind. They reveal what seems to be the ruling passion of the writer, and go pretty far to give one a notion that society abounds in people each mad on one idea; and all thinking everybody else crotchety and unsound but themselves.

The following candid announcement, enclosed to us under cover, will be received with much satisfaction by the world:—

'The hour is come, but where is the Man? He is ready when he is wanted! Fourteen years have I waited and watched the progress of events, since I first received the impression that on me depended the regeneration of my country. *Mihi omnis spes in memet sita.*

* This is thought a great compliment in the East.

† Procession or cavalcade.

[All my hopes are centered in myself.]—OLIVER (not Cromwell).'

A correspondent, who writes from Birmingham, suggests our giving our opinion on a matter of great delicacy and importance:—

'GENTLEMEN—You would very much oblige a great many of your readers if you would please give them your opinion on Marriage in your Journal. Is there, generally speaking, more happiness in a married or single state? Do you think that men who do not marry till they are thirty-five or forty years of age, would be happier if they did not marry at all?'

Answer—Let all bachelors marry as soon as possible: the older they are, the more expeditious they should be.—Not a bad picture of matrimonial felicity is presented in the following lines from a poem, 'Hours of Solitude,' just handed to us by the author, who tells us he was lately a private soldier:—

Should the hardy tiller of the soil,
The humble peasant, born to daily toil,
With what delight, when sinks the setting sun,
He hies him homeward, all his labour done.
How joys to know, attending his return,
The board is spread, the blazing fagots burn:
But sweeter still his gentle wife will wait
His weary footstep at the garden gate.
He thinks how she, through life's oft dreary hours,
Has strewed his path with love's unfading flowers;
He thinks, though providence to him denied
The glittering splendour of the sons of pride,
He is not poor, for thus, his own to prove,
The unequalled treasures of a virtuous love,
Is greater wealth, and purer rapture brings
Than all the glory, all the pomp of kings.
Such are his thoughts, as 'neath the rising ray
Of the pale moon he slow pursues his way.
Well knows his wife th' accustomed step, before
The latch is raised, or opens the cottage door.
He enters! see, her eye, for ever bright,
Now instant kindles with a clearer light;
And oh! how soon, before its smiling ray,
Fade all the cares and labours of the day.
Soon as their prattling babes to rest retire,
They sit discoursing by the cheerful fire;
In converse sweet, each kindred feeling share,
Illuminate the moments, and forget their care!

* * * * *
Oh! prize that worth, and bless indulgent Heaven,
Whose bounteous hand a kindred heart has given,
Life's rough and dubious paths with thee to share,
Increase thy pleasures, and divide thy care!
There is a charm that words can ne'er reveal,
Known but to those who all its pleasures feel,
When some dear being sheds a lustre bright
Around our home, and fills it with delight.
When friends are near, we feel with lessened force
The little cares that cloud our daily course.
This shalt thou own when, partner of thy home,
Thou lead'st the maiden to thy peaceful dome;
And loved, and loving, prove, in every hour,
The calm pure pleasures of affection's power;
True joys, indeed, which shun the noisy haunts
Where riot reigns, and dissipation flouts.
Nor deign to smile amid the thoughtless throng
Gay folly draws in flowery bands along.

One who signs himself a 'Constant Reader' is concerned on a subject eminently deserving the attention of the social economist and the theologian:—

'GENTLEMEN—I think you would confer a great benefit on the male portion of the community if, in your able Journal, you would advocate the ancient custom of wearing the beard and moustache. I think it can scarcely be consonant with the design of Providence that we should addict ourselves to the practice of shaving; for if the beard was not intended to be worn, why does it grow? Shaving, therefore, is surely irreligious, and a violation of the conscience. I would suggest that there should be an Anti-Shaving Association, which, if properly begun, would soon get plenty adherents. Pardon the liberty of drawing your attention to this far from unimportant subject.'

The above sagacious proposition would scarcely please the razor and strop-making interests; which are, by the way, very active and stirring interests indeed. Some months ago, we received a specimen of G. Saunders's (of New York) Razor-Strop, certainly an advanced species of its class, seeing that it is a four-sided article, having a hone on one side, and leathern strops of graduated smoothness on the remaining three. More lately, there was submitted for our approval a droll-looking razor called the 'Plantagenet Patent.' What the Plantagenets had to do with the affair is beyond our comprehension, as we rather believe shaving was not fashionable in their day. However, that is not the point. What invited notice was the principle of the instrument, which gives the power of shaving without the possibility of cutting the skin. This desirable end is achieved by fixing on the side of the blade a guard resembling a metal comb, the teeth of which project a little beyond the edge. By holding the instrument at the right slope, shaving is at once effected; but if held at a wrong angle, the teeth of the comb rest on the face, bearing off the edge of the razor, and the chance of cutting is thus effectually prevented. This razor is really a very clever thing, and will be of great use on shipboard, or for people with unsteady hands; indeed there is nothing now to prevent any one shaving himself in the dark, or in a railway carriage going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. What next?

Of all the strange presents sent to us editorially, the most strange was that of a trap to place on the mouths of drains, in order to prevent the escape of bad smells! Fortunately, we had no reason to call this patent engine into operation, and are therefore unable to speak of its merits. The authorities of Gwydyr House would be competent to pronounce on the subject *ex cathedra*.

In this category of correspondents we may place one who subscribes himself a 'Hosier in the Midland Counties.' This tradesman begins by complimenting us on a late article, which hinted, in the most remote way possible, at the fashion among ladies of wearing inordinately long petticoats; 'a fashion,' proceeds the hosier, 'that has rendered our business almost good for nothing. Formerly, ladies bought, according to their circumstances, very elegant stockings, both silk and cotton. Hundreds of men were employed in weaving, and women in embroidering. Even servants and country girls prided themselves on a nice clean pair of good stockings, and a pair of neat shoes. What could look so beautiful as a handsome ankle and foot in a white stocking and black shoe, either crossing the street on a bad day, or tripping along the floor of a ball-room? I am sorry to say you never see anything of the kind now. I might as well shut up shop. Ladies are contented to wear sixpenny and ninepenny hose, and none of any account above two shillings. In the streets they go dragging along with ugly dirty boots; and in a ball-room you cannot tell whether they wear any stockings at all: the dresses are so long, that the room is in perpetual dust; and the gentlemen, in dancing, treading upon and tearing their clothes, and apologising. I could weep for the hundreds it has thrown out of employment, and the trade which it has ruined. The gentlemen, also, should never go into even a dining-room where there are ladies, much less a ball-room, with boots; for let them be ever so thin, they are boots still. A pair of nice black trousers, and either black or some choice (not vulgar) fancy silk stockings, with a pair of neat shoes, either tied with a bow of ribbon or a buckle, would make a man look like a gentleman if he was really not so; and then the comfort and ventilation he would have when dancing! Pray, gentlemen, take the hints I have hastily set down, and publish, ere long, a good article on the abomination of boots and long petticoats.'

A late article, 'Hoodless, the Horse-Swimmer,' has called forth several communications, from which we select the two following:—

"Hoodless, the Horse-Swimmer" is the heading you gave to an interesting anecdote in "Chambers's Journal;" you will be pleased to know that an occurrence similar to that narrated took place at the Cape of Good Hope. Many years since, a ship was lost during one of the tremendous gales that visit the "stormy Cape." The crew and passengers were in imminent danger of perishing, when a farmer dashed into the surge with his horse. The brave adventurer reached the ship, and returned in safety with one or more of the mariners clinging to his steed. Again he perilled life with the same fortunate result. A third and a fourth time did he risk himself in the waves, on each occasion saving one or two, till eight altogether were rescued. On the fifth attempt he was less fortunate. Whether from fatigue, or the violence of the surge, he lost his seat. His horse returned to the shore riderless! The gallant farmer perished. A monument, I believe, marks the spot, and recalls an incident honourable to humanity.'

THE LIFE BOAT.—'It was about the year 1783 that a ship ran upon the hard sand at the mouth of the Tyne. The sea was running high, and no boat dared venture out to the relief of the crew, who, taking to the rigging, were distinctly seen by observers on shore. For several days the storm continued unabated, and the poor wretches were seen morning after morning still clinging to their only remaining hope. At last, from sheer exhaustion, they dropped one after another into a watery grave. The people on shore watched them even to the last: he also fell, and no one was left.

'How different is the state of things at the present day! Let us fancy ourselves standing on some rising ground at the mouth of the same river Tyne: a violent storm from the north-east lashes the sea into a fury; a ship is observed making for the harbour; perhaps a signal of distress may be flying from the mast. How many anxious eyes are watching her from both sides of the river, as she rolls and plunges in the boiling waters! She takes the bar, when suddenly, from some cause or other, her course is altered (maybe she has unshipped her rudder), and she runs direct upon the hard sand, where every sea that strikes her washes the deck, and sends the snowy spray far above the mast-head.

'Now is the hour of peril; the life-boat is manned; she sweeps along with incredible speed; no clockwork can be more regular than the steady stroke of her double-manned oars. She dashes into the breakers, at one time looking as if she would throw a somerset, at another lost to the eye in the trough of the sea: she reaches the wreck, takes out the crew, and returns. As she comes near home, the crowd upon the beach follow her, cheering as they go; the crew is landed in safety; three hearty cheers are given, and that is all.

'For those unacquainted with nautical affairs, it may be necessary to say, that before the invention of the life-boat no boat was found that could live in a heavy sea: all boats of ordinary construction being liable to turn bottom up, and remain so. From the shape and make of the life-boat, there is no chance of such a thing: being made high at stem and stern, she resembles, when viewed in profile, nothing so much as a crescent with the horns uppermost. Beneath the gunwale is a broad layer of cork for the sake of greater buoyancy; and she is provided with air-boxes, &c. for the same purpose. It is customary to lash or tie the rowers to the thwarts or seats, which is sufficient to give one an idea of the danger of the undertaking.'

The following letter, written by a person in the country to her friend, a lady in Edinburgh, was lately put into our hands, and speaks for itself:—

'DEAR MARY—I heard a circumstance to-day, which gave me so much pleasure, that I cannot forbear mentioning it. Some time ago an English gentleman, Mr —, was travelling in a railway-carriage, and to amuse himself he had purchased two or three of Messrs

Chambers's publications. An article in one of these attracted his attention: it was showing the great necessity for Life Assurance. Soon after, when his tenants were all dining with him, and paying their rents, he read the article aloud to them, and recommended to them to insure their lives without delay, as it would be a good thing for their families after their death. His land-steward was so struck with what he heard, that he insured his life directly. This man, I am told, is now dying, and has the greatest satisfaction in knowing that he leaves wherewith to bring up his family. He is a Scotsman, and feels a strong desire that his boys should be educated; for if he had not got education himself, he would still have been a Roxburghshire ploughman. Well, as I understand, his sons are to be sent to Scotland to their schooling in a plain way; and this could not possibly have been done but for the life assurance. The poor man is said to be quite happy that he acted on the advice given him. I daresay Mr Chambers will be glad to hear of this instance of good being done by one of his articles.

Novelty is the order of the day. The 'Proprietors of Hall's Wisbeach Sewing Cotton' have become publishers of a tiny periodical called 'The Olive Branch, a Journal for the Work Table,' which they distribute gratis along with their reels. When literature is thus made an associate of threads and needles, one would think it cannot help going off. As a specimen of the Wisbeach sewing-cotton periodical, we present the following from the number for March:—

MOCK DRAPERY AUCTIONS.—There are few more profitable employments, to persons roguishly disposed, than buying a quantity of inferior drapery, generally the clearance of old stocks, and then travelling through the country to sell them. Mock auctions are a very favourite mode adopted, and are usually announced by some specious advertisement of "wreck," "contraband seizures," or other equally imposing terms. Candle-light, which obscures so many imperfections, is frequently employed at these sales. To avoid the impositions practised on such occasions, we would recommend those who are disposed to purchase to make a visit by daylight, as they would ordinarily do with the draper, and before purchasing, look carefully at the class of goods offered for sale. There is also an efficacious mode of ascertaining the value of piece goods. Ask some respectable draper for a few patterns, which he will generally furnish with pleasure, and compare them with those of the itinerant merchant. It is our belief that in almost every case the goods of the resident tradesman will be found much the cheaper of the two. The favourite plan of these systematic deceivers is, in the first instance, to offer something exceedingly cheap, and by that means decoy as large a company together as possible; their inferior commodities are then the more easily palmed upon the buyers. The active agency of a few allies purposely employed to secure the highest prices, for *bona-fide* sales, secures also the withdrawal of any articles the public are likely to obtain too cheap. It is to be remarked that the goods generally sold consist of shawls, woollen cloths, and other expensive articles, the value of which it is difficult for the most experienced accurately to determine. In purchasing articles of fashion, our female friends generally desire to have the greatest novelties, and shawls are perhaps one of their most important items. Now there is no way to form so sure an opinion on this subject as to notice their condition. You will usually see the goods of these travelling auctioneers have been folded time after time, and the creases are so many, that you with difficulty discover those originally made by the manufacturer; hence, we should say, especially notice their condition. As to woollen cloths, when in their finished state, the face being raised, it requires much judgment to tell the fineness of the yarn of which they are made—and the whole value depends on this—and the soundness of the wool. If there is one article more than another which requires to be purchased of a

tradesman of character, it is woollen cloths. Any complaint would be sure to be attended to by him; and by advising the manufacturer, with sufficient proofs that the damages were occasioned by his mismanagement, any necessary compensation would be allowed. There are few, when buying, who would calculate on seeing their auctioneer friend again if required, and fewer who would ever expect, if they found him, any allowance for damages.

'We should be sorry, by these remarks, for any to suppose that we do not wish them to buy at the cheapest market. Our only desire is, to point out the fallacy of supposing that persons depending for their livelihood on the precarious sales of a few days, at very indefinite intervals, and incurring travelling expenses, can compete with the regular tradesman. It must be remembered that the latter has a character to sustain, and that his constant attention is given to select those articles that are most in request by his circle of friends.'

We close for the present this word about our correspondence, by submitting the following letter, just received, to the sagacity of the reader:—

'When you see the signature at the conclusion of this, you will probably recollect having received communications from me before. It is with deep interest that I see occasionally appearing in your numbers the earnest yearning for more light and truth. I find that the putting of pen to paper for the purpose of writing a concentrated article for publication—suitable for the public eye—does not draw—the effort will not yield. I require a leading-string: I acknowledge to myself to be guided by the spirit. Far removed from literary circles, I necessarily draw deeply from the original fountain of truth for those intellectual and spiritual pleasures, the former of which I confess I believe comparatively few of my fellow-beings would be able to afford me—that is, when the subjects nearest my heart, and of the highest character in truth, were to come under notice. Subjects of paramount consideration to the whole of the human race are not likely continually to give place to those of a more trivial, though of a perfectly innocent and suitable character in their way. Without any pretensions to deep learning, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and which I consider likely to become an encumbrance rather than an aid in all that is truly valuable in lore, I have seen much of life and business, and into the recesses of the human heart, if I may use the term; indeed I have been led about and instructed in the arduous and painful career which thus far it has pleased an all-wise Providence to carry me through. When I commenced this, I was almost as ignorant of what the contents were likely to be as you were when you commenced reading, with the exception of a prevailing desire to open a vein by which I might communicate with you.

'I was induced to make the attempt, as (being requested by a sister to write to her) on Saturday evening I wrote in a few minutes, without any effort, something I have since thought might do for your Journal; and yet, had I sat down to write for that purpose, I could not have done it at all.

'I find that with me my sentiments can only be communicated easily and agreeably by letters or conversation: the latter is preferable when attainable, and the parties are perfectly at ease, able to reciprocate, and each equally open to receive the impressions of truth in all its simplicity, copiousness, and power. I will endeavour to call to mind the extract, which, with a few preliminary remarks, constituted the whole of my note.

'I believe that in any attempt to produce a formal article I cannot get on, because my thoughts are too big, too brief, and too concentrated; and though conscious that my spirit is pregnant of unutterable things, it finally says "Peace, be still." Who knows but that the sister who drew out the following may prove the midwife called in preparatory to your more able and skilful accoucheurs.

'I find that I cannot renew the essay to my sister,

therefore I beg to refer you to her address for a note written on the 31st March 1849, from yours truly?

This note would doubtless be worth perusal, but the world moves so rapidly, that we cannot wait for it.

ALLIGATORS BOARDED AND LODGED.

We made an excursion lately to what is called here the 'Muggur Tank,' a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully-situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills, about nine miles from Kurrachee. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters are congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is more like an over-flown meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge 'muggurs,' some lying basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deeper water. They are of all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh pitched into them; they are too lazy and too well fed to make any further demonstration: the native keeper, who feeds them, then began calling to them, when they came one by one lazily along, and waddling on to the shore, each took what was given to him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly surprising. They know the keeper quite well, and if any one should take up what is not thrown to him, the keeper makes him drop it by striking him on the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful clap-traps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones even of the head of their prey like so much crust. It is probable, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for were the 'supplies to be stopped,' they would become dangerous neighbours. In fact they do at times pick up and devour a stray child left on the banks by accident or design. There are here three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is of a temperature of about 96 degrees. The two others have a temperature as high as 180 degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as crystal, and in great abundance. The females of the country repair to these springs after their confinement, to perform their ablutions, and to present their sacrifices to the 'muggurs.'—*Anglo-Indian paper.*

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

Our friends in America are awaking up to this subject. They are determined not only to have penny postage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also across the Atlantic to the old world; and all to be established by the United States. So the question will soon be, whether Uncle John Bull or Brother Jonathan shall carry letters across the Atlantic for a penny a-piece. Jonathan can do this, and would do it, if the world should challenge him to do 'something smart.' But Uncle John ought to do it before any one else in the world. He owes it to the colonies which he has planted all over the globe—to the millions of his children which he has sent out to live in the islands of all the oceans and seas far and near, and who want to write home every week. That is the ocean penny postage the world wants: not a penny postage across the Atlantic, from Liverpool to Boston, but a penny postage across all oceans and seas. Brother Jonathan is smart for his age undoubtedly, and would do a great thing for the world if you should once 'raise his dander' in the right direction. But we fear his purse is not long enough, nor his ships numerous enough, to establish a universal ocean penny postage. This is Uncle John Bull's mission, and we must all put him up to its fulfilment. All his children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews, at home and abroad, must tug at his skirts in their most winning way, and with filial faith and hope smiling in their eyes, meet him by the wayside, and fireside, and in all accessible moods and conditions, with this question—'Uncle John, when will you give us an ocean penny postage?' Don't be discouraged if he *poit poit* at first, and buttons up his pockets, and talks about it some times, and all that. Keep at him steadily for a year in this way, and, like all other good-natured uncles, he will give in. Then what a jubilee there will be in thousands and tens of thousands of homes separated

from each other by a thousand leagues or more of sea! Oh, Uncle John! the world would forgive you for all the unpleasant accidents you have occasioned in apportioning so much of this globe to the members of your family, if you would but give to mankind an ocean penny postage.—*Burritt's Christian Citizen.*

A FEW SHORT YEARS.

A few short years—and then
What changes Time hath wrought!
So strange they seem, we scarce can deem
The world, our life, ourselves are aught
But one long fitful dream.
The clouds that fly
Across the sky,
Waves tossed upon the sea,
Shadows that pass
Before a glass,
Our fitting emblems be.

A few short years—and then
Where are the hopes that shone
When youth with flowers unwreathed the hours,
And earth had but one music tone
Of joy for us and ours?
The rainbow's hues,
The morning's dews,
The blossoms of a day,
The trembling sheen
On water seen.
More stable are than they.

A few short years—and then
Where is the adamant chain
That passion wrought, and madly thought
Nor time nor change could ever strain
Till life's last strife was fought?
A rope of sand,
A gossamer band;
The filmy threads at e'en
The spider weaves
Amongst the leaves
A firmer bond had been.

A few short years—and then
Where is Ambition's pile,
That rose so high against the sky,
O'ershadowing all around the while,
With its proud boast might vie?
A shadow's shade,
A card-house made
By children for their play:
The air-blown bells
That folly swells
May vaunt a surer stay.

A few short years—and then
Where is the mighty grief
That wrung the heart with torture's art,
And made it feel that its relief
Time's hand could ne'er impart?
A storm that's burst,
And done its worst,
Then left the heaven more clear;
A night-mare dread,
With morning fled,
These sorrows now appear.

A few short years—and then
What of our life remains,
The smiles and tears of other years,
Of passion's joys, of sorrow's pains,
Ambition's hopes and fears?
A faded dream
To-day they seem
Which memory scarce can trace—
But seals they've set
Shall Time nor yet
Eternity efface!

AGNES SMITH.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 281. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

REPULSION.

THERE are some popular maxims which have passed current for ages, perhaps from the beginning of all reflection among mankind, which nevertheless may, we think, be shown to involve some dilemma or absurdity materially subtracting from their value.

It is, for example, held as of great consequence that we avoid low and wicked company. Every parent tells his child to do so. Being seen in such company is generally regarded as sufficient to stamp any one's character. Now it may be, and no doubt is, quite true that most persons contract the character of the company they keep, and therefore *noscitur a sociis* is a justifiable rule. We should be the last to dispute the wisdom of a parent in counselling his son to avoid the society of mean or depraved characters. But what strikes us is, that just in as far as it is good for the good to keep away from the bad, so is it bad for the bad, because, associating only with themselves, they have no means of reformation or improvement near them. By the action of this rule, while there is a freedom from corruption on the one hand, there is an absence of correction on the other. So left, the rude can acquire no better manners; the wicked no better dispositions. They must each form a festering mass devoid of every healthy element.

Has it never occurred to any one to consider what is involved in the phrase—He has acted in this manner, and he must be put out of society? It is a punishment: we shall say a deserved one. Society can perhaps inflict no other. But what is to be the result? Deprived of the approbation and communion of his fellows, the delinquent is clearly doomed to become something worse. We do not, by merely ignoring his existence, negative him. He must appear, and appear, over and over again before us, and probably every time in a more malign aspect than before. It is not, then, a plan purely good for the public, however difficult it may be to devise any better. We are accustomed to hear that a father, being indignant at the misconduct of a daughter, turns her out of doors. The act excites little remark. To most people it seems right. But what is involved in it by way of consequences? No one can doubt that the victim, unless redeemed by some extraordinary accident, is destined to tenfold degradation, and a depth of guilt compared with which the first offence was a mere trifle. Considered with regard to consequences, there would appear to be something wrong in the father's act, though it may be scarcely possible to point out what it were better for him to do, seeing that he has his own honour, and that of the as yet innocent members of his family, to protect.

Manners form a comparatively trifling consideration; yet they are a question not beneath the philosophic ob-

server of society. What chance have the humble of improving their tastes, if their superiors do all they can to obtain habitations in another quarter, frequent their own exclusive places of amusement, meet only with each other, and only know of inferior grades by report? The system of exclusiveness, from its obvious consequences, is generally condemned; but few have the candour to see or to admit the difficulty involved in the case. The fact is, as every refined person has felt, it is a positive pain to associate with persons of inferior tastes and a lower tone of manners. It seems as vain to expect that one shade of refinement will consent to blend on easy terms with another, as that any honourable man will willingly associate with one of tainted reputation. The rude, therefore, appear destined to continue rude, as far as this means of diffusing better tastes is concerned.

Somewhat akin to the thrusting out of unworthy members from society is the discharging of servants and workmen for faults. The master assumes the right to dismiss any one whom he employs, if he has occasion to be displeased with him for any moral offence, however slight. We cannot, under existing arrangements, deny this right, or say how the matter could be otherwise. But does it ever occur, either to the master himself or to society, to consider what necessarily follows on the privilege being exercised? If A is found naught in some respect by B, and is on that account thrown out of employment, he may apply for work to C; but he will be no better to C than to B. If C is to employ him, he might have as well remained with B. If C rejects him, he is as likely to be rejected by D, by E, and so on. In short, he is thrown entirely out of the way of making his bread by honest labour. There is, therefore, *this* at the bottom of it: B, in his right of discharging for a fault (seeing that others are not to be expected to put up with what he rejects), is possessed of a right to extrude men from the trade or art by which they obtain an independent subsistence. Every time he exercises the privilege, he is putting a man in the way of becoming a Pariah or a pauper. He will choose to hold by the right; but in that case he should not be surprised that there are 'dangerous classes,' or that poor-rates are leviable.

It is a necessary, though a startling consequence of these speculations, that the extremely good people are partly a cause of there being extremely bad people. They do not mean it, but they cannot help it. The seeming paradox is easily explained. In a society where a particular vice is generally prevalent, and no great or influential class is clear of it, that vice will have no very bad repute. A guilty individual will neither be persecuted nor thrust out. Maintaining his place in the world, and some share of the good opinion of his fellow-creatures, he will have no occasion to sink into extreme degradation. The very opposite is the case of

the person who sins amidst an excessively virtuous society. He goes down into the depths at once, past all redemption. We see an illustration of this rule in the state of degraded women in England as compared with the continent. It is a complete dilemma. Virtue cannot soften her frown, and her frown produces effects by which she must be still more shocked.

It is these things which make civilisation so strange a problem. Jails, poor-houses, legions of outcasts, are as invariably its exponents as are lofty probity, vast wealth, consummate luxury, and grandeur. In a middle state of society there is, on the contrary, neither great wealth nor great poverty, neither great virtue nor great vice. Jails are moderate-sized buildings; poor-houses exist not at all. We smile at the story of the man shipwrecked upon an unknown coast, who, walking into the land with some fear, at length came to a gibbet with a culprit depending from it, and then congratulated himself upon being in a civilised country. But the subject has its side of serious truth as well as its ludicrous aspect. The object was quite sufficient to show that crime was here held in detestation, and duly punished. It would have come to the same thing if the stranger had lighted on a huge poor-house, or been let down from a balloon into the midst of a St Giles, or a Cowgate, or one of the Glasgow wynds. He might have argued in that case, 'I see that this is not only a civilised country, but a country where there is plenty of wealth for the winning. These wretched people are they whom wealth finds unsuitable for its works, and whom exquisite virtue repudiates. An excellent country for me!'

What can we say of it all? It is a system extremely favourable to clever people and good people—to those, in general, who have well-regulated minds—but deadly to all others. Continually from such a society there must be a shedding off of the inferior natures, down, and down, and down, to gnaw for a while at the feet of the prosperous and the worthy, but by and by to sink under some of the malignant physical influences to which they are exposed, and thus cease to be a trouble or a burthen. In a less advanced state of things, these people would have passed off tolerably among the rest, and lived all their days. In the mysterious arrangements of Providence, good has been their evil. Wealth has doomed them to poverty—virtue has planged them deeper into vice. Their very harshness of manners is partly owing to there being nice gentlemen ready to die of a rose in aromatic pain. Such being the case, can there be a doubt of its being only more decidedly imposed upon us as a duty, to contend with every opposing influence, our own feelings included, in endeavouring to raise up, succour, and, as far as possible, improve and redeem, those who, from the less suitable constitution of their natures, are to be ranked as the victims of society?

THE DARK CHAMBER.

Nor very long ago there dwelt at Brookdale, a sunny spot of Warwickshire, one of the prettiest, merriest maidens, Phoebe Morris by name, that ever danced upon a green sward, or broke the susceptible hearts of a quiet pastoral and agricultural village. The neatest, smartest, handiest dairymaid in the county, she nevertheless created at times such dire confusion, heartburnings, and jealousies amongst the somewhat numerous operatives on the farm, that Farmer Gadby would frequently threaten to discharge her if she did not leave off playing the mischief with his young men. To all which good-humoured oburgation Phoebe would demurely reply, 'That it was no fault of hers; goodness knows, she gave the "jacksnaps" no encouragement, and should be heartily glad to be rid of the whole pack of them!' Honest Farmer Gadby, a man of peace, though wearing buttons, seldom pursued the colloquy much further; consoling himself, as he walked off with a quiet reflection that had been trained and glazed in his family for

several generations, to the effect—I am not able to quote the precise words—'That a maiden is a riddle, the true solution of which is seldom discovered till after marriage.' Phoebe, moreover, from being an orphan, 'who had seen better days'—that indefinable claim to forbearance and consideration with all unsophisticated people—was a privileged person both with the farmer and his dame; and it was therefore with no little satisfaction, both as regarded the peace of the farmstead, and the comfortable settlement in life of the light-hearted, well-meaning, though somewhat skittish maiden, that the worthy couple observed after a time symptoms of a serious intimacy growing up between her and William Bayfield, the steady, thriving master wheelwright of Brookdale. Young Bayfield was quite a catch, as regarded circumstances, for a dairymaid, however smart and well-featured; and innumerable—in a village sense—were the exclamations of contempt and wonder indulged in by maids and matrons of the small-farmer and shopkeeper class at the *mesalliance* of a prosperous tradesman with a mere milkmaid. Little recked, however, it soon became manifest, the object of these ill-natured strictures of the displeasure of his critics; and so spirited and successful was the wooing, that the banis between William Bayfield, bachelor, and Phoebe Morris, spinster, were published within one little month of the day which witnessed the first appearance of the enamoured wheelwright in the list of Phoebe's miscellaneous admirers: converting into certainty the apprehensions suggested, by the arrival at William Bayfield's dwelling, the very day before, of an eight-day clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a gilt pier glass, and a carpet—positively a Brussels carpet! The spinsterhood of Brookdale had no patience—how could they have?—with such airs, and indignantly wished it might last, that was all!

Alas, it soon became extremely doubtful whether the modest housekeeping so sharply criticised would ever commence! The rustic incense so long and profusely offered to the pretty Phoebe had not, it may be easily imagined, tended to diminish the stock of vanity with which the merry maiden was naturally endowed. She was unfortunately far too fond of exhibiting the power which she possessed, or fancied she did, over her humble admirers. The true affection which she felt towards her affianced husband did not suffice to shield him from her coquettish, irritating arts; and just three days previous to the expected wedding, a violent quarrel between the lovers, threatening to end in a total rupture of the proposed alliance, had taken place. The cause of quarrel will be best understood by the dialogue which took place between them on the following afternoon. Bayfield, who had not slept a wink all night, nor been able to settle himself to anything during the morning, had sent a message through kind Dame Gadby, that he wished to speak to Phoebe, and was waiting for her by the chestnut-trees. Phoebe had herself been in trouble all day, fearing she had carried matters too far; but this message at once reassured her, and she determined, foolish wench, to make no concession whatever to the wounded pride and self-esteem of her lover.

'Well, Mr Bayfield,' said she, approaching him after a purposely protracted delay, 'what have you to say to me? I understood you had resolved never to speak to me again!'

'Well, Phoebe, I *did* say so, and meant it too at the time; but you well knew I was too much in love to be able to keep my word.' Phoebe laughed. 'Come now, let us be friends again: there's a good girl.'

'Oh, I daresay; and so give you leave to show off your jealous airs again with impunity? No indeed!'

'Nay, Phoebe, it was partly, at all events, your own fault. You tried me sadly; but come, let bygones be bygones. As to young Gaythorpe, of course he thinks nothing of you; so that—'

'Don't be too sure of that, Mr Bayfield,' interrupted Phoebe, tossing her head, and putting her pretty lip. 'Edward Gaythorpe has eyes in his head, I suppose, as well as other folk.'

'I daresay he has,' replied Bayfield, his jealousy reawakening; 'and if you prefer him to me, even so let it be: I'll not stand in his way.'

Phoebe angrily retorted, and the result was a more vehement quarrel than before; and they at last separated, both avowing a fixed determination never to see or think of each other again. After striding nearly to the end of the long lane in which they had been standing, William Bayfield turned round, half-repentingly, just at the moment, as ill fortune would have it, that Edward Gaythorpe, who had been observing the pair from the covert of the chestnut-trees, joined his mistress, and officiously walked by her side as she proceeded homewards. Her soft eyes were suffused with tears, and she replied only by curt monosyllables to the soothing blandishments of the young farmer. Of this poor Bayfield was necessarily unaware: he saw only the ill-timed, suspicious *rencontre*, and, his heart overflowing with rage and grief, strode fiercely away towards the village. Instead of proceeding to his own dwelling, he entered (a most unusual thing for him to do, especially in the day-time) the principal tavern of the place, and seating himself in the parlour, called hastily for brandy and water.

It unfortunately happened that Sergeant Crump, a zealous recruiting officer in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and indefatigable trumpeter of the manifold virtues, civil and military, of that distinguished corporation, was, at the moment of Bayfield's entrance, haranguing the two or three persons present upon the brilliant advantages proffered by his lavishly-generous employers to all heroic spirits desirous of obtaining fame and fortune, glory and prize-money, where alone those desirable articles *could*, in the present stagnant state of the world, be with certainty attained—namely, in the delightful dazzling East! The magniloquent oratory of the sergeant, hot and glowing as it was, altogether failed of kindling the cold clods he so pathetically addressed; and he would probably have soon ceased his funning in despair, had not his practised eye discerned in the countenance of the new-comer indications of a state of mind extremely favourable to a proper appreciation of recruiting eloquence. He consequently persevered, and by the time William Bayfield had poured the third tumbler of brandy and water down his throat—he could hardly be said to *drink* the liquor—had the satisfaction of perceiving that he was listened to with a sort of moody desperation and half-scornful approval. More liquor was called for; and finally Bayfield, maddened by potations to which he was unaccustomed, acting upon his previously exasperated state of mind, accepted with reckless idiocy the Company's shilling, and was at once enrolled in the sergeant's memorandum book as a full private in one of the East India Company's cavalry regiments! As it was quite out of the question that a man in the position of William Bayfield would, whatever his present frenzy might prompt, think seriously of enlisting, a night's rest, and two or three pounds by way of 'smart money,' would probably have terminated the affair, when, just as the orgie was at its highest, Edward Gaythorpe entered the room. It required but this to raise the excitement of the new recruit to downright madness. Furious taunts and menaces were quickly exchanged: Bayfield sprang wildly up, seizing at the same time, and drawing, the sergeant's sheathed sword, which lay on the table: Gaythorpe caught hold of the poker, and a desperate struggle ensued. Bayfield received a heavy blow on his left shoulder, and at the same instant thrust the sword through the body of his antagonist. The outcries of the sergeant—the company had departed some time before—quickly brought the landlord and two or three others into the room: Bayfield was first, with much difficulty, secured; and then Gaythorpe was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon sent for. William Bayfield, thoroughly sobered by the tragic issue of the fray, was, a few hours afterwards, escorted by the entire constabulary of the place to the

nearest borough town, about six miles distant, and there securely lodged in jail.

Such a catastrophe had not occurred in quiet pastoral Brookdale within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; and dire was the tumult and the tossing to and fro of the bewildered mind of that small public. Phoebe Morris was in despair; her silly, coquettish behaviour had, she felt—though few others suspected it—occasioned all the mischief: and fervent were her vows of future amendment should this peril pass away. After a day or two, the excitement of the good folks began to gradually calm down. Young Gaythorpe's wound was found to be merely a flesh one, the sword having barely grazed his ribs, and consequently not at all dangerous. He was a good-natured young man; and though somewhat smitten with Phoebe's pretty face, was not at all disposed, upon calm reflection, to avenge his fanciful disappointment upon his rival. His father, too, a rather wealthy yeoman, having, reasonably enough, much higher views for his son, was very anxious that nothing should be done to prevent Phoebe's union with Bayfield. No wonder, therefore, that under these circumstances a rumour speedily gained ground that the Gaythorpes did not mean to prosecute; and that, moreover, the wounded man had no distinct recollection as to who began the fight—whether he first assailed Bayfield with the poker, or Bayfield him with the sword. It seemed, therefore, more than probable that the at one time ugly-looking affair would end after all in mere smoke.

There was apparently but one obstacle to this much-desired consummation; but that was a formidable one. The sergeant, who, in the struggle to disarm Bayfield, had received a slight cut on the cheek, which, in the owner's opinion, somewhat marred its martial comeliness, persisted that the prisoner had committed an entirely unprovoked and intently deadly assault upon Edward Gaythorpe, whom he had, moreover, repeatedly menaced with the direst vengeance previous to his entering the room. This evidence, it was felt, would entirely change the complexion of the case, and have the effect, if deposed before a magistrate, of consigning the unhappy wheelwright to prison, there to await his trial on something very like a capital charge at the next assizes.

The hearing of the charge had been adjourned from the following Thursday, to which day Bayfield had been first remanded, till Saturday at ten o'clock, in order to compel the attendance of Edward Gaythorpe, who had declined to obey the mere summons of the magistrate. On the Friday evening, disconsolate Phoebe Morris arrived at the Falcon Inn, an old-fashioned, straggling hostelry, in which the obdurate sergeant, accompanied by a newly-entrapped recruit, had taken up quarters for that night only, in order to be present in time at the next morning's investigation. Phoebe's purpose was to essay what effect 'beauty in tears' might have upon his iron nature. Vainly, however, did beauty, not only in tears, but pretty nearly in fits, plead to the recruiting rhinoceros: he was inexorable. 'He had,' he said, 'one duty to perform towards society, which had been outraged; and another,' glancing grimly at his plastered cheek reflected in the glass over the mantelpiece, 'towards himself, who had been injured; and those two duties he was determined to fulfil.' Phoebe was at her wits' end; and but for some very strong consolation whispered in her ear by the chambermaid of the Falcon, who had assisted at the conference, and felt greatly irritated at the sergeant's flintiness, would probably have gone off into permanent hysterics. As it was, she contented herself with one or two reproachful sobs, and indignantly withdrew from the presence of a monster whom smiles could not soften nor the tenderness of tears subdue. 'A perfect brute!' said the chambermaid, as soon as she was out of the sergeant's hearing: 'but never mind, Miss Phoebe, there's more ways to kill a mad dog besides hanging the creechur!' With which enigmatical illustration Mar-

garot Davies—so was the angry lady named—dismissed the subject; and Phoebe found herself shortly afterwards jogging sorrowfully, yet hopefully, homewards in Farmer Qadaby's taxed cart, much musing on the possible events of the morrow. Margaret Davies, I should mention, had nursed Miss Phoebe, as she persisted in calling her, in those 'better days' to which I have alluded, and thence doubtless arose her sympathy with the afflicted fair one.

The sergeant had walked a long distance that day, and feeling more than ordinarily tired, regretted, as he undressed himself in the double-bedded room he had bespoken for himself and his recruit, that he had not desired Boots to call him. 'Never mind,' thought he, 'I shall be sure to wake by ten o'clock, and that will be quite early enough.' So thinking, he tumbled into bed, and slept without rocking.

The next morning William Bayfield was brought before a bench of magistrates, and Mr Gaythorpe, junior, being in attendance, the charge against him was proceeded with; and it was soon apparent that if no other evidence than that of the unwilling prosecutor could be obtained, nothing but a common assault, arising out of chance medley, would be substantiated. The name of Mr Crump was bawled out with immense emphasis, both inside and outside the hall of justice, by the bustling town-sergeant; but much to the astonishment of those familiar with the precise habits and punctilious attention to orders of that rigid soldier, no Crump answered to the summons. The zealous functionary was directed to proceed to the Falcon in quest of the missing witness; and after about a quarter of an hour's absence, he returned with the tidings that 'No. 24, Sergeant Crump and another,' had left the Falcon at daybreak, and had not been since seen or heard of. This intelligence the town-sergeant had received from the respectable landlady's own lips. The attorney employed to defend Bayfield urged an immediate adjudication upon the evidence already heard as a matter of right; but the magistrates finally determined upon waiting for Crump till four o'clock in the afternoon, the usual hour for closing the office; when, if no additional evidence appeared, they would decide the case.

Poor Phoebe's heart sank within her. Still her friend the chambermaid had spoken so confidently of 'all day,' that after a minute or two she rallied amazingly, and bestowed such a shower of gracious and encouraging smiles upon the penitent prisoner, as would, if, as those story-telling poets tell us, imagination possessed wings, have raised him from the dock up to the seventh heaven. As it was, his mortal part—whatever flights the ethereal essence indulged in—remained in durance vile, tremblingly apprehensive of the arrival of Crump.

And where was that dexterous snapper-up of youthful heroism all this anxious while? Alas! himself could scarcely have answered the question.

Sergeant Crump, as I have before mentioned, feeling unusually fatigued, was soon in a state of the profoundest slumber. Not less intense was the drowsiness of the jolter-headed recruit, who snored in the adjoining truckle-bed, and whose natural heavy-headedness had been considerably increased by copious draughts of malt liquor. Long and sweetly did they slumber; till at last the sergeant, after a few preliminary twists and turns, started hastily up in his bed, impressed with a strong conviction that he had sadly overslept himself, and forthwith began rubbing his eyes. This he did partly from habit, and partly to rub out the darkness which still—fully awake as he deemed himself—seemed strangely to encase them. 'Very odd,' growled Sergeant Crump: 'it is dark! Well, if I couldn't have sworn I had slept twelve hours at least!' Sergeant Crump was quite right; it was dark, one of the darkest nights, especially for summer-time of year, as it then was, either before any other gentleman had perhaps ever experienced. Mr Crump tried to remember if there was a moon, or at what time that luminary went down, or rose up, but could not for the life of him de-

termine: his last and present night's experience suggesting such totally different conclusions. 'I cannot have been in bed anything like the time I supposed,' he soliloquised. 'It must be so; but it's very odd.' Diggins, the recruit, was snoring away as vigorously as if he had only just begun the exercise; and the sergeant, convinced at last that, contrary to his usual habit, he had awoke before his time, again addressed himself to sleep. By dint of perseverance he managed to doze off again, and had remained in a state of semi-somnolency for perhaps three or four hours, when he again bolted upright in his bed, thoroughly wide awake and thoroughly bewildered! It was still as dark as before; and a horrible surmise crossed Mr Crump's mind, that possibly the mechanism of the universe had somehow got out of order, and that the sun might consequently never again rise upon a benighted world!

The fact was, No. 24, 'Soldiers' Rooms,' to which, wilfully misunderstanding the landlady's directions, the sympathising chambermaid had directed the under-bedmaker to convoy the sergeant and his man, was an inner apartment in a distant part of the rambling old inn, the windows of which, as well as those of the rooms surrounding it, had been closed up, to mitigate the pressure of the window-tax, and was of course nothing more than a large roomy dark closet, to which even air obtained access only through the chimney. The sole window left was at the top of a wooden partition dividing the sergeant's room from the next, and had in its time done duty as a 'borrowed light,' but inasmuch as the adjoining rooms were also hermetically sealed from the glare of day, was now at best but a borrowed 'darkness.' These rooms were usually reserved for soldiers of marching regiments occasionally billeted on the Falcon; a compelled entertainment, by the way, which is seldom of a very superior character. The reader will now be able to comprehend the cause both of Phoebe Morris's nervous anxiety and of the sergeant's perplexity.

He was indeed perplexed in the extreme. At last, jumping angrily out of bed, he groped his way, after several mishaps in which both feet and shins suffered abominably, to the door, the key of which he remembered to have left in the lock. In his haste to find and grasp it, he struck it unawares, and out it flew from its shallow, ill-fitting receptacle to the floor; and all Mr Crump's efforts to find it were unavailing. Had he been able to open the door, he would not have been much the better of it, as it merely led into another dark room, the outer key of which, for fear of accidents, provident Margaret Davies had taken care to secure. The sergeant next bethought him of the window: there must be, he argued, a window; and by means of a tentative process round the walls with his cane, he at last managed to discover its whereabouts. The outside shutter was, he conjectured, closed; but how to reach it? Rousing the recruit, who by this time had pretty well slept off the effect of his previous evening's potations, he proposed to mount upon that worthy's shoulders. This was agreed to, and with some difficulty accomplished; but the sergeant, even on that ticklish eminence, could scarcely reach above the bottom of the narrow casement; and the fastenings were, he concluded, considerably higher up. In order to obtain the necessary altitude, Diggins drew his truckle-bedstead—a narrow fold-up affair, steady enough when a person was lying on it, but miserably unfit as a base for a man to stand upon, especially with another mounted on his shoulders—close to the wall; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the sergeant at last stood once more upon Diggins's shoulders, and was enabled to grope gingerly over the surface of the casement in search of shutter bolts, of course without success. In his wrathful energy, Crump, for a moment oblivious of the precarious nature of the base upon which he was operating, pushed angrily at the window-frame, and at once upset the equilibrium which Diggins had till that moment with so much difficulty maintained. The folding bed-

stead heeled suddenly over; Diggins caught instinctively at the sergeant's leg; and the sergeant, in his turn, made a desperate snatch at the casement, sending in the effort his hand clean through one of the squares, clearly but painfully demonstrating, to himself at least, the absence of shutters; and then down came Crump and Diggins with stunning violence, and mutual execrations and discomfiture. Bruised, bleeding, and incredibly savage, the sergeant, having first helped to replace the bedstead of his squally savage companion, once more resigned himself to his pillow, persuaded, in his own despite, that it could not yet be day. Hour after hour they lay watching for the dawn, the faintest streak of which would have been unspeakably welcome. At last, his patience utterly exhausted, Crump sprang up; and kicked and bawled for help with all the power of his feet and lungs, in which exercise he was zealously aided by Diggins, whose appetite had by this time become ravenously sharp. Long and fruitlessly had they raved and thumped, and were just on the point of abandoning their efforts in despair, when a step was heard evidently approaching their dormitory. Presently a light shone through the crevices of the door, and the voice of the chambermaid, Mrs Margaret Davies, was heard generously demanding who it was making that disturbance at nearly ten o'clock at night, when quiet folk were just going to bed? 'Going to bed!' Crump huddled on his clothes; and having, by the aid of the light, espied the key, opened the door with a bounce. 'Going to bed!' he shouted distractedly as he glared upon the chambermaid—'going to bed!' No sooner did that amiable damsel catch sight of the haggard features and bloodstained hands and linen of the sergeant, than she plumped down in a chair, and set up a succession of the dimmest shrieks that ever disturbed and dismayed a Christian household. 'Murder—fire—thieves—robbers!' resounded through the house with an effect so startling, that in a trice hostlers, porters, waiters, with a plentiful sprinkling of female helps, came rushing hurriedly to the rescue. Nobody either could or would recognise the culprits, spite of their energetic asseverations, till the arrival of the puffy, slow-moving landlady. The screams, which had gradually diminished in intensity, then altogether ceased; and in echo, as it were, of the ejaculation of her mistress, 'Sergeant Crump and the recruit, as I'm alive!' Mrs Margaret Davies naively exclaimed; 'Mercy upon us! Sergeant Crump! Why, so it is! Then you did not go away this morning without paying your last night's score?'

The sergeant, who dimly suspected the jade's trick which had been put upon him, only glared frightfully at her, and hastened his toilet.

'Margaret, I thought I told you to put Mr Crump into No. 24?'

'Certainly, ma'am, you did; and I told Susy the same; but it appears she must have understood it to be No. 24 "Soldiers' Rooms." Dear me, whoever would have thought it? And, bless me, what a dreadful situation for two gentlemen in her gracious Majesty's service to have been in so long! It's quite shocking to think of really!'

The suppressed titling of the other servants—all of them, I suspect, more or less in the secret—here burst into uproarious merriment: the sergeant, almost choking with fury, looked round for some safe object to vent it upon, but finding none, wisely kept it corked for future use.

'And to think, ma'am,' continued Phoebe's friend, 'that in consequence of this uncommissioned officer's long nap, that scapegrace of a Bayfield should have got off this afternoon with only a trumpery fine of five pounds; not more than half the amount of the recollections which the sergeant has forfeited for not being at the hall to give evidence.'

'What is that you say, — woma!' exclaimed Crump, using the most vituperative epithet he could at the moment think of.

'Why, I say,' meekly replied Margaret, 'that your ten-pound recollections, which you gave the magistrates to appear, is declared forfeited; and that the town-sergeant is below with a warrant for the amount in case you should return to the Falcon this evening.'

The exasperation of the sergeant was unbounded. The landlady, thinking probably that mischief might come of it, drove off his tormentors; and he was left to finish his ablutions in peace.

'Oh, Sergeant Crump!' exclaimed Mrs Margaret Davies, returning at the end of two or three minutes, and holding the door ajar in her hand, 'if you please, missus wishes to know if you mean to bespeak a bed for to-night?'

Crump darted towards the door; but the playful damsel was too nimble for him, and the long corridors and staircases echoed again with her joyous merriment as she skipped away.

The account given by the chambermaid of the result of the inquiry before the magistrates was quite correct. William Bayfield was fined five pounds, or, in default, to suffer two months' imprisonment for a common assault, without intent, &c. &c. The fine was at once paid, and the certificate of adjudication of course barred any further proceedings. On the next bench-day, Crump having related, amidst shouts of laughter, the trick he had been played, asked to be excused payment of his forfeited recognisance. This, under the circumstances, was, after some demur, agreed to; but he was unable to obtain even 'smart money' from Bayfield, he having been, upon the sergeant's own admission, inebriated when he accepted the Company's retainer.

The imminent peril in which her criminal coquetry had involved her affianced husband proved a salutary lesson to Phoebe, who has settled down into one of the discreetest, as well as prettiest and cheerfulest, wives in Warwickshire. Bayfield is now a prosperous man; and has recently purchased, at his wife's suggestion, the Falcon Inn, which the sudden death of the fat landlady had thrown into the market, chiefly for the purpose of assuring the succession of the business to Margaret Davies, to whose good offices he was on a very critical occasion so largely indebted. Sergeant Crump, disgusted with England, which in his indiscriminate wrath he rashly confounded with its chambermaids, betook himself with all convenient despatch to the gorgeous clime whose glories he had so frequently described; and if report speaks sooth, has discovered a still darker chamber than that of the Falcon beneath the towers of fallen Moulton.

CURIOSITIES OF GLASS-MAKING.

THE history of useful art is always interesting, not only on account of its obvious applications, but because, when examined into, we find it envelops many details which justly come under the designation of curiosities. There is doubtless no trade, however humble, that could not furnish a notable collection of facts; our own pages contain ample evidence on this point. We have now before us a work which promises well for a further contribution.* The author is already known by a treatise on the manufacture of glass, published some years since, and for lectures on the same subject delivered at the Royal Institution in London. In the present volume we have amplified details on most parts of the interesting process whereby opaque materials are converted into a perfectly transparent substance.

Without going minutely into the manufacturing operations, we may give a brief notice of them for the better understanding of what is to follow. The materials of crown-glass are—of sand, 5 measures; of ground chalk, 2; carbonate and sulphate of soda, of each 1. The sand now used, in preference to the former practice

* *Curiosities of Glass-making; with Details of the Processes and Productions of Ancient and Modern Ornamental Glass Manufacture.* By Apollon Pallat. London: D. Rogee, 1849.

of grinding flints, is obtained from Belgate, Lyan, and the Isle of Wight. When mixed together ready for melting, the compound is technically known as 'batch'; and when melted, as 'metal'. Greater opacity or brightness, and differences of colour are obtained by variations and additions of oxides, alkalies, and metals before the batch is transferred to the melting-pots. The making of these pots is a material part of the process; unless constructed of the best kind of fire-clay, they will neither bear the intense heat of the furnace, nor the pressure of the eighteen hundredweight of molten glass which they severally contain: a large pot will cost L.10. The pots are dome-shaped, with a lateral aperture; there are ten of them to a furnace, each one placed opposite an opening in the wall, through which the workman takes out the melted material, which requires from fifty to sixty hours of the intensest heat before it is fit for working. As fast as the articles are made they are conveyed away to the annealing oven; on leaving which after the cooling process, which lasts from six to sixty hours, they are in most instances ready for sale. Before the repeal of the late vexatious Excise laws on glass, manufacturers were exposed to a most irritating and injurious supervision: the wonder is, that they ever submitted to it.

The tools used in glass-making are very few; two kinds of nippers (*pucellas*),* a pair of shears, an iron tube and rod (*pontil*), and a battledore-shaped instrument. More depends on the tact and dexterity of the workman than on anything else; he must have a quick eye and ready invention, as he has to deal with an article which rapidly loses its pliant qualities, and becomes intractable, and which is imperfect in appearance the more it is touched with tools. To describe the making of a wine-glass would convey a tolerable idea of the facts and circumstances. First, a ball of 'metal' is gathered at the end of the blowing-tube, the workman blows it slightly, and rolls it, without separating it from the tube, rapidly backwards and forwards on an iron table (*marver*), which gives it an elongated oval form. The free end is flattened by a touch of the battledore, and receives a small lump of hot glass, out of which the stem is shaped with the nippers, while the workman rotates the article rapidly by means of the tube laid across the arms of his chair. Presently the stem is finished, a small globe of metal is attached to its outer end, and by dint of further rotating and compression, is formed into the base or foot of the glass. The blowing-tube is then detached; the lower side of the foot is affixed temporarily to the *pontil* by which the article is presented to the furnace hole to be rewarmed and softened, and while in this state, the edge or rim of the cup of the glass is clipped round with the shears, and the article receives a final twist or 'flash' from the hands of the workman, which produces the required form. The making of a number of wine-glasses perfectly alike in all respects, and free from tool-marks, involves a high degree of skill and dexterity on the part of the manipulator.

Glasses of a gradually-tapering form, and ale-glasses, are made of two pieces only: the simplest of all articles in the manufacture is a tumbler, but it needs a good quality of metal. The ribs seen on light, cheap tumblers are marks made by the rolling on the *marver* in the first stage of their blowing. These are not taken out, as is the case with better goods, neither are the edges clipped.

Chemical retorts require peculiar manipulation to they the neck from collapsing at the bend. They are blown and swung about at the end of the blowing-tube, until the lengthened gourd-like form is nearly produced; and then, while yet soft, are made to bend over a bar by their own weight, which gives the neck a direction at an angle with the bulb. The blowing of

large lamp-shades of graceful outline and lily-like chimney is also a nice process. The *modus operandi*, it must be remembered, is generally the same as that described for the wine-glass; and to one uninitiated, the apparent ease with which the accuracy of form is obtained becomes perfectly marvellous. The rounded projecting ribs, called moulded Roman pillars, which impart so elegant an appearance to glass vases, are produced by pressure. The metal collected at the end of the tube is pressed into a mould; and the workman, by blowing into it, forces the molten glass into the hollows of the mould; while, by a precaution, the interior surface remains smooth and even. The invention of this process was supposed to be altogether new; but late researches prove it to have been known to the Romans.

As Mr Pellatt observes—'The ductility of flint-glass is strikingly exhibited in the process of cane or tube-drawing, which is extremely simple, and depends so much upon tact and adroitness, that it is a matter of surprise how an approximation to uniformity of size and bore can be attained. A solid ball being gathered on the end of the blower's iron, if for hollow tube, is expanded by blowing; but if for cane, blowing is not requisite: when partially cooled, it forms a nucleus for one or more other gatherings, until the requisite quantity be obtained. Where flat bore tube is required for thermometers, the first ball is flattened by an iron or wood battledore on the *marver* prior to the subsequent gatherings; this insures a flat bore, although the exterior of the tube is round. The ball is then elongated by swinging, and the farther end of it is chilled by dipping it into cold water. A workman, then, having prepared a disk of hot glass, called a "post," places it vertically as near the ground as possible, to receive the ball from the chief workman, who ascends his chair, or an elevation, so that the hot glass may by its gravity be dropped upon the post below, to which it adheres by partial welding. The chief workman then descends, and the drawing begins—each workman constantly receding from the other: at first the suspended glass between the two rods assumes (at a red heat) the form of a parabola; but as the tension proceeds, the workmen are continually rotating. Some parts are cooled by fanning with the hat of an attendant boy, to insure uniform elongation, till the cane or tube is drawn to a length sometimes of from sixty to seventy feet: as the metal cools, the tube ceases to rotate, and it assumes, by continued tension, nearly a straight line: except at the extreme ends, it is nearly of one uniform bore, diameter, and substance; and whatever may be the diameter of the tube, the bore and substance will always bear an exact relative ratio to each other. Lastly, it is deposited on the wood round of a ladder, and requisite lengths are whetted off by the cold iron, or by a steel file.' In the mode above described, the forty-foot tube for the Royal Society's water barometer was made: it is erected in the hall of the society at Somerset House, and is, we believe, the only instrument of the kind in Europe.

Canes of various colours, when thus drawn, are used in the production of what is called 'filigree glass,' a branch of manufacture in which the Venetians excelled, and which of late years has been successfully prosecuted in Bohemia and France. In making a vase of this sort, different coloured canes of the required length are selected, and placed upright round the inner surface of a mould resembling a flower-pot. A lump of metal gathered on the end of the rod is then pressed into the mould, and the heat is such that the surrounding canes adhere firmly to it. This, when reheated, may be drawn out into any form with longitudinal coloured stripes. These stripes may be made to assume a spiral direction by holding an end of the article firmly with one hand, while the other gives a twist to the right or left. With a slight change in the preliminary process, hollow articles, vases and goblets, may be obtained; and many pleasing effects brought out by apparently simple means. The '*vitro di trino*,' as it is termed,

* It is curious to note the adoption and transformation of foreign names for implements: the *pucellas* and *pontil* of the British workman are the *procello* and *punto* of the Venetian.

affords a remarkable instance. A vase of this make presents a brilliant diamond or lozenge-shaped surface, internally and externally; produced by fitting a case or cup whose cases are twisted to the right into another whose twist is to the left. These two conical cases now crossing each other, by rewarining, collapsed together, entrapping between each white enamel crossed section uniform interior air-bubbles; and the two cases, now become one, may be formed into the bowl of a wine-glass or any other vessel. It appears almost incredible that beautiful effects should be produced by such extremely simple means.

The Venetian ball is formed of a number of waste pieces of filigree packed inside a pocket of transparent glass, which, when softened, collapses upon the contents, and becomes one entire mass. 'Mille fiori,' or star-work, also of Venetian origin, is somewhat similar. A double hemisphere of white glass is prepared, forming but a single piece, yet with a space between the upper and lower cases. Through a small opening in the centre of the upper one numerous pieces of coloured glass, of different shapes and sizes, are introduced, and sometimes arranged in a regular pattern, or as a group of flowers. This is afterwards reheated; and the contained air being sucked out, the two walls come together, and fix the intervening deposit, and the whole mass may then be fashioned to any required shape. As tazzas and paper-weights, such articles may now be met with in the shops of glass-dealers and stationers; their appearance is very attractive, and no trouble is required to keep them clean. It will be easy to understand that by analogous processes cameos, inscriptions, antiquarian relics, &c. may be incrustated with glass, and thereby imperishably preserved. The first stone of the new Waterloo Barracks in the Tower, laid by the Duke of Wellington in 1845, was coated in this way. Such a preparation fully justifies the expression, 'more lasting than brass.'

The 'beautiful semi-opalescent, yellowish-green colour,' so much admired in scent-bottles, handles for doors, drawer-knobs, &c. is produced by the admixture of oxide of uranium and copper to the raw material before melting. The ever-alternating appearance—now yellow, then green—which it presents is caused by differences of reflection, according to variations in the thickness of the glass.

A frosted surface is obtained by suddenly dipping the heated ball at the end of the blowing-tube into cold water. The submersion, as the author explains, 'produces crystalline convex fractures, with a polished exterior, like Derbyshire spar; but the concave intervening fissures are caused, first by chilling, and then reheating at the furnace, and simultaneously expanding the reheated ball of glass by blowing; thus separating the crystals from each other, and leaving open fissures between, which is done preparatory to forming vases or ornaments. Although frosted glass appears covered with fractures, it is perfectly sonorous.'

Several results which the Venetians perfected by patient manipulation, are effected by our glass-workers by compression in moulds; among these is a lozenge or diamond surface. Formerly each angulated section was pinched into form while soft; now the whole vessel is diamonded at once. The drops and studs which glitter so beautifully on lamps and chandeliers are, however, produced singly, being pinched one at a time in a brass compressor contrived on the same principle as a bullet-mould.

Glass-engraving, as it is termed, is effected by an ingenious process; a die or cast, made of porous material, bearing the device, coat-of-arms, &c. in relief, is fitted into the side of a mould in which the engraved article is to be fashioned. On removing the latter, the die adheres to and is annealed with it; but being subsequently soaked in water, the die comes away, leaving a sharp, and distinct, and perfectly finished intaglio.

There are other curiosities of glass-making which the work under consideration leaves altogether unnoticed,

or dismisses with an incidental allusion. Malleable glass, for instance, a new preparation of which has lately been discovered by Schöenbein. Strictly speaking, however, we can scarcely call it glass, seeing that it is composed of the pulp of common paper transformed by a process for which no more intelligible term has yet been found than *catalytic*. This substance is rendered waterproof; and being then perfectly transparent, is manufactured into window-panes, vases, bottles, &c. which bear a fall without breaking. Then there is the ribbed glass used for skylights and windows, which, though it admits light effectually, conceals the interior of an apartment from inquisitive eyes outside. Watch-glasses, too, which are blown in globes, and then cut out one by one, might have afforded another illustration of the adaptation of means to ends. The glass-works of Bohemia would furnish many additional examples: in most respects the manufactures of that country are unrivalled. Perhaps the beauty of form which so many of them exhibit is to be accounted for by the fact, that the Bohemian workman blows nearly every article inside a wooden mould, not trusting, as the English operator, to a practised eye and dexterous hand. It is to Bohemia that we are indebted for hyalite, a species of black glass as yet but little known, but which, owing to its quality of resisting boiling liquids, is coming into use for teapots, coffee-cups, &c. Mr Pellatt instances a glass vase by a Bohemian artist which rivals the famous Portland Vase. The subject, Le Brun's picture of the defeat of the Persians at Arbela, is most elaborate, and worked out with consummate skill.

Mr Layard, in his valuable work on Nineveh, has shown that the Assyrians were acquainted with glass. This fact will tend to diminish the surprise not unfrequently expressed as to the proofs of glass having been manufactured in Egypt prior to the exodus of the Israelites. Assyria gives us a higher antiquity than Egypt; whether we shall ever get farther back with curiosities of glass-making remains to be proved.

Many rare and interesting specimens of ancient glass are preserved in the British Museum, where they may be inspected by the curious. They prove what has been often advanced, that mental progress is wave-like, at times rising to a commanding elevation, and then descending to a deep subsidence. It is not more than three hundred years ago that the first glass-houses were erected in England; much has been achieved in the intervening period. In what constitutes really good glass our manufacturers are said to be pre-eminent; and now that invention and enterprise are freed from the Excise incubus, we look, ere long, for further curiosities of glass-making.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE PROPHET.

ONE of the most remarkable and characteristic sights to be seen in Cairo is the Festival of the Prophet, held in commemoration both of the birth and the death of Mohammed. It takes place in the beginning of the third month of the Muslem calendar, and moves gradually therefore all round our year. In 1847, it occurred in February during my winter's residence in the City of Victory; and though I had seen *sikrs*, or dervish prayers, performed before, I was much struck with the scenes that presented themselves throughout the Festival.

The place chosen for its celebration is the south-west corner of what may be called the Esbekiyeh Gardens—formerly a vast open space, alternately a lake and a morass, now drained, encircled by a moat and a splendid drive, and planted with all sorts of trees. On nearly every side rows of palaces, hotels, and other buildings overlook it. In the alleys are numerous coffee-sheds, frequented every evening principally by the Frank population, who exhibit their version of the Parisian fashions in sight of the place where Kleber fell by the hand of an assassin.

On the third night of the month the dervishes pitch their camp and commence their performances, which continue until the twelfth night. By day there is nothing remarkable to be witnessed save the antics of one or two buffoons, by whom the idle crowd is amused. A little old black woman seemed the most popular of these. She carried about with her a huge club wrapped up in many-coloured rags, with which she went through a variety of manoeuvres, considered infinitely comic, if one might judge by the grins they excited, but not at all pleasing to a European eye. A very raw Englishman from Shepherd's Hotel, with whom I walked out one day, muttered something about the propriety of giving her in charge!

A little after sunset on the third or fourth night I went with a party to see what was to be seen. As soon as we entered the *Esbekiyeh* from the north, we heard a confused hum of human voices coming from the camp, and saw, flashing through and over the summits of the trees numerous clusters of bright lights. On reaching the western avenue, the first object that presented itself was the *kayim*, or row of four tall masts kept steady by numerous long ropes stretching from their summits to a great distance on both sides. These were covered with lamps disposed in ornamental order, each cluster being hung up by some pious person in honour of the Prophet, as in Roman Catholic countries tapers are burned in honour of saints. As we drew near, a burst of musical instruments to our right announced the approach of a body of dervishes from Boulac. They came hurrying with torches and strings of lamps hung upon poles through the city-gates, and proceeded to occupy their tent, not far distant from the *kayim*.

There were two long rows of tents, some very large, and all open to the public gaze, stretching on either side of the road. Some were very brilliantly adorned with wooden chandeliers; in others a circle of dervishes went through their devotions in the dim light of one or two oil lamps. The most attractive were at the southern extremity, near the mosque of Sheik Bakri. It is difficult to convey an impression of the feelings produced by a walk through this extraordinary camp. The very fact of the ceremonies being performed by night, is calculated to fill the mind with a kind of awe; not at all likely to be diminished by the knowledge that if fanaticism exists anywhere in Egypt, it must be concentrated upon that spot. The rows of black tents, the gleams of light here, the sombre shadows there, the streams of people moving to and fro, the heavy masses of foliage, the dim tapering minarets of neighbouring mosques, the drumming and shouting of distant *ashrafs*, or processions of dervishes, but, above all, the unearthly sounds proceeding from the performers themselves, all unite to stimulate curiosity and kindle the imagination.

Let us pause before one of the principal tents about the centre of the right-hand row. It is spacious, but sparingly lighted. A number of men in ordinary costume sit in a circle, whilst a respectable-looking individual stands in the centre. He begins to chant in a low measured tone the praises of God; and the dervishes having listened a few moments in silence, become acted upon at length by the commencement of an extraordinary excitement. In the first place, they turn their heads round and round very slowly, repeating the first syllable of the name of God as they look to the right, and the second syllable as they look to the left—'Al—lah!' By degrees, as the singer becomes more eager, they grow more impassioned, and soon every head rolls with frightful rapidity. At length all start to their feet; and, still repeating the name of God, turn from right to left, and left to right, with increasing vehemence. Their faces show signs of great excitement, and even of delirium. Some of them drop off their turbans, and frantically

shake their shaven crowns, their eyes being half closed, their mouths foaming, every feature contracted. Occasionally a man fell down in a fit, but his place was immediately supplied; and on went this extraordinary prayer—the motion now having become a forward inclination, during which the word 'Allah' was pronounced at one jerk, as if it had been pumped up from the very bottom of the stomach. It is impossible to describe the extraordinary sound produced by thirty or forty men keeping exact time. I can only compare it to the growl of some enormous wild animal.

I had not patience to wait from the beginning to the end of a *zikr*, as these performances are called; but I saw them during my walks in all their various stages. Towards the end, the ranks seemed often thinned, especially late at night; and the performers, pale, and running with perspiration, seemed scarcely able to prevent their knees from giving way, though still gasping out, however, in accents that had no resemblance to anything human, the name of God.

On one occasion I saw a woman come forward from among the crowd, and without seeming to attract any notice, stand behind the dervishes, and perform a grave and solemn dance. Occasionally she uttered a snatch of some song; not the same as that sung by the leader of the *zikr*, but to the same air, and harmonising well with the scene. It may be worth while to mention, as my experience is opposed to the opinion of most travellers, that I have more than once seen women pray in Egypt, with all the formalities of prostration and genuflection. They seem to prefer doing so, when alone, on the banks of the Nile, on the seashore, or near some well. This accounts for their being seldom seen. A large class of Mohammedans consider that women have no business to pray.

The principal seat of the camp was at the southern extreme of the left-hand line. It was fitted up very handsomely with carpets and cushions, and brilliantly lighted up. All the dervishes in it were respectably dressed, and wore turbans, green and white, whereas elsewhere there was always a large mixture of *tarbooshes* and gray-pointed caps. The performances, however, were in all respects the same, except that, perhaps from greater practice or greater moderation, the excitement seemed never carried to so high a pitch as in some of the other tents. After every *mcjiss*, or sitting, coffee and pipes were handed round.

From the camp we proceeded one night into the bazaars in the neighbourhood of the mosque of Sheik Bakri, which we found to be all lighted up, and crowded with people. The shops were open, and full of wares, especially cakes, and dried fruits, and sweetmeats of all kinds. Of course every coffee-house was crowded, and many extempore places of refreshment had sprung up. In one might be heard a story-teller, in another a singer; sometimes men, disguised as women, performed dances suited to Eastern tastes. There seemed a good deal of merriment going forward; and the men who came with grave faces and knitted brows from witnessing the performance of a *zikr*, were soon grinning like true overgrown children. To a very late hour of the night the illumination and throng continued in this quarter; and in all the principal streets processions of dervishes occasionally passed, moving slowly along with great noise of drums and great flashing of lights, and cries and shouts, and every sign of joy and excitement.

The most remarkable sight to be witnessed during the Festival of the Prophet is, without doubt, what is called the *dôseh*, or ceremony of trampling. It takes place by day, and attracts an immense concourse of people. The *dôseh* is one of those numerous customs peculiar to Egypt, or rather to Cairo, which have been engrafted on the genuine Mohammedan practices. Whether they are of modern growth, or relics of some previous superstition, is difficult to determine. The ceremony I allude to is, on a smaller scale, not unlike in character to the progress of the car of Juggernaut; for it consists in a certain number of fanatics lying down upon the ground, closely packed, side by side, so as to form a path, along

which a heavy man, representing the Sheik Bakri, upon an iron-shod horse, passes at a quick walk.

The opinion has been expressed that the persons who submit to this trial are not injured. The Arabs, however, do not even profess this: they merely say that such as are pure escape, whilst such as are impure may be killed. I have heard of several instances of death ensuing; whilst, on the other hand, a very respectable authority has assured me that he knew a boy who, for a few piastres, would expose himself to be trodden upon three times in succession on the same day.

There are, in fact, three places at which this sight may be seen, between the Mosque of the Hasanain, from which the Sheik Bakri, or rather his substitute, takes his departure, and the house of that important personage, situated at the south-east corner of the Esbekiyeh; but at the first two only thirty or forty people lie down, whilst at the third sometimes several hundred come forward to try their luck. Determined to see as much as I could, I went to the ground early, before the great crowd had collected, and kept hanging about what appeared to be the centre-point for a very considerable time. The weather was most unfavourable. Violent gusts of wind raised immense clouds of dust, that darkened the skies for a time, and then swept away to hang like a threatening vapour over the city. The rich green acacias were in a perpetual state of agitation, tossing and waving their boughs, and filling the air with a mournful moaning sound. And yet the place where we stood, protected by a lofty wall, was at times unpleasantly hot. Our eyes soon became sore, our mouths full of dust, and our throats parched. Several times it suggested itself that a bowl of sherbet and a *shisheh* might afford a fair compensation for the loss of the spectacle; but we stood to our ground, and at length had the pleasure of discovering, by the movements and growing excitement of the multitude, that the important moment was arriving.

After about ten minutes of unusual animation, several men bearing flags, and others armed with *nabootes*, came to clear a narrow alley through the crowd, in the front line of which I was fortunate enough to get. Immediately succeeding these couriers of the sheik came, two and two, those behind leaning on the shoulders of those before—a long column of young dervishes, worked up into a most repulsive state of excitement. They appeared to be perfectly intoxicated, and I have no doubt were so—the result being produced in some cases by *hashish*, or hemp-seed, in others by religious enthusiasm. Most of them wore pointed gray caps, a few turbans, none turbans. The column passed me, swaying like one man from side to side, and uttering in a deep gasping tone the word 'Allah!' The lane formed through the centre of the crowd curved slightly, so that I could not see either end; and I was unable to count the number of dervishes that lay down. They were calculated at above two hundred. After they had been passing me rapidly for some time they stopped, and without more ado threw themselves flat on their faces side by side. I leaned forward, but could not see any termination to this human pavement. Several persons, evidently acting in an official capacity, now began running to and fro, arranging a shoulder here, an arm there, a leg farther on; examining that no spaces were left between the sides of those unhappy men, who all the while kept up a kind of convulsive twitching motion through their bodies, and shook their heads violently from side to side as they muttered in voices choked with dust the name of God, and invoked his help to assist them in the trial they were about to undergo for his sake, grovelling there upon the ground, in the sight of assembled thousands! The spectators seemed to interest themselves very much in all the arrangements; and I noticed that, obeying an impulse of humanity, one of them snatched up a child not more than ten or eleven years old, who had boldly lain down to go through the ordeal, and forced him to make way for a lad of about fifteen. The sight of these preparations produced a sickening feeling, and I became very impatient for the ceremony to take place. My suspense lengthened the time; for it was in reality not long after the pave-

ment had been formed that a buzz, a shout arose, followed by a dead silence, and then by an eager movement and forward pressure of the crowd, causing me nearly to lose my footing. What occurred was the work of an instant. A man on a powerful horse, preceded, supported, and followed by about a dozen attendants, moved with a quick lively walk over the bodies of the prostrate dervishes. My whole attention was attracted to the feet of the horse, which I distinctly saw to be shod with a flat plate of iron, as is usually the case in Egypt. Every one of the victims received the heavy tread somewhere near the small of the back; and I noticed one lad especially who writhed under it like a worm. I never saw anything more disgusting and painful than the sight that succeeded. No sooner had the representative of the sheik passed by than the friends and relations of the dervishes snatched them up, surrounded them, and endeavoured to make it appear that they were not hurt. 'Declare the unity of God!' whispered they in their ears; and some of the poor wretches, though half insensible, murmured with their bleeding mouths, 'Wahed!' Many of them, however, were in an undrugged swoon, and lay senseless and ghastly; others responded with groans. Their general appearance was that of drunken men taken up from under the wheels of a carriage. In several instances the sufferers seemed to have fallen into fits resembling epilepsy; and one giant Arab attracted considerable attention by the violence of his struggles. I did not see a single man get up and walk away as if unhurt; but there is no doubt that a great deal of the exhaustion I witnessed arose from mental and bodily excitement. The tread of the horse, however, must have inflicted injury in many cases. I was told that two or three of the men died, but it was impossible to ascertain whether this was true or false.

A tremendous blast of wind, rising almost into a hurricane, swept over the Esbekiyeh as this painful scene concluded, and concealed every object except those near at hand in a dense cloud of dust. We hastened to take shelter in a coffee-shed, where, over a *shisheh* or a *chibouk*, we discussed the events of the day. I am disposed to adhere to the opinion to which we then unanimously came, that there was little of hypocrisy in any of the actors in the extraordinary ceremony we had witnessed. All, or nearly all, seemed impressed with the deep importance of what they were doing; and both those who suffered—though some had prepared themselves with *hashish*—and those who officiated as assistants, from the burly representative of Sheik Bakri, to the meanest runner, I have no doubt believed they were concurring in a very meritorious action. That attempts seemed made to conceal any accidents, and to represent the result of the ordeal as more satisfactory than it really was, proves nothing but that men are anxious for the good reputation of their friends. I have heard some people maintain that there must be juggling in the whole affair; but I as distinctly saw the hoofs of the horse tread upon the yielding forms of the dervishes, as I see the pen trace these words on the paper before me.

During the succeeding night the *zikrs* were performed with unusual animation and vigour, and the *ashárahs* perambulated the streets more frequently and with greater noise. Until very near dawn, the lights of the camp twinkled through the trees, and the measured grunting of the dervishes might be heard at a vast distance. At length, however, all relapsed into repose; and when I walked out, late on the afternoon of the following day, scarcely any trace of the tents or the *kayim* could be seen. I passed the spot on my way to the house of an Englishman who lived in a garden quite in the Turkish quarter. He had promised me a good dinner; but I had scarcely put foot into his place, when I gave up all hope of anything of the kind; for I beheld him standing with a *kárbash*, or whip of hippopotamus' hide, over the prostrate form of his cook, who roared for mercy. Being averse to this mode of dealing with natives, I interfered, and discovered that Master Mohammed was a dervish, and had taken it into his head to lie down in the *dósh*. The consequence was, that he could scarcely walk, and had only just arrived limping, with back bent, when I came expecting my din-

ner. A few pipes served us to pass the time whilst he repaired his negligence, and we enjoyed the fried fish, and cutlets with tomato sauce, perhaps much more keenly for the delay.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

In the age of Elizabeth, the English drama seemed to start into mature existence rather by creation than by the process of slow and gradual growth. Banished during the civil wars, and corrupted by the Restoration, and even by the Congreves and Wycherlys of a generation later, it regained much of its peculiar national vigour during the reign of the comic writers of the eighteenth century. Never was the theatre a more essentially national amusement than in the age when Goldsmith, Sheridan, and the two Colmans wrote for the stage; when Pritchard, Garrick, and Siddons trod the boards of Drury Lane or Covent Garden; and Macklin and Foote, treading in the paths of Cibber, united the parts of author, actor, and diner-out of the first lustre.

The French revolutionary wars, and the rise of a new poetical and romantic literature, deprived the stage of its pabulum. None of the great writers and poets of the Scott-Byron era were really successful on the stage. The actors a generation ago were as good as ever. The grins of Mathews, Liston, Dowton, and Munden were as broad as those of Quick, Suett, and Parsons had been, but new dramatic writers were wanting. The great theatres kept playing the comedies of the old stock after they had ceased to hold the mirror up to the manners of the town, and after two-thirds of the allusions had ceased to tell; and instead of original pieces, the grand resource was the translation of French plays. The consequence was, that as soon as London came to have a permanent French theatre, the rich and fashionable ceased to frequent Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and in this they were imitated by that portion of the middle class that apes the aristocracy. Hence the jargon about the *decline of the national drama*. The drama in Great Britain has declined because it has ceased to be national, and because nine-tenths of the so-called national dramatists are translators from the French; for who that has ever seen 'La Reine de Seize Ans' could endure to have the sparkling wit of Bayard decanted into the rapid 'Youthful Queen?' One might as well expect to enjoy champagne served from pewter quart pots. Last year the English actors petitioned the legislature to be allowed protection against foreign competition; but they would have acted with greater wisdom had they petitioned Dickens and Thackeray to send their comedies to the Hay Market instead of Bouverie Street.

But the great cause of the swamping of the English drama, is the tide of music which has set in from the continent with such irresistible force. The natural philosopher may like it or dislike it, but it is far too remarkable a sign of the times to be left unnoticed by the student of living manners. Let us hope that a prejudice against music which exists in the minds of many men of the highest attainments in science and literature, is gradually giving way to the sentiment that the science of sweet sounds is as essential a part of civilisation as the vivification of form and colours by sculpture and painting, and that the perfection of civilisation is neither in science alone—in commerce alone—nor in the purely imitative arts—but in the concurrence of all. How catholic is the spirit of a Fuseli as compared with that of many of our greatest one-sided thinkers! 'I know,' said he, 'that the productions of Mozart and Beethoven are of the highest excellence, because the best judges say so; but to me they give no pleasure than a finely fore-shortened limb of Michelangelo does to an unpractised eye.'

But that never was any period of civilisation in which all the arts flourished simultaneously, and there probably never will be. In the perception of the graceful in form, nothing has equalled the age of Pericles; in

painting, or the vivification of colour, there is the rise of the art in the fifteenth century, and a dreadful falling off after the conclusion of the seventeenth, for Vanderheyden, the last of the Dutch school, died in 1712, and Carlo Maratti, the last of the eminent painters of Italy, in 1714. Music is the only one of the fine arts in which the present can be called a really luminous period; and it requires no great power of divination to foresee that when the present cycle of musical production is completed, the names of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others, will be enshrined as classics by a generation as remote from them as we are from the great Italian and Flemish painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

With the fact of London being the only capital in Europe that ever had at the same time two first-class Italian Operas, it can no longer be said that we are not a musical people. Mere fashion will not account for this: it is not to be denied that a decided taste for highest-class music has descended rapidly to all branches of the middle ranks; and we therefore imagine that a more familiar acquaintance with the management of Italian theatres, both Cisalpine and Transalpine, and the manners and customs of the profession, will not prove unacceptable.

The musical capitals of Italy are Naples and Milan. All the talent of the south converges to the former city; that of the north to the latter. Here are the great *conservatories*, as they are called, where the young musical idea is taught how to shoot; and here are the largest and best-appointed theatres; but both in instruction and stage appliances Naples takes the precedence of Milan. The theatre of San Carlo in the former city is larger than that of La Scala in the latter, and the conservatory of Naples has a higher reputation than that of Milan; the late director having been Zingarelli, and the present being Mercadante, the most scientific of all the modern Italian composers. But any one from the north of the Alps would wonder how the science of sweet sounds could be learned in such a place. He might think it rather the *hell* of Dante's 'Divine Comedy;' for while he is almost inclined to smile at the groaning of a violoncello, which the small legs of a tyro can scarcely compass, a violin at his right ear jars painfully on the nerves, of which he is no sooner sensible than a wind-instrument, which the performer has scarcely strength sufficient to sound, strikes so disagreeably on the other tympanum, that he thinks of Tasso's 'Rauco suon della Tartarea tromba.'

Most of these youths belong to the humbler classes of society, but strange fortunes and misfortunes often bring upon the Italian stage both male and female singers who have never passed through a conservatory. For instance, a young man of ancient and noble family, passing rich with an appanage of forty pounds a year, has cultivated music as an amateur; his voice and style have been admired; his small patrimony is still further reduced by the gaming-table; or, discontented with vegetating in a small provincial capital, he covets the easily gained wealth of the Operas of London or Paris. He changes his name. His musical education is complete, for he has done little else but sing all his mornings these dozen years; a few months' practice in the provincial theatres acquaint him with the routine of stage business; and in a few years he makes an income in Paris or London quadruple that of the richest of his relations. This produces the most curious contrasts in the families of Italian singers residing in London. A tenor or bass is perhaps a man of exquisitely-polished manners, whose relations one may have seen in the best society of Italy; while the beautiful and now accomplished *prima donna*, who has passed through the conservatory, has for a protector some brother or uncle from a village of the Abruzzi or Bergamese, with sun-burnt features, huge brown hands, and an incomprehensible patois.

Musical education is frequently carried on in towns where there are no conservatories, on the speculation of a music-master, who receives a moiety of a young

singer's profits for a term of years—a system which gives rise to some amusing lawsuits; since the pupil, if highly successful on the stage, usually gets restive long before the expiration of the term mentioned in the contract. The arrangement, however, is usually advantageous to both parties; for these undertakers of musical education are generally in relation with the conductors of theatrical agency, through whom most engagements are made in the earlier stage of the career of an artist.

Singers very rarely begin with the larger theatres of Italy, but generally with those of the third or fourth class. In the first rank are Naples and Milan, which have good singers all the year round. In the second are the Fenice of Venice, the Pergola of Florence, and several others, which shine in their full lustre only during the carnival. In the third rank are those towns that have their good Opera singers not during the carnival, but in spring and autumn. The fourth class may be considered to be those that have their Opera season in summer, or a carnival season of inferior singers. At these last-mentioned places may be heard the same singers who in after-times become famous. In the little town of Cremona, in the year 1835, the writer of this article saw the early campaign of Marini, then unknown to fame, and now the excellent first bass at the Queen's Theatre—for London and Paris, or latterly St Petersburg, absorb the prime of a singer's vocal powers; the best performers on the Italian stage being either those whose reputation is not quite in full bloom, or who have been superseded as favourites in France and England by younger and more vigorous powers. The consequence is, that while in London freshness and strength of voice are combined with dramatic experience in the same individual, on the Italian stage they are in union with a merely peninsular reputation; or if there be a European name and artistic experience, they are conjoined with an organ somewhat the worse for the wear. But these old singers, although giving less pleasure to the Italian public, contribute by their style of performance to model the rising generation, and to keep up the native school of the lyric drama, in which even the Germans, with their more profound musical science, are decidedly inferior to the Italians.

Thus owing to the demand for young singers in the theatres of the north, the tasting of wine and tea is not better understood at the Docks of London than the *tasting* of singers of rising talent in Italy. The tasters know by a singer's countenance, before he opens his mouth, whether he be a bass or a tenor, and on hearing him, can not only tell exactly what are his voice and style, but what they are likely to become. These tasters are always a sore annoyance to a manager in possession of a singer engaged under a remunerating contract; and the manoeuvres and counter-manouvres between them are like the intrigues of politics and law. The greatest manager of modern times was a certain Signor Barbaja, who, during all the prime of Rossini's genius, was the *Impressario*, or undertaker of the principal theatres of Italy, and had in fact a sort of musical monopoly of the Italian capitals. One evening, seeing through the hole of the curtain a person whom he knew to be a taster for the Opera of Paris, and dreading that he might have some design upon his prima donna, he waited until the grand scena of the lady was ended, and stationing himself at the side-scene, declared with enthusiasm that she had covered the Italian lyric drama with glory. The poor prima donna, in an effusion of tears, could scarcely express her gratitude; and the warm-hearted manager, finding her in the melting mood, produced a contract for three more years, with a small rise of salary, which was at once signed; but a new light broke in upon her on receiving next morning, and just in time to be too late, a letter from the Paris agent, offering her a considerably higher sum. Once signed, these contracts are usually so binding that there can be no mistake—the only releasing circumstances, such as the burning of the theatre, being especially mentioned.

An Italian opera consists of two acts—the first always longer than the second. 'Otello' has three acts; 'L'inganno Felice' only one; but these are rare exceptions. The singers absolutely indispensable to every Italian Opera are a prima donna with a soprano or mezzo-soprano voice, a tenor, and a first bass. Nearly all the inferior male parts are written for bass or bary-tone singers; voices of this description being much more abundant than tenors. In many operas principal parts are written for a bary-tone; and a very few, such as *Tancredi* in 'Tancredi,' and *Arace* in 'Semiramide,' are written for a contralto (a female voice with low notes), as there are many good soprano voices for one contralto. All the buffo, or comic parts, are written for basses or bary-tones of small compass, and are a sort of refuge for those middle-aged and elderly basses who, having no longer sustaining power and tenderness, make up for the loss of their voices by comic acting. This remark is of course not applicable to England, where the buffo parts are filled by singers still in their prime. The distribution of compass is very much determined in new operas by the accidental capacity of the company for which the composer writes; all the effective notes of a singer being brought out with a view to the first success of the opera, which is the grand point.

After the distribution of parts, the composer tries over all the solo and concerted pieces with the singers at the pianoforte, and alters and amends according as his judgment directs. Meanwhile the chorus has been practising; and it is not until both singers and chorus are well drilled at the pianoforte that the first *insieme*, or general rehearsal with the orchestra, takes place. An orchestra very soon gets its part; and the stage rehearsals in a good company are more for the sake of the groupings of the chorus, and the stage effect, than for any material advancement of the purely musical business.

The first night of representation is one of agonizing suspense to both manager and music-director. The singers have all eaten a very light and early dinner, and having been fasting for several hours, are in prime vocal condition, which they aid by a few anchovies or a glass of wine; and the composer having taken his place in the orchestra to direct the music himself, the opera begins. In Naples the royal family usually attend a first performance; and according to etiquette no one can applaud until the king sets the example from his box. If an opera, therefore, please at first hearing, as was the case with many of those of Donizelli, which came out mostly at Naples, the impatience for the signal from the royal box becomes feverish; and when this comes at last, the result is like an ice-pent torrent let loose. There is scarcely such a thing as damning an opera on the first night. Any glaring impropriety in the dramatic part of the arrangements is unceremoniously hissed; but final judgment on the music is never passed at once, as an opera does not make the instantaneous impression of the spoken drama, and its beauties do not always lie on the surface. For instance, 'Norma,' now the most popular of Bellini's operas, was coldly received on its first production; but as the Opera is in Italy the nightly lounge, and a sort of social exchange, the merits of a new production soon rise to a premium or fall to a discount. But success in Italy by no means insures a European reputation; for, on account of the perpetual demand for new operas for the carnival season, many a musical hero who, like Ricci and Coppola, has conquered a Cisalpine reputation, cannot pass the Alps and fix his productions securely in London, Paris, or Vienna; and a firm footing in these capitals is the great test of the excellence of either new operas or new singers. We may, therefore, now quit the sunny south, and turn our attention to the state of the music nearer home.

The history of the Italian Operas of London and Paris previous to our own period has been so frequently written, that it would be quite beside our purpose to go farther back than 1814. In that year the conti-

neat was reopened, and Rossini, by the production of 'Tancredi' at Venice, began the bright part of his career. Previously, Italian music was in England little more than a fashion. It was Rossini more than any other composer who first created that vivid and widely-spread relish for it which has now taken a firm hold of even the middle classes. 'Tancredi,' the 'Barber of Seville,' 'Semiramide,' 'Gazza Ladra,' 'Cenerentola,' and the other operas of this master, were successively reproduced in London and Paris, and held undisputed possession of the Italian theatres of these cities until 1832, when Bellini divided public attention in the 'Pirate.' Both these composers visited London, their persons and manners being as different as their styles in music. Rossini is strong, lusty, and corpulent, and was made such a lion of by George IV. and the principal nobility, that Theodore Hook, in one of his novels, talked sneeringly of 'a great personage, such as Signor Rossini or the Emperor of all the Russias.' Bellini, whom the writer of this article frequently met during his visit to London in 1833, was quite different: he was slim, pale, and genteel, with very modest manners and a soft voice. We recollect that he was on one occasion dreadfully puzzled in an attempt to understand the British constitution, while we endeavoured to explain the functions of each part of the machinery. This will not appear surprising when we see what a sad business foreign dramatists and novelists make of Lords and Commons. Even M. Scribe, with all his historical reading, makes a peer and ousted cabinet minister enter into a dark intrigue to become lord mayor of London! On the death of Bellini, Donizelli continued his prolific career with a series of operas, less exquisitely beautiful, but much more varied in character, than those of Bellini; and on his mental derangement occurring a couple of years ago, Verdi remained the only effective living composer of the Italian school, Rossini having produced no great original opera for twenty years.

The Italian Opera of Paris might be said to have the same company as the Queen's Theatre; for, beginning their season in Paris in October, it was terminated in holy week, so as to make the high season of London comprise the months of April, May, June, July, and the half of August. The opening of the Covent Garden Italian Opera effected a great change in this system; the hard work of rehearsal was all done in Paris, and the singers in London had an easy time of it, in merely repeating the lessons already learned; but through the energy, perseverance, and talents of Signor Michael Costa and Mr Balfe, the rehearsals in London are now as laborious as in Paris, and as independent of mere imitation; while, by the translation of the best works of Meyerbeer and Auber, the repertory of the Italian Operas of London has a richness and variety of character unknown to the native Italian stage.

The first-class Opera singers are generally a quiet, gentlemanly, and well-behaved class of men, utter strangers to those dissipation that used sometimes to incapacitate our Cooke, Reeves, and Keans from performing: they usually reside in Regent Street, the Quadrant, or St James's Street, and some of them are much attached to London, while others have the affectation of saying that there is no existence out of Italy. One of these said to a well-known buffo that London was quite an exile; to which he answered, 'Yes, and a very agreeable exile too.' The actual salaries in London are not much larger than those of Naples or Milan; but the concerts produce a large sum, the income derived from singing a few songs at two or three concerts being sometimes, with much less labour, more than the salary of an Opera night. Italian singers may thus realize a large fortune in a few years; and Donizelli and many others are extensive landed proprietors in Italy. The greatest prima donna of our age, however, had the misfortune to see her large accumulated wealth dissipated in a few years by a gambling husband. In no profession is it more true that

they must be made while the sun shines. A well-known tenor was accustomed to make his two thousand pounds for many seasons during the London summer, till his voice fell off, and other favourites obtained the public ear. Unwilling to quit London, he remained at a salary of £800 for the sake of the concerts; soon he fell to £300; and at last begged the manager to allow him to sing for nothing, that he might the more readily obtain pupils, and was refused!

So much for Italian music, of which we make so large an annual importation and consumption. It must be confessed that the balance of trade is terribly against us; for Mr Balfe is the only English composer whose productions have stood the voyage across the Channel. Him, however, we may congratulate on the signal success that has attended the production of his operas over all the continent of Europe.

CALIFORNIA—COMING DISAPPOINTMENTS.

UNLESS all experience is vain, and something like a miracle should take place, we must quickly hear of miserable disappointment and great disasters in California.

We argue thus from the history of all former gold-diggings where the circumstances were similar. The gold hitherto found in the valley of the Sacramento and neighbouring regions is, as is well known, mixed with the alluvial matter of the country, along with which it has been brought down in the course of time from the mountains, the lighter particles, as usual, travelling farthest. In all cases hitherto, such deposits of gold have never lasted long in their pristine abundance. After the first and best harvest has been reaped, the washings become comparatively unproductive, and soon they cease to remunerate the labour expended on them. After that, there is no chance of gold but by excavating it from its native seat in the mountains, where, however, its amount is so uncertain in proportion to the labour, that even in South America proverbial wisdom treats gold-digging as a bad business.

What, however, gives us most reason to fear for the upshot of this Californian crusade, is our knowledge of the dangers and difficulties of the way, and of the state of the country itself.* To reach the sickly valley of the Sacramento, and the still more unwholesome narrow ravines running into it, a voyage or journey of incredible fatigue and peril must be surmounted, whether by the long northern land journey, or by the sea and land passage by the Isthmus of Darien. The sea voyage round Cape Horn for ill-provided emigrants in a crowded transport infers an amount of human suffering which may be left to the imagination of the reader.

The adventurer who chooses the first and most direct route will have first to travel from a thousand to fifteen hundred miles across the United States: here a well-lined purse will overcome all difficulties. Then commences a second journey of fifteen hundred miles through a wild country, without roads, or inns, or inhabitants—almost destitute even of water. The traveller ought of course to be provided with every necessary for the whole way at setting off; but such an outlay must far exceed the means of many who will only make the discovery too late to retreat. They will be induced to attempt the journey without due provision for their subsistence or safety, and their bones will be left to whiten the prairie. The toils and dangers of their more opulent companions, well provided as they may be, will be excessive. The bitter piercing cold of the night, as the fierce wind sweeps over the boundless plains, penetrates to the very bones. The noontide fervour of the sun is an opposite, but not less serious evil, under which human strength sinks and dies. As the heat hourly increases, the breeze languishes, and the saline vapours arising from

* The present paper is the production of a gentleman who is personally conversant with the countries he refers to.—Ed.

the earth, being then no longer agitated or dispersed by its impulse, give rise to the phenomenon of the mirage. The wayfarer, exhausted by heat, dust, and thirst, is then tantalised with the cruel deception of lakes and streams of water flowing around him, and extending before him as far as the eye can reach, yet ever eluding his approach. The delusion is so complete, that dogs, languid and disheartened, will at first dash forward with sudden energy to rush into the seeming grateful fluid, and enjoy its cooling refreshment. Absence of water is one of the great deprivations of this country; it is often the cause of the severest sufferings of the traveller and his cattle, and frequently occasions the loss of beasts of burthen. Persons of nervous temperament occasionally endure excessive irritation from the excitement created by this continual exhibition of deceptive waters upon their parched throats while suffering under the effects of protracted thirst. It in some constitutions proceeds to such excess as to produce spasms and severe nervous attacks; and the sufferer is then compelled to submit to the disagreeable necessity of riding blindfolded, as the only effectual antidote to the exciting cause of his illness.

During a considerable portion of the year, the rain and snow render these plains seas of impassable mud. The practicable seasons for the journey, therefore, are limited to the intervals between this wet period and the time of excessive heat and drought. Strangers, not aware of these circumstances, may arrive on the frontier at such a time of the year as will oblige them to remain stationary for some weeks or months before they can proceed farther on their way. For a short season, when sufficient moisture and heat are combined, some of these plains, where sand prevails, present a scanty vegetation, affording beautiful specimens of flowers in detached masses. The sight of some of these plants in conservatories or gardens in England is apt to inspire an erroneous opinion of the fertility of their native soil. In reality, verdure and herbage for cattle are there unknown, and a few brilliant flowers scattered over the surface are a poor compensation for the want of them. The whole land assumes the substance and appearance of an unburnt brick when dry; where clay or loam prevails, it becomes, when moistened, a plunge of mud, but also exhibiting here and there fine flowers.

During the greater part of this long journey the travellers, if not in strong force, are liable to the attacks of the Indians, usually the fierce Apaches, who make sudden irruptions from their distant abodes on the more civilised inhabitants of the frontier of the plains, and kill or carry off any stragglers that fall in their way. In these usually barren regions are occasional fertile spots blessed with sufficient water and vegetation, each forming an oasis in the desert, the favourite resort of these Indians—men wild, ferocious, and without mercy. Wo to the unhappy traveller who encounters them in their forays! Mounted upon hardy, active horses, frequently the plunder of former excursions, they sweep over the land, carrying death and devastation in their course. Appearing when their presence is least anticipated, they vanish again as suddenly into their unapproachable fastnesses in the desert. It is difficult in peaceful England to imagine such a state of precarious existence as the life of the emigrant or the traveller in these countries daily presents.

The shorter journey through the mountain defiles on the Isthmus of Darien or Panama is not less prolific in danger and suffering. The Atlantic coast on the whole of the Isthmus is fatal to Europeans during many months of the year. Between the end of February and the beginning of October, one week's residence on shore is a trial few strangers go through without an attack of yellow fever. The miserable, stupid, indolent native Indian alone resists for the period of a short life the baneful effects of the climate. The smallest services these half-animatèd beings can be induced to perform is to be remunerated with a dollar; they appear to have no conception that five minutes' exertion can be re-

compensated by any smaller coin. It may be supposed from this that travelling is here expensive; and should the traveller be unprovided with sufficient apparatus against the reptiles and insects everywhere besetting him, even at more favourable seasons of the year, such as raised beds, seats, their feet immersed in pans of oil or water when in use, hammocks, mosquito-curtains, &c. he will inevitably endure a degree of torment from their persecutions unimaginable to natives of our temperate climate. Reptiles of the most poisonous description present themselves in alarming profusion; snakes in many varieties, large and small; centipedes, scolopendras, and similar lengthy creepers; scorpions in multitudes. Tarantulas, and various enormous spiders, said to be venomous, are met with. At night, monstrous beetles of disgusting odour will, uninvited, alight upon him; while large bats, attracted, probably by the light colour of his bedding, will flutter about him, or, if slumber overtakes him, the vampire may settle upon him, and suck his blood, greatly to the detriment of an already reduced constitution.

Arrived at the western or Pacific shore, supposing the traveller to have surmounted the toils of the way, his perils are only varied, but not abated. On this coast the myriads of insects and reptiles are undiminished; and although the yellow fever is here unknown, there is little cause of congratulation for this exemption, as its place is most efficiently supplied by the peculiar scourge of these coasts, the fatal fevers of intermittent type. So inimical to the health of strangers is this destroyer, that in 1826 a Congress of Deputies from some of the new republics, which was held at Panama, though composed of native Americans, some of whom were of Indian extraction, and though supplied with every comfort available for the climate, was broken up after two or three sittings, and obliged to adjourn to a locality more congenial to strangers, sickness having already made such inroads among them, as in a short time to threaten the total extinction of their numbers. And this was not in the worst season of the year.

The emigrant, on his passage to more distant shores, must await the sailing of the vessel that is to bear him to his destination, and an interval of many weeks may elapse before he finds an opportunity of quitting the shores of the isthmus. Ere that time has arrived, the departure of the ships will in all probability be a matter of indifference to him, for the most sufficient of all reasons. Should he fortunately get on board ship, another tedious voyage in a crowded vessel within the tropics awaits him. If the traveller arrives in these countries during the rainy season—for here the rains are periodical—all his difficulties will be increased. A European can form little idea of these tropical showers, though he may imagine the discomfort and danger of having his clothes alternately soaked in water and drying upon his back during his entire journey.*

The emigrant, once landed at San Francisco, must not suppose his difficulties at an end. He must be prepared to receive the heaviest calls upon his already

* There is a comparatively direct road to California through Mexico, landing at Tampico, and embarking at San Blas on the Pacific in the north; or landing at Vera-Cruz, and embarking at Acapulco in the south. The sea voyage in the Pacific is thus materially shortened, and that in latitudes nearest the line. The land journey is through a civilized, healthy country, with the exception of fifty or sixty miles on approaching the ports. During the whole journey, homely accommodation can be obtained, and several large towns are passed on either route, where any deficiencies may be supplied: but the Spanish language is indispensable, not a word of any other European tongue being known there. This same difficulty must occur in crossing the Isthmus; but there the distance being only short, the traveller can, and indeed must, depend more upon his own resources, and require less communication with strangers, except at the ports, where probably English will assist him. Whether there is any direct communication between San Blas or Acapulco, and the port of San Francisco, must now be a subject of inquiry, as, till lately, there was little inducement for frequent intercourse, and only chance occasions occurred of passing from the Mexican coast to that of Upper California.

impoverished funds, to enable him to proceed into the gold districts. None but the wealthy can afford the price of a mule or horse, if they are procurable even for money. The commonest necessaries of life are 400 or 500 per cent. dearer than in the countries he has left, and the poor adventurer will soon discover that his only means of subsistence, at least for a time, is by servitude, until he can amass sufficient resources to enable him to venture on the journey into the interior. The report of wages of a dollar an hour, or even two hours, to a porter sounds promising; but when boarding at the humblest table, with only water to drink, costs now one pound per day, and lodging and washing are paid in proportion, at the end of the week there will be found only a moderate residue from such earnings. The place has now also become the resort of desperate characters from the ports of South America, and the wildest adventurers from the cities of the United States. The unsettled wanderers of Texas, and deserters from the army, with runaway seamen from the South-Sea whalers, and the idle profligates abounding in the islands of the Pacific, compose the mass of the population, without law, religion, or morality. The accounts of rapine and murder from the district are what might be expected in such a society. Fourteen detected murders are stated to have taken place at the diggings shortly previous to the writing of a letter conveying the intelligence.

While this evil has been gradually gaining ground, the first vague reports of the immense discoveries of gold remain unconfirmed by proportionate importations of the precious metal either into the United States or into Europe. In reality, the value of the gold hitherto announced to have been received scarcely indicates a gold region of more than ordinary richness, if it even attains to that standard, the whole sum not amounting to the eighth part of the produce of the mines in the Ural Mountains in the same time. The whole history of this marvellous land of treasure seems now to be resolving itself into a land-jobbing speculation of some go-a-head Yankees to attract population to their waste allotments. This view of the case becomes more probable on recollecting that this is not a new-discovered country. The Spaniards, always most diligent in their mineralogical researches, possessed it, and had missions near San Francisco, and consequently not far from the valley of the Sacramento, administered by men of skill and ability, who almost to a certainty must have seen, or had some intelligence of, this store of wealth, if it existed in such abundance. The Indians, also, of all the tribes, are well aware that gold is the most valuable article that they can bring when coming to traffic with civilised men, as they have long been in the habit of doing; accordingly they bring some gold, occasionally in large pieces: but if a land so prolific in this metal had been known to them, horse-loads instead of a few pounds would have been offered in barter at the stations. Not long since the Oregon territory was the attractive point of resort, and dreadful sufferings and loss of life were sustained by the hasty adventurers hurrying there to obtain the first choice of settlement in the anticipated paradise. Unfortunately, a great part of the favoured land proved on trial to be uninhabitable, and most of the remainder appeared only a poor ungrateful soil for cultivation. It is much to be feared that many now blindly hastening to enrich themselves in the gold regions will, if they survive the experiment, have to retreat as light as they came in search of some more fertile soil, where they may provide for their maintenance by the cultivation of a few yams or potatoes, as the climate may serve. With tolerable industry they may soon be surrounded with sufficient supplies of the necessaries of life, if they have located themselves judiciously; but little beyond this is to be expected in a country where the wants of all the inhabitants are singular, and their means of supplying them equal. The golden dreams of regal wealth will in all probability be only realised in the form of a log-

house if trees are near, or a mud-hut on the mountain, with a plot of cultivated ground; where, instead of gathering gold by handfuls, the proprietor must devote some portion of his time and attention to the protection of his most valuable property, by scaring away birds and other granivorous enemies from his maize-field, and learning the art of making tortillas and attalle of the grain of the Mexicans, or mush and hominy from their United States neighbours.

THE LACE-MAKERS OF SAXONY.

We have already given some details respecting the lace-makers of Ireland, and it may be curious, if not useful, to bestow a glance likewise upon their German sisters. The district of Krasberg is situated amid the mountains of that name which separate Saxony from Austria, and its inhabitants are all of the industrial class, consisting chiefly of blacksmiths and lace-makers. The former artisan, though working constantly at his rude profession, is seldom able to lay by anything for his old age. Commencing in early youth, the ordinary results of his labour are blindness and deafness, which make his age useless; and so, leaving the anvil, he wanders with a beggar's wallet from door to door, until one day he entirely disappears, and is forgotten. This course is so common, that when a man is suddenly missing, and nothing more is heard of him, it is said 'he has gone like an old blacksmith.'

The lace-makers are a more interesting class, and are composed wholly of women and children. When they are thus employed, the management of the house is entirely given up to the men, whose duty it then is to cook and wash the linen for the family—the fine threads of the lace requiring the more skilful and delicate fingers of a woman. A good workwoman, in favourable times, working morning and night, was generally able to earn from 6d. to 7½d. a day; but during last year the most industrious among them could not gain more than from 1½d. to 3d., and many are now entirely without employment.

The three principal villages of the district, containing collectively nearly 7000 inhabitants, are built on the most barren part of the mountain, and all on the same plan: each house has but one floor, roofed with shingle. In consequence of the late distress, these villages now present the most wretched appearance. Bundles of straw fill up the holes in the broken windows, while the apertures the weather has made in the roof are unstopped, leaving a free ingress to the rain and snow. It is not an uncommon thing for three or four families to be crowded together in one small room, with perhaps no other bed than an armful of straw thrown on the bare earth, and rendered more suffocating in winter by the heavy smoke of the green branches with which the stove is fed. Each house is generally provided with a small piece of ground, which the men cultivate literally by 'the sweat of their brow,' although it yields nothing but potatoes, which, seasoned with salt, are the usual food of the lace-maker and her family. Bread and butter is a rare dainty with them, and many have never tasted meat in their lives. One of the luxurious dishes of these poor people is a baked potato-cake, soaked in a kind of syrup made of beet-root sugar. They drink what they call coffee three times a day; that is, a compound of chicory and particles of roasted beet-root—the former used in small quantities, as it is now too expensive for their small means. Added to the accidents of bad crops and low wages, they are cheated by rogues somewhat less poor than themselves. These are wandering pedlars, who, speculating on the necessities of the moment, roam from one village to another, lending small sums of money at usurious interest to the inhabitants, who, to relieve their embarrassments for the moment, are probably ruined entirely in the end.

Yet in this situation, miserable as it is, they have their compensations, preserving as they do a beautiful

gentleness and contentedness of character. The manufacture of lace has given them the habit of extraordinary cleanliness, and the slightest unexpected recreation consoles them for all their hardships. The women are fond of music and dancing, and during the beautiful summer evenings the young girls sit in a circle, and join in singing, as with one melodious voice, their popular airs. In winter, from Michaelmas to Easter, many families assemble at one of the houses; each woman brings her work, and thus economising the light and firing, escapes the dreariness of solitude. Each in her turn enlivens the evening by recounting some old superstition or traditional story. But in the depth of winter few are so hardy as to venture from the house; when they do so, however, they envelop themselves in an old cloak, one of which is possessed by every family, and serves to protect each member of it by turns from the cold air. In this cloak the father wraps his child, and carries it through the snow to school, where he leaves it, with a morsel of bread or a potato-cake, until the evening, when he returns, and carries it back as before. When the child is old enough, it is taught by its mother to make lace, and soon is capable of earning perhaps a penny a day.

Thus live thousands of beings in obscure and permanent isolation in the midst of that Germany where there has lately been so great a change, and within a few leagues of those great towns where their beautiful embroideries excite so much admiration and cupidity. Government has lately taken the condition of this poor colony into its consideration, and has willingly lent them its aid; but unfortunately, from taking the wrong method of doing so, the help has been worse than useless. A sum of L.8000 has been expended in purchasing the remnants of old lace remaining useless in the presses of the fabricators and dealers; but the merchants alone have profited by this thoughtless measure, and the wages of the lace-makers remain as before.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND AND AT THE CAPE.

THERE is no denying the self-evident fact, that our holiday season comes at the wrong period of the year. Christmas and midsummer do not agree well together. In the northern hemisphere, the joyous week which ushers the old year out and the new year in, falls, not by an accidental coincidence, at the time when men have most leisure for enjoyment—when labour of all kinds is little required, if it be not absolutely forbidden by that inclemency of the weather which serves to heighten the sense of the domestic in-door pleasures proper to the season. Then, too, the scattered members of families seldom find their avocations so urgent as to prevent them from meeting, to re-knit the ties of old affection, about the cheerful hearth and the social board.

Then merry games and unfashionable dances, in which all ages join, awaken a hearty pleasure, such as a formal ball-room never knew. Then, on the continent, the Christmas Tree displays its annual glories, diffusing radiance from its hundred lights on the happy faces about it. Then, through the clear crisp air of winter are heard the voices of the wandering singers, last remnant of English minstrelsy, appealing to the charity which at that season can rarely fail them, and reminding their hearers, in the simple strains of antique harmony, of the solemn reason for their happiness:

'God rest you, merry gentlesfolk,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-Day.'

The same sufficient cause remains why, under such altered circumstances as prevail in this southern region, the season should still be duly commemorated. Unfortunately, however, as has been already remarked, the time of the year is most unfavourable for holiday making. Coming, as it does, in the middle of harvest in the country, and at the busiest season of the year in

town, it finds the people unable or indisposed to yield up their valuable time to the claims of domestic festivals. Neither Christmas nor the New Year can be celebrated in this land with the same hearty pleasure and care-forgetting zest with which they are welcomed in England, Holland, or Germany, and indeed throughout the whole of Christian Europe.

There is rarely an evil without its compensating good. There are in Great Britain some millions of people to whom Christmas is the only day of real enjoyment in the whole year. More than three millions—one-eighth of the whole population—are in the receipt of parochial relief. These unfortunates generally receive, through the favour of the pariah authorities, or the liberality of charitable Christians, a hearty dinner of the national roast-beef, plum pudding, and 'humming ale,' their only good dinner throughout the year. And on these viands the poor creatures make merry about the workhouse table—a dismal mirth at the best.

There are many more millions whose state is little if any better than that of the unhappy paupers. There are agricultural labourers overworked, ill-clad, badly housed, toiling from day-dawn till dark for a pittance which barely sustains life; sturdy men with families labouring through the year for a weekly wage of 7s. or 8s. There are myriads of hard-working operatives in the towns, crowded in wretched cellars and garrets, earning barely sufficient to support life, on inferior and unwholesome food. Once a year, with much pains, and pinching, and forecast, all these suffering millions generally manage to procure a single meal of unaccustomed plenty and savour. Numerous are the devices to which the poor pale mother must resort in order that the eyes of her ragged brood may sparkle with delight at the sight of a real Christmas pudding. Many in these classes eat meat but once a year. Not a few, particularly in Ireland, live and die without ever having tasted animal food.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the contrast presented by the ordinary life of all classes in this colony. To many millions in the mother country the easy toil and abundant food of the poorest here would seem like a perpetual holiday—Christmas the whole year round. The enjoyment which we, owing to the difference of seasons, cannot well concentrate in a brief series of festival days, is diffused, in superabundant measure, over the whole circle of the year. And this, it will be admitted, is good substantial compensation for a misfortune which, after all, is chiefly imaginary.

We shall be reminded, however, that this advantage is due in a great measure to the circumstance of the colony being a newly-settled country, and the population very scanty in proportion to the abundant resources of the soil. As the number of inhabitants increases, this proportion will be gradually altered for the worse; until at length, even here, pauperism, with all its attendant miseries, will make its appearance, to diminish the general sum of happiness, and perplex our lawgivers with evils more real and more dangerous than those temporary grievances (the natural result of the present superfluity) which now occupy their attention, and give birth to voluminous 'blue-books.'

There is a certain amount of truth in this view—so much, indeed, that it deserves our most careful consideration, in order, if possible, to discover how these anticipated evils may be, at least in part, avoided. Now is the time, in this early age of our country, when its condition is yet plastic, and its destinies may be moulded by laws—this is the time when our legislators should make it their especial care so to establish the frame of our society, and the distribution of property, as to preclude those unnecessary evils, and those painful contrasts, which are seen in many countries of Europe, but chiefly in Great Britain. By the laws of nature there will be in South Africa, as elsewhere, great wealth and great poverty; wealth, the result of industry, temperance, and frugality; poverty, the fruit of indolence and vice. But it will depend chiefly on

human laws whether there shall exist here also that fearful and unnatural inequality which bestows on one part of the community, and that not the most deserving or the most industrious, superfluous riches and corrupting luxuries, while it dooms the toiling millions to perpetual want and almost hopeless misery.

If we have been betrayed into a rather more serious vein of speculation than the occasion seems to call for, we must plead the example and excuse of the poet. Journalists are sometimes, like song-writers, led away by the concatenation of ideas and phrases, and might commence their lucubrations, as the Scottish bard began his poetical epistle, with the frank admission—

'But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.'

But, after all, a sermon is not inappropriate at Christmas; and a little serious thought, we are assured on great authority, can never 'make our pleasures less.' With this persuasion, we will close our present admonition, in more cheerful guise, with the 'compliments of the season,' wishing to each and all of our courteous readers a merry Christmas-tide, and the happiest of New Years.—*Cape-Town Mirror.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers, and it was said she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her, and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed up to the top of the house, stripped himself naked, and descended through the chimney to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him; when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom (having seldom seen a negro) he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had subsequently flown into the air and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed, protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but he, after a wretched existence of ten years, on his deathbed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

The following affecting incident, detailed by Mrs Burke to a friend, took place a few months before Mr Burke's death in 1797. A feeble old horse, which had been a great favourite with the junior Mr Burke, and his constant companion in all rural journeyings and sports, when both were alike healthy and vigorous, was now, in his age, and on the death of his master, turned out to take the run of

the park for the remainder of his life at ease, with strict injunctions to the servants that he should neither be ridden nor molested by any one. While walking one day in solitary musing, Mr Burke perceived this worn-out old servant come close up to him, and at length, after some moments spent in viewing him, followed by seeming recollection and confidence, deliberately rested its head upon his bosom. The singularity of the action itself; the remembrance of his dead son, its late master, who occupied much of his thoughts at all times; and the apparent attachment and almost intelligence of the poor brute, as if it could sympathise with his inward sorrows, rushing at once into his mind; totally overpowered his firmness, and throwing his arms over its neck, he wept long and bitterly.

LONGING FOR REST.

Into the woods, into the woods! this fret
And bustle of the big o'er-anxious world
Likes me not: hither, gentle winds, and let
Your blue and rustling pinions be unfurled
To bear my vexed spirit far away
Into the bosom of yon dusk old wood,
Winding as the valley winds for many a rood:
Westward the burning chariot-wheel of day
Is in the chrome-dyed ocean axle-deep;
Haste, ere the twinkling dews o'er the green earth shall creep!

'Tis fealty done. Oh now at length repose
Shall find me, here, where nothing is that breathes
The spirit of unrest. How richly those
Rays that come streaming where the king-oak wreathes
His warped and gnarled boughs, make the moss floor
Of this vast temple seem mosaic-wrought;
Each knoll's an altar whence ascends untaught
The willing incense of the flowers, that more
Than all mute things on earth their homage pay
To the dear love that keeps their fair forms day by day!

Here would I worship too, listening the note
That ripples out upon the stirless air,
In sweet wild gushes from the ruffled throat
Of some winged minstrel: how that music rare
Brimfills my sense with stillest quietude!
Alack, 'tis past, and silence and repose
Reign in twin sisterhood: yon meek wild rose
Her silken leaves, with softest tints imbued,
Hath folded in the shade, and now appears
When wet with dew more sweet, like Innocence in tears.

Dear dreamy wood! Ha! the small aspen leaves
Are quivering in a white and misty beam;
In the deep-shadowed foliage it weaves
A silver-tinsel'd tissue, that doth seem
Meet for the bridal robing of the fay
That queens it in this forest; upward see
The clustered stars that glitter witchingly,
That shed o'er many a lone ship's ocean way
Their soft dispassioned lustre: oft when care
Hath fevered and harassed, I've blest their radiance fair.

I would not wish a sweeter home than this,
Since man his brother still will vex for nought;
Even here, where rival flowers entwining kiss,
And all things yield their beauty, Heaven-taught,
To bless each other. Tremulously faint
Gleams by the river brink yon glow-worm's lamp,
Where now he banquet him on rank weeds damp
With beaded dew; while, simply sad and quaint,
Night-winds a low and dirge-like cadence bring
Where cloistered in dim shade the owl sits sorrowing.

Oh sure there is a wordless eloquence
Breathed freely forth within these leafy glooms,
The odour which all verdurous things dispense,
The birds soft nestled in the drooping pines
Of the all-muffling ivy, and the clear
Unhindered glory of the moon, that makes
A glittering heaven of dew-stars in the brake,
Whisper my sorrow-burthened heart thus here
For every wo there is a gracious balm,
For all its o'erwrought fears a hushed and holy calm.—ZETA.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 282. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

HEADS, HEARTS, AND HANDICRAFTS.

[BY ONE LATELY A HANDWORKER.]

I HAVE frequently thought that working-men in general do not take a proper view of their position as co-workers in a progressive state of society; and it might not be unprofitable to inquire as to how far certain allegations concerning them are tenable—namely, that they have no real pleasures—no command of elevating resources—and that their position is of necessity one of depressing and hopeless toil. I have already been favoured with an opportunity of recording some of my experiences in connection with the subject (Journal, No. 244), and recur to it now in the hope that a few additional observations, based also on personal experience, may prove acceptable, particularly to the great body of artificers with which I was, until within a few years past, intimately associated.

The wearer of a shoe, it is said, best knows where it pinches; but from all I have seen, I doubt whether working-men (exceptions apart) are the best judges of their own circumstances: a defect whose origin may be traced to several causes, the principal being, a certain traditional influence of custom circumscribing their moral horizon within very narrow limits, and comprising—perhaps the whole evil—an unconsciousness of latent power. If fashion dominates the high, custom no less sways the humble; and being 'to the manner born' is mistakingly with the latter a paramount reason for never being otherwise. Take, for example, the convivial drinking usages, most honoured by those least able to afford the expense—the reluctance to adopt improvements in domestic economy, markedly evinced in the tenacity with which they cling to wretched residences even when better are to be had—and in the species of fatalism with which they look upon themselves as shut up in an inexpansive groove, the last being perhaps a cause of the ridicule not unfrequently inflicted on such of their co-mates as manifest a disposition to improve their circumstances.

It would not be fair to impute unmitigated blame for such a state of things, since blame must attach chiefly to wilful error; and we know that among the thousands of British handworkers there are many noble examples of manful resistance to adverse circumstances, of brave self-reliance and successful perseverance. Would that there were more such! that this were a triumphal ode, and not a didactic essay! But though ignorance of what is right may be pleaded in extenuation, this will only avail to a limited extent; for the reply might be—Have you ever made an effort to remove your ignorance? Have you ever once seriously thought about the end of all this scramble for existence?

Now don't be alarmed, for I am not going to inflict a sermon on you: my desire is simply to convey a few leading principles which experience has taught me are the mainstays of individual progress, and to illustrate a

few errors which are obviously inimical to advancement. I have said above that an important defect consists in working-men's unconsciousness of latent or undeveloped power within themselves. You are almost, if not quite, at the bottom of the social scale (conventionally speaking); and so, thinking that matters cannot well be worse, you are content, in nine cases out of ten, to let them take their chance. Your existence seems uncertain; and therefore you trifle with its opportunities, or squander its impulses in mischief. A case or two in point occurs to me. An excellent individual, who keeps a mill on one of our inland streams, had been accustomed to present each of the men in his employ with a shoulder of mutton at Christmas, a quantity of vegetables, and materials for a pudding. But how was this attempt to gladden labour's scanty board received?—with apathy or worse. It was regarded as a bribe for general service, not as an expression of sympathy with subordinate co-operation. By and by the apparent mystery was cleared up, by the discovery of a nefarious system of plunder that prevailed in the mill. Again: at the building of a house in a London suburban thoroughfare, the bricklayers fancied themselves aggrieved in the quality or quantity of the beer supplied to them by the owner of the property, and to revenge themselves, they placed a board over the mouth of the drain, at its junction with the sewer, so as to close it up effectually, and stopped the vent of three of the chimneys. The consequence was, that the first tenant was nearly poisoned by a stagnant drain, and suffocated by smoke; and after all, the expense of remedying the mischief did not fall upon the party whom it was intended to punish. An additional instance offers itself in the case of a journeyman cabinet-maker whom I once knew: he was animated by a desire to better his position, and opened a school for drawing and singing in the evenings; but these endeavours, instead of meeting with encouragement from his shopmates, only provoked their ridicule. They seized every opportunity of annoyance; and having discovered that the nickname 'Shot-bag' was once extant among their comrade's family connections, they immediately applied it to him, and worried him so unmercifully, that his life became a misery: he was compelled to keep as much as possible out of their sight, and made his way in and out of the workshop through a back window.

There are many intelligent working-men who will deplore these instances of perverse principle, this flagrant misdirection of purpose. But I would remind those whose views are yet imperfect, that such violations of the law of justice and kindness are more harmful to the injurer than to the injured. Prosperity does not consist in detraction, but in aspiration; if we wish to rise, we must look upwards. The social pyramid is not kept erect by adventitious embellishments at the apex, but by the addition of sterling material to the base. Here, then, is a *prima motive* for us to start with: by bettering

ourselves, we better all that is above us. It is a grand thought for one who has hitherto considered himself as of no account in the sum-total of society, to know that his efforts, whether for good or for evil, react on the common weal. Here we have the first step upwards; a little fund to put out to interest; and good interest it brings—cent, per cent, at least. The power to see a purpose in life, a significance in our actions, is thus one of essential importance. We cannot, if we would, divest ourselves of the manifold and often secret ties by which humanity is bound together.

Let us now look for a moment at the ordinary position of the working-man. Early compelled by the primeval necessity to labour, he masters some art or operation; and after this his life goes on in a monotonous mechanical routine, involving but little incident, and varied in too many instances only by blame from his employer. And herein lies a cause of discontent; for we too often find that, although accident or error is visited with blame, the commendation due to well-meant effort is withheld. The money wage is made to take the place of the touch of nature, of the word of sympathy, oftentimes more highly esteemed than the golden fee. Masters, too, will be capricious; and not infrequently the poor employé becomes the *pièce de résistance* of all his vexations and irritations. Such a liability tends naturally to diminish a man's self-respect, and aggravate the desponding feeling with which the handworker is apt to contemplate his prospects, and which I have felt more than once in all its bitterness: with nothing more than a small weekly income depending entirely on your own ability to earn it, your hold upon the world seems to be so feeble, so precarious. Such a feeling could not exist were proper means taken to lay up a sum in the savings' bank, or to purchase a small endowment. But how often did the thought overcloud my mind—let me be out of health for a month, and beggary awaits me: the apprehension was at times unnerving. You despair of ever obtaining a secure foothold, of getting your plank fairly across the stream, and are ready to sink into recklessness. I remember another source of annoyance—it was having to wait for payment on Saturday. Our custom was to have our tools put away, and benches swept down, &c. by six o'clock in the evening of that day, at which hour the master sometimes made his appearance with our wages; but frequently we were kept waiting till seven, eight, or nine o'clock, growing every moment more impatient and more angry, before the cash-bearer made his appearance. Thus we lost both time and temper, and were prevented from going to market until a late hour; the more provoking as, having fulfilled our week, we considered ourselves fairly entitled to prompt payment. I adduce these facts because they are such as are still common, and in the hope to convince masters that the humanising and elevating of their workmen involves a reciprocity of duties. Good may be done with but small means; every factory and workshop might become a centre of most beneficial influences, with but a small sacrifice of selfishness; and the combined action of so many effusive centres would produce an amount of good beyond present calculation.

The above, it may be said, is not a very flattering picture of a working-man's condition; but there is no question as to its truth; and I hope to show that even thus it is not devoid of compensations. A small income does not necessarily involve a corroding anxiety; we must learn rather to extract the best even from the worst of circumstances; and in doing this, we are not, as is sometimes feared, predestinating ourselves to the lowest level, but, on the contrary, best acquiring the ability to rise—

conquering one of the rudiments of self-reliance. The wealthy merchant or banker is obliged to exercise his thoughts and talent severely in order to administrate his income profitably; and why should not the working-man be willing to devote a little thought to the same subject? First, a portion of the weekly earnings should be set apart for rent; a second for food, washing, clothes, and other household requisites; a third for schooling; and a fourth for the savings' bank. Now, as much wisdom comparatively may be shown in regulating this humble expenditure as in that of the richest financier. The greatest outlay will occur under the second of the above items, and will require most looking after; and here we have to conquer another instalment of self-reliance. Having sat down and calculated that we can keep house for so much, we must perseveringly adhere to this limit; no matter what the temptations to overstep it, we *must* show them the cold shoulder. It may be, and is, hard work to follow such a course; but

—'Fruit soon comes,

And more than all our troubles pays us powers;
So that we joy to have endured so much.'

The reward is certain; and oh how sweet! What a world of care and anxiety disappears as soon as a man, by diligence and thrift, has a small fund in the savings' bank! The snubbings and collisions encountered in daily avocation suddenly lose their asperity; self-confidence, with something to back it, not only gives a man a sense of self-respect, but renders him more valuable to his employer. At first the new-born energy is a source of astonishment: the novice wonders to find greater force and precision in the stroke of his mallet, and increased vigour in the bite of his saw.

This, which I would call a rudimentary compensation, yields an encouraging assurance; but there are others yet before us, and chief among them is the acquisition of knowledge. Books are so cheap in the present day, as to afford unlimited resources to all for the improvement of their minds; and it is a fact, that the more knowledge a man gets, all other things being equal, the better workman will be. Mr Chadwick rates the value of a labourer at L.30; at how much more shall we estimate the worth of an intelligent artisan, who has not only added to his command of pleasures, but enlarged his resources against casualty! Manual dexterity, when directed by thoughtful intelligence, becomes a constant source of pleasure. Often, when wearied with work, I have found myself invigorated by watching, so to speak, the object on which I was engaged: how beautifully the hand obeyed the thought—how, from a rough mass of boards and planks, the sideboard or *secrétaire* grew up in harmonious proportions! I have often been struck with Channing's observations on this subject:—"It is," he says, "one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living, a man must be useful; and this usefulness ought to be an end in his labour as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing—in desiring, amidst his sweat and toil, to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence, as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit. . . . One would think that a carpenter or mason, on passing a house which he had reared, would say to himself, "This work of mine is giving comfort and enjoyment every day and hour to a family, and will continue to be a kindly shelter, a domestic gathering-place, an abode of affection, for a century or more after I sleep in the dust:" and ought not a generous satisfaction to spring up at the thought! It

is by thus interweaving goodness with common labours that we give it strength, and make it a habit of the soul.'

Here are noble compensations; and the sameness so often complained of in the working-man's life enables him to draw largely upon them. To cultivate the quiet domestic virtues, while plying the instruments of labour, the mind may be occupied with thoughts of the home circle, its chastening griefs and elevating joys. It may revisit and roam at large in fields and lanes, or the voice may attune itself to the melodies of sound; and a weary hour may often be beguiled by recollection of all that the worker knows of the materials—their history and manipulation—on which he is employed.

Thus a man need not be ignorant or debased because he is compelled to work for his living. With such resources and recreations at command, there is no valid reason why his life should not be one of progress. But this, you may be apt to say, is too much trouble. But 'all aspiration is a toil;' and were it not for the struggle, you would never become aware of the slumbering powers within you; if everything came smooth and ready to our hands, we should soon relapse into a stagnant demoralisation. We must remember that passions are given us as stimuli, and duty is the bridle with which these passions are kept in due subservience, in efficient working order. Society owes duties to us, and we owe duties to society. We are apt to accuse society of defrauding us of our due proportion; but is not this a touch of tradition—a taint of the ancient serfdom still clinging to us? What is the remedy?—to prove our right by proving our desert. Here is a lofty compensation: we may each say—I will conquer for myself an improving position, by such conduct and moral discipline as must overcome. Even the passive force of such a determination would be resistless; and bewailings about social injustice would subside into an echo.

Reflect for a moment: there are about 4,000,000 men of different ages in this country who depend on manual labour of some sort for their means of living. What if the legions of this industrial army were animated by the 'mounting spirit,' by the might of self-reliance? Society would have begun its noblest crusade against ignorance and its attendant evils; for the incubus of pauperism would disappear, knowledge would gladden and humanise our land, and 'Unions' be converted into universities of industry.

Am I anticipating too much? Let the numerous examples of what *has* and *can* be done suffice for reply. We want something beyond the mere instinct of the ant and bee, and the attainment of this lies open to each one of us. It is cheering to know that many a man plodding at the work-bench originates and revolves thoughts in his mind that would do honour to the proudest philosopher—that the fire of a lofty and earnest purpose glows in many a humble dwelling. There wants but the will; and marvellous are the effects that result from small beginnings. The fifteen or twenty cotton-spinners whom I once knew meeting week after week in a village near Stockport to study French and mathematics, I will venture to say have gone on adding to their knowledge, and experienced its elevating influences in all their social relations; proving that it costs less in conscience, as well as coin, to obtain the amenities of life than to obey its animal propensities.

Difficulty, if we would but so consider it, is only the wave's deepened hollow, from which we may rise to a higher summit. We are so prone to take things easy, that an intimation to brace up our energies is from time to time necessary. The life most devoid of incident will afford reminiscences of such opportunities. Many years ago, under an unpropitious combination of circumstances, at the commencement of a dreary winter, I walked from the interior of the state to the city of New York in search of work. I had but two or three cents left on my arrival, and while searching for employment, was dependent for subsistence on the kindness of a friend. How depressing is the want of occupation! I was glad at times

to step into a book auction to divert my feelings. One evening a second-hand lot was put up—'Raynal's Histoire des Deux Indes,' in seventeen volumes: no one spoke. 'Going for the price of waste paper!' said the auctioneer. I took him at his word, and bid a shilling (7d. sterling), which I happened to have in my pocket. Down went the hammer, and a general laugh went round as I took the books under my arm and walked away. By and by I found work: the 'boss' gave me leave to sleep with his apprentice in the attic; I got my meals at a cheap boarding-house, and thus lived economically. And not without reason; for besides providing for current expenses, it was essential to retrieve the lost time. I worked from daylight in the morning until ten at night; kept my family in comfort, where I had left them in the country; and at the end of four months, found that my savings amounted to thirty dollars, a sum which enabled me to open a new career of prosperity. But I must not forget the books: every workman knows that there are times when he has to wait for materials, or for a new job. On such occasions 'Raynal's Histoire' proved a valuable and instructive resource, and furnished me with food for thought. 'Vat an inquisitive Englishman!' often cried a Frenchman, whose bench was next to mine, as I sat reading on a 'saw buck'; and the boss would say—'Ah, you'll never get on while you're so fond of books.' But when he found that I was as fresh and ready for work on Mondays as on other mornings, he ceased to rebuke my inclinations.

Since that time another reverse threw me into a country village in England, pinched by penury, and lacking everything but the will to make the best of whatever happened. After a time a situation was offered me at a music-publisher's in London: it was out of my line, but I started at once, leaving my family in their rural cottage. The place of business was in the Strand; my hours of work were from seven in the morning till eight at night; wages thirty shillings a week, for which I did duty as Jack-of-all-trades: serving in the shop—keeping stock-book and petty cash-account—giving out work to book-binders, watching printers, correcting proofs, and so forth. Here, again, past losses were to be retrieved: I bought every morning a threepenny brown loaf, and divided it into three portions. One of these, with a cup of coffee, was my breakfast; the second, with a little salt or an apple, formed my dinner; and the third, with a glass of water or cup of tea, was my supper. My bed was in a little book-room in the fifth storey: I rose at six in the morning, and made myself acquainted with the topography of the neighbourhood, and saw some of the aspects of London which can only be seen at an early hour. One evening in the week I went after eight to a singing-class; on another I walked to Islington, where a kind friend gave me lessons in Greek and German; and for the rest I had plenty of books at command. Sometimes I had to sit up late to receive proofs from the printer, and on one occasion found it necessary to go to his office near Temple Bar after midnight. Our establishment was then on the eve of being given up, and I was expressing my apprehensions about obtaining another situation to the master-printer as we stood together at his desk. I shall never forget his reply—'Never you fear,' he said, patting me on the back; 'I have watched you long enough to know that you can do your duty for others as well as for yourself: such as you are sure to do.' The hopes which then began to inspire me as I walked back through the solitary street have been more than realised.

Now for the conclusion. Let every man do his best, and in some shape or other the reward of the best will certainly come to him. Let him cultivate a spirit of hopefulness: if things do not *come* round according to his notion, let him *put* them round; and if even then not quite palatable, don't give up the struggle, and take to listlessness and dissipation. You can mould inert matter to your will; strive for the master-hand over yourself. Every man's house is his castle. See that yours be not a Doubting Castle, with Giant Despair for its occupant. Do not curse God and die!

The chiefest reward of a writer is the hope or the certainty that his writings may be useful. What say you,

fellow-workmen! May I entertain this hope! May I anticipate this reward for my humble attempt to show that without the concurrence of HEAD and HEART, there can be no real profit in HANDICRAFT!

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MOTHER AND SON.

DINNER had been over about half an-hour one Sunday afternoon—the only day on which for years I had been able to enjoy a dinner—and I was leisurely sipping a glass of wine, when a carriage drove rapidly up to the door, a loud rattle followed, and my friend Dr Curteis, to my great surprise, was announced.

'I have called,' said the doctor as we shook hands, 'to ask you to accompany me to Mount Place. I have just received a hurried note from Miss Armitage, stating that her mother, after a very brief illness, is rapidly sinking, and requesting my attendance, as well as that of a legal gentleman, immediately.'

'Mrs Armitage!' I exclaimed, inexpressibly shocked. 'Why, it is scarcely more than a fortnight ago that I met her at the Rochfords' in brilliant health and spirits.'

'Even so. But will you accompany me? I don't know where to find any one else for the moment, and time presses.'

'It is an attorney, probably, rather than a barrister, that is needed; but under the circumstances, and knowing her as I do, I cannot hesitate.'

We were soon howling along at a rapid pace, and in little more than an hour reached the dying lady's residence, situated in the county of Essex, and distant about ten miles from London. We entered together; and Dr Curteis, leaving me in the library, proceeded at once to the sick chamber. About ten minutes afterwards the housekeeper, a tall, foreign-looking, and rather handsome woman, came into the room, and announced that the doctor wished to see me. She was deadly pale, and, I observed, trembled like an aspen. I motioned her to precede me; and she, with unsteady steps, immediately led the way. So great was her agitation, that twice, in ascending the stairs, she only saved herself from falling by grasping the banister-rail. The presage I drew from the exhibition of such overpowering emotion, by a person whom I knew to have been long not only in the service, but in the confidence of Mrs Armitage, was soon confirmed by Dr Curteis, whom we met coming out of the chamber of the expiring patient.

'Step this way,' said he, addressing me, and leading to an adjoining apartment. 'We do not require your attendance, Mrs Bourdon,' said he, as soon as we reached it, to the housekeeper, who had swiftly followed us, and now stood staring with eager eyes in the doctor's face, as if life and death hung on his lips. 'Have the goodness to leave us,' he added tartly, perceiving she did not stir, but continued her fearful, scrutinising glance. She started at his altered tone, flushed crimson, then paled to a chalky whiteness, and muttering, left the apartment.

'The danger of her mistress has bewildered her,' I remarked.

'Perhaps so,' remarked Dr Curteis. 'Be that as it may, Mrs Armitage is beyond all human help. In another hour she will be, as we say, no more.'

'I feared so. What is the nature of her disorder?'

'A wasting away, as I am informed. The appearances presented are those of a person expiring of atrophy, or extreme emaciation.'

'Indeed. And so sudden too!'

'Yes. I am glad you are come, although your professional services will not, it seems, be required—a neighbouring attorney having performed the necessary duty—something, I believe, relative to the will of the dying lady. We will speak further together by and by. In the meantime,' continued Dr Curteis, with a perceptible tremor in his voice, 'it will do neither of us any harm to witness the closing scene of the life of Mary Rawdon, whom you and I twenty years ago worshipped as one of the gentlest and most beautiful of beings with which the Creator ever graced his universe. It will be a peaceful parting. Come.'

Just as, with noiseless footsteps, we entered the silent death-chamber, the last rays of the setting sun were falling upon the figure of Ellen Armitage—who knelt in speechless agony by the bedside of her expiring parent—and faintly lighting up the pale, emaciated, sunken features of the so lately brilliant, courted Mrs Armitage! But for the ineffaceable splendour of her deep-blue eyes, I should scarcely have recognised her. Standing in the shadow, as thrown by the heavy bed-drapery, we gazed and listened unperceived.

'Ellen,' murmured the dying lady, 'come nearer to me. It is growing dark, and I cannot see you plainly. Now, then, read to me, beginning at the verse you finished with as good Dr Curteis entered. Ay,' she faintly whispered, 'it is thus, Ellen, with thy hand clasped in mine, and with the words of the holy book sounding from thy dear lips, that I would pass away!'

Ellen, interrupted only by her blinding tears, making sad stops, complied. Twilight stole on, and threw its shadow over the solemn scene, deepening its holiness of sorrow. Night came with all her train; and the silver radiance kissed into ethereal beauty the pale face of the weeping girl, still pursuing her sad and sacred task. We hesitated to disturb, by the slightest movement, the repose of a deathbed over which belief and hope, those only potent ministers, shed light and calm! At length Dr Curteis advanced gently towards the bed, and taking the daughter's hand, said in a low voice, 'Had you not better retire, my dear young lady, for a few moments?' She understood him, and rising from her knees, threw herself in an ecstasy of grief upon the corpse, from which the spirit had just passed away. Assistance was summoned, and the sobbing girl was borne from the chamber.

I descended, full of emotion, to the library, where Dr Curteis promised shortly to join me. Noiselessly entering the room, I came suddenly upon the housekeeper and a tall young man, standing with their backs towards me in the recesses of one of the windows, and partly shrouded by the heavy cloth curtains. They were evidently in earnest conference, and several words, the significance of which did not at the moment strike me, reached my ears before they perceived my approach. The instant they did so, they turned hastily round, and eyed me with an expression of hurried alarm, which at the time surprised me not a little. 'All is over, Mrs Bourdon,' said I, finding she did not speak; 'and your presence is probably needed by Miss Armitage.' A flash of intelligence, as I spoke, passed between the pair; but whether indicative of grief or joy, so momentary was the glance, I should have been puzzled to determine. The housekeeper immediately left the room, keeping her eyes, as she passed, fixed upon me with the same nervous apprehensive look which had before irritated Dr Curteis. The young man followed more slowly. He was a tall and rather handsome youth, apparently about one or two-and-twenty years of age. His hair was black as jet, and his dark eyes were of singular brilliancy; but the expression, I thought, was scarcely a refined or highly-intellectual one. His resemblance to Mrs Bourdon, whose son indeed he was, was very striking. He bowed slightly, but courteously, as to an equal, as he closed the door, and I was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of my own reflections, which, ill-defined and indistinct as they were, were anything but pleasant company. My reverie was at length inter-

rupted by the entrance of the doctor, with the announcement that the carriage was in waiting to re-convey us to town.

We had journeyed several miles on our return before a word was spoken by either of us. My companion was apparently even more painfully preoccupied than myself. He was, however, the first to break silence. 'The emaciated corpse we have just left little resembles the gay beautiful girl for whose smiles you and I were once disposed to shoot each other!' The doctor's voice trembled with emotion, and his face, I perceived, was pale as marble.

'Mary Rawdon,' I remarked, 'lives again in her daughter.'

'Yes; her very image. Do you know,' continued he, speaking with rapid energy, 'I suspect Mary Rawdon—Mrs Armitage, I would say—has been foully, treacherously dealt with!'

I started with amazement; and yet the announcement but embodied and gave form and colour to my own ill-defined and shadowy suspicions.

'Good heavens! How? By whom?'

'Unless I am greatly mistaken, she has been poisoned by an adept in the use of such destructive agents.'

'Mrs Bourdon?'

'No; by her son. At least my suspicions point that way. She is probably cognisant of the crime. But in order that you should understand the grounds upon which my conjectures are principally founded, I must enter into a short explanation. Mrs Bourdon, a woman of Spanish extraction, and who formerly occupied a much higher position than she does now, has lived with Mrs Armitage from the period of her husband's death, now about sixteen years ago. Mrs Bourdon has a son, a tall, good-looking fellow enough, whom you may have seen.'

'He was with his mother in the library as I entered it after leaving you.'

'Ah! Well, hem! This boy, in his mother's opinion—but that perhaps is somewhat excusable—exhibited early indications of having been born a "genius." Mrs Armitage, who had been first struck by the beauty of the child, gradually acquired the same notion; and the result was, that he was little by little invested—with at least her tacit approval—with the privileges supposed to be the lawful inheritance of such gifted spirits; namely, the right to be as idle as he pleased—geniuses, you know, can, according to the popular notion, attain any conceivable amount of knowledge *per saltum* at a bound—and to exalt himself in the stilt of his own conceit above the useful and honourable pursuits suited to the station in life in which Providence had cast his lot. The fruit of such training soon showed itself. Young Bourdon grew up a conceited and essentially-ignorant puppy, capable of nothing but bad verses, and thoroughly impressed with but one important fact, which was, that he, Alfred Bourdon, was the most gifted and the most ill-used of all God's creatures. To genius, in any intelligible sense of the term, he has in truth no pretension. He is endowed, however, with a kind of reflective talent, which is often mistaken by fools for *creative* power. The morbid fancies and melancholy scorn of a Byron, for instance, such gentry reflect back from their foggy imaginations in exaggerated and distorted feebleness of whining verses, and so on with other lights celestial or infernal. This, however, by the way. The only rational pursuit he ever followed, and that only by fits and starts, and to gratify his faculty of "wonder," I fancy, was chemistry. A small laboratory was fitted up for him in the little summer-house you may have observed at the further corner of the lawn. This study of his, if study such desultory snatches at science may be called, led him, in his examination of vegetable bodies, to a smattering acquaintance with botany, a science of which Ellen Armitage is an enthusiastic student. They were foolishly permitted to *botanize* together, and the result was, that Alfred Bourdon, acting upon the principle

that genius—whether sham or real—levels all merely mundane distinctions, had the impudence to aspire to the hand of Miss Armitage. His passion, sincere or simulated, has never been, I have reason to know, in the slightest degree reciprocated by its object; but so blind is vanity, that when, about six weeks ago, an *éclaircissement* took place, and the fellow's dream was somewhat rudely dissipated, the untoward rejection of his preposterous suit was, there is every reason to believe, attributed by both mother and son to the repugnance of Mrs Armitage alone; and to this idiotic hallucination she has, I fear, fallen a sacrifice. Judging from the emaciated appearance of the body, and other phenomena communicated to me by her ordinary medical attendant—a blundering ignoramus, who ought to have called in assistance long before—she has been poisoned with *iodine*, which, administered in certain quantities, would produce precisely the same symptoms. Happily there is no mode of destroying human life which so surely leads to the detection of the murderer as the use of such agents; and of this truth the *post mortem* examination of the body, which takes place to-morrow morning, will, if I am not grossly mistaken, supply another vivid illustration. . . . Legal assistance will no doubt be necessary, and I am sure I do not err in expecting that you will aid me in bringing to justice the murderer of Mary Rawdon?'

A pressure of his hand was my only answer. 'I shall call for you at ten o'clock,' said he, as he put me down at my own door. I bowed, and the carriage drove off.

'Well?' said I, as Dr Curteis and Mr — the eminent surgeon entered the library at Mount Place the following morning after a long absence.

'As I anticipated,' replied the doctor with a choking voice: 'she has been poisoned!'

I started to my feet. 'And the murderer?'

'Our suspicions still point to young Bourdon; but the persons of both mother and son have been secured.'

'Apart?'

'Yes; and I have despatched a servant to request the presence of a neighbour—a county magistrate. I expect him momentarily.'

After a brief consultation, we all three directed our steps to the summer-house which contained young Bourdon's laboratory. In the room itself nothing of importance was discovered; but in an enclosed recess, which we broke open, we found a curiously-fashioned glass bottle half full of iodine.

'This is it!' said Mr —; 'and in a powdered state too—just ready for mixing with brandy or any other available dissolvent.' The powder had somewhat the appearance of fine black-lead. Nothing further of any consequence being observed, we returned to the house, where the magistrate had already arrived.

Alfred Bourdon was first brought in; and he having been duly cautioned that he was not obliged to answer any question, and that what he did say would be taken down, and, if necessary, used against him, I proposed the following questions:—

'Have you the key of your laboratory?'

'No; the door is always open.'

'Well, then, of any door or cupboard in the room?'

At this question his face flushed purple: he stammered, 'There is no'—and abruptly paused.

'Do I understand you to say there is no cupboard or place of concealment in the room?'

'No: here is the key.'

'Has any one had access to the cupboard or recess of which this is the key, except yourself?'

The young man shook as if smitten with ague: his lips chattered, but no articulate sound escaped them.

'You need not answer the question,' said the magistrate, 'unless you choose to do so. I again warn you that all you say will, if necessary, be used against you.'

'No one,' he at length gasped, mastering his hesitation by a strong exertion of the will—'no one can

have had access to the place but myself. I have never parted with the key.'

Mrs Bourdon was now called in. After interchanging a glance of intense agony, and, as it seemed to me, of affectionate intelligence with her son, she calmly answered the questions put to her. They were unimportant, except the last, and that acted upon her like a galvanic shock. It was this—'Did you ever struggle with your son on the landing leading to the bedroom of the deceased for the possession of this bottle?' and I held up that which we had found in the recess.

A slight scream escaped her lips; and then she stood rigid, erect, motionless, glaring alternately at me and at the fatal bottle with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets. I glanced towards the son; he was also affected in a terrible manner. His knees smote each other, and a clammy perspiration burst forth and settled upon his pallid forehead.

'Again I caution you,' iterated the magistrate, 'that you are not bound to answer any of these questions.'

The woman's lips moved. 'No—never!' she almost inaudibly gasped, and fell senseless on the floor.

As soon as she was removed, Jane Withers was called. She deposed that three days previously, as she was, just before dusk, arranging some linen in a room a few yards distant from the bedroom of her late mistress, she was surprised at hearing a noise just outside the door, as of persons struggling and speaking in low but earnest tones. She drew aside a corner of the muslin curtain of the window which looked upon the passage or corridor, and there saw Mrs Bourdon striving to wrest something from her son's hand. She heard Mrs Bourdon say, 'You shall not do it, or you shall not have it—she could not be sure which. A noise of some sort seemed to alarm them: they ceased struggling, and listened attentively for a few seconds: then Alfred Bourdon stole off on tip-toe, leaving the object in dispute, which witness could not see distinctly, in his mother's hand. Mrs Bourdon continued to listen, and presently Miss Armitage, opening the door of her mother's chamber, called her by name. She immediately placed what was in her hand on the marble top of a side-table standing in the corridor, and hastened to Miss Armitage. Witness left the room she had been in a few minutes afterwards, and, curious to know what Mrs Bourdon and her son had been struggling for, went to the table to look at it. It was an oddly-shaped glass bottle, containing a good deal of a blackish-gray powder, which, as she held it up to the light, looked like black-lead!'

'Would you be able to swear to the bottle if you saw it?'

'Certainly I should.'

'By what mark or token?'

'The name of Valpy or Vulpy was cast into it—that is, the name was in the glass itself.'

'Is this it?'

'It is: I swear most positively.'

A letter was also read which had been taken from Bourdon's pocket. It was much creased, and was proved to be in the handwriting of Mrs Armitage. It consisted of a severe rebuke at the young man's presumption in seeking to address himself to her daughter, which insolent ingratitude, the writer said, she should never, whilst she lived, either forget or forgive. This last sentence was strongly underlined in a different ink from that used by the writer of the letter.

The surgeon deposed to the cause of death. It had been brought on by the action of iodine, which, administered in certain quantities, produced symptoms as of rapid atrophy, such as had appeared in Mrs Armitage. The glass bottle found in the recess contained iodine in a pulverulent state.

I deposed that, on entering the library on the previous evening, I overheard young Mr Bourdon, addressing his mother, say, 'Now that it is done past recall, I will not shrink from any consequences, be they what they may!'

This was the substance of the evidence adduced; and the magistrate at once committed Alfred Bourdon to Chelmsford jail, to take his trial at the next assize for 'wilful murder.' A coroner's inquisition a few days after also returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' against him on the same evidence.

About an hour after his committal, and just previous to the arrival of the vehicle which was to convey him to the county prison, Alfred Bourdon requested an interview with me. I very reluctantly consented; but steeled as I was against him, I could not avoid feeling dreadfully shocked at the change which so brief an interval had wrought upon him. It had done the work of years. Despair—black, utter despair—was written in every lineament of his expressive countenance.

'I have requested to see you,' said the unhappy culprit, 'rather than Dr Curteis, because he, I know, is bitterly prejudiced against me. But you will not refuse, I think, the solemn request of a dying man—for a dying man I feel myself to be—however long or short the interval which stands between me and the scaffold. It is not with a childish hope that any assertion of mine can avail before the tribunal of the law against the evidence adduced this day, that I, with all the solemnity befitting a man whose days are numbered, declare to you that I am wholly innocent of the crime laid to my charge. I have no such expectation; I seek only that you, in pity of my youth and untimely fate, should convey to her whom I have madly presumed to worship this message: "Alfred Bourdon was mad, but not blood-guilty; and of the crime laid to his charge he is innocent as an unborn child."'

'The pure and holy passion, young man,' said I, somewhat startled by his impressive manner, 'however presumptuous, as far as social considerations are concerned, it might be, by which you affect to be inspired, is utterly inconsistent with the cruel, dastardly crime of which such damning evidence has an hour since been given.'

'Say no more, sir,' interrupted Bourdon, sinking back in his seat, and burying his face in his hands: 'it were a bootless errand; she could not, in the face of that evidence, believe my unsupported assertion! It were as well perhaps she did not. And yet, sir, it is hard to be trampled into a felon's grave, loaded with the maledictions of those whom you would coin your heart to serve and bless! Ah, sir,' he continued, whilst tears of agony streamed through his firmly-closed fingers, 'you cannot conceive the unutterable bitterness of the pang which rends the heart of him who feels that he is not only despised, but loathed, hated, execrated, by her whom his soul idolises! Mine was no boyish, transient passion: it has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. My life has been but one long dream of her. All that my soul had drunk in of beauty in the visible earth and heavens—the light of setting suns—the radiance of the silver stars—the breath of summer flowers, together with all which we imagine of celestial purity and grace, seemed to me in her incarnated, concentrated, and combined! And now lost—lost—for ever lost!' The violence of his emotions choked his utterance; and deeply and painfully affected, I hastened from his presence.

Time sped as ever onwards, surely, silently; and justice, with her feet of lead, but hands of iron, closed gradually upon her quarry. Alfred Bourdon was arraigned before a jury of his countrymen, to answer finally to the accusation of wilful murder preferred against him.

The evidence, as given before the committing magistrate, and the coroner's inquisition, was repeated with some addition of passionate expressions used by the prisoner indicative of a desire to be avenged on the deceased. The cross-examination by the counsel for the defence was able, but failed to shake the case for the prosecution. His own admission, that no one but himself had access to the recess where the poison was found, told fatally against him. When called upon to address

the jury, he delivered himself of a speech rather than a defence; of an oratorical effusion, instead of a vigorous, and, if possible, damaging commentary upon the evidence arrayed against him. It was a laboured, and in part eloquent, exposition of the necessary fallibility of human judgment, illustrated by numerous examples of erroneous verdicts. His peroration I jotted down at the time:—“Thus, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, is it abundantly manifest, not only by these examples, but by the testimony which every man bears in his own breast, that God could not have willed, could not have commanded, his creatures to perform a pretended duty, which he vouchsafed them no power to perform righteously. Oh, be sure that if he had intended, if he had commanded you to pronounce irreversible decrees upon your fellow-man, quenching that life which is his highest gift, he would have endowed you with gifts to perform that duty rightly! Has he done so? Ask not alone the pages dripping with innocent blood which I have quoted, but your own hearts! Are you, according to the promise of the serpent-tempter, “gods, knowing good from evil?” of such clear omniscience, that you can hurl an unprepared soul before the tribunal of its Maker, in the full assurance that you have rightly loosed the silver cord which he had measured, have justly broken the golden bowl which he had fashioned! Oh, my lord,” he concluded, his dark eyes flashing with excitement, “it is possible that the first announcement of my innocence of this crime, to which you will give credence, may be proclaimed from the awful tribunal of him who alone cannot err! How if he, whose eye is even now upon us, should then proclaim, “I, too, sat in judgment on the day when you presumed to doom your fellow-worm; and I saw that the murderer was not in the dock, but on the bench!” Oh, my lord, think well of what you do—pause ere you incur such fearful hazard; for be assured, that for all these things God will also bring you to judgment!”

He ceased, and sank back exhausted. His fervid declamation produced a considerable impression upon the auditory; but it soon disappeared before the calm, impressive charge of the judge, who reassured the startled jury, by reminding them that their duty was to honestly execute the law, not to dispute about its justice. For himself, he said, sustained by a pure conscience, he was quite willing to incur the hazard hinted at by the prisoner. After a careful and luminous summing up, the jury, with very slight deliberation, returned a verdict of ‘Guilty.’

As the word passed the lips of the foreman of the jury, a piercing shriek rang through the court. It proceeded from a tall figure in black, who, with closely-drawn veil, had sat motionless during the trial, just before the dock. It was the prisoner’s mother. The next instant she rose, and throwing back her veil, wildly exclaimed, ‘He is innocent—innocent, I tell ye! I alone!’

‘Mother! mother! for the love of Heaven be silent!’ shouted the prisoner with frantic vehemence, and stretching himself over the front of the dock, as if to grasp and restrain her.

‘Innocent, I tell you!’ continued the woman. ‘I—I alone am the guilty person! It was I alone that perpetrated the deed! He knew it not, suspected it not, till it was too late. Here,’ she added, drawing a sheet of paper from her bosom—‘here is my confession, with each circumstance detailed!’

As she waved it over her head, it was snatched by her son, and, swift as lightning, torn to shreds. ‘She is mad! Heed her not—believe her not!’ He at the same time shouted at the top of his powerful voice, ‘She is distracted—mad! Now, my lord, your sentence! Come!’

The tumult and excitement in the court no language which I can employ would convey an adequate impression of. As soon as calm was partially restored, Mrs Bourdon was taken into custody: the prisoner was removed; and the court adjourned, of course without passing sentence.

It was even as his mother said! Subsequent investigation, aided by her confessions, amply proved that the fearful crime was conceived and perpetrated by her alone, in the frantic hope of securing for her idolised son the hand and fortune of Miss Armitage. She had often been present with him in his laboratory, and had thus become acquainted with the uses to which certain agents could be put. She had purloined the key of the recess; and he, unfortunately too late to prevent the perpetration of the crime, had by mere accident discovered the abstraction of the poison. His subsequent declarations had been made for the determined purpose of saving his mother’s life by the sacrifice of his own!

The wretched woman was not reserved to fall before the justice of her country. The hand of God smote her ere the scaffold was prepared for her. She was smitten with frenzy, and died raving in the Metropolitan Lunatic Asylum. Alfred Bourdon, after a lengthened imprisonment, was liberated. He called on me, by appointment, a few days previous to leaving this country for ever; and I placed in his hands a small pocket-Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written one word—‘Ellen!’ His dim eye lighted up with something of its old fire as he glanced at the characters; he then closed the book, placed it in his bosom, and waving me a mute farewell—I saw he durst not trust himself to speak—hastily departed. I never saw him more!

SHAKSPEARIAN HYGIENE.

SHAKSPEARE, that ‘myriad-minded man,’ as Coleridge has emphatically called him, who has left no subject untouched and unadorned, has scattered through many of his wondrous plays scraps of medical wisdom of equal truth and value with anything that science can teach us. A few of these *hygienic* maxims, or plain rules of health, we here subjoin.

First we have the important functions of the stomach in the animal economy accurately sketched in the fable of the *Belly and the Members* in ‘*Coriolanus*.’ The stomach thus replies to the rebellious limbs:—

‘True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart—and to the seat o’ the brain;
And through the cranks and joints of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live.’

And now,

‘May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both;’¹

rather than

‘A sick man’s appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil;’²

at the same time remembering that

‘Nature’s with little pleased, enough’s a feast.’

The influence of the mind on the digestive organs is thus glanced at, when the poet makes Henry VIII., in giving Wolsey the schedule of his ill-gotten wealth, say—

‘Read o’er this—(giving him papers)
And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you may.’

Nor is the ‘green and yellow melancholy’ of her who ‘never told her love’ to be regarded as a metaphorical or poetic fiction.

‘And truly, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.’³

¹ Macbeth.

² Coriolanus.

³ Merchant of Venice.

How often is the wealthy epicure, even although

— Epiouren cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite,¹
tempted to exclaim,

'Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health—or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich:
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.'²

From the facetious Sir Toby Belch we may learn the benefit of early rising; for, says he,

'Not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, thou knowest.'³

Hear likewise the reward of active exertion, the industrious poor man's especial privilege:—

'Weariness can score upon the flint, while resting cloth
Finds the down pillow hard.'⁴

Rarely, indeed, are the indolent and luxurious

'As fast looked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.'⁵

Many a time and oft does the pampered invalid, as he tosses restlessly on his uneasy couch, cry out in the language of the dying monarch—

'Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast'—

— Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
Oh thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it—unto me?⁶

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, is constantly seen in the lean, pale, shrivelled aspect of hard students. Thus Cæsar says—

'Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look—
He thinks too much.'⁷

Compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than horse-drench;⁸ so that he who makes good use of it may well declare, 'I will make a lip at the physician,'⁹ and is almost disposed to exclaim, with Macbeth—

'Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!'

'Out, loathed medicine! hated poison, hence!'¹⁰

For most of our slighter ailments we shall often find that

'The labour we delight in physics pain.'¹¹

¹ Antony and Cleopatra.

² Twelfth Night.

³ Macbeth and Henry IV.

⁴ Coriolanus.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Henry IV. Part 2d.

⁷ Measure for Measure.

⁸ Julius Cæsar.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Midsummer Night's Dream.

¹¹ Ibid.

Beware, however, at all times of those pests of society
—quacks:

— 'I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics.'

SECOND VISIT TO THE ANTIQUARIAN MUSEUM.

On the return of Mrs Russell and her friends from the visit to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, which was described in a former number, they found Mr Gregor awaiting them, and overwhelmed him with exclamations of wonder and interest about the objects which had engaged their attention in that curious collection.

'I had no conception that they could have proved so attractive,' exclaimed Miss Gregor to her father. 'I am sure I have heard more than one of my companions speak of a visit to it with extreme indifference. I really believed there was nothing worth looking at, even after we had glanced round the Museum, until Uncle Lauder directed our attention to its contents. I do believe Mrs Russell and I might have returned home, had we been left to our own guidance, vowing we had seen nothing.'

Mr Gregor smiled as he replied: 'Do you remember a story I used to read to you long ago, in Dr Aikin's delightful "Evenings at Home," entitled *Eyes and no Eyes; or the Art of Seeing*. Two schoolboys return home from a holiday ramble. Robert has been to Broom-heath, round by the windmill on Camp-Mount, and home through the meadows by the river-side. He declares it to have been all very dull: he met nobody, and saw nothing. Meanwhile William arrives, and recounts the delightful walk he has had. Here a parasitic mistletoe tempted him to pause, there his attention was arrested by a woodpecker. Insects, the meadow flowers, the fine view, the meandering stream, the setting sun, all interested and delighted him. And where, think you, had he been walking?'

'I remember the story, I think,' said Miss Gregor, with a look of some confusion; 'but what has it to do with our visit to the Antiquarian Museum?'

'Much, my dear Jane,' replied her father. 'William's delightful ramble was found, on inquiry, to have led him over exactly the same route which had proved so dull to his indifferent companion; and your pleasant visit to the collection of antiquities to-day—thanks to Uncle Lauder's teaching you to use your eyes—was spent in inspecting exactly the same objects which your companions had pronounced so unattractive. Depend upon it, the question of *Eyes or no Eyes* enters far more largely than most people think into the proper use and the enjoyment of experience.'

'I feel,' said Mrs Russell smiling, 'that your remarks are not a whit less applicable to myself than to Jane. Mr Lauder has taught me a lesson which I shall not soon forget, for I was equally ready on my first visit to the antiquities of *Auld Reekie*; and to those of the New Town, to follow the example of Sterne's spleenetic Smelfungus, who returned from the grand tour only to pronounce all barren. But I hope Mr Lauder has found us such willing pupils, that he will favour us with his able guidance to finish our survey of the Museum.' Mr Lauder assured his friends of the pleasure it would afford him to comply with their request, and they accordingly accompanied him a day or two afterwards to renew their inspection of that varied collection of antiquities.

'Our whole time,' said Mr Lauder, 'was taken up on our first visit in inspecting the objects belonging to what archaeologists agree in styling the *Stone and Bronze Periods*. They include all those relics of a remote period which indicate to us the habits of the rude nomade tribes who first peopled the north of Europe, and form a depart-

ment peculiarly valued by the archæologist. He justly prides himself on having written a new and most important chapter in the history of the human race, and in the annals of our own country, based on scientific inductions derived from such relics. In this department the Edinburgh Museum is very complete. Though the examples are not numerous, no important link is wanting in the chain of evidence, and it will well repay repeated visits and careful study. Now, however,' said Mr Lauder, 'we turn to a new and entirely different department. Mark the peculiar forms of the British and early Celtic pottery in the case we were examining on our last visit. Some of the urns are evidently finished with much care. Great labour has been devoted to their ornamental decoration, and we find among them considerable variety of form. Now, however, we shall turn our attention to the Roman period. The adjoining case is entirely filled with Roman pottery, in which department the Museum is also very well provided. Here are examples of Romano-British pottery from Inveresk and Falkirk in Scotland; from London and Colchester in England; from France, Spain, and even from Tangier. It is impossible for the most careless observer to overlook the marked contrast in form, even of the very simplest and rudest of the latter, when thus placed in juxtaposition with the stilted productions of the Celtic era. In the Roman pottery we at once detect the influence of the potter's wheel, while we observe the beautiful combinations of elliptical lines to which so much of the graceful symmetry of Greek and Roman art may be traced.'

'Not less curious and interesting are the smaller stilted works of the adjoining case; the small cinerary cups, *incense cups*, as they are frequently styled, and the *lachrymatories*, or tear-bottles, which were placed in the tombs as emblems of the sorrow of weeping friends. The latter idea, indeed, is derived from a very remote period. We discover the expression of it among the Egyptians at the funeral of Jacob, where the great company that had come up out of Egypt paused for seven days at the thrashing-floor of Atad beyond Jordan, "and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation." A similar practice may be observed among the native Irish in our own day. But a more distinct resemblance to the Roman lachrymatory is discoverable in the reference made by David, amid his lamentations in the fifty-sixth psalm, where he exclaims, "Thou tellest my wanderings; put thou my tears into thy bottle."

'And were these little bottles really filled with tears, uncle?' exclaimed Miss Gregor. 'I would cry for a month, I think, without filling the largest of them.'

Mr Lauder smiled as he replied, 'My dear Jane, human nature appears, upon the whole, to have been very much the same among the old Romans as it shows itself in our own day. We frequently find the most costly funeral and the most lugubrious epitaph where very little real sorrow is felt; and very possibly these huge lachrymatories, that could hold wellnigh a pint of tears, were only the ostentatious formula of grief of some decorous Roman widow or impatient heir.'

Mrs Russell. Really, there does seem something excessively ridiculous in the idea of a disconsolate widow sitting with a bottle at each eye, in order to collect satisfactory evidence of her sorrow.

Mr Lauder. Doubtless. And yet we must beware of judging thus hastily of the old Roman matron, or thinking of her only like Lady Macbeth, struggling 'to show an unfeeling sorrow.' The best cure for any such misapprehension is a walk to one of our own cemeteries, where we have weeping Cupids, inverted torches, urns and wet cloths, *ad nauseam*, to say nothing of *disconsolate* inscriptions that might make a dead Roman laugh. But we must hasten somewhat faster over the collection if we are to finish the inspection to-day.

So saying, Mr Lauder proceeded to direct their attention to a very beautiful and curious collection of Roman lamps. One, from the Baths of Caracalla, has

a camel embossed on it; another, from London, is decorated with a frog; a third, of a very unusual but elegant form, represents a foot clothed with a sandal. Mr Lauder failed not to direct the attention of his companions to the potters' names stamped on these, as well as on the beautiful specimens of Samian ware, by means of which the antiquary is able to trace the manufacture of them to certain fixed localities, and to elucidate in a most satisfactory manner the extent of the commercial intercourse which prevailed at the period of the Roman occupation of Britain. Next the party examined the beautiful Roman bronzes, including several fine examples found in Scotland. The *fibula*, and other objects of personal ornament, specially excited the interest of the ladies; and, in particular, one elegant bronze brooch, beautifully inlaid, which, as Mrs Russell remarked, 'the finest lady might now be proud to wear.' In the same cases were specimens of Roman glass, including small lachrymatories; of Roman iron, including axe and spearheads, hammers, &c.; and of bronze sacred and ordinary vessels. Next Mr Lauder drew their attention to a small but very valuable collection of Etruscan pottery, decorated with the graceful artistic designs, executed in black and white on a red ground, which form so valuable a feature of these monuments of antiquity.

'You see from these examples,' said Mr Lauder, 'how great was the change effected by the Roman invaders. They were, in reality, the missionaries of civilisation, introducing to our knowledge nearly all the useful and ornamental arts. Invention, however, was not exhausted. Here are brooches and other ornaments of the *Anglo-Saxon period* no less beautiful than those of the Romans, but altogether different in form; while of a later date we can examine a rich and varied collection of mediæval art, differing from both, and yet rivalling them in grace and beauty.'

Now that the interest of the ladies was thoroughly roused, it was only with great difficulty that Mr Lauder could get them to follow him when he sought to hurry them on from one case to another, so as to survey the remaining portions of the collection. A large central case, chiefly filled with mediæval objects in brass and iron, displayed a curious collection of spurs. One was from the field of Bannockburn; another from that of Falkirk; a third from Linlithgow Loch. One elegant pair had belonged to an old Lord Napier; another, beautifully inlaid with silver, were those of Archbishop Sharp; and a third had been worn by the great Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Lutzen, where he fell. Swords, spearheads, bolts, and dirks in like manner carry back the fancy to the struggles of Wallace and Bruce, to the fatal field of Flodden, and to the romantic associations of 'the forty-five.'

In another corner a singular collection of keys attracts the eye and excites the fancy. One large one of antique form, dredged from Loch Leven, tells of the escape of the hapless Mary Stuart from her island prison, only to exchange it for crueller and more hopeless scenes of captivity. One thinks involuntarily, while gazing on this curious relic of old historic scenes, of the fair queen, with whom so many romantic associations are indissolubly bound up, and of her touching lament:—

'Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the field!
It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.'

The same case contains another, though less appropriate relic, associated with the fair Scottish queen—a curious ancient chisel recently found imbedded in the wall of Queen Mary's chamber in Edinburgh Castle, where her son James VI. was born. Another of the keys, decorated with a graceful coronet at its handle, was found on the lawn at Falkland Palace, and is sup-

posed to have belonged to her father James V. A variety of sculptured Gothic remains, and a richly-carved oak door, are the memorials of the private oratory of her mother, Mary of Guise; an ancient marble quagh, or Scottish drinking-cup, decorated with the crown and royal initials, is regarded as a memento of her son; a large and beautiful comb is affirmed to be that which arranged the long and graceful love-locks of her unfortunate grandson Charles I.; and, to close our enumeration of Stuart relics, the blue ribbon worn by Prince Charles in 1745, as part of the ensigns of the Order of the Garter, hangs amid the miscellaneous collection of another case.

'We have thus,' said Mr Lauder, after satisfying the interest and curiosity of his fair friends with anecdotes suggested by these romantic relics—'we have thus stepped, well-nigh at one bound, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century: nor can we venture to retrace our steps. One case, indeed, entirely filled with mediæval ecclesiastical relics, awakens scarcely less interesting associations by its memorials of Robert the Bruce, of the good Bishop Kennedy, Mary of Lorraine, &c. The adjoining one is rich in equally valuable evidences of the civil arts of the same period. The next attracts by a miscellaneous, but scarcely less curious assortment—relics of Rob Roy, of Burns, and Scott; illustrations of Scottish manners and superstitions. Here, for example,' said Mr Lauder, 'is the collar of a Scottish slave of the eighteenth century.'

'A Scottish slave!' exclaimed Miss Gregor; 'was there ever such a thing, dear uncle?'

'Undoubtedly there was,' Mr Lauder replied; 'and here is a brass collar scarcely differing from that of your great watch-dog Jowler, which was worn by a Scottish slave only last century. You can read the inscription on it, engraved in large Roman characters—
"ALEX. STEWART, FOUND GUILTY OF DEATH, FOR THEFT, AT PERTH THE 5TH OF DECEMBER 1701, AND GIFTED BY THE JUSTICIARS AS A PERPETUAL SERVANT TO SIR JOHN ARESKINE OF ALVA."

'That is really a most remarkable modern relic,' said Mrs Russell. 'Do you know anything of the history of the unfortunate wretch who was doomed to wear this badge of slavery in a free country?'

'Nothing more,' replied Mr Lauder, 'than may be surmised from the circumstance of its discovery. It was dredged up in the Firth of Forth; and one can hardly avoid the conclusion that the unhappy culprit terminated his hopeless existence by a violent death. There is nothing, however, that an antiquary can do which involves so much danger of error and exposure as the giving the reins to his fancy. So let us proceed to employ our brief remaining time in seeing all that we can. We have arrived now, in our circuit of the Museum, nearly at the point from which we started, and here we are once more thrown back on remote antiquity. Here are antiquities of Mexico and Peru, constructed, in all probability, before the adventurous Columbus had found for Castile and Leon a new world; and alongside of them are the still older relics of Egyptian art, coeval, it may be, with the miraculous signs and wonders of Moses, and the exodus of Israel from the land of bondage. Among these are a variety of the beautiful little mummy-like figures usually styled *Penates*, one of the most remarkable of which is evidently designed as a representation of the god *Thoth*. Notwithstanding the grotesque form of the head, the beauty and grace of its form might stand comparison with a work of Greek art. But these, with the Egyptian rings, amulets, signets, bronzes, &c, must all be reserved for future study, if opportunity occurs.

'Let us now,' said Mr Lauder, 'take a hasty glance over the larger objects which stand exposed. Here is a valuable series of casts from the ancient Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, founded in Edinburgh, in 1462, by Mary of Guelders, the widowed queen of James II. of Scotland. Among them we discover the most grotesque caricatures of the monks; ludicrous, and, as

we would think, profane representations of imps, and devils, and monkeys, all of them most unseemly decorations for a church; sufficing pretty plainly to illustrate Scottish morals and manners in the middle of the fifteenth century. On the walls, again, are the old two-handed swords of the middle ages; Highland broadswords and targets, some of which have done service at Preston and Culloden. The long civic spear of old *Andro Hart*, the celebrated Edinburgh printer, famed not only for his Bibles, adorned with the quaint emblem of a heart, but also for his share in the famous tumult of 1596, when King James was put in such bodily terror, that he vowed in his wrath to level Edinburgh with the ground, and to make of it a hunting-field. We can almost fancy we see the sturdy old printer sallying forth, with his long spear and jack, and shouting "*Armour, armour!*" according to the fashion of the tumultuous old citizens of Edinburgh.'

A weapon of a very different description next attracted their attention. The world-famous stool of *Jenny Geddes*, with which she struck the initial stroke in the great civil war; hurling it at the dean of Edinburgh's head on his venturing for the first time to read the English liturgy in a Scottish church, with the pithy exclamation, '*Out, fause thief! will thou read mass at my lug!*'

Jenny's belligerent stool now reposes quietly within the time-worn pulpit of John Knox; while close by there stands in grim, but equally peaceful repose the ancient MAIDEN, the Scottish guillotine, by which so many brave and noble men have been done to the death. Popular tradition assigns its invention to the Regent Morton, and adds that he was the first to perish by its maiden axe. In this, however, tradition errs. Thomas Scott, one of the inferior accomplices in the murder of Rizzio, was the first whose death was accomplished by its means. Since then, the Regent Morton, the Marquis and Earl of Argyle, Sir George Gordon of Haddo, Johnston of Warriston, and a host of other victims, have perished by this seductively-titled, but dreadful engine of death, ere the happy Revolution consigned it to repose. A broad banner on the wall, inscribed, between the arms of the Scottish saviour, '*For Religion, Covenants, King, and Kingdom!*' is one of the standards borne by the Covenanters at Bothwell Bridge. A back and breast-piece of rusty armour, recently dug up on the same field, forms an equally appropriate memento of the enemies of the Covenant. Nor must we forget a copy of the Covenant itself, exhibited in one of the cases, with the signature of Montrose, Rothes, Lauderdale, and many others adhibited to it, who afterwards bore little love either to it or its adherents; while the horrible instrument of torture, the *TUMBKINS*, is displayed in a neighbouring case.

'You are familiar, I daresay,' said Mr Lauder, while they were looking at the thumbkins, 'with the story told of King William and his shrewd Scottish adviser Carstairs. This person, who was a clergyman, and one of King William's chaplains, had undergone the cruel torture of the thumbkins rather than betray his master's confidence. After the Revolution, the magistrates of Edinburgh presented the instrument to Carstairs, as the fittest memorial of his fidelity and courageous endurance. King William, it is said, hearing of this, ordered the thumbkins to be produced; and placing his thumbs in the engine, desired Carstairs to turn the screw, telling him that he wished to judge of his fortitude by experiencing the pain which he endured. Carstairs obeyed; but turned the screws with such courtly tenderness, as best suited their application to royal thumbs. The king remarked, on its pinching him a little, that it was unpleasant, but could be endured. At length the divine, feeling a natural jealousy of his own reputation, gave the screw so sudden a wrench, that the king roared for mercy, and vowed, had he been subjected to such a trial, he would have confessed anything they chose to dictate to him.'

'Did the king ever forgive him,' said Miss Gregor, 'for forcing from him so cowardly a confession?'

'He was much too magnanimous,' replied Mr Lauder,

'to take offence at such a cause; nor must we be misled by his friendly candour, to suppose that he would not have endured much, rather than betray confidence similarly reposed in him. So great was the influence Carstairs acquired and retained till his death, that his fellow-countrymen dubbed him with the questionable title of Cardinal Carstairs.'

It was now time that they should return home, and Mr Lauder expressed a hope that the Museum of the Antiquaries had not lost its first attractions on further inspection. To this Mrs Russell replied by assuring him that she only regretted she could not again and again return to familiarise herself with its varied contents. Before leaving, Mr Lauder obtained permission to visit the Council Room and the Library. In the former, they were gratified with the sight of some valuable historic portraits which adorn the walls. The most ancient of these is a fine portrait of Cardinal George Innes, who was created cardinal of St Lawrence in Lucina in the beginning of the fifteenth century; the first Scotsman, it is believed, who was made a prince of the church.

In the Library they were shown the Hawthornden Manuscripts, containing nearly the whole works of the Scottish poets Drummond and Fowler in their own handwriting. There also they saw original autographs of Queen Mary, King James I. and III., the two Charleses, Cromwell, Monk, Rothes, Lauderdale, Argyle, &c.; a beautiful manuscript Latin Bible of the fifteenth century; several finely-illuminated missals; a large Spanish music-book of the fourteenth century; and many rare and beautiful specimens of typography. Even the lobby, as they retired, attracted them with one or two quaint memorials of the olden time. A pair of huge steel pokers, of gigantic proportions, were pointed out to the visitors as the mace and sceptre of 'The Knights of the Cape,' a celebrated convivial club of last century, which numbered among its early knights Tom Lancaster the comedian, Ferguson the poet, Runciman, Jacob More, and other artists, and a host of citizens of no little note in their day. In another dark corner of the lobby their attention was directed to a quaint little Dutch mannikin, with goggle eyes; the identical old wooden citizen who long maintained his post, lint in hand, at the door of the ancient yarn merchant's booth in the West Bow, where the rioters of 1736 obtained the rope with which the wretched Porteous was hanged. With this grotesque memento of the famous Porteous mob, Mr Lauder and his friends bade adieu to the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; their minds stored with many pleasing and instructive recollections, which supplied ample subject for lively conversation during the remainder of the day, and still furnishes frequent topics for discussion in the friendly interchange of epistolary correspondence between Taunton and Edinburgh.

LIFE IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

WORKS on the Australian colonies continue to stream from the press, and if mistaken notions are still entertained respecting these regions, it can be owing to no want of materials for judging. The last book is so far likely to be impartial, as the author appears to have no personal interest in the success of the new country. He did not go out as a settler, but as a visitor in quest of health; and in committing his impressions to paper, he is uninfluenced by any prospect of returning to the antipodes.* Under such circumstances, we are disposed to receive Mr Townsend's representations with the respect due to the sentiments of an educated and tolerably observant person, whose residence in the colony of four years was long enough to familiarise him with the aspect of its men and things, and not long enough to

imbue him with the party prejudices of a resident. At the same time, the impression left upon us by the book is, that its author is more capable of describing than of reasoning, and that he is better able to understand the parts of a subject than the whole. His sketches of the various classes of the population, however, are all good and life-like, although of course not absolutely new; and to this portion of the volume we shall confine ourselves.

The city of Sydney, as it is now styled, contains a population of 60,000, collected in no more than sixty years, and is governed by a mayor and corporation. Its wharfs are excellent, watermen plying in neat wherries at their steps; but when approached by land, it resembles Birmingham in appearance, with manufactories surrounding it, and houses resembling the tradesmen's villas of the old country. The fresh colour of the English, however, is wanting in the inhabitants: in Sydney they are *more brown*. But in Sydney there are characters and costumes which alone are worth the trouble of the voyage. Here is a picture of a 'young corn-stalk' coming pacing along on a coarse-bred tramping filly:—'You observe that he has a very long pair of spurs, fixed in sockets in the heels of his boots. He wears a broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat (manufactured from the leaves of the palm of that name); a check shirt, open at the neck, and presenting a *bold front*; a blue jacket, and a gay waistcoat. His trowsers are made, as those of many others, of the ticken generally used for the cases of beds, and are cut so much to the quick, that your dread of their bursting keeps you in a state of uncomfortable nervous apprehension. He wears an immense moustache, and Vandyck beard, and a red scarf or comforter is tied round his waist. I sketch strictly from life; and I well recollect the astonishment I felt when I beheld this apparition moving along in solemn state, "witching the world with noble horsemanship." Yet such a phenomenon would be an admirable bushman, would endure hunger and fatigue, and travel (as this person has done) many hundred miles to a distant station, sleeping out every night, and exhibiting great perseverance and foresight; and such a life he would greatly prefer to that of a salaried official in Sydney, upon whom he would look down with no small degree of contempt, as effeminate and helpless.'

In another part of the country our traveller saw a girl on horseback driving cattle with a stock whip. She bestrode her steed like a man; the gay ribbons of her bonnet fluttered in the wind; and she was arrayed in white pantaloons adorned with large frills. This was a 'currency lass,' the daughter of a settler, and a specimen of a generation which does not appear to be brought up in a very accurate knowledge of the old country. One of them asked if ticket-of-leave holders made good servants in England? and another, when talking of a visit to Europe, declared her intention to attend Queen Victoria's *At Homes* in Buckingham Palace.

A description is given of a farmer of New South Wales, which might well excite the envy and admiration of his brethren at home. 'The owners of this noble property hold, as freehold, eighty thousand acres of fine land, of which twenty thousand are naturally clear and fit for the plough, and I speak within bounds when I say that on the estate are five thousand acres of white clover. This, indeed, spreads so fast, that in a few years the greater part of the property will be covered with it; but a mixture of clover and rye-grass is preferred. On this estate, and on the adjoining waste lands, are maintained upwards of three thousand head of cattle, and several herds of horses. Wheat and maize are grown in great quantities; and the fields, when waving with these luxuriant crops, present a noble appearance, which is most striking when one enters the farm from the southward, after a wearisome journey through a barren country. . . . Great pains have been taken to improve the breed of cattle on this estate; and bulls have been imported from England at great expense. "Ella," a short-horned Durham, is a splendid

* Rambles and Observations in New South Wales, with Sketches of Men and Manners, Notices of the Aborigines, Glimpses of Scenery, and some Hints to Emigrants. By Joseph Phipps Townsend. London: Chapman and Hall. 1846.

creature, and cost L.500; and there are also some beautiful Ayrshire bulls. Choice animals of this description are kept for sale in an extensive clover paddock devoted to them alone; and to this place they become so attached, that there is a difficulty in removing them, even in the company of cows. Some of the bullocks, reared and fed on the swamps, attain a great size, and a few weigh fifteen hundredweight; and the rolls of fat on their backs form hollows something like a saucer. . . . A large dairy is kept on foot, where often two hundred cows are milked, but only once a day; for, after the morning's milk is taken from them, the calves are allowed to run with them until night. These cows yield about two gallons of milk each per day, and under another system would doubtless give more. The skim-milk feeds a little army of pigs. Many beautiful mares are to be found amongst the herds of horses, and when I last visited the property, a stallion from the English turf was in the stalls. The horses bred on this property attain a good size, their points are well developed, and many have been sent to India.

The proprietors of this princely property lived in corresponding style. The owners of this estate reside in an excellent brick-house, which crowns a rising ground. Their hospitality is unbounded; and the "travellers' room," with its neat and clean beds, has been the place of rest of many a weary pilgrim. Well-built cottages have been erected in convenient situations for the accommodation of the different superintendents. The garden is large, and exceedingly productive; indeed, with such a soil, with moisture and a hot sun, what may not be expected? The prolific nature of the soil and climate is evidenced by the fact, that a peach-tree bears in the second year after the stone from which it sprung has been sown; and to the climate, as well as to the abundance of fine feed, the large size of the cattle is no doubt to be attributed. The Shoalhaven, being navigable, adds much to the value of the property; and the produce of the farm is sent up to Sydney in vessels built on the river. This estate would maintain some thousands of people; but the owners of it can never become rich by farming it. To give an idea of the value of farming produce in this colony, I may mention that one of these gentlemen told me that he once grew two thousand bushels of barley, but could only find purchasers for half the quantity, and did not know what to do with the remainder. This estate did not suffer by the late drought, and when I left the colony, the dairy returned L.70 sterling per week in butter alone, many other dairies having been brought to a stand-still, and amongst them that at Ulladulla, where, indeed, the cattle were then dying for lack of food, at a distance of only fifty miles.

The run of a squatter—that is, an unsettled breeder of sheep and cattle—described by Mr Townsend, was 100 square miles in extent, consisting of open flats divided by belts of trees. Here the squatter has numerous stations all apart from each other: his sheep station, breeding station, heifer station, and so on; and these stations require to be moved from time to time, on account of the drought. Some squatters grow their own wheat; but the frequent droughts render it so uncertain a crop, that their supplies have usually to be brought from a great distance in drays drawn by bullocks. The operations of the squatters extend over a line 1800 miles in length, and they sometimes go 400 miles into the interior. A large squatter is a great traveller, and is continually moving from one station to another, to inspect the state of his flocks and herds, and to attend to numerous operations going on amongst them; but fully to describe his operations would be to write a treatise on sheep, horses, cattle, and climate. Many perform long journeys in tandems; and those who are particularly anxious adorn their horses with bells, and make the whole echo with the sound of the bells as they rattle along. Some of them, in spite of the uncertainty of their future, had, when I was in the colony, as excellent cottages on their runs as settlers within

the boundaries, and lived in all respects as well. Not a few of these were married, and to most estimable and well-educated women, who lightened the home and cheered the heart of the wanderer.

The shepherds are of course a class of men absolutely necessary to the squatter; and here they are—at home. A shepherd's hut is a hovel, built of slabs, and covered with bark. Between the slabs a man could thrust his foot, and nothing could be more easy than to cover the walls, as well as the roof, with bark, thus making the tenement weather-tight; but the men will not take the trouble to do this, and probably airiness in summer compensates for the cold of winter. The accommodations are the simplest. A sheet of bark, on trestles, forms the bedstead on which the mattress is spread; and another sheet, supported by sticks, does duty as a table. The cooking apparatus consists of an iron pot. If the traveller falls in with one of these solitary dwellings, he is immediately asked to take "a pot of tay," and the tea is produced from a bag that hangs on a peg, and the sugar from another; whilst salt beef and damper make their appearance from some very original substitute for a shelf. The bark is generally secured to the roof by strips of green hide; and it is a common saying, that if it were not for green hide and stringy bark, the colony would go to a place more remote than even the antipodes. In some huts which it has been my lot to visit I have had rough fare, and rougher beds. The salt beef is sometimes hard and black, worthy only of a place in a museum, and certainly not of a depository in a human stomach. "The greatest hardship I endured was salt beef," says William Penn; and this I can echo from the bottom of my heart. In some huts black pieces of beef are suspended from the roof by strings, and if it is marvellous that any man can be induced to swallow such a curious production, it would be still more marvellous if he could digest it. My bed has sometimes been a sheet of bark with a sack spread upon it; and I have lain, near the fire, almost literally in sackcloth and ashes!

The hut-keeper receives the sheep at night from two men, who have each the charge of a separate fold. Being answerable for the safety of the flock till the morning, he sleeps in a kind of sentry-box, to guard them against the attacks of the native dogs. The first object of the ambition of a labouring man in the bush is to possess a mare. He then buys a few cows; and many a "ticket-of-leave holder" has a nice little property in cattle and horses before he becomes free. Some shepherds have their wives and children with them in the bush; and, with the assistance of the hut-keeper, milk a cow; and, where the climate will allow it, cultivate a small garden; but this is the exception, and not the rule; and the opossums often destroy their gardens, at least the produce of them, when there is any.

The stockman, or keeper of cattle, considers himself to be a personage of more dignity than the shepherd. He is always on horseback, and his greatest pride is in penetrating to a part of the country previously unknown. The bullock-driver performs long journeys, carrying the wool or tallow to market, and bringing back supplies for the station. He is generally trustworthy, save as respects rum and tobacco. He rarely can resist the allurements of these bewitching articles, and resorts to the most ingenious devices for wheedling the spirits from the casks. He carries a mattress with him, and sleeps under his dray, whilst his bullocks graze near it. I think no sight in the colony would strike a newcomer so much as the passage of a number of drays over Liverpool range. Often thirty pair of bullocks are to be seen harnessed to one dray, and the shouts and execrations of the drivers, with the noise made by their whips, are almost appalling. No men swear more dreadfully, or have so great a variety of oaths of the most extraordinary derivation. As horse-teams increase in number, it is to be hoped that some of their expletives will be laid aside. Their "camps" at night are in regular gipsy style, and they always light huge

fires. In a large boiler, which was brought on a dray to the station I described in the last chapter, a woman and her children used to seat themselves during the day as they travelled, and I am assured by a friend that he saw her there knitting very quietly.

The position of the convict population is already sufficiently familiar to the public. Mr Townsend, with regard to them, remarks that he was much struck by the good behaviour of men who had been convicts, and he tells of one of them driving about in his carriage—his fortune having been gained by honest and untiring industry. He describes the fate of some convicts well known on this side of the ocean by their names and their misdeeds. 'Bolam was employed in Sydney as a clerk, and I believe took an account of the linen that was sent to the factory to be washed. In 1842, Frost the Chartist was at Cascade, near Port Arthur, and laboured in a gang, but was permitted to sleep alone. He was sent to Cascade for insolence. When first landed, he was sent to Port Arthur, and employed as a copying clerk. When I last heard of him, he had obtained his ticket of leave, and was a shopman in a chemist's shop. Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was overseer of the mess of some dozen refractory lads at Port Arthur. He was circumspect and orderly, and worked at his own trade, or in the nailer's shop. Williams was then also (1842) at Port Arthur. He built a boat, and effected a temporary escape, and was retaken, and was worked in a chain gang. Some of his associates in his flight, when at large through his means, committed a murder, and were hung. He was represented to be a bad, designing man.'

At the conclusion of the volume there is a chapter for emigrants. The labourers most in request in New South Wales are of course stockmen and shepherds; but carpenters, blacksmiths, and shoemakers do very well. A convict bootmaker was paid by his master 10s. a pair for making his own boots. Shipwrights and sawyers likewise do well.

Mr Townsend's chief care, however, is bestowed upon emigrants of the genteeler class, who go out with the intention of purchasing land and employing servants. The autumn, he says, is the best time for sailing from England. The passage money ought not to be much more than L.80, which will comprise good fare, separate cabins, room for a ton, by admeasurement, of baggage, and wine, beer, &c. at discretion. Money, with the exception of a handful of sovereigns for spending in any port they may call at, can be exchanged with the Union Bank of Australia for a letter of credit on Port Philip or Sydney. London ships are better than Liverpool ships. 'On going on board some of the ships bound for New South Wales, it would be easy to imagine that one had boarded a pirate, all the passengers seeming to think it necessary to be armed to the teeth. Double-guns, duck-guns, rifles, pistols, swords, &c. adorn the different berths, and the passengers themselves are often in full piratical costume. But the expense of buying these arms is useless, and if the owners of them could be followed to their destination, such weapons would probably be soon found rusting neglected in a corner. A good gun, a few bags of large shot, and a few pounds of powder, will, however, be found useful in the bush, and in Sydney a good gun can sometimes be bought for a few shillings—the piratical gentlemen aforesaid being often anxious, in the course of time, to sell their weapons. Powder and shot are comparatively dear in Sydney.'

On getting to Sydney, the plan Mr Townsend would adopt himself is this: 'I should go to Illawara and rent about a hundred acres of land well covered with clover; or if I had capital enough, I should buy such a place, taking care that there was plenty of water upon it, and, if possible, the means of irrigation; for I am convinced that the settlers there could make their farms as valuable again if they introduced this, since, though the district is not subject to drought, there is often much dry weather. If there were no house on the place, I should

build a brick cottage, which I think would cost about L.150. I should go to Mr Berry's, or to Mr M'Leay's, at Ulladulla, and buy sufficient dairy cows to stock this land, and engage a steady married couple to manage the dairy. This dairy would be my mainstay for a time; for the butter, cheese, pork, and bacon produced on the farm would sell well in Sydney, provided that I attended to the matter myself. It would be necessary that I should be often, if not always, up at daylight, and that I occasionally saw that the cows were properly milked. If I neglected my own interests, I could not expect that my servants would attend to them.

'I should keep bees, and make as much as possible of honey; and I should also establish a good garden, and send fruit regularly to Sydney. I should have to get, yearly, a good crop of clover hay, lest the stock might suffer in the winter or the dry weather; and I should have to find a run for the dry cows, lest they should consume the clover without giving a return. But, without further details, this farm at Illawara should be my homestead, and nothing should induce me ever to encumber it.' He would not at first attempt to grow wool, but would put out flock after flock of sheep into the hands of a squatter, on the principle of division of profits, till he had a sufficient stock to make it worth his while to look out for runs, and sit down as a squatter himself. To start at once in this capacity, a man should be possessed of L.20,000; and then, after realising a fair profit, in order to secure himself from the vicissitudes of a new country, he should return home as fast as possible!

THE ANGLO-FRENCHMAN.

A SINGULAR character appeared in France about the year 1772, under the name of Thomas Dhèle; but he was the son of an English baronet, and his real name was Hales. He was born in Gloucestershire in the year 1740, and his father being fond of adventure, was anxious that the only descendant of his house should encounter the perils of the sea. As soon, therefore, as the discipline and the studies of childhood were over, he was sent into the navy. In this service he visited almost every part of the world, and afterwards took up his abode in Italy, where he resided a considerable time, and whence he finally removed to Paris with the wreck of his patrimony.

Dhèle was now above thirty years of age; and though his constitution was much impaired by dissipation, he still had a very handsome person. The lines of his face bore a striking resemblance to some of the English court portraits by Vandyck, the mouth wearing an expression of careless disdain.

He soon spent his all at Paris; and finding himself penniless, he began to write plays for the Italian theatre. Such was his talent, that his very first work was deemed a masterpiece. He wrote slowly, for he never liked to retouch his work: he said that the judgment of to-morrow had no more value than that of to-day. By this employment he realised above a thousand crowns a year at an average. But what was that to an English baronet who had spent a fortune? His sudden poverty, however, did not in the slightest degree alter the pride either of his feelings or manners: his bearing indicated the gentleman, however mean his attire. Grétry, who has left notes on the life and character of Dhèle, says that he has seen him for a long time almost naked, but yet inspiring no pity. 'His noble and severe countenance seemed to say, "I am a man, what can I want?" It was the haughtiness of a Spaniard, with the composure of an Englishman.'

He was one of the ablest critics of his day, though he never wrote his critiques. In matters connected with the drama there was no appeal from his judgment; and so clear were his views of the political horizon, that the newsmongers often framed their articles according to his prognostication of the probable course of events. But out of consideration for the writers, as well as re-

spect for himself, he never spoke of this, or claimed the credit due to his superior penetration.

His first piece at the theatre in association with Grétry was 'Le Jugement de Midas.' The original wit of Dhèle, softened by the lively and beautiful music of Grétry, elicited the highest applause from the Parisians, and the authors were loudly called for. Dhèle, very shabbily attired, came forward with perfect gravity, and without appearing either pleased or annoyed—'This,' said he, 'is the prescribed epilogue of my comedy.'

A year afterwards, Dhèle and Grétry, who always lived on the best terms with each other, completed 'L'Amour Jaloux,' the ground-work of which is taken from the English comedy of 'The Wonder.' It was played first at Versailles; and on the day of its representation, while Grétry was strutting about at the château, unable to conceal his elation, Dhèle was quietly seated at the table of a tavern, like a man who had retired from the vanities of life. The success of 'L'Amour Jaloux' was still more brilliant in Paris at the Italian theatre; and people began to make inquiry as to who or what this gifted Englishman might be. The odd stories told of him only served to raise their curiosity still higher; and many were anxious to judge of his eccentricities from their own personal observation. 'If I appear to them a singular man,' said he, 'it is only because they are not simple. A simple man—that is what I am.'

The Duke of Orleans, learning that Dhèle generally passed his afternoons at the Café du Caveau in the Palais Royal, disguised himself one day, and went down to see him. He found a remarkably grave man, sitting with his legs sometimes crossed, sometimes stretched on a chair, musing at leisure, and quite regardless of all around him. If he engaged in conversation, he spoke little, but always well: he never took the trouble of telling people what they must already know; and he interrupted the loquacious by saying in a dry tone, 'That is in print.' If he approved, it was by a slight bow of the head; if he was teased with nonsense, he crossed his legs, locked them tightly together, took snuff, and looked in another direction. The duke, knowing that Dhèle was in pecuniary difficulties, sent him next morning a hundred louis by a valet.

'You will say that this is the first payment fallen due of a pension which the Duke of Orleans grants to Monsieur Dhèle for his eloquence.'

The valet found Dhèle lying on a bed which was anything but luxuriously soft.

'Do I disturb you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'You were asleep?'

'No.'

'You are Monsieur Dhèle?'

'Yes.'

'Shall I shut the door?'

'No; for if you chatter much longer'—

'Don't disturb yourself; I am come from the Duke of Orleans.'

'Well?'

'He sends you the first payment of a pension which his royal highness grants you for your eloquence.'

'That is well.'

'Here are a hundred louis.'

'One for you.'

'Is that all I am to say to his royal highness?'

'Yes.'

'But'—

'Begone—the Duke of Orleans knows my eloquence.'

Within three or four months afterwards the hundred louis were all gone, as may easily be believed. The Duke of Orleans having had 'Le Jugement de Midas' played at his own residence, gave Grétry a hundred louis to divide with Dhèle. Grétry wrote to Dhèle with his share of the money. He answered the servant, 'It is right; Grétry, a little piqued at having no reply to his letter, hoped that Dhèle would answer him in person; but twenty times he met him in vain. At last

he could not help saying, 'You no doubt received'—

'Yes.' Dhèle added not another word.

He was held up as an example of ingratitude for seeming to forget his benefactors. But did he forget?

One day at the café he was insulted by a man who had lent him money without any security. 'Here I am forced to fight a duel with myself,' said Dhèle: 'it is a sad waste of time.' The creditor and debtor, to avoid delay, withdrew, unattended, to a garden in the neighbourhood. Scarcely had they drawn swords, when Dhèle, who had the advantage of superior height and self-possession, very adroitly struck his adversary's weapon into the air, and said with his usual gravity, 'If I were not your debtor, I would kill you; if we had witnesses, I would wound you; we are alone, I forgive you.'

During the time of his greatest distress, he called one day at the house of a friend who had just gone out, and his eye was caught by a handsome *culotte** made of lilac silk. He considered that his own had served its time, put on his friend's culottes without the least ceremony, and walked off, delighted with his good fortune. By and by the friend returned home, and found a rag at the foot of his bed. 'My culotte, where is my culotte?' The reply was, that Dhèle had been there: but he could not believe that Dhèle would be guilty of such an act. In the evening, however, he visited the Café du Caveau, and at the first glance he recognised his property: Dhèle saluted him as usual. The friend, more and more surprised, tapped playfully on Dhèle's leg.

'Is it not there?'

'Yes,' said Dhèle with the greatest coolness; 'I had none.'

A disease of the chest, the consequence of dissipation and breathing so constantly the atmosphere of theatres and taverns, brought poor Dhèle to the brink of the grave about the beginning of the year 1780. He rallied, however, as the spring advanced; and thinking he had escaped all danger, he returned to his labours. He had become seriously attached to Signora Bianchi, an Italian actress, who condescended to think him amusing, and who perhaps admired him for his simplicity. With all his imperturbable gravity, he was a perfect child in the society of a female. The self-possessed Englishman really loved with all the delicate sentimentality affected by a Frenchman. Yet he spoke of his passion, as of everything else, without circumlocution.

'Have you nothing more to say, Dhèle?' asked Signora Bianchi one evening.

'I love you.'

'What else?'

'You are beautiful.'

'Well?'

'I love you.'

The Italian theatre was discontinued; the young lady set out for Italy, and it proved the deathblow of the poor philosopher. For his consolation, she promised to await him at Venice. He spent two months endeavouring to obtain money to follow her; but in vain. No charitable soul came to his assistance. Grétry offered him a hundred louis, but it was for a comic opera which was to be finished before he set out. Betaking himself to work too assiduously, he again became ill, and having once taken to his bed, he never left it but for his grave.

He had by his pillow a travelling book, and the opera which he had commenced. The situation of the persons of his piece occasionally diverted his mind, and led him for a time to forget his sorrows; but grief at length quite overcame the poor patient. He refused to admit any one whatever to visit him, desiring to dwell continually on the thoughts of his love and his despair. At the last hour, however, Grétry contrived to obtain access to his room.

'Well, Dhèle?'

* Pair of small-clothes.

'Better.'

'And our opera?'

'Two acts.'

Dhèle was carefully turning over the leaves of the travelling book.

'What are you looking for there?' said Grétry.

'My way.'

'Where are you going?'

'To Venice.'

'Is this a serious passion then?'

'Yes.'

Dhèle, who had raised himself up, now sunk back on the pillow. Grétry was struck with the sudden pallor of his countenance and the wildness of his eye.

'Would you like a drink?' asked Grétry.

'No.'

'What do you wish for, my poor friend?'

'The travelling book,' said Dhèle, and expired immediately.

THE DATURA.

THE article on 'Hashish,' which appeared in No. 256, has attracted the attention of several correspondents; one of whom, who writes from Patna in Bengal, desires to draw our attention to the narcotic effects of the common *datura*, giving some curious instances of the way in which it is employed by the thieves of India. Before we come, however, to his information, we shall mention, for the benefit of general readers, what the *datura* is, and to what uses or abuses it has been turned in other parts of the world.

The plant belongs to the order Solanaceæ, or nightshades, in which are included the deadly nightshade and henbane, as well as the wholesome potato and tomato. Tobacco and belladonna are likewise members of this apparently anomalous order, and the *Acocanthera venenata* of the Cape, with the juice of which the Hot-tentots envenom their weapons, and poison the baits laid for wild beasts. The *Datura stramonium*, or thorn-apple, is smoked as a palliative in spasmodic asthma, and used as a medicine in mania, epilepsy, convulsions, and tic-douloureux. The seeds, taken internally in small doses, bring on a kind of delirium. The *Datura tatula* and *metel* are still more energetic, and are said by some writers to have been used by the priests of the Delphic temple to produce the ravings of the Pythia. It is supposed, however, that the chasm over which the tripod was placed on which the prophetess sat, was known for the properties of the smoke it emitted before the building of the temple—the shepherds tending their flocks in the neighbourhood, on approaching the place, being seized with convulsions. If this be correct, the *datura* must be found not guilty in the present instance; unless it was a *particeps criminis*, in heightening the natural effects of the smoke, under the influence of which the Pythia sometimes leaped from her tripod and fell down in convulsions, which in a few days ended in death. The seeds of the *Datura sanguinea*, however, were certainly used for a similar purpose in the Temple of the Sun in the South American city of Sagomozo; and the Peruvians prepare from them an intoxicating drink, which either stupifies or maddens, according to its greater or less degree of dilution.

The common *datura* of Bengal is described by our correspondent as a rambling, thorny plant, with a very large and beautiful white flower; and it may be interesting to our medical readers to know that its leaves, when heated by being held over the fire, are used by the natives for assuaging pain in the head. The root, however, supplies a powder, which is turned to a less beneficent account. Thuggee, as everybody knows—thanks to the energetic measures of the British government, so zealously carried out by Colonel Sleeman—is now almost, if not entirely, unknown; but it has been succeeded by a kind of robbery, into which murder no longer enters as a necessary part of the crime. The victim is not, as formerly, strangled or poisoned, but

merely drugged—or hocused, to use a slang expression—and this is effected in a safe and simple manner by throwing a little of the *datura* powder into the flour which the traveller is about to prepare for his dinner. Now and then, it is true, the druggée dies; but this is an accident, and by no means desired by the practitioner, whose interest it is that his patient shall merely be reduced to a state of temporary insensibility. The effects of a liberal dose sometimes last for a couple of days.

Although the powder retains its energy for a long time, the robber makes it only in such small quantities as may be readily concealed upon the person; and indeed he has no occasion to do otherwise, as the plant is common, and grows wild throughout the country. The thoroughfares are beset with these people, who get into conversation with the wayfarers they meet, and induce them to join company. If the traveller only consents to dine along with his new friend, he is undone. An account of the process may be given from the mouth of an approver, as the Indian king's-evidence is called; and we shall put into the witness-box a gentleman of the name of Sookoo. 'I first learned the business of drugging,' said he, 'from Ramkishen, whom I met in Calcutta some four years ago. He asked me to find out a good subject, and I told him of a man who had some 600 rupees (L.60) worth of property. Ramkishen hired the house adjacent to this man's, and next day picked up his acquaintance. Two days after that, he contrived to put some powder into his *shrab*, and he became insensible. We then broke open his box, and went off with 400 rupees' worth of property and jewels, which we realised and divided. Some time after this, as I was going along the Grand Trunk Road alone, I met a man returning from Calcutta. We began talking together, and walked to a well close to a police-office, and around which there were some eight or ten more travellers assembled. I drew up some water, and gave him to drink, asking him at the same time to eat some of the food I was myself eating; he did so. I mixed a little powder into the portion I gave him, and in about an hour he became insensible. Some of the travellers and policemen asked me the cause. I told them he had been drinking freely, and was tipsy; they believed me, and I attended to the insensible man until I secured his purse, containing some fifteen or twenty rupees. I then went off on some pretence, leaving him at the police-office. About seven months after this affair, I and a friend met two merchants who had been to Patna to sell goods. We got leave to travel with them, and put up for the night at a *serai*; they bought some flour, and went to the well for water, and I managed to put some of the powder into it. In an hour or less they both became insensible, and we took their property—some 300 rupees. We then wanted to get off, but found the door of the *serai* was shut. On saying, however, that one of us was ill, we got out and made off. About two years ago I and Ramsahai met a man on the road with a tin-box; we walked together some way, and on coming to a toddy-shop, stopped to drink. He would not leave his box, and requested me to bring him a little grog; I did so, and we walked on. In about three-quarters of an hour he fell down insensible, and we relieved him of his box and all his clothes. We got nearly 800 rupees from the sale of the contents (jewels, ornaments, &c.). About seventeen months ago I and Gungaram met four men and two servants, and consented to carry their luggage for them; we all slept in a house in the village of — on the second night, and there they wished to dismiss us; but we begged to be entertained for a few marches farther on towards our homes, and they agreed. The man whose box I had charge of bought some flour, and I contrived to drug it; he ate, and became insensible. His companions were all asleep, and I, after five hours' work, broke open the box, and, with Gungaram, made off with its contents.'

The class to which Sookoo belongs do not, like the Thugs, mingle religious notions with their crimes.

They are simply thieves, who do their spiriting as gently as they can, and are satisfied with small gains. In India, a labouring man or servant can keep himself, his wife, and four or five children, for four rupees a month; and it is no wonder, therefore, that so many should be tempted to have recourse to the datura powder, and that drugging, though less deadly in its purpose, should become a crime much less easy to be dealt with by the government than Thugges.

UTILITY AND SAGACITY OF SIBERIAN DOGS.

Of all the animals that live in the high north latitudes, none are so deserving of being noticed as the dog. The companion of man in all climates, from the islands of the South Sea, where he feeds on bananas, to the Polar Sea, where his food is fish, he here plays a part to which he is unaccustomed in more favoured regions. Necessity has taught the inhabitants of the northern countries to employ these comparatively weak animals in draught. On all the coasts of the Polar Sea, from the Obi to Behring's Straits, in Greenland, Kamtchatka, and in the Kurile Islands, the dogs are made to draw sledges loaded with persons and with goods, and for considerable journeys. The dogs have much resemblance to the wolf. They have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and a long bushy tail; some have smooth, and some have curly hair; their colour is various—black, brown, reddish-brown, white, and spotted. They vary also in size; but it is considered that a good sledge-dog should not be less than two feet seven and a-half inches in height, and three feet three-quarters of an inch in length (English measure). Their barking is like the howling of a wolf. They pass their whole life in the open air; in summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to avoid the musquitoes; in winter they protect themselves by burrowing in the snow, and lie curled up with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The female puppies are drowned, except enough to preserve the breed, the males alone being used in draught. Those born in winter enter on their trainings the following autumn, but are not used in long journeys until the third year. The feeding and training is a particular art, and much skill is required in driving and guiding them. The best-trained dogs are used as leaders; and as the quick and steady going of the team, usually of twelve dogs, and the safety of the traveller, depend on the sagacity and docility of the leader, no pains are spared in their education, so that they may always obey their master's voice, and not be tempted from their course when they come on the scent of game. This last is a point of great difficulty; sometimes the whole team, in such cases, will start off, and no endeavours on the part of the driver can stop them. On such occasions we have sometimes had to admire the cleverness with which the well-trained leader endeavours to turn the other dogs from their pursuit; if other devices fail, he will suddenly wheel round, and by barking, as if he had come on a new scent, try to induce the other dogs to follow him. If travelling across the wide tundra in dark nights, or when the vast plain is veiled in impenetrable mist, or in storms or snow-tempests, when the traveller is in danger of missing the sheltering powarna, and of perishing in the snow, he will frequently owe his safety to a good leader; if the animal has ever been in this plain, and has stopped with his master at the powarna, he will be sure to bring the sledge to the place where the hut lies deeply buried in the snow; when arrived at it, he will suddenly stop, and indicate significantly the spot where his master must dig.—*Von Wrangell's Polar Seas.*

LAZY BEAVERS.

It is a curious fact, says our trapper, that among the beavers there are some that are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. These "Parasites" are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They dig a hole from the water running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge, when hungry, to obtain food, returning by the same hole with the wood they procure to eat the dam. They never form dams, and are sometimes to be numbered five or seven together; all are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows

have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and after having been conquered and driven away from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate, males, females, and young together.—*Audubon and Bachman's Quadrupeds of North America.*

THE RIVER'S VOICE.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.

SUMMER'S sunbeams brightly dart
Where the silver waters quiver;
Find a voice, oh happy heart!
In the whisper of that river:
Speaks it not of love like thine,
Of all hues and flowers divine?
Loud the rapid rivers roll,
Winds the bending oak-trees shiver;
Find a voice, impassioned soul,
In the roar of that wild river:
Speaks it not of storms that be
Madly sweeping over thee?
Icy chains the waters bind,
None the prisoners may deliver;
Hear a voice, oh lonely mind!
Even in that silent river:
Speaks it not of fair hopes lost,
Chained in hapless sorrow's frost?
Spring again the currents melt,
Sounding praise unto the Giver;
Mourner, be His glory felt,
Like the sunbeam on that river:
Let the loosened torrents raise
Sounds once more of thankful praise.

THE SHADOW OF AN ASS.

The Greeks had a proverb which ran thus:—'To dispute on the shadow of an ass.' This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians, to excite their attention during his defence of a criminal, which was being but inattentively listened to. 'A traveller,' he said, 'once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and at noon. He was much exposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun; and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter, he bethought himself to descend from the ass, and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring to him that when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm that it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law. After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; but the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this, the orator commented severely on their childish injustice, in devouring with attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great and important ones, he was said 'to dispute on the shadow of an ass.'—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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A GOSSIP ABOUT FOUNTAINS.

AND first let there be no mistake as to my title. I speak not of fountains made by man, but of fountains made by God. I abjure and repudiate all the tribe of jets and spouts, and flashing pyramids, and circles and domes of gushing water—all the race of stone dolphins flinging the element from their nostrils—of metal Tritons blowing it through shell and conch—and the entire clan of Cupids and Nymphs of bronze and gold pouring limpid treasures forth from dripping cornucopias. All such devices may be pretty in their way—most are so; but I would speak of a quieter, calmer, holier beauty—that of the font which wells forth from the deep places of the earth in drops of liquid crystal—the cradle of the infant stream, exquisite in its unadornment, or unadorned just complimented by some such simple and appropriate rural gift as a rudely-carved channel down the slippery and mossy rock, or a large green fresh leaf cunningly disposed, so as to conduct the living waters fairly and gracefully into the sparkling basin.

I have ever loved water in its almost every shape. Let the beach be what it may, rocky and grand, or slimy and flat, there is eternal variety and glory in the sea—glory whether the white waves come roaring and tumbling to the land, flinging their brine-crests gaily into the fresh eager air; or whether the slow tide creep silently but surely into the brown wrinkles of the level sand, refreshing the salt sea-weeds which have lain since its ebb flaccid and clammy, and giving new life to the tribe of small crabs and shrimps, which, as your foot plashes in the salt pools, bury themselves with one dig in the friendly sand.

As much beauty, too, in another way is there to be sought and found upon the river-bank. I do not mean your navigable rivers, which, after all, are very little better than canals, but the clear stream which sparkles by quiet pastoral meadows, and through green woody ravines, where the fly-fisher often entangles his casting-line amid the leafy boughs which droop across the water; or, better still, perhaps the real mountain torrent—the wild Highland burn—coming raging and roaring from the hills, dashing its way to the loch, or the river in the strath, down a succession of brown, foaming cataracts, and sometimes stopping to rest in great black caldrons of scooped-out rock, where the big red trout lie far down in the swirling pool, farther, perhaps, than you can plumb with your twenty-foot salmon-rod.

And if I try to analyse my love for water in all these forms, I think one principal source to which I can trace the feeling, is the quality of motion so generally possessed by water. Nature moving is always more beautiful than Nature sleeping. The corn never looks so well as when the breeze rustles it; the forest is more

picturesquely glorious when the summer wind causes the boughs to dance, and twine, and intermingle, than when each particular branch grows fixed and rigid, clothed with unwinking and unrustling leaves; the lark, too, is more glorious aloft than crouched amid the herbage. And so with water. No river so uninteresting as those fat, sluggish streams where it is difficult to determine in which way the fabled current moves. Such was Lethe. Canals of course are as bad, but they make no pretences to river beauty. They do their work in floating barges, and there is an end of them. In much the same category, too, I must perforce place the sullen tarn one often comes to amid the hills—a deep, black, cheerless hole filled with water, but from which no burn runs sparkingly, which the ruffling breeze only makes more ugly and wrinkled—a grim, chilly, torpid lump of water, into which you hesitate to plunge on the very hottest summer day, having a vague fear of horrid animals which may live down in the mossy depths— indefinite, abominable monsters—something between horse-leeches and water-kelpies!

From such places, with motion, half or more than half of the charm of water is gone. Comparative vastness avails but little. An unmoving river has no more poetry in it than a tubful of its own muddy fluid standing to settle in the back-kitchen. Of course I do not talk in these disrespectful terms of the shining lake, with its clear waters mirroring rock, and willow, and birch, its mountain streams foaming down to join it, and the sunshine and the cloud making variety upon its broad breast. No: it is your little Dead Seas, your sullen ponds, and provokingly lazy rivers, which excite one's wrath; so that I like to fling big stones to waken up the stagnant torpor of the one, and love to see a quick steamer pass, churning with her paddle-wheels the sleepy masses of the other. Such sluggards ought ever to be soundly shaken: although you only succeed in stirring them up for a moment, it is some satisfaction to know that you have broken their lazy rest.

But there is one development—the infant development of water—which possesses almost an epitome of the grace and living beauty which we find in the fresh stream or the salt sea. It is the fountain, the well, the spring-head, the very shrine of the young water, where it comes bubbling into the sunlight from the unknown depths of the earth. The motion of water is, as I have tried to show, that which gives it charm, which gives it life. Here, then, is the beginning of the motion, of the charm, of the life; here is the cradle of the young existence; and as infancy is holy, and pure, and undefiled by a world into which it has but just come, so is there a certain sentiment of purity, a certain deep holiness about the welling fountain.

Ever since I can remember myself, I can remember that I had a sort of instinctive reverence for a quiet,

pure spring. I think I must have had some vague perception of the feeling which in the last paragraph I have endeavoured to express. I always had a notion, perhaps never then sought to be clothed in words, that fountains were, I was going to say haunted, but I ought to say holy places; that there was some invisible Presence near them, which cooled the air around, and spoke in the gurgle of the water. Nothing in the way of a grisly phantom; no ghost. No: only the water-spirit—something to admire, and yet to be in awe of. A pleasing half-conscious awe, yet still distinctly existing; distinctly enough, for example, to have kept me, had I ever been so inclined, from rudely disturbing the water, or seeking to pull asunder the mossy and splintered ledges of rock through which the young stream came dancing up into the clear basin; from which, again, it trickled out through the green fresh herbage into the warm open sunshine.

And this feeling must be general: it must be experienced by plain country-folk who never heard of a Naiad—by solitary shepherds and herdboys, who, when they pile grottos and carve runnels and basins in honour of the fountain, do ignorant homage to that creative imagination which framed the tale of Arethusa, and moulded out of the sunny Grecian air the beard, and the urn, and the majestic presence of the river-god.

You seldom or never find a fountain in Scotland which has not a local name—few which have not their local traditions—and in many of these the idea of a presiding and conscious Genius of the Well is curiously and clearly acknowledged. There is a story attached to a fountain not far from Cromarty, which has always struck me as being conceived in a spirit of as exquisite poetry as vivifies and flushes any legend ever sung in the Ionian tongue. It was a hot summer, and a peasant approached to drink at the grateful source: as he rose refreshed, he saw a neighbour whom he hated approach hot and flustered, his eye fixed upon the cooling waters. With an exclamation of spite the churl seized a handful of gravel and dashed it into the sparkling basin. Instantly, and with a low subterranean murmuring, the insulted water sunk back into the earth, and the enemies stood glaring at each other over the empty and polluted well! Days passed, and the aggressor became uneasy as he reflected upon the insult which he had offered the sprite of the font; so, having consulted a seer, he repaired to the spot, knelt at the spring-head, and cleansed the basin with a fair linen cloth. The expiation was accepted: the subterranean murmur sounded as before, and the live waters leaped up again from the earth! But mark the sequel; and herein lies some of the grace, and all the moral of the story.—The fountain having signified that the atonement was not without its fruits, again ceased to flow; and ever afterwards it has only burst forth in the wet and cheerless time of winter, disappearing in the earth when the summer days grow long, and the sun is hot and the soil baked, and man and beast anxious to slake their thirst.

But how can we wonder that man, amongst the hills of the Morea, or amongst the hills of Scotland, agreed in attributing godlike life to the fountain? The Naiads, after all, were the most beautiful and poetic of the subsidiary spirits of the Greeks. The Dryads, who peopled the woody ravines and breezy uplands, were beautiful, buxom, and gay; but they had something coarse and animal in their composition. They danced with the goat-footed Satyrs to the rude pipings of Pan, and, with

the Bacchantes, held open their ruddy lips to catch the luscious squeezings of the grape. But the Naiads were spirits of another sort—filmy and aerial—graceful as the gliding of the waters they inspired—soft-singing as the lullaby of the streamlet over whose cradle they hovered. Minerva was not more pure, or Venus more beautiful. The musing Athenian might deem that he caught glimpses of the flushed fleece and bronzed limbs of the Dryads and the Fauns gleaming through the woody brake; but if his fancy saw the Naiad, she was rising like a delicate white exhalation from her crystal home; or if he heard her voice, it was as though the font were speaking by its waters, and as though the gurgling of the well had become articulate in the language of Orpheus and Hesiod.

There was a fountain near my native town in the north of Scotland which is indissolubly connected with my first glimmerings of memory, and which had always a strange mysterious awe for me; the causes of which I can yet only partially divine. It always seemed to me that an animating Presence dwelt in the quiet grove in which that fountain rose. I had vague fears of entering it alone, even at hot noontide; the spot was so shady, and solemn, and still, and the living waters gushed forth with so musical a gurgle. Let me try to bring back the scene:—The spring lay in a remote nook of extensive grounds appertaining to an old castellated mansion-house: the proprietor was an invalid, almost a recluse; and both house and grounds had a lorn and deserted look. The grass grew rank in the lawns, weeds choked up the fish-ponds, the woods were unkempt and shaggy, and in the low grounds the overflowings of a stream made patches of luxuriant marsh, where the woodcock loved to haunt in summer, and whither the wild duck resorted in spring from the neighbouring sea. The whole spot wore an air of beautiful desolation. Few people frequented it. The townsfolk had no feeling for the particular sentiment of the landscape, and only now and then the figure of an old servant of the family would be seen traversing the half-choked-up paths, or wading through the rank waving grass under the old trees.

In a sequestered corner of these grounds was my vaguely-loved and vaguely-dreaded fountain. You left the white dusty highway, pushed open a rusty iron gate, the decaying bars of which formed the initials of the owner's name, and following a belt of planting, and seeing on one hand rustling fields of corn, and on the other gently-swelling meadow-land, you came to a little grove of birch-trees. At some little distance rose a steep craggy hill, the gray rocks looming out like bald places amid the sombre firs. On the summit was one of the most striking vale-forts in Scotland, where, ages ago, those great bale-fires burned—kindled how or why we know not. But in the little grove sprang my fountain. You could trace it by the tiny streamlet which freshened the grass, and nourished the broad water-plants as it passed. The fountain was enclosed in a grot. Two great slabs of gray whinstone sheltered it on either side, and it was roofed over with a third. Beneath was the oblong basin of clearest water; and at the back, issuing from a cleft all overgrown with velvet moss, came bubbling up the waters of the spring. The roof slab was a massive one, and upon it—on the lintel, as it were, of the fountain—were carved in deep narrow letters some half-dozen lines of poetry; an invocation addressed to the 'Nymph of the Grot.' I can now recall only broken fragments and jingling remnants of the lines; but they were, I think, the spell which first made the spot a holy one in my mind. They recognised the existence of a Goddess of the Grove; they addressed her; they recommended silence and reverence near the shrine; they thanked the Nymph for her bounty; and on the part of the thirsty, they blessed her for the cooling waters she bestowed. These lines had something to me of awful yet beautiful import. I vaguely believed them. They were, if I may use the expression, the Bible of my faith in the Spirit of the Well. And beneath them was carved a Latin distich, which was another

source of awe and mystery; because I am speaking, not of schoolboy times, but childhood's times. In after-days I could, I hope without much difficulty, construe the line—that simple, beautiful, ever fresh, and dewy form of words—

'*Amen! In gloriam flumina silvasque!*'

But then the great power of the charm had departed. I drank of the well if I were thirsty—indeed, like most boys, I always drank at a well whether I was thirsty or not—but although I knew all about Naiads and Nereids, I cared nothing for them, and only associated them with school-hours, Latin versions, and Adam's 'Roman Antiquities.' It was the child, not the boy, who was the fountain-worshipper. How vague, yet how sweet, is the memory of the sultry afternoons I have passed within sound of that rising water—that sound which was at once a liquid gurgle and a low tinkle, as of lightly-smitten silver! Beside that noise there was no other. The afternoon sun came sprinkling down through the trellis-work of boughs and leaves, and upon the gray mossy slabs, lighting and warming them. But within the grot there was no sun. Here lived the cool twilight of the water-sprite's house. You could kneel down, and, as it were, put your head through the wide opening into her dwelling. It was leaving the summer and the summer air behind. How cold, and pure, and solemn was the simple temple, with its floor of fairest water! And here the murmur of the spring was almost loud, clear-voiced, and jocund. But it sounded more in unison with the calm beauty of the place, with the shade of the stately trees, with the massive walls of the grot, with the solemn invocation uttered perpetually there by the silent yet speaking stone, when you listened to it from without: and when, sunk in the soft arms of a summer day's dream, you lay upon the sward, and with half-open eyes watched the clear water coming out of the deep-brown shade, and almost fancied, as your glance strayed from the quaint poetry which hailed the Nymph, and your mind drunk in the shadowy solemnity and stillness of the place, that the dim *genius loci*, whose invisible influence you felt, would rise from the recesses of her well, the tender vision of a filmy form, and stand upon the water-floor of her palace, lovely, yet awful to flesh and blood—a thing of the water and the air—a painted fancy—the visible echo of your own sweet dreamings! A. B. R.

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

I AM reminded, by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island: the two simple ideas of 'fighting' and 'green' will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britain a compound one representing the locality intended. But although the progress of civilisation in my country has, through many painful causes, been woefully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling may now be classed among the things that 'have been, and are not.' I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honour which took place in a district of Munster some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore, as, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithes-proctor, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name was singularly free from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately-sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife, and

their handsome rollicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country who could not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbours. One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr Fooks, a rich old bachelor residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully-cultivated pleasure-ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft, and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr Fooks; beloved by the squire, with whom he never quarrelled, when, in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after Reynard, they trampled his harvest-fields. He was beloved by them, I say, notwithstanding his uniform desertion of the dining-room after the first magnum of claret had gone its round; a grievous dereliction from the rules of good-fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Mr Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, 'it was really a comfort to feel sure of having one gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing-room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin.'

With the young people he was an especial favourite. No better partner in 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' or merrier opponent in the game of 'Matrimony,' could be found in the entire county; while his skill in making 'hurleys' for the boys, and carving wooden babies for the girls, secured for him a widespread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent he was known in the neighbourhood as 'Holy Fooks'; and this epithet was bestowed not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it was also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithes-proctor, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much-enduring man to exclaim, 'Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth if every man in it was like Holy Fooks'—from the tithes-proctor down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his wood, he never abused or quarrelled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; that the poor widow at the mill could testify, whose fair-haired boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill-pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and while with one hand clinging to the blackened rafters, with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr Fooks, in short, was that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—a brave good man who would not fight!

The estate which bounded his had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who, having made even that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its quiet inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not been long settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several 'very pretty quarrels' with his neighbours. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, and was as prone to take offence as the infamous Fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman for accidentally touching him with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream while following the hounds. All attempts at a reconciliation were rejected by the scornful bully: they met;

and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighbouring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to 'Coventry,' but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and contrived to maintain his position in society literally at the point of the sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to 'bell the cat?'

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr Fooks lay next the upper corner of Magennis's lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed; he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in a very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbour to sell him the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr Fooks. He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlour surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations had passed, Magennis began abruptly:—

'Mr Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?'

'Certainly, sir: I have no intention whatever of parting with it.'

'But I tell you I want it, and have it I will.'

'I should be sorry,' said Mr Fooks mildly, 'to disoblige a neighbour; but I am sure Mr Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter further, when I repeat that I am quite determined not to sell the field.'

'You wont sell it?'

'No, sir.'

'Then,' said Magennis with a fearful imprecation, 'if you don't give me the field, you shall give me *satisfaction*; and maybe I'll find your "heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns" easier to deal with than yourself.'

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

'Do you mean, Mr Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?'

'Certainly: name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him.'

'I am not much versed in these matters,' said Fooks; 'but I believe, as the challenged party, I have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?'

'Oh, certainly; nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy: the sooner the better.' And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

'Then,' said Mr Fooks, 'I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us can come armed with whatever weapons we may choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time twelve o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished.'

'Queer arrangements as ever I heard,' said Magennis. 'Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down and spit you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look-out, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honour to wish you a very good-morning.'

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

'To think,' said Mr Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, 'that our own honest Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel: it mustn't be. I'll go to him, and offer to fight in his stead.'

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

'A bad business this, Fooks,' said Mr Penrose; 'a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Mr Fooks: 'I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'the result may be better than you expect.'

'Oh, my dear Fooks,' said his friend, 'don't, I beseech you, build on *that*. The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long since have gained promotion at the hangman's hands. However, there will be a score or two of your friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction from him for your death.'

With this somewhat equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day, stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including, indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to witness the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr Fooks, at the fate which awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at twelve o'clock Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood-horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his opponent, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, 'I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his *friends* (with a sarcastic emphasis) will take his place.'

'Here he comes himself!' cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that its rider's feet were but little raised above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing-gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a very long lance; but which, having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing-gown, was not as yet clearly visible. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where stood the astonished Magennis.

Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr Fooks's costume, his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing-gown flaunt beneath his eyes, than he started, shied, and began to prance in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription, 'What's the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on, man, and meet me like a man.'

'Always happy to oblige a friend,' said Mr Fooks; and suddenly throwing back the offensive garment, he raised his weapon, and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made, that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail, and galloped at full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle, and shouting, 'Come back, Mr Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you, man, to be afraid of a dressing-gown and a child's rattle!'

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse, bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the county and brave the merciless ridicule which awaited him. He disposed of

his property, and retired to England, where he was compelled to live in peace, as his neighbours soon learned to appreciate him, and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who continued to associate with Mr Magennis were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion happened to be made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies, or crimson dressing-gowns.

PERIODICAL PHENOMENA IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

At the meeting of the British Association in 1842, Professor Quetelet of Brussels threw out some suggestions relative to various natural phenomena, which, there was every reason to believe, would prove in many respects of high value if brought under an extensive and combined system of observation. For a few years previously, the attention of scientific men in different parts of Europe had been directed to the subject, and the results were published in the 'Memoirs of the Royal Observatory at Brussels' and other places. The phenomena in question are immediately dependent on meteorology. Investigations in connection with them had frequently been made, but with no attempt to study them as a whole, or to determine the laws by which they are governed; and the object proposed was the establishment of a series of observations on the vegetable and animal kingdoms, wherever co-operators could be found to undertake the necessary labour.

A brief summary will show that the inquiry would prove far more interesting than might at first sight appear. If the temperature of the years were determined beforehand, and a certain degree of heat or cold, moisture or sunshine, allotted to every week, day, and hour, the phenomena dependent on these effects would be everywhere the same, and we should be able to predict to a day the time for gathering cherries or reaping wheat. We find, however, that plants do not reappear and germinate at identical epochs. There is a certain mean, or medium point, round which heat and cold, dryness and moisture—all the elements, in fact, which go to make up what we call weather—appear to move; and on the greater or lesser degree of these movements, or oscillations, depends the advance or backwardness of vegetation. According to M. Quetelet, the existence of the smallest aphid, of the most insignificant insect, is dependent on changes in the existence of the plant by which it is nourished; and the plant itself, in its gradual development, is in some measure dependent on all previous changes that may have taken place in the soil and atmosphere. The observations would naturally apply to the annual and diurnal periods of plants. The annual period is the space of time comprised between two successive returns of leaves, flowers, or fruit: the diurnal period brings round the hour of the day or night when the opening or closing of certain flowers takes place; which, it may be presumed, would be always the same in the same locality. It is only by a combined system of observations, to be carried on at numerous places to be agreed on, in different countries, that the inquiry can become of real practical value. One single plant, studied with care, would furnish most interesting results. We should then be able to specify the places where the leafing of the plant was observed to commence on the same date; and so of flowering and the appearance of fruit. Lines drawn to connect these places on a map would be called *synchronous*, or lines of *equal time*. The next point would be to ascertain whether these lines were equidistant from each other, and what relations would exist between them and the isothermal lines, or lines of equal heat, which have been laid down with tolerable correctness over the whole globe. And lastly, would the *isanthetic* lines, or lines of simultaneous flowering of the plants observed, be always at regular or parallel distances from the lines of foliation and fructification?

By observations on the animal kingdom, it was considered that the data would be increased in value, as temperature plays an important part in the migrations of birds and colour of animals. Hitherto, however, little or nothing has been attempted beyond the study of plants. The variety and magnificence of flowers are such, that observations on the phenomena they present must be a most delightful labour, divested of all wearisomeness. It is important to notice the difference of colour and odour in different latitudes. The inhabitant of the north, on travelling to the south, is always struck by the increase in these respects. Warm climates favour the development of essential oils: in the north, the oleander has a scarcely perceptible scent; but at Naples it exhales a powerful perfume. 'The seasons,' pursues the professor, 'have marked effects upon the colours of leaves and flowers, the latter more especially. At the end of winter white predominates among the tints of the corolla, to be followed by deep and vivid dyes, that fade in autumn.' The temperature of the earth, particularly of the layers penetrated by the roots of trees, merits especial attention. It would be interesting to follow the diurnal fluctuations of three or four thermometers, whose bulbs should be equidistant, in a vertical line, the upper one immediately under the surface, the others from one to three feet below. Two series of such thermometers, in the sun and shade respectively, have for some years been regularly read off in the garden of the observatory at Brussels. The pursuit of this inquiry promises interesting results not only for meteorology, but for geographical botany. It is somewhat remarkable, that while the opening and closing of many flowers shows them to be greatly affected by solar influence, others, on the contrary, appear altogether insensible—a peculiarity which has led to more frequent observation of solar radiation. Although the amount of influence due to each element of growth cannot yet be determined, it is evident that temperature is the most important: its influence on the organisation of a plant is that of a vital force, and must be estimated in squares of the degrees. Two spring days, at a temperature of 50 degrees, are not equal to one of 70 degrees; the effect of the latter would be more than double that of the two former.

A country whose winters are mild, notwithstanding a high latitude, may produce flowers earlier than other countries in a lower latitude. On comparing the western coast of England, for example, with France or Lombardy, snowdrops and crocuses are found flourishing in full vigour before they are ready to open at Parma. But as the temperature increases with marked differences of intensity, an equilibrium is soon established, and the southern regions, in their turn, take and maintain the lead. The period between foliation and flowering would also be less long in Italy and Spain than in England. M. Quetelet considers that, as a general rule, plants in the neighbourhood of Brussels wake from their winter slumber from the 25th to the 27th of January. The farther, however, that we go from the sea towards the interior of continents, the lower is the temperature: islands, as is well known, have a milder climate. The hazel buds in London about the 4th of January, but in Brussels not before the 26th of February—a difference of fifty-three days. The *crocus vernus* appears in London on the 3d of February, in Brussels on the 21st. The greater mildness of the English winter gives London the precedence at the commencement of the season, but it soon diminishes. In March it is only twenty days; in the first half of April, four days; but from the 15th April to the end of June, Brussels is from seven to eight days in advance of London. Extending the comparison to a more northern locality (Stettin), the advantage at starting in favour of London is nearly double that over Brussels; but in July and August, Stettin and Brussels are from five to six days in advance of London. According to observations made at Sir T. M. Brisbane's observatory near Kelso, the period of foliation in that vicinity is two days in advance of Brussels. A comparison of

periods of flowering with those of Parma shows a retardation of six days at Zurich, thirteen days at Tubingen, twenty-five days at Berlin, thirty-three days at Hamburg, and at Christiania fifty-two days. There are, however, some curious exceptions to the general rule; near Geneva there is a large chestnut-tree, which puts forth leaves and blossoms a month earlier than other trees in the district, without any apparent local cause to which it can be traced. Another, in the garden of the Tuileries, is named, from its early leafing, *the Chestnut of the 20th March*; and at Baarn, near Utrecht, an oak, which has been observed for fifteen years, anticipates other trees by a fortnight in throwing out its leaves, without losing them earlier in the autumn.

A degree of latitude corresponds approximatively with a difference of four days in flowering. Some anomalies, however, remain to be cleared up. Between Christiania and Hamburg the difference is three days; but between the south of Germany and Smyrna it is seven days; between Naples and New Jersey, both in the same parallel of latitude, the difference is two months. An elevation of one thousand feet in our latitudes is equal to a delay of fourteen days in the epochs of vegetation. A diurnal variable temperature, all else being equal, is more favourable to vegetation than a uniform temperature. It has been observed in the orangeries of the king of Prussia, at Berlin, that the cold to which they are exposed during the winter is rather beneficial than otherwise; and at Astracan, where the thermometer falls from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, the grapes are remarkable for their rich and delicious quality. It will thus be seen that forwardness of vegetation is not a constant characteristic; that which is true at one season of the year is not true at another. The revivification of plants commences with the cessation of frost, which in our climate lasts for three or four months; and the period of foliation may be comprised between the first great movement of vegetation and the covering of the plant with leaves, at about the end of April, from which time to the first half of July is the flowering period; that of fructification, from the 15th July to the fall of the leaf. The latter process depends as much on the actual temperature, as on that which has preceded. In our latitudes the leaves generally fall with the first autumn frost.

In observing plants, care should be taken to exclude closely-related species, which it might be difficult to distinguish; annuals and biennials are also, for obvious reasons, to be avoided; the selection should be made among perennials or woody plants, which exhibit the influences of the soil as well as those of the atmosphere. The cerealia, sown in autumn, as the most widely-cultivated of plants, and the most essential to human existence, are especially deserving of attention—the object being to determine the exact time at which the ear appears. In Tournay, it is an axiom among cultivators that 'April never passes without showing ears;' and the ascertaining of the various periods for the whole of Europe will, it is anticipated, lead to the formation of data highly interesting in an agricultural point of view. The ripening of grain appears to be mainly dependent on a high autumn temperature. At Yakoutsk, on the confines of Siberia, where the temperature is above zero during four months of the year only, rye is grown. According to Sir George Simpson, the temperature, which in summer is 106 degrees, falls in winter to 83 degrees below zero. The long day of the arctic regions compensates for weakness of solar action; and although snow frequently falls on the last sheaves, the crop is generally good. On one occasion, the soil was dug into after the carrying off the grain, and was found so hard frozen at seven feet beneath the surface, as to be impenetrable by the ordinary instruments. At other places in the same country, lying more to the south, and apparently in a more favourable position, grain cannot be grown, in consequence of the lowness of the temperature in autumn.

The lines of equal temperature drawn through Europe correspond in a remarkable degree with those traced for the summer rains, which, in their turn, have a material effect upon the growth of plants: countries unfavourably situated in other respects will, from this cause, produce a greater number of plants than countries in which rain falls more rarely. Drought, in most instances, has the same effect as cold in retarding vegetation: in the equatorial regions it produces all the effects of winter.

With regard to flowers, many interesting points remain for further consideration—In what consists their dependence on solar light—on the amount of moisture in the atmosphere? Why do some open in the day, or at certain hours, and others at night—some only when shone upon by the sun, while others under similar circumstances close, although of the class which open by day? Do the leaves close when the flowers open, or *vice versa*? And what is the relation between the colours of flowers, and the times at which they appear? Such are a few of the questions yet to be solved with respect to the periodical phenomena of plants.

The action of the sun appears to be both positive and negative: positive to the opening, and negative to the closing flowers. In this way the organic force of the leaves, &c. is excited and polarised, the effect of which would be to open and shut the various parts alternately. From a series of observations, extending over several years, made at Prague, it is found that flowering plants grow more abundantly on a level surface than on a slope. A conical hill, exposed on every side to the sun, and planted with flowers, would show a decrease in their numbers from south-east to north-west, and an increase from north-west to south-east; these two points representing the maximum and minimum. A southern slope is the most desirable; east comes next in order; then north; and lastly west. The south and south-eastern slopes receive more of the sun's rays, are deprived of their redundant moisture, and are in full enjoyment of the vivifying effects of heat and light, long before the sun reaches the west. The plants towards the latter quarter, consequently, are developed under different circumstances; subject, however, to great modifications, from the prevalence of westerly winds. The number of flowers in sunny situations is three times greater than when in an indifferent or shaded situation.

Some dependence has been traced between the colours of flowers and the time of the year at which they appear. Yellow tints predominate in the autumn, and varieties of white in spring. Taken in the following order—white, yellow, orange, red, green, blue, violet, indigo—there is an increase from January to July, and a decrease in the last half of the year. White flowers are the most numerous throughout the year, yellow come next, and the others follow in the order above enumerated; indigo being the most rare. The proportion of flowers which open and shut is greatest among the yellow, somewhat smaller in the white, diminishes largely in the red, and is least among the blue. White flowers increase rapidly from January to the vernal equinox, less rapidly from March to the middle of May, after which period they decrease; the greatest-increase of yellow flowers is from April to June. Red flowers, which are rather more numerous in February than in April, increase from the latter period to September, and diminish in October and November, when red is perhaps the only colour visible. In these phenomena there is a manifest dependence on the rise and fall of the temperature.

In representing these effects by coloured lines on a diagram, in the same way that the fluctuations of the barometer are represented, the curve line of each colour rises twice to a positive and a negative point—one descending, while the other ascends. The effect is seen most clearly in the white and the yellow: the first positive point of the white, and the first negative point of the yellow, both fall in January; the first negative of

the white, with the first positive of the yellow, in March; the second positive of the white, with the second negative of the yellow, at the beginning of May; and lastly, the second negative of the white, with the second positive of the yellow, in October. In March the two curves almost touch each other, are widest apart in May, cut each other in August, and run nearly parallel for the remainder of the year. White, red, and yellow are thus seen to be the colours that offer themselves most favourably for observation.

The further investigation of these interesting questions, on which observers are most diligently at work upon the continent, is pregnant with many valuable results for future use and publication. Professor Quelet's suggestions have been carried into effect at about fifty different places, and on the accumulated observations of six years the ascertained data are based. These briefly resumed, are—first, that temperature is the most active among all the causes by which the periodical phenomena of vegetation are influenced in our climates: the progress of vegetation is equal to the sum of the temperature: frosts, when not in excess, so as to alter the constitution of a plant, cause no sensible delay in their ulterior development, and variations of temperature promote vegetation: isanthesis lines, or lines of simultaneous foliation, are not parallel; in the course of a week, the zone between two series of places becomes of unequal width, and inconstant: the law by which they are to be expressed remains to be discovered.

SIERRA LEONE.

SOME time ago the public were amused, if not instructed, by a paradox called the 'White Man's Grave,' in which it was maintained that Sierra Leone was an agreeable and healthy, though somehow or other an always calumniated place. People were at a loss to know how the author contrived to get over the trifling obstacles of statistics; but by a new work on Sierra Leone, we see clearly enough the solution of the mystery.* The truth is, this African paradise is delightful—for a little while. Its scenery is as beautiful as can well be imagined, and it presents so many objects of interest and novelty, that one has no time to fall sick. In this position the new resident cannot conceive what people mean by finding fault, and is angry with the enemies of so enchanting a spot; and the Lady, to whom we now present the polite reader, expresses her great sorrow at the alarming reports she sees in the newspapers respecting a climate which is growing healthier and healthier every day, as the trees are cut down and the bush cleared. But this is in Part I. of her Journal. In Part II. (having had severe and continued illness) her tone is a little different. She wonders how the author of the 'White Man's Grave' can paint so much *en beau*, denying even the extreme insalubrity of the climate. To be sure he was only a few weeks in the place, or he would have seen what this lovely land really is, and have agreed with Chamier and herself that the climate is *the worst under the sun*.

Previous to 1835, the period of service before a retiring pension could be obtained was six years, and two commissioners actually survived to make the claim; but the term was subsequently altered to eight years, and since then not one shilling has been drawn on this account. As for the commissioner's clerks, who have twelve years' broiling to undergo, the pension as regards them is as unreal as a vision of the night. When the Lady heard of the death of a resident who had called on her shortly before in perfect health, she was much shocked. But this was during her novitiate. Tidings

of the kind soon came too thick and fast to make much impression; and 'the surprise,' she tells us, 'has long been, when any one recovers.' She once sent to inquire at what time a merchant vessel, by which she desired to write, would be ready to sail for England; and the reply was, that the *Ann Grant* had been laden for some time, but could not come down the river, *all her hands being dead!*

The first sight of the fatal shore would convey very different impressions:—'As soon as daylight streamed in at the little window of our cabin, I looked eagerly out, and saw fantastically-painted buildings glittering in the glorious light of a tropical sun, and beyond, the lofty mountains of Sierra Leone. Through the faint shadowy haze their verdure appeared more soft and beautiful than that of the foliage near us, which flashed on the eye with a supernatural tint, and formed a striking contrast to the deep cornelian colour of the earth in the path and banks of the river—the whole landscape conveying the idea of a perpetual summer.' The spot on which she landed was extremely picturesque:—'Fancy a very small and secluded opening into the land—the waves rippling against loose masses of rock covered with white gulls—the steep red bank above bordered to the very water's edge with green boughs—the thatched roofs of one or two native huts peeping out from among the bright foliage, in which the shady leaves of the banana and plantain were most conspicuous—while a long flight of roughly-built stone steps (up which our path lay) marked the former landing-place to a ruined house, close enough to form a picturesque feature in a place, the soft quiet beauty of which reminded me of the paintings of Poussin and Claude.' Then came the tall black figures that flitted past her—the gorgeous trees and flowers—the richly-plumaged birds—and, when darkness set in, the hum of myriads of insects. The visitor felt better in health as the day wore on; she fancied the air possessed a sanatory influence; and she suspected the appalling stories of the climate to be the inventions of envy!

Our Lady is a good painter of minute objects, but she wants breadth: her pencil is feminine, and addicted to stippling, and reminds you, by its neatness and colouring, of the effect of a kaleidoscope. Here is a notion, however, of the general aspect of one of the localities:—'There are three distinct phases of the landscape here. The first is hill and dale, clothed in all their original exuberance of stately forest, and appearing in their primeval grandeur, as it were, fresh from the hands of their Maker; the second is the first denuded and laid waste by fire and hatchet, as are now the greater number of the hills in this locality, and that is the scenery I would gladly see changed; the third is the second rich in partial cultivation, and which, with the first, constitutes the peculiar beauty of the tropics, and in it I certainly desire no variety. Here fruits and flowers, which attain to but a dwarfish height when coaxed in our home hothouses, spring up and flourish spontaneously in all their own native loveliness. Setting aside the many graceful scions of the acacia tribe, from the noble locust-tree to the slender shrinking mimosa—overlooking the queen-like palm, with her not less regal sister the feathery-branched cocoa-nut-tree—here the broad-leaved plantain and banana form a natural arcade that breathes of coolness even under the sun of Africa; there the pawpaw raises its slight shaft, which you wonder can support the green and golden load at top, while its yellow blossoms perfume the air, and form the centre of attraction to a flock of bright-winged humming-birds. But it is not *here* and *there*. Mingled in one rich mass of harmonious colouring, and flinging their sweet scent to the welcome sea-breeze, orange and lime-trees, spangled with snowy flowers, and bending under the weight of their gorgeous fruit, vie with those of the luxuriant mango, the bay-leaved coffee, the pale-stemmed guava, the dark densely-foliaged rose-apple, the sour-sop, with its orchard-tree aspect and portly produce, upon our own pretty little hill, that boasts of

* A Residence at Sierra Leone. Described from a Journal kept on the Spot, and from Letters written to Friends at Home. By, a Lady. Edited by the Hon. Mrs Norton. Murray's Home and Colonial Library. London: Murray.

many hundred others in the bush, whose names I cannot tell.

Among the trees is a wild fig, admitting a chequered light through its widely-spreading boughs, and reminding one of the peaceful seat alluded to in Scripture. But this tree is likewise an object of great curiosity; for rising apparently out of its trunk 'another tree shoots up, tall, straight, vigorous, and leafy, although the lower part of its stem is enclosed within the body of the fig-tree, which is not in the slightest way disfigured by this strange adherent, although the colours of the bark and leaves, with their shape and texture, are quite different. I am now inclined to think that the apparent parasite in the centre has been a young tree encased whilst growing up by the fig twining round it; as I have more lately seen other and far loftier trees, round which many climbing stems had wreathed themselves in tortuous meshes, tracing in their turnings and windings the most elaborate network-like patterns on a truly gigantic scale; and no doubt had they done this before the trunk from which they derived support had attained its full growth, in time they must have formed a wooden case for it by uniting all together, as those of the fig-tree have evidently done.'

This beautiful vegetation, however, has sometimes visitors more curious than agreeable. 'Whilst sitting on a sofa in my room busily writing, I suddenly perceived first one black ant, and then a second and third, scampering over my papers, and looking round, saw a portion of the wall covered with straggling ants, while another moment showed me that the floor was alive with them. Boiling water was immediately put in requisition, and for upwards of an hour, poured over the outer boarding of the house, where the ants swarmed pretty thickly. A huge centipede was attempting to crawl from under one of the planks, but quite unable to extricate himself from a few ants, who, at regular distances from each other, held their colossal prey undauntedly, while large spiders were running about in terror, trying to hide themselves. The track of the main army was nowhere to be discovered; and as our vigorous opposition had caused them to retreat from the room, I thought this had been merely a reconnoitring party, until an outcry was raised that they mustered in great force in the piazzas below. I ran down stairs, and beheld the floor, pillars, walls, and boarded roof literally black with myriads of ants; while here a great scorpion, started out of his den, stood boldly at bay; and there another centipede was being dragged away alive, after having in vain tried to elude pursuit. But it was not one or two—several dozens of cockroaches, venomous-looking spiders, millipedes, and innumerable other ugly forty-footed creatures, were first pounced upon by a few of their Lilliputian enemies, and then in an instant hidden by the accumulating masses, which fastened upon each opponent, and bore it off the field with the utmost regularity. I forbade the people to kill any more of the ants, so long as they were kept from entering the house—really feeling compunction in waging war against the destroyers of such detestable reptiles as scorpions and centipedes, with their many almost equally unwelcome cousins of other tribes.'

Another incident of African life occurred in the middle of the night. Our authoress, feeling cold, had got up for an additional coverlet, and had just taken her baby from the bed, and had wrapped him warmly in it, when she was startled by a loud noise, and in an instant a mass of falling bricks rattled about her ears, and completely demolished the bed. 'There was the rolling of thunder, and the yet more awful sound of a mighty wind; and in that moment of terror a thousand thoughts rushed into my mind—of hurricanes, earthquakes, and lightning-struck houses. I could not tell what had happened; but, although free from bodily hurt, believed that the whole house was tumbling down, and that the hour of death was come to us all. I could raise neither the infant nor myself, being literally jammed amidst broken fragments of masonry and plas-

ter. Although it takes long to describe, this all occurred in the shortest space of time—the heavy gust of wind not lasting three minutes; while in one instant M—— had torn the curtain through, and then, almost choked by the lime and mortar which showered upon me, I was enabled, by the flickering light of the lamp, to see baby, whom I drew out as I best could, and held firmly, M—— extricating me at the same time, and then hurrying us from the room.'

But we must come to the black denizens of this strange place. The cries of Freetown, the capital of the colony, appear to be as numerous as the cries of London. They begin shortly after daybreak, when women and girls are seen flooding in to market with round baskets on their heads called 'blies,' containing fruit and vegetables. 'Some have bowls heaped over with arrowroot; a greater number are laden with large round balls of dingy white called "foo-foo," a common food of the natives prepared from cassada, somewhat in the same manner as flour is from potatoes, and which they cook with palm-oil. Here are boys bearing wooden trays covered over with little brown cakes, and crying out, "Who'll buy hot ginger-cake?"—there girls shouting as loudly, "Agahdee! who'll buy sweet agahdee?" (a sweetened mass of boiled rice or Indian corn, rolled up in a broad green leaf). Numerous other and still more unintelligible names are shouted out by different people; while men saunter along under the burthen of stone-bottles, similar to those which hold Seltzer-water or ginger-beer, calling, with much the same perverted pronunciation as the London old-clothesmen, "Pamh-wenh!" meant for palm-wine. I have seen one girl, apparently a sort of travelling pedlar, her smart blue gown, yellow shawl, and crimson handkerchief rivalling the plumage of a parrot, while about a dozen strings of as variously-coloured glass beads were fastened round her neck. From several of these hung small looking-glasses in red-painted or yellow-lacquered frames; to the rest were attached papers of mother-of-pearl buttons; and her basket displayed a tempting assortment of pins, needles, reels of cotton, pieces of tape, and brass thimbles. One hand supported her bly of precious wares, the other held skeins of thread, and more gay necklaces, which she kept dangling backwards and forwards with an air of the utmost satisfaction and triumph.'

The most simple dress is a 'country cloth,' thrown over one shoulder, and under the other. The women have gowns of a blue thin print; but the better class wear pink or lilac dresses of fine calico, and silk shawls. On Sundays girls are to be seen in white frocks of chequered muslin, and pale-blue beaver hats. They have almost all silk umbrellas, to keep the sun from their black complexions, but none wear shoes. The Mandingoes, or Mohammedan negroes, have 'a wide flowing mantle, gathered into a point above the waist in front, and with loose hanging sleeves; very ample trousers drawn full round the ankle; a high peaked cap of blue cloth embroidered in gaudy colours, or else of plain scarlet or white stuff.' They wear amulets and rosaries. 'The settlers in the colony, and also the slaves that have been emancipated here, who are termed "liberated Africans," assimilate their dress to that of Europeans; the wealthier sort wearing jackets, waistcoats, and trousers of cloth, white duck, or blue baft (a thin flimsy cotton stuff, much in request amongst the blacks), with broad-brimmed straw-hats tied round with black or coloured ribbon, or round smart cloth caps; while the ordinary apparel of domestic servants consists of a white jacket, check shirt, and duck trousers.'

The faces of some of the blacks are hideously deformed by gashes and tattoo-marks; but our authoress discovers a surprising physiognomical difference between those born in slavery and those born free. 'Whilst many of the liberated Africans, other than those emancipated after being grown up, present countenances rendered repulsive not only by their natural unsightli-

ness, but by the expression—whether it be that of utter vacancy of ideas, or of the predominance of bad passions, added to forms cast in the very coarsest mould—the free-born children of perhaps those very people have better features, with fine intelligent eyes, and figures often well-proportioned and delicately made. Indeed some of the little mountain-maidens I meet bringing down their blies of vegetables to market have quite a prepossessing aspect; and I have seen several amongst the school-children too, both boys and girls, with that frank, ingenuous, animated look, and upright graceful carriage, it is impossible could belong to any one who did not know he was free.

The history of the settlers, as contradistinguished from the liberated Africans, is very melancholy. In 1787 several hundreds of the destitute blacks in London were sent to Sierra Leone; but they all died off before the main body of settlers arrived five years afterwards from Nova Scotia. These were the negroes who had remained faithful to England during the American war, and they had petitioned to be sent as colonists to the land of their ancestors. They were accordingly transplanted to the number of 1196; but many died on the passage, and the ranks of the survivors were greatly thinned by wild beasts, hunger, and sickness. During the first wet season 800 of the black colonists were laid up at the same time with the climate fever, while the white servants of the Sierra Leone Company were almost swept away. Then came the French, who burned down the infant town; and in 1800 the Nova Scotians, exasperated by their continued calamities, and finding a pretext in a small quit-rent levied on their farms, rose in insurrection. After this disturbance was quelled, the colony was several times invaded by a neighbouring tribe; but in 1807 it was transferred by the Company to the British government; and since then, among the black people, there have been only the usual grumblings about bad times and inadequate wages.

The settlers look upon themselves as the gentry of the blacks, being able to trace a kind of Norman ancestry of some forty or fifty years' antiquity. The children of the recaptured slaves, in like manner, forget as soon as possible the parentage from which they sprang, and look with contempt upon the newly-liberated Africans that are drafted from time to time into the colony. Some of the blacks make large fortunes, competing even with the European merchants; but all of them contrive to sell something or other in the market of Freetown. Some cut down a tree, and saw it into boards for sale; others shear the grass on the hill-sides for provender; others, again, deal in underwood, Guinea-grass, and Canada plantains, bananas, pawpaws, yams, &c. which they cultivate with the sole aid of a rude hoe. Soap, tobacco, household furniture, baskets, mats, and numerous other native manufactures, attest their industry.

We must now talk of the literature of the negroes, and with that we shall conclude. Many of them learn to read and write, and of the latter they are especially fond. A servant applying for a place sends an eloquent letter with his character; and one morning our authoress received the following epistle:—

'Please, madam, I very sorry no mutton live in market this morning.—Your affectionate butcher,

JOHN MACAULAY.'

The following three specimens are very good:—

'M———, Esqre.

Have me excuse for the other name.

FREETOWN, Sierra Leone.

'HONOURED SIR—With deep humiliation and earnest desire I come to solicit you a certain thing, and that of your kindness it will grant to your humble servants. Sir, will you be good enough as to employ me in the business as a messenger in your office, sir, and only try me, and you will not see me in advertent?—I must subscribe my name under this paper.

(Sygned) DANIEL DAVIES.'

'SIR—Your humble petitioner brings his petition

to you, showing that he is about passing within your premises to his farm, and would be obliged should you be good enough by allowing him to shot any birds or monkey, for to be eaten, previous to his going along.—And your petitioner, as in duty bound, I ever pray to be your obedient servant,

J. S. D. DAVIES.'

'DEAR SIR—I have hard that you are in want of a Horse man, and I can retake furthering myself; should my services be required as a Horse man, you will find a good horse man and a man of knowledge of aboute horse.—I am your very truly servant, MOSES JOHNSON.'

The following mystic paragraph, occurring in a begging-letter, we commend to the cogitations of our readers:—'There is a way of which one cannot complain in common terms. It would draw imprecations from a man that never used a stronger affirmative in all his life than "yea verily," and raise the indignation even of the mild father of the Oratory.'

GUILLAUME DUPUYTREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of those water-carriers who attend the houses of the poorest and most populous quarters of Paris was going along the streets one morning in November 1794. He was a young man, whose ruddy complexion and firm open countenance indicated both health and good-humour. He sometimes laid down his buckets, that he might rub his benumbed fingers, for the weather was intensely cold; and as often as he did so, he took the opportunity of crying out in a voice that did credit to his lungs, 'A l'eau! à l'eau!'

On reaching an old-looking house in the Rue Haute-feuille, he entered the court, and called out to the woman at the lodge, 'Do you want water, mistress?' On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he took in his buckets, and had just emptied them into the fountain, when the postman entering, threw down a letter on the table, saying, 'Post-paid,' and continued his way.

'If you are going up stairs now, Chassagne, perhaps you would take up this letter? It is for the young student in the next room to yours.'

'Is he above now?' said Chassagne, taking the letter.

'He has not been down stairs these three days,' said the portress; 'and I have reason to fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to-day. If he were not so proud, I would have carried him up a little bread and milk; but I am afraid of offending him.'

'We must take him something, Madame Gibard; we must indeed,' said the waterman, quite affected by what he had heard.

'Yes, to have him say as he did last week, "Who desired you to bring that to me, madame? I am very much obliged to you, but I do not require it;" and as he said that, Monsieur Chassagne, the tears came into his fine blue eyes.'

'Well,' said the waterman, holding up the letter, 'I think there is something here that will comfort him: post-paid letters always contain money, I know that; then whistling a little merry air, he proceeded up the stairs till he reached the student's room at the top of the house, when, rapping at his door, a low and melancholy voice desired him to come in. On entering, Chassagne beheld with compassion the scene that presented itself to his view: it was one of complete misery and desolation. On a low truckle-bed, barely covered with a thin mattress, a pale delicate-looking youth sat writing; and from the number of well-filled sheets which lay scattered on his wretched coverlet, it was evident he had been writing for some time. His books were on a small table at his bedside, and on an old straw-chair (the only one in the room) his clothes were carefully folded.

'What do you want?' inquired the youth, over whose fine countenance a faint blush was diffused.

'The portress begged me to bring you this letter,' replied the waterman, as he handed it over to the young student.

'From Pierre Buffière!' exclaimed the latter, eagerly breaking the seal; but no sooner had he glanced over the contents than he turned pale, his eyes closed, and he sunk back on his pillow. For a few minutes he appeared to be struggling with some severe mental suffering; but quickly recovering himself, he raised his head, indignation flashed in his fine expressive eyes, and crumpling up the letter with his thin white fingers, he exclaimed, 'How cruel! how shameful!' He then remained as if stupified, and unconscious that he was not alone.

Chassagne, who had lingered in the hope of witnessing his neighbour's joy, when he saw the different effect the letter had produced, was afraid of being considered an intruder, and was about to retire, when a square piece of paper lying on the ground caught his eye. Guessing what it was, and thinking it had fallen from the letter unperceived, he picked it up, and presented it to the student, who merely thanked him, without looking at either him or the paper.

This was not what the waterman was aiming at; his compassionate feelings were strongly excited, and though he could not comprehend the nature of the youth's distress, he saw that he suffered much. On looking attentively about the room, he could not perceive the slightest vestige of food. The words of the portress rang in his ears—'I fear that he has not had a morsel to eat either yesterday or to-day!' These were, then, greater evils to be endured than working for small wages, or walking the streets of Paris exposed to the severity of the winter frost or the burning heat of the summer sun.

A long pause ensued, during which Chassagne was considering the best means of renewing the conversation. At length he said abruptly, 'It is not right of you, neighbour, to keep so much to yourself, just because you are better dressed and richer than I am.'

'Richer!' exclaimed the student; 'richer! I am dying of hunger!'

'That is but too evident,' said Chassagne; 'and if you will allow me, I will just come in a neighbourly way and breakfast with you.' And while the student stared in ignorance of his meaning, Chassagne cleared the table; and spreading on it a sheet of clean white paper, he laid on it a small loaf of bread and two sous' worth of cheese, which he had purchased for his own breakfast. 'Now,' said he, 'I must go and bring in something to moisten it; and when, in about ten minutes, he returned with a bottle of wine and two glasses, he found his companion in the same state of stupor and dumb despair. Without making any remark, Chassagne quietly divided the bread and cheese in equal shares, and placing one-half before the student, he helped himself to the other; then filling out two glasses of wine, he said, 'Your good health, neighbour.' But suddenly the good-humoured countenance of Chassagne became clouded; he put down his glass, and said with some emotion, 'You will not drink with me, because I am a poor waterman, and you are a gentleman!'

This reproach seemed to recall the student to himself. 'Forgive,' said he, 'forgive me; and seizing the glass, he was about to raise it to his lips, when a flood of tears compelled him to place it back upon the table. 'Oh,' said he, 'you can have no idea of what I am suffering! And you, a perfect stranger to me, to be so kind, while a near relation of my own—one who is wealthy, and has known me from my birth, would leave me to perish with hunger! I wrote to him a full account of my situation, and told him that, in consequence of the breaking up of all the public establishments, I had been obliged to leave the college of La Marche, but that I continued to pursue my studies with equal assiduity. I told him that I had no means, that I was without money, without clothes; I begged of him to advance me a few louis to pay for my lodg-

ings, to buy books, to buy even food; well,' continued the unhappy youth, taking the letter and paper (which was a post-office order), 'he sends me one louis, and for this miserable louis he thinks he has purchased the right of remonstrating, advising, and reproaching me. He reproaches me with having left the country to come and starve in Paris, and be a burthen to my family.'

'You ought to return that louis to your hard-hearted relative,' said Chassagne, wiping away a tear with the cuff of his coat.

The student warmly pressed the hand of his companion. 'You are right,' said he; 'you have a heart, and that is a comfort and relief to mine. I will share your breakfast, my friend, and after that, I will send back to the relation on whom I had depended both his money and his letter, even though I should die of hunger.'

'Oh, as to that, Monsieur Guillaume, as long as Chassagne can carry a pair of buckets, he will never allow a neighbour to die of hunger. I, who was left a poor destitute orphan, have never been allowed to want—and should I suffer a fellow-creature to die of hunger beside me? No, no; we must help one another: it is my turn to help you to-day, it may be yours to help me or some one else to-morrow.'

'Noble, generous sentiments!' exclaimed the student, who had risen, and was dressing himself while Chassagne was speaking, and had with difficulty swallowed a few morsels of bread, and taken a few sips of wine. 'Chassagne,' he continued, 'I accept your kindness, for I shall not always be a poor, sorrowful, medical student: I have abilities; and if I live, I will endeavour to acquire a name and a reputation, and then I will repay you a hundredfold for all your kindness to me. Oh, I am ambitious, Chassagne; and I hope one day to be head surgeon of the hospital.'

'I am ambitious too, Monsieur Guillaume, but my ambition is not like yours: my ambition is to have a water-cask instead of two buckets—a new water-cask of my own, painted red, with blue hoops. Oh what a happy day that will be when I can draw my own water-cart!'

In spite of his grief, the young student could not help smiling at the ambition of the waterman. 'Would a water-cask be very expensive?' Guillaume inquired, as he sealed up the letter and order.

'Why, monsieur, a new one, with cart and buckets, would cost at least two hundred and sixty francs; but,' he added in a confidential tone, 'I have two hundred put by for it. And now,' said he, 'what are you going to do? You had better leave me in care of your room, and go and put your letter in the post-office: a walk will refresh you, and I will arrange everything here: my customers are served, and I have nothing else to do at present.'

The two friends again warmly pressed each other's hand; and the student having departed with his letter, Chassagne sat down to finish his breakfast.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the waterman, hearing a step at the door, exclaimed, 'What! back already?' when, turning about, expecting to see Guillaume, to his surprise he beheld Monsieur Bouvard, the proprietor of the house.

'Where is Guillaume Dupuytren the student?' he inquired.

'He is gone out, Monsieur Bouvard; but I will deliver any message to him,' said the waterman civilly.

'Very well; then begin by coming out yourself,' replied the proprietor.

Chassagne obeyed, expecting to be sent on some errand after his companion; when, to his amazement, Monsieur Bouvard locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed Chassagne.

'You shall see,' replied the landlord coldly. 'I take possession of the key, in order to prevent the late tenant from entering the room again.'

'And where is he to go?' inquired Chassagne in a tone of pity.

'Wherever he pleases; that is no concern of mine: he owes me five months' rent; that is enough.'

'Oh, Monsieur Bouvard, do not do such a thing as that!' said poor Chassagne, clasping his hands in the most supplicating manner. 'Monsieur Dupuytren is honest: he will pay you.'

'When?' inquired the proprietor, endeavouring to get between the wall and the waterman, who was stopping the passage.

'As soon as he is able,' replied the latter. 'But you, sir, who are rich, do not, for a paltry sum, bring such ruin on a poor young man. Oh what can I do to excite your compassion?'

'Pay me,' said the landlord roughly.

'And you are depriving him of his books and his papers, as if he had not trouble enough without that. Monsieur Bouvard, give me that key,' said Chassagne; 'give me back that key!'

'What!—you menace me, do you?' said the proprietor, turning pale with anger. 'Take care that I do not turn you out along with him. Come, let me pass directly.'

'Oh, Monsieur Bouvard,' said Chassagne, whose quick ear had recognised the voice of the student speaking to the porter below, 'he is here already! Oh, Monsieur Bouvard, give me the key! I beseech you to give it to me; and,' added he, lowering his voice, 'if he does not pay you, I will.'

'With what money?' inquired the landlord in a tone of contempt, which made the colour rise to the forehead of the young waterman.

'With the money of an honest Auvergnat, which he has earned by the sweat of his brow.'

'These are mere words,' said the landlord, again endeavouring to pass.

'Put back the key, and come into my room,' said the kind-hearted waterman, opening a door beside him.

The landlord did so. Guillaume, who had now nearly reached the top of the stairs, turned pale at seeing Monsieur Bouvard, and was on the point of speaking to him, and requesting a little more time; but Chassagne prevented him by almost pushing the landlord into his room, when he immediately followed him, and closed the door.

Guillaume entered his own garret; the partition which divided it from that of Chassagne was not so thick but that he could distinctly hear the sound of money counted out upon a table. 'He is paying his rent,' thought he; 'and now Monsieur Bouvard will be coming in to me. What shall I say to him?—what can I say? Or rather what will he say to me when I again ask him for a little more time? Oh what a humiliating position to be in! My God!' said he, throwing himself upon his knees, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'grant me strength to bear this accumulation of sorrows!'

Presently the door opened, and Chassagne entered alone.

'Where is Monsieur Bouvard?'

'He is gone,' said Chassagne laughing.

'What! without asking me for my rent?'

'Oh, I have settled that: he will wait.'

'And what did you say to satisfy him?'

'Why, I said—I said—that you would pay him when you were head surgeon of the hospital.'

The student at first thought that his neighbour was inclined to ridicule him; but the countenance of the waterman remained so calm and so simple, and his manner so kind, that, banishing the thought, Guillaume took up his books, saying with a smile, 'Well, I must begin to work my way to it.'

'And I,' said Chassagne, leaving the room, 'must go and earn my water-cask.'

Guillaume wished to set about his studies; but after all the agitation of the morning, he found it impossible to collect his ideas. His heart was torn by conflicting

emotions: now bursting at the thought of his rich, but cruel relative, who refused to assist him; then thrilling with gratitude to his humble neighbour, who had so kindly come to visit and to share his breakfast with him. 'Oh,' said he, 'if I must be indebted to any one, let me at least endeavour that it may be to some one who is wealthy and able to assist me!' This idea prompted him to undertake what was at once humbling to his pride and revolting to his delicacy. He arose, and making his appearance as neat as possible, he put on his college cap, and took his way to the Rue du Bac, in the Faubourg St Germain. He rang the bell at the gate of one of the finest houses in the street; and on being answered, he inquired if Monsieur le Comte Leon were at home.

'Are you invited, sir?' inquired the servant.

'No,' replied Guillaume.

'Oh, because this is Monsieur Leon's birthday, and he expects company.'

Guillaume was about to depart; but having endured the greatest pang attendant on the step he was about to take, that of ringing at the gate, he determined to go through with it. 'Tell your young master,' said he, 'that an old classfellow of the college of La Marche wishes to see him.'

The footman took the message, and on his return, showed Guillaume into the antechamber, where the duke's son soon appeared.

'Oh, is it you, Guillaume?' said he, holding out his hand to his old schoolfellow; 'what have you been doing since the breaking up of the colleges?' Then, without waiting a reply, and while Guillaume was hesitating as to the best means of mentioning the cause of his visit, the young count himself introduced the subject by saying abruptly, 'Do you know, Guillaume, that I am perpetually assailed by some of our old classfellow, who think that, because I am rich, and the son of a duke, they have a right to draw on my purse, or rather on that of my father?'

'And surely you would not refuse them, Leon?' replied Guillaume in a voice expressive of the most painful emotion. 'You receive them kindly as old friends and schoolfellows?'

'You do me but justice in saying so,' said Leon; 'for certainly if an old schoolfellow were in distress, I would put my hand in my pocket and give him a three or a six-livre piece.'

'Oh, you would do more than that, Leon!' exclaimed Guillaume. 'If an old classfellow (like myself, for instance) were to come and say to you, "Leon, it is not charity I am about to ask, but I want some assistance to enable me to live until another school is established (which must be before long, for they cannot do without physicians and surgeons), could you lend me ten louis, and on the word of a man of honour, I will repay you?'"

Leon burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. 'Ten louis!' repeated he; 'ten louis! Why, that would be a month's pocket-money! How you talk!'

Guillaume took his handkerchief to wipe the cold perspiration from his forehead, and replied with all the energy of despair, 'It is true you would be a month without your amusements, but your friend could live and study for four.'

'You are a fool, Guillaume!' said Leon, shrugging his shoulders. 'But some one rings; we are expecting company to celebrate my birthday; will you come in, and I will introduce you to my father?' Guillaume, who had now nearly recovered his self-possession, coldly declined the invitation. 'Is it on account of your dress?' said Leon; 'you know I would not wish you to appear to disadvantage; and as we are about the same height, Lapiene can lend you something from my wardrobe.'

'No, I am obliged to you,' said Guillaume, so coldly, that Leon exclaimed, 'Oh, you are too proud! Very well, I must leave you, and you can see me another day when I have no company. Adieu! when shall I see you again?'

'Never!' said Guillaume. But suddenly recollecting himself, he added in a tone of bitterness, 'That is to say, Leon, we may meet again; but it shall be when you need assistance from me!'

'Then that will be never,' replied the wealthy youth, as he turned haughtily round to enter the saloon.

Guillaume Dupuytren retraced his steps homeward with a heavy heart; for the first time in his life he had stooped to ask a loan, and he had been refused it by a wealthy schoolfellow, who spent yearly twelve times the sum in trifling amusements, that would have enabled him to live and pursue his studies for four months. On entering his garret he found Chassagne there, who, as soon as he heard his step, called out, 'Come, loiterer, your soup will be cold.'

'Dinner!' exclaimed Guillaume, surprised and affected at seeing a bowl of hot soup smoking on the table.

'Do you not like it?' said the waterman with a good-natured smile, as he placed a small dish on the table beside the soup; 'and if I were in your place, would you not have done the same for me?'

'But,' said the young student, 'you must, I fear, be encroaching on your savings?'

'Pshaw!' replied Chassagne; 'you can pay me for it when you are made head surgeon of the hospital.'

'Then, Chassagne,' said Guillaume smiling, for the kindness and good-humour of the waterman cheered the heart of the poor student—'then, Chassagne, you shall have a water-cask with a good cart and horse.'

'Oh, a horse!' replied Chassagne. 'I do not aspire so high: to possess a water-cart is the utmost of my ambition.'

From that day forward the young waterman took upon himself the office of purveyor to the student: he was more; he became his friend, his brother, his servant. 'Now listen to me,' said he one day when Guillaume was ruminating to accept such innumerable benefits: 'you know that my greatest ambition is to possess a water-cart. Well, I would give up the water-cart, if I had it, for a share of your friendship. I am the person obliged: until I knew you, I was a solitary orphan alone in the world. I had no one to speak to, no one to take any interest in me. I ate my meals alone; and when I returned home tired in the evenings, I went to my cold garret, where I had not a creature to take me by the hand as you do, and to say, "How goes it, Chassagne?" Oh, that does me good, Monsieur Guillaume! It warms me like a good fire.'

'But, then, your cask: you are making me eat your water-cask,' replied Guillaume, endeavouring to hide the tear which quivered in his eye at hearing the noble sentiments expressed by the poor waterman.

'Oh, we are both young,' said the latter; 'and God will not forsake us if we remain in the path of duty. I pray for you, Monsieur Guillaume, both night and morning.'

The tear, till then restrained, fell on the hand of Chassagne, which Guillaume pressed in silence. This state of things did not continue long. Towards the commencement of 1795 the establishment of the School of Medicine effected a change in the situation of the two friends; Guillaume entered the hospital as in-door pupil. The separation was severely felt; and Chassagne extracted a solemn promise from his friend, that should he at any time be in distress for money, he would apply to him, who loved him as a brother.

Some time after his installation, the principal physician, knowing the difficulties of his situation, and wishing to assist him, proposed that he should take care of a patient of his—a man of rank and wealth, who in the first place would pay him a louis per night for his attendance, and whose influence and patronage might afterwards be of service to him.

On hearing that the patient was the father of his heartless schoolfellow, Guillaume was at first disposed to refuse; but a moment's reflection made him gladly accept the offer. He repaired the same evening to the duke's residence, and proceeded immediately to the

invalid's chamber. By the blessing of God on his assiduous care and attention, before the end of the month the duke was pronounced to be convalescent; and on the same day he presented to his young care-taker twenty-five louis in gold.

Let us now return to Chassagne, who, since Guillaume had been unable to visit him in the evenings, had found the time unusually long. When the hour had passed which used to unite those two friends, that they might enjoy a little cheerful conversation after the labours of the day, poor Chassagne would go down and stand at the gate watching in the direction by which Guillaume would come, if he came at all. On the evening of the day we have mentioned Chassagne was at his usual post: the street was nearly deserted, no sounds were to be heard but the steps of a few stray passengers, when suddenly the rolling of a light water-cart, by breaking the stillness of the street, interrupted the musing of Chassagne. But do his eyes deceive him? Who is that young waterman who in dress and appearance so much resembles Guillaume? The cart rolls on; the figure becomes more distinct; the cart at length stops at the gate; and Guillaume, breathless and fatigued, could only call out from between the shafts, 'Chassagne, here is your water-cart!'

'Mine!' said Chassagne in astonishment.

'Yes, yours certainly: whose else should it be? But come and unharness me, for I cannot play the horse any longer.'

'Mine!' continued Chassagne, unable to believe his senses; 'this cart, this cask, these fine new buckets?'

Guillaume, who had succeeded in disengaging himself from the cart, took Chassagne by the hand, and leading him round to the back of it, showed him his name painted at full length. 'There,' said he, 'read that: No. 835, Chassagne! Whose name is that?—yours or mine?'

Joy, surprise, the realisation of his fondest hope, all combined to bewilder the happy waterman: he looked alternately at the cart and at Guillaume, then suddenly exclaimed, 'But where did you get it?'

'I bought it,' replied Guillaume.

'Are you, then, made head surgeon of the hospital?' said Chassagne, opening his eyes wide, as if the better to see the great person he believed stood before him.

'Not yet,' he replied laughing; 'but I have earned a little money, and your ambition was so very moderate, my good Chassagne, that I was anxious to gratify it. Come, put up your cart, and let us go to supper.'

It was on a fine morning in May 1816 that a splendid equipage drew up at a large house on the Place de Louvre. A gentleman descended, and inquired for the Baron Dupuytren. On being told he was at home, he desired the servant to announce the Duke Leon de X—.

'No person is announced here, sir: walk into the waiting-room, and the doctor will see you in time.'

When two patients had been dismissed, the duke was shown into the doctor's study.

'I fear I am too late, Monsieur le Baron; or rather I should say, my dear Guillaume. Do you not remember me?' said the duke.

'I remember you perfectly, Monsieur le Duc,' replied the baron coldly.

'My son, my only son, is dangerously ill,' said the duke; 'if any person can save him, it is you: pray come with me; my carriage is at the door, and any sum you name shall be yours.'

The baron took his hat, and inquiring if his cabriolet was in readiness, he followed the duke down stairs. On crossing the court to reach the street, a man entered it who seemed in the deepest affliction.

'Chassagne!' exclaimed the doctor, 'what is the matter?'

'Oh, Monsieur le Baron!'

'Call me Guillaume, or I will not listen to you.'

'My little girl, my youngest child, is dying, and I came to ask you to see her,' replied Chassagne.

'Come with me,' said the doctor.

'But my son, Monsieur le Baron; a moment's delay may be fatal to him.'

'I will visit your son, Monsieur le Duc, as soon as I have seen this man's child,' replied the baron, taking Chassagne into his cabriolet.

'Monsieur le Baron, I will give you six thousand francs on condition that you come with me instantly.'

'Otherwise you will not,' said the baron; and bowing to the duke, he desired the coachman to drive to the residence of Chassagne.

It was not until he was assured of the safety of the little girl that he repaired to the duke's residence: the heir of his title and fortune had breathed his last.

We have seen Guillaume Dupuytren in the year 1794 nearly perishing with hunger. Twenty-two years afterwards we find him at the highest pitch of eminence and prosperity, and that by dint of his own talents and industry. This celebrated surgeon was born at Pierre Buffière, in Limousin, in the year 1777. He came to Paris when twelve years old, and was placed in the college of La Marche under the care of the principal. The breaking up of all the public institutions having forced him to leave it, he was exposed to the sufferings we have described. In 1795 the School of Medicine was established, to which he was at first attached as *protecteur*: at a later period, in 1801, he continued there as principal of anatomy; in 1811 he succeeded Sabatier as professor; and in 1813 he was appointed second surgeon to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, and soon afterwards a member of the Council of Health. In 1815 he was appointed head surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, and in 1816 he was created Chevalier of the order of St Michael, and baron. His fortune and celebrity continued to increase until his death, which took place on the 8th February 1835. He left one daughter, Madame la Comtesse de B—, who inherits his large fortune.

The life of Dupuytren is one among many instances, that in order to arrive at eminence in any profession, it is not necessary to be born of wealthy or distinguished parents. Those of Dupuytren were respectable, his father having been, before the Revolution, a parliamentary lawyer; but having lost his place, he was reduced to great poverty. While Dupuytren lived, his talents, his life, his fortune, were all at the service of those who stood in need of them. He was the physician of the poor as well as of the rich; and their gratitude was more valued by him than the gold of the wealthy. He never forgot his early days; and was fond of affording that assistance and support to youth which he had himself received from a kind though humble friend.

SONGS AND POEMS ON COSTUME.

SINCE, ay and before, there was resort to mirrors, the toilet has been at once the most changeable and prominent feature of human life; on which account its whimsicalities—and their name is legion—have been largely noticed in the popular rhymes and songs of almost every age; a curious collection of which, ranging from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, has just been given to the public by Frederick W. Fairholt, Esq. F.S.A.*

It is worth noting that nearly all the efforts of the muse on this subject have been of the satirical order; and the most conspicuous experiments in costume, though occasionally illustrated in old paintings and those guild coins of the middle ages called tokens, are made known to posterity chiefly by the denunciations of divines or the pasquils of contemporary poets. The earlier pieces of this kind give strange evidence of the dawn of literature in Europe; some being written in Latin, some in old French, and others in still less intelligible English.

The fourteenth century was pre-eminently an age of monstrosities in ladies' head-dresses. One variety of horns succeeded another on the heads of the court dames of

France and England throughout its entire course, with a diversity of shape and size which the genius of absurdity alone could invent. Now they were curved backwards, with the large linen handkerchief worn round the neck pinned up to them on either side, and space enough, according to a French author, for the largest vessel in his province to run between. Then they met in a crescent form over the forehead, and again rose almost straight from either side of the head. To all of them the satirists have left us ample memorials of their hostility, strengthened as it was by that of the clergy, who, after vainly exhausting their energies in preaching against the horns, at length hit upon the expedient of offering pardon in the old church fashion, at least for the sins of a few days, to those who would publicly jeer and annoy the wearers.

The satirical poets of those times occasionally turned their shafts against the costume of the clergy themselves; and not without reason, if one may judge from the forms of foppery which they were charged about the close of the fifteenth century—such as wearing their hair so long in front, that it almost covered the eyes; sporting jewelled daggers; and delighting in common with all the lords of the creation at that period, in long-pointed shoes, curving upwards, and fastened by chains to the knees; not to speak of wide purled sleeves, and trains so long, that two pages were required to carry them. Whether the ladies borrowed the last-mentioned fashion from the church, or *vice versa*, cannot now be ascertained, as their trains have waxed and waned through many a generation to the very confines of our own. Trains were believed to have been introduced to the English by Richard II.'s Bohemian queen, who was also said to have made the ladies of England acquainted with the side saddle, and bequeathed them the riding-habit, still worn as a lasting monument of her love for ample drapery. Certain it is, that in the following age the longitude of feminine skirts was felt to be a nuisance of such magnitude in Scotland, that Sir David Lyndsay addressed a poetical petition against them and similar abuses to James V. In it the bard sets forth, in language more strong than elegant, the natural results of 'syde taillis'—that is, long skirts—and when the condition of the High Street for more than a century after is recollected, from that notable act touching the removal of 'middings,' quoted in the 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' the consequences of a promenade thereon, with such appendages in full sweep, may, as the newspapers say, be imagined, but never described. Perhaps the most curious *fama* ever circulated against trains was contained in the following legend, which, as it was made current by a monk in the reign of Edward I., proves that those inconvenient appendages were at least known in England before the coming of the Bohemian princess. 'I have heard of a proud woman, who wore a white dress with a long tail; which, trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the crucifix. But as she left the church, and lifted up her train on account of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing; and having adjured him to tell why he laughed, the devil said: "A companion of mine was just now sitting on the train of that woman, using it as if it were his chariot, but when she lifted her train up, my companion was shaken off into the dirt: that is why I was laughing."

The satire of Lyndsay was enforced not long after by that of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, a poetical ancestor of the Earl of Lauderdale, whose papers have been preserved by Pepys. It might surprise some of our southern neighbours to learn in how fine a style the wives of Scottish burghesses dressed in the time of Queen Mary. Maitland says—'On claiiths they wair [spend] mony a crown.' Their gowns are barred with velvet, sleeve, neck, and tails; the foreskirt of silk, with cambric ornaments.

'And of fine silk their furred cloaks,
With hinging sleeves, like lilly pocks.' . . .

'Their wylls, coats many weel be hewit—
Browdered right braid, with pascaments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudeman has cause to rue it,
That ever their wives wear sic gear.

* Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume. Printed for the Percy Society. 1846.

Their wovan hose of silk are shawls,
Harrit aboon with taste drawin
With gartens of ane new manner;
To gar their courtlines be knawin,
And all for newfangledness of gear.

Sometime they will bear up their gown;
To shaw their wylie-coat hingin down;
And sometime baith they will uphear,
To shaw their hose of black or brown,
And all for newfangledness of gear.

Their collars, carcats, and false beads,
With velvet hats heloh on their heads,
Corded with gold like ane younkair,
Browded about with golden threads,
And all for newfangledness of gear. . . .

The 'muffler' was another piece of ladies' wear which aroused the honest indignation of many a bard, probably from its somewhat Oriental character, and evident adaptation to mystery and concealment. It consisted of a triangular piece of cloth, generally white, with two long ends which were fastened behind over the cap. Some say it was introduced into Scotland by the German and Flemish Jews, who took refuge there from ancient persecutions: others, that it came with the first hordes of gipsies. Whichever is true, it prevailed in Scotland for a long period. A sumptuary law of James II. forbade its being worn at kirk or market; and Sir David Lyndsay mentions with approbation the superior manners of the French ladies, who kept their faces uncovered in public, so as to receive and return civilities. Whereupon the poet suggests—

'Without their faults be soon amendit,
My flyting, sir, sall never be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye suld mak,
Baith throw the land, and borrowtouns,
To shaw their face, and cut their gown;
Name suld fra that exemptit be,
Except the queene majestic.'

As neither the mutability nor extravagance of fashion was confined entirely to the ladies, something like poetical justice was done by old satirists to the vanities of the stronger sex; and many a witty though rustic rhyme chronicles the fantastic guises worn by their different generations. The various forms of beards, cloaks, caps, and doublets, all are commemorated. Songs on such subjects multiply as we approach the seventeenth century, and the titles of some of them, like the tracts of that period, are their most curious parts: for example, one written during the reign of distended nether-garments is called, 'A Lamentable Complaint of the Pore Countrymen against Great Hoes, for the Losse of their Cattel's Tails.' The substance of this ditty is, that all manner of wool and hair, including the much-missed tails, were literally swallowed up by way of stuffing for the enormous hose; and there must have been some truth in the complaint, according to a contemporary writer, who states in sober prose—'They are almost capable of holding a bushel of wheat; and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carry malt to the mill.'

'What hurt and damage doth ensue
And fall upon the poor,
For want of wool and flax of late,
Which monstropus hose devour. . .

. . . not one beast nor horse can tell
Which way his tail is safe.

For now in country round about
No gelding, horse, nor mare,
Nor other beast of any price,
Put forth all night we dare.

Nothing so feared we are of thieves
Which oft are laid in jells,
As now we are of mitching knaves
That cut off horses' tails; &c.

Another costly portion of male attire, though the articles were common to the dress of both sexes, was sleeves, which in those times were detached from the garments. Their shape and size were frequent subjects of sumptuary laws, and were both in the quality and quantity of material thus regulated according to rank. At one period it was forbidden that mere burgesses or their wives

should wear purfed sleeves. A pair of sleeves of cloth-of-gold is mentioned, among several others, in the wardrobe of Henry VIII.; and down to the reign of Louis XVI., 'gentleman of the sleeve' was the title of a court officer. The special consideration bestowed upon these articles is observable from an old pastoral, written about the days of Elizabeth, called 'My Lady Greensleeves.' The same appellation was, by the way, conferred on a sort of mythological person who accompanied 'Goldy-Locks,' and the Morris-dancers, with Maid Marian, and the May games of later times, to the great scandal and wrath of the Long Parliament.

Among the complicated contentions of the Stuart reigns, costume itself became a matter of party distinction, and was mixed up with sectarian controversy. Hence many songs of that period were devoted to the subject of dress. The Cavalier minstrel poured contempt on the close crop of the Puritan, and the Roundhead bard by turns denounced and ridiculed long hair.

One of these choice spirits boldly proclaimed it to be nothing less than the banner of Satan displayed in triumph from a man's head; while a poet of the opposite opinion asserted that cutting the hair short was a despicable casting away of a fair gift from Providence. Another class of poems regarding costume were called 'Moralisations,' in the symbol-loving fashion of those old times. They represented virtues and vices, opinions and even parties, by familiar and fashionable articles of dress. Though most frequently employed at the period referred to, this method was much more ancient. A French poet some ages before invested his *dame d'honneur* with every equipment to match, from the slippers of humility to the pincushion of patience; and a Scottish bard, in a song called 'The Garment of Gude Ladyes,' minutely describes an entire suit as worn in his own times, but made up of virtues and graces which would become a wearer of any age. The 'points' appear to have been often pressed into this kind of service. They were metal tags at the ends of ribbons used to fasten every description of dress, before either buttons or hooks were invented; on account of which general usefulness, their designation was given to theological doctrines and articles of belief, in ages when these were at once the standing topics of conversation and perpetual grounds of dispute. Sometimes, too, the simile was employed for simpler and more terrestrial purposes. 'A Dozen of Points sent by a Gentlewoman to her Lover as a New-Year's Gift,' was the somewhat lengthy title of a sentimental song; and good points they were, being all wise and worthy counsels, including the last—

'Love me as I love thee, and shall
From hence for evermore.'

One of the best-written party songs of the dress order represents Cromwell and his colleagues as a

'Cloak that fell out with a gown,
That cramp't all the kingdom and crippled the crown.'

But as those bones of contention grew old, the satirical muse turned once more to the doings of the ladies. One author entitles his song 'A Meditation on the Pride of Women;' and the still more complimentary refrain of another is, 'Women, monstrous women, what do you mean to do?' It is strange and edifying to read a poem of this description called 'The Lady's Dressing-Room Unlocked,' which its author presents as a warning to all adventurers on the sea of matrimony what they are expected to provide. What a number of long-disused and forgotten articles is there gumm'd up as then forming the indispensable apparatus of fashion! Just by way of samples—'plumpers for hollow cheeks, and chicken-skin gloves to whiten the hands in sleep.' How oddly, too, some of their toilet appellations would sound! For instance, 'heart-breakers' and 'murderers'—these gentle titles implying merely knots and curls. Suffice it to say, that the patches, the blue hair-powder, and the night-rail all were sung as they appeared. The latter article was worn in Ireland by elderly ladies of the last generation over their gowns, though singularly disliked by the lower orders, especially those of Dublin, who fairly put it

out of fashion by inducing an unfortunate criminal to wear it on the day of execution.

Any reader must observe that the satirical songs concerning costume, though furnished with ample materials, degenerate wonderfully, both in wit and composition, as we descend to modern times. Those on the gigantic head-dresses which grew up in the latter years of the eighteenth century are very inferior, but their deficiency was in some degree supplied by the caricatures of that period, which represented even its historical scenes as taking place on the heads of ladies.

The 'hoops,' which became general many years before, called forth sundry effusions, the liveliest of which was the popular chant, 'Oh, mother, a hoop!' And a French chanson, written under the Orleans regency, records a similar, though ephemeral fashion, by which the gentlemen's skirts were kept stiff and square by means of strong whalebone. Several keener satires followed the appearance of its contemporary the 'Pantin,' or 'Tumbling-Jack,' a toy whose motions still awaken the delight and wonder of many a juvenile mind; but in that frivolous and profligate court it was publicly carried about as an appendage to a walking gentleman, as necessary to complete his *tout ensemble* as the sword and hat, the latter being invariably carried under his arm. Only think of physicians, magistrates, and divines displaying their varied graces or gravity with such an accompaniment in the streets of London! Yet such was the case in those of Paris about 1748, and the fashion was partially established in England.

Being anxious to present one specimen of the dress verses of this epoch, we select, after some hesitation, an 'Advice to a Painter,' of date 1755:—

Best of painters, show thy art,
Draw the charmer of my heart,
Draw her as she shines away
At the rout and at the play;
Carefully each mode express;
Woman's better part is dress.
Let her cap be mighty small,
Bigger just than none at all;
Frothy, like her sense, and little;
Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
Be her shining looks confined
In a thirdfold braid behind;
Let an artificial flower
Set the frisure off before;
Here and there, weave ribbon pat in,
Ribbon of the finest satten.
Circling round her ivory neck,
Frizzle out the smart Vandryk;
Like the ruff that heretofore
Good Queen Hess's maidens wore;
Happy maidens, as we read,
Maids of honour, maids indeed!
Let her breast look rich and bold,
With a stomacher of gold;
Let it keep her bosom warm,
Amplly stretched from arm to arm;
Whimsically traversed o'er,
Here a knot, and there a flower,
Like her little heart that dances,
Full of maggots, full of fancies.
Flowing loosely down her back,
Draw with art the graceful sack:
Ornament it well with gimping,
Flounces, furbelows, and crimping;
Let of ruffles many a row,
Guard her elbows, white as snow;
Knots below, and knots above,
Emblems of the ties of love.
Let her hoop, extended wide,
Show what petticoats should hide;
Garters of the softest silk,
Stockings whiter than the milk;
Charming part of female dress,
Did it show us more, or less.
Let a pair of velvet shoes
Gently press her pretty toes,
Gently press, and softly squeeze;
Tottering like the fair Chinese,
Mounted high and buckled low,
Tottering every step they go.
Take these hints, and do thy duty,
Fashions are the tests of beauty;
Features vary and perplex,
Mode's the woman, and the sex.

The best British songs which refer to costume are

those of the Jacobites celebrating the tartan hose or the white cockade, both alike obnoxious to the powers that were, with the exception of some Irish lyrics, also of a political character, the finest though least known of which is Curran's 'Wearing of the green,' that colour being symbolical in the eyes of the government, as well as those of the Opposition, of concern in the rebellion of 1798.

It is remarkable that in all the songs of the present age there is scarcely a reference to prevailing modes of costume. Fashion still makes our people 'apes of her distortions,' though not to the extent of former times; for as civilisation spreads among the masses of every rank, a preference for the convenient and becoming gradually gains ground. Yet there have been, and are, occasional extravagances. Posterity will be edified concerning the 'bustle' and the 'Albert Hall,' by the plates and articles of our jesting periodicals, when changes yet undreamt of have passed over both society and literature, and the sheets over which we have laughed are laid up by scanty remnants in library and museum, as riddles for the curious inquirer, and evidences how flowed the current of our times.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The success of English newspaper proprietors in attaining pre-eminence over continental rivals, has been greatly assisted by the extent and perfection of our mail-packet arrangements. We have now nearly 150 steamers, most of them of the greatest power and speed, engaged especially in bringing political and commercial intelligence from all parts of the world. They are never delayed at any port at which they may touch but for the purpose of coaling and landing and embarking mails, and their rapid and punctual arrival in this country, after in some instances running a distance of 3000 miles without stopping, is one of the wonders of this remarkable age.

The expense of editing, sub-editing, and printing English newspapers, enormous as it is, is insignificant when compared with the vast sums expended in collecting foreign news. To obtain that news, correspondents are occupied in all the chief cities and seaports of the world. These persons are men of the highest intelligence; and they are expected to penetrate the secrets of courts and cabinets, to attend the marts of business and exchange, and submit to the inconveniences and even dangers of the camp, for the purpose of gleanng information of what is transpiring abroad. Agents are kept at every English port for the purpose of collecting this information as soon as it arrives. Couriers are oftentimes travelling from the most distant parts with newspaper information, steamers are solely employed in conveying such couriers across the English Channel, and special railway trains are hired to convey a few items of foreign news, and the electric telegraph is subsidized for the same purpose. In fact no outlay or effort is spared by the British journalist to outstrip in speed every means that can even partially acquaint the public and the government with foreign intelligence.

The newspaper agents at the outposts must be well acquainted with the necessities, as far as information is concerned, of British commerce, and its peculiar ramifications and connections in different parts of the world; they must also have a knowledge of the politics of different countries, and of the latest foreign news which has been published in the English journals. The foreign news collected at Southampton is principally from the cities and seaports of the Peninsula, from the British, Spanish, Dutch, French, and Danish West India Islands, the Gulf of Mexico, the United States, and the Spanish main; occasionally also important news reaches Southampton from Havre and the Cape of Good Hope.

It is a well-known fact, that oftentimes before a foreign mail packet comes alongside the Southampton Dock wall, hundreds of persons in London eighty miles distant are reading from the public journals with breathless interest the news she has brought; that while the packet is coming up Ichen Creek, the intelligence of which she is the bearer has been transmitted to the metropolis, and printed and published; that during that short interval of time her news has affected the public funds, and induced numbers to risk the acquisition and loss of whole fortunes by speculations in trade and in the public securities.

When a mail packet is due at Southampton, watchmen

are employed day and night by newspaper proprietors to look out for her. In the daytime, when the weather is clear, and there is not much wind stirring, the smoke of a large mail packet in the Solent may be seen by looking from the quay over Cadlands; but homeward-bound steamers are generally made out by means of powerful telescopes after they have passed Eaglehurst Castle, by looking over the flat tongue of land which terminates where Calshot Castle stands. When she rounds Calshot Castle a rocket is thrown up from her, which is a mail-packet signal. As soon as the rocket is observed, the watchmen are in motion, running in different directions up the town. In a few minutes may be seen stealthily gliding towards the quay a few persons, who, if it be a winter night, would scarcely be recognisable, disguised as they appear to be in greatcoats, comforters, and every kind of waterproof covering for the head, feet, and body. These persons are the outport newspaper agents. They make for the head of the quay, and each jumps into a small yacht, which instantly darts from the shore.

Cold, dark, and cheerless as it may be, the excitement on board the yachts is very great in calculating which will reach the steamer first; and at no regatta is there more nautical science displayed, or more keen and earnest contention. Let us suppose the time to be about six o'clock of a dark winter morning, the yachts reach the steamer just as 'ease her' has been hoarsely bawled by the pilot off Netley Abbey. As soon as *pratique* has been granted, the newspaper agents climb up the side of the steamer, oftentimes by a single rope, and at the risk of their lives, and jump on board. A bundle of foreign journals is handed to each of them, and they immediately return to their yachts, and make for the shore. The excitement and contention now to reach the shore is far more intense than was the case during the attempt to reach the ship. While making for the shore, sometimes in the most tempestuous weather, perhaps the rain peppering down, and the wind blowing great guns, or thunder and lightning overhead, the foreign journals are hastily examined by means of a lantern similar to that used by policemen, the most important items of foreign news which they contain are immediately detected, and the form in which they must be transmitted to London arranged in the mind. The agents are landed as near as possible to the electric telegraph office, sometimes on the shoulders of their boatmen through the surf or mud. They arrive at the telegraph office, and to write down their messages is the work of a few minutes only.

The rule in writing down telegraph messages is simple—to convey the greatest quantity of news in the fewest possible words. Perhaps the message is as follows:—'*Great Western*. Jamaica, 2. Cruz, 26. Million dollars. Dividends fifty thousand. Mosquito war ended. Antilles healthy. Havana hurricane. Hundred ships lost. Crops good. Jamaica, rains. Sea covered, wreck, plantations.' While the agents are writing these messages, the telegraph is at work, and by the time the messages are written in Southampton, they have been almost communicated to Louthbury. A cab conveys written copies of them, with the utmost despatch, to the newspaper offices. They are immediately in the hands of the foreign editors or sub-editors, who comprehend the purport of them immediately. In a few minutes they have been elaborated and made intelligible, and they shortly appear in a conspicuous part of the morning papers in the following shape:—

'ARRIVAL OF THE WEST INDIA AND MEXICAN MAIL—IMPORTANT NEWS FROM THE WEST INDIES—DREADFUL HURRICANE AT HAVANA—AWFUL DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY IN JAMAICA.

The Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company's steamer *Great Western* has arrived at Southampton. She brings news from Jamaica up to the 2d inst., and from Vera Cruz up to the 26th ult.; she has on board on freight to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars on merchants' account, and 50,000 dollars on account of Mexican dividends. The miserable "little war" unfortunately entered into by this country on behalf of the black king of Mosquito has terminated. We regret to learn that a most destructive hurricane has happened at Havana, and that a hundred ships have been wrecked in consequence. The weather, we are happy to say, has been fine in the West Indies, and the islands are healthy. The crops of West India produce are progressing favourably. The May rains at Jamaica have been very heavy, and done considerable damage. The rivers have swollen enormously, overflowed their banks, and done great damage to the plantations. The sea, at the

months of the rivers, was covered with the wrecks of the plantations.' In an incredibly short space of time thousands of newspapers, containing this news, have been printed and conveyed to the railway stations.

It is now seven o'clock in the morning, and trains are starting to all parts of England. In a short time the London papers have reached Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, Brighton, Dover, Folkestone, Southampton, east, west, north, and south. Hundreds have been dropped at intermediate stations. Before the foreign mail brought by the Southampton steamer has been sorted, perhaps the London papers have nearly reached every town in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and are travelling with a giant's pace over the continent.

But let us return to the London newspaper offices, where the steam-engines that print the papers never tire, but are unremittingly throwing off hundreds per minute, and are now working at seven o'clock in the morning to supply the metropolis. In a short time the newspapers enter coffee-houses, taverns, counting-houses, public offices, and private dwellings, and thousands in London and distant parts of the country are reading simultaneously from the public journals the news which reached Southampton an hour or two since. The holders of Mexican stock smile as they read of the dividends; underwriters, and thousands who have seafaring relatives, feel a pang at the news of the hurricane; and tens of thousands feel an interest from curiosity, or a more powerful motive, in the details of the news, cargo, passengers, or letters the ship has brought.

It is a singular fact, that the inhabitants of Southampton generally first learn of the arrival of the mail packets in our docks from the morning papers. Persons come to Southampton to meet friends or relatives from abroad; they lodge near the water, to be certain of knowing when the packets arrive, and it often happens that the morning papers on the breakfast table give them the first intimation of the arrival of those they are anxious to meet. Two or three years ago the celebrated Paredes escaped from Mexico, and came to Southampton in a West India steamer. He arrived almost *incog.*, and was scarcely aware that he was known on board. Some slight delay took place before the steamer could get into the dock, owing to the tide, and Paredes had no idea that any communication had been made with the shore. To his utter astonishment, the first sound he heard on landing was his own name; for a newsboy was bawling to the passengers from a morning paper, 'Second edition of the ——. Important news from Mexico. Arrival of Paredes in Southampton.'

The great Mexican monarchist has since travelled all over Europe, and is now in his own country; and he has been heard to declare that the greatest wonder he knew in this quarter of the globe, was the rapidity with which news was obtained and circulated in England.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

THE FREE WILL OF MAN.

Let any man dive into his own heart; and observe himself with attention. If he have the power to look, and the will to see, he will behold, with a sort of terror, the incessant war waged by the good and evil dispositions within him—reason and caprice, duty and passion; in short, to call them all by their comprehensive names—good and evil. We contemplate with anxiety the outward troubles and vicissitudes of human life; but what should we feel if we could behold the inward vicissitudes, the troubles of the human soul?—if we could see how many dangers, snares, enemies, combats, victories, and defeats, can be crowded into a day—an hour? I do not say this to discourage man, nor to humble or undervalue his free will. He is called upon to conquer in the battle of life, and the honour of the conquests belongs to his free will. But victory is impossible, and defeat certain, if he has not a just conception and profound feeling of his dangers, his weaknesses, and his need of assistance. To believe that the free will of man tends to good, and is of itself sufficient to accomplish good, betrays an immeasurable ignorance of his nature. It is the error of pride; an error which tends to destroy both moral and political order, which enfeebles the government of communities no less than the government of the inward man.—*Democracy in France, by M. Guizot.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. McGLASSAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 284. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

WHAT IS CRITICISM?

At a time when no inconsiderable portion of English literature consists of criticism, the question may perhaps be impertinent, as well as a little startling—*What is criticism?* It is a question, however, to which no answer can be found in any one of the publications that are devoted to criticism, or in all of them collectively. Day after day, week after week, month after month, quarter after quarter, the press flings forth upon the country a host of so-called critical works; but we will defy the most ingenious person living to collect from them the slightest notion of what criticism is. In some there are long, and occasionally elegant, or even profound, dissertations on a given subject, sparingly illustrated with extracts from a particular book. In others there is little or no original dissertation, but merely a garbled statement of the author's opinions, with quotations in evidence, selected without reference to the context or general scope of the work—mere bricks brought forward as specimens of the edifice. In others, the specimens are of the ornamental kind; for it is the main business of this class of critics to provide amusing or interesting reading for their subscribers, and fill up their sheet, not at their own, but at their author's expense. Here the original remarks are brief and inoffensive, and usually indicate that the critic has taken the trouble to put himself in possession of the subject by reading the preface to the book. In others, again, there is no room for either dissertation or extracts, but we are favoured, instead, with a character of the work, conveyed in a few lines, and in such distinct and peremptory terms, as leave us no pretext for doubt. Luckily, this sort of testimonial (in which the minor newspapers deal largely) is usually on the favourable side; partly, no doubt, from the good-nature of the editor, but principally from his intellectual aspirations after presentation copies and advertisements.

If you know the political party or religious sect of the critic, you may predict with little hesitation the fate of the author (when his sentiments are known) who comes before him. This would be natural enough if the theme of the work were politics or religion; but the rule holds good even when these dangerous subjects have been carefully avoided. The critic, supposing him to be of the adverse sect or party, looks upon the author as his enemy; and being under no obligation to show his whole scope and meaning, he takes him up on as narrow grounds as he pleases, and must be a bungler indeed in the trade if he cannot support his indictment, even by the victim's own testimony. Personal likings and dislikes may be indulged in the same way; and it is the commonest thing in the world for an author, in consultation with his publisher, to say, 'I am sure of a favourable opinion in such a quarter, for the editor is a friend of mine.' Not is he mistaken: the editor serves his friend, and loses no character either

moral or literary by the transaction. The desire of presentation copies is usually reckoned the lowest of a critic's motives; but there is a meaner influence still—that of mere senseless, abject imitation. Unless led by some temptation into a path of his own, he follows the crowd, joining in their praises or objurgations, but more especially in the latter: just as, to use a simile of the historian Joinville, 'when there is one dog pursued by another, and a shouting made after him, all the other dogs fall on him.'

That criticism as we have described it, taken generally, whether gentle or severe, whether laudatory or damnatory, is in plain language a fraud, can hardly be denied; and it is a fraud which the more demands exposure, from the circumstance of the publishers lending themselves to it as accessories. There are no men who know better than they that it is a fraud; and the 'extracts from reviews,' therefore, which they append to their advertisements are, in nine cases out of ten, a deception practised upon the public. We have often been amused by the anxiety with which these gentlemen search out the notices of their works, the scorn they express for them when read, and the haste they make to turn them, when that is possible, to profitable account. As for the excellent Public, when disappointed in a book thus introduced, they doubt their own discernment, not the critic's infallibility, and send to the library for another volume recommended on the same authority. We need not be told that there are numerous instances of book-reviews as impartial as they are mented, and conveying a distinct and accurate idea of the scope and value of the work noticed. These are exceptions proving the rule; but the exceptions themselves, although careful and skilful analyses, are not criticism.

Our readers are of course aware that we are not alone in our reprehension of the abuses of this misnamed department of our literature. All men are agreed upon the point, including the reviewers themselves; and the only thing in which we are original is, in refraining from calling names, and charging the offenders roundly with ignorance, incapacity, and wilful dishonesty. This has been done again and again in most of the journals, from the quarterlies downwards; but instead of inquiring, in a philosophical spirit, into the origin of the evil, these works are accustomed to occupy themselves with such superficial questions as the advantage or disadvantage of the anonymous. The reason is, that they confound the art of criticism with mere opinion. 'Give us the name of the reviewer,' say the enemies of the anonymous, 'and we shall be able to tell what credit his verdict deserves: give us the name of the reviewer, and he will not dare to subject himself to the accusation either of falsehood or stupidity.' This is a very humble demand, and a very unimportant one. In most of the great reviews the writers' names are sufficiently well known, but that is no

guarantee for their good faith. It is not the name we want, but the thing: we want criticism. In a word, we have many critiques in our literature, but no criticism in the true meaning of the term. The critiques may stumble upon the truth—or not: it is all chance, since they are not based upon understood premises, not the application of recognised laws. They are the mere expression of individual opinion; and being wholly independent of any common theory, they may, and do differ from each other *toto caelo*, without exciting any doubt as to the critic's ability. When we see two opposite judgments pronounced in two reviews of equal character, we perhaps ascribe the difference to party or personal motives; when very possibly, in the case in question, such motives may have had no existence. The reason simply is, that we have no ultimate authority to refer to—that, in the midst of all the luxuriance of our literature, it wants the grand element of criticism. This gives a hardness and meagreness to our common reviews, which is not found to the same extent in those of Germany or France, where the philosophy of art is more generally studied.

Criticism, though not æsthetics, but merely a practical application of their laws, possesses a higher intellectual dignity than the proudest of our quarterly reviews are conscious of. But it is not beholden for its dignity to the vague or mystical: it is, on the contrary, so practical and distinct, as to have every capacity for being reduced by careful study to a science; and to this object the best energies of our literati should be consecrated. In England, the dawn of æsthetics only begins to touch with a faint light the pictorial and musical arts; while in the other countries we have mentioned, it is likewise felt in literary criticism. Not that criticism is anywhere as yet what it should be, and will be; but already it possesses on the continent a higher tone, and exhibits a more catholic spirit. It does not confine itself to mean and paltry details, but essays to grasp the whole subject; and throwing aside party and personal considerations, it regards the work it chooses to examine as a contribution to the literature of the age, or of the world.

When we state—and we wish to do so in the broadest manner—that our literature is deficient in the essential element of criticism, we must not be supposed to advocate the publication of elaborate theories laying down the literary law. There is no such wholesale way as this of building up a science. It must be the gradual production of many minds, and many conflicting opinions, and the meanness of us all may lend his aid to the work. No one, for instance, should presume to deliver a judgment upon any work, in any department of taste, without trying it by the æsthetical laws, or, in other words, without giving a reason for the faith that is in him. If this rule were observed, we should not long want a common standard, or a public capable of judging of the *dicta* of its self-installed teachers. If this rule were observed—if criticism became really the System it ought to be—no man would stultify himself for friend or foe by bestowing one iota of praise or blame beyond the deserts of his author.

If an author were to say to his publisher, 'Here is a chemical speculation, to which I am sure to obtain the sanction of Liebig, because he is a personal friend of mine'—how the man of books would stare! Why does he not stare when his author tells him that, for the same reason, he can obtain for a certain work the praise of a certain review? Because, criticism having made no approach to a system, no collusion of a criminal nature can be suspected; the laudatory sentence, if very much out of the way, will pass for a mere eccentricity of taste; and the critic will suffer for his generous friendship neither as a man of honour nor as a man of letters. When a scientific speculation appears, it is on its own merits either accepted as a true theory, or rejected as a false hypothesis. If it possesses merits, it must be noticed, and the contribution it makes, whether great or small, added to the stock of the science of which it treats. A literary work is differently situated. It may be passed over or not at the pleasure of the critic, who has no science to protect or to

enrich; but even if subjected to their ordeal, it is rarely examined on its own merits, and almost never with reference to the philosophy of taste. The critic deals in small details; catalogues as deadly sins, if he has hostile views, those blunders that in reality modify but little the general effect; and in the case of poetry, more especially, never fails to measure rigidly the syllables, and try with his quill plectrum whether they are in tune.

The low state of criticism has of course an important reaction upon general literature. An author, conscious that his work will be tried by no lofty standard of art, never aspires, but in a few exceptional instances, beyond popularity; and if he did so, his bibliopolical patron, dreading, even while affecting to despise, the reviewing hydra, would not consent to publish anything beyond its common calibre. Genius is thus repressed by those whose task it should be to encourage and foster it; and the meanness of the public taste is blamed for what in reality is the fault of the public monitors. Every age, we know, produces its few great men, who rise triumphant over circumstances; but we never shall have an improved standard of national taste till a reformation is effected in criticism.

And now to the practical points of the subject. The brief laudatory notices we have adverted to are a mere mistake. The editors desire to express their thanks to the obliging publishers, and the best way to do this is simply to mention to their readers the contents of the volume or pamphlet received, instead of racking their brains for new terms of praise that nobody cares anything about. All that is wanted is a gratuitous advertisement in return for a gratuitous copy. The 'reviews' that fill up their sheet with interesting or amusing extracts have little in them objectionable but the title and the pretence. All they have to do, in order to be of real practical use, is to drop the critical name, and to aspire to give nothing more than pains-taking and impartial analyses, interspersed with such quotations as they know will be agreeable to their readers. As for the great essay-reviewers, all we will venture to suggest to such Tritons is, that they of all others are called upon to devote their unquestionable power towards the introduction into the national literature of the department of literary criticism. This they can do with very little sacrifice in other matters; but if they despise the hint, as coming from a minnow, we will proceed to prophesy, from unmistakable signs in the literary horizon, that the task will be undertaken by an entirely new order of teachers.

As for ourselves, having dared to preach, we will not shrink from practising, but on some other occasion endeavour to show the bearing which the want of a higher criticism has upon certain important departments of literature, and offer—though with more misgiving—some hints for the consideration of those who may be competent to supply the desideratum. L. R.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

'THE WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS.'

IN the month of February of the year following that which witnessed the successful establishment of the claim of Sir Harry Compton's infant son to his magnificent patrimony, Mr Samuel Ferret was travelling post with all the speed he could command towards Lancashire, in compliance with a summons from Lady Compton, requesting, in urgent terms, his immediate presence at the castle. It was wild and bitter weather, and the roads were in many places rendered dangerous, and almost impassable, by the drifting snow. Mr Ferret, however, pressed onwards with his habitual energy and perseverance; and, spite of all elemental and postboy opposition, succeeded in accomplishing his journey in much less time than, under the circumstances, could have been reasonably expected. But swiftly as, for those slow times, he pushed on, it is necessary I should anticipate, by a brief period, his arrival at his destina-

tion, in order to put the reader in possession of the circumstances which had occasioned the hurried and pressing message he had received.

Two days before, as Lady Compton and her sister, who had been paying a visit to Mrs Allington at the Grange, were returning home towards nine o'clock in the evening, they observed, as the carriage turned a sharp angle of the road leading through Compton Park, a considerable number of lighted lanterns borne hurriedly to and fro in various directions, by persons apparently in eager but bewildered pursuit of some missing object. The carriage was stopped, and in answer to the servants' inquiries, it was replied that Major Brandon's crazy niece had escaped from her uncle's house; and although traced by the snow-tracks as far as the entrance to the park, had not yet been recovered. Mrs Brandon had offered a reward of ten pounds to whoever should secure and reconduct her home; hence the hot pursuit of the fugitive, who, it was now supposed, must be concealed in the shrubberies. Rumours regarding this unfortunate young lady, by no means favourable to the character of her relatives as persons of humanity, had previously reached Lady Compton's ears; and she determined to avail herself, if possible, of the present opportunity to obtain a personal interview with the real or supposed lunatic. The men who had been questioned were informed that only the castle servants could be allowed to search for the missing person, either in the park or shrubberies; and that if there, she would be taken care of, and restored to her friends in the morning. The coachman was then ordered to drive on; but the wheels had not made half-a-dozen revolutions, when a loud shout at some distance, in the direction of the park, followed by a succession of piercing screams, announced the discovery and capture of the object of the chase. The horses were urged rapidly forward; and ere more than a minute had elapsed, the carriage drew up within a few yards of the hunted girl and her captors. The instant it stopped, Clara Brandon, liberating herself by a frenzied effort from the rude grasp in which she was held by an athletic young man, sprang wildly towards it, and with passionate intreaty implored mercy and protection. The young man, a son of Mrs Brandon's by a former husband, immediately re-seized her; and with fierce violence endeavoured to wrench her hand from the handle of the carriage-door, which she clutched with desperate tenacity. The door flew open, the sudden jerk disengaged her hold, and she struggled vainly in her captor's powerful grasp. 'Save me! save me!' she frantically exclaimed, as she felt herself borne off. 'You who are, they say, as kind and good as you are beautiful and happy, save me from this cruel man!'

Lady Compton, inexpressibly shocked by the piteous spectacle presented by the unhappy girl—her scanty clothing soiled, disarrayed, and torn by the violence of her struggles; her long flaxen tresses flowing disorderly over her face and neck in tangled dishevelment; and the pale, haggard, wild expression of her countenance—was for a few moments incapable of speech. Her sister was more collected: 'Violet,' she instantly remonstrated, 'do not permit this brutal violence.'

'What right has she or any one to interfere with us?' demanded the young man savagely. 'This girl is Major Brandon's ward, as well as niece, and shall return to her lawful home! Stand back,' continued he, addressing the servants, who at a gesture from Miss Dalton, barred his progress. 'Withstand me at your peril!'

'Force her from him!' exclaimed Lady Compton, recovering her voice. 'Gently! gently! I will be answerable for her safe custody till the morning.'

The athletic fellow struggled desperately; but however powerful and determined, he was only one man against a score, nearly all the bystanders being tenants or labourers on the Compton estates; and spite of his furious efforts, and menaces of law and vengeance, Clara was torn from him in a twinkling, and himself hurried

with some violence prostrate on the road. 'Do not let them hurt the man,' said Lady Compton, as the servants placed the insensible girl in the carriage (she had fainted); 'and tell him that if he has really any legal claim to the custody of this unfortunate person, he must prefer it in the morning.'

Immediately on arrival at the castle, the escaped prisoner was conveyed to bed, and medical aid instantly summoned. When restored to consciousness, whether from the effect of an access of fever producing temporary delirium, or from confirmed mental disease, her speech was altogether wild and incoherent—the only at all consistent portions of her ravings being piteously-iterated appeals to Lady Compton not to surrender her to her aunt-in-law, Mrs Brandon, of whom she seemed to entertain an overpowering, indefinable dread. It was evident she had been subjected to extremely brutal treatment—such as, in these days of improved legislation in such matters, and greatly advanced knowledge of the origin and remedy of cerebral infirmity, would not be permitted towards the meanest human being, much less a tenderly-nurtured, delicate female. At length, under the influence of a composing draught, she sank gradually to sleep; and Lady Compton having determined to rescue her, if possible, from the suspicious custody of her relatives, and naturally apprehensive of the legal difficulties which she could not doubt would impede the execution of her generous, if somewhat Quixotic project, resolved on at once sending off an express for Mr Ferret, on whose acumen and zeal she knew she could place the fullest reliance.

Clara Brandon's simple history may be briefly summed up. She was the only child of a Mr Frederick Brandon, who, a widower in the second year of his marriage, had since principally resided at the 'Elms,' a handsome mansion and grounds which he had leased of the uncle of the late Sir Harry Compton. At his decease, which occurred about two years previous to poor Clara's escape from confinement, as just narrated, he bequeathed his entire fortune, between two and three thousand pounds per annum, chiefly secured on land, to his daughter; appointed his elder brother, Major Brandon, sole executor of his will, and guardian of his child; and in the event of her dying before she had attained her majority—of which she wanted, at her father's death, upwards of three years—or without lawful issue, the property was to go to the major, to be by him willed at his pleasure. Major Brandon, whose physical and mental energies had been prematurely broken down—he was only in his fifty-second year—either by excess or hard service in the East, perhaps both, had married late in life the widow of a brother officer, and the mother of a grown-up son. The lady, a woman of inflexible will, considerable remains of a somewhat masculine beauty, and about ten years her husband's junior, held him in a state of thorough pupillage; and, unchecked by him, devoted all her energies to bring about, by fair or foul means, a union between Clara and her own son, a cub of some two or three-and-twenty years of age, whose sole object in seconding his mother's views upon Clara was the acquisition of her wealth. According to popular surmise and report, the young lady's mental infirmity had been brought about by the persecutions she had endured at the hands of Mrs Brandon, with a view to force her into a marriage she detested. The most reliable authority for the truth of these rumours was Susan Hopley, now in the service of Lady Compton, but who had lived for many years with Mr Frederick Brandon and his daughter. She had been discharged about six months after her master's decease by Mrs Major Brandon for alleged impertinence; and so thoroughly convinced was Susan that the soon-afterwards alleged lunacy of Clara was but a juggling pretence to excuse the restraint under which her aunt-in-law, for the furtherance of her own vile purposes, had determined to keep her, that although out of place at the time, she devoted all the savings of her life, between eighty and ninety pounds, to procure 'justice' for the

ill-used orphan. This article, Susan was advised, could be best obtained of the lord chancellor; and proceedings were accordingly taken before the keeper of the king's conscience, in order to change the custody of the pretended lunatic. The affidavits filed in support of the petition were, however, so loose and vague, and were met with such positive counter-allegations, that the application was at once dismissed with costs; and poor Susan—rash suitor for 'justice'—reduced to absolute penury. These circumstances becoming known to Lady Compton, Susan was taken into her service; and it was principally owing to her frequently-iterated version of the affair that Clara had been forcibly rescued from Mrs Brandon's son.

On the following morning the patient was much calmer, though her mind still wandered somewhat. Fortified by the authority of the physician, who certified that to remove her, or even to expose her to agitation, would be dangerous, if not fatal, Lady Compton not only refused to deliver her up to Major and Mrs Brandon, but to allow them to see her. Mrs Brandon, in a towering rage, posted off to the nearest magistrate, to demand the assistance of peace-officers in obtaining possession of the person of the fugitive. That functionary would, however, only so far comply with the indignant lady's solicitations, as to send his clerk to the castle to ascertain the reason of the young lady's detention; and when his messenger returned with a note, enclosing a copy of the physician's certificate, he peremptorily decided that the conduct of Lady Compton was not only perfectly justifiable, but praiseworthy, and that the matter must remain over till the patient was in a condition to be moved. Things were precisely in this state, except that Clara Brandon had become perfectly rational; and but for an irrepressible nervous dread of again falling into the power of her unscrupulous relative, quite calm, when Mr Samuel Ferret made his wished-for appearance on the scene of action.

Long and anxious was the conference which Mr Ferret held with his munificent client and her interesting protégée, if conference that may be called in which the astute attorney enacted the part of listener only, scarcely once opening his thin, cautious lips. In vain did his eager brain silently ransack the whole armoury of the law; no weapon could he discern which afforded the slightest hope of fighting a successful battle with a legally-appointed guardian for the custody of his ward. And yet Mr Ferret felt, as he looked upon the flashing eye and glowing countenance of Lady Compton, as she recounted a few of the grievous outrages inflicted upon the fair and helpless girl reclining beside her—whose varying cheek and meek suffused eyes bore eloquent testimony to the truth of the relation—that he would willingly exert a vigour even *beyond* the law to meet his client's wishes, could he but see his way to a safe result. At length a ray of light, judging from his suddenly-gleaming eyes, seemed to have broken upon the troubled chambers of his brain, and he rose somewhat hastily from his chair.

'By the by, I will just step and speak to this Susan Hopley, if your ladyship can inform me in what part of the lower regions I am likely to meet with her?'

'Let me ring for her.'

'No; if you please not. What I have to ask her is of very little importance; still, to summon her here might give rise to surmises, reports, and so on, which it may be as well to avoid. I had much rather see her accidentally, as it were.'

'As you please. You will find her somewhere about the housekeeper's apartments. You know her by sight, I think?'

'Perfectly; and with your leave I'll take the opportunity of directing the horses to be put to. I must be in London by noon to-morrow if possible;' and away Mr Ferret bustled.

Susan, said Mr Ferret a few minutes afterwards, 'step this way; I want to have a word with you. Now, tell me are you good enough to expect you will ever

see the money again you so foolishly threw into the bottomless pit of chancery?'

'Of course I shall, Mr Ferret, as soon as ever Miss Clara comes to her own. She mentioned it only this morning, and said she was sorry she could not repay me at once.'

'You are a sensible girl, Susan, though you *did* go to law with the lord chancellor! I want you to be off with me to London; and then perhaps we may get your money sooner than you expect.'

'Oh, bother the money! Is that *all* you want me to go to Lunnon for?'

Mr Ferret replied with a wink of such exceeding intelligence, that Susan at once declared she should be ready to start in ten minutes at the latest.

'That's a good creature; and, Susan, as there's not the slightest occasion to let all the world know who's going to run off with you, it may be as well for you to take your bundle and step on a mile or so on the road, say to the turn, just beyond the first turnpike.' Susan nodded with brisk good-humour, and disappeared in a twinkling.

An hour afterwards, Mr Ferret was on his way back to London, having first impressed upon Lady Compton the necessity of immediately relieving herself of the grave responsibility she had incurred towards Major Brandon for the safe custody of his ward, by sending her home immediately. He promised to return on the third day from his departure; but on the nature of the measures he intended to adopt, or the hopes he entertained of success, he was inflexibly silent; and he moreover especially requested that no one, not even Miss Brandon, should know of Susan Hopley's journey to the metropolis.

Mr Ferret, immediately on his arrival in town, called at my chambers, and related with his usual minuteness and precision as many of the foregoing particulars as he knew and thought proper to communicate to me. For the rest I am indebted to subsequent conversations with the different parties concerned.

'Well,' said I, as soon as he had concluded, 'what course do you propose to adopt?'

'I wish you to apply, on this affidavit, for a writ of *habeas ad sub.*, to bring up the body of Clara Brandon. Judge Bailey will be at chambers at three o'clock: it is now more than half-past two, and I can be off on my return by four at latest.'

'A writ of *habeas*!' I exclaimed with astonishment. 'Why, what end can that answer? The lady will be remanded, and you and I shall be laughed at for our pains.'

This writ of *habeas corpus* '*ad subjiciendum*,' I had better explain to the non-professional reader, is the great *prerogative* writ, the operation of which is sometimes suspended by the legislature during political panics. It is grounded on the principle that the sovereign has at all times a right to inquire, through the judges of the superior courts, by what authority his or her subject is held in constraint. It issues, as a matter of right, upon the filing of an affidavit, averring that to the best of the belief of the deponent the individual sought to be brought up is illegally confined; and it is of the essence of the proceeding, that the person alleged to be suffering unlawful constraint should actually be brought before the 'queen herself,' that is, before one or more of the judges of the court which has issued the writ, who, if they find the *detention illegal*, the only question at issue upon this writ may discharge or bail the party. It was quite obvious, therefore, that in this case such a proceeding would be altogether futile, as the detention in the house of her guardian, under the sanction, too, of the lord chancellor, the *ex-officio* custodian of all lunatics—of a ward of alleged disordered intellect—was clearly legal, at least *prima facie* so, and not to be disturbed under a *habeas ad sub.* at all events.

'Perhaps so,' replied Ferret quite coolly in reply to my exclamation; 'but I am determined to try every means of releasing the unfortunate young lady from the

oruel thralldom in which she is held by that harridan of an aunt-in-law. She is no more really insane than you are; but at the same time so excitable upon certain topics, that it might be perhaps difficult to disabuse the chancellor or a jury of the impression so industriously propagated to her prejudice. The peremptory rejection by her guardian of young Burford's addresses, though sanctioned by her father: you know the Burfords?

'Of Grosvenor Street you mean—the East India director?'

'Yes, his son; and that reminds me that the declaration in that everlasting exchequer case must be fled to-morrow. Confound it, how this flying about the country puts one out! I thought some one had kidnapped her son, or fired Compton Castle at least. By the way, I am much deceived if there isn't a wedding there before long.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, Miss Dalston with Sir Jasper's eldest hope.'

'You don't mean it?'

'They do at all events, and that is much more to the purpose. A fine young fellow enough, and sufficiently rich too.'

'All which rambling talk and anecdote,' cried I, interrupting him, 'means, if I have any skill in reading Mr Ferret, that that gentleman, having some ulterior purpose in view, which I cannot for the moment divine, is determined to have this writ, and does not wish to be pestered with any argument on the subject. Be it so: it is your affair, not mine. And now, as it is just upon three o'clock, let me see your affidavit.'

I ran it over. 'Rather loose this, Mr Ferret, but I suppose it will do.'

'Well, it is rather loose, but I could not with safety sail much closer to the wind. By the by, I think you had better first apply for a rule to stay proceedings against the bail in that case of Turner; and after that is decided, just ask for this writ, off-hand as it were, and as a matter of course. His lordship may not then scrutinise the affidavit quite so closely as if he thought counsel had been brought to chambers purposely to apply for it.'

'Cautious, Mr Ferret! Well, come along, and I'll see what I can do.'

The writ was obtained without difficulty; few questions were asked; and at my request the judge made it returnable immediately. By four o'clock, Mr Ferret, who could fortunately sleep as well in a postchaise as in a feather-bed, was, as he had promised himself, on his road to Lancashire once more, where he had the pleasure of serving Major Brandon personally; at the same time tendering in due form the one shilling per mile fixed by the statute as preliminary travelling charges. The vituperative eloquence showered upon Mr Ferret by the major's lady was, I afterwards heard, extremely copious and varied, and was borne by him, as I could easily believe, with the most philosophic composure.

In due time the parties appeared before Mr Justice Bailey. Miss Brandon was accompanied by her uncle, his wife, and a solicitor; and spite of everything I could urge, the judge, as I had foreseen, refused to interfere in the matter. The poor girl was dreadfully agitated, but kept, nevertheless, her eyes upon Mr Ferret, as the source from which, spite of what was passing around her, effectual succour was sure to come. As for that gentleman himself, he appeared composedly indifferent to the proceedings; and indeed, I thought, seemed rather relieved than otherwise when they terminated. I could not comprehend him. Mrs Brandon, the instant the case was decided, clutched Clara's arm within hers, and, followed by her husband and the solicitor, sailed out of the apartment with an air of triumphant disdain and pride. Miss Brandon looked round for Ferret, but not perceiving him—he had left hastily an instant or two before—her face became deadly pale, and the most piteous expression of hopeless despair I had ever beheld, broke from her troubled but singularly expressive eyes. I mechanically followed, with a half-formed purpose of

remonstrating with Major Brandon in behalf of the unfortunate girl, and was by that means soon in possession of the key to Mr Ferret's apparently inexplicable conduct.

The Brandon party walked very fast, and I had scarcely got up with them as they were turning out of Chancery Lane into Fleet Street, when two men, whose vocation no accustomed eye could for an instant mistake, arrested their further progress. 'This lady,' said one of the men, slightly touching Miss Brandon on the shoulder, 'is, I believe, Clara Brandon?'

'Yes she is; and what of that, fellow?' demanded the major's lady with indignant emphasis.

'Not much, ma'am,' replied the sheriff's officer, 'when you are used to it. It is my unpleasant duty to arrest her for the sum of eighty-seven pounds, indorsed on this writ, issued at the suit of one Susan Hopley.'

'Arrest her!' exclaimed Mrs Brandon; 'why, she is a minor!'

'Minor or major, ma'am, makes very little difference to us. She can plead that hereafter, you know. In the meantime, miss, please to step into this coach,' replied the officer, holding the door open.

'But she's a person of unsound mind,' screamed the lady, as Clara, nothing loath, sprang into the vehicle.

'So are most people that do business with our establishment,' responded the imperturbable official, as he shut and fastened the door. 'Here is my card, sir,' he added, addressing the attorney, who now came up. 'You see where to find the lady, if her friends wish to give bail to the sheriff, or, what is always more satisfactory, pay the debt and costs.' He then jumped on the box, his follower got up behind, and away drove the coach, leaving the discomfited major and his fiery better-half in a state of the blankest bewilderment!

'Why, what is the meaning of this?' at length gasped Mrs Brandon, fiercely addressing the attorney, as if he were a *particeps criminis* in the affair.

'The meaning, my dear madame, is, that Miss Clara Brandon is arrested for debt, and carried off to a spunging-house; and that unless you pay the money, or file bail, she will to-morrow be lodged in jail,' replied the unmoved man of law.

'Bail! money! How are we to do either in London, away from home?' demanded the major with, for him, much emotion.

I did not wait to hear more, but, almost suffocated with laughter at the success of Ferret's audacious ruse, hastened over to the Temple. I was just leaving chambers for the night—about ten o'clock I think it must have been—when Ferret, in exuberant spirits, burst into the room.

'Well, sir, what do you think now of a writ *ad sub.*?'

'Why, I think, Mr Ferret,' replied I, looking as serious as I could, 'that yours is very sharp practice; that the purpose you have put it to is an abuse of the writ; that the arrest is consequently illegal; and that a judge would, upon motion, quash it with costs.'

'To be sure he would: who doubts that? Let him, and welcome! In the meantime, Clara Brandon is safe beyond the reach of all the judges or chancellors that ever wore horse-hair, and that everlasting simpleton of a major and his harridan wife roaming the metropolis like distracted creatures; and that I take to be the real essence of the thing, whatever the big-wigs may decide about the shells!'

'I suppose the plaintiff soon discharged her debtor out of custody?'

'Without loss of time, you may be sure. Miss Brandon, I may tell you, is with the Rev. Mr Derwent at Brompton. You know him: the newly-married curate of St Margaret's that was examined in that will case. Well him: he is an intelligent, high-principled man; and I have no doubt that, under his and Mrs Derwent's care, all trace of Miss Brandon's mental infirmity will disappear long before she attains her majority next June twelvemonth; whilst the liberal

per month which Lady Compton will advance, will be of great service to him.'

'That appears all very good. But are you sure you can effectually conceal the place of her retreat?'

'I have no fear: the twigs that will entangle her precious guardians in the labyrinths of a false clue are already set and limed. Before to-morrow night they will have discovered, by means of their own wonderfully-penetrative sagacity, that Clara has been spirited over to France; and before three months are past, the same surprising intelligence will rejoice in the discovery that she expired in a *maison de santé*—fine comfortable repose, in which fool's paradise I hope to have the honour of awakening them about next June twelvemonth, and not as at present advised before!'

Everything fortunately turned out as Mr Ferret anticipated; and when a few months had glided by, Clara Brandon was a memory only, save of course to the few intrusted with the secret.

The whirligig of time continued as ever to speed on its course, and bring round in due season its destined revenges. The health, mental and bodily, of Miss Brandon rapidly improved under the kind and judicious treatment of Mr and Mrs Derwent; and long before the attainment of her majority, were pronounced by competent authority to be thoroughly re-established. The day following that which completed her twenty-first year, Mr Ferret, armed with the necessary authority, had the pleasure of announcing to the relict of Major Brandon (he had been dead some months), and to her brutal son, that they must forthwith depart from the home in which they, to the very moment of his announcement, thought themselves secure; and surrender every shilling of the property they had so long dreamt was their own. They were prostrated by the intelligence, and proved as mean and servile in the hour of adversity, as they had been insolent and cruel in the day of fancied success and prosperity. The pension of three hundred pounds a year for both their lives, proffered by Miss Brandon, was eagerly accepted; and they returned to the obscurity from which they had by accident emerged.

About six months afterwards, I had the pleasure of drawing up the marriage settlements between Clara Brandon and Herbert Burford; and a twelvemonth after, that of standing sponsor to one of the lustiest brats ever sprinkled at a font: none of which delightful results, if we are to believe Mr Ferret, would have ever been arrived at had not he, at a very critical moment, refused to take counsel's opinion upon the virtues, capabilities, and powers contained in the great writ of *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum*.

GOLD MINES OF SCOTLAND.

THE logic of children is sometimes puzzled with the question, whether a pound of feathers or a pound of lead is the heavier! 'A pound of lead,' says at once the thoughtless urchin, who is not destined to be a Locke or a Descartes. Fallacies of this description perpetually pervade the full-grown children of mankind, and in nothing have they been better exhibited than in the search for gold. The pound worth of gold has been considered so much more valuable than the pound worth of anything else, that people have contentedly given two, three, and four pounds for it. King James VI. expended about £3000 sterling—a large sum in his day—in searching for gold on Carnwath Moor; but he never obtained more than about three ounces—not quite £12 worth. This was so extravagantly ill-paying a concern, even though its returns were in gold, that the monarch declined to push it farther. Perhaps if he had got £1000 worth of gold for his £3000 worth of labour, the mining operations would have been set down as highly prosperous, and of great advantage to the community.

It was at the conclusion of this disagreeable experiment that the king was strongly urged by a sanguine telulator, named Stephen Atkinson, to renew the na-

tional hunt for the precious metal, and thus 'to make his majesty the richest monarch in Europe—yes, in all the world.' Mr Atkinson, like many other speculators, discovered the main weakness of the person to whom he addressed his project, and assailed him in that direction with great courage and skill. James had been often compared to King Solomon, and he was accustomed to hear the comparison developed in various forms. Atkinson made a bold addition to the compliment, by showing that he possessed the united virtues of David and of his wise son, 'in respect of the wonderful resemblance which many of his majesty's gracious deeds have with the doings of the prophet David and Solomon the wisest.' Accordingly there is a series of parallels between the acts of these two kings towards Israel, and the acts of the modern Solomon towards his Scottish subjects, which concludes with the remark: 'Who doth not see that the king's majesty, the prince, and his subjects, do reap as great benefits from Almighty God, as did the Israelites by the means of King Solomon, or may do in riches, by Scotland!'

From a perusal of Mr Atkinson's book, one might not unaptly adopt the conclusion that gold was a staple produce of Scotland—that it had been extracted in great abundance—and that, from time to time, it afforded employment to a considerable mining population. He speaks of Crawford Moor and Friar Moor in Lanarkshire, and Wanlock Moor in Dumfriesshire, together with a small vale called Glengaber in Peebleshire, as the chief auriferous districts. They form, it may be remarked, properly one district, being all of them portions of a mountainous region in the centre of the south of Scotland, where rocks of the transition series prevail. To this day, we believe, the shepherds occasionally find grains of gold in the channels of the streams which water this district. A few centuries ago, the imaginations of the people were set on fire by the comparatively promising quantities which were discovered. Atkinson says, of the places which he enumerates, that he had tried them all, and in all gold was to be found. 'You shall always,' he says, 'find skilful seekers and discoverers thereof dwelling near unto these foresaid places for to use the trough or skewer, but not very perfect in the bridle, nor any at all in the art of extracting. Some of these laborious Scotsmen know the natural gold perfectly, and too well—I mean that gold gotten in valleys, not upon cold places—namely, on high mountains and mosses. . . . The vulgar sort of Scotsmen usually sought for it on these moors after a great rain, and after the speats [floods] of rain had run his course: and this rain, or force of water, brought down no other gold than gold which had been removed by the force of waves' flood, and that gold was and is called superficial gold to this day.' He then proceeds to describe the operation of the deluge on the crust of the globe; and in continuation, says—'And then, even at that time, natural gold and silver (which now is found to be in combs and valleys) was forced and torn from his dwelling-place—namely, God's treasure-house in the earth, &c.; and thither even our Scots' gold, which is now found in stems or in grains and pieces, did descend or was washed down. In which valleys, combs, skirts of hills, or cloughs, even until this present day, it hath laid still or not been removed, except after a great spout of rain, the force whereof doth break and wear the superficies of the earth, but not the solid earth; after which the Scots men, and women, and children run to seek for it, and do find it still, even to this day.'

We are not responsible for the distinctness or consistency of Mr Atkinson's statements. He appears to have been peculiarly liable to the hazy influence which often surrounds the dreams of speculators. In the above extracts, he evidently alludes to washings for gold in the alluvial matter in the bottoms of valleys and beds of rivers, and seems to entertain the idea that these was some grand storehouse of the metal to be discovered by diligent research in the recesses of the earth. He could

* The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mines in Scotland. By Stephen Atkinson. Written in the year 1612. Printed for the Bannatyne Club, 1825.

sometimes become eloquent and luxurious in his descriptions, as speculators are often wont to be. He describes the proceedings of his predecessors in gold-finding after this eloquent fashion:—One 'Cornelius, a lapidary,' of German origin, had approached our gold mines with a recommendation from Queen Elizabeth to the king. 'And then Cornelius went to view the said mountains in Clydesdale and Nydesdale, upon which mountains he got a small taste of small gold. This was a whetstone to sharpen his knife upon; and this natural gold tasted so sweet as the honeycomb in his mouth. And then he consulted with his friends at Edinburgh, and by his persuasions provoked them to adventure with him, showing them at first the natural gold, which he called the temptable gold, or alluring gold. It was in stems, and some like unto birds' eyes and eggs; he compared it unto a woman's eye, which entiseth her lover into her bosom.' Cornelius was not inferior to his class in speculative extravagance. He found in his golden dreams a solution for the question regarding the poor. He saw Scotland and England 'both oppressed with poor people which beg from door to door for want of employment, and no man looketh to it.' But all these people were to find good and profitable employment if his projects were adopted. We are not accustomed to consider our countrymen inferior in energy and enterprise to the Germans. Yet Cornelius stated, that if he had been able to show in his own country such indications of mineral wealth as he had found in Scotland, 'then the whole country would confederate, and not rest till young and old that were able be set to work thereat, and to discover this treasure-house from whence this gold descended; and the people, from ten years old till ten times ten years old, should work thereat: no charges whatsoever should be spared, till mountains and mosses were turned into valleys and dales, but this treasure-house should be discovered.'

It appears that Cornelius so far prevailed on the Scots to 'confederate,' that they raised a stock of L.5000 Scots, equal to about L.416 sterling, and worked the mines under royal privileges. Atkinson, whose object it was to put these operations in their most favourable light, says that eight pounds' weight of gold was extracted by the company, the value being L.450 sterling. 'Cornelius,' he says, 'had six score men at work in valleys and dales. He employed both lads and lasses, idle men and women, which before went a-begging. He profited by their work, and they lived well and contented.'

Atkinson tells a story which will be found applied, in Scott's 'Tales of a Grandfather,' to different persons and an earlier period. He says that in the days of the Regent Morton, a Dutchman, with the very British name of Abraham Grey, worked the Scots mines, and made out of their gold 'a varie faire deep bason,' which 'contained, by estimation, within the brims thereof, an English gallon of liquor.' He continues: 'The same bason was of clean, neat, natural gold. Itself was then filled up to the brim with coined pieces of gold, called *unicorns*; which bason and pieces both were presented unto the French king by the said regent, the Earl of Morton, who signified upon his honour unto the king, saying, "My lord, behold this bason and all that therein is: it is natural gold, gotten within this kingdom of Scotland, by a Dutchman named Abraham Grey;" and Abraham Grey was standing by, and affirmed it upon a solemn oath. But he said unto the said king that he thought it did engender and increase within the earth, and that he observed it soe to do by the influence of the heavens.' It is not easy to conceive how such a meeting could have occurred between the king of France and the Regent Morton. Sir Walter Scott makes King James to present the vessel filled with gold bonnet-pieces to the French and Spanish ambassadors. Mr Atkinson revels in many other luxurious descriptions of the Scottish gold-seekers; and among others, the efforts of his contemporary, Sir Bevis Bulmer, Queen Elizabeth's Master of the Mint. We need not overwhelm our readers with more specimens of his magniloquence, but content ourselves with the general moral to be derived from his book—that those who speak about the finding of gold, seem always so dazzled with the

brilliance of their subject, that sober truth is not to be expected from them, and they exaggerate trifles with the wild excitement of a mob propagating a rumour. The chief district in which these adventurers hunted for the precious metal was Wanlock Head. It is now celebrated for its lead mines, whence fortunes have been derived; but it would appear to have been ransacked by the impoverished gold-seekers for a full century before any one condescended to enrich himself by attending to the humbler metal. The clergyman of the parish says, in the 'New Statistical Account'—'A mine has been cut a considerable way into one of the mountains close to the Wanlock Stream, which is supposed to have been cut in search of gold. For such as wish to procure a little in a state of purity, or for the purpose of being formed into a ring, &c. it is still collected by the miners, though not in any great quantity. It is generally found at the bottom of the glens, of a granular form, disseminated among rocks, and mixed with sand and gravel. During the last four years two specimens have been found which weighed respectively ninety and sixty grains.' The two together would be worth about a pound.

SPORT IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

Most persons who have read anything about Egypt, know that in the neighbourhood of Cairo there exists what is called the Petrified Forest. Geological travellers generally visit the spot in a devout spirit of scientific research. They set out with the full determination of filling a certain number of pages of their note-books with acute observations and ingenious theories: they go forth in a rigid spirit of inquiry: above all things, they are on their guard against being humbugged. From the moment they bestride their donkeys' backs, their countenances assume all the severity of philosophical investigation; and it is certainly not their fault if the world is no wiser after all their exertions.

As a resident in Egypt, I used often to make a trip to the Petrified Forest, merely for the sake of enjoying the fine bracing air of the hills. On one occasion I remember going out with a small party to look for gazelles; and I will take the opportunity of describing what is to be seen in an account of our day's proceedings. My companions were two Germans and two Englishmen—one established in Cairo, the other on a visit from Alexandria. The expedition was decided on the previous evening; and our Teutonic friends undertook to provide the necessary refreshments. There was great talk of the excellent sport to be anticipated, and some difference of opinion arose as to the disposal of the various gazelles we were to bring home in proof of our prowess. At length, however, a fair division was made among the ladies and gentlemen of our acquaintance; and we separated, all promising to be at the rendezvous next morning precisely at half-past six.

It will be but courteous if I introduce my friends more particularly to the reader. In the first place, there was Mr M—, the representative of one of the commercial houses of Alexandria, and having some claim to the dignified appellation of a 'Gonsol.' In Europe, the importance of this position will scarcely be appreciated, and it would be difficult to convey an idea of it without going into too lengthy details. Suffice it to say, that a flag on the roof, and a coat of arms over the door of a house, convert it into an inviolable sanctuary. The consul, who generally exerts completely arbitrary power over the subjects of the country he represents, is always an influential person with the government; and if he sometimes fails to be successful in procuring *redress* for an injury done to any one to whom he desires to afford protection, he always obtains the infliction of *punishment* for an offence. No wonder, then, that he is looked upon with a kind of awe, and that the Arabs have formed ridiculously exaggerated ideas of his importance. My friend M— would, therefore, have been a valuable companion had there been the slightest reason to apprehend insult. As there was not, we coveted his society for his own personal merits, which were great—for he was a jovial, good-hearted fellow; and

though he had never been in England, spoke our language capitally.

The same thing may be said of my other German friend Herr Fist—I mean with reference to his knowledge of English—for though he was one of the best-hearted young men I have ever met, he was very far from jovial. I can still see his calm, melancholy face, and lofty intelligent forehead, as if he were before me at this moment. I always took pleasure in his company, although I had generally to furnish the greater part of the conversation. This, you will suggest, may have been no hardship; but I can assure you that among talkative people I am regarded as very taciturn.

Perhaps, however, these details do not interest you. Let me, then, hasten to introduce my two English friends, who rejoiced in the names of Messrs Fox and Cog. The first was rather scientifically inclined, and evidently had some sly notions of scientific research in reserve; but knowing the temper of his consorts, he kept these heterodox tendencies as much as possible to himself. He did not do, as another friend of mine once did—namely, bring out a spare donkey for the purpose of carrying back specimens of the Petrified Forest, but he quietly chose an enormous brute, that looked as if it could have carried half a museum in addition to its geological rider. Mr Fox was a native of Liverpool; and though I may be thought to speak rather irreverently of his studious tendencies, I must freely confess to having drunk more tea and eaten more preserves at his hospitable table than at any other house in Egypt. His literary tastes and extensive knowledge made him an excellent travelling companion; but we were compelled on this occasion to remind him more than once that we were not travelling, but merely looking out for gazelles and an appetite.

Mr Cog was the superintendent of one of the cotton-factories of Boulac; and having a rank in the pasha's service, turned out in full Stambouli costume. He was one of those long-headed Englishmen who contribute by their straightforward manners and energetic character to make our country respected in the East, where we certainly are looked upon as a very superior class of beings to all other Franks.

It was past seven—in spite of our industrious intentions—before we were all ready to start; but when once in the saddle, we rattled away through the Sookhs at a fine rate, followed by a troop of donkey-boys and servants carrying our guns and ammunition. Two large saddle-bags contained our supply of creature comforts; for we had resolved to lunch out at the coal-pit, and return home to a late dinner.

I shall say nothing at present of the streets of Cairo, although the portion we traversed is rarely visited by professed tourists, not being set down in the guide-books. We wound our way along a variety of little lanes, flanked often by half-ruined houses, with a tall minaret leaning over here and there in a most terribly insecure way. Half the shops were closed, not because it was too early—the natives always get up with the sun—but because prosperity had departed. The palmy days of Cairo have long ago passed away; and in most of the quarters a great proportion of the houses are uninhabited. Many of the streets, however, presented a lively aspect; and some of the market-places were so crowded by vociferous customers, that we could scarcely get along. In these unaristocratic regions we don't remark the gorgeous variety of costume which one is accustomed to think of in connection with Eastern life: dingy turbans, threadbare tarbooshes, blue shirts, ragged shawls, and naked feet, may be enumerated as the principal characteristics that present themselves: a shabby-genteel Copt, with black turban, sombre dress, and inkstand stuck like a pistol into his girdle, alone perhaps aspires to the dignity of shoes and stockings.

Escaping from the close streets of the city, we gallop with delight through the sombre archway of the Bab-en-Nasr into the City of the Tombs. Here the air is pure, and the sun is bright; everything conspires to fill the mind with joy; and I defy the most obstinate moralist—after emerging from the clammy, cold atmosphere of the

low quarters of Cairo—to conjure up a single gloomy idea, in spite of the hundreds of fresh white tombstones that meet the eye on every side, and the crumbling monuments of ancient kings, near which the path, as we proceed, leads us.

It was a happy holiday, and we were all fully resolved to enjoy it. M—'s servant led a fine white horse, which the master occasionally mounted to take a gallop up the slopes of the hills. The rest of us stuck to our donkeys, and enlivened the ride by a variety of anecdotes, which succeeded one another with marvellous rapidity. We soon reached the rocky pass that leads round the base of what is called the Gebel-el-Ahmar, or Red Mountain—an immense detached hill of volcanic origin—into the valley of the Mokattam range. A few minutes took us out of sight of the city of Cairo, and the vast Egyptian plain, that had been developing as we ascended; and we found ourselves in the midst of a series of barren hills—ay, as barren as though they were a thousand miles from the beneficent Nile. To our right was a long line of precipices, broken here and there by a rugged defile, one of which leads to a little spring that pours forth its limpid waters at the foot of a solitary tree; to our left a series of sloping hillocks, piled, as it were, one above the other, soon closed in the view; behind us were the purple peaks of the Red Mountain; and in front, as is usual in the Desert, the long flat valley we had entered seemed, by an optical illusion, to conclude with a vast amphitheatrical sweep.

When we had joggled about half-way up this valley, we were passed by a group of English tourists, riding furiously along on horseback, and casting keen glances on every side to collect geological facts. In two or three minutes they dashed round the corner of the range of precipices, and were lost to view. I may mention that about half an hour later we caught sight of them scouring along a distant valley on their return to Cairo with, as we afterwards learned, a very interesting budget of observations. Egypt, it appears, is a country in which he who runs may read.

A rugged ravine to the right, at the end of the valley, leads to the top of the range of hills. Here the petrified wood begins. Two or three trunks of trees, half imbedded in the soil, and broken into lengths of five or six feet, present themselves at once. The whole ground, too, is covered with smaller pieces, not seemingly at all diminished in number, despite the industry of specimen collectors, who are generally content not to go farther than this spot.

As we proceeded, a splendid view of the Valley of the Nile, and successively of all the Pyramids from Gizeh to Sakkarah, was obtained through the mouth of what is called the Valley of the Wanderings, that stretches from the village of Tours to the Red Sea. This panoramic picture, enveloped in a slight mist, seemed to move slowly as we ourselves proceeded across the opening between the rugged ranges of Mokattam and Massara, and induced us to linger for a while. But we soon began descending from the elevation we had obtained, and at length came to the proposed field of active exertion.

The northern side of the Valley of the Wanderings, unlike the southern, which is nearly precipitous, sweeps upwards in vast slopes, intersected by little sandy valleys, where a few green plants and bushes, kept alive by the dews of night, occasionally attract whole troops of gazelles. On reaching there, we put foot to ground; and M—, who was a keen sportsman, went forward, slightly stooping, according to the true Bedouin fashion, to look out for the game. It is often extremely difficult in the desert, when the sun's rays beat scorchingly on the ground, and dazzle the eyes, to distinguish a herd of gazelles. It generally happens that you come close upon them, and have your attention attracted by seeing them scud along like a flash of light. So it happened in this case. M— was creeping over a stony swell, and looking far ahead, when half-a-dozen of these beautiful creatures went bounding away under his very nose. 'There—there!' 'Where—where!' 'Hennak—henneh!' shouted Franks and Arabs. Bang—bang! went the fowling-pieces; but before M— could

bring his rifle to bear, the frightened gazelles were disappearing over a distant hill. A little cloud of dust beaten up close alongside of them, showed that he was a good shot; and the sharp scolding he gave us for shouting and shooting at random, proved that, like a true sportsman, he took his failure to heart.

'Better luck next time,' said we; and on we went, cautiously examining every valley before we entered it. There were thousands of footprints, and other traces of the gazelle; but we got among the rocks and hills again without having had an opportunity to pull another trigger.

A shower of rain, discharged by a huge cloud that had crept up from the east without our perceiving it, drove some of us to shelter; the others found that a bottle of Madeira had been broken in the saddle-bags, and drank what could be saved, as an internal greatcoat. The sky soon cleared up again; and after riding through some rough ground, we got down into the great valley, and about eleven o'clock reached our destination.

This was what is called the shaft or coal-pit—one of the follies of Mohammed Ali. For the last twenty years no subject has occupied his mind more than this. He had been told of the immense advantage the possession of coal has proved to England, he had made up his mind that Egypt should be a manufacturing country, and he had resolved that coal should be found in his dominions. An immense number of adventurers have made fortunes out of the pasha by encouraging this weakness. Every year two or three reports are sent in of discoveries of coal-beds. He believes them all, orders shafts to be sunk, and never gives up until he has spent enormous sums of money to no purpose. Some years ago, a European, who had been made a bey, presented himself before his highness with two or three black stones found in the Petrified Forest, which he stated to be *nur* coal. 'Peki—peki!' exclaimed the pasha: 'I have been seeking this precious mineral in Kordofan and Sennaar, and I find it within three hours of Cairo! Sink a shaft directly! Sink a shaft! Let Burmanchan and Mangustar look out! Egypt will be the great manufacturing country after all! She produces cotton, she produces flax'—The worthy pasha was interrupted by a stubborn, ignorant old Turk, who suggested that the black stones should be put into a fire, in order to see whether they would burn. The pasha looked at the unfortunate sceptic's beard, as if he would have pulled it off; but his good sense predominating, he ordered Khosrew Bey, the chief interpreter, and several other functionaries, to go to the kitchen, and be witnesses of the experiment. The deputation accordingly went; the stones were put upon the fire; and a variety of attempts were made to induce them to ignite; but though they got red-hot, they would not burn. Solemn faces were made by the courtiers, who knew the reception they would meet with if they returned with an unfavourable report. Mohammed Ali had got it into his head that all Turks are 'tors,' 'bulls,' meaning 'asses;' and that they are jealous of all Europeans, and disposed to discredit their ideas. He was not wrong in the main; but he pushed the idea too far. After the cook had been exhausting his breath by blowing on the stones for half an hour, Khosrew Bey, who ran the risk of singeing his moustaches in his anxiety, exclaimed, 'Wallah! it burns! Wallah! it burns!' 'Do not swear, oh Khosrew,' said the cook, wiping the perspiration from his forehead: 'I am nearly dead, and shall certainly give up the ghost before this accursed stone takes fire!'

Meanwhile the European, who had not prepared himself for this experiment, had recovered from his surprise, and was explaining to the pasha that he did not mean to say that the specimens he had presented were *real coal*, but that they indicated the presence of coal beneath the surface of the earth. 'Why did you not say so before?' at length cried the pasha. 'There is poor Khosrew in the kitchen endeavouring to make the stones burn. Call him back, call him back; it is all a mistake. And you, sir, listen to me: go to Baki Bey, get all the men you require, and sink a shaft at once.'

The works were accordingly begun; and it seems they

intend to go on until coal is found—even should it prove necessary to bore through to the antipodes. Every year the shaft is carried down through all sorts of strata some hundred feet, and no one ever talks of giving it up, or expects to find coal at last.

Immense mounds of material had been thrown up near the shaft. These at first concealed the little house and the sheds in which the guardians dwell; and as they looked exactly like portions of the desert, it was some time before we struck into the right direction after getting down into the valley. At length, as I before stated, we reached our destination, and alighted. The more lazy and hungry went immediately to look for a shady place, whilst we—that is to say, myself and the scientific Fox—amused ourselves by dropping stones down the shaft, and counting the seconds that elapsed before they were heard to reach the bottom. I think twelve seconds was about the result. We were going to make still further progress in the shaft, after useful knowledge, when a cry arose, 'Herr Fist is eating all the lunch!' We accordingly rushed to the rescue; and our appetites being good, fell to in right good earnest. When the more solid viands had disappeared, along with the greater part of the wine, we began most industriously sucking oranges, and proposed to go on a geological excursion up the long slope in front of us. Though this was rather *infra dig*, it was resolved upon, and away we started.

I am almost sorry that I did not choose to describe another of my visits to the Petrified Forest, where, as I have already hinted, my friend A—— took out a spare donkey to load with specimens; and on arriving on the ground, wished aloud he had brought a camel, and no doubt in his heart regretted he could not carry away the whole forest! How we laughed as, in slowly ascending the steep, he collected at every fifty yards a monstrous pile of blocks of petrified wood, which he could scarcely lift in both hands, and from which he made up his mind with a sigh to select on his return. We had not proceeded far, before he had gathered sufficient to build a good-sized house. It is true that L—— and I were waggishly inclined, and added a round number of huge blocks that had nothing to recommend them but their size; but in addition to making these piles, A—— actually carried along with him an enormous carpet-bag, into which there was a perfect shower of curious specimens, partly approved by his own severe judgment, partly thrown in wilfully by us. His greatcoat pockets also were made receptacles for all sorts of interesting pebbles—black, white, and red—so that he had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile in that broiling sun before he was absolutely compelled to come to a stand-still, weighed down by some hundredweight of petrified wood and agates. Imagine his indignation, on examining his carpet-bag and his pouches, at finding some prodigious masses of puddingstone and common flints. Having hurled these away, and rejected also with regret some fragments containing knots and others with portions of bark, my indefatigable friend proceeded; but ere long he was again compelled to sit down exhausted, and pronounce condemnation once more on a large assortment of rubbish. On our return towards the shaft there was a long halt at every pile, and a regular debate on the value of each specimen, I and L—— endeavouring to make up for our previous practical jokes by turning ourselves into beasts of burthen. At length we reached the halting-place laden with stones, to the great astonishment of the Arabs. It was found, however, that no donkey could carry for any distance all we had collected; and in moody melancholy A—— threw away two small trunks of trees which he had fondly hoped to be able to transport *via* Alexandria to Europe!

But, as I have said, this was on another occasion. On the present, none of us was enthusiastic enough to afford much scope for merriment of that kind. M—— would rather have seen a troop of gazelles than all the petrified forests that ever existed; Cog had often been there before; Herr Fist's curiosity was moderate; Fox certainly exhibited some interest, but the collection he made was too trifling to laugh at. For my own part, during my travels

I had a foolish prejudice against bringing away relics and specimens, so that I have nothing scarcely but my reminiscences remaining.

I have no theory on the subject of the Petrified Forest. An immense number of trees have evidently been converted into stone on this spot. Hundreds of trunks, sixty or seventy feet long, may be counted from whatever point you choose. It would appear that they were converted into stone whilst upstanding, for they are all broken into lengths of about five feet, as if in falling down. The whole ground is covered with fragments, mingled with agates of every description. This district extends far into the desert, petrification occurring, I believe, throughout the whole of the Valley of the Wanderings to the shores of the Red Sea. It is not difficult to break the wood; it gives a metallic sound; many specimens retain traces of bark, which crumbles off like red ochre; numerous knots are to be found; and the rings can be distinctly counted. We picked up the petrification of a fruit exactly of the shape of an almond, and of another which bore some resemblance to a date. Many of the trees I believe to have been palms, but others were certainly not.

We got up to the top of a peak covered, or rather composed of pebbles, and obtained a good view of the series of hills and valleys of which this part of the desert consists. A distant group of gazelles almost induced M— to start off with his gun after them; but we restrained him by representing the lateness of the hour. It was time, indeed, to be on the move back; so descending quicker than we had ascended, we regained the spot where we had left our donkeys, gave a piastre or two to an old Bedouin, the guardian of the place, and returned by a different route—that is to say, down the broad valley, and round the foot of Mokattam by the Imâm. An account of the frolics in which we indulged on our ride would be beneath the dignity of history. Suffice it to say, that having taken a long shot at an old vulture halfway up the mountain, we returned to our evening meal, the harmony of which was not disturbed by disputes as to how we should dispose of the results of our day's shooting. To console themselves, the sportsmen related all the wonderful feats they had ever performed, and made up their minds to go out a boar-hunting in a very few days.

'And if I don't bring back a joint to send to Mrs —,' exclaimed M—, 'I'm a Turk!'

'Allah kerim!' ('God is merciful!') cried the company, smoking their *chebouques* and *shishes*, and puffing out volumes of smoke—which being an appropriate conclusion to this learned disquisition, I make my *salaam*.

A CHAPTER FOR LADIES.

MANUFACTURE OF THREAD.

We are told that the delicate fingers of Ariadne were busied in the manufacture of thread; and every school-boy can tell us what a service this fair lady rendered to Theseus by her industry. But the race of Ariadnes is at an end, and toiling steam-giants, with ribs of iron, and hands of brass, wood, and steel, are now concerned in this duty. For the credit of the dexterity of this lady's fingers, it is painful to have to add, that not only can the iron monsters turn out a million times more work, but can likewise supply threads finer than the most gauze-like filaments that ever left her hand. How this has been brought about, how mighty mechanisms of wonderful construction have taken the place formerly occupied by the fingers of a feeble woman, will doubtless be interesting to all to learn, especially to those who, as Cowper, with a *Popeish* affectation, says, 'ply the threaded steel,' and to whom the, to us, mysterious words, 'darning cotton,' 'wire thread,' 'Persian thread,' 'sewing cotton, Nos. 90, 100,' &c. are well-understood phrases.

At the corner of a quiet square in Manchester—if indeed any square or other place in this mechanical city deserves the title—stands one of the most famous of the thread manufactories. Externally it is a tall but unimposing rectangular structure, presenting the usual factory features, although inferior in size to the

giant piles of building which meet the eye in all quarters of the city. Here entrance must be obtained by those who would learn the number and nature of the processes concerned in the manufacture of *sewing cotton*. But in order to convey a complete account of the thread manufacture, commencing with its leaving the 'throstle' or the 'mule' engines, it is necessary to begin by entering a cotton-mill where the preliminary operations connected with the manufacture are carried on. It is to be borne in mind, therefore, that in addition to the varieties of thread in use for the needle, there are a number of different kinds required by the manufacturers; some for making stockings, some for the manufacture of lace, some for bobbin-net, &c. And for the preparation of all these, some slight variations of the mechanical processes are necessary.

When the wonderful processes which convert the 'sliver' into 'yarn'—whether effected by the beautiful and complicated mechanism of the mule, or by the simpler contrivance of the throstle-spinning engines—are at an end, the filament produced is fit indeed for the loom, but is not sufficiently strong for other purposes. In this state it is called by the term 'yarn'; 'thread,' on the contrary, is a combination of fibres which requires great tenacity and hardness, and consists of two or more yarns closely twisted together. It appears that the earlier processes of the thread manufacture were introduced into our country from Holland by an enterprising individual resident at Paisley. We read that the total annual value of thread produced in Scotland so early as the year 1784 was L.220,000. Paisley long retained its first honours, and even now shares them with its magnificent rival, Manchester.

Beautiful as is the operation of the mule and throstle engines, the yarn they form possesses several characters in addition to those of weakness and softness, which unfit it for the needle or for the manufacturer of lace, stockings, &c. In particular, the filament is not smooth, or free from knots, and is covered with down or hairy fibres. It is therefore necessary to remove such defects; and a method perfectly successful in this object, and of the most ingenious and singular character, is now extensively adopted. This is the operation called, with the usual homeliness of the factory people, the 'gassing' process. Probably no previous conjectures would afford to the reader's mind anything like a satisfactory solution of the problem, which demands the speedy and complete removal of the fine down from the surface of the yarn. Nor would the liveliest imagination succeed in picturing the extraordinary, and even beautiful, appearance of the room in which the process is performed. Behold a long apartment, thickly tenanted with low but noisy machines, busy with the incessantly-active engine-tenters, whose eyes and hands are 'here, there, and everywhere,' and apparently all at the same time; while the eye is pained by thousands of brilliant jets of gas bedotted over the upper plane of the machines; and the ear oppressed with whirring, clicking, and swift-revolving sounds. To look at the star-like points of flame which rise in thick abundance along the length and breadth of the room, one might imagine we were in the entrance-hall of some enchanted palace; but to look again at countless rollers, bobbins, and spindles for ever flying round their heated axes, and to hear the grand roll of a thousand mechanical adjustments, impelled by the distant deep-buried steam-engine, undoes the illusion, takes us out of fairy land, and places us in our true position in one of the magnificent workshops of the age of iron.

But more in detail. No great degree of mechanical knowledge is necessary to render the explanation of the gassing-engine perfectly comprehensible. It has to perform the following distinct actions:—To detect and arrest all unevenness or knottiness in the thread, to remove all down or hairiness from its surface, and to wind it up in a convenient form for future operations. The engine consists of a long frame of about four feet in height, constructed partly of iron, partly of wood.

Its mechanical arrangements are the same on both sides, so that each engine is a double one; that is, both the front and the back are supplied with the same apparatus, and effect together the same processes. Along the middle of the upper surface of the engine runs a sort of 'cresl' or shelf, which is fitted with a number of little eyelet holes and wire eyes; these are intended for the reception of the bobbins of yarn as they come from the throstle-engine, or for the 'cops' of yarn from the mules. It is from off these bobbins or cops that the yarn is wound, as it passes on its way through the various portions of the machine. These bobbins or cops are placed perpendicularly, revolving on their axes as the yarn is drawn off them. In front of the machine is a long row of what are called 'driving cylinders'—that is, revolving drums, upon the upper surface or edge of which the empty reels rest on which the yarn is to be wound after the other processes are completed. These empty reels turn round simply because they rest upon the revolving surface of the drums, and in so doing wind up the yarn from the bobbin or cop, and through the other arrangements of the apparatus. This is what we might call the 'first and last' of the machine: we shall now get a clear glimpse of that which comes between. After the yarn leaves the surface of the bobbin or cop, it passes by a little peg of glass, along the smooth surface of which it glides with facility; the intention of this peg is to act as a guide to the yarn as it is swiftly drawn forwards through the apparatus. It then enters a little slit in an upright bar of steel, which is called the 'cleaner,' from the fact, that it is so small as instantly to detect the presence of a knot or other unevenness in the yarn, let it pass never so quickly. To this, however, we shall immediately return. It then passes underneath a small roller or pulley, through the middle of a flame of gas, over a second roller, across a horizontal glass bar in front of the machine, through a little wire eye, which guides it finally into the horizontally-revolving reel driven by the cylinders, of which we have spoken above. The gassing process is thus completed, and it is seen essentially to consist simply in sending the delicate thread through a flame of gas, by means of which the easily-combustible down on the surface of the yarn is removed in the most complete manner. If any fair reader will take a thread of the cotton in use for darning stockings, and will pass it swiftly through the flame of a wax taper, it will be found that the cotton has lost all its downy covering, and resembles in some respects ordinary sewing cotton.

The rapidity with which the yarn is drawn through the flame is the cause that it does not take fire; and the finer the yarn, the more rapid must be the revolution of the machinery, so as to effect its passage through the fire in safety. The least alteration in the speed of the machinery would cause every thread to take light and burn, so also would any temporary derangement, unless specially provided against. Such a derangement, strange to say, it is one of the chief beauties and excellencies of this apparatus to effect, while avoiding the otherwise inevitable result. To observe this, we must return to the 'cleaner' contrivance. This was described as simply a minute slit in a small upright steel bar. The lower part of this bar is connected with some of the cleverest apparatus of a simple kind with which we are acquainted. The bar moves backwards and forwards by means of a pivot in its centre; in the upper arm is the cleaner slit; in the lower, a little notch, which hooks on and off to another lever connected with some mechanism, and placed in the horizontal position. This second horizontal lever effects the movement of several parts in the machine: it is able to lift up the winding-reel from off the driving cylinder, and so as with an animate hand stop its revolutions, and consequently the winding off of the thread. Here, then, is an instant and imminent source of danger to the thread, whose frail substance lies in the embrace of a small but intensely hot volume of flame. But mechanical wisdom foresaw the peril; and the same

movement which lifts up the reel from the cylinder strikes aside the swivel-jointed gas-pipe, and turns away the flame, leaving the thread stationary, yet unaltered! The mode of action is this:—Suppose a knot in the yarn to approach the cleaner slit of the upright lever; as the yarn is dragged rapidly forwards, this knot passes through the slit, but in so doing, communicates, as will be readily conceived, a slight jerk to the lever; this has the effect of disengaging its lower arm from the pin at the extremity of the horizontal lever, and the latter then immediately springs up, strikes to one side the little gas-pipe, and lifting up the winding-reel, stops the whole process as regards this individual thread, until the sharp eyes of the tenter catch the signal. She hastens forward, removes the inequality in the thread, depresses the horizontal lever until it is again hooked by the notch of the other, when all things resume their accustomed course, and the career of the yarn through the flame resumes as before. Can anything more admirably automatic, and by means so uncommonly simple, be conceived? In order to insure the equal distribution of the yarn over the surface of the winding-bobbin or reel, there is an odd contrivance called a 'heart-wheel.' It is, in truth, a wheel of the exact shape of the heart; that is, such a heart as we see depicted on those elegancies of epistolary intercourse—the flower-crowned Valentines. The flat edge of this wheel presses against a movable frame, and as it revolves, pushes it before it, the returning motion of the frame being effected by the means of a weight and pulley. Into the edge of this frame the little wire-guides are inserted; and thus, as the frame moves to and fro, the stream of yarn is directed over the surface of the bobbin, so as to insure its perfectly equal distribution. The rate at which these bobbins revolve is from two to three thousand times a minute! In order to accommodate the rate of revolution in the nature of the yarn to be 'gassed,' cog-wheels of various numbers are fitted to it, by means of which, in a few minutes, the desired alteration may be effected. Over the jets of flame a little chimney of sheet-iron is suspended, which has the effect of preventing the disturbing influences of cross currents of air, &c. Altogether, these machines deserve an attentive study, as well for their efficiency as for their elegance, for their ingenuity as for their simplicity.

The next process is, reeling off the yarn into hanks. In the mill visited by the writer, this was carried on in a low room of great length running by the side of the factory, and a very interesting and pretty scene it presented when seen from the open doors. The reeling-engines, arranged in two parallel rows, formed the long lines of the perspective, and by their curious ever-whirling reels added a peculiar degree and kind of animation to the whole. Looking at one individually, it is found to be of a far less complicated or formidable character than the generality of the machines employed in the cotton processes. On the one side of the frame are arranged the bobbins from the gassing-engine; and on a higher level, the long horizontal frame called the reel. This reel is of very simple construction: it consists of six long horizontal pieces of wood, arranged about a central axis by six wooden arms. The objects contemplated in its construction are, to wind off from the bobbins on the other side of the frame the singed yarn into hanks or lengths, and to admit of these being readily removed when the required length is wound on them. This reel is made to revolve on its horizontal axis by a pulley and strap, which are in connection with the driving gear of the mill. In thus turning it winds off the yarn from the bobbin, and this with great rapidity, as may be conjectured from the fact, that at each revolution a yard and a-half of yarn is wound on to the surface of the reel. The distribution of the yarn on this surface is effected by a contrivance analogous to the one previously described, an eccentric wheel directing the threads to and fro by causing motion of that kind to a frame

over which the yarns pass. When the reel has performed exactly eighty revolutions, it strikes a check, which informs the attendant that 120 yards of yarn have been wound upon it. This takes place seven times, and the entire length of the hank, 840 yards, has then been wound upon the reel; that is, a little less than a half mile. The machine is now stopped by shifting the strap on to the loose pulley, and the tenter proceeds to remove the gathered hanks. In order to do this, a peculiar contrivance is had recourse to in the formation of one of the radii, or arms of the reel. It is made with a double hinge, so that it and the long piece of wood it supports can, upon occasion required, be bent in. The effect of this is to set all the hanks loose, which before were so tightly wound, as to resist any effort to slip them off; and tying each separately, she takes them into her hand between the thumb and finger, and slides them up to one end of the reel, which is now lifted up out of its bearings, and the hanks are slipped off. The hinged arm is then bent back to its former position, the ends of the yarns attached to it, and the whole set in motion again, while the collected hanks are conveyed to the Bundle Press-Room.

There are few circumstances which impress the mind of a visitor to this emporium of machinery more than the indications of ingenuity which appear in the most trifling processes. Few persons would imagine, for example, that the yarn would require the assistance of machinery in order to make it up into bundles or parcels; yet so it is, and the 'bundle press,' though a simple, is a most powerful and clever invention. In the mill visited by the writer were a number of these machines arranged in a distinct apartment. They consist of a sort of metal box, placed at the top of a frame. A kind of square piston of metal rises and falls in this box by means of a couple of iron rods or arms, connected to a wheel, which a ratchet and catch prevent from revolving back after it has been forced forwards. The sides of the box are formed of bars of metal, which leave interstices between them, through which the string for tying the yarn is put; and the top, in like manner, consists of five or six flat bars, which hook over the side bars, and thus resist the pressure of the yarn upwards when the piston is made to rise. The bundle-presser now takes a certain weight of yarn, generally from five to ten pounds, gives to each hank a twist or two, and lays them smoothly in the box, at the bottom of which he has previously laid several pieces of twine for tying it up with. He then, by means of a handle, turns round the wheel, causing the arms to push up the piston, and consequently to squeeze the bundle of yarn lying on it very tightly against the top and sides of the box. After he has exerted the requisite amount of pressure, the ratchet-and-catch contrivance prevents the wheel from returning, and the presser, at his convenience, ties up the bundle in three or four different places, cuts off the ends of the string, strikes up the catch, and lifts his bundle out of the press to make room for another. The degree of compactness and hardness communicated by this process to the otherwise soft mass is very striking. The yarn is now sent off to the lace, stocking, or thread manufacturers, in the gray condition.

After undergoing the various processes of cleaning and bleaching, which do not essentially differ from those described in a former article, and also, when necessary, of dyeing, the yarn is fit for making sewing cotton. If the reader will take a small piece of cotton from the reel, and untwist it, it will generally be found to contain three distinct yarns of various degrees of fineness, according to the 'number' marked on the little disk of glazed paper placed over the top of the reel.

Thus, for example, the larger the diameter of the thread, the smaller the number, and vice versa. Thus, one now before us, a No. 12, is the thick-
est of four or five hairs combined, while No. 100 is
little thicker than a single hair; yet in both cases
there is the same number of yarns. Now the machine
by which sewing cotton is manufactured is one by

which this trebling process is effected, with the addition of the requisite amount of twist to combine the three into one thread. The apartment in which this process is carried on is a very busy and a particularly noisy one, and is crammed with whirling mechanisms until there is scarcely room to move. The aspect of the whole is confusing in the extreme, but an individual engine will be readily comprehended. There is, as usual, the proper form and height of framework, in the centre of the upper plane of which is the shelf for holding the bobbins, off which the separate yarns are being wound. Along the front is a row of whirling spindles, which twist and wind up the thread; and between there is a little simple apparatus, the intention of which will be best understood by the following description:—The yarns, after leaving the bobbins, are drawn downwards into a little trough, which contains a weak solution of starch in water, or sometimes water only; this is found to facilitate the twisting process, and also to communicate a peculiar gloss to the surface of the sewing cotton, or, as we shall henceforth call it, 'thread.*' They pass under a little horizontal grooved glass rod, placed under water in the trough; they then rise, pass between a pair of rollers, the lower of which is iron, the upper wood, covered with flannel, to absorb any superfluous moisture from the thread, then over a smooth horizontal wire placed in front of the machine, through a wire eye, and then, by the contrivance known as the bobbin-and-flyer, it is both twisted and wound up. The adjustments which effect these latter operations have been so fully described in a former paper, that it is merely necessary to state that they are in almost every respect the same as those of the throstle spinning-engine. To each inch of thread there is a certain amount of twist, which is not, as might have been supposed, a matter of chance, but is made the subject of rigid calculation; and by means of different-sized cog-wheels and pinions this is very readily adjusted. The contrivance of the heart-wheel is here again called into requisition, to direct the even distribution of the thread over the whirling bobbin. We are unable to state the philosophical reason, and it may perhaps be questioned whether such a reason exists, why the direction in which the three yarns are twisted into one cord or thread is just the opposite to that in which the yarns themselves were twisted when they were made. One would have supposed this was an unwise step, but the practical result is not apparently affected by it. Thread fit for the lady's needle is thus completed, and assumes its characteristic smoothness and tenacity of fibre. We may be perhaps asked, where lies the difference between the various kinds of thread used by ladies? The finer and softer kinds are made from yarn produced by the mule-engines, the harder from that formed by the throstle. Might we venture again to name the cotton for *stocking darning*?—it is prepared, we believe, without gassing, thus retaining its woolliness of aspect, and also receives but a very small amount of twist.

But the thread has yet to be transferred to those neat wooden reels which form the most conspicuous ornaments of the well-filled work-box. To see this, we must ascend to an upper storey, the workers in which are exclusively females. There is much exercise of ingenuity yet to be seen before we have quite done with sewing cotton. It is sold principally, as our fair readers best know, in the form of reels, and of little balls, sixteen or so to the ounce. How the latter were formed was long a source of the deepest perplexity to ourselves, nor could any light be thrown upon the matter by any books treating on the cotton manufactures. In five minutes the difficulty was solved. At a low bench a woman sits, by whose side is a brown paper-bag full of these same little balls. Before her is a little brass horizontal spindle, of somewhat conical form, revolving at a very rapid rate,

* In strictness, the word 'thread' applies to the filament formed out of the fibres of *flax*, not cotton.

and by her side is a little shelf, on which the bobbin rests from which the thread is to be wound off. Connected with this simple mechanism is a little horizontal axis, also in rapid revolution, the free end of which is cut into an endless screw. The winder now takes hold of a sort of handle, one end of which has a slit which guides the thread, while the other is cut into teeth which exactly fall into those of the screw. This handle moves up or down, so as to bring these teeth in or out of connection with the revolving endless screw; it is also so arranged as to have a free movement from side to side. Taking now the end of the thread between her fingers, she applies it to the surface of the revolving brass cone, which instantly begins to wind it up; at the same time keeping the guide-bar, or handle, in her other hand, she alternately raises or depresses it, bringing its teeth into connection with the screw; and it is thus carried by the revolutions of the screw to and fro, in so doing carrying the thread with it, and thus causing it to be wound up into a sort of spirally-formed ball. As soon as the woman considers a sufficient amount wound up, by a motion of her foot she stops the revolutions of the cone, swiftly slips off the accumulated ball of thread, cuts the end off, pushes it inside, and taking up a little disk of paper ready gummed, and labelled with the number and maker's name, she applies it over the hole at one end of the ball, and tosses it finished into her bag. Long practice enables her to form these balls with the utmost nicety to weigh just thirty grains or half a drachm each. As, however, she sometimes fails, and is paid only for perfect work, she keeps her judgment accurate by weighing an ounce of them—that is, sixteen—every now and then. One of these persons assured us that she could make *twenty pounds*, if we recollect rightly, of such balls, of thirty grains each, in a 'factory' day, which would make upwards of five thousand balls in the day! It is possible this statement may be slightly in excess, and it is therefore left open to correction.

The process of winding on reels is very similar. The reel is placed on a revolving axis of brass, which passes through its centre; the thread is conducted on to it by a precisely similar contrivance to the one above described, being thus made to assume that beautifully-regular evenness of 'lay' which must often have excited admiration and surprise. When the reel is full, its revolutions are stopped, the thread cut, and the end is slipped into a little notch made with a pocket-knife in the edge of the reel; the maker's name and the number is then pasted on, and it is complete.

Our visit to the thread-factory was now concluded. In passing through the packing-room, piles upon piles of boxes for exportation and home consumption met our view; the former lined with pitch and sawdust and prepared brown paper inside, to resist the destructive effects of the sea or of insects. On the whole, this factory, giving occupation to some hundreds of operatives, a large number of them females, affords us a good illustration of the amount of labour and capital concerned in the production of even the most trifling article in our domestic economy, when that can be prosecuted by a combination of large mechanical means.

THE PEASANTS' PRINCE.

LET us transport ourselves for a moment into the imperial palace at Vienna, and become invisible spectators of a very animated scene that took place within its walls about thirty years ago. It was in the emperor's cabinet. Francis of Austria was there, surrounded by his ministers. Every eye was fixed upon two men, who were engaged in an earnest, and almost angry discussion. From the purport of their conversation, it might easily be gathered that they were keenly opposed to each other in the great questions of the day, and that each of them contended for pre-eminence in the council and in the political guidance of Austrian affairs. One of them was already advanced in years; his courtly dress

could not impart grace to his spare and shrivelled form; and whilst engaged in an obstinate defence of absolute monarchical authority, the icy and impassable expression of his features remained unchanged. The only symptom of emotion he betrayed was a frequent and almost involuntary application of his fingers to a costly gold snuff-box, while he was expressing sternly his resolution to destroy, everywhere within the limits of Austrian dominion, those seeds of liberty which had been scattered by the arms of France upon German soil. The other, young, ardent, generous—representing by his energy, his instincts, his affections, and his principles, as well as by the frank and manly expression of his countenance, and the mingled cordiality and independence of his manners, the newly-awakened aspirations after liberty of the Austrian youth—earnestly strove to win over the Gothic court into the path of constitutional freedom. The first was the Prince de Metternich; the other was a member of the imperial family, whom we shall name by, and by, and who at that time filled the office of Director-General of the Fortifications.

Metternich carried his point, and the prince immediately quitted Vienna. A few days afterwards were assembled, upon one of the Tyrolean mountains, a large body of huntsmen, who were exercising themselves with the crossbow and the carbine. Damasquined guns, leathern game-pouches, sheep decked out with foliage, flowers, and ribbons—such were the prizes prepared for the most skilful and intrepid bowmen. Many an aged *chasseur* encouraged the younger ones by reciting their own early exploits. The women and maidens of the district incited their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, by earnest smiles and hearty clapping of their hands.

A stranger advances into the arena; his bearing is graceful and noble; he wears the popular costume, and carries a crossbow and a gun. With a sure eye and a steady hand he takes his aim, and carries off most of the prizes. Guns, pouches, sheep, nosegays, ribbons—all fall to his lot. He distributes the former among the poorest of the huntsmen, and divides the gayer part of the spoil among the maidens who were present; after which he is borne along as victor by the peasants, and required to tell his name. This name is repeated by the crowd with such joyous and boisterous acclamations, that they re-echo far and wide through the lofty fastnesses of the Tyrol. It was the German prince, the proscribed rival of Metternich.

His popularity became so great, that the court grew alarmed at it, and banished him to a more distant place of exile. The prince took refuge in Upper Styria, where for many long years he pursued the same rude and primitive course of life as the mountaineers. He ate and drank with them, spake their language, sang their songs, killed the chamois at their head, listened to their complaints, and relieved their misery. He taught them to manure their fields, to double their harvests, to improve their flocks, and to sell them at the best markets. He revealed to them the value of many plants and shrubs, which hitherto they had left unnoticed in their woods and meadows. For their sakes he made himself practically acquainted with all that concerns a country life, so that he became one of the first botanists and agriculturists in Europe. His scientific discoveries were spoken of in the Academies of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London; while his unfailling skill as a marksman brought down the chamois at a distance of two hundred feet in the deepest gorges of the Alps. For above and beyond all other attainments, he gloried in being a huntsman; and he slept upon the snow, wrapped up in his cloak, as soundly as if he were lying beneath a coverlet of down, overhung by the damask draperies of a royal couch. His popularity became still greater in Styria than it had been in the Tyrol; and at last he was regarded as the idol of the whole people throughout Germany. Fortunately for Metternich and the emperor, he had renounced politics; for if he had not respected the throne, he might easily have overwhelmed both him and his

minister at the head of a million of peasants, who would readily have placed themselves under his command, and obeyed his orders, whatever they might have been.

An adventure of a singular kind, which occurred about this time, contributed to make this remarkable man a still fonder object of idolatry to the Styrian race. It was a bright warm morning in the month of August. At the open window of a country posthouse, situated near the base of the mountains, there sat an old man and a young girl, who were talking quietly together. The maiden was a comely daughter of the Alpine valleys, with long brown hair tinged with a golden hue; her large eyes gentle, and yet animated in their expression; her countenance beaming with health and cheerfulness; her tall full form set off by a close black spencer. Her companion was the aged master of the establishment. In other days he had been a bold and skilful horseman, but was now confined by old age and the gout to the corner of the stove, and was at this moment warming his white hairs in the sunshine, while he watched his granddaughter's busy fingers as they stitched a postilion's jacket, which she seemed in haste to finish. They were alone in the house, and there was but a single stable-boy left to take care of the horses. Every other creature belonging to the household—husband and wife, brothers, servants—all were at work some way off, cutting the ripe corn and gathering it into sheaves. Suddenly a calèche with four horses approaches, and draws up in front of the posthouse.

'The prince!' cries out the old man, who has quickly recognised the illustrious exile. 'The prince! and there is not a single postilion at home! In the name of all the saints what shall I do?'

Meanwhile the traveller, expressing his desire to proceed as quickly as possible, calls for four horses and a guide.

'The horses are there,' muttered the old man; 'but as for the guide, that is another question. That stupid lout Michael knows no more how to manage four horses than to command a regiment of hussars!'

The young girl, on seeing her grandfather's perplexity, seemed to reflect for a moment, coloured up, and then darted out of the room.

The royal huntsman becomes impatient; and the old man curses his gout and his advanced age, which fasten him to his chair, when he would fain fly in the service of so noble and beloved a prince.

At length a postilion appears, whip in hand, booted and spurred, and looking quite dapper in a new scarlet uniform. The horses are quickly harnessed; the postilion leaps into his saddle, and instantly sets off at a full gallop.

The prince is pleased at the rapid pace of the horses and the skill of the young postilion. At the end of the stage he desires the youth to come and speak to him—is struck by his gentle manners, his charming countenance, his sweet voice—observes him blushing—and recognises in him a woman!

'Who art thou, then?' inquired he with a surprise mingled with deep interest.

'I am the daughter of the master of the posthouse,' replied the young girl, quite disconcerted at being thus discovered. 'Your royal highness could not wait; so,' continued she, her colour heightening as she spoke—'so I dressed myself like a postboy, and have done my best.'

'Thou hast done very well indeed, my child,' rejoined the prince in that tone of kindly benevolence which endeared him so much to the people—'thou hast done very well; and I thank thee for thy gracious mode of serving me. Thou must accept this,' added he, while holding out a small purse with some gold pieces in it, 'as a proof of my gratitude.'

The maiden looked irresolute for a moment; then opening the purse, she withdrew a small gold coin, and kissing it fervently, placed the remainder in the prince's hand, saying, 'This piece shall always be precious to me; but your royal highness must not be displeased at

my refusing to take any more. I have served you with the dutious love which every Styrian woman bears to you, but not for the sake of a reward.'

The prince looked surprised at this courageous and noble-minded young girl, and each moment her fine intelligent countenance grew more attractive in his eyes. He detained her some minutes in conversation; and just as she was about to lead away the horses, he said to her with an air of gallantry, 'Come, my child, it would be a pity for us to part so soon. I will return back with you; but some one else shall guide the horses, and you shall bear me company in my carriage.'

The young girl blushed far deeper than before; but this time it was with an air of offended dignity, and she replied in a resolute tone, 'Each one in his own place, may it please your highness; thus it is that kings and shepherdesses preserve their honour.'

On hearing these words, the passing fancy of the traveller changed into a passion full of respect and esteem.

'Your fair fame is as dear to me as my own,' said he; 'and it depends on you alone whether they shall for ever be united in one. You made yourself a man to serve me, and I will make you my wife to love you. Say, shall it not be so?'

The astonishment of the young girl may readily be conceived; but she did not appear disconcerted, and after a moment's consideration, replied with perfect simplicity, 'If you can obtain the emperor's consent and my father's, you shall have mine also, sir.'

An hour afterwards, the prince and his postilion entered the wayside inn, and he formally demanded of the postmaster his daughter's hand. There was very little difficulty in obtaining his consent. With the emperor it was quite another matter.

It was affirmed at the court of Vienna that the august chasseur was mad, and that he ought to be treated as such. His highway romance became the theme of mockery and ridicule; but he took care to prove that he was perfectly in his senses. And lest he should prove the strength and the power of his will also, the emperor of Austria most reluctantly subscribed to the union of his race with that of a Styrian peasant.

And so the marriage was celebrated, to the great scandal of the court, and to the unbounded joy of the people of the mountains. From that day forward the prince was worshipped by the nation, and scoffed at by the imperial family.

A celebrated painter having taken his likeness in the costume of a Styrian huntsman, and had it engraved, the sale of these portraits was prohibited under rigorous penalties; and yet every honest mountaineer contrived to have a copy of it, which was invariably placed between his gun and his crossbow, as being two of his choicest household treasures. Even in the public places of Vienna, and on the very boards of the theatre, the dress and the habits of the 'royal adventurer' were represented for the amusement of the courtiers.

All this went on until the revolutionary outburst of the last year. Most fearful was the upheaving of the political earthquake in Austria. The old empire tottered to its base; Metternich fell and fled; the emperor quitted Vienna; Italy revolted; the provinces detached themselves from the capital; Germany seemed threatened with a total dismemberment. It was then that a federal Diet formed itself at Frankfort, with the view of uniting Germany under one directing central government. This Diet created a vicar-general of the empire, to whom it confided the supreme and central power in the name of the confederation; and it chose for this sovereign office the most popular prince of Germany—he who had been proscribed by Metternich and the emperor; the huntsman of the Tyrolean and Styrian mountains; the husband of the postmaster's daughter; in a word, the Archduke John; he who, at the age of twenty-seven, had been the conqueror of Napoleon and the deliverer of Tyrol; who, as a German, at the grand Cologne festival in 1842, had given this memorable

toast, 'No more Prussia! no more Austria! but a strong and united Germany!' The Archduke John did not shrink from the arduous office assigned to him. He quitted his country dwelling, and laid aside his hunter's garb, his crossbow, and his gun. He raised the tricoloured standard of Germanic unity, and entered Frankfort in triumph, with his beloved companion, the daughter of the mountains, at his side—she who had known so well how to preserve the true dignity of a woman in her humble life, and who consequently was not dazzled by the almost imperial splendour of her present position. It lies not within our scope to discuss the political wisdom of the mission with which the archduke was charged by his countrymen: ours is a humbler task—that of portraying the romance of domestic life in one of the proudest and most ancient families in Europe. This being accomplished, we have done.

THE PRAYING INSECTS.

'IMAGINATION itself,' says Dr Shaw, 'can scarcely conceive shapes more strange than those exhibited by some particular species of mantis,' or praying insects; and this peculiarity of form has procured them a name and reputation which is, we fear, sadly belied by their ferocious and pugnacious habits. The anterior feet, which are very large, and furnished with a claw, are frequently extended in a manner which induced the ancients to believe that the insect possessed the power of divining or foreshowing events: hence, according to some, arose the generic name of mantis, which signifies diviner; but Griffith, in his supplementary additions to Cuvier's 'Animal Kingdom,' derives it from a Greek word, which is employed in one of the Idylls of Theocritus to 'designate a thin young girl, with slender elongated arms:' certainly not a flattering comparison for the maiden of whom the poet sang; for the mantis (properly so called) are a most unsightly race, with long lean bodies, ferocious countenances, and shapeless wiry limbs.

They are seldom seen beneath a northern sky, but delight to dwell in the regions of the sun; the most northern latitude in which they abound is, we believe, in the bright plains of Languedoc and the fair Provence, where the *M. religiosa* obtains the names of *devin*, *pregn-dieu*, *prêche-dieu*, or *prie-dieu*, from the power which they possess of raising the long corset in such a way as to form a right angle with the abdomen, and of folding the arms, if we may so call them, across the breast, as if in the act of prayer. Every land appears to regard them with the same feelings: the Turk deems that they are under the especial protection of Allah; the Hottentot, though he does not, as has been asserted, worship them, yet pays them the highest veneration, draws augurs of good from their flight, and holds the person on whom they may chance to alight as pre-eminent in sanctity, and as the avowed favourite of Heaven; and the Hindoo displays the same reverential consideration of their movements and flights. Whether the inhabitants of China also deem them sacred we know not, but certain it is that these 'Celestials' so far descend to earthly things as to amuse themselves with the spectacle of mantis-fights, for which purpose they are kept separately and carefully in small bamboo cages, and retailed by the Chinese boys, who regularly deal in them as a marketable commodity. When put together, these insects, with the most extraordinary gestures, commence a battle, in which the weaker soon falls a victim to his fellow, who, after a few preliminary movements of exultation, devours the body of his fallen foe. Rœssel, who paid great attention to this singular tribe, observes that 'their manœuvres very much resemble those of musars fighting with sabres; and sometimes one cleaves the other through at a single stroke, and severs the head from the body.' He also affirms that he has frequently seen the young mantis, when 'newly disclosed,

attack each other with fury, raising their corset in the air, and holding their two anterior feet joined and ready for combat, as if already longing to

"Meet in mortal shock."

We understand that one of the amusements with which our countrymen in British India endeavour to wile away the long hours of heat and languor, is that of placing an unhappy mantis on a table, and fighting it with a straw, for the purpose of witnessing the caricatured boxing attitudes into which it throws itself—an amusement which probably affords more mirth to the 'man of straw' than to the poor mantis whom he is irritating.

With regard to the cannibal propensities and murderous disposition towards its own species exhibited by the mantis, we imagine that such are only seen when in a state of captivity; and moreover, that similar instances of misplaced revenge for injuries inflicted by man, may be met with in various animals which are, when at liberty, perfectly peaceful and kindly. We remember on one occasion seeing a trap in which four mice had been caught alive in one night, but when morning dawned, the three weakest lay dead, and partly devoured; whilst the wretched survivor, who could not have been impelled by hunger, alternately endeavoured to effect his escape, and attacked, as if in desperation, the lifeless bodies of his companions.

When watching for its prey, which principally consists of various kinds of flies, the mantis assumes its sitting posture, and patiently waits, with folded arms, as before described, until the unconscious fly comes within reach, when, with sudden spring, it seizes the long-wished-for morsel, and conveys it to its mouth, using the pincer-like claw in the manner of a hand. But should an ant approach, the mantis, which, like all other quarrelsome natures, is a sad coward, flies away in great haste, and with evident signs of consternation.

The genus mantis is subdivided into four distinct species—namely, *mantis*, *spectrum*, *phasma*, and *phyllium*. Of these the true mantis appears to be the most blood-thirsty, yet at the same time the most venerated for its supposed sanctity. The spectrum, as well as the phyllia, live on vegetable substances: the inhabitants of the Seychelles islands rear the former as an object of commercial speculation, selling them to collectors of natural curiosities.

The phyllia are sometimes appropriately called 'walking leaves;' for not only do the wings resemble leaves in colour and form, but also in apparent texture and disposition of the nervures; whilst the legs are winged, or finned, as it were, with parts which may be perfectly imitated by tearing away the tissues of a laurel leaf with the fingers in such a manner as to leave irregular portions attached to the larger veins. It is said to be extremely difficult for the most practised eye to detect these phyllia when at rest on the bough of a laurel or orange.

The phasma, again, closely resembles the stalk or branch of a tree. We speak from experience, well remembering the laugh which turned against us when, after gazing with doubtful glance at a phyllia, in the first collection we ever saw, which we could scarcely believe was not concocted of laurel leaves, as a practical joke at our expense, we pointed out, what in our ignorance we thought was a bit of dead stick, which had fallen accidentally into the case, but which proved to be a much-valued specimen of *P. gigas*, an East Indian insect eight inches in length.

The dry-leaf mantis (*Phyllium sicafolia*) resembles, as its name imports, a withered leaf, and the delusion is increased by its habits; for hours it will remain motionless on the trees, and then springing up suddenly, indulge in evolutions similar to those of a leaf at the mercy of the winds. This species is common in South America, where the natives believe that it is really produced from, and attached to, the tree at first, and that, when arrived at maturity, it loosens itself and flies away;

a conceit which certainly rests on a more natural basis than the fanciful idea of the barnacle goose, with which Britons formerly delighted to amuse their imaginations. The eggs of the mantis tribe are deposited on the stalks of plants and shrubs, the clusters, which might be mistaken for fruit or some vegetable excrescence, being covered by the mother with a glutinous or gelatinous matter, which dries into a flexible parchment.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[We have received this fine-spirited poem from Philadelphia, and beg to return our acknowledgments to the gifted author.]

Now gather all our Saxon bards,
Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of
Our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hoets that march
With battle-flags unfurled,
It goes, with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far
As Orkney's breakers roar—
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
It floats on every gale,
And warms with eloquence and song
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage—
The fresh and fruitful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steep,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And where, on Essequibo's banks,
Eternal summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,
And Kansas' waters gleam:
It tracks the loud swift Oregon
Through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where Californian brooks
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of fierce Malay,
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,
And towers of proud Bombay:
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs—
The dark Liberian soothes her child
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Cruise's life
By Sydney's sheltered beach:
It dwells where Africa's southern capes
Meet oceans broad and blue,
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor-lights
Flame in an arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught,
And all that Greeks admired;
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous veer,
And Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day!
But grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace
With deadly pen or spoiling sword
Our noble tongue and race.
Go forth prepared in every clime
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men prayed for long,
When Christian stakes, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

WEIGHING MACHINERY AT THE MINT.

A very ingenious contrivance for weighing coins delights us most, not having seen it adopted at any other mint. A native of Vienna claims the invention; and though it has been in use for some years, it has only just been sufficiently adjusted to be effectually used. It consists of some twelve small scales, suspended on a light beam, and parallel to each other. The proper weights for the coins are placed in the outer scales, while the inner ones face a slide, with three horizontal slits before each scale. As the pieces of coin are slid into the scales, the man turns a wheel, which raises the whole set of balances up to a certain height, when the scales are jerked against the slits: if the coins are of the proper weight, they are pitched through the centre slit; if too heavy, they are shot into the lower; and if too light, into the upper. The scales are now empty, and on the descent, are again replenished from the slides: thus in a few seconds a dozen coins are weighed and sorted without one having been touched. It is a very ingenious contrivance, the man's labour consisting merely in turning the wheel to elevate the scales, and occasionally to replenish with coin the tubes which feed the scales as they become cleared.—*Pictures from the North.*

A DINNER-SHOOTING ARTIST.

That artists are sometimes grievously hard up in Rome there can be little doubt. I happened one cold morning to call upon N——, whose absence from his usual seat at the Lepri had been remarked by many of us. Instead of finding him, as I had anticipated, unusually busy with his chisel, he was engaged in shooting his dinner at the open window of the garret, which commanded an extensive range of leads, tiles, and gutters. His sport, which he pursued in solemn silence, was the common sparrow, and his weapon a machine much in use among lawyers' clerks when the principal has turned his back, known by the name of a 'puff and dart,' from which any one with a good pair of lungs can expel pins with great force. Having knocked over nearly a dozen birds, N—— walked out of the window to collect them, and then plucked and spitted them, enjoying his repast with a thankful relish unknown to those who get a good dinner every day.—*Devan's Sand and Canvas.*

ACORNS IN SPAIN.

The acorns are still called *bellota*, the Arabic *bollet*—*bolot* being the Scriptural term for the tree and the gland which, with water, formed the original diet of the aboriginal Iberian, as well as of his pig: when dry, the acorns were ground, say the classical authors, into bread; and when fresh, they were served up as the second course. And in our time, ladies of high rank at Madrid constantly ate them at the Opera and elsewhere: they were the presents sent by Sencho Panza's wife to the duchess, and formed the text on which Don Quixote preached so eloquently to the goatherds on the joys and innocence of the Golden Age and pastoral happiness, in which they constituted the foundation of the kitchen.—*Ford's Gatherings in Spain.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSAN, 21 O'Flaherty Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 285. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ART OF ROMANTIC FICTION.

THE absence of criticism, to which we have referred, is perhaps more obvious in Fiction than in any other department of our literature.* Everybody writes fiction: 'it is as easy as lying.' When the boy and girl have left school, and look around for the first time upon society, they sit down at once to dash into three volumes of an account of its life and manners, tracing out the springs of action, and anatomising the sentiments and passions. They know, if they know anything at all, that their theme is philosophy in action, and their Mr A's and Lady B's the algebra of morals. But, after all, it is only *fiction* they aspire to deal with; and they have no mistrust of the powers that have been exercised, from the age of dolls up to that of sweethearts, in peopling the small area in which they lived, moved, and had their being, with shadows and mockeries!

If the authors do not hesitate, why should the reviewers? If it is so easy to write fiction, surely it is still easier to estimate it when written; and accordingly the journalist, who would look with respectful suspicion upon a work in philosophy, declares, without a moment's hesitation, his opinion of a novel. The opinions, however, with which the public are thus favoured, are rarely consonant; and the reason is, that they usually spring from individual tastes or fancies, irrespective of any general principle of criticism; just as Lamb might have pronounced Scott to be a confused writer, because he himself was bewildered, rather than interested, by his narratives. In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' there is an attempt to generalise on the subject, introduced in an essay on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' to which are appended, oddly enough, some specimens of a romance of the day. The attempt, however, is partial; and to us it conveys the idea that the writer had not sufficiently elaborated his theory, to have any very distinct notions himself on what he would communicate to his readers. He divides works of fiction 'as to their peculiar merits'—that is to say, as to their construction, apart from considerations of subject and style of composition—into those whose principal aim is excellence in plot, in character, or in scenery. But no novelist, practically speaking, aims at anything else than to tell his story well and effectively, however his peculiar genius may lead him to excel in one of the three assumed conditions of success, and fail in the other two. As to that which relates to scenery, the critic includes in it not only the playhouse properties of picture, dresses, and other physical appliances, but the fancies and reflections that give its moral colouring to the piece. This involves a manifest error;

for these two kinds of colouring are not only distinct in themselves, but in their higher qualities are almost never found in union. It would in our opinion, therefore, answer better the purpose of criticism to consider the conditions of success as *fourfold*; namely, plot, character, moral colouring, and material colouring.

We remember having been much amused by the ingenious theory touching the production of what may be called *optical music*, by presenting certain colours to the eye in artistical sequence, so as to have a similar effect to that of the notes of the piano upon the ear. This silent music was to be played by the fingers, like an instrument of sound; and the beholder was expected to be softened or stirred by the mystic harmonies of colour, in the same way, and to the same degree, as if he was listening to the piece of a master. Fanciful as the notion may seem, it is not without its foundation in truth; and perhaps, when we are more highly educated in aesthetics, and our perceptions have become in consequence more acute and refined, men may revert to the subject as at least a possible means of extending their enjoyments. A similar harmony is unconsciously extracted from an extended view of natural objects—spread out before us, for instance, in a wide and varied landscape. The picture does not come upon us in one impression. We separate its parts; we bring together its affinities; we arrange its contrasts and sympathies; and the pleasure we receive is in proportion to the refinement of our taste, and the unconscious skill we exercise in its gratification. The work of an artist is of the same kind, but more determinate in its object. He does not collect, but select the parts of the landscape. He fixes perhaps upon some special feature, but even then he is not a mere imitator of the physical realities before him. The position of a tree, the inclination of a branch, the introduction of a figure, the form of the clouds, the calm still blue of the heavens—all these, and a thousand other similar circumstances as trivial in appearance to the uninspired or uneducated eye, may give its character to the piece. The artist, in fact, does by rule what the idle spectator does by instinct. Were this not the case, he would create—or, to speak more correctly, construct—only for his own gratification; for he would be without his world of admirers to cheer him on by their applause, and advance in knowledge and refinement, and in virtue and happiness, by his aid.

A strict analogy may be traced between the artist in forms and colours and the writer of fiction. Human life is the wide and varied landscape from which the novelist selects his incidents, characters, and hues; and on the taste and skill with which these are combined, so as to form *one picture*, depends his success. He is no more to follow 'nature,' as the phrase is—by which is meant mere physical reality—than the painter. He

* See 'What is Criticism?' in last number.

must select, adjust, interweave. He must be possessed with a consciousness that the whole of the landscape before him—in other words, the whole of human life—is at his disposal; that he is not a surveyor, or land-measurer, or statistician; but that, however circumscribed may be the scene he has chosen, it is his business to take care that there is a sympathy, a harmony, a oneness in its parts, which will form a perfect *enchainment* of interest in the whole.

In writing biography, or in relating in conversation the history of one of our acquaintances, we are not permitted to sacrifice the true for the sake of artistic effect, any more than a surveyor is permitted to transform or transpose the parts of an architectural drawing for the sake of the picturesque. We relate the circumstances just as they occurred; although adorning them, according to our own taste, with the elegancies of language, and flinging upon them the incidental colouring of sentiment and description. Fiction, however, is widely different from biography. There we have not only the colours, but the incidents and their sequence, at our own disposal, and it is our business to select and arrange them according to the rules of art. This seems a trite observation; but we can undertake to say, from a somewhat wide experience, that it is very rarely applied. The sequence of incidents, or, in other words, Plot, is misunderstood even by the critic whom we have alluded to above. He declares the plot of 'Quentin Durward,' for instance, to be absurd, when it is in reality a perfect masterpiece of the art. We of course do not talk of the incidents themselves, but of their sequence and connection. We do not praise the object in view—which is simply that of getting a commonplace adventurer married to a commonplace heiress—but the skill exercised in bringing even the most trivial circumstances, as well as the great events of history, to bear upon that object. Thus, in estimating the science which has constructed a bridge, we do not take the purpose of the work into account; for that belongs to an inquiry of a totally different nature.

An artistically-constructed plot resembles the arch of a bridge in this: that all its parts are *necessary*. We may indulge our taste or fancy as much as we please in extrinsic ornament; but the real works of the construction, whether this be literary or scientific, must form an indispensable part of the whole. The best test to which to put a fictitious narrative, is to deprive it of a leading incident; and if it stands under the deprivation, its construction is not artistic, and it must be condemned in point of plot. An illustration of this fact may be found in the works of nature herself. An imperfect animal (such as a centipede) may have any number of limbs the trunk will carry, and in many tribes the loss of a limb is attended with no inconvenience, and, indeed, with no permanent derangement even of symmetry, since it grows again. But as we ascend in the scale of being, the Great Architect is not so lavish. The limbs become fewer as they become more valuable; and in the most perfect of all developments they are in exact proportion to the requirements and necessities of the species. The human body resembles a perfect fiction, where all the parts are necessary, congruous, and symmetrical.

It is curious that Scott himself, the greatest master of plot in our language, was not aware of its value in fiction.* But the gifted novelist wanted a philosophical

* It must be admitted that the fourth volume of the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian' has hardly any connection with the plot; but it appears to have been written merely to fill up to the length of the former series, and for the sake of pecuniary gain.

and inquiring mind, just as the world-renowned author was destitute of a sense of the intellectual grandeur of literature. Among the novels he commends most highly as novels is 'Marriage,' a work which, though abounding in character, fulfils no other condition of the fictitious narrative. In 'Marriage,' the heroine is brought up in the Highlands of Scotland, having been deserted by her fashionable mother. In due time she repairs to London to seek this parent, and is met with coldness or dislike. She falls in love with a gentleman, whose mother desires their union; but the fear that her suitor is influenced only by sentiments of filial obedience, makes her hesitate; till at length, being accidentally convinced of his affection, the marriage takes place, and the story ends. This is the plot of 'Marriage.' Everything else in the book is extraneous. The sketches of character throughout, however, are striking, and sometimes excellent; and the reader, led on from one to another, fancies he is interested in the narrative, till on looking back at the end he sees only some unconnected groups or individuals dotting the distance in his memory.

If Character were the most important condition of success, we should have to place various contemporaneous names above that of Scott. Scott never reached the philosophical depth either of Godwin or Bulwer Lytton (two completely opposite writers); and there are several of the characters of Dickens and Thackeray which would lose little by comparison with those of the Waverley Novels. Scott, in fact, may be said to stand higher as a painter of manners than of character; but it is the *completeness* of his fictions as works of art—the indestructible web, so to speak, of their story—which, notwithstanding some deficiencies in character, and at least moral colouring, place him at the head of the artists of this century, and will make the world recur to him again and again when successive schools, after flourishing for a while, sink and disappear. This distinction between character and manners was felt before the time of Scott by Johnson; although in the illustration he gives, the conversational oracle appears to confound elaboration with profundity, preferring the surface-carving of Richardson to the artistical completeness of Fielding. 'There was as great a difference between them,' says he, 'as between a man who knew how a watch was made, and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate!' But Johnson felt the philosophical fact, though misled in its application by his customary prejudice, and he shows why manners will always have the advantage in popularity over character; characters of manners being 'understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart.'

We are not sure, indeed, that character, in the highest sense of the term, belongs to prose fictitious narrative at all. Manners are the material indication and outward garb of character, and have their natural place in a story of the events of human life; but the depths of the mind can only be explored and revealed in a metaphysical essay or a poem. 'Macbeth'—'Othello'—'Lear'—these are narratives, and in a certain sense monologues, of character. In them all things are subordinate to a single end. The design is not so much to relate a story of human life, as to dive into the arcana of the human mind. The persons of the drama are brought in for the purpose of ministering to one personage; and the action is described, not as interesting in itself, but merely as the vehicle of an idea which could not otherwise be revealed to the senses. In prose fiction, character—always speaking of it in the highest sense of the term—is never duly appreciated, otherwise 'Mandeville,' for instance, would not now lie buried in the dust of a score of years. The only reason that need be given is, that it can neither in itself fulfil the conditions of romance, nor consent to the common rules of co-operation.

After plot and character comes Moral Colouring, in which the author sometimes appears as an interpreter

of exoteric symbols, and sometimes traverses the stage like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, the popular expression of intelligence and sympathy. This is a more important part of the fictitious narrative than it would at first sight appear; and the reason is, that its mode of operation is not always obvious. It would be easy to dispute a direct proposition, or guard against a false corollary; but the moral colouring is sometimes so closely interwoven in the action described, that its source is imperceptible. The slightest possible exaggeration, for instance, will not unfrequently make a virtuous action ridiculous. The colouring is thus given in the *mode* of representing circumstances, as well as in avowed sentiments and comments, and may be described as being reflected through the prism of the author's individuality. This affords a very tempting outlet for self-esteem. Young writers, when young persons, always begin with novels and moral essays—the very things of all others which they cannot by possibility know anything about; and when they betake themselves to fiction, they can never refrain from favouring the world with choice bits of their idiosyncrasy. The time has been, indeed, when this accessory to fiction was esteemed capable of sufficing for all, and when sentimental novels were supposed to require little or no aid from plot, character, or material colouring. In Scott this rule is reversed. His sentiment is neither profound nor always even correct. He does not reason, but describe. His field is action, not thought. He knew intuitively that the exterior life was the province of romance, and that when romance went deeper, it strayed into the bounds of poetry. But the line must not be harshly drawn, for there will always be a debatable ground between the two regions of art: and here was the weak point of Scott in his literary character, for his poems themselves are merely romances in rhyme.

The Material Colouring is to fiction what the scenery, dresses, and decorations are to the drama; and the greatest living master in this department of the art—far superior even to Scott (though far inferior to Defoe)—is the American novelist Cooper. Knowing nothing of the requirements of plot, and very little of manners; with hardly the faintest notion of ethnography, or the depiction of mental character, and destitute of the depth of mind required in moral colouring, it is wonderful how much he does, even in narrative, by the mere aid of scenery. The desert and the ocean seem in his hands endowed with life; their phenomena are the material agents of the story; and the human beings who wander over their bosom seem hardly necessary as a point of human interest. The vessel at sea, or the wagon in the prairie, is the true personage of the piece; and even if we were to divest these of every connection with social life, they would still rivet our sympathy. Though so great, however, in the distinct branch of the art now referred to, Cooper is so poor even in character of manners, that the Americans themselves, if we may judge from a satirical poem recently published, begin to turn his pretensions as to this essential condition of romantic fiction into ridicule.

Material colouring, however, has been elevated in point of art by younger writers, although not rendered more subservient to the purposes of fictitious narrative. The pantheistic tendency of poetry has encroached upon the region of romance; and the sights and sounds of nature are now endowed with a mystical meaning, which, however adapted for the inner life, must diminish the effect of those external incidents that are the staple of fiction. Dickens is a master in this way; but the more extravagant he is in the accessory, the less successful he is in the art. His reputation as a novelist will, in our opinion, rest ultimately upon 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby'; the overcharge in the kind of colouring alluded to, so obvious in his more recent productions (not to mention their comparative inferiority in plot and manners), injuring them as works of art.

We have now glanced rapidly at the principal condi-

tions of romantic fiction; and if we only remember that the main subject of this department of art is a *narration of events*, we shall be at no loss to conclude that plot is the most important of all. It is no excuse for a story inartistically constructed, that its incidents are *true*. If they are incapable of standing alone in their sequence, why present them in the form of a fiction? This cannot arise from our respect for the true, but from our confounding the true with the natural. The truth of romance, however, is the truth of poetry, the truth of nature, and not the truth of individual facts. Neither sketches of character and manners, nor moral and material colouring, however good in themselves, will make a good romance. A painter of figures might as well depend upon his flesh-tints, drapery, and back-ground, without a knowledge of anatomy. Plot is the bones, sinews, muscles of the piece, and the other conditions give beauty and finish to the whole. We cannot give up too much to plot; but the rest must be kept in due subordination, and toned down when necessary, so as to contribute to the *general effect*.

Let us not be told that fictions *succeed* when they are mere sketches of character—mere sentimental rhapsodies—mere descriptions of scenery; for we are not pointing out the way to popularity, but to improvement in art; and not depreciating the merit of ethnologists and colourists as such, but denying that they are, in the large sense of the word, artists. The fetters we would impose upon the novelist are not restrictions upon genius any more than the rules of the drama, of epic poetry, of pictorial art, or of the other provinces of taste. We would only suggest that there can be no steady improvement in any of these departments without theoretical knowledge, and that it is the duty of criticism, as the handmaid of art, to proffer her assistance in the misty aspirations, the convulsive throes, and instinctive graspings of genius. The present would seem to be a favourable time. The Germans, in their search after the mystical, have stumbled upon the natural, and borne the first torch of discovery into that magnificent mine, rich in all the more elegant and gem-like treasures of intellect. Systematised by them almost into a science, æsthetics, or the philosophy of art, is now extending throughout the whole world of taste; and criticism, though not æsthetics—though nothing so high and holy—is based upon its laws, and bows reverently to its authority. Let criticism, then, prevent the waste of mind that has so long been going on. Let romantic fiction, under its tutelage, share in that progress which has now become an almost universal law; and let a department in literature, only second to epic poetry, assume a position of corresponding dignity.

L. R.

THE LADY OF LOUDUN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

ABOUT the end of October, some six or seven years ago, I was returning homeward from the south of France, after passing a part of the autumn in the Pyrenees. My only companion was a puppy of that famous breed of Pyrenean watchdogs, in whom the wolf finds a deadly antagonist, and the bear a formidable foe. But at that time there was nothing very fierce in the appearance of *Gave*—such was the name it bore, in memory of the mountain torrent beside which it was born—for it was only three weeks old, and travelled very comfortably in one of those round baskets which the Béarnaise peasants use to carry their eggs in to the market of Pau. As the basket was rather cumbersome, I found, after the experience of the first four-and-twenty hours, that it would be as well for my own comfort if I placed *Gave* under the care of the *conducteur*, and to that functionary I accordingly consigned her, leaving myself nothing to look after but my own comfort. The route I chose from Bordeaux was by the steamer down the Gironde as far

as Mortagne, where I took the diligence to Saintes, and from thence by way of Niort to Poitiers. Nothing more remarkable occurred before I reached the antiquated capital of Poitou than a furious cold, which I caught *en route* from keeping the window open all night on my side, in consequence of the disagreeable proximity of a young priest who got into the diligence at Lusignan, and who certainly could have had nothing in his person to charm the fairy Melusine, the tutelary genius of that romantic spot, unless her olfactory nerves were French overproof. At Poitiers a grand fair was being held, and it was with some difficulty I could find a bedroom to spare at the Hôtel de France where we stopped; but as I wanted one more on account of my four-footed companion than on my own, I succeeded at last in getting the necessary accommodation, locked up Gave for the day, and devoted the whole of the time I was to remain at Poitiers in visiting the countless relics of antiquity for which the old city is so remarkable. In the evening I resumed my journey towards Saumur on the Loire, and a little after midnight arrived at Loudun.

The occasions are few on which I have been more impressed with a feeling of solemn awe than during the half hour I stayed at Loudun; for so long did it take to obtain the relay that was to convey us the next stage, and to receive the only passenger, who certainly did not appear to be in any extraordinary hurry. In the meantime, such travellers as had started from Poitiers with me had been set down at different places on the road; and when the tired horses were taken out of the heavy, lumbering diligence, and I was left alone in the wide market-place, with the bright moonlight casting the towers of the old church of St Pierre into deep shadow, and throwing a ghastly light on the tall houses opposite, it seemed as if no effort of memory were necessary to bring vividly before me the scene of cruelty which, two hundred years before, had been perpetrated there, when Urbain Grandier, accused and convicted of witchcraft, but in reality the victim of priestly tyranny, was burned in the square on which I was now gazing. Could we recall, or were we acquainted with the events which have happened wherever, in the course of our wanderings, we may chance to have paused, no doubt the recollections might be as melancholy as they proved to be on this occasion; for where is the spot of earth unprofaned by crime more or less recent? But even those places with which we are most familiar depend in a great degree upon the aspect under which they are presented to us for the impression which they produce. In the broad light of day other influences are at work: we argue more coolly, we take things more as a matter of course than at any other time; but when, unexpectedly, and in the dead hour of night, the memory of deeds of blood forces itself upon us, it meets with a very different reception. It was for this reason, I suppose, that the fate of Urbain Grandier had so much hold upon my imagination at that moment.

The uncomfortable feeling which I have described was gaining ground very rapidly, when the clattering sound of horses' hoofs and the postilion's rude voice of encouragement luckily dispelled them. Our cattle were put to with the usual noise which accompanies the yoking of a team, or anything else, in France; but before we started for Fontevault, the steps of the diligence were let down, and the door was thrown open by the conducteur, to admit the person who was to occupy the interior with me for the rest of the night. The night appears to be considered the most propitious of all seasons for travelling in France, and indeed gene-

rally on the continent; and whether the distances be long or short, the public conveyances always set out at the most inconvenient hours. Perhaps locomotion is so much less natural to them than to ourselves, that they try to get over it in their sleep. Their own excuse is, that it saves time; and so it does, if you are fit for anything next day, after travelling all night in a diligence. I did not, however, question the propriety of the arrangement at Loudun when I found that my companion was a female, and as far as I could judge by the glimpse I got of her figure, young and well formed. The conducteur, with customary politeness, assisted her into the diligence, and then handed to her something covered over with a handkerchief, which had greatly the appearance of a bird-cage; nor could I have much doubt of the fact when I heard the lady utter a chirping sound, and desire Coco 'rester bien tranquille.'

'A canary,' thought I; 'it's a pity that my pet is not inside too.' But I consoled myself with the reflection that she was most probably fast asleep in her basket in the sheltered cabriolet overhead.

The terrific rattle of the wheels of the diligence through the deserted streets of Loudun totally precluded all attempts at conversation, even had either of us been so inclined; and when the carriage was fairly off the *pavé*, each seemed more disposed to entertain a previous current of thought than to excite a new one. For my part, I insensibly got back to poor Urbain Grandier, and was speculating on the probable fate of his cruel persecutors, when, half an hour perhaps having elapsed, I was disturbed from my reverie by some drops of water falling on my hand. I looked about me to ascertain the reason, and could just see, by the waning light of the moon, that the bird-cage which my fellow-traveller held on her knee had slightly tilted on one side, though her hands still rested on it, and that the water which was meant for the bird was dropping upon me.

For the better explanation of our relative positions, I ought to mention that the lady and myself sat on the same side, the back seat of the carriage, which left our limbs more at liberty, and gave each of us the most comfortable corner.

'Pardou, madame,' said I, addressing my companion; 'I am afraid your cage will fall: permit me to replace it.' The lady offered no objection, but neither replied nor stirred, not even to raise her hands; so I fixed the cage in an upright position as well as I could. 'She is sleepy, I suppose,' said I to myself, my vanity putting the best construction on her indifference. 'Well, I will try to follow her example.'

I accordingly crossed my feet on the seat opposite; and settling myself well back, prepared to court the drowsy god, who generally shuns me when I travel at night. I think I should soon have been successful, for in a very short time that sense of indistinctness which precedes sleep began to steal over me; but before it had quite obtained the mastery, I was again disturbed by the dripping of water, which this time fairly trickled through my clothes. I felt excessively annoyed, not only on account of the humidity, which made me feel very uncomfortable, but because the night itself was exceedingly cold; and it was with something of asperity in my tone that I said, in a louder key than I had used before, 'Voilà qui est bien gênant, madame; prenez garde à votre oiseau, je vous prie; je suis tout-à-fait mouillé.'

But neither by word nor sign did the lady show the slightest consciousness of my having again addressed her.

'If people will go to sleep in public carriages,' I muttered, 'they ought at any rate to be careful not to annoy their fellow-travellers!'

*This truism, however, fell harmless on the ear of the sleeper; and seeing that there was nothing to be got from her, I resolved to take the remedy into my own hands. Leaning forward, therefore, I tried to withdraw the bird-cage from its place on the lady's knees; but

she held it so tightly, that I could not release it, though I employed a little gentle force to accomplish my purpose.

'Very singular,' thought I, 'that she should sleep so soundly. Why, the fluttering of the bird would have awakened me!'

But the lady was still, and so now was the canary; for as I had given the thing up as a bad job, it had recovered its equilibrium on its perch, though the cage, like the Tower of Pisa, had lost its perpendicular. Luckily, however, for me, all the water had oozed out, so I once more leaned back in my corner.

Though the roads in this part of the country are, generally speaking, very good, inequalities sometimes occur; and this I imagine must have been the case when we got to about a league and a-half from Fontevault, for I suddenly felt a violent jerk, which not only completely woke me up, but threw my companion heavily upon my shoulder, where she lay with all her weight.

'Well,' said I, 'this is rather too bad: can't she sleep in her own corner? People have no right to go to sleep who can't keep their balance.' Saying which I tried to raise her; but she was as heavy as lead, and, embarrassed as I was with my cloak, I could not stir her.

'Madame!' shouted I in her ear as loud as I could; 'savez-vous, madame, que vous m'écrasez? Ayez-la bonté, madame, de vous relever.' But I might as well have talked to a stone: there she lay like a log, and the villainous bird-cage still in her lap. Presently a thought struck me: I remained for a few moments perfectly still, and listened attentively—I could not hear her breathe! I hastily put my hand on her side; but there was no sign of respiration: I grasped her hands; they were clinging to the bird-cage, and as cold as ice: I felt her pulse; it was gone!

'Gracious Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'the lady is dead!' As quick as thought I raised her then, and kept her body upright; but the head fell heavily forward. In vain I eagerly chafed her hands, untied the strings of her bonnet, and strove by every means in my power to restore animation: every effort was useless. Failing in these endeavours, I threw down one of the carriage-windows, and thrusting out my head, cried at the top of my voice to the postilion to stop. The man seemed at first uncertain whence the direction proceeded: he looked right and left, then up to the place where the conducteur sat, and last of all he turned his head towards me.

'Qu'est-ce-qu'il y a, monsieur?' he said, bringing up his horses as sharply as he could.

'Conducteur, conducteur!' I called out: 'descendez vite! Il y a une dame qui meurt!'

'Sapristi!' shouted the conducteur, tumbling rather than jumping from the cabriolet, where he had been sleeping; 'qu'est-ce que vous dites, monsieur?'

'Venez voir,' said I; and he rushed up to the door.

'Bring a light, if you have one,' I cried. 'I fear something dreadful has happened!'

'Dum!' he exclaimed; 'ah, ça, c'est donc du sérieux!'

Although the moon had shone brightly when we left Loudun, she was in her last quarter, and the conducteur had not omitted the precaution of lighting the lamp in front of the diligence. He hastily ran back and brought it, and I was then able to see the features of my fellow-traveller. They were as pale as marble, and perfectly rigid; the eyes were filmy and staring, and the mouth, from which there came a slight moisture, was partly open; her hands, as I had before imagined, were firmly clenched in the wires of the bird-cage. Again I felt her pulse, her throat, her heart; but nothing stirred. The conducteur did the same. We looked at each other in silence. At length, after screwing up his mouth and shrugging his shoulders, he spoke: 'Ma foi!' said he, 'pas de doute qu'elle est morte! Quel accident!'

'What's to be done?' I asked. 'Let us get on as

quickly as we can. Perhaps if she were bled she might revive. How far is it to Fontevault?'

'A league and a-half,' was his reply, as he shut the door again, climbed up to his seat, and gave the word to the postilion to drive on ventre à terre.

Away we went with the speed of light, my dead companion and I, like Lenore and her lover, only the situations were reversed:

'Hurrah! the dead can ride with speed;
Dost fear to ride with me?'

I did not actually fear the corpse, but there was something particularly unpleasant in the tête-à-tête, and I felt inexpressibly relieved when, in the gray of the morning, we dashed into the village of Fontevault, and pulled up at the Croix Blanche.

The landlord of the inn, expecting the diligence, was already stirring; but if such had not been the case, the conducteur ~~and~~ I made noise enough to wake the whole household, ~~who soon~~ came crowding round us.

Unfortunately we found Fontevault no poor a place that no medical man resided there, not even the smallest apothecary. The only hope of assistance was at the Maison de Détention, once the celebrated abbey where lie the remains of the most famous of the Angevine race of English kings, Henry II. and his son Cœur de Lion, with Eleanor of Guienne and Isabella of Angoulême. We knocked loudly at the porter's lodge; but whether it arose from sheer obstinacy, from unwillingness to take the trouble, from a suspicion that some trick was afoot for effecting the release of the prisoners, or from whatever cause, the old *conciërge*, who replied to us through a half-opened lattice, turned a deaf ear to our request that the surgeon of the prison might be sent for.

'S'il y a quelqu'un de mort là-bas,' said he; 'le médecin ne peut pas le guérir; si, par hasard, votre individu est toujours vivant il se guérira lui-même.' And with these words he closed the window, and crawled back to bed again.

Further examination had in the meantime convinced everybody who looked on the unfortunate lady that the brutal old *conciërge* was right, and that the skill of the most accomplished surgeon in Europe could do nothing in such a case.

The next question was, the necessity for drawing up a *procès verbal*; but the village, which could not boast of a doctor, did not contain a single legal official, not even a stray gendarme. It was necessary that the body should be taken on to Saumur, the *chef-lieu* of the district; besides, the conducteur was anxious to get on to deliver his mail-bags. It was necessary also that I should accompany it, being the principal witness in the unhappy affair. To this I made no objection, as Saumur was the place of my destination; but I did object very strongly to continue an inside passenger. But even for this there was no help, as there was no room for me in the cabriolet beside the conducteur. Being a cross-country diligence, constructed on a pattern which few are acquainted with who have not traversed the cross-roads in the heart of France, it was provided only with a narrow seat; with a hood to it, that with difficulty admitted of the addition of Gave in her basket. Reluctantly, therefore, and with the worst grace imaginable, I re-entered the vehicle, choosing, however, the remotest corner from that which was occupied by the stiff and ghastly corpse, now fully revealed in the dull light of morning. To sleep, or even turn my eyes away, I found to be impossible; and for two long hours—mortal ones they might well be called—I sat gazing on my dreary neighbour, obliged every now and then to steady the body in its place lest it should roll off the seat.

At the *oot-roi* of Saumur, the *douaniers*, always on the look-out for articles to pay duty, thrust their heads into the diligence, demanding to know if there was anything to declare.

'Voilà de la contrebande,' said I, pointing to the dead

body; 'si jamais il en fut; mais je crois que tous les droits soient payés.'

The procès verbal before the mayor of Saumur added nothing to the details of this adventure, and the next day Gave and I pursued our journey.

THE UNITED STATES AS AN EMIGRATION FIELD.

It would be dangerous to trust to the impartiality of the ordinary books addressed to intending emigrants. They are almost always recommendations of some particular field, to which the author is attached by pecuniary interest, family ties, or even the mere circumstance of temporary residence. The honesty of the writers—and some of them are known to ourselves to be men of strict honour—is by no means decisive as to the value of their representations; for the proverbial deceit of the human heart acts upon itself as well as externally.* Thus the biographer identifies himself with his hero, and becomes an advocate; and thus the author attaches himself to the country he describes, and is metamorphosed into an emigration touter.

A little book that has just come in our way—one of the liberal shilling's worths of this vulgar era—proceeds upon a different plan.* The compiler does not confine himself to one emigration field, and he makes no pretensions to personal knowledge of those he describes. His object is to sift and compare the testimonies already given, and lay the body of digested evidence before the public, so as to enable everybody to judge for himself. Now the value of a work of the kind must of course depend upon the merit of the author as regards industry and judgment; and as the name of Sidney Smith is familiar to most people as that of a writer and thinker of more than a score of years' standing, it would seem to be some guarantee for his fitness for the task. But for our own part, we must honestly confess that we were attracted to the book at the outset by its great literary superiority over other productions of the class. The compiler is, obviously, a practised writer, a working author, and is as much at home in reasoning as in describing, in philosophy as in bare statistics. The introduction pronounces a eulogy upon colonies as a refuge even for the imagination, which will show what we mean:—'Colonies are "the world beyond the grave" of disappointed hopes. The antipodes are the terrestrial future, the sublunary heaven of the unsuccessful and the dissatisfied. The weaver in his Spitalfields garret, who tries to rusticate his fancy by mignonette in his window-box, and bees in the caves, bathes his parched soul in visions of prairie flowers, and a woodbine cabin beside Arcadian cataracts. The starving peasant, whose very cottage is his master's, who tills what he can never own, who poaches by stealth to keep famine from his door, and whose overlaboured day cannot save his hard-earned sleep from the nightmare of the workhouse, would often become desperate, a lunatic, or a broken man, but for the hope that he may one day plant his foot on his own American freehold, plough his own land, pursue the chase without a license through the plains of Illinois or the forests of Michigan, and see certain independence before himself and his children. The industrious tradesman, meritorious merchant, or skilful and enlightened

professional man, jerked perhaps by the mere chance of the war of competition out of his parallelogram, and exhausting his strength and very life in the vain struggle to get back again into a position already filled; compelled by the tyranny of social convention to maintain appearances unsuited to the state of his purse; plundered by bankrupt competitors or insolvent customers, and stripped of his substance by high prices and oppressive taxation, would often become the dangerous enemy of society or of government, but for the consideration that, in South Africa, in America, in Australia, or New Zealand, he may find repose from anxiety in independence, rude and rough though it may be, emancipation from the thralldom of convention, and an immunity from any compulsion to keep up appearances, and to seem to be what he is not.'

The motives for emigration are afterwards examined in detail, and its general advantages stated; then the subject of colonisation is discussed; and we at length arrive at the emigration fields, after having gone through the necessary preliminaries of mode of transit, choice of a ship, and the voyage and the sea. In the present volume, which we presume is only a part of a whole, the author confines himself to Canada and the United States; and we shall give our readers a specimen of the kind of information conveyed on the latter part of this wide and interesting subject.

The eastern, or New England states, which extend from the sea to the Alleghany Mountains, are distinguished by rigorous winters and torrid heats in summer. They are the oldest and most populous districts of the Union; and although, from the sudden extremes of the climate, subject to consumption and other pulmonary affections, are favourable to European energy and physical development. They are the more open as a field for our labourers and artisans from the migratory habits of the Yankees, who wander into other districts where they think to become their own masters. At Long Island, New York, according to Cobbett, there is not a speck of green from December to May; and yet in June the crop and fruits are as in England, and the harvest a full month earlier. The people, however, are more sallow and spare than with us, although for this our author blames mainly the dietary arrangements of the country. 'The abundance and universal accessibility of everything that can provoke the appetite, the long sauce and short sauce, the preserves and fruits, the infinite varieties of bread, all baked in a way to lie heavy on the stomach, the endless array of wines and liquors, the interminable diversities of meats, taken at least three times every day, acting upon a people whose brain runs away with the nervous energy required by the stomach to digest such high-seasoned meals, give the assimilating organs no chance of fair play at all. Dr Caldwell tells us that the amount of sheer trash swallowed every week by an American, is greater than would be consumed in a year by an inhabitant of Europe.'

Mr Smith is inclined to give the preference to the eastern over the western states as a field of emigration for persons without capital. 'Gardeners, well-trained agricultural labourers, good wagoners, would always find full employment in the east at fair wages, paid in money. They would have to encounter no privations, and run little risk of disease. They would be surrounded with superior comforts, a great security for health, and endure none of the hardships of inexperienced persons in a new country. A good house, near markets, medical attendance, and the accessories of civilisation to which they have been accustomed at home, they would be sure to meet. They would not, indeed, rise to the position of proprietors of land easily, or so soon emancipate themselves from service; but

* *The Settler's New Home: or the Emigrant's Location, being a Guide to Emigrants in the selection of a Settlement, and the Preliminary Details of the Voyage.* By Sidney Smith. London: John Kendrick, 1849.

service is only an evil where it is coupled with dependence and precarious employment. . . . Skilful carpenters, millwrights, blacksmiths, shipwrights, shoemakers, hatters, engineers, tailors, would never have any difficulty in procuring good engagements in the east; and although the cost of food and rent is higher there than in the west, they get money wages, and procure clothing and many other articles cheaper than in the west.' The wages of mechanics are from L.2 to L.2, 10s. per week, and those of labourers from 4s. to 5s. per day. Women earn 8s. per day at farm work. The factories are 'models of elegance and comfort;' and the workpeople, both men and women, have almost always sums of money out at interest. But this is better still—'A journeyman brassfounder, writing from Schenectady, states he earns 6s. per day, and pays 16s. per week for board and lodging for self and wife, with meat three times a day, steaks and chops for breakfast, with pork sausages and hot buckwheat cakes, with tea and coffee, stewed peaches, apples, pears, wild honey, and molasses!'

The western states extend from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains; and their climate varies, according to geographical position, from six weeks to five months of winter. Ohio is an eminently agricultural state; and the population, comparatively dense, are of a decent, quiet, rural character. Towards the south it produces wine, silk, and tobacco, and has the roads, canals, and railways, farm-buildings, markets, inns, churches, and schools of a highly-civilised country. As a matter of course, the land is higher, and the wages lower than in places less favourably situated; but still there is abundance of employment of various kinds for the labouring or operative emigrant.

Illinois is considered the chief of the western states as regards agriculture; but having been more recently settled than Ohio, it presents fewer social advantages. 'But its climate is far superior—in a six weeks' winter, a lengthened and beautiful spring, a productive summer, and a delightful autumn. Less rigorous, and uniformly milder in all its seasons than the neighbouring states, in that alone it holds out unrivalled advantages; but when to these are added a greater quantity of uniformly fine soil, of unbounded fertility, than any other of the same extent in the world, and vast prairies of alluvial mould ready at once for plough and seed, we have said enough to prove it to be the very best of locations for the emigrant.' Live-stock is never housed—the climate does not require it; and game and fish are abundant and excellent. Timber for building is so plentiful that houses are cheap. 'Good board and lodging can be had for persons even of the middle ranks for L.26 per annum; and the ways and means of life are so inexpensive and accessible, that, except to the fastidious and finical, the settler may be said to be relieved from all but the merely imaginary cares of life.' Money is here the grand desideratum. It fetches 25 per cent.; but this of itself shows that everything else must be low, and that the value of money, therefore, in anything more than trifling sums, must be only imaginary. To grow rich in money in such a place is difficult, if not impossible; but a rude yet luxurious independence is easily attained. Illinois is a sanatorium for asthmatic and consumptive patients; but other diseases are induced nevertheless. 'Tempted by the cheapness of all sorts of liquors, the abundance and variety of food, and the extensive resources of confectionary, preserves, and made dishes, emigrants accustomed to the regimen of colder climates continue a diet unsuited to any, especially a warm climate. Disease feeds on the poison of an overfed system.'

An emigrant farmer would require a very trifling outlay of money to secure a good and speedy return. It is calculated that on the purchase of 200 acres, four cows, eight young cattle, and ten pigs, fencing, ploughing, &c. building, furnishing, and maintaining his family, he would expend only L.340, 17s. In eighteen months his expenditure would amount to L.484, 4s. 6d.; and in

that time he would have reaped 6400 bushels of Indian corn, and 1600 bushels of wheat, besides enjoying abundance of vegetables, dairy produce, beef, pork, and poultry. The farm labourer is said to be 800 times better off in Illinois than in England. In Springfield, according to Mr Sherriff, 'market butter is worth 4d., beef 1½d., pork 1d. per lb., and much cheaper by the carcass; eggs 3d. per dozen; wheat 1s. 6½d., oats 9d., corn 5d. per bushel; good Muscovado sugar 5d., coffee 10d. per lb. Illinois abounds in all kinds of fruit in perfection. Honey, cotton, wine, castor-oil abound. Game of all kinds is in perfection.'

Opinions differ as to Michigan; but Mr Fergusson, who was employed by the Highland Society, asserts that the climate is healthy and temperate, and more favourable to European constitutions than that of the other western states. He gives the following estimate of a location—

160 acres at 11 dollars per acre,	L.45 0 0
Seed, labour, rail fence for 15 acres at 6 dollars,	202 10 0
Harvesting at 2 dollars,	67 10 0
Dwelling-house, stables, &c.	180 0 0
	L.495 0 0
Returns:—	
Produce of 160 acres, at 20 bushels per acre, 1 dollar per bushel,	675 0 0
Profit,	L.180 0 0

Indiana somewhat resembles Illinois in climate and soil; it is mostly prairie, and well watered, and the soil is highly productive.

Wisconsin 'commands the navigation of the Mississippi, Lake Michigan, and the Canadian lakes; is very fertile, and produces wild rice in abundance. It abounds in coal and other minerals, and is in course of very rapid settlement, being the southern boundary of Upper Canada.' 'It is by far the best place in the world,' says a visitor, 'for the English farmer or rural mechanic with small capital. There is now plenty of land near this handsome seaport (Racine) at 5s. an acre, deeds included; and improved farms, with house, out-buildings, and fenced in, at from 3 dollars to 6 dollars per acre. The land here is the best I have ever seen; black loam from six inches to two feet deep, all prairie, with timber in clumps, like a gentleman's park, and suited to every crop. Garden vegetables grow in perfection, as well as English fruits and flowers. It is the best country in America for game, fish, and water; there is plenty of living water on every farm; wells can be got anywhere, and every kind of timber. Wild fruits of all kinds. The crop is thirty to forty bushels wheat, thirty to sixty Indian corn, forty to sixty oats, and barley, and flax, and buckwheat in proportion per acre. The best pasturage for cattle and sheep; hay three tons per acre. No country can be more healthy, being open, high prairies in a northern latitude. No persons are ill from the climate, only ague in the swamps.' 'The expense of coming hither,' continues this enthusiastic gentleman, 'from New York to Buffalo, is, by canal, 3 dollars in seven days; by rail, 10 dollars in two days; and by steamboat thence here, 6 dollars in four days and a-half. Upwards of a hundred farmers have come here in consequence of my former letter; not one has left. We have all conveniences—shops, goods as cheap as in England, places of worship, saw and flour mills, daily newspapers, and the New York mail every day: in short, every convenience you could have near New York; and your produce will sell for nearly as much, with double the crop on the new land.'

Iowa was formerly included in Wisconsin, and as political divisions have nothing to do with the laws of nature, its capabilities may be considered to be the same as those of the former state; but, alas! 'its population are rude, brutal, and lawless; and possessing no settled institutions or legislature, it is obvious that it will be avoided by all persons of character and orderly habits. Its miners, like those of Galena, are worse than savages. We may dismiss our account of this

region, for which nature has done everything, and man nothing, by the assurance that at present it is entirely unfit for the settlement of emigrants, except such as

"Leave their country for their country's good."

"He has taken Iowa short," is the American phrase for a rascal who has made other places "too hot to hold him."

The following is part of Mr Sidney Smith's general summing up of the western states. 'They abound in beautiful flowers, wild fruits, and birds of every variety, and of the gayest plumage. The glow-worm and fire-fly, and butterflies of every hue are common; and the mosquitoes in the shelter of the woods are very annoying.' Snakes are very numerous, of great variety, and some of them exceedingly dangerous; yet few accidents happen from their attacks. Day and night are more equally divided in America than in Europe; and in the former there is an entire absence of twilight, or gray, still evening, darkness hastening on the moment the sun sinks behind the horizon. As a general rule, roads are few and bad, and bridges still worse. Public conveyances are conducted in an inconvenient way, from the independence of the conductors upon the custom of the public; and inns and steamboats are indifferently regulated. In the former, the innkeepers bear themselves as the obliging parties, and often decline to serve customers when it is inconvenient. The beds and bedrooms are very badly managed, and the houses overcrowded. The balance of testimony is in favour of the American character for evenness of temper, deference to women, substantial good manners, with great plainness of speech and address, and great and genuine kindness to the sick or the distressed, particularly strangers, widows, and orphans. Commercial integrity is low, and there is much overreaching and sharpness in bargains and mercantile contracts. The litigious and pettifogging tendencies of the people are the result of their acuteness, logical intellect, and inferior sentimental endowments. Law and lawyers are the curse of the country, and it is emphatically said that an American will go to law with his own father about a penny. . . . The market of England is now opened for the provisions and grain of the western states, and we cannot entertain a doubt that for centuries to come this great republic must advance in comfort, security, prosperity, and every good which can make civilisation desirable, and the institution of society an element of human happiness.'

Texas has been denounced by the Land Emigration Commissioners, and our author has little to say in its favour. 'The southern position of Texas, and its capability of raising tropical productions, argue a too torrid climate for a European constitution. It is comparatively unsettled; it is a border debateable land betwixt Mexico and the United States; and it is peopled by the scum and refuse, the daring, adventurous, and lawless, of all other countries. When fully peopled, well settled, and placed under the vigorous control of permanent government and institutions, its natural capabilities will render it a desirable place of settlement.' He merely mentions Oregon, Vancouver's Island, and California. In the first, the climate and soil are unobjectionable, but everything else is bad; Vancouver's Island may offer greater advantages to the adventurous; but both of them, and California in a more especial manner, may be regarded as the destination only of men of desperate fortunes, and as a certain source of unhappiness to all persons of orderly, industrious, prudent, and virtuous habits. Their ultimate fate will, in all probability, be prosperous; and if the new projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic by canals joining chains of lakes and rivers, or by railways or aqueducts at the Isthmus of Panama, be speedily realised, they may become much more rapidly populated and settled than is with the present means probable.'

We have now run rapidly through the portion of the volume devoted to the United States, and we do not hesitate to say that we consider the work to be a most useful and impartial publication; and even without

reference to any practical purpose of emigration, extremely well adapted for the perusal of the general reader.

THE SAILOR PRELATE.

It was in the year 1580 that Sir Francis Drake returned in triumph to his native land, after a successful expedition against the Spaniards in the South Seas. He anchored at Deptford, and Queen Elizabeth honoured the brave admiral by dining on board his ship. After the banquet, her majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on her entertainer, and inquired of him whether he wished to name any captain in his fleet as peculiarly distinguished for valour.

'So please your majesty,' said Drake, 'many there are in every ship who have borne themselves right bravely, as the subjects of their gracious mistress should; but one there is who merits praise above all, for by his steady daring alone three goodly galleons were taken. He stood himself at the guns until victory was declared, although a finger of his right hand was shot off, and he had received various grievous wounds. His name is William Lyon, commander of the Albion.'

'Let him be introduced into our presence,' said the queen; 'we love to look on a brave man.'

Sir Francis bowed, gave the necessary directions, and after a brief delay Captain Lyon was ushered into the royal presence. He was a good-looking, finely-formed man, with the blunt, frank bearing of a British sailor; in the present instance slightly dashed by a consciousness of his position. Her majesty received him with that kindly manner which she knew so well how to combine with dignity—a species of 'king-craft' which seldom fails to secure for sovereigns the warm love of their people. She asked him several questions touching the late expedition, which he answered in a sensible, respectful manner; and the queen dismissed him, saying, 'You deserve to rise, Captain Lyon; and we now pledge our royal word that you shall have the first vacancy that offers.' She then gave him her hand to kiss, and the gallant seaman retired.

About three months afterwards, as the queen on a state day was giving audience to her nobles, Captain William Lyon presented himself and craved an interview with her majesty. Good Queen Bess, among whose faults indifference to the wants and wishes of her subjects could not be classed, willingly granted his request, and smiled as she asked him to make known his wishes.

'Please your majesty, I come,' he said, 'to remind you of your gracious promise. You said I should have the first vacancy that offered; and I have just heard that the see of Cork, in the south of Ireland, is vacant by the demise of the bishop; therefore I hope your majesty will give it me, and so fulfil your royal word.'

'Gramercy,' said the queen, 'this is taking us at our word with a witness! How say you, my lord,' she continued, turning to the Earl of Essex, who stood beside the throne; 'would a brave sailor, think you, answer for a bishop in our troublous kingdom of Ireland?'

'If Captain Lyon's clerical skill, please your majesty, be equal to so grave a charge, his worth and valour (of which I have heard much) will, I doubt not, render him worthy of your Grace's favour.'

'Besides,' chimed in the captain, as undauntedly as though he stood on his own quarterdeck, 'her majesty promised me the first vacancy; and God forbid she should be the first of her royal house who was worse than the word of their lips!'

A less absolute sovereign than Elizabeth might probably have been offended at these blunt words, and have dismissed the unlucky speaker with scant ceremony; but thoroughly secure in power, she liked to reign in her people's hearts, and besides she had the rough old Tudor love for words of truth and deeds of boldness; therefore a right royal burst of laughter proceeded from the throne, echoed by the attendant courtiers; and when

the queen's merriment had subsided, she graciously dismissed Captain Lyon, with the assurance that his request should meet with due attention. An inquiry into the seaman's qualifications was accordingly instituted, and the result as to his moral character being perfectly satisfactory, and the fact of his having received a tolerable literary education being established, the queen was graciously pleased to grant his request; and William Lyon was duly consecrated Bishop of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

Elizabeth said to him on the occasion, 'I trust, Master Lyon, you will take as good care of the church as you have done of the state;' and indeed, contrary to all reasonable expectation, he did make a most excellent prelate—carefully extending his patronage to the most exemplary men, and labouring with unwearied zeal to promote the interests of the diocese. He built the present episcopal palace, situated near the cathedral; and over the mantelpiece in the dining-room hangs his portrait, very finely painted. He is represented in his naval uniform, and his right hand is minus the fourth finger.

Bishop Lyon enjoyed his elevation for twenty-five years, with reputation to himself and benefit to his diocese. He never attempted to preach but once—on the occasion of the queen's death. When that melancholy event occurred, he thought it his duty to pay the last honours to his royal mistress, and accordingly ascended the pulpit in Christ-Church, in the city of Cork. After giving a good discourse on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following characteristic manner:—'Let those who feel this loss deplore with me on the melancholy occasion; but if there be any that hear me (as perhaps there may be) who have secretly longed for this event, they have now got their wish, and the devil do them good with it!'

The remains of Bishop Lyon have recently been discovered by some workmen employed in repairing the palace. In a corner of the lawn are the ruins of what was once the chapel; and when some stones and earth were removed, a tombstone was discovered, with an inscription in old English raised characters, stating that the tomb was erected for 'William Lion, an English man born, bishop of Corke, Clon, and Ross, in the happi raigne of Queen Elizabeth, defender of the ancient apostolike faith.'

A BOAT EXPEDITION DOWN THE JORDAN.

A good deal of attention, scientific and otherwise, has of late been directed to the Holy Land and adjoining countries; many interesting points of geography and topography have been discussed, among others, the depression of the Dead Sea, the level of which has been ascertained to be more than 1300 feet below that of the Mediterranean. The Sea of Tiberias also is reckoned as 84 feet below the latter level; the difference between the two lakes, which are 60 miles apart, being more than 1000 feet. This observation, made by the president of the Geographical Society in 1842, has elicited additional remarks and suggestions; and Dr Robinson, in discussing it, states that in the distance traversed by the river 'there is room for three cataracts, each equal in height to Niagara.'

Some authorities affirm that the observations to determine the levels must have been incorrect; on the other hand, it has been shown by comparison with British rivers, that there is nothing extraordinary in the presumed fall. The Dee is a river which may be classed with the Jordan: from the Linn of Dee to the sea, 72 miles, the fall is 16 feet to the mile; and in this distance there are neither rapids nor cataracts. In the fall of the Tweed we have a nearly parallel illustration. The question, however, has been answered for the present in another way, an account of which appears in the last published part of the Geographical Society's 'Journal.' Lieutenant Molyneux of the ship

Spartan, left the vessel at Caiffa on the Bay of Acre towards the end of August 1847, with three seamen, who had volunteered for the occasion, and Toby, a dragoman. The object was to transport the *dingy* (ship's smallest boat) on camels' backs overland to Tiberias; to proceed from thence down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and return by way of Jerusalem and Jaffa, after an 'examination of the course of the Jordan, as well as of the valley through which it flows, and specially to measure the depth of the Dead Sea.' The commander of the vessel offered every aid, and furnished his lieutenant with letters from and to the authorities of the country, so as to facilitate operations among the Bedouin tribes, from whom molestation was to be apprehended.

Four camels were provided for the boat and baggage, besides horses. After two days' travelling, the party 'arrived at the top of the last ridge of hills overlooking the Lake of Tiberias and the Valley of the Jordan, and enjoyed a most magnificent view. Jebel Sheikh, smothered in clouds, was distinctly seen; before us were the blue waters of Tiberias, surrounded by five ranges of hills; to the left the white ruins of Safed, perched on a hill; and near the northern end of the lake a gap in the mountains, with a green patch, which pointed out the spot where the Jordan discharges its waters into Tiberias.'

In descending the hills to the lake-shore the difficulties began. 'By degrees,' says Lieutenant Molyneux, 'the road became so steep that we were obliged to hold the boat up by ropes, till at length we arrived at a point beyond which the camels could not proceed, and to return was impossible: the stones, when started, rolled to the bottom; the camels began to roar; then followed the usual trembling of the logs—the certain precursor of a fall; and, in short, to save the boat, it became necessary to cut the lashings, and let her slide down on her keel to the foot of the hill. There we again harnessed the unfortunate camels, and proceeded without further mishap to Tiberias, where, passing under the walls of the town, we pitched our tent within a few yards of the water.'

After crossing the lake once or twice, and taking soundings and other observations, the boat was steered for the entrance of the river; and encamping for the night on the bank, the party were visited by numbers of Arabs, who, after some persuasion, left them unmolested, but kept the travellers in a state of apprehension during the night, and again the next morning for several miles of the route. The true character of the stream soon became apparent, as the officer relates:—'Hitherto, for the short distance we had come, the river had been upwards of 100 feet broad and 4 or 5 feet deep; but the first turning after leaving the Arabs brought us to the remains of a large ruined bridge, the arches of which, having all fallen down, obstructed our passage. Here our difficulties commenced; and for seven hours that we travelled that day, we scarcely ever had sufficient water to swim the boat for 100 yards together.' The Arabs hung on the skirts of the party, apparently with a view of turning any misadventure to account; and when villages were passed, the whole population turned out to look at the strangers. Sometimes the river spread out into shallow channels, in which the boat had to be unloaded, and carried over the obstructing rocks and bushes. 'The *Ghor*, or great Valley of the Jordan,' is described as 'about 8 or 9 miles broad; and this space is anything but a flat—nothing but a continuation of bare hills with yellow dried-up weeds, which look, when distant, like corn-stubbles. These hills, however, sink into insignificance when compared to the ranges of mountains which enclose the *Ghor*; and it is therefore only by comparison that this part of the *Ghor* is entitled to be called a valley.'

Besides other impediments, the river was obstructed by numerous weirs, built by the Arabs to divert the water into the frequent small channels cut for irrigating

their fields. It was not easy to pass these weirs without a 'row,' as the natives insisted on the gap made for the boat being built up again. In one instance the masonry was so thick and high that the boat had to be lifted over. In addition to this there was uneasiness respecting the cattle and baggage, which, writes Lieutenant Molyneux, 'were frequently obliged to diverge to a considerable distance from the river; but a capital fellow that we hired at Tiberias as a guide assisted us greatly in overcoming all our difficulties.' By and by a sheik and four Bedouins stopped the party, and demanded 600 piastres for a free passage across his territories; but after some altercation, a compromise was effected for a third of the sum.

In this way the travellers proceeded, opposed not only by natural obstacles, but by the fierce and rapacious character of the natives. In some places the river was so rocky and shallow, that it was found desirable to transfer the boat again for a time to the camels' backs. On this occasion, observes the lieutenant—'From a hill over which our road lay I had a very fine view of the whole valley, with its many Arab encampments, all made of the common coarse black camel-hair cloth. Very large herds of camels were to be seen in every direction stalking about upon the apparently barren hills in search of food. The Jordan had split into two streams of about equal size shortly after leaving El Buk'ah; and its winding course, which was marked by luxuriant vegetation, looked like a gigantic serpent twisting down the valley. After forming an island of an oval form, and about five or six miles in circumference, the two branches of the Jordan again unite immediately above an old curiously-formed bridge, marked in the map as Jisr Mejamia.' On encamping in the evening, an interesting instance of sagacity is recorded by the leader. 'I was much interested,' he writes, 'during the night, in observing the extraordinary sagacity of the Arab mares, which are indeed beautiful creatures. The old sheik lay down to sleep, with his mare tied close to him, and twice during the evening she gave him notice of the approach of footsteps by walking round and round; and when that did not awaken him, she put her head down and neighed. The first party she notified were some stray camels, and the second some of our own party returning. The Denaishers generally ride with a halter only, except when they apprehend danger; and then, the moment they take their bridles from their saddle-bow, the mares turn their heads round, and open their mouths to receive the bit.'

For the next few days, so frequent were the disputes with the Arabs, the bargainings with new escorts, that the lieutenant was 'almost driven mad.' Sometimes the Bedouins would go off in a body, thinking to frighten him into terms; but the party were well armed, and could command a certain degree of respect. So tortuous, too, was the river, that, as we are told, 'it would be impossible to give any account of the various turnings; and the leader was obliged to ride continually between the boat and the baggage, to ascertain the relative position of each: a railway-whistle which he had with him proved very useful in making signals. The expedition, indeed, 'was almost like moving an army in an enemy's country—not only looking out for positions where we could not be taken by surprise, but anxiously looking out also for supplying our commissariat.' With the thermometer ranging from 83 to 110 degrees, this was no enviable task.

On the 30th of the month, it having been found impossible to satisfy the exorbitant demands of the Arabs, Lieutenant Molyneux determined on proceeding without an escort; and after the place of rendezvous was reached by the mounted party, continues:—'We, as usual, stuck Toby's spear in the ground, with the ensign flying on it, as a signal for the boat to bring up, intending to proceed as soon as she arrived. The last time I had seen her was from the top of the western cliff, she was then nearly abreast of us; and

notwithstanding the windings of the river, as the water was good, and as she had four men to pull and one to steer (Grant, Lyscomb, Winter, with the guide we had brought from Tiberias, and the man we had engaged by the road), I expected her arrival in about an hour.' The boat, however, did not arrive; and the lieutenant becoming anxious, sent out scouts to look for her, but they returned unsuccessful. Meantime he had taken up a secure position with his party, and eventually determined on going in search of the missing crew himself; but being ignorant of the language, Toby offered to go in his stead. The lieutenant then pursues:—'After most anxiously awaiting his return for an hour, he came back full gallop to inform me that he had found the boat; that she had been attacked; and that he had learned this painful intelligence from the guide and the other Arab, who were now alone bringing her down the river. . . . Forty or fifty men had collected on the banks on each side of the river, armed with muskets; and commenced their attack by throwing stones at the boat, and firing into the water close to her; and after they thus terrified the men, they all waded into the river, seized upon her, and dragged her to the shore. Lyscomb, who drew a pistol, was knocked into the water by a blow of a stick; and having got the boat on the shore, they robbed the men of all their arms and ammunition, took their hats, and let them go. They also robbed the two Arabs of their arms, and of most of their clothes, and threatened to kill them, but let them off with a beating. This was all the intelligence we could obtain; and, as may be supposed, I was thunder-struck by the recital of these melancholy facts. The guide and the other Arab had remained by the boat for half an hour, hoping that our men would return; but seeing nothing more of them, they concluded that they had endeavoured to follow me, and accordingly they proceeded down the river with the boat.'

The party were now in a critical position: surrounded on all sides by bands of notorious plunderers, and darkness coming on, added to which, anxiety as to the fate of the missing men, rendered the lieutenant truly miserable. It seemed cruel to abandon them; but the only chance of safety and succour lay in reaching Jericho as speedily as possible. The two natives who had brought the boat down were with much difficulty persuaded to take her on to the castle, and in case of the non-arrival of the party, to make their way from thence to Jerusalem, and report their position to the consul. The lieutenant, with Toby and an old man as guide and driver of the animals, then set forward; and notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, and at times losing their way, reached Jericho, a distance of more than thirty miles, just at sunrise. The letter from the governor of Beirout was forthwith presented to the old governor at the castle; and so well did the lieutenant urge his case, that in a short time four well-mounted soldiers, accompanied by the guide with refreshments, and a note for the sailors, were scouring the country in search of them. Meantime Lieutenant Molyneux rode over to Jerusalem, where, in company with the consul, he visited the pasha, and obtained from him letters to two other pashas, directing them to send out men to the search, besides ten soldiers to assist the officer in his own exploration, and accompany him afterwards to the Dead Sea. On returning to Jericho, the boat was found to have arrived; and the next day the district of country in which the outrage occurred was diligently explored, but without obtaining any tidings of the missing unfortunates; a result which, despite a hope that the men might have succeeded in reaching the coast, threw the lieutenant into 'a desponding and gloomy mood.'

He determined, however, on accomplishing, if possible, the grand object of the expedition; and the *agha* (leader of the soldiers) was requested to be in readiness with his men the following morning. 'At last,' pursues the lieutenant, 'we reached the mouth of the river, where I was glad to find the boat floating on the slug-

gish waters of the Dead Sea. We had great difficulty in getting anywhere near the shore, on account of the marshy nature of the ground, several horses and mules having sunk up to their bodies in the mud; but at length we pitched the tent on a small patch of sound but sandy ground.

Two soldiers were left in charge of the tent, while the officer, with Toby and two men, an Arab and Greek, embarked. 'We shoved off,' he says, 'just as it was falling dark, with only two oars, and with no one who had much idea of using them except myself, or any notion of boat-sailing. Under these circumstances, as I made sail and lost sight of the northern shore, I could not help feeling that I was embarked in a silly, if not a perilous undertaking. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite sea enough for such a little craft: we passed several patches of white frothy foam, and as the sea made an unusual noise, I was many times afraid that they were breakers.'

Two days and nights were passed on the bosom of the dread lake: when the sun was up, the party were scorched by the heat, as though they were in a well-heated oven; and on the second night they were chilled with cold winds, and the boat became so leaky as to add greatly to the risk. In some places the arid cliffs rise perpendicularly to the height of 1200 or 1500 feet, and only in one little gap was there any sign of vegetation: a drearier scene could scarcely be imagined. Soundings were taken three times, the deepest being 225 fathoms, and the least 178 fathoms; the lead brought up rock-salt, and dark-coloured mud. 'On the second day,' continues the narrative, 'at eleven o'clock, we got sight of the tent; and at twelve we reached the shore, quite done up, and thankful for having escaped, which none of us expected to do the night before. Everything in the boat was covered with a nasty slimy substance: iron was dreadfully corroded, and looked as if covered in patches with coal-tar; and the effect of the salt spray upon ourselves, by lying upon the skin, and getting into the eyes, nose, and mouth, produced constant thirst and drowsiness, and took away all appetite.'

'As to the alleged destructive effect of the Dead Sea on birds flying over its surface, we killed some which were actually standing in the water; and on Saturday, while in the very centre of the sea, I three times saw ducks, or some other fowl, fly past us within shot. I saw no signs, however, of fish, or of any living thing in the water, although there were many shells on the beach. I must here mention a curious broad strip of foam which appeared to lie in a straight line, nearly north and south, throughout the whole length of the sea. It did not commence, as might be supposed, at the exit of the Jordan, but some miles to the westward, and it seemed to be constantly bubbling and in motion, like a stream that runs rapidly through a lake of still water; while nearly over this white track, during both the nights that we were on the water, we observed in the sky a white streak like a cloud, extending also in a straight line from north to south, and as far as the eye could reach.'

Just after starting the next day to return to Jericho, the party saw a horseman at a distance galloping towards them, and at times firing a pistol; and we can sympathise with the leader's 'inexpressible delight that it proved to be the consul's janizary, with a letter to tell me that the three lost men had reached Tiberias in safety; he brought me also a most kind letter from Captain Symonds, enclosing a copy of the account that they had given him of their adventures. It would be a mere waste of words to state my joy at these tidings.' The boat was carried back to the coast, and on the 12th of September Lieutenant Molyneux found himself once more on board the Spartan. And until more accurate information shall be obtained, we may consider that the question as to the nature of the Jordan is answered.

We wish we could close our narrative here: but it is necessary, however painful, to add, that since the above columns were commenced, intelligence has been received

of the death of this gallant officer, which took place, through the combined effect of climate and over-exertion, soon after his return to the ship.

MR JEREMIAH JOBSON'S 'THREE DAYS.'

THE revolutions, the fall of potentates, the change of dynasties recorded in the columns of the daily press, numerous as they have been of late, are trifling and insignificant, not alone in point of number, of which there can be no dispute, but also, I suspect, in importance to the parties more immediately affected, when compared with those which sometimes occur in private life. A vivid illustration of this truth is supplied by the following transcript of a brief but stormy passage in the history—hitherto restricted to very private circulation—of Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a gentleman who for several years enjoyed a rather distinguished position in numerous sporting and fancy circles.

On the evening of Tuesday the 13th day of February last, Mr Jeremiah Jobson, a stout, portly, rubicund-visaged personage of some fifty years of age, was sitting, painfully meditative, in the large handsomely-furnished drawing-room of Mr Charles Frampton, a young but wealthy silk-mercator of famous London town. It was just between the lights, and candles had not been brought in; but the ruddy fire-blaze sufficed to trace the workings of a perturbed spirit in his flame-coloured countenance, and to bring into bright relief the object towards which his troubled glance was principally directed—namely, a new, splendidly-carved, and highly-polished rosewood pianoforte. Mr Jobson was just returned from a fortnight's sojourn with a sporting friend in the country, and the first intimation he had of the calamity with which he was threatened, was the sight of that instrument of harmony. Although a man, as he frequently boasted, of first-rate energy and unbounded resource, he was for several minutes overwhelmed, bewildered, paralysed. Cruoc could not have been more unpleasantly startled by the naked foot-print on the sand. The housekeeper—Mr Frampton was out—was instantly summoned, and a few questions amply sufficed to convince Mr Jobson that nothing but the most consummate generalship could prevent the sceptre he had so long wielded, with immense satisfaction to himself at least, from passing from his grasp: a catastrophe not to be thought of without terror and dismay.

'I always suspected it would come this way,' mused Jobson; 'and directly I saw that abominable case of wires, I knew the crisis was at hand. Pianos and petticoats, music and matrimony, generally run in couples; although'—and he laughed savagely—'there's a precious sight of difference, I am told, between the pretty tunes played before, and the airs with variations after the ceremony. To be married to-morrow, and I, as I am returned, to have the felicity of giving the bride away! Well, Heaven forgive me all my sins! I suppose I must do it. It's obviously too late to prevent the marriage: I had better, therefore, endeavour to make the best of it. As for Charles, I have summered and wintered him, and know thoroughly well how he's to be managed. Through him I must govern the wife, since wife it seems there must be. That will scarcely prove, I should think, a very difficult task to a man of my experience and knowledge of the world. . . . Not only very handsome, but, according to Mrs Hornsby's account, uncommonly mild-spoken and amiable. No doubt she is just now—they all are before the noose is fairly adjusted—all softness, all charmingness, all distracting gammon; but the question is—whether afterwards'—

Mr Jobson's troubled soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant bringing lights. 'Is Mr Frampton returned?'

'No, sir.'

'The instant he comes in, tell him I wish to see him.'

'Yes, sir.'

The servant withdrew, and Mr Jobson resumed his melancholy musings:—

'Man is a dissatisfied animal, there's no mistake about that! Here, now, is Charles Frampton, rolling in clover without ever having had the trouble of sowing it. His father, Old Timothy, must have left him at least, one way or another, eleven or twelve thousand pounds, besides the trade and clear stock; and though we have gone the pace, his fortune can't be *much* diminished with such a revenue coming in from the business! He is fond of the turf, the ring, sporting of all kinds; and, thanks to my experience and advice, he is enabled to cut a dashing figure in them all. I have been his bosom counsellor and friend these five years past; I have taken all trouble off his hands, arranged his betting-book, managed his stable, his table, and his cellar for him; and yet he's not contented! The perversity of human nature is really outrageous!'

He was interrupted by the hasty entrance of his very ungrateful friend Charles Frampton, a rather good-looking young man of about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, and, like his mentor, somewhat buckishly attired.

'Ah! Jobson, my old boy, how are you? Welcome back!'—and he shook hands pretty heartily with his philosopher and guide. 'But come, Hornsby has of course told you all about it. Mrs Herbert and her sister are down stairs, and I wish to introduce you.'

'Mrs Herbert!' gasped Jobson; 'a widow! an experience!'

'A widow! yes; and what of that? She is still two or three years my junior. But come along, and judge for yourself.' Mr Charles Frampton led the way out of the apartment, and Mr Jobson, groaning heavily in spirit, followed with reluctant steps.

The introduction over, the four sat down to tea, and Jobson had leisure to observe that Mrs Herbert—Maria, as Charles Frampton called her—was really an elegant, beautiful woman, certainly not more than three or four-and-twenty years of age. Her sister—also a youthful widow, a Mrs Miley—was, he saw, a merry, keen-looking, black-eyed person, about two years her senior. After tea, Mr Frampton and his *fiancée* went up stairs to look at the new piano, leaving Mr Jobson to entertain the sister, Caroline. She seemed in exceedingly good spirits, and displayed a vivacity and archness in her conversation that quite captivated her companion. He was graciously pleased to assure her, that not only should he interpose no obstacle to his friend's union with her sister, but that in fact he was rather pleased than otherwise he had made so judicious a choice. This assurance and encomium seemed to tickle the lady's fancy amazingly, and her merry eyes twinkled with roguish humour; but when Jobson, in pursuance of the patronising scheme he had mentally resolved upon since he had seen the bride, condescended to say that he should be pleased to see her there very often of an evening, and that he would, moreover, use his influence with Charles to have her very frequently invited indeed, she burst into a laugh so loud and merry, that the room rang again with her exuberant mirth. She, however, qualified her apparent rudeness by exclaiming, as soon as she could sufficiently recover breath—'Will you really, though? Why, what a dear, good-natured old soul you must be!' The carnation of Mr Jobson's cheeks deepened several shades, and at the same time a chilling doubt of ultimate success in the struggle in which he was so suddenly and calamitously involved swept over him. Had he not known himself to be a man of first-rate energy and resource, or if the stake at issue had been less enormous, he would—so rapidly did a sense of the difficulties of his position crowd upon his brain—have abandoned the field at once. Whilst he was still debating, the lovers returned; and one or two rubbers of whist, proposed by Mr Jobson, carried the party in a sufficiently satisfactory manner through the evening.

The ladies took their leave early. 'Charles,' said

Jobson solemnly, as the expectant bridegroom re-entered the room, after seeing them safely off in a cab; 'Charles, did my ears deceive me, or is there a family—babbies?'

'Oh yes, Jobson; didn't I mention it?' returned Mr Charles Frampton, whose flashing eyes and flushed cheek proclaimed that he was still in the seventh heaven. 'Maria has two, I think, perhaps three—if a dozen, it's of no consequence—pictures in little of her charming self. Beautiful as angels I have no doubt they are. Maria married very early, as I told you. Of course she did. How could it be otherwise?'

Jobson snatched up his chamber candlestick, and bolted out of the room. But compassion, either for himself or his friend, induced him to return, with a view possibly to a last effort. He opened the door, but a glance sufficed to convince him of the utter hopelessness of the attempt. His once docile pupil had seated himself in an easy-chair, and, with his legs stretched at full length, and his arms crossed on his breast, was apostrophising the lady's portrait—an admirable likeness by Chalon, brought home the day before. In the mellifluous words of Moore—

'Her floating eyes! oh they resemble
Blue water-lilies'—

Jobson stayed to see no more, but slamming too the door, hastened off, and was soon in bed; for he was not only mind-harassed, but travel-wearied. 'Well,' thought he, as he laid his very uneasy head upon the pillow, 'this is going the pace—this is! Two widows, both of whom know how many beans make five, if ever woman did, and three small angels in petticoats, are pretty well to begin with at anyrate! But never mind. That black-eyed divinity laughs gaily just now; but we have yet to see who will laugh last. Charley's tastes are fixed, I know. Habit with him is second nature; and when a honey-week or so has passed, "Richard will be himself again," or I am very much mistaken.' With this consolatory prophecy Mr Jobson fell asleep.

Meantime the ladies had safely arrived at their abode in Islington—a rather genteel-looking domicile, upon the outer door of which glittered a brass-plate, intimating to passers-by that the inmates kept 'a seminary for young ladies.' They had not long arrived when a visitor was announced—Mrs Barstowe, a young and rather interesting-looking person, who, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, hastened to exchange greetings with Mrs Miley.

'My dear Caroline, how well you are looking; and where's Maria?'

'In the next room with the milliner. But what brings you here at this time of night?'

'How can you ask me, when you are aware how much I am interested in the event of to-morrow, and that I know my brother's evil genius—that horrid Jobson—is returned home!'

'Well, if that be all, make your mind perfectly easy. Your brother is too much in love with Maria for that knave's influence to avail in preventing the match. I have told you so half-a-dozen times.'

'You have; but if you knew how constantly Charles has deferred to him for these five or six years past; that he has had sufficient influence to prevent a reconciliation between my brother and his own two sisters'—

'Well, but I *do* know all about it. I have heard the story over and over again, and can repeat it out of book. Miss Mary and Miss Jane Frampton—foolish girls both of them—married: one a young surgeon with scarcely any practice; the other, worse still, one of her father's shopmen: both very excellent persons, I dare say'—

'Oh yes; indeed they are.'

'Which silly as undutiful conduct naturally greatly offended Mr Timothy Frampton, who had other views for them both. He, dying shortly afterwards, bequeathed the whole of his property to his son, which

son, prompted by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of one Jeremiah Jobson—as paltry and mean-spirited a knave as ever existed—has adopted his father's just, but, I am sure, had he lived, temporary resentments, and refused to assist his sisters, although a sum which he would not miss would convert the businesses of their husbands, crippled for want of sufficient capital, into profitable ones. Furthermore, Mrs Barstowe, one of the aforesaid sisters, having the honour of one Mrs Herbert's acquaintance, is very anxious for the marriage of that lady with her brother, in order that through her influence the family breach may be healed, and all things end happily, as in a play. That, I believe, is about the sum and substance of the matter, Mary?

'To be sure it is. And now, *will* they be married to-morrow?'

'Most assuredly; unless Maria should change her mind, which, between you and me, I don't think at all likely. As for your brother, nothing but chaining him up could keep him from being at Islington church by ten to-morrow.'

'Oh, I am so glad! And Jobson, what is to be done with him?'

'Oh, hang the fellow; he'll be properly disposed of, never fear. And now, good-night; for I have my bonnet to try on, and a thousand things to do.'

The next morning Mr Frampton and Mr Jobson, after waiting for upwards of an hour in Islington church—the bridegroom, in his nervous dread of being too late, having arrived long before the appointed time—were joined by Mrs Herbert and her sister; the bride looking as only a young and beautiful widow in white satin and orange blossoms *can* look. The magical ceremony was duly performed, and the gay party were reseated in the carriage and on their way homeward in a very brief space of time. Mr Jobson, gloomy and dispirited, gathered himself up into a corner in silent savagery. He was, however, soon roused from the gloomy reverie in which he had begun to indulge.

'So kind and generous of you, Charles,' said a silvery voice, 'to insist that not only Caroline and her little ones, but Selina, should share my home.'

'What!' cried Jobson fiercely, rousing himself and glaring round upon Caroline. 'More babbies; your babbies, ma'am?'

'Yes, to be sure, Mr Dobson, or Jobson, or whatever your name may be. Mine and Maria's: just half-a-dozen in all!' and the black-eyed lady laughed as merrily and maliciously as on the previous evening. Jobson sank back into his corner speechless, paralysed; the thing, he felt, was getting unbearable.

'But then, Caroline,' continued the bridal tones, 'is such an excellent economist, that she will save us, I have no doubt, hundreds a year in the kitchen and cellar alone of so large an establishment, and that, too, without meanness or parsimony!' Jobson groaned inwardly, and closed his eyes: it was all he *could* do.

'And Selina is so admirable an accountant, that she will be quite able, with my assistance, to take much of the drudgery of the books and accounts off your hands; so that Charles'—here the sugar tones, Jobson reports, grew double refined—'you will be able, I daresay, to dispense with the services of the two additional assistants you thought of engaging, by being enabled to devote all your own time to the sale department.'

Jobson opened his eyes to their fullest width in order to see how his quondam pupil would relish his elevation to a permanent situation behind his own counter, and, to his utter bewilderment, saw him delightedly kissing hands upon the appointment!

'So that really it may be said I bring you a fortune, Charles, in my sisters, if in nothing else. . . . Nonsense, you foolish man! Where did you learn to flatter so? Fie! But there is really one thing,' continued the bride, not at all exhausted, 'I must insist upon; and that is, that there be no more tobacco-smoking in any of the apartments. I declare the dresses we wore yesterday evening have contracted so intolerable an

odour, that we shall not, I think, be able to wear them again.'

Jobson listened intently, but without turning his head, for the answer to this audacious proposition. It was not long coming. There was a light, musical laugh, followed by 'Of course, how *could* you refuse a request so reasonable?' Jobson began to have a notion that this charming dialogue, or rather monologue, was chiefly intended for his own especial edification and amusement, and dire was the passion that raged within him. 'Well,' thought he, 'the "Road to Ruin," played upon the stage, takes longer than this. We have got to the end of it in much less than a quarter of the time the players take. Let me see: since we left the church we have permanently adopted another widow and a spinster, and acknowledged three extra juvenile blessings in petticoats; we have surrendered the comptroller-ship of the kitchen and the keys of the cellar; cash and cheque-books, of course gone with the accounts; smoking is prohibited; and we have been elected shopman to our own establishment. If that is not being polished off out of hand, I should like to know what is, that's all!' The stopping of the coach interrupted his troubled moanings; and pleading headache as an excuse for not joining the bridal breakfast-table, he sought refuge and counsel in the privacy and silence of his bedroom. Having resolved on the course to be pursued, he left the house, having first ascertained that the bride and bridegroom, who were gone a few miles into the country, would return on the morrow about the middle of the day.

Mr Jobson returned home about ten o'clock, accompanied, as was his frequent wont, by a number of jolly fellows. They all forthwith proceeded to a large room on the second floor, hitherto set apart for convivial purposes. Jobson turned on the gas, and one of his rollicking companions, with the help of a lucifer match, kindled it, when, to the utter astonishment of the gay party, they found themselves surrounded by half-a-dozen narrow iron bedsteads, tenanted by as many white-robed innocents, who, disturbed by the intrusion, sprang up on end one after another, and set up the frightfullest yelling and screaming that ever issued from juvenile throats. Dire was the hubbub throughout the house. Servant-maids, porters, shopmen, shopwomen, came running up by dozens; and finally, by Mrs Miley's directions, the entire party were very roughly and unceremoniously bundled into the street, Mr Jobson amongst them. An hour or two afterwards that gentleman quietly returned, fully resolved upon inflicting signal vengeance on the morrow.

'Pray, Mrs Miley,' said Jobson, stalking majestically into the breakfast-room on the following morning, 'at what hour is my friend, Mr Charles Frampton, expected home?'

'Mr and Mrs Frampton will be here about two o'clock. In the meantime, perhaps you will read this note, which I should have given you last night had I seen you previous to the disgraceful riot which you and your drunken companions created.'

Mr Jobson looked indignant daggers at the audacious lady; and then adjusting his spectacles, perused the note. It was from his friend Charles, and intimated that, under existing circumstances, it would be better that Mr Jobson should change his quarters. It further hinted, that in the event of immediate and cheerful compliance, all existing pecuniary arrears would be forgiven.

The rage of Jobson was unbounded. He took off his spectacles, replaced them in their case, crammed the note into his breeches pocket, buttoned it up, and stalked towards the door in awfully-indignant silence. There he paused; and presently finding words in which to void his pent-up fury, returned with menacing gesture towards Mrs Miley and her maiden sister. Selina, who continued, nevertheless, to sip their coffee with the most provoking indifference.

'I expected this, madam, ladies, women! I expected

this, I say, though not quite so soon. But a word in your ear, laughing Mrs Miley—the person who will have to leave this house is not Jeremiah Jobson! The habits of years, ma'am—the habits of years, I say!—

He could proceed no farther. The outbursting merriment of the apostrophised lady drowned his bellicose threatenings; and putting on his hat, and then so fiercely striking it on the crown that it came down over his eyes, and required to be pushed up again, he stalked furiously out of the room, a peal of merry laughter pursuing him to the bottom of the stairs.

A few hours afterwards Mr and Mrs Frampton returned from their brief bridal excursion; and of course the drunken uproar of the preceding evening, and the coarse insolence of Mr Jobson, were duly related and dilated upon. Mr Frampton, who had for some time been tired of a domination which long habit and indolence of temper alone caused him to endure, readily consented to his wife's proposal, that the said Jobson should forthwith be compelled to leave the house. He had previously solemnly promised her to give up associates who, if they had not materially damaged his fortune, had considerably tarnished his reputation in the eyes of sober-judging citizens, and here was an opportunity of putting his sincerity to the test, which she determined not to let slip. Mr Frampton agreed to leave the matter in her hands, not alone because she wished it to be so, though that would doubtless have more than sufficed, but because he was not only somewhat doubtful of his own resolution, but desirous of avoiding an angry encounter with a person with whom he had so long lived in terms of intimate fellowship.

'Mr Jobson is coming up, madam,' said Jones, an old gray-headed clerk, who had been in the firm since he was a boy. 'You will, I know, excuse my freedom, but I do hope the establishment will effectually get rid of the fellow at last. If you only knew the mischief he has made, the tyranny whom he has exercised! There are Mr Charles's two sisters, whom I have known from infancy!—'

'Mrs Barstowe and her sister. They and their husbands will dine with us to-day.'

'Thank God! thank God!' exclaimed the old man fervently; and then in quite another tone he added, 'Oh, here's Mr Jobson!'

'Yes, here is Mr Jobson; and pray, old fellow, what have you to say to him, eh?' Mr Jobson had evidently been drinking to some excess.

'You had better address this lady, not me,' returned Jones quietly.

'Well, madam, and what have you to say to your husband's old friend?'

'I understand, Mr Jobson,' said that lady quite unmoved, 'that you refuse to leave this house?'

'You understand quite correctly, madam!'

'Then how do you propose to pay the debt you have already incurred for your board and lodging, which, at two guineas per week, the sum you signed a written agreement to pay when you came here, already amounts to—how much, Selina?'

'Five hundred and twelve pounds two shillings.'

'Pay? I don't mean to pay it at all!'

'And to meet this demand, to say nothing of money borrowed, there are—read the list, Mr Jones,' continued Mrs Frampton.

'One bay filly, one gray gelding, five bridles, and three saddles, in the stables. In the bedroom, two gold-mounted canes, one silver-mounted riding-whip, three greatcoats, four'—

'Fire and fagot! why, what do you mean?' roared Jobson in distracting perplexity. 'You don't mean to plunder me of my valuables?'

'Plunder you! Can you pay this debt?'

'No, I can't; no, I won't.'

'Then I have my husband's authority to say, this property of yours will be sold by auction as speedily as possible in discharge of the debt; and that whether he will see you or not for the balance, which will be a

large one, depends entirely upon your future behaviour.'

'Why, you abominable woman, I haven't a change of linen, nor five pounds in my purse.'

'So much the better: the lesson will be the more exemplary. Now, sir, please to leave the house.' Jobson glared at her like a maniac, but seemed determined not to budge.

'Mr Jones, have the kindness to call in the porters Mr Frampton directed to remain in the passage. Now Thomas, Henry, or whatever your names are, show this gentleman out of the house.'

Infuriate but vain were the struggles of the doomed potentate. The hour of defeat had struck, his sceptre was broken, and he cast rudely and ignominiously forth, to reascend his throne no more for ever!

'My dear Mary—Jane too!' said Mrs Frampton, advancing to meet Mrs Barstowe, Mrs James, and their husbands. 'Didn't I tell you I would soon exorcise the evil spirit that so long exerted such baneful influence over your brother?'

'I couldn't have believed it,' said gentle Mrs Barstowe. 'You must be a witch, Maria.'

'To be sure she is,' said Mr James, with a significant glance at Mrs Frampton's really beautiful face and figure; 'and of the only potent species—that which operates by natural magic.'

'There—there—there; that will do,' replied the lady, smiling and blushing. 'I have, at all events, sufficient sense to know that if beauty may temporarily enslave a lover or a bridegroom, it is only kindness, gentleness, and respectful forbearance that can permanently attach a husband. They are our only lasting spells of power. I owe your brother much, my dear Mrs Barstowe; and I think, in restoring him his sisters, and ridding him of a knave, I have given't splendid earnest of my desire to repay him. But come; Charles is expecting us in the dining-room; and mind, all of you, not a word about "victory" or "triumph;" they are words which grate unpleasantly upon ears masculine.' Come.'

'Thus ended Mr Jeremiah Jobson's 'Three Days.' He has wisely wasted no time in foolish efforts to regain his vanished sceptre; and the last time I heard of him he was preparing to ship himself and very ragged fortunes to the brilliant Californian Land of 'Promise,' if naught else.

ROYAL AND NOBLE ECONOMISTS.

ROYAL and noble personages have not always considered it below their dignity to superintend personally their households; thus, by regulating their expenses, to prevent an undue waste and improvident expenditure. Perhaps our readers will be glad to have some illustrations of this point laid before them, which were collected during our literary peregrinations through some of the continental libraries.

Henry VII. kept memorandums, written in his own hand, of all his expenses; and the rapacious monarch maintained an economy in his palaces bordering on meanness. To quote Lord Bacon: 'In expending of treasure, Henry kept this rule, never to spare any charge his affairs required. In his buildings he was magnificent, in his rewards close-handed; so that his liberality extended rather to what regarded himself and his own memory, than to the rewarding of merit.'

Nor did the prodigal son, who succeeded him, Henry VIII., fail in this respect to follow his father's example. In the great library at Paris may be seen a curious document in French, and in the handwriting of that sanguinary monarch, containing regulations for the use of the royal household. The extracts we have copied from the autograph manuscript are further interesting, as showing that our merchants' houses in the nineteenth century exhibit more elegance and comfort than was to be found in the royal palaces during the sixteenth—

1. 'The barber must always keep himself clean, in order not to compromise his majesty's health.'

2. The treasurer shall not keep ragged scullions, who walk about almost naked, and sleep or lie down before the kitchen fire.

3. No meat beyond a certain price shall be served on the king's table.

4. The servants to furnish a sufficient guarantee to provide against the subtraction of wooden bowls and copper utensils belonging to his majesty.

5. Pewter plate being too costly for daily use, the greatest care must be taken of the wooden platters and pewter spoons.

6. No boy or commissioner shall be kept at court for the use of the servants.

7. Women who are prodigal and extravagant shall be banished the court.

8. As likewise all kind of dogs, except a small number of spaniels, reserved for the use of the ladies.

9. The officers of the king's household to live in harmony with each other.

12. The stable-boys not to steal his majesty's straw to put in their beds, as a sufficient quantity has been given them.

13. Between six and seven o'clock, the officers charged with the service of the king's chamber shall light the fire, and lay straw in the private apartments of his majesty.*

14. Coal will be only furnished for the apartments of the king, the queen's, and Lady Mary's.

15. The ladies of honour to have a piece of white bread and some beef for their breakfast.

17. A present will be made to any of the king's officers marrying—on condition they make a present to his majesty.

Amongst the French archives we have likewise examined the private journals of Charles IX. and Henry III., one of the suitors of Queen Elizabeth when Duke of Anjou. They are interesting as containing many curious facts, and throwing considerable light upon the manners and customs of the French court in the sixteenth century. In the diary of Charles IX. the most minute sums are marked down; and the monarch, to whom some historians have attributed the massacre of St Bartholomew, is frequently making presents to his old nurse, and invariably accompanying them with some such affectionate language as, 'to my good nurse' ('à ma bonne nourrice').

The regulations for the household of Henry III., and said to be composed by that depraved and effeminate king, occupy a considerable number of pages; and the extraordinary character and minuteness of some of the regulations gave rise to a well-known satire, published during his reign. In the regulations, the duties of every person about the court are pointed out. 'No person shall be allowed to swear. None shall touch the royal chair, nor sit down in it. Those entering the royal presence with their clothes in disorder shall be ordered to go out.' The dress of the councillors is described, and they are forbidden to appear before his majesty unless dressed in the manner indicated. There are further instructions for the royal household while attending Divine service. The service—in particular of the royal chamber—is of the most complicated description; and the task of the royal dressers was by no means a light one, which our readers may imagine when they are informed that Henry III. was exceedingly fond of cosmetics, and took especial care of his face and hands. The royal visage was anointed every evening with costly unguents, over which was placed a taffeta mask, in which his majesty slept.

Although but little comfort was to be found in royal palaces in these times, nevertheless they were far from being devoid of splendour. Notwithstanding the economy practised in the household department, the greatest encouragement was afforded to artists. Genius everywhere found the most noble and munificent pa-

trons, and the palaces presented a magnificence and artistical value we might in vain endeavour to find in our modern residences. A curious contrast with such splendour is found in a letter of Louis XIII. to his queen, Margaret of Austria, where he writes:—

'The season for melons only just commencing, we sought for the best that could be procured, which we should have sent, but for their spoiling before they reached you. We send you a small basket of grapes, and a small one of peaches. If it were not for the expense of the carriage, we would send you some oftener.'

Neither should we omit in the list of distinguished persons who personally directed their households, the great name of Louis XIV., to whose taste for splendour and magnificence the French nation owe the celebrated palace of Versailles, and the unrivalled galleries of the Louvre, successively augmented and enriched by Napoleon and Louis-Philippe.

There is kept amongst the Belgian archives at Brussels a manuscript containing the list of the household of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. The names and different salaries are inscribed; but we could obtain no satisfactory information as to the origin of the document, which is certainly not in the handwriting of that accomplished queen. In the library at Bruges may also be seen a written list of the establishment of Charles II. and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., when the royal exiles resided in that once celebrated and still most interesting city. It is wholly devoid of interest; and we only observed that the barber of the roving monarch was favoured with a larger allowance of beer than any other person of the household. We might mention, by the way, that the only traces we could meet with of Charles's residence at Bruges, is an account of a visit the princes paid to the company of archers of St Sebastian, of which they became members, and inserted their names in the register, which may be still seen by the curious. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, when they visited Bruges, likewise enrolled themselves amongst the members of this ancient corporation, and added to the number of royal autographs already in its possession. To cite more modern examples of economy in the houses of the great, we find that Frederick the Great even disputed daily with his intendant about the expenses of his table, and knew the exact cost of every dish served up before him. Napoleon likewise insisted upon regulating his domestic expenses; and De Bourrienne relates that he entered into such minute details as to the expenses of the palace, that when, after a visit to Fontainebleau, the accounts were presented to him, the Emperor declared the sum for the orange-water placed in the ladies' rooms had been doubled.

Madame de Maintenon, who, with her confessor, may be said to have governed France during the declining greatness of Louis XIV., considered that her sister-in-law could with 15,000 francs (L.600) support all the expenses of her establishment. 'Meat,' she said, 'costs five sous a pound, sugar eleven. Your family comprises yourself, your husband, three maid-servants, four footmen, two coachmen, one commissioner—in all, twelve persons.

* Bread,	per day,	1 franc 10 sous.
Wine,	...	1 ... 10 ...
Butter,	...	2 ... 10 ...
Wax Candles,	...	10 ...
Common Candles,	...	8 ...

'You ought not to count more than four sous of wine for the four footmen and two coachmen, and you only need two fires in the house for four months besides the kitchen fire.

* Expense during the Year for maintaining the Family, including Fuel, Wine, &c.	6000 francs.
Horses' keep, Coaches, and Livories,	4000 ...
Rent,	1000 ...
Clothes, Opera, Private Expenses,	3000 ...
Salaries, and Servants' Clothes,	1000 ...
Total,	15,000 francs.

'Thus you see,' continues Madame de Maintenon,

* At this period the rooms in England were not boarded: straw and rushes being spread out in winter, and leaves in summer.

'that you are wealthy with such a sum, and ought to live like a princess.'

The expenses of housekeeping have, it is true, considerably augmented since 1679, when the above letter was dated; and we have transcribed it only as affording an example of a domestic budget in those days, and to prove that housekeeping may be allied to wit, grace, and high rank. The fascinating Marquise de Sevigné likewise managed her household, and numerous examples might be adduced from her letters showing that she knew how to regulate her expenses. Still more might be said upon this subject; but it is sufficiently shown that individuals of the highest birth, alike distinguished by their talents and position in society, have not thought it derogatory to superintend their own affairs, or, in homelier language, keep their houses in order.

PARADISE OF DEBTORS.

The number of debtors in the County Prison at York seems to be always very large: many remain a long time, evincing no disposition to leave the place; and when it is considered what a very comfortable life they pass, with large airy rooms to dwell in, no work to do, plenty of company to associate with, spacious grounds to walk in, and with the county funds ready to purchase food for them if they have not property of their own, all surprise on this score must cease, the wonder really being that there are not ten times as many debtors, which there probably would be were the attractions of the place generally known. In fact, this prison, like many other debtors' prisons, is a luxurious kind of poorhouse—*workhouse* would indeed be a misnomer—where the lazy and extravagant are maintained at other people's expense, and where the bare idea of being required by their labour to do something towards earning their own bread, would be looked upon as the herald of unheard-of oppression and cruelty. Of the debtors in York Castle, at the time of my visit, one had been there nearly eleven years, two more than eleven years, and one fifteen years. The governor said that he did not think these men had any wish to leave the prison. I sent for the men to have some talk with them; and the drift of their replies to my questions was, that they would not apply for their liberation, because in so doing they should have to surrender their property.—*Fourteenth Report of Prison-Inspectors.*

FROST-SLEEP—ITS CURE.

In an excursion made in the winter 1792-3, from St John's to the Bay of Bulls, North America, Captain (the late General) Skinner forming one of our party, we had on our return to cross a large lake over the ice some miles in extent. When about the middle, Captain Skinner informed me that he had long been severely pinched by the cold and found an irresistible drowsy fit coming on. I urged him to exertions, representing the fatal consequences of giving way to this feeling, and pointing out the state in which his wife and family would be found should the party arrive at St John's without him. These thoughts roused him to exertion for some time; but when he had reached the margin of the lake he gave way, and declared he was utterly unable to struggle farther, delivering, at the same time, what he considered his dying message to his family. As there were some bushes near the spot I broke off a branch, and begged through my fellow-traveller with it; at first without any apparent effect, but at length I was delighted to find that my patient winced under my blows, and at length grew angry. I continued the application of the stick until he made an effort to get up and retaliate. He was soon relieved from the torpor, and as we were now but a few miles from St John's I pushed on before the party, leaving the captain under special care. I left also the stick with strong injunctions that it should be smartly applied in the event of the drowsiness returning. I soon reached the town, and had some warm porter with spice, prepared against the arrival of my friends; with this and considerable friction he was enabled to proceed home, where he arrived perfectly recovered. He himself related the story at the Earl of St Vincent's table, at Gibraltar, many years afterwards, expressing at the same time much gratitude for the beating he had received.—*Memoirs of Admiral Brenton.*

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbet and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon.
Take my word for't, my fress—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blithe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bright draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-winged swallow, wi' nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the warch-dog, for Cmsar kens weel
When the wild grey laddie are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good-will
The hard horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony wacer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill;
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring down his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows,
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lag-barrelled guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin', or christin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fcein';
Sic lauchin', sic daffin', sic dancin' until
The last near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listened to music—ilk varying tone,
Frae the harp's deen' fa' to the bagpipe's drone,
But nae stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairn's meal!
Bless the miller, wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

—*Scotsman.*

ENGLAND THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH.

If we divide the globe into two hemispheres, according to the maximum extent of land and water in each, we arrive at the centre of designating England as the centre of the northern hemisphere; an antipodal point near New Zealand, the centre of the aqueous hemisphere. The exact position in England is not far from the Land's End; so that if an observer were there raised to such a height as to discern at once the half of the globe, he would see the greatest possible extent of land; if similarly elevated in New Zealand, the greatest possible surface of water.—*Quarterly Review.*

TO DETECT CHEATS IN COFFEE.

We have only to put gently into a tumbler of clear cold water a spoonful of coffee, which, if pure, will swim on the surface; if adulterated, the phlegm will detach itself, discolouring the water, and it sinks.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by E. C. CLARKE, 20 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASSON, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 286. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

THE MYSTERY OF FRANCE.

FRANCE is a mystery to everybody: no one can tell what to make of its odd ways, or what it will by and by come to. Its people are a puzzle to the world—a terror to their neighbours. All Europe waits to see what they will do next. I have been in France some half-dozen times, and have just returned from it after a more than usually lengthened residence, during which, with nothing else to do, I mingled with native society of different grades. On this, as on former occasions, I experienced not a little perplexity. You see a fine country, rich in natural resources; beautiful towns and cities; art realising its highest aspirations; boundless ingenuity and taste; and, generally speaking, an active, obliging, and industrious people. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the French are given to idleness. Among the classes enjoying a competence there is an excess of leisurely recreation. But take the mass of the people. The rural population are everlastingly toiling in their fields, and making the most of their small possessions; and the consequence is, that the lands are for the most part kept as clear of weeds and as tidy as a garden. And so also in the towns: you see much constant and humble application, particularly among the women. We talk of the privations of shopmen and shopwomen. Go to Paris! Opposite my lodgings in the Boulevards des Italiens were several shops, in which, from eight in the morning till ten at night, a number of men and girls ministered daily without intermission—no Sabbath for these poor creatures! Every Sunday morning off came the shutters as usual, the windows were wiped and decorated as usual, and business went on as usual, as if such a thing as the Day of Rest had never been heard of. This is France: incessant toil; occasionally a fête, when souls in bondage are let loose; but no repose—no time for thought—probably no thought, if there were time for it.

An Englishman of ordinary ideas sees that the French have lost two things—religion and loyalty: the sense of God's presence in the world, and the sentiment of veneration for human authority. It may be, doubtless is, a passing phase of a great people, to be succeeded in time by a better. But yet the Englishman must admit that the alleged vacuum in the national feelings does not wholly account for the mystery, for the French, while wanting what Britons think so essential, exhibit some social and moral features in which we do not approach them. Accustomed to the spectacle of refined usages and objects of taste, they possess a remarkable love of what is neat and tasteful. At no time do you observe sluttish dirtiness, rags, and brawling misery, such as the eye and ear meet in the meaner quarters of our large towns. There are seen disorderly females, and a general contempt, such as

may be noticed at all hours of the day in Glasgow. Annually, in sober and constitutional Edinburgh, some hundreds of beings are carried to the police-office drunk on a barrow—such sights attracting no special observation, as if a keen sense of decency were wanting amongst us. Can any one say the same thing of a French city? On the 4th of May, I walked the streets of Paris from morning till night. Along the chief thoroughfares, towards the scene of festivity, crowds of people from the eastern faubourgs streamed in a ceaseless flood; and finally, at a late hour, all returned peacefully homewards: it was a grand sight, that stream of well-dressed people; it was civilisation of a high order. For all that day there was not heard a high or coarse word, nor was there seen any jostling or act of rudeness. 'The French,' said I, 'know how to behave; they can be happy without being disorderly.' I write this in Edinburgh on the Queen's Birthday: it is a day of general rejoicing—that is to say, the bells are ringing, and there is a good deal of hard drinking. Some lads for the last two hours have been amusing themselves next street kicking about an old tin kettle; and at this moment, vomited from a public-house, two tipsy men are fighting under my window. Is this civilisation, or what?

It is tolerably clear that the people who can endure favourably comparisons of this kind, if not in all respects estimable, are deserving of a greater share of admiration than is usually accorded them. Vices and crimes abound in Paris, and are perhaps of the darkest shade; but the people are, in the main, orderly, decorous, and well-disposed. The very dregs of the community, when in open insurrection, do not steal—in arms for a political cause, they would scorn to be thieves. Let this fact be compared with the conduct of the band of insurgents who for an hour plundered the shops of Glasgow. Nor do we find, even among the better classes of French society, anything like that far-sighted cunning which has lately come out so strong in the English character. Their Mississippi Scheme—the invention of a Scotsman—may well balance our South Sea bubble; but the *entrepreneurs* of the Parisian gambling-houses have been outdone in swindling by English railway speculators. On these various accounts the French cannot, without prejudice, be spoken of contemptuously. With all their faults, they are a great people. It is because they are great, and can make themselves respected, that we feel so much interested in getting at the bottom of that mysterious unsettledness which affects their public career. In a people who can be so assiduously industrious, and do such marvellous things in art, science, and literature, we might naturally expect the ability for constructing a government on a solid basis; but from all experience, it is evident that this is precisely the one thing they cannot do.

A defect so remarkable in the character of a nation might very properly engage a degree of philosophical inquiry beyond the scope of these limited pages. In a glance merely at the subject, however, it could probably be shown that the recent and prospective misfortunes of the country are due to causes which lie on the very surface of history. It is fashionable to trace national idiosyncrasies to the effects of race. Essentially Celtic, the giddy impulsiveness of the French character is ascribed to something in the physical constitution. It might be improper to meet this species of allegation with a point-blank denial, though it is very evident that the pure descendants of French families in England are in no way distinguishable in regard to solidity of understanding from the oldest inhabitants of the country. Without venturing further into this delicate matter, I am inclined to impute the whole—or very nearly the whole—of the French incapacity for government to the plainly obvious reason, that they have never been taught. 'Tis education makes the man—not meaning by that merely school learning, but the rearing up of habits, through the daily influence of example, from generation to generation. When the Englishman sits down comfortably at his fireside, and congratulates himself on the steady working of the institutions which shelter his life, his liberties, and his property, he is, I fear, not sufficiently cognisant of the fact how all this was brought about. On comparing the course of events in English and French history, the source of our security and French insecurity is revealed. From the most remote times, self-government of some sort has been habitual to the Anglo-Saxon race. From the forests of Germany, they brought with them the practice of wardmotes and juries. This was but the A B C of their learning. Substantially, they owe their training in constitutional forms to their kings. Municipal privileges—that is, powers of local self-government by delegation—were communicated by the sovereign to bodies of traders in towns, as a make-weight against the encroachments of the barons; and it was this alliance of the people with their kings that is the fine feature alike in English and Scottish history. In France, on the contrary, the kings and the barons united to oppress the people, and keep them in a state of tutelage; even the church, usually favourable to popular claims, was in France, up till the period when repentance was too late, an arrogant, overbearing corporation. It is trite to remind the reader, that when the Revolution of 1789 broke out in France, all power whatsoever was in the hands of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy. The privileged orders, as they were called, ruled everything, but contributed nothing. The people, viewed as objects of taxation, alone furnished means to carry on the operations of government. The slightest concession of the nobility and clergy to pay a trifle towards the disembarassing of the finances, would have averted the Revolution. We all know what the privileged orders would have afterwards given to recall their fatal opposition. Have they not been punished?

Everybody likewise knows how the French people, suddenly and unpreparedly admitted to self-management, have gone on blundering till the present moment. Had Bonaparte been in all things an enlightened despot, he possessed the means, as he had the opportunity, of conferring charters of self-government on communities sufficiently enlightened to have merited the privilege. So far, however, from doing so, he strengthened and perfected the principle of centralised

government—put the whole nation under the supervision and control of the executive in Paris. No doubt it was an important object with the early revolutionary authorities, to unite the hitherto disjointed provinces and towns in the new and uniform departmental system; and yet in this by no means discreditably-executed arrangement, they only perpetuated the elements of social disorder. The people still remained pretty much in their ancient state of tutelage; were not taught to depend exclusively on themselves for local government; did not so much as learn how to meet, consult, and petition for a redress of general grievances. The successors of Napoleon continued the same deadening policy. Guizot, with all his philosophy, did nothing to temper or elevate the spirit of a democracy against which he is now pleased to declaim. He found the French people children in the art of constitutional government, and he left them so.

The pernicious principle which enables a minister in Paris—no matter how installed—to command a whole nation by telegraph, is aggravated by the passiveness, which has grown into a habit, under the process of property distribution. Abstractly, the law of equal inheritance may be just; but in France it has undeniably the effect of disposing the vast body of peasant proprietors to take no deep interest in dynastic convulsions. What care they about 'rallying round the throne?' One throne to them is as good as another: their fields yield their produce as plenteously under a republic as a monarchy. Only when the screw of taxation receives an additional twist, do they begin to feel that King Log would, on the whole, have been preferable to 'President Stork. Whether arising from the same cause, or otherwise, it is certain that the French are the least inclined of any people in Western Europe to push abroad into the world with a view to bettering their circumstances. Kept at home by their ignorance of foreign languages, their love of country, or their comparative indifference to commercial gains beyond a limited point, they are further restrained from dispersal by the hopes of honours and place. The Legion of Honour is an exchequer as inexhaustible as the manufactory of ribbon from which it draws its supplies. Even youth owns the potency of decoration. A reasonable distribution of cocked-hats and swords is discovered to inspire flagging schoolboys with a love of France, glory, and grammar; and not to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are marched to work to the efficacious strains of a tambour. Place, however, is the solid material on which general subserviency is erected. The free resources of the country are literally caten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries in Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France, the number is upwards of half a million, and as many more are looking for office. Demoralisation, by the dispensation of petty offices, is thus a powerful engine of authority. The French government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. One of the ministers lately entertained the Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands as many as twenty thousand applications for the privilege of retailing tobacco; each applicant putting forth some special claim for state favour! An eager pursuit of place among restless politicians and a redundant body of *littérateurs*, of course go far to explain the recurring phenomena of French revolutions.

To an Englishman who gives any consideration to the aspect of French society, nothing appears more inconsistent than the letter and the practice of the new republican constitution. With '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*,' inscribed in wearisome repetition on the walls of public buildings, with trees of liberty planted in mocking profusion, the people—at least those whom I had the fortune to converse with—appear to be in a condition of infantine ignorance respecting what constitutes the first elements of freedom. All their revolutions, all their changes of forms, still leave them at the mercy of fiscal regulations diametrically opposed to the principles for which they have freely shed their blood. The nuisance of passports, preventing all freedom of locomotion, except by permission of a magistrate, is continued in all its ancient virulence. At every public meeting commissaries of police possess a legal title to appear officially; to overawe the speakers; and, if they think proper, to turn all to the door by means of a company of soldiers. The same functionaries, backed by gendarmes, exercise the authority of paying domiciliary visits at the dead of night, and carrying off all papers for which they have a fancy: no redress. Persons taken into custody for any alleged offence are kept in prison for any length of time without trial: preliminary public examinations, with the privilege of giving bail, are unknown: practically, whatever be the law on the subject, there is no *habeas corpus*. In the single word 'conscription' we have a whole chapter of horrors; but I content myself with noticing, that not until a young man has passed the ordeal of the ballot, in his twenty-first year, does he possess the privilege of being married: the demoralisation arising from this cause alone is beyond computation. Now, the surprising thing is, that none of those despotic regulations is made the subject of general complaint: they are submitted to, possibly with fretfulness; but no movement takes place towards their removal or modification. Indeed every new convulsion may be said to rivet them the more closely on the country; for every fresh executive, feeling the increased criticalness of its position, is obliged to maintain itself by restrictions on liberty, which no staid monarchy, like that of Britain, finds it requisite to employ. A government in danger is always seemingly tyrannical—breaks through all constitutional principles and forms, and scruples not to set aside any law that is opposed to its self-preservation. Hence I can really see no end to the series of revolutionary troubles in France. A century may elapse before the people acquire the habits of thought essential to a state of freedom. They will, to all appearance, go on destroying government after government, in expectation of finding something better; while all the time, their imagined corrective is but aggravating the disorder incidental to their unhappy condition.

I left France with gloomy forebodings of the future; nor did I find any person in my journey who entertained the most distant hope that the then present state of affairs could last. Unfortunately, no one can exactly define what form of government is at once practicable and expedient. There is a chaos of principle—antagonisms impossible to be reconciled. In the political paroxysm of 1848, forms were established thoroughly at variance with national tranquillity, and yet which it does not seem to be in the nature of things to abolish. The deliberative power given to the army would alone rend a state in pieces; though this weak point in the constitution is probably less fatal than the reliance on a National Guard, which considers itself entitled to assist

the constituted authorities only when in the humour to do so. Whether without passing through the furnace of a civil, or the distractions of a foreign war, France will be able to compose her internal differences, is a question deeply affecting all Europe. Let her be at least assured, that England looks on her struggles towards an improved and settled government with anything but an unfriendly or jealous spirit, with indeed a degree of sympathy and solicitude very unlike the feelings which once unhappily prevailed between the two countries.

W. C.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A STORY OF THE BACKWOODS.

A YOUTHFUL newly-wedded couple were preparing for the decisive step of emigration to one of the North American States: it might be called *decisive*, because, under any circumstances, they contemplated no return hither. It is unnecessary to detail all the reasons which determined these young persons to abandon their fatherland and the amenities of cultivated society, for a retired and self-denying residence amidst the primeval forests of the 'far west.' It may be sufficient to remark, that they were every way creditable to them; and that, while their wishes and expectations were moderate, their energies were braced to meet, in a firm spirit of self-relying industry and courage, whatever inconveniences or disappointments might await them. On one all-important point they felt satisfied—namely, that strong mutual affection must be the foundation of every step in the path of life they had chosen. Amidst the dimness with which the visions of their futurity were blent, *this* only seemed clear. They were voluntarily about to leave, perhaps for ever, the luxuries and appliances of polished society, together with all the ties of kindred and friendship which had hitherto smoothed and beguiled their young life's journey; and they felt, therefore, that the love must be of the nature of an enduring, self-denying tenderness, which would make them all in all to each other, and which would cheer whatever solitude, and make amends for whatever privation, they might have to encounter in their wilderness lot. On this main point, then, their youthful hearts were at rest: they had long been intimately acquainted with, and almost as long fondly attached to, each other. But in other respects they were also peculiarly fitted for the mode of life they now anticipated, and it was probably an intuitive perception of this fact that finally influenced their decision, so they set themselves cheerily to their multifarious preparations.

'I shall make a much better farmer than I ever should a merchant I feel confident,' said George Hadley; 'and now my early penchant for edge-tools will, I hope, find useful exercise. I think I shall be able to make something better than clumsy—that is, *very* clumsy—tables and chairs for our new home.'

'And I,' said his wife, with a fond responsive smile, 'am getting rapidly into all the mysteries of home-brewing and baking. I was not idle during my late short visit to Cousin Grace, at her country cottage, though she did stare prodigiously at my anxiety to pry into the depths of everything. I often think of Aunt Jane's lesson, and will even have a hand in every dish we have upon the table. Aunt Jane, you must know, promised a particular provincial pudding to a *very particular* English gentleman. She felt sure she knew the ingredients necessary, the proportions, and how to mix them, having often done it: but alas! she knew not how, or the proper time, to cook it. When she had learned to make pies and puddings, the cook or a baker finished them: here she was at fault, and to her shame and mortification the pudding was spoiled and uneatable.'

Thus they encouraged each other, and chatted over their prospects and plans, till the time of leave-taking

arrived. Here they did wisely also, we think: they made no formal farewells; but having incidentally mentioned their intentions to each of their friends, so as to feel assured it would not be taken amiss, they quietly slipped away by themselves; and thus, as Marion said, when she stood on the vessel's deck, and looked her last on England, the gaze was not dimmed by friendship's tears, but the past looked bright, as did the future.

They had collected rather a formidable equipment of articles for personal and domestic comforts, as it was one of their aims to retain as many of the *agrémens* of the past as their future position would justify or admit of. In one particular they practised praiseworthy self-denial: they were both passionately fond of music, but, fearing lest this pursuit should tempt them to sacrifice to it too much of their time, after some consultation they agreed to take no musical instruments or music with them. We shall just add, that they had unitedly about two thousand pounds; a capital which would go but a little way in their rank in Britain, but which is ample for a settler in a colony who is contented to begin moderately.

After a pleasant voyage, George and Marion Hadley landed in New York. There they immediately sought, and soon obtained information, as to the best district to which to proceed. For the most part all things went favourably. They secured a farm, partially cleared, which the occupant, from various misfortunes, was obliged to resign, and which their romantic wish to be *alone* induced them to prefer to others, from its isolation, and being rather out of the track which the tide of immigration seemed likely to take. They had a fancy to keep their home retired amidst the wilds, even should townships arise at no great distance around them.

At the last place on the borders of civilisation, our emigrants provided supplies of such additional things as they seemed likely to want, with wagons and assistants to convey them to their destination. This was the most toilsome part of their long journey; still novelty, curiosity, the longings, and even the suspense of hope, made it pass gladsomely. But yet, hopeful and light-hearted as were Mr and Mrs Hadley, it was not in human nature, when their future resting-place was reached, not to exchange a look that seemed to say, 'Shall this desolate spot ever become the paradise we have dreamed of?' The fence, originally but partial, was now lying broken down and destroyed; the unsightly stumps and tangled ground, a half ruinous log-house, and the dark interminable forest, amidst whose gloomy recesses the strong breeze was sighing what sounded more like a melancholy dirge than a cheerful welcome—these were the dark features. But the summer sun shone gloriously; a cluster of majestic trees shaded and sheltered the dwelling; a few apple-trees were even now bending beneath their load of fruit, and some cultivated rose-bushes showed that here a garden once had smiled, and might smile again. The house was hardly fit to shelter the newly-arrived, with their goods and chattels; their first care, therefore, was to arrange for assistance in the erection of a new and more commodious dwelling. This, where wood was so plenty, and wood nearly all that was required, was soon accomplished. The walls were of rough logs, inside they were neatly boarded, and afterwards varnished: the roof was also of boards, with tar and bark instead of slate or tiling: there was a light and spacious kitchen, and above it a comfortable room, intended for guests: there was no hall, but directly opening from the kitchen was a good apartment, which might be called a parlour from its furniture and appointments; and still within, leading from it, was the chamber, or *sanctum sanctorum*—very snug, yet light and cheerful, its window looking to a pleasant glade in the solemn wood, where Marion felt sure they should find some agreeable walk; and in fact they did find so many, that on the whole they allowed the stately trees to remain in their ancient majesty. Hardly was the house made,

habitable, ere the team was at work for the autumn sowing; and then succeeded winter, with its fence-making, and almost equally important in-door employments, completing the domestic comforts; and then they called their home 'Young Hope Farm.'

But it is not our intention to follow these settlers through all the details of their transatlantic residence. Suffice it to say they prospered. Their moderate wants were soon abundantly supplied from their own farm, and chiefly by the work of their own hands; for, except in spring and harvest, one stout servant-girl was all their help. Marion had a small dairy, she had poultry of the finest kinds in abundance, and she raised in the garden the only ornaments they cared for—the flowers of their country. George cultivated excellent fruit; he followed his plough, and superintended in person every operation of the farm; while for healthful recreation, and a pleasant variety to their table, he had his gun and plenty of unrestricted game. In the evening they had a few well-chosen books, or, if busily engaged with their hands, they often joined their voices in some of the melodies of home, and concluded with a grateful hymn of praise. Happily passed their time, not a moment unemployed; and they cast not one 'longing, lingering look behind.' But, monotonous as to some this life might appear, unvaried by friendly greetings or pleasant reunions, and uncheered by Sabbath bell or social worship, yet one or two incidents befell Mr and Mrs Hadley of interest far surpassing the average of those in our every-day existence; and these it is our chief object to narrate, as tending to illustrate how a self-possessed demeanour and a generous heart will meet exigencies the most trying, and eventuate in results the most satisfactory.

The following, as the preceding incidents, are strictly true. One of them, we should especially shrink from having the hardihood to invent; and it is another proof of the trite remark, that the romance of real life is often more highly wrought, and more deeply affecting than any fiction, however well drawn:—

One hot bright day in the early harvest of the year succeeding their arrival in America, Mrs Hadley was engaged in the cheerful, cleanly kitchen, making preparations for their mid-day meal, of which several labourers in the harvest-field had also to partake. Her husband, as usual, superintended his work, and even the servant-girl had gone out to assist. Mrs Hadley had her face turned from the window; but as she saw one shadow after another darken the opposite wall, she raised her head to glance at the wooden clock, to see if it were possible that the dinner-hour had brought her labourers from the field. What was her surprise and consternation to see the dark figures of several Indians walk into her presence with noiseless tread and in utter silence! She had always felt an undefined but extreme dread of these savages, often represented as so terrible, and had shudderingly imagined such a circumstance as now occurred; but hitherto she had never seen any of them, so that the novelty, the suspicion, and her unprotected situation, caused her heart to sink within her. It was only for a moment however.

When two men had entered, she was relieved to see them followed by a young woman, carrying on her shoulder a little child, and whose timid stealing steps formed a striking contrast to the bold and confident bearing of the men. Mrs Hadley, rallying her courage, and endeavouring to appear quite unmoved, courteously greeted the intruders. Though they could not understand the import of her words, her gesture and her smile were nature's well-understood telegraph of kindness and welcome. The men exchanged one syllable, it seemed to her of satisfaction, and continued to gaze earnestly at every object they saw around them. One of them was tall, and seemed advanced in years; the other was young, and was the husband of the female. Mrs Hadley, observing that the latter was almost sinking from heat and fatigue, took the child from her arms, caressed, and gave it a large piece of

white bread, which it eagerly ate, and then a draught of new milk. She then lifted from the ample pot that hung over the fire a mess of savoury soup, which she placed on the table, with spoons, and pointed to her uninvited guests to eat. They looked at each other, at the food, and at her, but said and did nothing. Eager to propitiate their good-will, as well as anxious to fulfil the duties of hospitality to any of the brotherhood of man, the hostess seated herself at the table, took a spoon and a piece of bread, and began to eat, as if inviting and showing her guests the example. She then resigned her seat, and was pleased to see the men gravely, yet with the utmost propriety, eat as they had seen her do, though in all probability they had never handled a spoon before. Meanwhile the female had meekly squatted down at a respectful distance from her lord and father; and Mrs Hadley, recollecting that the Indian squaws do not eat with the men, placed before her some of the nicest of the meat and vegetables. The young woman—for she seemed scarcely above sixteen—looked sad and very gentle, yet smiled thankfully and admiringly at the kind and comely white woman.

Short time sufficed for the strangers to make a plentiful meal, after which, seeing a pitcher of water by, they drank eagerly, and then, with a gesture of stately courtesy, stalked away, having hardly uttered a word during their visit. As they were departing, Mrs Hadley, seeing the child much attracted by a handkerchief she wore of many-coloured silk, took it from her shoulders, and spread it over the poor babe's uncovered skin, to protect it from the fierce rays of the noonday sun. The mother more than once looked back with a deeply-grateful smile, and very soon they were all out of sight amidst the forest.

Mr Hadley was much annoyed by this occurrence, and thought it only prudent that his wife should not again be left alone, for fear of a similar or a worse alarm. They saw no more Indians, however, till the fall of the following year. By that time they had a little girl of their own; and one day when Marion was lifting her from her cot in the inner room, she suddenly saw a dark and frightfully-painted countenance glaring in at the low window. Again she preserved her coolness and composure, though the effort was even greater than before; for ere she could call her husband, who was not far off, the house was surrounded by eight or ten fearful-looking savages. This time, as no females were with them, Mrs Hadley justly concluded that they were a war party, and might be bent on mischief. With her child in her arms, she hastened into the kitchen, and warned the servant-girl of their unwelcome neighbours, commanding her on no account to display the least distrust or displeasure. Hardly had she had time for this communication, when the armed warriors crowded into the house, unceremoniously, yet with the appearance of harmlessness; and she soon had the pleasure to recognise among them the elderly man who had formerly visited her. He advanced to the fireplace, and looked as if for the great boiling pot; but there was none there that day. The hostess, however, understood him; and smiling at him (she afterwards averred it was a very faint-hearted smile), as if to let him know she did, she brought a large bowl of sweet milk and a basket of wheaten cakes, inviting the Indians to partake, which they did, but without seating themselves. Mr Hadley soon after stepped in, his gun on his arm, and looked aghast when he saw by whom his kitchen was occupied. One of the Indians instantly wished to examine his fowling-piece. Alarmed at the danger, and anxious to make an impression on the wild strangers, George first fired it off at one of his own pigs that had strayed near. Most of the savages started, uttering exclamations of surprise, and then leaped to the dead animal, to examine it more closely. When he saw their excitement and frantic gestures, he began to fear he had not acted wisely; certainly he had not exercised the prudence and self-command his Marion had done. Some of the

warriors remained within the threshold, and appeared acquainted with the use of fire-arms; so George loaded again as composedly as he could, while his brave wife observed suspended round the neck of one of them a well-used tobacco-pipe. By her suggestion her husband offered a supply of the weed he never used himself, but kept for the use of his visitors and labourers. This courtesy was received by the Indians with every mark of satisfaction, and shortly afterwards they took their wished-for departure. After this scarcely a year passed that some parties of Indians did not call at the farm, and never without interchanging marks of hospitality and good-will, till it seemed to be generally understood that these white people and the Red Men were friends and brothers.

A few seasons now glided peacefully past with Mr and Mrs Hadley. They still enjoyed in a great measure their beloved retirement; only one family had become domiciled within five miles of them. But that is near neighbourhood in the backwoods; so these solitary families occasionally interchanged visits. 'Few and far between' were they, it must be said, except when some neighbourly assistance was required of either. Perhaps it was a candlemaking, or a grand maple-sugar-boiling, or it was to look after the house during a confinement; on the whole, it was agreeable to all parties. Mr and Mrs Oswald had, like our friends the Hadleys, emigrated on the strength of love and industry; but they were not so fortunate, perhaps not so judicious, as the others. The lady had been tenderly nurtured, and was little fitted to sustain the roughnesses an immigrant family has, especially at first, to encounter. Moreover her health was delicate, and her family increased rapidly: three children they had carried with them, but only one survived to reach their future home. This damped the youthful pair at the outset. Still Mr Oswald and his interesting wife were happy, for they were contented and affectionate; and the husband (an energetic Irishman) was indefatigable in industry and a desire to do well.

Mrs Hadley had put her two little girls to bed one stormy autumnal evening, and was looking forward to a few hours of tranquil industry by their happy fireside, when the kitchen door was heard to open, and a female voice spoke in accents of grief and anxiety. George hastened to ask what was the matter, and found it was the servant-maid of their friends the Oswalds. She had come to ask Mrs Hadley to go immediately to her mistress, who had been taken seriously ill. Their only farm-servant had met with an accident that had quite disabled him, and Mr Oswald himself had ridden off for the nearest surgeon, a distance of sixteen miles. The girl seemed much excited and distressed; and Marion, knowing the delicate state of her amiable friend, was deeply concerned.

'What shall I do, George?' she exclaimed; 'a night of storm, and such a road! Had it been during daylight, or could you have accompanied me. But I could not be easy if both of us were to leave our children.'

'Had not I better go?' asked the husband sympathisingly.

'Ah, I suspect it is I that ought to be with her: poor Lucy! Yes, I will go without more hesitation. Get the mare saddled for me: I will leave this girl with you, and take our Betty, as the more efficient assistant. Hasten, dear George, and I will get ready some little matters that may be necessary.'

'Wrap well up, then, my love,' said George; for he felt he dared not oppose his heroic wife's proposal, the necessity being so pressing.

After a fervent kiss, and a 'God be with you, my dear, on your errand of mercy,' from her husband, Marion was seated on the steady animal, and Betty trudged resolutely by her side. The wind howled diamally, sweeping showers of withering leaves to the ground at every blast; and masses of black clouds were careering past the moon, then, fortunately for the night-travellers, near the full. The hardly-to-be-distinguished pathway was

broken and rugged; but the mare knew it pretty well, and after a short time Mrs Hadley proposed that her servant should try to ride behind her, thinking that they would thereby get on more rapidly. This was done, and the strong sagacious animal stepped out more sure and swiftly, as if aware of the confidence and responsibility reposed in her. In fact, in a time which, even to their anxiety, seemed short, the good Samaritans reached Mr Oswald's dwelling.

Marion knew that there were none to receive or to greet her; but all the more eagerly she hastened into the house, leaving Betty to attend to their steed. The kitchen was in darkness; a large house-dog sprung growling to meet the guest, whose arrival would doubtless be so welcome; but almost immediately recognising the visitor, the animal retired to the cheerless hearth whining piteously. There was no other sound to be heard, and Mrs Hadley hoped her suffering neighbour might be asleep, as the children doubtless were; so she stepped softly into the family room. A light burned dimly near the uncurtained window: it had been placed there as a beacon to light the *absent* home. The wood-fire had sunk low, but the regular breathing of sleepers was distinctly heard. When Marion had sniffed the candle, she saw the eldest boy, who was eight years old, with his head laid down on the table before which he sat; another little fellow, stretched on the floor, carefully covered with a cloak; and the youngest on his mother's bed, which stood in a corner of the apartment—all fast asleep. No word, or whisper, or sigh came from the invalid. Marion held her breath while she stooped over to listen for her friend's, and only the increased throbbing of her own heart was audible. The stillness was oppressive. Alas, alas! it was that of death—the mother lay a corpse, surrounded by her sleeping children! Alone, unaided, she had perished in nature's extremity! The appalled gazer soon became too painfully convinced of this fact; and the pulses of her own life almost stood still, as she beheld the once lovely countenance distorted by pain and sorrow, and fixed in its last unconsciousness. Marion was a brave-hearted, but she was also a deeply-sensitive woman. Here was wo indeed! In the whirlwind agony of that moment she perceived all its bitterness; yet the lightning glance she permitted herself to take of the circumstances, also disclosed to her what was required of herself. She stooped over the dead, and closed the glazed eyes, and smoothed the convulsed muscles of the face; then with a heavy bursting sigh she took in her arms the hapless child that slumbered on its mother's deathbed, and tenderly kissing, she laid him in another and less sorrowful resting-place: his little brother she soon nestled beside him, and then she gently touched the sleeper at the table. The poor child started, as if distressed that wearied nature had overcome his intended and promised watchfulness.

'Has papa come back?' he asked. 'Is mamma better? I am so glad you are come, Mrs Hadley!'

'Go to bed beside your brothers, my dear boy—you must be sleepy,' said his sympathising friend, deeply affected to hear him name his mother, whom he idolised. 'Your papa will soon arrive now, I daresay; and in the meantime I will see to everything.'

The boy looked wistfully to his mother's bed, and whispered, 'Mamma is surely asleep—she was so ill, and groaned so sadly; but when Ann went for you, she was better, and I gave her a drink; and then she told me to sit down and watch the children, for they were so sleepy and cross they would not let me put them to bed; so they fell asleep, and I waited, and waited, and at last I could not keep awake, I believe; but I hope dear mamma did not want me.'

'I daresay she did not, my dear; so go to bed now.' And to bed he went.

Mrs Hadley had a severer task to restrain within bounds the expression of Betty's horror and dismay than her own feelings. She at length prevailed on her to stay, in making the house more comfortable, for it

was too apparent that all that day's work had been left undone. A fire was made to blaze cheerfully, the rooms swept, the kettle boiled, and tea prepared to refresh the gentlemen, now momentarily expected, though one of them at least, both females thought, and Betty said, could hardly be expected to partake of it. All these cares were scarcely completed, when a horse's trampling was heard; and Marion was thankful the surgeon had first arrived, so that some preparation might be thought of for the husband, bereaved under such distressing circumstances.

The medical man attempted all he thought possible, in case the poor lady might yet revive. It proved unavailing, and the living now were first to be thought of. Mr Oswald, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, hastened as fast as his jaded horse would carry him; yet dreamed not of the fearful blow awaiting him at that home where he had so often met his Lucy's smile of welcome. But we shall not attempt to paint the scene on his arrival. Henry Oswald, notwithstanding every tenderness of preparation that circumstances admitted of, was at first almost stunned into insensibility; and I am sorry to say, afterwards acted the part of an utterly distracted person. The warm-hearted, impulsive Irishman yielded to paroxysms of sorrow and despair unworthy of a brave or a Christian man, and subversive of his duty to his helpless children.

Almost as soon as the cheerless morning had dawned, Mrs Hadley was relieved by the appearance of her husband. She had done all that seemed immediately necessary; and thought it best to take the motherless little boys home with her till their father was more composed. Alas, that time came not! The kindly surgeon and George Hadley attended upon him through the ravings of a brain-fever—and ere the necessary arrangements for the wife's funeral could be completed, he had followed her to the other world.

In a few moments of composure preceding death he recognised his friend; and when his roving eye seemed to ask for his children, the other assured him they were with his Marion, and should be tenderly cared, and, if necessary, provided for. The exhausted father smiled as if satisfied, and closed his eyes in death. The pledge thus given to the dying parent was amply fulfilled. Mr Hadley endeavoured to let the Oswalds' farm, but did not succeed; therefore, as he was unable himself to attend to it, and part of the purchase-money remained unpaid, it relapsed almost into its pristine state. The relatives of the family in Europe were of course informed of what had occurred. Oswald's friends were unable, poor Lucy's were unwilling, to interfere or assist; and the children remained with the Hadleys, whom God continued to prosper and to bless. The two youngest required not long the cares of these compassionate strangers. Inheriting weakly frames, they soon sank to the grave, over which parental tears of anguish were shed by those whose sole original tie had been pity for the desolate and helpless. Richard, the eldest boy, however, grew up a sedate and thoughtful lad; and very early became most helpful to his adopted parents. He was a few years older than their girls; and as Providence had given them no sons, Dick Oswald was to them instead of one. He was indeed even *more*; for to the wellings of devoted love and reverence were added in his breast a tide of overflowing gratitude, that one might soon foretell would probably influence all his future life, and though out of tender respect to the memory of his unfortunate parents he retained their name, yet by others he was much oftener called by that of his benefactors.

Richard had reached his sixteenth year, when, to his great surprise, a letter from his maternal grandfather called him to the country and estate of his ancestors. There appeared so much that was cold-hearted and selfish in this tardy acknowledgment of the orphan lad, that he at first spurned indignantly the unwelcome invitation. Accustomed, however, to school his inclinations to meet the paramount claims of duty a few days of

calm consideration changed or modified the young man's opinions as to his future procedure. He felt as if he had not courage to open the subject to his adopted mother, but with Mr Hadley he then sought a full consultation.

'I think you ought to meet your grandfather's wish, if not obey his mandate,' was the result expressed by the paternal Hadley. 'I am persuaded mercenary motives are likely to have little weight with one brought up simply and industriously as you have been; yet it cannot be overlooked on other accounts, that by the deaths of your uncles you are the hope and heir of your mother's ancient family. As a matter of choice, my opinion of course is yours, since it would lead you to remain with us.' His voice trembled as he felt the pressure of the young man's hand. 'As a matter of duty,' he proceeded, 'doubts arise. Has or has not your grandfather any claims on you? You tenderly cherish your mother's memory—ask yourself how she would have wished you to act?' This latter consideration was ever a sacred point with the youth; it appeared to decide the conflict in his mind, and immediately he so expressed himself.

'Well, then, my dear boy,' concluded his friend, 'we must, however reluctantly, consider this matter settled. Only this remains to be said: if you should not find everything in Britain as you have reason to expect, or if you should ever feel the want of friends, or a congenial home, remember my house and heart, and the hearts of my family, will ever be open to receive you with a glad welcome.' And so terminated this painful interview—equally painful to the well-balanced mind of the excellent Hadley and of the child he had educated with so much care.

The present occurrence was, in truth, a very severe trial to all the inmates of Young Hope Farm. And who can wonder that it was so? The melancholy parting over, and the young man launched abroad into life, we can readily imagine he carried much of 'Young Hope' with him. Manly and energetic, he was not without praiseworthy ambition and ardent curiosity to see the world, and all its novel wonders. Yet still the secret wishes of his spirit were, that after a few years of improvement or of wanderings, he might be permitted to return—as a wearied bird would to its nest—to the peaceful sheltering haven in the western wilderness.

He wrote regularly, though at considerable intervals, to his parted friends: his short epistles contained little but the strongest expressions of gratitude and affectionate remembrance, and almost with each were sent little articles of use or elegance to those he still called his mother and sisters. He had a tutor, and then he went to college; and afterwards he travelled with his aged relative, and thus he wrote to his friend—'Amidst all the puerilities and conventional forms of artificial society, its heartless ceremonial and tiresome etiquette, how often do I find my heart and memory turning to the boundless liberty of the glorious woods—the crystal-like candour, and outspoken tenderness, with all the innocent hilarities and simple enjoyments of my transatlantic home! I am to study for the bar, I believe, as a matter of *status* and *éclat*, and I am to inherit a moderate patrimonial estate. Oh how gladly would I rather assist my father to improve and decorate Young Hope Farm! And again—'Greatly would I prefer sitting an hour on the lonely grave by our little lake-side in communion with nature, to mixing with the most *recherché* society I have yet seen. And oh how much rather would I read one of your letters, that tell me I am still dear to you, than reap even such academic honours as I have attained to, when I cannot have your voices to add your meed of applause! My grandfather is very kind, and most indulgent: on but one subject are we not congenial. He thinks my heart is too much in my childhood's home. He seems to be seriously in dread that some fine morning he will discover that I have escaped to the woods, like a Red Indian but half reclaimed from

savagism. This, too, may come to pass some day. Keep up your hearts, dear ones, in hopes it may.'

Half a dozen years escaped thus, tedious in their transit, like a dream when they are gone; and then young Oswald's grandfather died. The patrimony that now became Richard's was found to be heavily burdened: for the law, as a profession, he had an unconquerable distaste; and to keep up a hollow show on an inadequate income, was at variance with every sentiment of manly candour and straightforward principle so carefully and early instilled into his breast. Richard Oswald, therefore, immediately entered into negotiations with a cousin who panted to become a landed proprietor and head of the family (and who, indeed, had ever been disposed to consider the former merely an interloper), and from him he accepted an equivalent in cash for his patrimony.

How gladsomely was a letter from the beloved absent one now read, and re-read at Young Hope Farm; for it said, in a few thrilling, joyful words, that his duty performed, his mission accomplished, and himself at liberty, he would now return to devote his life to the friends that had nurtured his orphanage. From that day mighty preparations went on at the farm—preparations intended to welcome the wanderer to his nest again. But weeks and months rolled on, and Richard arrived not. They knew not now how to address him a letter; and hope deferred, began to make sick the longing affectionate hearts. The spring flowers, whose blossoms he had almost promised to greet, were withered; summer was fast brightening into a rich productive harvest; but Young Hope Farm looked cheerless and sad. Not a living thing was to be seen without; no cheerful busy sounds, so usual there, were to be heard, except it might be the birds singing among the trees—those trees which, twenty years before, were planted as mere saplings, now enclosed and concealed the fair home, till it was like a nest indeed, and like nothing so much. The birds, we say, still sang blithesomely around it: but was there mourning within? Yes: in the inner chamber lay the matron, the mistress of the house, apparently in the last doubtful stage of an acute disease. Her devoted husband sat near her, his face buried in his hands, for she could not recognise even him. Her eldest daughter, most like herself in form and character, supported the sufferer's head, and endeavoured to soothe her restless moanings; while the other, a beautiful girl of seventeen, was altogether overcome, and weeping bitterly. The low casement was partly opened to admit the summer breeze, bearing with it refreshingly the fragrance of woodbine and roses, while it swept the long branches of a graceful acacia against the window-panes, with a caressing-like gesture, throwing shadows as graceful and life-like over the nicely-papered walls of the rooms and the snow-white draperies of the silk couch.

The watchful daughter fancied her mother spoke: she bent her ear to catch the words, and heaved a deep sigh as she heard only 'Richard, Richard!' Yes, many times during the ravings of delirium in the last few days had that name burst with deep pathos or impatient longing from the parched and fevered lips. Richard came not. 'Oh would he but arrive to soothe the last moments, if so it must be!' thought the daughter.

The family were anxiously expecting, too, the arrival of the friendly surgeon, who had been obliged to leave them the day before. He at least now came. They heard his horse's feet; and Mr Hadley was beckoned noiselessly from the room to meet him. Almost immediately he reappeared, and was followed by a *stranger*, who silently gave a brother's kiss to each of the afflicted girls; and ere they could recover their surprise, he was kneeling beside the low couch.

'Mother,' he said, 'my more than mother! am I returned to find you thus?'

She opened her eyes, and again murmured dreamily 'Richard!'

'Richard is come, never more to leave you. Oh mother, live to bless us!'

She looked at him with a sudden, yet faint gleam of intelligence, and then wearily turned her head, as if to rest.

The surgeon, who now entered, drew the young man and the agitated maidens from the room, which was instantly darkened; and the patient slept, happily to awake composed and sensible, the crisis past, and renewed life in prospect. And she has lived since then many happy years, the valued wife, the tender mother, to rejoice over her recovered treasure and reunited family.

The adopted son built a fair and graceful addition to the farm-house, and imparted many elegancies and useful appendages to it and to the flourishing gardens. There he married the eldest daughter, to whom his thoughts had long in secret involuntarily turned. A nephew of Mr Hadley's afterwards joined them from Scotland, and became the husband of the lovely second sister; while a third, yet in childhood, was the cherished darling and plaything of all. So the roof-tree of Young Hope—its owners delight to think that not one of their early hopes has really failed—promises fair to become a flourishing stock, adorned with numerous noble branches and rich fruit. At all events, the fair dwelling now stands in nestling loneliness and loveliness, a heart-stirring ornament of the majestic wilds, an oasis of happy rest, and of anticipations realised; demonstrating—how much more *breath-insuffly* than our poor words may!—what skill and energy, when combined with upright intentions and good feeling, may accomplish amidst the boundless solitudes of the 'far west.'

FLOOR-CLOTH.

It has been remarked, that a people's progress in civilisation and refinement, may be ascertained from the state of their dwellings; and we have no doubt that in general it may. There is a commendable selfishness that prompts men to collect the fruits of their skill and enterprise around them, and make them subservient to their pleasure, so that domestic arrangements generally reflect not a little of individual character and resources. The history of household furniture in Scotland for the three last centuries, would present a pretty accurate picture of the national progress. In the single department of the floor, there has been a gradual ascent from plain mother earth to the elegant Brussels carpet, and scarcely less elegant fabric of which we purpose to speak. The making of *floor*, or, as it is sometimes improperly called, *wax-cloth*, is comparatively of modern date, and like most manufactures, has reached its present state by slow degrees. Of late years the growing demand for it as an elegant and fashionable article of household comfort, gave rise to a few large establishments in England; but the only one of the kind in Scotland, is the 'Scottish Floor-Cloth Manufactory,' of which we purpose giving some account. Beside the importance that attaches to it as a new branch of skill and industry, the operations carried on possess no little interest in themselves.

This work was erected in the summer of 1847, near the populous town of Kirkcaldy, and is by far the largest pile of masonry in the district, forming a conspicuous object from a distance, both to the traveller by railway, and the voyager by sea. It is 160 feet long, 87 feet wide, and 52 feet high, the walls being of corresponding thickness. There are four tiers of windows, 150 in all, mostly what are called 'flake-windows,' for the purpose of ventilation. The principal apartment, which is the drying-room, occupying the main body of the building, contains two rows of immense pillars, reaching from the ground to the roof, for the purpose of supporting cross beams, from which the cloth is suspended when drying. These pillars are entire pines, such as are used for masts, imported direct from Russia. Some idea may be formed of their strength when it is considered, that beside the support given to the roof,

they sustain the weight of 180 or 200 pieces of half a ton each. We were shown over the premises, by the enterprising proprietor, Mr Nairn, who kindly explained all the different processes. The original fabric, which the English works mostly import from Scotland, but is here manufactured on the spot, is a coarse flaxen cloth, which is worked by two men in broad looms, being eight yards wide. The cuts of canvas, on being hoisted to an apartment called the 'frame-room,' are stretched on large vertical frames, for the purpose of receiving the ground-paint; but before describing this process, let us look at the preparation of the paint. The materials used are chiefly the ochres and leads, which are thoroughly pulverised by a crushing roller, and then mixed with linseed-oil, and other ingredients suitable to the purpose. To reduce them to a further degree of fineness, they are then poured into a 'hopper,' and ground by a pair of millstones, from which they flow into stone tubs, where they are kept for use. The cloth, having been stretched on the frames already mentioned, which reach from side to side of the building, receives on the back or floor side a coat of size-paint, and is thoroughly rubbed with a large piece of pumice-stone, in order to render it perfectly smooth. The paint is then applied from the tubs with a brush in large daubs, and afterwards spread over the cloth with a long narrow trowel. The process of rubbing with the pumice-stone is repeated, and when the coating is sufficiently dry, another and another is added, according to the desired thickness of the cloth. The consistence of the paint, which is about that of molasses, imparts great strength and durability to the fabric. On the back of the cloth being finished, the face undergoes three or four similar processes, and at last receives what is technically called the 'brush-coat,' to fit it for the ornamental prints of the blocks. As the former coating must be dry before another is applied, these operations usually occupy three or four months. The pieces are then taken down from the frames, and conveyed to the printing gallery, in the opposite end of the building. This is a narrow platform, placed near the roof, and the operations carried on in it are precisely similar to those of common block-printing. At one time a much ruder method was pursued: holes were cut in a piece of pasteboard, in shape of the intended pattern, and the paint applied through them, as is still done in stencilling the walls of rooms; but it always leaves the figure ill-defined, as well as deficient in paint. Blocks were introduced by the late ingenious Mr Nathan Smith of London, and have continued to be used ever since. In the establishment is a designer, whose business it is to devise patterns; and as every work of the kind has one or more of this profession, whose skill and genius are considered its peculiar property, it is always an object not to copy, but to combine as much as possible originality with elegance. The lately-instituted Schools of Design are doing much to supply and improve this department, in which we are still confessedly behind our neighbours across the Channel. The designs are transferred to blocks by the woodcutters of Glasgow; an art that has now attained a high state of perfection, many woodcuts being little inferior to engravings. There are always as many blocks used in printing a piece as there are colours, usually a few more; and as no one must interfere with another, the utmost nicety is required in adjusting them to each other, so as to bring out the pattern correct and entire. It is interesting to observe the printing process, how the design is transferred to the previously-prepared cloth in broken portions, till, from seeming irregularity and confusion, there results a beautiful and well-defined figure. As these operations are concluded, the cloth is drawn from the hands of the printers over the side of the gallery, and hung up in the immense drying-room, formerly described.

The choice of patterns, as in calico-printing, is purely a matter of taste. Each manufacturer exerts his own ingenuity, and avails himself, as far as it can be honour-

ably done, of the ingenuity of others, to produce such designs as will meet public favour. In a manufacture like that of calico, where the demand is extensive, a single happy design has been known to realise a fortune. In floor-cloth, however, the leading patterns are not very numerous; but they are brought out with considerable variety of detail, and a few of them are rich and exquisitely beautiful. They are chiefly granites, marbles, oak panellings, Gothics, and chintz. The marbles exhibit a pleasing variety, in exact imitation of nature; but the three last are the most numerous and diversified. Some specimens of the Gothic, prevailing colours red and green, look very graceful, and are well fitted for long passages and spacious halls; but we were most attracted by a chintz, consisting of two bouquets of flowers, with a variety of drapery interspersed. This expensive cloth has ten different colours, and fourteen blocks were required to bring out the design. The variety of colours and patterns, when the cloths are suspended in the large drying-room, forms a rare and gorgeous sight. It is impossible to examine this work minutely without perceiving that floor-cloth is a much more complicated and expensive manufacture than is generally supposed. Few and simple as the processes may seem, they imply an advanced state of the sciences and arts. Some of the materials used are the products of researches and discoveries that extend over ages, and are still very costly. A small bag of paint, not larger than a steer's bladder, was pointed out to us as having cost L.20. The arts of block-making, designing, and transferring the designs, require a degree of skill and nicety, of which those unacquainted with them can form no conception. This is a condition of almost all modern manufactures; they are raised upon others, without which they could not exist. As with the functions of the human economy, one is necessary to another. We were wont to consider the price of floor-cloth as exorbitant, but our visit to this establishment has materially altered our opinion. Independently of the large outlay on the requisite buildings, most of the labour required is of the most expensive kind; and here, at least, the principal workmen are from the large English houses: but, above all, is the time that must elapse before the manufacturer can obtain a return for his goods. The cloth has to be about ten months in the factory before it is fit to be sent into the market.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE 'SWEDISH-NIGHTINGALE' PEST.

We wish—though entirely with a regard to our own comfort—that Jenny Lind would either marry or take the veil, and so be done with it one way or another. While she remains as she is—a spinster—she is a serious evil, especially in the provinces. There we hear not her sweet strains—except perhaps once or twice altogether, when she has condescended to become a Wandering Voice. In general, our doom is only to hear of her in the London journals; and there we hear too much. Would metropolitan editors only consider that, though it is sport to them to listen to the actual performance of this nightingale, it is death to us to have limitless paragraphs about it! This, however, we could bear, as we bear hundreds of other matters local to London, and which London innocently supposes to be interesting to the whole world of Britain. But this eternal paragraphing about the personal history of the vocalist—this is what we most specially complain of and remonstrate against. That a simple Swedish girl should have proved to be a wonder and a prodigy to a multitude of London English, in as far as she cared little about money or puffery, is nothing to us in the country, who are of much the same unsophisticated character as Miss Lind herself. Their incapability of appreciating her motives, and the pure bewilderment which they experience in consequence, are no doubt very natural to *them*, but exceedingly impertinent to *us*. To them, moreover, the mysteries of theatrical interests

are matters of gossip of vast consequence: but to us, who know nothing about them, they are vapid stuff. The dread of losing a source of entertainment which they alone can enjoy, why should we be everlastingly bored with it? Why, above all, should we be condemned to see this delightful specimen of unspoilt and unspoilable humanity badgered through all the newspapers about her wish to retire, her intention to be married, and so forth, as if the sanctity of an individual will were in this case to be held as a compromised right? To us, in the simplicity of the provinces, the whole of this generation of paragraphs about Miss Lind's heart and hand is an utter abomination, which we should be disposed, if in our power, to make very short work in reforming. Since this is not the case, we must return to our first position, and say that, were it quite the same to Miss Lind to become a Mrs. Something, and thus cut off the whole troop of Impertinents who at present howl after her, we should feel truly obliged, being thereby exempted from a trouble and a pest which we fear must otherwise continue to vex us for years to come.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE AT SHEFFIELD.

The word 'college' is associated with ideas of extensive buildings, richly-endowed chairs, and all other 'appliances and means to boot' for the advancement of learning. A People's College, then, would mean an institution of the kind distinguished by popular features, and more especially open to the classes hitherto withheld by want of funds from slaking their intellectual thirst at the more costly fountains. Let us see how the People's College at Sheffield answers to this definition.

When Mechanics' Institutes are arranged for the supposed advantage of those classes for which they were originally intended, the only branches of education taught at them are the rudimental ones—reading, writing, and arithmetic. A mechanic, therefore, after having got over these stepping-stones to knowledge, is thrown upon his own resources. There is no establishment adapted to his means where he can receive instruction in the higher branches of learning; and if he pursues the path of inquiry at all, he must do so at home, and in the midst of many discouragements and interruptions. About seven years ago a gentleman, then an Independent minister in Sheffield, was struck with this imperfection in the educational arrangements of the country; and after a preparatory lecture, he startled the adherents of the old system by opening an institution, which he called the People's College; and in which, besides the instruction usually given to mechanics, were classes for grammar, mathematics, logic, English composition, elocution, &c. besides Greek and Latin, and some modern languages.

This institution was, in point of fact, a private school, the property of the reverend gentleman; and it passed through a variety of vicissitudes incidental to such speculations, during which it was chiefly worked by Mr Bayley in person, assisted by some of the senior students as monitors. It seems, however, in the opinion of the correspondent to whom we are indebted for this information, to have at least proved that the working-classes are by no means indifferent to those higher studies which are usually considered to be beyond their intellectual reach; although this opinion would seem to be somewhat at variance with the fact, that at the close of last summer the number of students amounted only to thirty. At that time Mr Bayley was appointed to a congregation in London, and he bade adieu to Sheffield, leaving the orphaned college to the chances of the world.

Now comes the most interesting part of its history. A meeting of the principal students took place, at which much regret was expressed at the impending fate of the institution, and strong opinions advanced as to its peculiar adaptation for the work of supplying the educational wants of the lower-middle and lower classes. In fine, it was resolved by these somewhat enthusiastic and high-minded persons to continue the college *themselves*; and in so spirited a manner were their exertions responded to by the people, that upwards of one hundred young men and

women at once enrolled their names as members. This was six months ago; and so steady has been the increase, that at the present moment there is a weekly attendance of one hundred and eighty.

Now let our readers observe this, for here lies the great interest of the subject. The college continued, and still continues, to be under the sole direction of twelve students, who were chosen as a committee for the purpose; and so disinterested are the labours of these persons, that they not only devote gratuitously their time and talents to the service of the institution, but they pay the same fee as ordinary scholars—namely, sixpence per week, and one shilling per quarter. This fee is the sole revenue—the college has never received a shilling in the way of donation; and besides these twelve, there has never been more than a single other teacher, a gentleman who is paid for instructing in French and German.

In order to convey a correct idea of the class of society by which this self-supporting and self-governing establishment is carried on, we here indicate the occupations of the teaching and managing committee:—

- One master shoemaker.
- One steel refiner.
- Two brushmakers.
- One banker's clerk.
- One tailor.
- One grinder.
- Two sander-makers.
- One caster.
- One cooper.
- One ironmonger.

Of these, all are journeymen, with the exception of the shoemaker and banker's clerk. Our informant is one of the committee, Mr Isaac Jackson, brushmaker; and he concludes his letter thus:—'My only object in sending you this statement is, that you might use your influence to induce the young men and women of other towns to "go and do likewise." What has been done in Sheffield may be done elsewhere.'

The most effective way in which influence can be used in a case of this kind, is simply to give it publicity. We have always stood up for the true dignity and independence of the working-classes; and here is a remarkable exemplification of the resources they possess within their own body. The time has been when a People's College, such as is described above, would have been reckoned the idle dream of an enthusiast; and it would have been so in reality so long as this belief continued. But, in spite of the ill-judged attempts that have been made to persuade the working-men that they can do nothing of themselves—that they are lost without the fostering care of wealth or authority—a healthy conviction would appear to be rising in their minds that they are themselves the arbiters of their own destiny. We trust this may spread, and that our readers will repeat to one another, and to themselves, the words of our correspondent—'What has been done in Sheffield may be done elsewhere!'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PHOLAS FAMILY.

If any one will go to the sea-coast at no great distance from Edinburgh, with a hammer in his hand, we can promise him a speedy introduction to the *Pholas* family. Finding some rocks of shale or clay, which the ebbing tide just uncovers, let him give a smart rap or two with his hammer at the doors of the pholas mansion, and he will presently see a hundred tiny jets of water pop out of a hundred minute apertures. This will tell him the pholades are at home; but to get at them personally is more difficult, if possible, than to get personal interview with the 'great ones' of another family. Always supposing that the hammer in question is a geologist's, let the sharp end of it be diligently used until a mass of the rock is detached some five or six inches square, which, from the friable nature of these strata, is not very difficult, and he will secure a sufficient number of these animals for the purpose of investigating their

habits and economy. Having got the fragment of rock home, and examined it closely, it will be found perforated by a large number of holes, which lead to canals in its substance. The holes are about the diameter of a quill. On splitting a canal perpendicularly downwards, it will be seen that its direction is for the most part vertical, and that this direction is common to every canal in the mass. Sometimes, however, there is a certain degree of inclination in the direction, a fact, as we shall have to notice further on, of some consequence to the geologist. The canal runs with a perceptible increase of diameter, for five or six inches in some cases, into the stone; in others it is not so deep; and at its extremity is a pear-shaped cavity, the broadest end downwards, and narrowing toward the opening of the canal into it. Snugly ensconced in this cavity lies the terrified and home-invaded subject of our article—the pholas, or, as it is commonly called, the File-fish.

When it is considered that the pholades are so easily come at, and abound in many limestone rocks on our coasts, it is somewhat surprising that so much ignorance should have prevailed, and still exists, about these curious but simple creatures. Many zoologists consider the pholades to belong to the family of bivalve animals; but as, in addition to the two valves characteristic of this class, there are several small supplementary portions which protect the hinge, others consider it belonging properly to the multivalves. It need scarcely be said that these valves are the cases or coverings of the body, resting upon the fleshy mantle which secretes them, and united at the portion called the hinge. The shell, thus formed, is chemically composed of carbonate of lime, and is of the most delicate white colour, and frequently of an elegant form. The shape is oblong, and narrower at one end than at the other. The external surface of the shell of many species is raised into a series of cross-hatched elevations; some proceeding longitudinally, and others transversely; in others, however, the surface of the shell is quite smooth. These two large valves enclose and protect, so far as such a rock-inhabiting creature needs protection, the most important visceral organs of the pholas. But the habits of the creature demand that it should be furnished with some long and pliant instrument, by means of which, although deep-buried in its cell, it may reach the surface of the rock, and bathe in the fresh waves outside. On a clear day, and in calm waters, any one with sharp eyes may detect lolling out of the holes of the rocks, here and there, a curious tubular process, apparently formed by soldering two tubes together laterally, like the barrels of a fowling-piece. This is called the 'tube' of the pholas, and is evidently intended to supply the imprisoned creature with food and fresh water for respiration,* under the active assistance of the numerous cilia of the creature. This organ is possessed of a certain measure of retractile and contractile motion for the performance of its functions; by virtue of the latter, squirting out the jet of water which formed our introduction to the animal. It is stated by some observers, that the creature is constantly sucking in and ejecting water through the tube; but with what degree of accuracy we have not had the opportunity of ascertaining. At the broad extremity of the shell, the powerful muscular organ called 'the foot' is situated; by means of which, applying itself closely to the rock, the pholas obtains a firm fulcrum and point of attachment. The pholades derive the whole sum of their nourishment from the water, most probably from minute animalcules floating therein: on this, as we should say thin, and doubtless watery diet, they live, thrive, and grow fat, being conspicuous exceptions to the general rule in the case of such rigid hermits. Being incapable of motion, the young pholades are dropped from the tube of the parent on the surface of their native rock. Having thus briefly mentioned the organisation and peculiarities of

* Vide 'Ciliary Motion,' under Popular Information on Science, in No. 128.

these creatures, we may relieve the possible tedium of pure description by adverting now to that interesting part of their history—their terebrating or perforating powers.

Although the pholades are most commonly to be found imbedded in limestone rocks, or in marly strata, they are by no means exclusively confined to such habitats; since there are some which perforate wood of the hardest description, and have also been found in lava, trap, and sandstone rocks. The young pholas, thus cast out upon the tender mercies of a rough world, without a protector, and without a home, with a tender delicate body, and a stubborn rock for its couch, and in addition, exposed to all the fury of a raging tide or boisterous surf, is in a condition which demands amazing stoutness of heart and energy of purpose. The supply is equal to the demand; for the little creature soon sets about its work, and in a little while has produced a sensible impression on its bed of stone: this deepens into a hole; and at length, by dint of unremitting perseverance, the rock-cell is formed, and the molluscous hermit dwells therein at ease, as the fruit of his labours. In what manner this operation is commenced no one appears to have determined, although the ingenious Oliver Goldsmith, in his usual easy way of getting over difficulties, says: 'The instrument with which it performs all its operations, and buries itself in the hardest rock, is only a broad fleshy substance somewhat resembling a tongue, which is seen issuing from the bottom of the shell. With this soft and yielding instrument it perforates the most solid marbles; and having, while yet little and young, made its way by a very narrow entrance into the substance of the stone, it then begins to grow bigger, and thus to enlarge its apartment.' Rejecting, however, this very plausible hypothesis, it is interesting to inquire upon what grounds zoologists have endeavoured to explain the process by which this feeble animal effects its entry into the obdurate surface of the rock. Probably upon few subjects in natural history does so much discrepancy of opinion still exist; and when the abundance of subjects every coast presents for our investigation is considered, it looks something like an opprobrium to the science that the question remains now just where it was forty or fifty years ago. The slowness of the process is probably the real difficulty in the investigation; but surely a little patience would not be misspent in settling the point? The opposing theories may be classified under the two denominations, the mechanical and the chemical. M. Reaumur, that all-intelligent observer, was early attracted to this subject; and in an interesting paper communicated to the French Academy, he supposes that it is effected by a muscular action of the foot, and that the creatures entered the rock when it was in a soft condition. The latter part of this suggestion is undoubtedly erroneous, as the pholades perforate rocks which were only soft when at an intense heat at some far-distant time; such as trap and lava. The ingenious Mr Gray of the British Museum, in a communication contained in the 'Zoological Journal,' believes that by means of the 'foot' the pholades obtain a firm attachment to the rock, and perforate it by a sort of rasping process, effected by a semi-rotatory motion of the valves of the shell. Mr Stark considered the subject deserving the attention even of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and in a paper read before that learned body, he states that, from repeated examination of the recent animals, he felt no hesitation in asserting that two species at least form their holes by rotating and rasping the stone with their valves. In confirmation of these gentlemen's opinion, it is said that circular lines are distinctly visible in the cell of the animal corresponding to the elevated strise of the shell; presenting the appearance as if the boring had been effected by an auger; and in some of the cells scooped out in wood, this appearance is very striking. Toward the upper part of the canal these marks have disappeared, in consequence of the continued friction of the fleshy tube in its motions in that part of the cavity.

A formidable argument is wielded by a host of unreasonable opponents, who say that this cannot be the right explanation, because several species of terebrating pholades have *smooth shells*. On the other side, this is met by calling to remembrance the constancy of the operation; and little is known as to the length of time which may elapse while these patient miners labour out their deepening cell! 'A drop of water wears away stones;' or, in the elegant language of one of these side advocates, the keys of the pianoforte are hollowed by 'the softest touch of the softest fingers.' And it is always to be remembered, that the constant presence of water must facilitate the operation. At the meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, this question was brought forward, and elicited, as usual, the observations of a numerous party on either side. Professor Owen, with all the weight attaching to his authority, considered the holes were produced by the incessant action of the cilia of the creature producing currents of water, which in process of time wore away the rock. But Dr Buckland replied by saying, that if that were the case, the cavities would be largest at their openings, where greatest force would be exerted; and he rather inclined to believe that the creature, by virtue of some acid secretion, softened the rock, and then produced the cavity by rasping away the softened parts by the rotation of its shell. And Mr Phillips followed on the same side, saying that the regularity of the holes proved that they were made by the motion of the shell, and not by currents of water. Sir II. de la Beche thought it probable that the carbonic acid evolved in the respiration of the animal softened the material of the rock, and assisted in its disintegration. Were it not that M. de Blainville declares, that on a careful examination he could detect no trace of acid in the secretions of the pholades, we should be disposed to agree with the mechanico-chemical theorists, and say that the perforations were the effect of the joint agency of these two causes; and if we accept Sir II. de la Beche's suggestion, the same supposition may still be the correct one.

When such 'learned Thebans' contend so ardently between themselves, we may well retire from the field, and turn, as it is best to do in all similar cases, rather to the established effects than to the litigated causes. Insignificant as it may seem, the pholades is the cause of great anxiety to man, with regard to the stability and permanence of his submarine undertakings. These tiny galleries and mines, multiplying by thousands, and attacking a large surface, at once may commit the most extensive damage, and lay the foundation of a train of events which may one day bring down to ruin the proudest monuments of human skill. The Breakwater at Plymouth was soon attacked by them, and the unseen mischief which they are now effecting there cannot be rightly estimated. Not only do they attack stone structures beneath the wave, but wooden piers of the most solid construction suffer equally; and the only remedy against their invasion, is to drive a multitude of nails into the timber, so as to render it impossible for the creatures to effect an entrance. Their ravages on the rocks of different portions of our coast, produce a magnitude of results which, when compared with the minuteness of the agents, is something surprising. The coast near Edinburgh is formed by alternating and parallel strata of shale and sandstone. The pholades have long taken up their dwelling in the shale, and have so honey-combed it in every place, that it has become rapidly disintegrated and washed away; while the sandstone remains, only rounded by the influence of time and tide. Those who are acquainted with Mr Lyell's valuable work on 'Geology,' will remember that the frontispiece is a view of the temple of Serapis at Puteoli. At a certain height, the pillars present a completely worm-eaten appearance; while above and below they remain uninjured. It is quite evident this is not the work of design; and it has been supposed to be accounted for by the former subsidence of the land beneath the waters, when the pillars became exposed to the attacks of the

pholades, and its subsequent elevation above the surface, when these invaders perished. A similar occurrence appears to be testified by the present condition of the limestone rocks at Plymouth. Many of them are far above the highest tide-mark, yet are found penetrated by holes, undoubtedly the cells of former generations of pholades. Lower down, the shells of these creatures still remain; and at the water's edge are to be found the animals alive. Thus these perforations are often of the greatest value to the geologist, in enabling him to determine the former height of land. And, as was formerly mentioned, the inclination of the perforations, which are generally vertical, may afford him some clue as to whether any alterations have taken place, in the lapse of ages, in the arrangement and disposition of the strata. The destruction they cause is greatly accelerated by the large amount of surface these innumerable holes afford to the destructive energies of the atmosphere and water; and thus where the smooth surface of the rock might have suffered but little degradation by the lapse of a considerable space of time, these little excavators greatly help forward the process, and become most important agents in the formation of fresh strata out of the ruins of the old ones. Yet the creature means not so: in im-muring itself in the rock, it is obeying the impulse of a Divinely-inspired instinct, which teaches it that its fragile and delicate shell is no sufficient protection against the fury of a boisterous element. Entering into the rock, it is safe alike from howling winds, thundering waters, and prowling enemies. Thus, in Goldsmith's smoothly-turned sentences, 'the pholas lives in darkness, indolence, and plenty. It never removes from the narrow mansion into which it has penetrated; and seems perfectly contented with being enclosed in its own sepulchre. The influx of sea-water that enters by its little gallery satisfies all its wants; and without any other food, it is found to grow from seven to eight inches long, and thick in proportion.'

It may be poetical to imagine the pholas thus spending a long existence in the obscurity of an undissipated night; but it is not so in reality. One of the most singular circumstances in their history, is their *phosphorescence*. This property has been long known; it is even mentioned by Pliny. The creature is said to secrete a certain luminiferous fluid, which causes everything on which it falls to shine with a pale phosphorescence. M. de Blainville says, that the pholades are the most luminous of all molluscous animals; and he even relates that those who eat the animal raw, in the dark appear in a most awe-inspiring fashion to be breathing flames! This phosphorescent quality is most powerful the fresher the animal is; disappearing if dried, and reviving, it is said, by the addition of a little salt water. The cheering beams of the solar ray cannot light this patient miner to its work, nor penetrate to the confines of its cell; but the Creator has given it a 'light in its dwelling,' wholly independent of the great source of light to the world around; and this pale, gentle, lambent flame makes, what otherwise would have been a dismal, gloomy cave, a light and cheerful home throughout the long years of the creature's existence.

We have mentioned the pholades as the enemies of man in some respects; we may, in conclusion, advert to a different and more agreeable relation in which they stand towards him. At the tables of some epicures these creatures are considered as a great delicacy. The Romans, who, as Dr Adam tells us, were particularly fond of shell-fish, bringing them all the way from Britain to the luxurious city, appear to have set an edible value upon the pholades. M. Desmarest, to the great annoyance of the geologists, has attempted to prove that the celebrated perforations in the temple of Serapis by the pholades, took place, not in consequence of the subsidence of the land, but of the conversion of the temple and its vicinity into a *fish-pond*! And M. de Blainville aggravates them still more by putting the question, 'Whether the pholades were not put there purposely for the supply of the table?' At the present day they are

largely used as an article of food in France and Italy, and on the coasts of the Mediterranean, where they abound. In the neighbourhood of Dieppe, Mr Stark tells us that bands of women and children, each armed with a pickaxe, make a formidable army against the unhappy pholades, who tremble in their rock-citadels as these besiegers approach. By means of the sharp point of this implement, they are able to detach considerable fragments of the rock, and a rich harvest of the molluscs ensues. They are then sent to market, or, deprived of their shells, are used as bait for other fish.

That gem-like phrase, 'sermons in stones,' to use the words of a living poet, has sparkled so long 'upon the finger of Time,' that its brilliance has become somewhat damaged for our purpose. But if inanimate creation can teach lessons of wisdom to man, few, we think, will be disposed to deny that a fragment of perforated rock is more forcibly eloquent upon the subject of perseverance under difficulties, than the most nervous appeals to the mind from the pen or lips of any human philosopher.

MOHAMMED ALI'S EXPEDITION UP THE WHITE NILE.*

It is perhaps some reproach to European enterprise and skill, that one great quarter of the world should still remain in many parts unexplored. Mighty rivers rise we know not where, and flow for hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles, in we know not what direction; while on their banks, and in their vicinity, dwell numerous tribes of men whose very names have not yet met our ears. Long before the birth of history there was a city-building, mummy-making, and tomb-excavating people settled on the Lower Nile; and yet, after the lapse of four or five thousand years, we have not been able to follow up that stream to its source, or to decide whether it falls from the Mountains of the Moon or from the moon itself. Two travellers, penetrating into Africa from different points, are even now, it is said, engaged in attempting to solve the problem; and it cannot be doubted that, however unwilling Old Nile may be to show his head, the perseverance of man will be too strong for him, and dissipate every particle of the mystery in which he has so long delighted to involve his origin.

Once in Upper Nubia, we held a conversation with certain Arabs, who professed to have penetrated far into the interior, and to be well acquainted with the character of the tribes found there. They spoke of them as gentle and hospitable; and as a proof that they fully believed the truth of what they had advanced, offered to accompany us any distance up the river. Various obstacles then concurred to hinder our making the attempt: the Nile was too low to allow of our boats being dragged, without much difficulty, up the dreary length of the second cataract; the Strygians, almost in open revolt, barred the passage across the Desert; and Mohammed Ali's tyranny had irritated the black population, and rendered them inimical to all strangers proceeding under the protection of a firman from him. Still, had the season of the year been favourable, our persuasion is that the attempt, if then made, would have been crowned with success. Our Arabs were bound to us by strong personal attachment; and their natural courage and passion for adventure would have enabled us to face without flinching the dangers of the way.

Mr Werne proceeded up the White River under much more propitious auspices—as far, we mean, as regards safety. The expedition consisted of four *dahabies* from Kátura (vessels with two masts, and cabins about 100 feet long, and 12 to 15 broad, each with two cannon); three *dahabies* from Khartum, one of which had also two cannon; then two *kaiass* (ships of burthen with

* Expedition to Discover the Sources of the White Nile in the years 1840-1841. By Ferdinand Werne. From the German, by Charles William Kelly. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1849.

one mast); and a *sandal* (skiff) for communication. The crews were composed of 250 soldiers (Negroes, Egyptians, and Syrians), and 120 sailors and mariners from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudan. They set sail from Khartum on the 23d November 1840, and soon reached that imaginary line which constitutes the boundary of the Turkish dominions. On the White, as on the Blue Nile, travellers soon learn to complain of the monotony of the scenery, just as men do when they are descending through the Alps from Switzerland into Italy. The similarity between mountains is as great as the similarity between plains; and you become, therefore, tired of the Alps at least quite as soon as of the Desert. But what by Werne and others is termed monotony, is only in the general aspect; for when you come to note the minuter accidents of the landscape, you cannot fail to discover abundant variety. In a succession of date and other groves, there is a constant vicissitude of light and shade; of expansion and contraction; of closeness and irregular dispersion; and then the rise and fall of the banks, the aspect of the villages, the open ground or forest in the back distance, the sky clouded or bright, and the ever-fluctuating river, now narrowing its dimensions to those of the Rhine or the Thames, and now spreading away in lakes terminating in woods of reeds or gigantic rushes, and suffused with pink or tinted with blue by innumerable varieties of the lotus, suffice to keep alive expectation and the appetite for novelty: add to these the occurrence of new tribes acting as a mysterious link between you and the unknown interior. Bear also in mind that every day brings its chances of strife, its probabilities of danger, its certainty of perplexities, embarrassments, and difficulties, and you have enough to impart vivacity to the tamest imagination.

But in the case of Werne, had external sources of interest failed, there would seem to us to have been always an ample supply of amusement on board. The old Egyptian pasha had apparently caught all the oddities within his reach, and put them on board these exploring arks, to excite the curiosity and multiply the entertainment of each other. There were Turks with Circassian slaves, Kurds from the Alpine regions of Central Asia, full of their wild and primitive superstitions, which they developed in strange stories or legends; Arabs, Nubians, Barabras, Negroes, and, above all, adventurers and vagabonds from France, Germany, and Italy, who had spent half their lives in roaming about the shores of the Mediterranean, persecuted by fortune, and persecuting each other with still more unrelenting malignity. The Frenchmen hated the Italians; and the Germans, not without reason, paid and received the same compliment. Still all was not painful in this motley society: all the more remarkable originals laboured with incessant assiduity, and generally with success, to keep awake the merriment of their companions. Of these the most curious was perhaps Feizulla Capitan, who sought consolation from the ills of life in mending his own breeches, or vest, or cloak. He always sat ready to ward off with his needle the blows of adversity. If the wind slackened, Feizulla stitched; if his crew were lazy or disobedient, he stitched again; and if malaria, or heat, or moisture spread disease through the expedition, he looked solely to the magic little instrument of polished steel for comfort. But time and vicissitude work wonders in the greatest of men. No needlewoman, compelled to make shirts at three-halfpence a piece for advertising houses in the City, ever plied her thimble with more persevering enthusiasm than Feizulla Capitan; yet at length it would not do. His sorrows bore down his needle, and he took to brandy-and-water, or to brandy-neat, as the next best substitute.

The European adventurers, though sometimes equally comic, were much less harmless than Feizulla Capitan. While he was engaged in stitching up rents, they were usually busily employed in making them. Tearing to pieces each other's reputations, scheming, plotting, ma-

nœuvring, to ingratiate themselves with the Turks, and overreach their Christian companions, if the epithet be not in general a misnomer. Werne has diligently chronicled these achievements of theirs; allowing it at the same time to appear, however, that he was very little more disinterested or amiable than they. Doubtless he had sometimes good reason to complain; as, for example, when Vaissier sold him four sacks of moulded biscuits, with a few good ones at the top to make the cheat pass. We forgave him on that occasion for seizing the iron shod in a boot, a heavy stick four feet long, and sallying forth in search of the culprit; and we are likewise disposed to overlook the fact of his not having pushed him into the Nile, when, meeting in a narrow pathway overhanging that river, he muttered, by way of deprecation, the words 'wife and children;' but for the honour of our western character, we should have preferred that the various instances of meanness, rapacity, and profligacy recorded in Werne's volumes had not taken place in the sight of pagans and Mohammedans.

When men travel through a known country, they often mention names which serve as resting-places for the reader's imagination. In ascending the Lower Nile, for example, you meet with Kahira, and Denesac, and Manfaloot, and Dendera, and Thebes, and Philea; but after leaving Khartum, the voyagers up the White Stream appeared to be overwhelmed by the endless extension of the same idea. You cross and recross the Nile, you sail through reedy lakes, you see the bed of rain-torrent after rain-torrent, you successively encounter the villages of the Barabras, Denkas, the Shilbuchs, the Keks, the Bundurials, and the Dushoils. But these terms are linked with no associations, and point out no differences to your mind. In vain does the traveller descend to minute details—inform you that the banks to-day were higher or lower by a foot than yesterday; that the river turned now towards the east, and now towards the west; that its rate of flowing was sometimes three, and sometimes four miles an hour; you long to push on rapidly towards the mountains, where the stream has its perhaps fabulous cradle.

Yet, by the way, you like to hear a little of the Keks, &c.; and therefore Mr Werne, digressing a little from south-south-west and south-south-east, which is his stock topic when he aims at being eloquent, makes a descent upon the shore, and favours us with a few particulars respecting the people. The following is a favourable specimen of this sort of information:—

'A young woman was so enraptured at the sight of my glass beads, that she wanted to sell me her child, which she carried in a skin under her left arm, as if in a bag. I do not think that I am mistaken with regard to this offer, although one ought not to be confident that the daughter of a harmless nation like the Keks would do so. Perhaps she was a prisoner, which might be the case here generally, and that these women are watched by the men. It is always possible that the men take their favourite wives with them for comfort's sake, and leave the others at home, or put them in some kind of bodily restraint.

'A very large and broad surtuk caught my eye, and I was curious to find out the species of wood of which it was built; but the bulls, standing close to each other there, pointed their horns at me. Two natives sprang nimbly to them, in order to quiet them, whereupon I went off as quickly as possible; and the more so, because last year a soldier had been gored to death. A village bull towered above all of them. His high horns were adorned with two animals' tails; he had also ornaments around his neck. I was not able, however, to examine these ornaments very closely; for he rushed too quickly into the herd, that he might, like all the other beasts, stick his nose as quickly as possible into the smoke. This is a ludicrous sight. Every beast appears to know exactly his heap, or rather his neighbourhood, else an uncommon confusion would take place; for they have their stakes very close to one another.'

Having escaped being gored by the village bull, Mr

Werne, falling from Scylla into Charybdis, gets into awkward proximity to twenty crocodiles. He is ill and weak, and one should say, hardly worth eating; yet the crocodiles were of a different opinion; and no sooner scented his Teutonic flesh, than they began to put their noses and their tails in motion, each for the selfish purpose of taking the first bite. But we must allow him to tell the story in his own way:—'I have fortunately overcome a violent attack of illness which overtook me yesterday evening. Such a faintness seized me in my excursion yesterday that I was obliged to sit down. I slept or lay in a swoon, I know not which. I awoke when it was already dark. A shot was fired near me: I tried to answer; but my gun flashed in the pan; for I had fired it off in a half-unconscious state to call for assistance. I dragged myself in the direction of the spot, and worked through the bushes to the shore, in order to walk more comfortably on the sand. At last I had the stream before me. On my left I saw the fires near the ships; but I was suddenly struck with terror, for there was the horrible sight of more than twenty crocodiles a few paces before me on the light sand! I had really commenced to count the beasts; but did not, however, remain long in *divio herculis*, for they began to move, scenting human flesh. I hastened back into the bushes, plunged into the holes hollowed out by water which I had previously tried to avoid, and arrived without any accident close to the ships. I heard voices behind me, and recognised my servants, who were in search of me. They were mourning, and reproaching themselves for having left me. Sale set up a loud howl, because he thought I was devoured by the crocodiles. They found me on the ground; they had also been pursued by the beasts. What a poor creature a sick man is!'

Most persons who have ever known the Turks will read without surprise almost any illustration of their cool intumescence; yet even these perhaps will experience some astonishment at reading how, without provocation, they shot down a number of the harmless natives: the sorrow of whose relatives is thus described by Werne:—'We sailed away with the wind favouring our criminal action, for our men had again come on board before the firing commenced. . . . The natives were hastening towards it; but they did not trust themselves near us. Yet they knew not the melancholy truth that our shots would hit at a distance. Hitherto they feared only the thunder and lightning of them, as we had seen several times. We halted a moment; the unhappy creatures or relatives of the slain came closer to the border of the shore, laid their hands flat together, raised them above their head, slid upon their knees nearer to us, and sprang again high in the air, with their compressed hands stretched aloft, as if to invoke the pity of Heaven, and to implore mercy of us. A slim young man was so conspicuous by his passionate grief that it cut to my heart; and our barbarians laughed with all their might. This unbounded attachment to one another, and the circumstance that that woman, in spite of the danger so close at hand, sought for the man of her heart among those who had perished, affected me exceedingly; because such moral intrinsic worth, flowing from pure natural hearts, is unfortunately more acquired than innate in civilised nations. We had only advanced a little on our way, when above thirty unarmed natives, who must yet at all events have been informed of the tragical incident that had just occurred, sat down on the sand directly close to the river, without suspicion, or designing any harm to us, as if nothing had taken place. And really I had enough to do to prevent their being shot at.'

After this incident, it was not unnatural that the Turks should entertain suspicions of the designs of the natives: they could not help feeling conscious that they deserved to be viewed with detestation, and looked for a display of treachery and cruelty similar to their own. Having reached a natural obstruction in the stream, which, however, would have been none at the period of the

inundation, they began seriously to think of their return; and Mr Werne describes the collected circumstances which determined them in the following passage:—'Nature has drawn here a real bar of rocks through the White Stream, which we dare not venture to surmount; for the water has fallen for some days, as is quite evident, and the vessels could only, by taking out all their freight, pass the defile near the large rocks, which is called on this account Bab-agate. The river-bed beginning from hence appears to be generally of a more rocky nature; for we perceive, even from the rocks on the island of Ishanker, breakers in the stream up the river. However, there is no doubt that we might sail away victoriously over these obstacles at the time of the inundation, for the river here rises to about eighteen feet high. The main thing would be, then, for north winds to blow exactly at this period strong enough to withstand the pressure of water rising in this mountain land; for I am still of opinion that the rapidity of the current increases from hence in such a manner, that we could not advance by the rope even with the best will. We have remained here at the island three entire days, and the *ne plus ultra* is not so much inscribed on the pillars of Hercules in the water, as desired in the hearts of the whole expedition.

'The war-dance which the blacks performed yesterday has contributed certainly to the final determination to return. Even I thought yesterday that I heard and saw in the fearful battle-song a declaration of war, and a challenge to the contest. It was almost impossible to persuade one's self that it was merely a mark of honour. The natives marched up and down the island in columns, brandishing their lances in the air; sung their war-songs with threatening countenances and dreadful gestures; then fell into still greater ecstacy, ran up and down, and roared their martial chant. Nevertheless I altered my opinion that this was done with hostile views, for the native interpreters remained quietly with us on board the vessel; and when we sent them to request that this honour might not be paid to us, they returned, though not having effected their object.

'It was thought advisable that we should leave the shore, for the natives had only need to have sprung down to be on board our vessels. There were certainly too many black people; and a warlike rapacious enthusiasm might easily, it was true, possess their minds, influenced as they were by the military manœuvres. It was well, therefore, that a reiterated request on our side was answered, and an end put to the warlike ceremony without our having betrayed our fear by pushing off from the shore. . . . Selim Capitan was really inclined to explore the ascent; but this continuation of the voyage was not to last longer than a day. But when he knelt this morning on his carpet before sunrise, directing his face to the East for prayer, and discerned the numerous fires on the right shore, which he had not remarked during his ablutions, he looked at me so mournfully and suspiciously that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. He concluded his prayer; and now he saw also, on the island Ishanker near us, a number of such little straw fires, over which the naked people were warming themselves, whilst nearly every single man was stretching out his long legs over his own little fire. Then his courage sank anew, for there were still more blacks than yesterday.

'These men, however, did not come empty-handed, and barter rose to a pitch of greatness and variety such as we had not before seen: a quantity of fowls, goats, sheep, cows, and calves, wood, ferruginous sand, and iron dross, tobacco, pipes, sunsim durra, weapons, all kinds of ornaments for the body—everything for beads. Nevertheless the good Ethiopians did not show themselves to-day quite blameless, for they sold quivers full of arrows, many of which were without points. They delivered the wares while receiving the beads; or the seller ran hastily away, retaining the goods as well as the purchase-money. They cuffed and wrestled with

our men, without, however, making use of their weapons. On the whole, however, the injustice was on our side; the drum, therefore, beat to recall the crew to the vessels.

'It was the middle of the day, about two o'clock, when Selim Capitan, in order to take his leave, and to employ the dreaded people at the moment of our departure, and keep them far from us, threw ten cups of sug-sug on shore; and the cannons on all the vessels were discharged, to bid solemn farewell with twenty-one shots to the beautiful country which must contain so many more interesting materials.'

They were at this time something less than five degrees from the equator; and considering the nature of the stream throughout the whole northern portion of its course, we may infer that if its channel tend southward, the sources of the White Nile may be beyond the equinoctial line. The stream was still large, and the navigation of it beyond the rocks apparently quite practicable. But it may beyond that point be fed by numerous tributaries, which would enable us to account for its great volume of the much shorter course. All this, however, remains in doubt; though, as we have already observed, there is some probability that the veil may ere long be lifted from the fountains of the Nile.

RAMBLES OF AN OBJECTLESS MAN.

'HAPPY are they who find their bread ready baked,' is a proverb which often recurs to the thoughts of those who have the trouble of baking it for themselves. But, as Sancho would say, 'every one knows best where his own shoe pinches him,' and *my* misfortune consists in having that very abundance for which so many others pine.

I am one of those who may be said to enjoy a life of easy competence. As there is no reason why I should work, I do *not* work; as no one opposes my will, I may be said to have no will; in short, I am losing all appetite for enjoyment of every description; and I am really ill, seriously ill: even my physician is ready to allow it. He tells me to amuse myself; but this is more easily said than done: he orders me to walk; I obey him; but *ennui* follows me everywhere. I am as weary of the parks and the West End, as of the bustling City. I find it as difficult to suppress a yawn at a fancy ball, as when seated at my own chimney-corner, or my friend's fireside. As to the parks, I go there but seldom. I feel mortified at not having a handsome tilbury, or a prancing horse; neither of which, if I had them, would, after all, afford me any real gratification. I am made unhappy by seeing others enjoy luxuries which I cannot afford. *Enjoy!* did I say? Perhaps, after all, they *enjoy* them not. They are envied by pedestrians, that is all; and yet the sight of even this poor satisfaction is irksome to me. To-day, however, for a wonder, my walk was sufficiently agreeable to make me wish to remember it. It enabled me to pass two hours in blissful oblivion of my fits of indigestion, my aching head, and the leaden pace of time. A bright thought struck me—I will write the history of my walk, and this will enable me to pass one more hour without *ennui*.

I went out, as I had done day after day, weary of being at home, without feeling a wish to be anywhere else. I turned my steps, with a sort of mechanical indifference, towards Hyde Park. It was a dull April day; the atmosphere was neither hot nor cold: all around me looked gloomy and uninviting. Still I strolled on, not knowing what else to do, till I reached a spot which was the resort of numerous pedestrians, workmen lounging away their hour of repose, women, old men, and children. I leant against a tree, and stood silently observing the scene before me. There were a number of children belonging to the poorer classes, playing about under the eye of their mothers, or perhaps under that of a grandfather or grandam, proud of their little charge; whilst, mingled here and there amongst them were groups of high-born children, handsomely dressed, and attended

by their nursery-maids. I could not help asking myself the question, 'Which are the happiest?'

My attention was quickly arrested by two of the loveliest and most tastefully-dressed children I had ever seen. It was impossible for the eye not to rest with pleasure on their graceful forms, rosy cheeks, fair blue eyes, and cherry lips. A *lady* might be able to describe more particularly their costumes of richly-brodered cashmere pelisses, and beaver hats with waving plumes—but the charm of the *ensemble* was enough for me; and I could not take my eyes off these little embryo dandies, the eldest of whom seemed barely five years of age. They were throwing from one to the other, with the most imperturbable gravity, a ball, which continually missed its aim, and rolled upon the ground. It was picked up each time by the little boy whose turn it was next to throw it; and the brilliant ball of gold and blue was thus passed backwards and forwards with as much cool gravity as if they had been two old amateurs exchanging their credentials. The only variety which occurred to enliven the monotony of the game, was the care with which the elder of the two—who, I suspect, was the owner of the toy—wiped off the dust from the glittering plaything with his little white hand, which he took care each time duly to rub in his nurse's apron, and then returned to his game with the most stoical indifference.

As I stood contemplating these beautiful children, my attention was suddenly arrested by a very different object. A ragged, chubby-cheeked boy sprang forward with a cry of delight, and knelt upon the grass by the two young players. His features were irregular and strongly marked, his shoulders high, and his well-worn fustian garments hung clumsily about him. The newcomer clapped his hands, and laughed for joy: his large eyes sparkled with delight. The sedate, high-born boys, the brilliant ball, seem to exist only for him. Each time that it bounds towards the side where he kneels, he bends forward in wondering admiration; but still he ventures not to touch, hardly even to *breathe* upon it. The young players, without deigning to bestow upon him more than a passing look, take up their toy carelessly from his side—the game recommences, and with it his transports of joy. No one, however, invites him to take his turn in playing with this beautiful ball. No one, in exchange for his joyous sympathy, offers him the smallest share of the pleasure which they were themselves so listlessly enjoying. Each kept that which was his own: the poor boy his superabounding delight; the two others their plaything and their dignity. Whilst I remained a passive looker-on at this scene, that verse of the Gospel, 'To him that hath shall more be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he *seemeth* to have,' came forcibly to my mind. It seemed to me that this joyous-hearted little fellow, with his well-patched clothes and beaming countenance, was an exemplification of this truth. I know not what irresistible folly possessed me, but I felt a sudden desire to give a plaything to this child, who certainly did not need one—he who took so much delight in only seeing the playthings of others.

I traversed the park in haste, not indeed without some misgivings that I was perhaps creating an artificial want, and helping to mar an unsophisticated happiness. But it so seldom happens that I feel any impulse to action, that I have not the courage to resist one when it is thrown in my way. I hastened to the nearest toy-shop, and purchased a small wheelbarrow, thinking it very possible that the infantile enthusiasm of my young protégé for the glittering ball might already have expended itself. I could not help enjoying prospectively the delight of my ragged friend. But, alas! on my return the whole group had disappeared: the two little boys, their smart nurses, and the joyous looker-on, all had vanished from the scene; neither could I any longer discover on the empty benches the pale and sickly-looking woman whom I had supposed

to be the mother of the poor boy. I explored every avenue, and looked at every ragged child; but all in vain.

I soon found, however, that I, or rather the toy I carried, had become the object of universal attention, and that I was followed with longing eyes by every little ragamuffin in the park. Whenever I appeared, I heard echoed on every side of me, 'The wheelbarrow!—there is the gentleman—the gentleman with the wheelbarrow!' After a quarter of an hour spent in a fruitless search, I turned my steps towards my solitary home, grievously disappointed. I felt also somewhat embarrassed by my purchase, and not a little discomposed at hearing myself called by every group of children whom I passed, 'The gentleman with the wheelbarrow.' As I thus pursued my way, doing my best to conceal my toy, I overtook an old man carrying on his back a little girl, warmly wrapped in a fur cape, which in its days of pristine freshness had doubtless borne the name of *ernine*; but to which time—the unweaver of still more important secrets—had restored the appearance and the name of *cat-skin*. The old man leant with one hand upon his stick, whilst in the other he held a wind-instrument, whether a clarinet or bassoon I know not, for my eyes were fixed upon the child whom he carried on his back. The moment the poor wandering musician stopped, the little creature glided into his arms, and was gently deposited on the ground. I then discovered a pair of crutches which formed her only support: she was a perfect cripple.

The poor father had stopped at the steps of a hall-door, and was seeking with gentle care to seat his unfortunate little charge as comfortably as he could, when I approached them. 'Here,' said I, 'this is for her. You will be able to seat your child more comfortably there than on the cold pavement.'

I am no poet, and such one *ought* to be in order to give the most remote idea of the transports which the poor little sufferer manifested on receiving this unexpected gift. Her eyes danced with delight as she exclaimed eagerly, 'For me!—for me!' She dropped her crutches; and, seeming inspired with new vigour by the excitement of the moment, pushed it before her for a few yards.

'You do not thank the gentleman,' said her father gently. She let go the wheelbarrow, raised towards me her sparkling eyes, and with an expression of grateful pleasure which I shall not readily forget, kissed her little hand to me over and over again. Never did any expression of gratitude so touch my heart as that of this little cripple: never can I forget the tone in which she exclaimed, 'For me!—for me!' As I entered my own door, I met an old college-companion, to whom I related this little incident. He asked me coldly, 'Whether the little girl were pretty?' Where shall we find a face which is *not* pretty when it beams with grateful joy?

For the first time during many a long year I passed this day without *ennui*; and during my walk I learned this one important lesson—that as the luminaries of heaven reflect from one to another their light and heat, even so it is that one human heart must reflect upon the other the genial glow of happiness and joy.

FRESH AIR.

Man acts strangely. Although a current of fresh air is the very life of his lungs, he seems indefatigable in the exercise of his inventive powers to deprive himself of this heavenly blessing. Thus he carefully closes every cranny of his bedchamber against its entrance, and he prefers that his lungs should receive the mixed effluvia from his cellar and larder, and from a patent little modern aquarium, in his room. Why should man be so terrified at the admission of light air into any of his apartments? It is nature's crowding out, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tench will sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how the cold and vapours and fogs rise amid the sur-

rounding dew-drops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order, and this we know by the daily repetition of their song. Look at the newly-born hare, without any nest to go to. It lives and thrives, and becomes strong and playful, under the unmitigated inclemency of the falling dews of night. I have here a fine male turkey, full eight years old, and he has not passed a single night in shelter. He roosts in a cherry-tree, and always is in prime health the year throughout. Three dunghill fowls, preferring this cherry-tree to the warm perches in the hen-house, took up their airy quarters with him early in October, and have never gone to any other roosting-place. The cow and the horse sleep safely on the cold damp ground, and the roebuck lies down to rest in the heather, on the dewy mountain's top. I myself can sleep all night long, bareheaded, under the full moon's watery beams, without any fear of danger, and pass the day in wet shoes without catching cold. Coughs and colds are generally caught in the transition from an overheated room to a cold apartment; but there would be no danger in this movement if ventilation were properly attended to—a precaution little thought of now-a-days.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

MY EEN ARE DIM WI' TEARS.

My een are dim wi' tears, John,
My heart is sair wi' wae,
I lie an' watch the stars, John,
Awearying for the day;
Yet it winna bring me rest, John,
An' it canna bring me peace,
Till the clay is on my breast, John,
An' thoct and feeling cease!

I hae loed ye weel and lang, John,
An' shall while I hae life;
But ye've caused me mony a pang, John,
Wha should has been your wife.
Though ye never said a word, John,
My trusting heart to win,
Ye hae leed before the Lord, John,
An' that is deeper sin!

Ye're hand leed seeking mine, John,
When naebody could see;
An' ye kissed it mony a time, John,
An' wanna that a lee?
An' your een leed looking luve, John,
Whene'er they turned on me;
An' your gifts, what did they pruve, John,
But love—or treachery?

An' your step leed coming here, John,
See aft in cauld an' rain,
For mony a happy year, John,
Whase memory is pain!
For I thoct the time would come, John,
When we nae mair would part;
Yet ye gaed without ae word, John,
To ease my breaking heart!

Ye cam' o' your ain will, John,
Ye saw that I was poor;
Ye kenn'd I was nae light o' love:
Ye should has passed our door.
But I loo ye after a', John,
An' pray to God in heayon,
That I may be ta'en hame, John,
An' your deceit forgiven!

MARY.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST POISON.

In Germany, to prevent poison being obtained for evil purposes, none is allowed to be sold without a written order or certificate from a physician. To prevent rat-poison being made a bad use of, or taken by mistake, the arsenic is mixed with tallow and lampblack, which makes a compound that no human being could partake of. None is allowed to be sold in a pure state.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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

No. 287. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

KEYF:

THE ORIENTAL CONCEPTION OF ENJOYMENT.

THE idea entertained by the Orientals of pleasure has very little resemblance to ours. When in search of enjoyment we excite ourselves to action, shun solitude and quiet, and surround ourselves with noise and bustle, marvellous and thrilling sounds, colours brilliant and gay, forms of all beauty, everything, in fact, that can strike, and, as it were, irritate the senses: the Orientals, on the contrary, endeavour to relapse into perfect repose. Tranquillity has little charms for us except when we cannot attain it, whereas for them it is the first requisite of happiness. A soft deewan on which to recline, in a half-darkened room by day, and a dimly-lighted kiosk at night, with a cool breeze to fan the air, and the low voice of a singer, or the tinkling notes of some simple instrument at a little distance, rather to mark than to disturb the general stillness; a few grave companions, allowing at long intervals a solemn word or two to escape from amidst the snowy waves of their venerable beards; the soothing pipe, replenished in formal silence by a respectful slave; an occasional 'fingan' of coffee: these are elements of keen enjoyment in the opinion of many a wealthy Muslim, and would not be exchanged for all the gorgeous and giddy amusements which all the capitals of Europe afford. Often, it is true, they are not found sufficient. Differences of age and temperament, varieties of fortune and taste, lead people to look for the same result amidst other impressions. But the state of mind coveted is always a kind of contemplative beatitude, expressed in Arabic by that untranslatable word, 'Keyf.'

It is easier to ridicule than to appreciate this said keyf. Travellers who merely pass through the country have never any opportunities of enjoying it; for it seems to require the preparation of a relaxing climate. Frames braced and invigorated by the keen air of the north are no more fitted to receive this kind of intoxication, than the mind of a grave political economist is capable of experiencing the maniacal excitement into which a howling derwish can throw himself almost at will. The most calm and indolent of Englishmen is restless and uneasy compared with the placid Egyptian in his moments of repose. It was long before I could feel, and therefore before I could understand, the pleasure of sitting huddled up for hour after hour in the same position in the corner of a divan, with a pipe in hand, perfectly indifferent to the flight of time, and perfectly careless of putting the passing moments to profit, exchanging now and then, in a low languid voice, with one or two companions, a brief remark, just sufficient to keep up the communication between us, and escape from the impression of complete solitude.

During the latter part of my residence in the East, I

had begun to relish this sort of thing occasionally, although active pursuits fortunately prevented me from becoming a complete Oriental. I admit the pleasure of such an existence, and can now understand why many Franks, fascinated by its mysterious charm, forget their household gods, and lingering near the banks of the Nile, dream away their whole lives in one continued state of keyf. But it is not the less true that this passion for reverie and unproductive contemplation, indulged in more or less by a whole people, is a great obstacle in the way of its progress; and as long as the doctrine of Fatalism prevails to justify and encourage it, we may expect to see Mohammedan countries continuing in their present backward condition. As I have mentioned this doctrine, I may venture to remark that its pernicious influence in the ordinary affairs of human life has never been accurately estimated. It is certainly true that it sometimes produces great and admirable resignation after overwhelming catastrophes, and co-operates in preventing those violent accessions of despair which are so common with us. Suicide is unknown in Eastern countries, except among slaves. On the other hand, it checks improvement in the arts, and stands in the way of every kind of reform. 'As our fathers did, so do we;' 'what our fathers suffered, that must we suffer;' 'that which is ordained, it would be presumptuous to endeavour to alter.' Such are the arguments by which an Oriental usually meets every proposal of amelioration. Of course, if they were logical, and carried out their doctrine to its utmost consequences, the result would be perfect immobility; but they are not so consistent, and act upon the principle they lay down only so far as to justify their mental indolence. I will add, that in spite of their affected resignation to the decrees of Fate, the natural instincts of man constantly get the upper hand. They seek refuge from those decrees when sickness befalls them, for example, in charms and incantations, as well as in the prescriptions of infidel doctors; but they will not take any means of avoiding disease, except those which are absolutely prescribed in their ritual. They will escape from a house if the roof threaten to fall in; but they will not study to improve their mode of architecture.

I once had a conversation with an Arab, whom I roused from a state of keyf to pester him with argument. I told him that it was criminal to pass so many hours of his life in both bodily and intellectual inaction; and succeeded at length in making him understand my meaning. He at first sought refuge in the pretence that he was elevating his mind by the contemplation of the unity of God; but he soon acknowledged that this was only true in a vague sense, and that he had been in a state of half-unconsciousness, with a few indistinct unconnected images slowly traversing his mind, forgetting

of everything that had passed, and indifferent to everything that was to come. 'You were drunk!' said I. 'No,' said he; 'I was enjoying my keyf.' Whereupon, being perfectly roused, he began to make the apology of this condition, and endeavoured to show that it was the only consolation which man possessed for the evils he suffered in this world. At my observation that most of those evils existed only by man's sufferance, he smiled in pity, and said that all was ordained from above; that we could not modify one tittle the course of events, and had nothing to do but to submit passively, and take every opportunity of relapsing into the unconsciousness of keyf.

The reader has now some idea of the state of mind which the Orientals regard as the highest happiness realisable upon earth. Their modes of producing it are various. Some resort to the dangerous but expeditious method of smoking or eating *hashish*—a preparation of hemp-seed. *Hashishin* (the origin of our word assassin)—that is to say, men who indulge in this practice—are indeed not uncommon in Egypt, where I have known even Europeans occasionally thus degrade themselves. Not long before I left the country, a horrible incident occurred. There had been a party of these unhappy wretches collected in a coffee-house during what is called a *Pantasia*, which may mean either any ordinary amusement, or an orgie. Next morning the shop remained closed after the usual hour. The neighbours assembled, and knocked loudly, but got no answer. At length they burst open the door, and saw twelve bodies stretched on the divans on the floor. Seven were ascertained to be quite dead; two or three more died in the course of the day; whilst the remainder recovered, and related how they had swallowed pastilles containing *hashish*, sold to them by a pedlar from Constantinople. The dose was unusually strong, but was such as the still more depraved Stambouli are accustomed to take.

Another and more vulgar class of men drink *arraki*—a spirit distilled from a variety of substances, but principally from dates. It is sometimes flavoured with mastic, and has not a very unpleasant taste. It is considered to be extremely prejudicial to the health, but is nevertheless swallowed in large quantities by the dancing-girls of all classes, as well as the dancing-boys and the dissipated frequenters of coffee-houses. The consumption of it must be great. It may be procured not only in the cities, but in almost every village of any importance. Almost all donkey-boys, many boatmen, and some servants, will drink spirits if offered to them by Europeans; and I remember a Sherif, or descendant of the Prophet, wearing a green turban, whom we met on the desert coast near the Maâdiah, and who, after refusing to partake of the cup with us before witnesses, came and begged some cognac on the sly, and tossed it off *neat* with great *gusto*. Good wines are enjoyed in private by some wealthy Turks; and Ibrahim Pasha, it is said, was once found dead-drunk with champagne one morning under the sycamore-tree in a public avenue through his own grounds.

The classes I have hitherto mentioned, however, are exceptions to the general rule. The Muslim is, on the whole, very sober, and contents himself with the gentle exhilaration caused by coffee and pipes. The universal use of these stimulants in Egypt becomes less remarkable when we find that, as far as has hitherto been ascertained, they are perfectly innocuous there. I never heard of tobacco producing sickness as in Europe. For my own part, although I could not smoke at all on my arrival, I adopted this necessary accomplishment without the slightest inconvenience. It is almost universal in all Mohammedan countries; although at Sîwah, in the Libyan Desert, I found that nearly all the inhabitants abstained, as from a vice. The Wahabis, a fanatical sect of Arabian reformers, prohibit smoking among other luxuries; but I was assured by a native trader, who professed to be familiar with Arabia, that they indulge to excess in coffee, which they never sweeten. He told me that they ground it with stone pestles in large

rude mortars, made of a peculiarly hard stone, and that it often produces in them a complete state of intoxication. 'This is their keyf.' Some of them, he said, smoke in secret; but this was merely an opinion of his own, and indicated that his lax practice was offended by their austerity.

There is one fact connected with smoking which is worth mentioning—namely, that in Ramad'han time, when the whole population fasts from sunrise to sunset, the hoisting of the flag at evening no sooner announces that the fasting time is over, than the ready-filled pipe is snatched up, and a few whiffs are taken, before either hunger or thirst is satisfied. A small cup of coffee succeeds, and then the solid food is devoured. I find it difficult to explain this, because it would appear more natural that, after a long day of hard labour under such privation, an intolerable thirst should exist. Probably habit is more imperious always in its demands than ordinary appetite; and it is not impossible that this practice of smoking, instead of eating and drinking at once, may have some effect in counteracting the evil effects of long abstinence.

I have now mentioned the every-day methods which the Arabs have of obtaining keyf. Collected in groups of two or three, or even alone in a corner, they seem, under the influence of the above stimulant, to be capable of isolating themselves for a time in imagination from the world, and surrounding themselves with agreeable thoughts. There is no nation more prone than they to build castles in the air. They are always making extravagant suppositions—representing themselves, for example, in possession of wonderful wealth or marvellous supernatural powers, by the aid of which they sometimes do the most ordinary things possible.

We were once dropping down one of the placid reaches of the Nile, very indifferent whether our boat advanced or stood still. The sail, lazily swelling, urged us gently along the side of a little island fringed with reeds, that rattled against the panes of our cabin. Over the banks, that shut us in like huge hedges, a few palms rose here and there in the distance, flecking the sky with spots of dark green. The water was steeped in all the brilliance of the heavens; a few aquatic birds stooped gently sometimes along the surface. The crew seemed to feel a sense of inexpressible enjoyment, and one of them producing a *darabbukkah* or Arab tambourine, began to beat a tune, whilst another chanted a plaintive love-song; and we listened under the influence of coffee and pipes, and allowed ourselves to be soothed into a perfect state of keyf. Ahmed, our servant, came and sat down on his heels near us with his cup in hand, and after listening devoutly to the end, could not contain his satisfaction. No pleasure, he said, was equal to being on the Nile; and 'if he had five millions of guineas,' he would buy a boat, and live for ever in it! We said he might do the thing for much less; but he would not abate one jot of his supposition, and we were obliged to admit the five millions. His plan, at first, was to carry about the whole sum in the hold; but he afterwards consented to invest half of it in some English commercial house of acknowledged stability. He then said that he would procure the most beautiful woman in Egypt as his wife, with an eunuch to watch over her. This addition to his family drew on the necessity of having a second boat as a *harim*; and Ahmed took terrible anticipatory vengeance on every audacious wight who attempted to gain a glimpse of his beloved. We were a long time settling all these matters; and the evening had come tranquilly on in the midst of our speculations. The state of keyf now grew too perfect to allow of our continuing the conference, and relapsing into silence, we watched the red streak, and the yellow streak, and the gray streak, successively disappear, and the stars unfold their petals, and the moon come peering over the bank, revealing five or six ghost-like sails, gliding slowly down in our wake. How long this state continued, and whether reverie was succeeded by slumber, I know not; but a

loud chorus of voices, and the bumping of the boat against other boats, and the grating of its keel on the sandy bottom, and the splashing of the water, and the lights along shore, and, above all, the barking of dogs, told us that we had arrived, as the reader likewise has, without knowing it, at the decayed city of Er-Rashid.

This gives me an opportunity of describing another mode the Orientals have of producing keyf. We landed, and repaired to the coffee-house. It was a spacious building, surrounded by divans and shelves covered with *gozels* and *shishahs*—two kinds of water-pipe. Some groups were collected here and there watching the game of *tab*; but we soon understood that there was another point of attraction in the neighbourhood, and that most of the idle folks had repaired thither. One of the entrances of the coffee-house led into a broad passage covered with trelliswork, supporting a huge grape-vine, through which the moonbeams worked their way, and fell in bright spots on the stone pavement below. On the opposite side was a kind of kiosk, from which sounds of merriment and laughter proceeded. We repaired thither, and found two or three Turks sitting smoking their pipes in state, whilst a motley crowd of idlers squatted or stood round in a ring. The point of attraction was a poor fellow, deaf and dumb, playing a game with a waggish soldier. The latter held a long piece of cotton-wool in his mouth, and the deaf man was trying to take it from him with his teeth. The various incidents of this contest—the wise looks and rapid movements of the soldier, and the awkward attempts and disappointed whine of the infirm one—seemed to afford infinite amusement to the whole company, most of whom were smoking, or drinking coffee. The principal Turk—no less a person than the governor of Rosetta himself—perceiving two strangers, ordered seats and coffee to be brought to us; a courtesy which we duly acknowledged by laying our hands to our breasts. Our arrival, however, did not interrupt the sport, if sport it can be called, which soon led to some exhibitions of real or affected anger on the part of the actors. We left them in about half an hour; but for some time after could hear from the cabin of our boat, moored close by, occasional exclamations of pleasure and bursts of laughter, which showed that these worthy Muslims were not sensible of the monotony of their amusement.

Exhibitions of dancing-girls were formerly most popular among this keyf-loving people; but the tribe of Ghawazeh has been banished from Lower Egypt; and although many dancing-women are still to be found exercising their calling illicitly in the villages, the inhabitants of the great towns can rarely indulge in such a luxury. The displays of the *khawals*, or dancing-boys, are substituted; and it is only on certain festive occasions that the *awalim*, or female singers, imitate the performances of the Ghawazeh before the women; whilst the men listen to their songs from behind a screen, or through an open window. The accomplishments of the *awalim* do not necessarily include a knowledge of dancing; but since the exile of the Ghawazeh, many of them have emulated the renown of their predecessors.

Singing is very general in the coffee-houses, scarcely one of which is without some professional attendant, who lives on the few para pieces, &c., which the poorest Arab will liberally bestow on whoever contributes to produce his darling state of keyf. Some of these performers have fine voices when young, but their powers do not last for many years. Whether it be from over-exertion at first, or want of cultivation, few seem to acquire a reputation of long-standing. Two or three musicians often accompany the singer, who generally occupies an elevated seat outside the door; whilst the audience not unfrequently nearly fills up the part of the street opposite—all sitting on benches or seats made of palm branches. After a few stanzas, the performer begins to throw his head about as if in a state of ecstasy, his eyes all the while in a fine frenzy rolling. He assists his voice by forming a kind of trumpet with his left

hand half round his mouth. Every now and then the crowd expresses its admiration by ejaculating in a sort of deep chorus the word 'Alláh!' These ejaculations become more and more frequent as the song proceeds, and at length follow hard upon every equivoque, every impassioned expression, every long-drawn and voluptuous quaver. The audience associates itself completely with the enthusiasm of the performer. A collection is usually made at the moment of greatest excitement.

Story-telling is not so common an entertainment as singing, but it prevails to a considerable extent. The romances related are often very amusing, and set off with all kind of picturesque gestures. The reciters are divided into various classes, each of which confines itself to the relation of a particular kind of adventures. It is not common to hear the stories of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights'; but I was present once at the telling of the story of the 'Sage Dúbare' in a coffee-house near the mosque of Abd-Abbas at Alexandria. Many Arabs who are not professional possess extensive repertoires of tales and anecdotes, which they are fond of relating one to the other; and the incidents are often well put together, and very interesting. However, I will not at present diverge into this subject, having given, I trust, a tolerably correct idea of the mental state which the Egyptians covet above all things, and call 'pleasure,' as well as their various modes of producing it.

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

ESTHER MASON.

ABOUT forty years ago, Jabez Woodford, a foreman of shipwrights in the Plymouth dockyard, whilst carelessly crossing one of the transverse beams of a seventy-four gun-ship, building in that arsenal, missed his footing, fell to the bottom of the hold of the huge vessel, and was killed on the spot. He left a widow and one child—a boy seven years of age, of placid, endearing disposition, but weak intellect—almost in a state of destitution. He had been a coarse-tempered, improvident man; and like too many of his class, in those days at least, dissipated the whole of his large earnings in present sensuous indulgence, utterly careless or unmindful of the future. Esther Woodford, who, at the time of her husband's death, scarcely numbered five-and-twenty years, was still a remarkably comely, as well as interesting, gentle-mannered person; and moreover had, for her station in life, received a tolerable education. Her rash, ill-assorted marriage with Woodford had been hastily contracted when she was barely seventeen years of age, in consequence of a jealous pique which she, for some silly reason or other, had conceived regarding Henry Mason, an intelligent, young seafaring man, of fair prospects in life, and frank disposition, with whom she had for some time previously, as the west-country phrase has it, 'kept company,' and who was, moreover, tenderly attached to her. Esther's married life was one long repentance of the rash act; and the severance of the tie which bound her to an ungenial mate—after the subsidence of the natural horror and compassion excited by the sudden and frightful nature of the catastrophe—must have been felt as a most blessed relief. A few weeks afterwards, she accepted an asylum with her brother-in-law, Davies, a market-gardener in the vicinity of Plymouth, where, by persevering industry with her needle, and thrifty helpfulness in her sister's household duties, she endeavoured to compensate her kind-hearted relatives for the support of herself and helpless, half-witted child. Mason she had never seen since the day previous to her marriage; but she knew he was prospering in the busy world, and that some time before her husband's death, he had been ap-

pointed chief-mate in a first-class merchant-ship trading to the Pacific. He had sailed about a fortnight previous to that event; and now, ten lazy months having slowly floated past, the lover of her youth, with whom, in that last sunny day of her young life—how distant did it seem, viewed through the long intervening vista of days and nights of grief and tears!—she had danced so joyously beneath the flowering chestnut-trees, was once more near her; and it was—oh happiness!—no longer a sin to think of him—no longer a crime to recall and dwell upon the numberless proofs of the deep affection, the strong love, he had once felt for her. *Once felt! Perhaps even now!*—How awfully had the intelligence communicated by her sympathising sister tinted with bright hues the dark curtain of the future!

'And yet,' murmured poor Esther, the flush of hope fading as suddenly as it had arisen, as with meek sad eyes she glanced at the reflection of her features in the small oval glass suspended above the mantelpiece—'I almost doubt, Susy, dear, if he would recognise me; even if old feelings and old times have not long since faded from his memory'—

'Stuff and trumpery about fading away!' broke in Mrs Davies. 'Henry Mason is the same true-hearted man he was eight years ago; and as a proof that he is, just read this letter, which I promised him to give you. There, don't go falling into a frustration; don't now, Esther, and to-morrow market-day and all! Don't cry, Esther,' she added vehemently, but at the same time sobbing furiously herself, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck: 'but perhaps—perhaps it will do us good, both of us!'

It may be necessary to state that I owe the foregoing particulars to the interest felt by my wife—herself a native of beautiful Devon—in the fortunes of this humble household. Esther was her foster-sister; and it happened that just at this period, it being vacation-time, we were paying a visit to a family in the neighbourhood. A few hours after the receipt of the welcome letter, my wife chanced to call on Esther relative to some fancy-needlework; and on her return, I was of course favoured with very full and florid details of this little bit of cottage romance; the which I, from regard to the reader, have carefully noted down, and as briefly as possible expressed.

We met Henry Mason with his recovered treasure on the following evening; and certainly a more favourable specimen of the vigorous, active, bold-featured, frank-spoken British seaman I never met with. To his comparatively excellent education—for which I understood he was indebted to his mother, a superior woman, who, having fallen from one of the little heights of society, had kept a school at Plymouth—in addition to his correct and temperate habits, he was indebted for the rapid advance—he was but a few months older than Esther—he had obtained in the merchant service. The happiness which beamed upon Esther's face did not appear to be of the exuberant, buoyant character that kindled the ruddy cheek and ran over at the bright, honest eyes of the hardy sailor: there seemed to mingle with it a half-doubting, trembling apprehensiveness; albeit it was not difficult to perceive that, sorrowfully as had passed her noon of prime, an 'Indian summer' of the soul was rising upon her brightened existence, and already with its first faint flushes lighting up her meek, downcast eyes, and pale, changing countenance. Willy, her feeble-minded child, frisked and gambolled by their side; and altogether, a happier group than they would, I fancy, have been difficult to find in all broad England.

The next week they were married; and one of the partners in the firm by which Mason was employed

happening to dine with us on the day of the wedding, the conversation turned for a few minutes on the bridegroom's character and prospects.

'He has the ring of true metal in him,' I remarked; 'and is, I should suppose, a capital seaman?'

'A first-rate one,' replied Mr Roberts. 'Indeed so high is my father's opinion of him, that he intends to confer upon him the command of a fine brig now building for us in the Thames, and intended for the West India trade. He possesses also singular courage and daring. Twice, under very hazardous circumstances, he has successfully risked his life to save men who had fallen overboard. He is altogether a skilful, gallant seaman.'

'Such a man,' observed another of the company, 'might surely have aspired higher than to the hand of Esther Woodford, dove-eyed and interesting as she may be?'

'Perhaps so,' returned Mr Roberts a little curtly; 'though he, it seems, could not have thought so. Indeed it is chiefly of simple-hearted, chivalrous-minded men like Mason that it can be with general truth observed—

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."

The subject then dropped, and it was a considerable time afterwards, and under altogether altered circumstances, when the newly-married couple once more crossed my path in life.

It was about eight months after his marriage—though he had been profitably enough employed in the interim—that Henry Mason, in consequence of the welcome announcement that the new brig was at last ready for her captain and cargo, arrived in London to enter upon his new appointment.

'These lodgings, Esther,' said he, as he was preparing to go out, soon after breakfast, on the morning after his arrival, 'are scarcely the thing; and as I, like you, am a stranger in Cockney-land, I had better consult some of the firm upon the subject before we decide upon permanent ones. In the meantime, you and Willy must mind and keep in doors when I am not with you, or I shall have one or other of you lost in this great wilderness of a city. I shall return in two or three hours. I will order something for dinner as I go along: I have your purse. Good-by: God bless you both.'

Inquiring his way every two or three minutes, Mason presently found himself in the vicinity of Tower Stairs. A scuffle in front of a public-house attracted his attention; and his ready sympathies were in an instant enlisted in behalf of a young sailor, vainly struggling in the grasp of several athletic men, and crying lustily on the gaping bystanders for help. Mason sprang forward, caught one of the assailants by the collar, and hurled him with some violence against the wall. A fierce outcry greeted this audacious interference with gentlemen who, in those good old times, were but executing the law in a remarkably good old manner. Lieutenant Donnagheu, a somewhat celebrated snapper-up of loose mariners, emerged upon the scene; and in a few minutes was enabled to exit in the secure possession of an additional prize in the unfortunate Henry Mason, who, too late, discovered that he had embroiled himself with a *pressgang!* Desperate, frenzied were the efforts he made to extricate himself from the peril in which he had rashly involved himself. In vain! His protestations that he was a mate, a captain, in the merchant service, were unheeded or mocked at.

To all his remonstrances he only got the professional answer—'His majesty wants you, and that is enough; so come along, and no more about it!'

Bruised, exhausted, almost mad, he was borne off in triumph to a boat, into which he was thrust with several others, and swiftly rowed off to a receiving-ship in the river. Even there his assertions and protestations were of no avail. Nothing but an Admiralty order, the officer in command candidly told him, should effect his

liberation. His majesty was in need of seamen; and he was evidently too smart a one to be deprived of the glory of serving his country. 'You must therefore,' concluded the officer, as he turned laughingly upon his heel, 'do as thousands of other fine fellows have been compelled to do—"grin and bear it."' In about three weeks from the date of his impressment Mason found himself serving in the Mediterranean on board the 'Active' frigate, Captain Alexander Gordon, without having been permitted one opportunity of communicating with the shore. This was certainly very sharp, but it was not the less very common practice in those great days of triumphant battles by land and sea.

Very dearly passed the time with the bereaved wife. Her husband had promised to send home something for dinner, and various groceries; yet hour after hour went past, and nothing arrived. Morning flushed into noon, day faded to twilight, and still the well-known and always eager step sounded not upon the stairs! What could have detained him from his wife, shut up, imprisoned, as it were, in that hot, hurrying, stifling city? She feared to listen to the suggestions of her boding heart; and with feverish restlessness ran out upon the landing, and peered over the stairs every time a knock or ring was heard at the street-door. This strange behaviour was, it seems, noticed by the landlady of the lodging-house, and injuriously interpreted. A knock came to the door, and that person entered to know at what time Mrs —, she had forgotten the young woman's name, expected the dinner, she, the landlady, had undertaken to cook.

Esther timidly replied that her husband had promised to return in two or three hours at latest; and that she did not comprehend his continued absence—was indeed quite alarmed about it—

'Your husband!' said the woman, glancing insolently at Esther's figure. 'Are you sure he is your husband?'

The hot blood suffused the temples of the indignant wife as she said, 'This apartment, madam, I believe is mine?'

'Oh, certainly, as long as you can pay for it;' and rudely slamming the door, the landlady departed.

The long wretched night at last over, Esther rose with the light; and after giving her son his breakfast from the remains of that of the day before, set off with him to the place of business of the Messrs Roberts. It was early, and one clerk only had as yet arrived at the office. He informed her that Mr Henry Mason had not been seen, and that the partners were greatly annoyed about it, as his immediate presence was absolutely necessary.

Stunned, terrified, bewildered by the frightful calamity which she believed had befallen her, she felt convinced that her husband had been entrapped and murdered for the sake of the money he had about him: the wretched woman tottered back to her lodgings, and threw herself on the bed in wild despair. What was to be done for food even for her boy? Her husband had not only his pocket-book with him containing his larger money, but had taken her purse! She was alone and penniless in a strange city! The hungry wailings of her wretched child towards evening at length aroused her from the stupor of despair into which she had fallen. The miserable resource of pawning occurred to her: she could at least, by pledging a part of her wardrobe, procure sustenance for her child till she could hear from her sister; and with trembling hands she began arranging a bundle of such things as she could best spare, when the landlady abruptly entered the room, with a peremptory demand—as her husband was not returned, and did not appear likely to do so—for a month's rent in advance, that being the term the apartments were engaged for. The tears, entreaties, expostulations of the miserable wife were of no avail. Not one article, the woman declared, should leave her house till her claim was settled. She affected to doubt, perhaps really did so, that Esther was married; and hinted coarsely at an enforcement of the laws against persons who had no

visible means of subsistence. In a paroxysm of despair, the unhappy woman rushed out of the house; and accompanied by her hungry child, again sought the counting-house of the Messrs Roberts. She was now as much too late as she had been too early in the morning: the partners and clerks had gone, and she appears to have been treated with some rudeness by the porter, who was closing the premises when she arrived. Possibly the wildness of her looks, and the incoherence of her speech and manner, produced an impression unfavourable to her. Retracing her steps—penniless, hungry, sick at heart—she thought, as she afterwards declared, that she recognised my wife in one of the numerous ladies seated before the counters of a fashionable shop in one of the busiest thoroughfares. She entered, and not till she approached close to the lady discovered her mistake. She turned despairingly away; when a piece of rich lace, lying apparently unheeded on the counter, met her eye, and a dreadful suggestion crossed her fevered brain: here at least was the means of procuring food for her wailing child. She glanced hastily and fearfully round. No eye, she thought, observed her; and, horror of horrors! a moment afterwards she had concealed the lace beneath her shawl, and with tottering feet was hastily leaving the shop. She had not taken half-a-dozen steps when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a voice, as of a serpent hissing in her ear, commanded her to restore the lace she had stolen. Transfixed with shame and terror, she stood rooted to the spot, and the lace fell on the floor.

'Fetch an officer,' said the harsh voice, addressing one of the shopmen.

'No—no—no!' screamed the wretched woman, falling on her knees in wild supplication. 'For my child's sake—in mercy of the innocent babe as yet unborn—pity and forgive me!'

The harsh order was iterated; and Esther Mason, fainting with shame and agony, was conveyed to the prison in Giltspur Street. The next day she was fully committed to Newgate on the capital charge of privately stealing in a shop to the value of five pounds. A few hours after her incarceration within those terrible walls, she was prematurely delivered of a female child.

I have no moral doubt whatever, I never have had, that at the time of the committal of the felonious act, the intellect of Esther Mason was disordered. Any other supposition is inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and character. 'Lead us not into temptation' is indeed the holiest, because the humblest prayer.

Three weeks had elapsed before the first intimation of these events reached me, in a note from the chaplain of Newgate, an excellent, kind-hearted man, to whom Mrs Mason had confided her sad story. I immediately hastened to the prison; and in a long interview with her, elicited the foregoing statement. I readily assured her that all which legal skill could do to extricate her from the awful position in which she stood, the gravity of which I did not affect to conceal, should be done. The offence with which she was charged had supplied the scaffold with numberless victims; and tradesmen were more than ever clamorous for the stern execution of a law which, spite of experience, they still regarded as the only safeguard of their property. My wife was overwhelmed with grief; and in her anxiety to save her unhappy foster-sister, sought, without my knowledge, an interview with the prosecutor, in the hope of inducing him not to press the charge. Her efforts were unavailing. He had suffered much, he said, from such practices, and was 'upon principle' determined to make an example of every offender he could catch. As to the plea that the husband had been forcibly carried off by a pressgang, it was absurd; for what would become of the property of tradesmen if the wife of every sailor so entrapped were to be allowed to plunder shops with impunity? This magnificent reasoning was of course

unanswerable; and the rejected petitioner abandoned her bootless errand in despair. Messrs Roberts, I should have mentioned, had by some accident discovered the nature of the misfortune which had befallen their officer, and had already made urgent application to the Admiralty for his release.

The Old Bailey sessions did not come on for some time: I, however, took care to secure at once, as I did not myself practise in that court, the highest talent which its bar afforded. Willy, who had been placed in a workhouse by the authorities, we had properly taken care of till he could be restored to his mother; or, in the event of her conviction, to his relatives in Devonshire.

The sessions were at last on: a 'true bill' against Esther Mason for shoplifting, as it was popularly termed, was unhesitatingly found, and with a heavy heart I wended my way to the court to watch the proceedings. A few minutes after I entered, Mr Justice Le Blanc and Mr Baron Wood, who had assisted at an important case of stockjobbing conspiracy, just over, left the bench: the learned recorder being doubtless considered quite equal to the trial of a mere capital charge of theft.

The prisoner was placed in the dock; but try as I might, I could not look at her. It happened to be a calm bright summer day; the air, as if in mockery of those death-sessions, humming with busy, lusty life; so that, sitting with my back to the prisoner, I could, as it were, read her demeanour in the shadow thrown by her figure on the opposite sun-lighted wall. There she stood, during the brief moments which sealed her earthly doom, with downcast eyes and utterly dejected posture; her thin fingers playing mechanically with the flowers and sweet-scented herbs spread scantily before her. The trial was very brief: the evidence, emphatically conclusive, was confidently given, and vainly cross-examined. Nothing remained but an elaborate *ad misericordiam* excusative defence, which had been prepared by me, and which the prisoner begged her counsel might be allowed to read. This was of course refused; the recorder remarking, they might as well allow counsel for felons to address juries, as read defences; and that, as every practical man knew, would be utterly subversive of the due administration of justice. The clerk of the court would read the paper, if the prisoner felt too agitated to do so. This was done; and very vilely done. The clerk, I daresay, read as well as he was able; but old, near-sighted, and possessed of anything but a clear enunciation, what could be expected? The defence, so read, produced not the slightest effect either on the court or jury. The recorder briefly commented on the conclusiveness of the evidence for the prosecution; and the jury, in the same brief, business-like manner, returned a verdict of Guilty.

'What have you to say,' demanded the clerk, 'why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law?'

The shadow started convulsively as the terrible words fell from the man's lips; and I saw that the suddenly-upraised eyes of the prisoner were fastened on the face of the fearful questioner. The lips, too, appeared to move; but no sound reached my ears.

'Speak, woman,' said the recorder, 'if you have anything to urge before sentence is pronounced.'

I started up, and turning to the prisoner, besought her in hurried accents to speak. 'Remind them of the infant at your breast—your husband'—

'Who is that conferring with the prisoner?' demanded the judge in an angry voice.

I turned, and confronted him with a look as cold and haughty as his own. He did not think proper to pursue the inquiry further; and after muttering something about the necessity of not interrupting the proceedings of the court, again asked the prisoner if she had anything to urge.

'Not for myself—not for my sake,' at last faintly murmured the trembling woman; 'but for that of my

poor dear infant—my poor witless boy! I do not think, sir, I was in my right mind. I was starving. I was friendless. My husband, too, whom you have heard'—She stopped abruptly; a choking sob struggled in her throat; and but for the supporting arm of one of the turnkeys, she would have fallen to the ground.

'Unhappy, guilty woman,' said the recorder, with the coolness of a demon, 'the plea of insanity you would set up is utterly untenable. Your husband, it seems, is serving his majesty in the royal navy; defending his country, whilst his wife was breaking its laws, by the commission of a crime which, but for the stern repression of the law, would sap the foundations of the security of property, and'—

I could endure no more. The atmosphere of the court seemed to stifle me; and I rushed for relief into the open air. Before, however, I had reached the street, a long, piercing scream informed me that the learned judge had done his duty.

No effort was spared during the interval which elapsed previous to the recorder presenting his report to the privy-council—a peculiar privilege at that time attached to the office—to procure a mitigation of the sentence. A petition, setting forth the peculiar circumstances of the case, was carefully prepared; and by the indefatigable exertions of an excellent Quaker gentleman—whom, as he is still alive, and might not choose to have his name blazoned to the world, I will call William Friend—was soon very numerously signed. The prosecutor, however, obstinately refused to attach his name to the document; and the absence of his signature—so strangely did men reason on such matters in those days—would, it was feared, weigh heavily against the success of the petition. The amiable and enlightened Sir Samuel Romilly not only attached his name, but aided us zealously by his advice and influence. In short, nothing was omitted that appeared likely to attain the desired object.

Two days before the petition was to be forwarded to the proper quarter, Henry Mason arrived in England, the exertions of his employers having procured his discharge. The 'Active' was one of Captain Hoste's squadron, which obtained the celebrated victory off Lissa, over the Franco-Venetian fleet commanded by Admiral Dobraudieu. Henry Mason, it appeared by the testimonials of the captain and officers of his ship, had greatly distinguished himself in the action. We enclosed these papers with the petition; and then, having done all in our power, awaited with anxious impatience the result of the recorder's report. It was announced to me, as I was sitting somewhat later than usual at chambers, by Mr William Friend. The judgment to die was confirmed! All our representations had not sufficed to counterbalance the supposed necessity of exhibiting terrible examples of the fate awaiting the perpetrators of an offence said to be greatly on the increase. Excellent William Friend wept like a child as he made the announcement.

There are many persons alive who recollect this horrible tragedy—the national disgrace—this act of gross barbarity on the part of the great personage, who, first having carried off the poor woman's husband, left her to die for an act the very consequence of that robbery. Who among the spectators can ever forget that heartrending scene—the hangman taking the baby from the breast of the wretched creature just before he put her to death! But let us not rake up these terrible reminiscences. Let us hope that the *truly* guilty are forgiven. And let us take consolation from reflecting that this event led the great Romilly to enter on his celebrated career as a reformer of the criminal law.

The remains of Esther Mason were obtained from the Newgate officials, and quietly interred in St Sepulchre's churchyard. A plain slab, with her name only plainly chiselled upon it, was some time afterwards placed above the grave. A few years ago I attended a funeral in the same graveyard; and after a slight search, discovered

the spot. The inscription, though of course much worn, was still quite legible.

I had not seen Henry Mason since his return; but I was glad to hear from Mr William Friend that, after the first passionate burst of rage and grief had subsided, he had, apparently at least, thanks to the tender and pious expostulations of his wife—with whom, by the kind intervention of the sheriffs, he was permitted long and frequent interviews—settled down into calmness and resignation. One thing only he would not bear to hear even from her, and that was any admission that she had been guilty of even the slightest offence. A hint of the kind, however unintentional, would throw him into a paroxysm of fury; and the subject was consequently in his presence studiously avoided.

A few days after the execution, Mr William Friend called on me just after breakfast, accompanied by the bereaved husband. I never saw so changed a man. All the warm kindness of his nature had vanished, and was replaced by a gloomy fierce austerity, altogether painful to contemplate.

'Well, sir,' said he, as he barely touched my proffered hand, 'they have killed her, you see, spite of all you could say or do. It much availed me, too, that I had helped to win their boasted victories;' and he laughed with savage bitterness.

'Henry—Henry!' exclaimed William Friend in a reproving accent.

'Well, well, sir,' rejoined Mason impatiently, 'you are a good man, and have of course your own notions on these matters: I also have mine. Or perhaps you think it is only the blood of the rich and great which, shed unjustly, brings forth the iron harvest? Forgive me,' he added, checking himself. 'I respect you both; but my heart is turned to stone. You do not know—none ever knew but I—how kind, how loving, how gentle was that poor long-suffering girl.'

He turned from us to hide the terrible agony which convulsed him.

'Henry,' said Mr Friend, taking him kindly by the hand, 'we pity thee sincerely, as thou knowest; but thy bitter, revengeful expressions are unchristian, sinful. The authorities whom thou, not for the first time, railst on so wildly, acted, be sure of it, from a sense of duty; a mistaken one, in my opinion, doubtless; still—'

'Say no more, sir,' interrupted Mason. 'We differ in opinion upon the subject. And now, gentlemen, farewell. I wished to see you, sir, before I left this country for ever, to thank you for your kind, though fruitless exertions. Mr Friend has promised to be steward for poor Willy of all I can remit for his use. Farewell. God bless you both!' He was gone!

War soon afterwards broke out with the United States of America, and Mr Friend discovered that one of the most active and daring officers in the Republican navy was Henry Mason, who had entered the American service in the maiden name of his wife; and that the large sums he had remitted from time to time for the use of Willy, were the produce of his successful depredations on British commerce. The instant Mr Friend made the discovery, he refused to pollute his hands with monies so obtained, and declined all further agency in the matter. Mason, however, contrived to remit through some other channel to the Davies's, with whom the boy had been placed; and a rapid improvement in their circumstances was soon visible. These remittances ceased about the middle of 1814; and a twelve-month after the peace with America, we ascertained that Henry Mason had been killed in the battle on Lake Champlain, where he had distinguished himself, as everywhere else, by the reckless daring and furious haste with which he fought against the country which, in his unreasoning frenzy, he accused of the murder of his wife. He was recognised by one of his former messmates in the 'Active,' who conveyed a prisoner on board the American commander McDonough's ship,

recognised him as he lay stretched on the deck, in the uniform of an American naval officer; his countenance, even in death, wearing the same stormful defiant expression which it assumed on the day that his beloved Esther perished on the scaffold.

GOSSIP FROM LONDON.

We have progressed since my last. The Queen's Birthday is over; that anniversary on which mail-guards, postmen, and official understrappers make their appearance in new coats, rejoicing in all the brightness of virgin scarlet. 'Derby Day,' too, has come and gone; than which none causes so much stir and locomotion among metropolitan lieges, its gulf of vivid excitement now converted into a cud of mingled bitter and sweet for adventurers to chew. In the back-greens of law-courts, and other such crafty precincts, the grass and shrubs are emulating their country kindred; and our squares look summer-like in their foliage, which has at last come forth; while drouthy folk indulge in unwonted libations, reminding us that midsummer is at hand.

There are so many things to talk about, that I hardly know where to begin; however, the sale at Gore House will serve as well to lead off with as any other *quidnunc*. Few events of late years have created greater sensation in the world of *ton* than the dispersion of Lady Blessington's effects by the hammer; and during the view week, the road at Kensington was beset by long lines of carriages and pedestrians, all crowding to the centre of attraction. The sight was one well worth seeing; so numerous were the rarities and curiosities, and so tasteful the luxurious elegance. It is said that connoisseurs are disappointed that the portrait of her ladyship by Lawrence, on which Byron wrote a poem, sold for no more than three hundred and sixty guineas—poet and painter alike at a discount. But to particularise would demand whole pages; so I shall just remark that Gore House has seen strange contrasts in its occupiers—first the famous Whitbread, then Lady Blessington, and now, so says rumour, about to pass into the possession of a Quaker M.P.

I need hardly tell you that the Royal Academy Exhibition is the grand spectacle of the day; but, in addition to this, there are so many sights and *réunions*, that it is a wonder how people find time to 'do' them all. Whatever may be thought about the world growing wiser, there can be little doubt that it grows cleverer, as the industrial-art exhibition of the Society of Arts, the soirées of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and of Lord Rosse, the new president of the Royal Society, fully evince. It is pretty well known that the late president, Lord Northampton, gave the soirées at his own residence; but those of his successor have been held in a suite of rooms in Somerset House. Of the four which take place during the season, three are now over; from five to six hundred gentlemen—titled and untitled, scientific, philosophical, and literary—having 'assisted,' as the French say, at each. You know of course that on such occasions it is customary to bring together models and specimens of new inventions and works of art, which, if the refreshments fail to do so, may give the visitors something interesting to talk about. Some of these things will bear talking about on paper, if you can put up with general description instead of technicalities. Foremost I may enumerate the working models of his two famous telescopes, brought over from Ireland by Lord Rosse. That of the 'monster telescope' especially conveys an accurate and satisfactory notion of the huge instrument to those whose opportunities do not admit of their taking a journey to Castle Barr to see the giant. We are promised ere long some account of its exploits. Then, commending itself to all interested in navigation, comes a model of Mitchell's screw lighthouse, as erected on the Maplin sand. A cause of astonishment to the uninitiated in this, as in the case of the screw-propeller, is the apparent inadequacy of the screw to its office. It consists of a single disk of metal adapted near

the lower extremity of the pile, whereby a sandbank may be penetrated, and the timber afterwards fixed in its place. The 'scraw mooring' also exhibited is similar in construction: it may be twisted into any part of a shoal or bed of a river, where its powerful 'bite' affords secure hold for the attached buoy. In juxtaposition with such objects as these, you would see choice specimens of Daguerreotype; a triptych of the sixteenth century, dear to antiquaries; Varley's rotating-winch double-action air-pump; Clement's apparatus for making five hogs-heads of sugar per diem; or Hill's potato-crusher. Next in order are several beautiful designs intended to show the adaptability of iron to architectural purposes: the elegance and variety of the combinations are indisputable; but are iron arcades and houses suited to our English climate?

Gutta-percha again: specimens of wire coated with the Protean material, giving rise to projects for economical telegraphs. The wires raised on poles, as at present in use, are, as shown by experience, exposed to atmospheric disturbances and other casualties. You will remember the throwing down of miles of wire by the weight of accumulated snow, on the South-Eastern Railway at the beginning of this year. It is proposed to avoid such accidents, by burying a coated wire underground, carrying it across the country independent of lines of rail. This may be laid down for L.30 or L.60 per mile; in the latter case, the gutta-percha coating is in turn braided or 'served' with rope, and covered with marine glue. In Germany they content themselves by giving a coat of paint only to the gutta-percha; and according to the statements, there are 400 miles so prepared laid down on one of the lines in that country. If carried into execution as proposed, we shall be able to send you a message to Edinburgh at less than one-half of the present charges.

While on the subject of gutta-percha, a few words may very well be given to Mr Whishaw's inventions: among these are speaking-tubes, to supersede bells in private houses or offices. So extraordinary are the conducting powers of this new product, that a whisper can be conveyed to long distances; and it is obvious that much trouble will be saved by a person being able to state his wants without the preliminary delay of a bell-summons. The cost is not great; seeing that the tubes, with terminals or mouth-pieces, can be supplied at 8d. per foot. But we are, it seems, to be able to speak to a distance without any connecting tube at all; across the inner quadrangle of a building, for instance, by means of large concave gutta-percha reflectors, fixed, one opposite to the other, on each side of the court, at an upper window, if required, each having a short tube attached, through which the message is spoken. By experiment, the inventor has ascertained that a whisper can be heard at a distance of forty feet; and he anticipates hearing a loud-spoken tone from a quarter of a mile. Such an instrument has long been desiderated on railways during repairs, so as to avoid the delay which now occurs in sending a messenger from one gang of workmen to another. In this case each reflector would be mounted on a stand similar to that of a theodolite; and thus the portable telephone would be available where the telegraph, as at present arranged, does not admit of application. The instrument might be so fixed at each end of a tunnel, that the attendants at either extremity could communicate without leaving their boxes.

Perhaps you will say I am dwelling too long on these soirées; but I cannot leave the subject without noticing two other models, which you will very likely consider the most noteworthy of all. The first is Mr Appold's 'centrifugal pump for draining marshes,' &c.; and a most ingenious adaptation it is. You have heard of the turbine—a small box water-wheel possessing extraordinary capabilities for work. Well, Mr Appold's model contains such a wheel, made of tin, a little thicker, but no larger, than a halfpenny. This is fitted at the bottom of a square tuba dipping into a small cistern

containing water, which may represent a lake, &c. The little wheel being made to rotate with great velocity, throws up water rapidly into the tuba above itself, until it overflows in a continuous stream at the top, and the volume of this stream is such as to deliver eight gallons in a minute; and on applying a nozzle, the stream is driven to a distance of twenty feet. This, you will say, is a marvellous effect from so apparently insignificant a cause; but a wheel, about fifteen inches diameter, exhibited at the same time, will deliver 1800 gallons per minute: it requires, however, to be worked by an engine of four-horse power. Mr Appold has lately proposed to the engineer of the Dutch government to fix a similar wheel on the Haarlem Sea, now in process of being drained, by forty pumps driven by steam. A centrifugal pump of forty feet diameter would do more work than all the others put together, and would deliver—so the inventor asserts—1,500,000 gallons per minute. With such power at command, one would think we ought never more to hear of ships foundering at sea; and the emptying and reclamation of the Zuyder Zee resolves itself into a possibility.

Though last, not least, is the newly-invented machine for making *aprotypes*, which, to quote from the description, are—'Printing types manufactured by self-acting machinery, of copper or other hard metal, without the aid of heat.' It is the work of a Frenchman, Monsieur Pettit, expatriated by the unsettled state of affairs in his own country. Such a machine scarcely admits of being gossiped about, so I must just give you a summary of the inventor's own words. The essential principle of type-manufacture, he states, has remained the same since the invention of printing, more than 400 years ago; and, as is well known, the comparative softness of the metal employed is a defect. This defect is now overcome. 'The extreme durability of copper,' we are told, 'when employed as a printing surface, is fully admitted by all printers. A London firm, employed to print stamps for the government, is in the habit of using raised copper surfaces for this purpose. No less than 125,000,000 impressions have been taken from one of these plates! If this result has been arrived at with copper in its ordinary state, it must be evident that the durability of the aprotypes, formed of copper, hardened by the compression to which it is subject in the process of manufacture, will be almost infinite.' The first cost of 100 lbs. weight of the copper type exceeds that of ordinary type by more than L.20; but as it will last sixty times as long, there must be sixty renewals of the common type; so that ultimately there will be a saving in favour of copper of more than L.800: besides which, the production of bad work by the soft metal types at sixty different times in the same interval will have been avoided. The copper not only remains uniform, but effects an economy of ink in its greater power of resisting pressure.

M. Pettit informs me that he made three machines before he succeeded in reaching the present stage of perfection. The one exhibited is about four feet long and two feet wide, constructed entirely of iron or other metal, and is of enormous weight. There is a winch turned by hand, and a fly-wheel; on revolving this, fourteen different motions are produced, which, all combined, form the types from square strips of copper inserted in the proper place: so that the workman has nothing to do but turn the wheel, and types drop into a tray at the rate of thirty-two a minute! Many printers and scientific men have expressed their approval of the new machine; among the latter Professor Faraday, who explained its mode of action to the company assembled at Lord Rosse's soirée. The proposal is, to dispose of it in six shares of L.6000 each; two of these, it is said, are sold, one of the purchasers being an eminent London typesetter. And now, if all anticipations be realised, we shall from this time 'date a new epoch in the art of typography.'

Although I have done with the soirées, I must claim a letter-writer's privilege to discuss everything; and

under this comprehensive head I may mention; what you will be pleased to learn, that the Geographical Society have awarded their medal to Mr Layard for his eminent researches in Nineveh—a recognition of merit honourable to both parties. As new claimants rise to honour, old ones pass away. Mr Vernon is dead; but his name will live for centuries to come, while eyes are left to view the noble gallery of paintings, worth L.120,000, which he gave to the nation. He doubtless foresaw this reward, when he had the good sense to decline an offer of knighthood made to him by authority. Faraday, amid his grand magnetic researches, has been making science familiar to juvenile auditories at the Royal Institution, in a course of six lectures 'On the Chemical History of a Candle.' Who can protest about *infra. dig.* after this? But among other incidentals, there is one bearing on 'the sanitary interest:' the 'Lords' have been discussing the merits of a project for supplying Whitehaven with water from Ennerdale Lake. Those who have seen this magnificent sheet of water will recognise the excellence of the source, and we can but wish success to so promising a scheme. The distance is eighteen miles; and bearing in mind the Croton aqueduct of New York, which delivers 60,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, we presume the question of impracticability is not to be entertained for a moment.

To descend from great things to little: is it to the troubles in France that we are indebted for the *décrotteur*, or shoe-black, who, with his stand and polishing apparatus, has been seen of late about the 'west end?' I should like to see the profession become general in London. The convenience would be great for dirty-booted pedestrians. Besides this enterprising individual, we have a *marchand de gallettes* established in Fleet Street. Thus you see it does not always require revocation of Edicts of Nantes to send us foreign talent.

You are perhaps beginning to query if I ever mean to stop; yet to close without a few words about literature would be to omit an important item of the everything. I promise, however, not to be prolix. The Parliamentary Committee is still pursuing the inquiry relative to the establishing of public libraries in populous towns and districts throughout the country. This is a sign of the times. It is easier to lead educated minds, than to coerce brutal instincts and unreason. And here, too, it is worth remembering, that with a People's College at Sheffield and Nottingham, we are likely to have a third in the metropolis of the eastern counties—Norwich, where the building of one is proposed by a gentleman of fortune. Thus may we hope to

'Make knowledge circle with the winds.'

But apropos of literature: Sir John Herschel has rewritten his astronomical treatise, under the title of 'Outlines of Astronomy;' and from such a source you may be sure that the advantage is on the side of scientific readers. And Dr Forbes, whom you would take for a staid medicus, having scamped over Switzerland last autumn with all the vivacity of a truant schoolboy, has just published 'A Physician's Holiday,' by way, I suppose, of making others as cheery as himself. Be this as it may, he tells some things unknown before, and has produced a very readable book.

Accounts from the continent state that no one there now cares to read any publication larger than pamphlets; and of these there are legions, in which vexed questions of politics are discussed with every variety of talent and temper. Among these trifles I observe one—'Journal d'un Insurgé Malgré Lui'—'Journal of an Insurgent in Spite of Himself.' There ought to be something worth picking out in such a book. It appears that the writer was taken prisoner by accident (?), and shut up in the cellars of the Hôtel de Ville, until removed to the dungeons of Ivry. He suffered much, and observed more; and comes to this conclusion—'insurrection ought never to be permitted.' Of a different stamp is the uniform series of quartos containing

the works of their best philosophers, printed at the expense of the French government. Laplace's works in seven volumes have recently been presented to various institutions in this country by the minister of public instruction. The Academy, too, in conjunction with this functionary, offers a prize of 600 francs for 'Un Petit Traité'—or rather 'A short Treatise on Popular Hygiene, avoiding purely Scientific Details, for the Use of Workmen in Towns, and the Inhabitants of the Country.' The book is to be more especially adapted to the department of Seine-Inférieure, and is to convey general precepts in the most attractive style possible.

In France, the early history of the language has been much studied; and the Academy, with a view to the further promotion of the study, is about to republish the most ancient known French Grammar. Singular enough, this was written by an Englishman, Jehan Palgrave, tutor to Princess Mary, in the reign of Henry VIII. There are ~~thirty~~ six copies in existence; and of these, five are in this country, and one in Paris, in the Mazarine Library. Being written in English, it is said the peculiarities of the old pronunciation will be better detected than if the work had been written in the vernacular of Gaul.

It has often been a reproach to our government that they neglect the collection of our national historical documents; and in the reign of George IV. an order was issued to remedy this defect. The results have now appeared in the first of a series of thick red-backed folios, entitled 'Monumenta Historica Britannica,' or 'Materials for the History of Britain, from the Earliest Period to the End of the Reign of King Henry VII., published by Command of Her Majesty.' This initiatory volume contains the writings of Gildas, Bede, Asser, Aethelweard, Henry of Huntingdon, Maistre Geffrei Gaimar, with many others, and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, and engravings of coins. At the same rate, a volume in twenty years, we shall have to wait a long time for the remainder of the series.

But if legislative debates have a claim to interminability, gossip has none—so, *ad rescribendum.*

A MONTH AMONG THE PYRENEES.

As the regular routine of a Pau season, where either health or pleasure is concerned, includes a few weeks' residence at some of the many watering-places among the mountains, we proceeded to the Eaux Bonnes immediately on giving up our apartment in the pretty little town where we had so pleasantly passed the winter. My brother had hired a calèche for the summer, with three horses and a driver, on very reasonable terms. The driver was a very intelligent man, and proved extremely useful to us in the course of our wanderings.

Our drive from Pau through Gan to Louvie was both cold and rainy, although it was near the end of May at this time. The air became really piercing as we advanced deeper among the hills; but we forgot all discomfort as we proceeded, the scenery became so beautiful. The road lay up a valley enclosed by mountains, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds, and it followed the course of a rapid stream through a gorge sometimes no wider than the road and river, sometimes opening into meadows, sometimes extending into plains. There was no want of wood on the lower slopes of the hills or in the valley. Many a pretty-looking hamlet improved the cheerful aspect of our route; and here and there a smaller glen diverged on either hand, as if there were no end to the intricacies of this range of the Pyrenees. We stopped frequently to walk to different points of much attraction; and in this way so lengthened the journey, that it was late in the afternoon when we reached a large plain filled with villages, and through

which flowed several small rivers, the marble quarries and the huts of the labourers in them appearing high up among the forest-trees that covered the lower sweeps of the distant mountains. From this basin-like plain a road turned off over a handsome bridge, and up a very steep hill above a mile in length, ending in a ravine, along one side of which, on a narrow ledge a considerable height above the torrent, which we heard thundering below, runs a row of high white houses, built for the visitors to the Eaux Bonnes. We put up at the Hôtel de France; and ordering fires in the bedrooms allotted to us as our private chambers, we declined the public table for that first evening, and drank our tea in my room in English solitude. The singularity of our abode struck me the next morning with wonder. There we were in a very large hotel, one of a long row of high houses, for there are fifteen of these boarding-houses rising from a shelf apparently just wide enough to support them, a precipice below, a mountain behind, and a mountain opposite—the noise of rushing waters ever filling the ear, so many cascades dash down into the troubled stream which frets along among the rocks at the bottom of the ravine. The shelf looks narrower than it really is; for besides the houses which stand on the brink of the precipice, there is a road and a side-path between them and the sheltering mountain, and part of the way a narrow strip of shrubbery, and a little brook running along beside it carrying away the waste waters of the springs. These were within a few minutes' walk of our hotel. The street ends abruptly by turning off round a corner of the rock, and forming a crook of some hundred yards long, piercing into the hill as it were. This crook contains a few private houses, the rooms in which are let as required to those who prefer a more retired life than is led in the hotels, the pump-room, and the chapel. We determined on following exactly the prevailing habits of the place, and therefore decided on remaining where we were with a large agreeable party, many of whom were well acquainted with us, and in lodgings where cleanliness, space, comfort, and good cookery were all combined for by no means an extravagant charge; for we had made our bargain, and soldered it with the magic 'tout compris.'

We found our life a very pleasant one. We rose early; went to the springs; wandered about till the hour of our substantial breakfast; formed then the parties for excursions, which occupied the remainder of the morning; dined all together in the fine room, which would have held almost as many more; and spent the evening in the still finer saloon, where work, reading, cards, music, and dancing went on without effort, and where a lively conversation, full of wit, full of good-nature, and full of information, accompanying manners studiously polite and often high-bred, made these sociable *réunions* really enjoyable. The company from the other houses frequently joined us, and we returned the compliment, when, although we had only amateur music, the younger members of our society managed to play the double bass of hand and dancers, till the elders began to wish for their pillows, as no late hours overnight ever prevented the early walk to the pump-room. Whether it was the waters in which my invalid son bathed daily, and drank of plentifully, or the fine air, or the gay spirits round us, or altogether, I know not, but never did any one so rapidly gain strength as did my boy up in this beautiful wilderness. We were almost always out, on foot or pony back, wandering in all directions among the mountains—sometimes along roads leading to well-known spots, sometimes sauntering in the well-kept walks; at hand, sometimes led on by a mere

bridle-path to some hidden hamlet, stumbling upon some fantastic rock or some enchanting waterfall, or some deep narrow glen running up into the gloomy forest, from whence issued the smoke of the charcoal burner and the sound of the woodman's axe. The picturesque appearance of the small villages, or the still more interesting lonely cabin, either perched on some height, or half-concealed by the woods of the valley, at a distance, added considerably to the peculiar beauty of the ever-varying scenery. Close at hand, they are rather squalid-looking dwellings, small, low, and rudely finished, and very untidy about the doors, exhibiting no luxury, but containing the few humble comforts required by so hardy a people. There appeared to be a sufficiency of food and fuel among them; good bedding was invariable, and good stout clothing. The capuchin, or hood, which is generally worn here by all during rainy weather, is a singular addition to the head-gear: it is nothing but a bag open on one side, pulled on over the cap or handkerchief quite low down upon the shoulders, the corner left sticking up as a top; but being generally of a bright colour on the women—scarlet trimmed with black, or gray trimmed with scarlet—the effect is gay as well as odd. The men seldom afforded themselves any stuff better-looking than sacking—the same dingy hue at least—without any ornamental edging, though the material was woollen. When not required as a *parapluie*, the capuchin is folded flat, and stuffed into the belt of the blouse, or apron, unless it can be used as a cushion beneath the weighty burdens always borne on the head in these mountains, and by the women mostly, who seemed indeed to do all the drudgery, the men employing themselves as herds or shepherds, in the quarries, or in the forest, where their habits of labour were beyond my observation. I can only answer for the industry of the hard-worked women, none of whom ever seemed to lose a moment: when not in the fields, their knitting was ever in their hands—they would trot merrily along, a fagot on their back, or a pail or a basket on their head, knitting all the while faster than my eye could follow the needles. The dress of both sexes was well suited to the rough weather of the mountains, but it was extremely ugly: dark gowns, dark aprons, and dark handkerchiefs on the women; dark caps, dark blouses, and dark trousers on the men; and no linen to be seen on either.

My love of wild flowers carried me often on foot distances I should hardly have ventured on had I set out with the intention of reaching them. Often, too, this taste set me scrambling up and down to positions a little awkward for an elderly gentlewoman, who, the excitement of advance over, found the retreat in cold blood sometimes difficult. These adventures, however, formed a very amusing foundation for our evening gossip, and also led to a more intimate acquaintance with a young person in whom I became extremely interested—a young English lady, of great skill as a botanical artist. She arranged all my beautiful bouquets scientifically in her dried collection, copying them first, by painting them on card-paper, as I have seldom seen nature rivalled. The colours she employed she procured in Pau, in little round flat cakes, mixed up, not with gum, but honey. Their brilliancy and softness are much beyond anything we are at home accustomed to. I should think the results of our united labours must form a rare collection: many of the larger flowers were superb, and I hardly think my researches omitted one of any size or species, so that the Flora of this part of the Pyrenees was perfectly represented. The best part of the employment was the improvement in the health of this very delicate young person during its progress. She and her donkey soon penetrated into many of my recesses of treasure; and though the rocks and water-courses remained beyond her reach during our stay at the Eaux Bonnes, she had explored them all before we met again at Cautezèts.

One of our favourite long walks was to the Eaux Chaudes [Hot Springs], to which there was a short

footpath across the hills, rude in many places, and not altogether free from danger in descending to, or crossing, the torrents. The ordinary approach to these hot springs by the carriage-road made a considerable round; for when we drove there, we had to return to the wide plain full of villages, and after recrossing the bridge to meet the Pau road, we followed it on straight up the steepest hill anybody almost could ever have had to ascend in a carriage. Near the top, the rock has been tunneled through to admit of a passage, the overhanging summit rendering any other mode of reaching the opposite side of the mountain impracticable. In this narrow, gloomy vault, where an icy blast always meets the traveller, stands a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, who is supposed to protect all wayfarers during the dangers of this journey, paying her for the same a few sous merely, the descent on the other side being fully as steep, though not quite so long, as the ascent. It is a zig-zag road, cut out of the rock, by the side of which a torrent dashes turbulently down in the chasm it has worn on the face of the precipice. The scene is so wild, and made me so nervous the first time I travelled it, that I felt quite relieved on reaching the bottom, and turning round the wall of rock which had screened us from all other prospect, to find myself in another valley, where, nestled down in a quiet meadow, was a small hamlet, attached to what appeared to be a fine baronial castle.

This imposing edifice is placed on a rocky promontory, which rises from the bank of the river, and shows remarkably well amidst the steep surrounding mountains. It is the new bath-house, which has been for many years in the course of erection, and is to contain baths, pump-room, library, and shops below, and numerous apartments for the invalids above. But French workmen are proverbially slow—so slow, there is no saying when this spacious building will be ready for occupation—and in the meanwhile the few sick persons who now visit these waters must lodge in very indifferent quarters, and put up with the dreary but essentially comfortable accommodation of the old bath-house. This we entered from the road by an upper floor, and then descended a staircase to a long corridor connecting the two wings of the hotel, where we found established a cook-shop, a confectioner, a grocer, a wine-shop, all in a row, diligently served by tradesmen visitors, who come during the season to supply invalid visitors with these necessaries. It is not much the fashion to resort to the waters here: they have gone out of repute since Caunteretz and Barèges became so celebrated: probably their fame may revive with their improved accommodation, for the scenery around, and on far into Spain, is wonderfully fine, and they are just in the way of the most interesting of the many excursions to the various mountain-tops to which tourists in general have such pleasure in ascending. My brother was foremost in all these enterprises. He never seemed to me to be satisfied while there was any height above him he had not reached. Every *pic* on the Pyrenees he had, I believe, the satisfaction of remembering he had set his foot on, though I never could make out that he saw anything from them surpassing the beauty which quite contented me in the valleys. We once or twice drove as far as Gabas, where stands a small Spanish customhouse on the frontier. The scenery on this excursion was superb. Mountain rose above mountain, rock towered over rock, assuming every sort of fantastic shape; often taking the resemblance of battlemented keeps, or the long flank walls of a time-stained fortress. And then we entered the forest, where the black pine, oak, and other hardwood trees, mingled with the lighter birch near the stream, combined to form a gloom that was delightful: through which, and a thick underwood of box, we peeped to catch at intervals small patches of verdure, brilliant with flowers. We crossed the river several times by means of good wooden bridges, and at these opportunities observed that sheep covered the lower hills;

cattle, with a few mares and foals among them, grazed upon the strips of meadow; and sometimes a goat appeared gazing from some pinnacle. We saw no habitations after leaving the Eaux Chaudes a couple of miles behind; and it was not till I mentioned, in surprise, the absence of all visible owners of these flocks and herds, that I heard of the curious village, hidden from view high up among the fastnesses of nature's contriving, where dwell the singular people who boast so wide a pasturage. On through this wild ravine still stretched the well-engineered road, the increasing gloom of the forest adding to the interest with which we traversed its solitary length. Eagles soared above: cascades innumerable dashed down on every side. We were shown the paths by which, during the winter season, the hunters tracked the bear, and the rocks where the wild-cat and the wolf were sheltered. A lively trade in furs is carried on through the medium of the active mountaineers, who bring many varieties of this rich merchandise into the market, the martinsable of the Pyrenees, in particular, being much sought after.

In summer, no such exciting employment is going on. The only evidences of man we met with were the newly-felled pines, which lay in large piles among the underwood, waiting to be barked by the woodmen, who carry on their trade in a rude style, marking the little progress in the arts yet made in these remote regions. An axe, and a small double hand-saw, by the aid of which two indolent workmen cut up a log into planks, was all the machinery they seemed to be acquainted with. The branches lopped off the trees were made into charcoal on the spot by a set of most hideous old women in dark dresses, who also gathered the bark. The general run of the timber was used for building and for firing in the district, but any very large tree is sent off to Bordeaux or Bayonne for the shipping.

Another of our long excursions was to Oleron, from whence we went to visit the Vallée d'Aspe. This indeed involved an absence of a few days, as the distance was considerable. We had to drive down the steep hill, and back to the plain with the villages, and then retrace our route along the valley to Lourie. We then left the Pau road, and struck off to the west, skirting the roots of the mountains, across a very fertile plain to Oleron, a large town, not remarkable for much but its situation upon two wide rivers, and the surrounding well-wooded and well-cultivated fields. Part of the country we were now travelling through was very park-like, very English, in many places very pretty, full of small châteaux and villages, which looked well at a distance, though they were disappointing to enter! On arriving at the lower part of the Vallée d'Aspe, we found that it resembled North Wales—a rich and peaceful scene, quite pastoral in its character—a rest to the imagination after the sublimer scenery of the Eaux Chaudes and the Eaux Bonnes. The low hills, of various forms, are cultivated nearly to the top; the fields are of many strange shapes, divided by wooding, and dotted all over with little clumps of trees, half concealing the cottages: a wide river flowed quietly through the meadows—all was repose for the first few miles of our journey. Bédous, where we stopped to feed the horses, is a sort of town in a large plain, perfectly uninteresting; and the inn so little agreeable, that as soon as we had shown our passports to the gendarmes (for Bédous is another frontier station—Spain was very near us), we took our sandwiches in our hands, and walked to a waterfall at a little distance, considered to be among the finest in the district. We also crossed the river, and went along a rude mountain-road to the village of Osse; a collection of mean cottages set down on a bare hill-side—stones being the principal feature in its scenery. We had stones all round us; we walked over stones and by stones; and there were stone-walls for hedges, and no trees anywhere. About three hundred Huguenots are collected here in thirty or forty houses, who, thus isolated from their brethren of the Reformed faith, have maintained the integrity of their

ered from the time of the Albigenses. Their perpetual intermarriages have resulted in lowering their capacities, mental and bodily, to a very unfortunate degree. Slow, lazy, stunted in every way, many of them deformed, they have vegetated in the miserable discomfort consequent on their increasing inertness till this present time, when a possibility of improvement has presented itself in the form of an intelligent young man, sent from the Evangelical Normal School at Paris, where he was educated, to take charge of the rising generation. He is paid by the society; supplied by it with books and other school requisites; and he teaches much after our own improved methods—by the help of monitors, tablets on the walls, the black-board, and pictures, which last he told me had had the effect of wakening up the minds of very dull pupils. One cannot but painfully regret the degree of ignorance which has tended to degrade this unfortunate community. At the time of our visit, the pastor was a superannuated old man, more occupied with the means of supporting his family than zealous in his clerical duties. His house was the best in the village, yet was but a poor one. His kitchen, in which he seemed to live, was no better finished than any small farmer's in the district; it was, however, well filled with simple stores, implements of husbandry, bright pots and pans, and all the evidences of woman's thrift. His daughter or granddaughter was at her wheel within the large chimney, dressed like the peasants of a humble class, as was the old minister, who must 'rest in peace' ere the schoolmaster's labours can be fully rewarded. A young and better-instructed priest would much assist in the regeneration of this desolate place: but he would need to be an enthusiast in his holy calling; none else could endure so cheerless a situation among a degraded people, despised by their neighbours, and with no means of living on a sterile mountain amid rocks, and stones, and misery, but the poor pittance paid by the French government to the dissenting clergy.

Close to Bédous there is a column in the centre of a field raised to the memory of a Bernais poet, much admired by all classes of his countrymen: his verses are in all mouths, but being in his patois tongue, we could not comprehend their peculiar beauty. There is a Roman inscription on a rock near the first bridge we crossed on entering the valley, announcing the advance so far of a cohort more than a thousand years ago. Traces of the Romans abound in these parts, their love of mineral waters having led them to most of the health-restoring springs of these mountains. We stopped at Sarrance, a very pretty village, to see its very pretty church, much resorted to all through the summer by sick pilgrims, who come to beg the prayers of 'Our Lady,' represented here by a small stone image, which tradition reports to have fallen from heaven in a miraculous manner. Another tradition has it, that the Romans dropped this image in the river as they crossed, and that the legion long lamented its 'Minerva.' The fine bracing air of this sunny spot may have something to do with the cures certainly effected under the shadow of the shrine of our 'Lady of Sarrance,' who, like many other excellent objects, must have that within which passes show, for she can boast of little outward beauty. She is rudely hewn in black marble, her features much defaced, and her stature of the smallest, being but a foot and a-half in height. She is very finely dressed, and is enclosed in a box, with one side of it glass, which turns upon a pivot, so that she can either look out from the top of her altar upon the faithful kneeling below, or turn to a select few in her private chamber, whither we ascended by half-a-dozen steep steps to have a nearer view of her. The attendant priest quitted the confessional hurriedly upon our entrance, pushing aside with little ceremony his humble penitents, to do the honours of the shrine to a party of strangers. As we drove on towards Oleron, and again on driving from it, the scenery reminded me of Kent—fine old wood, the

many country-houses, and no water after leaving the two rivers at Oleron behind. It was all rich and lovely, but tame when compared with the wildness of the mountains towards which we returned, with the sort of joy that one feels on meeting old friends again; so surely do the more marked features of a rugged landscape impress the heart of a true lover of nature. The walks about the Eaux Bonnes were more attractive to us than ever; and in particular I took pleasure in wandering low down by the rocky banks of the stream, whose thunders we heard so plainly from our aerial dwelling, though we seldom saw much of it till we sought for its foaming waters among the trees which shrouded its course. This noisy torrent leaps, rather than flows, from one rock to another, forming a succession of rapids each more attractive than the last, till in some half-dozen places it meets with an obstruction of sufficient size to send it foaming down in what would be quite a cascade elsewhere.

The air, the pure water, the cleanliness, and the cheerfulness of this singular place, made us leave it with regret; but the proper time had been spent at these fountains, and we were ordered to Caunteretz. There is a bride-road across the mountains between the two places, which we at one time thought of taking, sending the calèche with the luggage round by the public road; but on further consideration, we abandoned this excursion, on account of a fancy I or my son had taken to return to Pau. The company of actors appointed to this district had arrived there, and I had got it into my head that I should like to see them. I had not been at a play for years—at a French play never—and as the Toulouse theatre had a fair reputation, I wished to take advantage of this visit from part of the troop, to form my own judgment of French comedy. We took rather a large party with us, many of our Eaux Bonnes friends agreeing to accompany us. On our arrival at Pau, we found it necessary to take a whole box for the somewhat numerous party. The theatre is small: it was well, though not brilliantly lighted, and there was little scenery, and only three or four actors, yet I never was more diverted. They gave us two vaudevilles of one act each; five actors appeared in one, only four in the other. They were perfectly well dressed; there were no clap-traps, no hints to the galleries, no allusions to the politics of the day, and very little story; but that little was so well told, the actors were so completely the people they represented, they were so fully occupied with their parts, apparently so unconscious of an audience, the dialogue was so spirited, so well given, that we were carried away in earnest by the illusion. One young actress would have been quite a 'star' in England from her comic powers: she had a fine clear soprano voice too. Besides these little comedies, a young Spaniard played very brilliantly on the pianoforte between the pieces; music that was very agreeable to listen to, from the beauty of the several airs he introduced into his composition, and the style and the touch he was master of. There was also some very good dancing by three members of the *corps du ballet* at Madrid, who were making a little money on their return to Spain from Paris, where they had just concluded an engagement. They were handsome young people, very graceful, and very agile, and particularly happy in their costumes, which were varied to suit their dances. When they danced the 'salandango,' the girl wore a dress of white satin, flounced and trimmed with broad black lace, the effect of which was really elegant, though in description reminding us a little of the magpie. I daresay these active Spaniards were capable of performing all those astonishing whirls, and twirls, and flights, and contortions, so much in fashion at our own Opera; but they had the better taste to confine themselves to national dances of a lively character, during the evolutions of which they merely attitudinised a little more than unprofessional exhibitors would have considered seemly. Altogether, we passed a most agreeable evening; and

we all agreed, that if the Toulouse company rank only third amongst the provincial actors, numbers two and one must be well worth taking a longer journey than our twenty miles to see.

CURIOSITIES OF METEOROLOGY.

METEOROLOGY, or the science of the phenomena of the atmosphere, can scarcely be said to have been known at all before the latter part of the last century, since it was not till then that the atmosphere wholly ceased, in the imaginations even of the learned, to be a simple body, and was divided into its constituent fluids. The proportions in which are intermixed the two gases oxygen and nitrogen, forming the air we breathe, are the first curiosity we meet on entering the subject, and fill us with surprise and admiration. Two volumes of the former fluid, and half a volume of the latter, compose the atmosphere, fitted for the respiration both of the animal and vegetable world: but if differently combined, even in a slight degree, what would be the result? If instead of half a volume of oxygen there were a whole volume, all mankind would die in convulsions of intoxication, for the production would be nitrous oxide or laughing gas. If the volumes were equal, then we should have the poisonous acid called nitric oxide; and if two of nitrogen and five of oxygen, instead of the wholesome fluid surrounding our globe, there would be a sea of aquafortis! In short, the only combination of the two gases fitted for the support of animal and vegetable life is precisely the one that exists.

In a former paper, we mentioned the curious effect of elevation upon the temperature of boiling water; and in a work which will supply us with abundant materials for the present article—and which we wish strongly to recommend to our readers*—there is an anecdote on the subject taken from a traveller on the Andes. 'Our potatoes,' says Mr Darwin, 'after remaining for some hours in the boiling water, were nearly as hard as ever. The pot was left on the fire all night, and next morning it was boiled again; but yet the potatoes were not cooked. I found out this by overhearing my two companions discussing the cause; they had come to the simple conclusion that the potatoes were bewitched, or that the pot, which was a new one, did not choose to boil them.' This phenomenon depends upon the weight or density of the atmosphere, which becomes less as we ascend. The weight of the whole mass of air surrounding the globe is computed to be equivalent to that of a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter; or, according to other writers, if expressed in tons, it would give 5114 billions.

The temperature of the currents of air that sweep across the ocean, and diminish the region of cold on the land, is another curious subject. The explanation usually given is, that these winds chill the particles of water on the surface of the deep, which immediately descend, and have their places supplied by others, warmer, and of less specific gravity; and that this goes on till the temperature of the wind itself is increased.

Of the various phenomena of the atmosphere, that of twilight is one of the most beautiful. 'Although it is the western horizon,' says Dr Thomson, 'which glows most lovingly, still, immediately opposite the setting sun, especially under certain atmospheric conditions, the eastern sky partakes of the roseate hues. The intensity of this tinge is greatest at the moment when his disk sinks below the horizon. It is the last effort of the sun to dart his rays upon the sky before leaving us for the night, which reach us by reflection, deprived of all their colours but the red. Below this deep-blue or dusky-looking segment appears, and when circumstances are favourable, it is well defined. This is the anti-twilight of Mairan: it is the shadow of our globe cast upon the sky.' Our author notices the singular brightness witnessed

at midnight in some European countries in 1831. This second twilight (if such it was) was so light, that small print could be read; and during the months it appeared—August and September—the barometer fell, storms swept the earth, and the sun was of a silvery whiteness. At the north pole, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, there is a period of continual twilight, then of continual night, and then of twilight again, till the sun asserts his place in the sky, and reigns supreme. Continual daylight! What a splendid idea! Captain Beechey and his comrades were at first reluctant to quit the deck; and when they did so, it was so wonderful—when they came again to keep their night-watch—to find the sun still gilding the firmament! But this soon became irksome; and the mariners, taking a lesson from the instinct of the birds around them, went to their roost at a regular hour.

Clouds are not essential, as they are commonly supposed to be, to the phenomenon of rain. Sometimes the rain may be wafted on the wind from a distance; but it likewise may arise from the condensation of moisture, 'without its passing into the intermediate state of clouds. In the higher regions this vapour may become frozen, even without the semblance of a cloud, and descending to a warmer stratum, be again dissolved, dissipated, or precipitated.' Sir J. C. Ross tells us that in the South Atlantic it rained for above an hour when the sky was free from clouds. In the Mauritius this is not a rare phenomenon; but in Europe, the greatest time of its duration was ten minutes at Constantinople. In old writers we are frequently told of the sky 'raining blood;' and in fact a red rain, as well as a red snow, is perfectly well authenticated. There occurred a fall near Bristol consisting of the seeds of ivy-berries. Pollen showers, vulgarly called yellow or sulphur rains, are common: some are the pollen of the Scotch fir; and one extraordinary fall of this kind of rain, which took place during the night, was phosphorescent, and greatly alarmed the beholders. 'On the afternoon of the 11th of June 1847, the wooded part of Morayshire appeared to smoke, and for a time fears were entertained that the fir plantations were on fire. A smart breeze suddenly got up from the north, and above the woods there appeared to rise about fifty columns of something resembling smoke, which wreathed about like water-spouts. The atmosphere now calmed, and the mystery was solved; for what seemed smoke, was in reality the pollen of the woods.' Showers of 'manna' are frequent, and consist of an esculent lichen, which in time of famine has often done good service. In 1670, the lakes and ditches at the Hague looked like blood; an appearance which was discovered by the microscope to be owing to myriads of small red animals. In 1815, a lake in the south of France suddenly became a patchwork of red, violet, and grass-green, and was referred to similar natural causes by the experiments of Klaproth. In short, the preternatural rains of the olden time are ascertained by science to have received their colour from plants, animalcules, or mineral substances.

The phenomenon of a celebrated black rain has not been explained. 'Upon the 23d November 1819 a very remarkable black rain fell at Montreal, accompanied by appalling thunder. It was preceded by dark and gloomy weather, experienced over the United States: at times the aspect of the sky was grand and terrific. "In Montreal the darkness was very great, particularly on a Sunday morning; the whole atmosphere appeared as if covered with a thick haze of a dingy orange colour, during which rain fell of a thick and dark inky appearance, and apparently impregnated with some black substance resembling soot. At this period many conjectures were afloat, among which, that a volcano had broken out in some distant quarter. The weather after this became pleasant, until the Tuesday following, when, at twelve o'clock, a heavy damp vapour enveloped the whole city, when it became necessary to light candles in all the houses; the stalls of the butchers were also lighted. The appearance was awful, and grand in the

* Introduction to Meteorology. By David Purdie Thomson, M.D. Grad. Univ. Edin., Licent. Roy. Coll. of Surgeons, Edin. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1849.

extreme. A little before three o'clock a slight shock of an earthquake was felt, accompanied with a noise resembling the distant discharge of artillery. It was now that the increasing gloom engrossed universal attention. At twenty minutes past three, when the darkness seemed to have reached its greatest depth, the whole city was instantaneously illuminated by the most vivid flash of lightning ever witnessed in Montreal, immediately followed by a peal of thunder, so loud and near, as to shake the strongest buildings to their foundation, which was followed by other peals, and accompanied by a heavy shower of rain of the colour above described. After 4 P. M. the heavens began to assume a brighter appearance, and fear gradually subsided."

Showers of sand and earth have been numerous; but showers of flesh, fish, frogs, &c. are worth noticing. The flesh was recognised as a distinct substance by Schuchzer about the beginning of last century, and in 1747 its true animal nature was shown by Lemonnier. Since then, its properties have been investigated by Vauquelin and others. It bears a greater resemblance to mucus than to gelatine or tannin; but it does not exactly agree with any one of these: it is unctuous, grayish-white, and when cold, inodorous and tasteless: it is soluble in hot water, and then resembles thin beef-tea. This substance has skin attached, and resembles human flesh! In South America, in 1698, an area of country forty-three miles square was strewed with fish; and in England, at a considerable distance from the sea, a pasture-field was found scattered over with about a bushel of small fish. A shower of herrings fell in 1825 in Kinross-shire; but instances of the same kind are numerous both in this country and elsewhere. At Ham, in France, M. Peltier, after a heavy rain had fallen, saw the square before him covered with toads. 'Astonished at this, I stretched out my hand, which was struck by many of these animals as they fell. The yard of the house was also full of them. I saw them fall on the roof of a house, and rebound from thence on the pavement. They all went off by the channels which the rain formed, and were carried out of the town.'

Blood spots have produced greater terror than even red rain. 'A widow chancing to be alone before her house in the village of Castelonschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her! She rushed in alarm into the cottage; but, oh horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones—sit falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf—and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder! The villagers and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the noise; they succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains: but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond—blood flowing from the loft—blood covering all the walls of the house. Blood—blood—everywhere blood! These spots were merely mould; the remarkable, almost instantaneous growth of fungi in a humid atmosphere.'

In Scripture we read of hailstones being miraculously showered down upon the Canaanites, and of the 'thunderings and hail' which struck the Egyptians with terror. In other countries there have been natural showers of the same kind. In England, in 1202, hailstones fell as large as eggs; at the end of the seventeenth century some were found measuring from eight to fourteen inches in circumference; and in Scotland, in 1269, 'there rose "great winds, with storms of such unmeasurable hailstones, that manie towne were thrown down" by their violence, and fires spread throughout the kingdom. "burning up steeples with such force of fire, that the bolles were in diverse places melted." In the Orkney Islands, in 1515, hailstones were gathered as large as a goose egg; and in 1822, men and animals

were killed by them on the banks of the Rhine. 'The most extraordinary hailstone on record is said by Heyno to have descended near Seringapatam towards the close of Tippoo Sultan's reign: it was as large as an elephant!'

The icebergs are immense glaciers which have tumbled from the mountains into the ocean. 'Frost,' says Penant, 'sports with these icebergs, and gives them majestic as well as singular forms. Masses have been seen assuming the shape of a Gothic church, with arched windows and doors, and all the rich drapery of that style, composed of what an Arabian tale would scarcely dare to relate, of crystals of the richest sapphire blue; tables with one or more feet; and often flat-roofed temples, like those of Luxor on the Nile, supported by transparent columns of cerulean hue, float by the spectator.' Icebergs have been seen in the form of church spires 300 feet high. Some have an area of six square miles, and are 600 feet high.

We now come to a different, and perhaps a more interesting class of phenomena. The glory surrounding the shadow of the observer in certain conditions of the atmosphere has frequently attracted attention. 'During the intense frost of January 1820, this beautiful meteor was seen at Perth, upon the fog which arose from evaporation from the ice upon the Tay. Looking from the bridge, the spectator beheld his shadow on the vapour, of gigantic size, surrounded by a halo, and throwing off prismatic radiations.' An analogous appearance was sometimes witnessed by Mr Green, the aeronaut, when about two miles above the earth. It was the shadow of his balloon thrown upon the upper surface of a cloud, and always surrounded by a triple iris. The parhelion, or mock-sun, is a more magnificent meteor, but it has been frequently described. The mirage is usually caused by 'the irregular refraction of light passing through strata of air of unequal density.' 'Dr Vince, when at Ramsgate, saw the whole of Dover Castle, as if upon the Ramsgate side of a hill which obscures the castle, excepting the turrets, from that town. Between Ramsgate and the land from which the hill rises, almost six miles of sea intervene, and about the same distance thence to the castle, which stands upon a cliff about 320 feet above the sea. During the continuance of this beautiful mirage, the castle was so vividly depicted, that the hill did not itself appear through the image.' On the beach at Hastings, the coast of France, from Calais to Dieppe, became distinctly visible; and the fishing-boats were seen with a glass lying at anchor. When human figures in motion, such as soldiers, are seen in this spectral manner, the picture becomes very exciting, and may account for some appearances described in history—such as the phantom-flight of Artaveld—and set down as preternatural. A phenomenon of this kind was seen on the Mendip Hills. 'It represented a large body of troops moving onwards with drawn swords; their position and space were often changed; and so distinctly were they visible, that the very trappings of the horses, and the several accoutrements of the soldiers, could be distinguished: the phenomenon lasted above an hour. It was afterwards ascertained that a body of yeomanry were practising about fifteen miles off.' The following is still more interesting, and is susceptible of a similar explanation. 'On a summer evening in the year 1743, when Daniel Stricket, a servant to John Wren of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the dog along with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so extremely steep, that a horse could scarcely travel upon it at all. The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell. On the following morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation of finding the man dead, and of picking up some of the horses' shoes, which they thought must have been cast, while galloping at such a furious rate. Their expectations, however, were disappointed.' In the following

year, the same Daniel Stricket was walking about seven o'clock in the evening, a little above the house, when he saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souterfell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. . . . The equestrian figures seemed to come from the lowest parts of Souterfell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then advanced in regular troops along the side of the fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain, after describing a kind of curvilinear path. The pace at which the figures moved was a regular swift walk, and they continued to be seen for upwards of two hours; the approach of darkness alone preventing them from being visible. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front, and took up the same pace with the rest.

The *Fata Morgana*, as seen from the Straits of Messina, is thus described by an Italian writer:—'On the 15th August 1643, as I stood at my window, I was surprised with a most wonderful and delectable spectacle. The sea that washes the Sicilian shore swelled up, and became, for ten miles in length, like a chain of dark mountains; whilst the waters on the Calabrian shore grew quite smooth, and in an instant appeared as one clear polished mirror, reclining against the ridge. On this was depicted in *chiaro-scuro*, a string of several thousand pilasters, all equal in altitude, distance, and degree of light and shade. In a moment they lost half their height, and bent into grades like Roman aqueducts. A long cornice was next formed upon the top, and above it rose innumerable castles, all perfectly alike. These soon split into towers, which were shortly afterwards lost in colonnades, then ended in pines, cypresses, and other trees, even and similar. This is the *fata morgana*, which, for twenty-six years, I thought a mere fable.' The Enchanted Coast, of the polar regions is another beautiful effect of refraction, and presents, according to Scoresby, the appearance of an ancient city with its ruined towers and monuments.

The Spectre of the Brocken is the shadow of the spectator himself cast upon clouds and mists: This is seen of gigantic size from the summit of the Hartz Mountains; but the following adventure of a traveller on our own Skiddaw is equally interesting:—'One of the party was a short distance in advance, when a ray of sunshine darted through the mist, and he saw a figure walking ten or fifteen yards distant from his side. Taking it for granted that this was one of his companions, whom he had supposed at some distance, he vented some expressions of disappointment; and receiving no answer, repeated, and repeated it again. Still there was no answer, though the figure kept steadily advancing with even steps. At last he stopped, half angry, and turned quite round to look at his silent companion, who did the same, but receded as he approached; and it became evident that the figure, apparently dimly seen through the mist, was his own shadow reflected on it. It was then surrounded by a bright halo, and as the light became stronger, grew less and less distinct. The rest of the party came up in time to witness this remarkable appearance, with some modification. On reaching the ridge of the mountain, our figures, of supra-human size, appeared to be projected on the mist in the direction of the Solway.'

St Elmo's Fire is a luminous meteor which appears resting upon the tops of the masts of a ship at sea, or sometimes upon the points of spears on land. Lord Napier describes it as 'a blaze of pale phosphorescent light fitting and creeping round the surface of the mast;' and this, in an intensely dark night, and accompanied by thunder and lightning, must have formed a very impressive spectacle. The fireball, though probably electrical, has never been properly accounted for. The most remarkable one on record occurred on the 18th August 1783, about 9 P. M., and was visible over a wide extent of Europe, from the north of Ireland to Rome, frequently changing its form and hue. It crossed the zenith at Edinburgh, and then appeared round

and well-defined, of a greenish colour, casting a shade upon the ground of a similar tint: a tail of considerable length attended it. Its aspect was much changed when seen at Greenwich, for it then looked like two bright balls, the diameter of which was about two feet, followed by others connected together by a luminous body, and finally terminating in a blaze tapering to a point: the colours of the balls were different. This was a phenomenon awfully grand! The height of the ball was estimated to be far above that usually assigned to our atmosphere; its speed was not less than 1000 miles a minute, and its diameter was computed at 2800 yards.' The fireball sometimes heralds the appearance of falling stars, a phenomenon equally mysterious: on one occasion at least a thousand of the latter fell before dawn.

The Ignis-Fatuus is supposed by some to be of electrical origin, while others suppose it to be phosphuretted hydrogen evolved in the process of decomposition. 'The suggestion of the gas,' says Dr Thomson, 'as an explanation of the meteor, recalls the chimera of sepulchral lamps perpetually burning. The sober matter-of-fact man may join the sceptic in rejecting the fable, though told by Licetus, of the unextinguishable lamp in the tomb of Pallas, the hero of the Mantuan bard, discovered about the year 800, after being shut up nearly 2000 years. Are we to accept the account of the burning lamp of Olybius, encased in its double urn; or that of Tulliola, which was said to be found burning, when, in the time of Pope Paul III., fifteen centuries after Cicero had bewailed the loss of his daughter—her sepulchre was accidentally opened? But what shall be said of Camden in the seventeenth century, or of the alleged discovery in Spain in the present era? This antiquarian and historian tells us that the vault in York, where the remains of Constantius Chlorus reposed, was violated when the monasteries were ransacked, and the sepulchral lamp was found burning, but it immediately expired! So at Baccra in Spain, near the Castellum Priscum, between Granada and Cordova, so late as August 1833, another ignited sepulchral lamp was discovered. Like the former, the flame instantly expired, and the vessel was broken from its fastenings on attempting its removal.'

We must now conclude, but for no other reason than that we have come to the end of our space. Dr Thomson's book is full of sound and entertaining instruction. Evincing extensive reading and judicious arrangement, it will be found an admirable 'Introduction' to the science of which it treats—a science consisting as yet more of detailed observations than of established principles, of description rather than of explanation. Less technical than the treatises of Daniel and Kämtz, our author's work will be especially useful to general readers, carrying them pleasantly over what is known, and referring with scrupulous fidelity to the sources from whence he has drawn his materials, or in which attempts have been made to explain the phenomena described.

CAPTAIN POSITIVE.

A FRENCH veteran with one arm was seated before the door of his neat cottage one pleasant evening in July. He was surrounded by several village lads, who with one voice intreated him to commence his promised story. The old man took his pipe from his mouth, wiped his lips with the back of his remaining hand, and began thus:—

'In my time, boys, Frenchmen would have scorned to fight with Frenchmen in the streets as they do now. No, no; when we fought, it was for the honour of France, and against her foreign enemies. Well, my story begins on the 6th of November 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We were beating a retreat, not before the Russians, for they kept at a respectful distance from our cantonments, but before the biting cold of their detestable country, more terrible to us than Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians put together. For the last few days our officers had been telling us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should be certain of finding food,

brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were walking in the ice, and perpetually harassed by bands of Cossack riders.

We had marched for six hours, without pausing to draw breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. A bitter wind hurled snow-flakes against our faces, and now and then we stumbled over the frozen corpses of our comrades. No singing or talking then! Even the drummers ceased to complain, and that was a bad sign.

I walked behind my captain: he was a short man, strongly built, rugged and severe, but brave and true as his own sword-blade. We called him Captain Positive; for, once he said a thing, so it was—no appeal—he never changed his mind. He had been wounded at Wisznia, and his usually red face was now quite pale; while the pieces of an old white handkerchief which he had wrapped round his legs were soaked with blood. I saw him first move slowly, then stagger like a drunken man, and at last he fell down like a block.

"*Adieu!* captain," said I, bending over him, "you can't die there."

"You see that I can, because I do," replied he, pointing to his limbs.

"Captain," said I, "you mustn't die thus;" and raising him in my arms, I managed to place him on his feet. He leaned on me, and tried to walk; but in vain: he fell once more, dragging me with him.

"*Adieu!*" said he, "tis all over. Just leave me here, and join your column as quickly as you can. One word before you go:—at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years old, my—my mother. Go to see her, embrace her, and tell her that—that—tell her whatever you like, but give her this purse and my cross. That's all."

"Is that all, captain?"

"I said so. Good-by, and make haste."

"Boys, I don't know how it was, but I felt two tears freezing on my cheeks."

"No, captain," cried I, "I won't leave you, either you shall come with me, or I will stay with you."

"I forbid your staying."

"Captain, you might just as well forbid a woman talking."

"If I change, I'll punish you severely."

"You may place me under arrest then, but just now, you must let me do as I please."

"You're an insolent fellow!"

"Very likely, captain; but you must come with me."

He bit his lips with anger, but said no more. I raised him, and placed his body across my shoulders like a sack. You may easily imagine that while bearing such a burden I could not move as quickly as my comrades. Indeed I soon lost sight of their columns, and could perceive nothing but the white silent plain around me. I moved on, and presently there appeared a band of Cossacks galloping towards me, their lances in rest, and shouting their scendish war-cry.

The captain was by this time in a state of total unconsciousness, and I resolved, cost what it might, not to abandon him. I laid him on the ground, covered him with snow, and then crept under a heap of my dead comrades' clothing, however, my eyes at liberty. Soon the Cossacks reached us, and began striking with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled the bodies. Presently one of these rude beasts placed his hoof on my leg, and crushed it in pieces. Boys, I did not say a word; I did not move, save to thrust my right hand into my mouth to keep down the cry of torture; and in a few minutes the Cossacks dispersed.

When the last of them had ridden off, I crept out and managed to disinter the captain. He showed few signs of life; nevertheless I contrived with my one hand to drag him towards a rock, which afforded a sort of shelter, and then lay down next him, wrapping my capote around us. Night was closing in, and the snow continued to fall. The last of the rearguard had long disappeared, and the only sounds that broke the silence were the whistling of distant bullets, and the nearer howling of the wolves, which were devouring the dead bodies. God knows what things were passing through my mind that night, which, I felt assured, would be my last on earth. But I remembered the prayer my mother had taught me long ago when I was a child by her side; and kneeling down, I said it fervently.

"Boys, it did me good; and always remember that sincere earnest prayer will do you good too. I felt wonderfully calm when I resumed my place next the captain. But time passed on, and I was becoming quite numbed, when I saw a party of French officers approaching. Before I had time to address them, the foremost—a low-sized man, dressed in a fur pelisse—stepped towards me, saying, "What are you doing here? Why did you stay behind your regiment?"

"For two good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man speaks the truth, sire," said one of his followers. "I saw him marching behind the column carrying this officer on his back."

The Emperor—for, boys, it was he!—gave me one of those looks which only himself or an Alpine eagle could give, and said, "Tis well. You have done very well." Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his inside green coat, and gave it me. That moment I was no longer cold or hungry, and felt no more pain in my arm than if that ill-nurtured beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the gentleman who had spoken, "cause this man and his captain to be placed on one of the ammunition-wagons. *Adieu!*" And waving his hand towards me, he passed on.

Here the veteran paused, and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us about the cross, and what became of Captain Positive," cried several impatient voices.

"The captain still lives, and is now a retired general. But the best of it was, that as soon as he recovered, he placed me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my breach of discipline! The circumstance reached Napoleon's ears; and after laughing heartily, he not only released me, but promoted me to be a sergeant. As to the decoration, here is the ribbon, boys: I wear that in my button-hole, but the cross I carry next my heart!" And unbuttoning his coat, the veteran showed his young friends the precious relic, enveloped in a little satin bag suspended round his neck.

LEAF-GOLD AND PAPER-SHAVINGS.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the London bookbinding trade in the nineteenth century, when we state that the weekly consumption of leaf-gold, enriching the exterior of books, amounts to about 3,600,000 square inches; and that the weight of paper-shavings sold annually by the London binders, cut off the edges of books, amounts to 350 tons!—*Illustrated Historic Times.*

The present number of the Journal completes the eleventh volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF ELEVENTH VOLUME.

