very chilly; my feet and legs are cold as stones.' He swore again, and to the best of his memory, and the way he spoke, but his voice was scarcely audible. 'I have often thought,' he murmured, 'as I lay here, that Symons, Nichols's clerk, from a hint he dropped, knows something of—of—your mother and—and—. The faint accents ceased to be audible; but the grasp of the dying man closed tightly upon the frightened woman's hand, as he looked wildly in her face as he drew her towards him, as if some important statement remained untold. He struggled desperately for utterance, but the strife was vain, and brief as it was fierce; his grasp relaxed, and with a convulsive groan Ephraim Lovegrove fell back and expired.

The storm which had made shipwreck of the fortunes of Ephraim Lovegrove had levelled with the earth prosperity to the extent that the farm which had succeeded his father as the tenant of a farm in Wiltshire. He was industrious, careful, and ambitious; and aided by them that were not so, he received with his wife and the high prices which agricultural produce obtained during the French war, he was enabled, at the expiration of the twenty-one years, to become the proprietor of Bursley Farm. This purchase was effected when wheat ranged from L30 to L40 a load at a proportionately exorbitant price to that day. His savings amounted to about one-half of this sum, and the remainder was raised by way of mortgage. Matters went on smoothly enough till the peace of 1815, and the subsequent precipitate fall in prices. Lovegrove showed gallant fighting; hoping against hope that exceptional legislation would ultimately bring back to us so much as their former level. He was deceived. Every day saw him sinking lower and lower; and in the sixth year of peace he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the long struggle, and to sell the farm, with all its rights, to a group of creditors, who obtained it for about L10,000. The interest on the borrowed money had fallen considerably in arrear, and Bursley Farm was sold by auction to a newly married couple in order to cover the mortgage and accumulated interest. The stock was similarly disposed of, and stout Ephraim withdrew with his family to a cottage in the neighbourhood of his old home possessed, after his debts were discharged, of about thirty pounds in money and a few necessary articles of furniture. The bank's cashier was impressed: he took his sum immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravated and embittered by mental dishappiness, expired as he had been, with a face turned in a horrid expression. His husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion—upon the flute, and in a few weeks after their marriage, her mother had purchased and presented him with a very handsome one with silver keys. He used, in the old time, to accompany his wife in the walk, and now and then, when he could spare time to do so, he would take his flute and sit and play with the children. He chewed the dried cloves, as he did before, to a fine powder; with this and the paper to wrap it up in mind and body.

The future of the surviving family was safe and secure. Frank, kindly tempered young man, accustomed in the golden days of farming, to ride occasionally after the hounds as well equipped as any in the field, was little fitted for a struggle for daily bread with the crowded competition of the world. He had several times endeavoured to obtain a situation as bailiff, but others more fortunate, perhaps better qualified, filled up every vacancy that offered, and the almost destitute man, but for the yielding helplessness of his wife and child, would have sought shelter in the ranks of the army—that grave in which so many withered prospects and broken hopes lie buried. As Frank had been disappointed, his mind dwelt with daily-increasing bitterness upon the persons at whose hands the last and decisive blows which had deprived him of all he had desired the mortgagors he looked upon as a monster of perfidy and injustice; but especially Nichols the attorney, who had superintended the disposal of the estate of Bursley homestead, was regarded by him with the bitterest dislike. Other causes gave intensity to this vindictive feeling.

The son of the attorney, Arthur Nichols, a wild, dissipated young man, had been a competitor for the hand of Mary Clarke, the sole child of Widow Clarke, and now of Bursley. It was not at all remarkable or surprising that young Nichols should admire and seek to win pretty and gentle Mary Clarke, but it was deemed strange by those who knew his father's grasping, mercenary disposition, that he should have been so eager for the match, well knowing, as he did, that the payments passed through his hands, that the widow's modest annuity terminated with her life. It was also known, and wonderingly commented upon, that the attorney was himself an anxious suitor for the widow's hand up to the day of her sudden and unexpected death, which occurred about three years after her daughter's marriage with Edward Lovegrove. Immediately after this event, as if some restraint upon his pent-up malice had been removed, the elder Nichols unfurled the most active hostility towards the Lovegroves; and to his persevering enmity it was generally attributed that Mrs Sandars had availed herself of the power of sale inserted in the mortgage deed to cast his unfortunate debtor helpless and homeless upon the world.

Sadly passed away the week, darkening days with the young couple after the old man's death. The expenses of his long illness had swept away the little money saved from the work of the farm; and it required the sacrifice of Edward's watch and some silver teaspoons to defray the cost of a decent funeral. At last, spite of the thickest economy, all was gone, and they were penniless.

'You have nothing to purchase breakfast with to-morrow,' have you, Mary?' said the husband, after partaking of a scanty tea. The mother had followed the old habit, to eat; little Edward, whose curly head was lying in her lap as he sat asleep on a low stool beside her, had had his share.

'Not a farthing,' she replied mildly, even cheerfully, and the glance of her gentle eyes was hopeful and kind as ever. 'But bear up, Edward: we have still the furniture; and were that sold at once, it would enable us to reach London, where you know so many people have made fortunes who arrived there with a silver spoon for.

'Something must be done, that is certain,' replied the husband. 'We have not yet received an answer from Salisbury about the mortgage. And to the mortgage I owed for.'

'No; but I would rather, for your sake, Edward, that you filled such a situation as some place further off, where you were not so well known.'

Edward Lovegrove sighed, and presently rising from his chair, walked towards the chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room. His wife, who guessed his intention—for the matter had been already more than once hinted at and discussed— took her position immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravad and embittered by mental dishappiness, expired as he had been, with a face turned in a horrid expression. Her husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion— upon the flute, and now and then, when he could spare time to do so, he would take his flute and sit and play with the children. He chewed the dried cloves, as he did before, to a fine powder; with this and the paper to wrap it up
policeman, and wonders what on earth he always looks down her area for. As for followers, that is quite out of the question. Servants stay long enough upon their errands to talk to all the men and women in the parish; and the idea of having an acquaintance now and then besides—more especially of the male sex—trampling into the kitchen to see them, is wildly unnatural. She tells of a sailor whom she once detected sitting in the coolest possible manner by the freiside. When she appeared, the man rose up and bowed—and then sat down again. Think of that! The artful girl said he was her brother!—and here all the every-day married ladies in the company laugh bitterly. Since that time she has been haunted by a sailor, and smells tar in all sorts of places.

If she ever has a passable servant, whom she is able to keep for a reasonable number of years, she gets gradually attached to her, and pets and coddles her. Betty is a standing testimony to her nice discrimination, and a perpetual premium on her successful rearing of servants. But alas! the end of it all is, that the respectable slut gets married to the green-grocer, and leaves her indulgent mistress; a striking proof of the heartlessness and ingratitude of the whole tribe! If it is not marriage, however, that calls her away, but bad health; if she goes home unwell, or is carried to the hospital—then? Why, then, we are sorry to say, she passes utterly away from the observation and memory of the every-day married lady. This may be reckoned a bad trait in her character; and yet it is in some degree allied to the great virtue of her life. Servants are the evil principle in her household, which it is her business to combat and hold in obedience. A very large proportion of her time is spent in this virtuous warfare; and success on her part ought to be considered deserving of the gratitude of the vanished, without imposing burthens upon the victor.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word cannot well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand; however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of the enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully: it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to deduce that all these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their victory to her spirit, and that the comfort which pervades the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola.

We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine that the every-day married lady is the English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely snuffd a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispensers of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread and butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is nobody to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea: that is a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fiddles slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labour of love. With her daughters, in the meantime, grown up, or even half grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and maternal feeling; she is moulding them to comfort, irritating them in every-day ways; and as their heads bend companionably towards each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honour to their breeding. The husband calls this "dawdling;" and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it. It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day married lady. They do not see her as a steady uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only as a daily necessity not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark how those panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what adoration she flings her arms round that maternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than habit, something more than filial trust.

There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either: there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood-affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are now grown grey with character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They do not on their every-day grandmammas. Their natures, not yet scarred and hardened by the world, understand her; and with something of the fresh perfume of iden about them still, they recognise instinctively these blessed souls to whom God has given to love little children.

This is further shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, through which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; their purposes are broken off; they desire to have nothing more to do with the world; they lament as those who will not be comforted. Every common acquaintance looks round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety——

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her commonplace existence.
everywhere throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendants.

L. R.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

LEGAL METAMORPHOSES.

The respectable agent of a rather eminent French house arrived one morning in great apparent distress at Scotland Yard, and informed the superintendent that he had just sustained a great, almost ruinous, loss in notes of the Bank of England and commercial bills of exchange, besides a considerable sum in gold. He had, it appeared, been absent in Paris about ten days, and on his return but a few hours previously, discovered that his iron chest had been completely rifled during his absence. False keys must have been used, as the empty chest was found locked, and no sign of violence could be observed. He handed in full written details of the property carried off, the numbers of the notes, and every other essential particular. The first step taken was to ascertain if any of the notes had been tendered at the bank. Not one had been presented; payment was of course stopped, and advertisements descriptive of the bills of exchange, as well as of the notes, were inserted in the evening and following morning papers. A day or two afterwards, a considerable reward was offered for such information as might lead to the apprehension of the offenders. No result followed; and spite of the active exertions of the officers employed, not the slightest clue could be obtained to the perpetrators of the robbery. The junior partner in the firm, M. Bellebon, in the meantime arrived in England, to assist in the investigation, and was naturally extremely urgent in his inquiries, but the mystery which enveloped the affair remained impenetrable. At last a letter, bearing the St Martin le Grand postmark, was received by the agent, M. Alexandre le Breton, which contained an offer to surrender the whole of the plunder, with the exception of the gold, for the sum of one thousand pounds. The property which had been abstracted was more than ten times that sum, and had been destined by the French house to meet some heavy liabilities falling due in London very shortly. Le Breton had been ordered to pay the whole amount into Horsé's to the account of the firm, and had indeed been severely blamed for not having done so as he received the different notes and bills; and it was going to the chest incumbent on his return from Paris, for the purpose of fulfilling the preceptory instructions he had received, that M. Le Breton discovered the robbery.

The letter went on to state that should the offer be accepted to, a mysteriously-worded advertisement — of which a copy was enclosed — was to be inserted in the 'Times,' and then a mode would be suggested for safely — in the interest of the thieves of course — carrying the agreement into effect. M. Bellebon was half-inclined to close with this proposal, in order to save the credit of the house, which would be destroyed unless its acceptances, now due in about fourteen days, could be met; and without the stolen moneys and bills of exchange, this was, he feared, impossible. The superintendent, to whom M. Bellebon showed the letter, would not hear of compliance with such a demand, and threatened a prosecution for composition of felony if M. Bellebon persisted in doing so. The advertisement was, however, inserted, and an immediate reply directed that Le Breton, the agent, should present himself at the Old Manor-House, Green Lanes, Newington, unattended, at four o'clock on the following afternoon, bringing with him of course the stipulated sum in gold. It was added, that to prevent any possible treason (traisons, the letter was written in French), Le Breton would find a note for him at the tavern, informing him of the spot — a solitary one, and far away from any place where an ambush could be concealed — where the business would be concluded, and to which he must proceed unaccompanied, and on foot. This proposal was certainly quite as ingenious as it was cool, and the chance of outwitting such cunning rascals seemed exceedingly doubtful. A very tolerable scheme was, however, hit upon, and M. Le Breton proceeded at the appointed hour to the Old Manor-House. No letter or message had been left for him, and nobody obnoxious to the slightest suspicion could be seen near or about the tavern. On the steps of the house another note arrived, which stated that the writer was quite aware of the trick which the police had intended playing him, and he assured M. Bellebon that such a line of conduct was as unwise as it would be fruitless, inasmuch as "good faith" was not observed, the securities and notes would be inexorably destroyed or otherwise disposed of, and the house of Bellebon and Company be consequently exposed to the shame and ruin of bankruptcy.

Just at this crisis of the affair I arrived in town from my unsuccessful hunt after the fugitives who had slipped through my fingers at Plymouth. The superintendent laughed heartily, not so much at the trick by which I had been duped, as at the angry mortification I did not affect to conceal. He presently added, "I have been wishing for your return, in order to intrust you with a tangled affair, in which success will amply compensate for such a disappointing. You know French too, which is fortunate; for the gentleman who has been plundered understands little or no English." He then related the foregoing particulars, with other apparently slight circumstances; and after a long conversation with him, I retired to think the matter over, and decide upon the likeliest mode of action. After much cogitation, I determined to do as Bellebon advised; and for this purpose I despatched the warden of a tavern adjacent to his lodgings, with a note expressive of my wish to see him instantly on pressing business. He came at home, and immediately acceded to my request. I easily introduced myself; and after about a quarter of an hour's conference, said carelessly — for I saw he was too heedless of speech, too quick and frank, to be in trust with the dam suspicions which certain trifling indices had suggested to me — "Monsieur le Breton at the office where the robbery was committed?"

He laughingly complied, and we arrived at the house arm in arm. We were admitted by an elderly woman; and there was a young man — a moustached clerk — seated at a desk in an inner room writing. He eyed me for a moment, somewhat astounded, but I gave him no opportunity for a distinct view of my features; and I presently handed M. Bellebon a card, on which I had contrived to write, unobserved, 'send away the clerk.' This was more naturally done than I anticipated; and in answer to M. Bellebon's glance of inquiry, I merely said, 'that as I did not wish to be known there as a police-officer, it was essential that..."
the minute search I was about to make should be without witness." He agreed; and the woman was sent away upon a distant errand. Every conceivable place did I examine; every scrap of paper that had writing on it I eagerly perused. At length the search was over, apparently without result.

"You are quite sure, Monsieur Bellebon, as you informed the superintendent, that Monsieur de Bracton has no female relations or acquaintances in this country?" "Positive," he replied. "I have made the most explicit inquiries on the subject both of the clerk Dubot and of the woman-servant.

Just then the clerk returned, out of breath with heat and smoke, and I too for the first time saw affording the young gentleman so clear a view of my face as he was evidently anxious to obtain.

"No female acquaintance?" thought I, as I re-entered the private room of the tavern I had left an hour before. "From a man whose name, these scraps of performed note, paper I have found in his desk I wonder?" I sat down and endeavoured to piece them out, but after over an hour's search the threads of the parched paper, the portion of a sentence, "esse pauvre Fidelle est per," the bill, I observed, was dated nearly three months previous to the entry in the shop, and pointing to the bill, I said I knew a person who had found such a dog as was there advertised for. The woman at the counter said she was glad to see it, as the lady, formerly a customer of theirs, was much grieved at the animal's loss.

"What is the lady's name?" I asked.

"I can't rightly pronounce the name," was the reply. "It is French, I believe; but here it is, with the address, in the day-book, written by herself." I eagerly read—Madame Lavasseur, Oak Cottage; about one mile on the road from Edmonton to Southgate. The handwriting greatly resembled that of the English scraps I had taken from M. le Breton's desk; and the writer was French too! Here were indications of a trail which might lead to unlooked-for success, and I determined to follow it up vigorously. After one or two other questions, I left the shop, promising to send the dog to the lady the next day. My business at Stoke-Newington was soon accomplished. I then hastened westward to the establishment of a well-known dog-catcher, and procured the loan, at a reasonable price, of an ugly Italian hound: the requisite loss of the tip of its tail was very speedily accomplished, and so quickly healed, that the hounds of the excision could not be suspected. I arrived at the lady's residence about twelve o'clock on the national day, so thoroughly disguised as a vagabond Cockney day-worker, that my own wife, when I entered the breakfast parlour just previous to leaving, screamed with alarm and surprise. The mistress of Oak Cottage was at home, but indisposed, and the servant said she would take the dog to her, though I was not the slightest bit afraid of it. She herself could tell me if it was Fidelle or not. I replied that I would only show the dog to the lady, and would not trust it out of my hands. This message was carried up stairs, and after waiting some time outside—for the lady, a woman with natural presence, considering my appearance, for the safety of the portable articles lying about, had closed the street-door in my face—I was readmitted, desired to wipe my shoes carefully, and walk up. Madame Lavasseur, a showy-looking woman, though not overconfident in speech or manners, was seated on a sofa, in vehement expectation of embracing her dear Fidelle; but my vagabond appearance so startled her, that she screamed loudly for her husband, M. Lavasseur. This gentleman, a fine figure, whiskered, moustached person, hastened into the apartment half-shaven, and with his razor in his hand.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce bruit?" he demanded.

"Mais voyez comme c'est lourd," replied the lady, meaning me, not the dog, which I was slowly emancipating from the basket. The gentleman, reseated by the presence of his husband, Madame Lavasseur's anxieties concentrated themselves upon the expected Fidelle.

"Mais, mon Dieu!" she exclaimed again as I displayed the aged beauty I had brought for her inspection. "Why, that is not Fidelle!"

"Not, marm?" I answered, with quite innocent surprise. "'Yere, she is very tall' and I hold up the mutilated extremity for her closer inspection. The lady was not, however, to be convinced even by that evidence; and as the gentleman soon scented, or fancied, or was given to an impression of my presence, and hinted very intelligently that he had a mind to hasten my passage downstairs with the toe of his boot, I having made the best possible use of my eyes during the short interview, scrambled up the dog and basket, and departed.

"No female relative or acquaintance hasn't she?" was my exulting thought as I gained the road. "And yet if that is not M. le Breton's picture between those of the husband and wife, I am a sorry, a blinded one. I no longer in the least doubted that I had struck a brilliant trail; and I could have shouted with exultation, so eager was I not only to prove my guess correct, but also make a new and fancied, somewhat tarnished reputation for activity and skill, but to extricate the plundered firm from their terrible difficulties; the more especially as young M. Bellebon, with the frankness of his age and nation, had hinted to me—and the suddenly-tremulous light of his fine expressive eyes testified to the accuracy of his apprehensions—that his marriage with a long-loved and amiable girl depended upon his success in saving the last credit of his house.

That same evening, about nine o'clock, M. Lavasseur, expensively, but with no particular air, left Oak Cottage, walked to Vane Street, halted a cab, and drove off rapidly towards town, followed by an English swell as stylishly and nobly dressed, wigged, whiskered, and moustached as he had never been no other than myself, as prettily metamorphosed and made up for the part I intended playing as heart could wish.

M. Lavasseur descended at the end of the Quadrant, Regent Street, and took his way to Vane Street, leading out of that celebrated thoroughfare. I followed; and observing him enter a public-house, unhesitatingly did the same. It was a house of call and general rendezvous for foreign servants out of place. Valets, couriers, cooks, of many varieties of shade, nation, and respectability, were assembled there, smoking, drinking, and playing at an insensibly noisy game, unknown, I believe, to Englishmen, and which must, I think, have been invented in sheer despair of cards, dice, or other implements of gambling. The sole instruments of play were the gamblers' fingers, of which the two persons playing suddenly and simultaneously updated on, or so few, as they played, each player alternately calling a number; and if he named precisely how many fingers were held up by the other, and opposite, he marked a point. The hubbub of cries—cinquante, quatre—was deafening. The players—almost everybody in the large room—were too much occupied to
notice our entrance; and M. Levassurer and myself seated ourselves, and called for something to drink. But without, I was glad to see, exciting the slightest observation. M. Levassurer, I soon perceived, was an intimate acquaintance of many there; and somewhat to my surprise, for he spoke French very well, I found that he was a Swiss. His name was, I therefore concluded, concluded discover. Nothing peculiar rewarded my watchfulness that evening; but I felt quite sure Levassurer had come there with the expectation of meeting some one, as he did. At half-past eleven o'clock with an obviously discontented air. The following night it was the same; but the next, which I should perhaps, was a strange, eleventh-century phenomenon, such a movement might excite suspicion; and it was well I did not, as they both presently returned, and seated themselves close beside me. I analogous incident occurred in the case of another gentleman, Levassurer—who had, I should have before stated, been privately pointed out to me by one of the force early on the empty back-room, and was kept in the act of exercising especially in contrast with that of Levassurer, which wore only an expression of malignant and ferocious triumph, in a low and by temporary disappointment. Le Breton stayed a short time; and the only whispered words I caught were—"He has, I fear, some suspicion."

The anxiety and impatience of M. Bellebone whilst this was going on became extreme, and he sent me word of a note—the only mode of communication I would permit—expressive of his consternation at the near approach of the time when the engagement of his house would arrive at maturity, without anything having in the meantime been accomplished. I pitied him greatly, and attempted to comfort him, resolved upon a new and better game. By affecting to drink a great deal, occasionally playing, and in other ways exhibiting a relaxed, easy, and carefree demeanour, I had striven to instigate myself into the confidence and companionship of Levassurer, but hitherto without much effect; and although once or twice startled by a casual hint I dropped to another person—one of ours—just sufficiently loud for him to hear—that I knew a safe and safe market for sold Bank-of-England notes, the cautious scone迅速ly subsided into his usual guarded reserve. He evidently doubted me, and it was imperatively necessary to reassure him. This was at last effectually, and, I am vain enough to think, cleverly done. One evening a rakish-looking man, who occasionally and regularly became intoxicated in Mr. Treanwae's of Conduit Street, and who was evidently three parts intoxicated, seated himself directly in front of us, and with much affectation and pride of manner, talked to me, at the same time displaying a pocket-book, which seemed prettily full of Bank-of-England notes. There were only a few persons present in the room besides us, and they were at the other end of the room. Levassurer, I saw, noticed with considerable interest the look of greed and coveyness which I fixed on that same pocket-book. At length the stranger rose to depart. I also hurried up and slipped after him, and was quietly and swiftly followed by Levassurer. After proceedings about a dozen spaces I looked furtively about, but not behind, robbed Mr. Treanwae's of his pocket-book, which he had placed in one of the sails of his boat, engaged over the street, and walked hurriedly away, still, I could hear, followed by Levassurer. I entered another public-house, strode into an empty back-room, and was just in the act of examining my prize, when in stepped Levassurer. He looked triumphant as Looter, as he clapped me on the shoulder, and said in a low exciting voice, 'I saw that pretty trick, Williams, and can, if I like, transport you!'

My consternation was naturally extreme, and Levassurer laughed immensely at the terror he excited.

'Soyez tranquille,' he said at last, at the same time ringing the bell: 'I shall not hurt you.' He ordered some wine, and after the waiter had fulfilled the order and left the room, said, 'Those notes of Mr. Treanwae's will of course be stopped in the morning, but I think I once heard you say you knew of a market for such articles!'

I hesitated, coyly unwilling to further commit myself. 'Come, come,' resumed Levassurer in a still low but menacing tone, 'no nonsense. I have you now; you are, in fact, entirely in my power: be candid, and you are safe. Who is your friend?'

'He is not in town now,' I stammered.

'What—humph! I have myself some notes to change. There, now we understand each other. What do you give, 18½, and what do you dispose of them?'

'He gives about a third generally, and gets rid of them abroad. They reach the Bank through Bow-street and innocentholders, such a change the Bank is of course bound to pay.'

'Is that the law also with respect to bills of exchange?'

'Yes, to be sure it is.'

'And is amount of any consequence to your friend?'

'None, I believe. I worked the man with that.'

'Well, then, you must introduce me to him.'

'No, that I can't.' I hurriedly answered. 'He won't deal with strangers.'

'You must, I tell you, or I will call on an officer.' Terrified by this threat, I muttered that his name was Levi Samuel.

'And where does Levi Samuel live?'

'That,' I replied, 'I cannot tell; but I know how to communicate with him.'

Finally, it was settled by Levassurer that I should dine at Oak Cottage the next day but one, and that I should arrange with Samuel to meet us there immediately afterwards. The notes and bills he had to dispose of. I was to inform Samuel, amounted to nearly twelve thousand pounds, and I was promised 9,000 for effecting the bargain.

'Five hundred pounds, remember, Williams,' said Levassurer as we parted; 'or, if you deceive me, transportation! You can prove nothing regarding me, whereas I could settle you off hand.'

The superintendent and I had a long and rather anxious conference the next day. We agreed that, situate as Oak Cottage was, in an open space away from any other building, it would not be advisable that any officer except myself and the pretended Samuel should approach the place. We agreed as to the probability of such clever rogues having so placed the notes and bills that they could be consumed or otherwise destroyed on the slightest alarm, and that the open arrest of Levassurer, and a search of Oak Cottage, would in all likelihood prove fruitless. 'There will be only two of them,' I said in reply to a remark of the superintendent as to the somewhat dangerous game I was risking with powerful and desperate men, 'even should Le Breton be there; and surely Jackson and I, aided by the surprise and our pistols, will be too many for them.' Little more was said, the superintendent wished us luck, and I sought out and instructed Jackson.

I will confess that, on setting out the next day to keep my appointment, I felt considerable anxiety. Levassurer might have discovered my vocation, and set this trap for my destruction. Yet that was hardly possible. At all events, whatever the danger, it was necessary to face it; and having cleaned and loaded my pistols with unusual care, and bade my wife a more than usually earnest farewell, which, by the way, rather startled her, I set off determined, as we used to say in Yorkshire, 'to win the horse or lose the saddle.'

I arrived in good time at Oak Cottage, and found my horse in the highest possible spirits. Dinner was ready, he said, but it would be necessary to wait a few minutes for the two friends he expected.

'Two friends!' I exclaimed, really startled. 'You
told me last evening there was to be only one, a Monsieur le Breton.'

'Only!' rejoined Levasseur carelessly; 'but I had forgotten that another party as much interested as ourselves would like to be present, and invite himself, if I did not. But there will be enough for us all, never fear,' he added with a coarse laugh, 'especially as Madame Levasseur does not dine with us.'

At this moment a loud knock was heard. 'Here they are!' exclaimed Levasseur, and hastened out to meet me. I perceived through the blind, and to my great alarm saw that Le Breton was accompanied by the clerk Dubarle! My first impulse was to seize my pocket-handkerchief; but calmer thoughts soon succeeded, and the improbability that a plan had been laid to entrap me recurred forcibly. Still, should the clerk really be a critical one; but I was in for it, and must therefore brace the matter out in the best way I could.

Presently a conversation, carried on in a loud, menacing tone in the next room between Levasseur and the new-comers, arrested my attention, and I softly approached the door to listen. Le Breton, I soon found, was but half a villain, and was extremely anxious that the property should not be disposed of till at least a half of it had been made at negotiation. The others, now that a market for the notes and securities had been obtained, were determined to avail themselves of it, and unwound got Thangue, and secured Levasseur, whom I had first pilaged him at play, and then suggested the crime which had been committed as the sole means of concealing the defrauding of which he, Levasseur, had been the occasion and promoter.

After a brief delay, all three entered the dining-room, and a slight but significant start which the clerk Du- barle gave, as Levasseur, with mock ceremony, introduced me, made my heart, as folk say, leap into my mouth. His half-formed suspicions seemed, however, to be dissipated for the moment by the humorous ac-count Levasseur gave him of the robbery of Mr Tre-lawney, and we sat down to a very handsome dinner.

A more uncomfortable one, albeit, I never assisted at. The furtive looks of Dubarle, who had been only par-tially reassured, were sullen, and more intangible and earnest. Fortunately Levasseur was in rollicking spirits and humour, and did not heed the unguilted glances of the clerk. As for Le Breton, he took little notice of anybody. At last this terrible dinner was over, and the wine was pushed briskly round. I drank more freely than usual, partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinising and somewhat impresarios look at my face, said abruptly, 'I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?'

'Not at all, sir!' I replied with much indifference as I could assume. 'Many persons have seen me before —some of them once or twice too often.'

'Touche!' exclaimed Levasseur with a shout. 'Trelawney, for instance!'

'I should like to see monsieur with his wig off!' said the clerk with some blustering.

'Nonsense, Dubarle! you are a fool,' exclaimed Levasseur; 'and I will not have my good friend Williams treated so.'

Dubarle did not persist, but it was plain enough that some dim remembrance of my features continued to haunt and perplex him.

At length, and the relief was unspeakable, a knock at the outer-door announced Jackson—Levi Samuel I mean. We all jumped up, and ran to the window. It was the Jew sure enough, and admirably he had dressed and now looked the part. Levasseur went out, and in a minute or two returned introducing him. Jackson could not suppress a start as he caught sight of the tall, mustached addition to the expected company; and although he turned it off very well, it drove the Jewish dialect in which he had been practising completely out of his thoughts and speech, as he said, 'You have more company than my friend Williams led me to expect.'

'A friend—one of ours, Mr Samuel,' said Levass- eur; 'that is all. Come, sit down, and let me help you to a glass of wine. You are an English Jew I perceive.'

'Yes. A silence of a minute or two succeeded, and then Levasseur said, 'You are of course prepared for business?'

'Yes—that is, if you are reasonable.'

'Reasonable!' the most reasonable men in the world,' rejoined Levasseur with a loud laugh. 'But pray where is the gold you mean to pay us with?'

'If we agree, I will fetch it in half an hour. I do not carry bags of sovereigns about with me into all com- panies,' replied Jackson with much readiness.

'Well, that's big enough, and how much discount do you charge?'

'I will tell you when I see the securities.'

Levasseur rose to the double word, and left the apartment. He was gone about ten minutes, and on his return, deliberately counted out the stolen Bank-of- England notes and münnt of Thangue. Jackson ran from his chair, peered close to them, and began noting down the amounts in his pocket-book. I also rose, and pretended to be looking at a picture by the fireplace. The moment was a nervous one, as the signal had been cooled over, and could not now be changed or deferred. The clerk Dubarle also hastily rose, and eyes Jackson with flaming but indecisive looks. The examination of the securities was at length terminated, and Jackson be-gan counting the Bank-of-England notes about— One—two—three—four—five! As the signal word passed his lips, he threw himself upon Le Breton, who sat next to him; and at the same moment I passed one of my feet between Dubarle's, and with a dexterous twist hurled him violently on the floor; another instant and my grasp was on the throat of Levasseur, and my pistol at his ear. 'Hurra! we both shouted with eager excite- ment; and before either of the villains could recover from his surprise, or indeed perfectly comprehend what had happened, Levasseur and Le Breton were hand-cuffed together, as the question. Young Dubarle was next easily secured. Levasseur, the instant he recovered the use of his faculties, which in the excitement of the surprise and attack had paralyzed, yelled like a madman with rage and anger, and but for us, would, I verily believe, have dangled partly with a view to calm my nerves, and partly to avoid remark. It was nearly the time for the Jew's appearance, when Dubarle, after a scrutinising and somewhat impresarios look at my face, said abruptly, 'I think, Monsieur Williams, I have seen you somewhere before?'

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VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.
RAPIDITY OF VEGETATIVE GROWTH.

The rapidity of the growth of tropical vegetation is in many cases truly astonishing, and far surpasses the greatest wonders of the kind observable in the less luxuriant native plants of our temperate clime. The advanced state of horticulture, however, has been instrumental in bringing into our own country living illustrations of many wonderful facts formerly only known to us by the almost incredible accounts of travellers. We have before us a paper by Mr Robert Scott, published in a late number of the 'Annales and Magazine of Natural History,' containing statistics of the growth of a bamboo cane in the large conservatory at Chatsworth, surpassing any similar facts we have ever seen in an authentic form. 'In the tropics,' says Mr Scott, 'the bamboo not only grows with astonishing rapidity, but attains a very great height—in some instances as much as 100 feet; this, together with its feathery elegance, places it in bold contrast to surrounding vegetation, and entitled it to rank second to the cabbage palms in artificial culture. It is the pinnate leaf of the palm, and good to attain a height of four or five inches in as many hours. I procured three or four specimens in an undeveloped state, and placed them in a small glass case. All but one grew during my temporary absence from home. I was determined not to lose sight of the last specimen; and observing one day creeping up three small rents in the volva, indicating the approaching development of the plant, I watched it all night, and at eight in the morning the next day, I saw it push through the jelly-like matter with which it was surrounded. In the course of twenty-five minutes it shot up three inches, and attained its full elevation of four inches in one hour and a-half. The entire life of the Phyllos was four days. Extraordinary as this may appear, I believe this rapidity of development to be surpassed by other fungi, as I was informed by Lady Arden—who has paid great attention to the species of this family, of which she has made numerous exquisite drawings—that the lives of some were so brief as scarcely to allow of sufficient time to finish her representations. Marvelous are the accounts of the rapid growth of cells in the fungii; but in the above instance it cannot for a moment be imagined that there was any increase in the number of cells, but merely an elongation of the erectile tissue of the plant.'

GIANTIC TREES.

Of all organic beings, trees are gifted in a special manner with extraordinary longevity. No mention is made of the baobab of Senegal, said to be more than 5000 years old, nor of the cedars near the village of Eden in Lebanon, believed by the Maronites to be the remains of the forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the famous Temple 3000 years ago; passing over these so-extraordinary instances, we find in our own country specimens sufficiently aged to call forth our most unqualified wonder and admiration. Oaks planted before the Conquest have weathered the blasts of more than eight centuries. The celebrated Furnivals Abbey yew—(a branch of which is now before us)—waved its boughs in the bronze 1200 years ago, and the age of the yew at Fortingall, Perthshire, is stated to be from 2500 to 3600 years; the one at Brabourn churchyard, Kent, 5000 years. These living monuments of antiquity have in numerous instances attained to dimensions as extraordinary. A yew at Hedcor, Bucks, has a trunk stated to be 37 feet in diameter; and a banyan, on an island in the river Nerbudda, is believed to be the one mentioned by Herodotus in the time of Alexander the Great, as being capable of overtopping 10,000 men. The breaking of this tree, Professor Balfour says,—'Parts of it have been carried away by floods, but it can shade 7000 men; and its circumference, measuring its principal trunk only, is 2000 feet. The chief trunks of this tree greatly exceed our English oaks and elms in thickness, and are above 450 in number.'
in the 'Botanical Gazette' by Mr Gould, wherein some similar wonders are described. 'Last week,' says Mr Ewing, 'I went to see two of the largest trees in the world, not the very largest that have ever been measured. I had heard of them in 1841, and I think mentioned them to you [Mr Gould] when in England. The person who found them then had forgotten their whereabouts; but I had a man out for three days in the forest in the direction intimated, and on the third he came in to say that he had rediscovered them; and I started with a party of five to measure them. They were both on a tributary rill to the North-west Bay River, at the back of Mount Wellington, and are what are here called swamp gums; but I do not know the specific name. I see that Dr Hooker, in his description of new species of Eucalyptus, in the 'London Journal of Botany,' names the stringy bark Eucalyptus gigantea; this would have been a more appropriate name for the swamp gum, which is a much larger tree. One was growing, the other prostrate, the latter measured to the first branch 220 feet; from thence to where the top was broken off and decayed, 64 feet—for 284 feet in all; so that with the top it must have been considerably beyond 300 feet. It is 20 feet in diameter at the base, and 12 at 220 on the first branch; and to that distance only would, from the stem alone, turn out more timber than any of the three largest oaks mentioned in London with their branches, to weigh with those branches 440 tons! The standing giant is still growing vigorously without the slightest symptom of decay, and has left little choice of paths for the yung sassafras trees. It measures, at 3 feet from the ground, 102 feet in circumference, and at the ground 130 feet! We had no means of ascertaining its height (which, however, must be enormous) from the density of the forest. I measured another not 40 yards from it, and at 3 feet it was 60 feet round; and at 150 feet, where the first branch began, we judged it to be 40 feet; this was a noble column, indeed, and sound as a nut. I am sure that within a mile there are at least a hundred growing trees 40 feet in circumference.

OBSERVATIONS IN DRAINS BY THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.

The attention of agriculturists has recently been directed to the obstructions of land-drains and other conduits of water, which have occurred throughout various parts of the country, and are occasioned by the roots of trees and other plants. The roots, after entering into the drains, seem, by some structural changes to be enabled to derive an extraordinary amount of nourishment from the running water, as is shown by the great improvement in which they are developed. In some cases these obstructions have taken place to a considerable extent, and threaten to be highly prejudicial to judicious improvement, since upon efficient draining much of the success of other agricultural operations depends. Among trees, the ash, the elm, the poplar, and the willow, have been found in different localities to insinuate their roots into tile-drains, often doing much mischief; and in the more humble tribe of field-weeds, the amphibious polygonum, the equisetum, tussock, and ragwort, have been severally observed to be formidable intruders. Of the last-named plant, Dr Neill stated, at a late meeting of the Botanical Society, Edinburgh, that he had received a specimen more than twenty years ago whose root had entered a drain by a very small crevice, but afterwards extended itself, completely filling the drain for a space of 30 feet. This fact should have some influence in diminishing the numerous assemblages of this showy field-flower, which so frequently give a golden glow to our pasture-lands in summer. Indeed it is a well-known fact, that the naturalization of weeds is little attended to, even by many farmers whose cultivation in every other respect is unexceptionable; but attention, it is to be hoped, will be drawn to the importance of the operation. In most cases of drain obstruction, however, it has been found to be caused by the roots of trees, field-weeds being comparatively little troublesome. It thus becomes a matter of interesting and important inquiry, in what manner those pleasant hedges and strips of green woodland, which tend so much to beautify and shelter cultivated districts, can be allowed to exist without affecting the drainage of adjoining fields? We should be both to see such environs stripped away; but if rural industry requires their abolition, why, then, we must submit. In the words of a recent writer in the 'Scottish Agricultural Journal,' we can admire the beauty of a brazen braid; but we rank not amongst those pseudo-philanthropic philosophers who would regret to see cleared away to give place to a cottage garden, or a field of golden cereal.

NOTES FROM THE NETHERLANDS.

ROTTERDAM.

At nine in the morning of the last of July, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-three hours from London, in the steamer Beverley, I walked on shore at the Boompjes in Rotterdam, and my long-wished visit to visit Holland began its realisation. If the physical aspect of the country presented but few attractions, there was much in the character and habits of the people, in the results of their long-continned peace, and the strong feeling for the right of their freedom, that would more than make up for the want of picturesque scenery. I was prepared to travel as best man could; and by the end of the week I could speak of my baggage as a knapsack, a light overcoat, and slim umbrella, which, in a glass case, did duty as walking-staff. I purposed journeying along ways as well as highways, hoping thereby to gain as true an idea of the country as was possible in a visit of a few weeks.

Before I left the pier, I was stopped by two officials in uniform, with swords at their side, who demanded my passport; the name of the place to which you may be bound. Acustomed to official enquiries from my customs officer, I was again arrested by a group of men, who insisted on my going to the customs house. In vain I represented that my baggage had been "passed," whether or no, they would bar my passage. I made a feint of yielding, and doubling round a colonnade, the cabs are named, made off towards the Berlitz Hof, the hotel to which I had been commended. The party had perhaps watchet my movements, for they rushed after me, and were about to renew their clamour, when a tall man came up, and dispersed them, after inquiring in English if the officer had passed me. I afterwards found that the stoppage was a dodge on the part of the cab-drivers, that object being to compel their victims to escape from the difficulty by a side.

It has been said that if you desire to be thoroughly taken out of your own country, you should not travel to Constantinople, but to Rotterdam; and to a great extent this is true; but in the latter city you see all in one visit that can only be met with piecemeal elsewhere. There is a street of Lincoln, with a canal along the centre, which on a market-day presents a busy scene of vessels and vehicles, and with a row of clipped lime-trees on each side of the water-course, would offer no inapt likeness to a Rotterdam haven or Amsterdam gracht. A residence in New York had familiarised me with the aspect of streets looking cool and pleasant as leafy avenues; and any one who has visited Edinburgh, will have seen the broad-bordered caps worn without bonnets by the lower class of Dutchwomen; with the difference, that the Hollander wear the borders nicely stiffened and fluted, while the Scotch leave them to flap and dangle in a manner appropriate to the appearance of those that are precisely what one has been accustomed to at home, a few peculiarities excepted. Great numbers of the
The poet further calls it a 'vulgar Venice,' and to a stranger the queen of the Adriatic can hardly present a more striking appearance. Land and water are so strangely and picturesquely intermingled, the busy life that pervades both is so thoroughly in keeping with the scene, that to walk about and look on with curious eye is occupation enough. Turn your eye which way you please, you see a boat or a bridge, a tree in formal line, and mast of spicy vessel from western Scituanas, all tell me you're in England, but I'm in Rotterdam.'

My walks up and down in Rotterdam gave me the key to several matters that had puzzled me when living in New York. The American farmer drives to market with two horses at a foot trot, harnessed to a light narrow wagon, with side rails rising high behind at a sharp curve; the Dutch farmer does the same. The New York milkman is another. He runs his milk in a wagon, supplying the trade. Dutch make similar arrangements from two bright cans placed in front of his seat; the Dutchman does the same. New York builds frequent changes of houses, sides, back, street, middle, leaving the entire front to be built up last; I saw the same process in Rotterdam, where many new houses were going up. Here, too, was the original of the clumsy truck or dolly which the 'carmen' of New York drive about the streets by hundreds. Here, too, the frequent occurrence of the announcements BAKKERIJ, DLEERIJ, and KOEKIJ, sufficiently explained why in the oversea city a baker's shop was called a bakery, a bleaching-ground a bleachery, and a cake-shop a cake store; the exposing of groceries in open barrels ranged in rows in the shops also accounted for the similar practice still existing in New York. Who would have thought that the early settlers at the mouth of the Hudson, whose town-council 'met one day and smoked their pipes,' would have left such enduring traces behind them?

The littleness of announcements on sign-boards and the almost universal habit of hanging curtains over their windows that they have 'Beter te koop, Kaas te koop.'—Bitter to sell, cheese to sell—and this not in back lanes only, but in the Hoog Street. In this street a painted label on a basement door stated, 'Hier is een kelder te huur.'—Here is a cellar to let—'a conveyance could not wish for greater detail or exactitude. Our 'Mangling done here' is advertised by 'Hier mangelt men,' the mangle, however, instead of being turned with a wheel and a rope, is pushed to and fro by a man who stands at one end of the machine. In Rotterdam too, as in all Dutch towns, the houses are not numbered according to the streets, but in districts. Thus Wijde, 4, 2, 10, means No. 340 in the fourth Wijde, or ward of the city; an inconvenient arrangement in some respects, as it is far easier to follow the houses here in a straight line, than in the quarter, where you cannot tell the direction of their beginning or ending. Mistakes of delivery or address frequently occur in the latter, even among the inhabitants.

In going about the streets, the leaning over of the house fronts never fails to excite attention; and nearly all travellers tell me that this effect is produced by subsidence of the foundations. This may be true in a few cases; but a very little examination shows that whole streets were originally built in the sloping position; the backs of the houses present no such deviation from the perpendicular, neither is the roof-line altered. I heard two reasons assigned for this departure from ordinary rules of architecture: one, that the inclination was given the better to preserve the front walls from injury by weather; the other, that it was thought by the old style of building, in which the upper stories projected over the lower, and was adapted to gain more room. Modern builders avoid this aspect; the house front, however picturesque, looks dangerous; and new houses in Rotterdam, as well as elsewhere, are erected with more regard to a right line.

I was especially struck with the appearance of the vessels—coasters and little little lode. It is a most curious fact which crowd the houses in this form. So clean, so bright, so polished; no scratches, no bruises, no marks of rough usage; you fancy they must have been kept in a museum, and never used. Dutch painters of flattry in putting such a high finish to the vessel in their pictures. The owners suspended them till the bulwarks were cut away, the protruberant side, and strengthened at either end by polished brass treenails; the heel of the bowsprit, the bowsprit and windlass, in cutwater, are similarly decorated and painted in gay colours. The little cabins are a perfect wonder of formal neatness, and the owners and their family are not less clean than the most precise residents of cities. Some of them were washing clothes, and the tubs were so contrived as to hang over the vessel's side by means of a bracket, whereby the dirt was thrown down, and the slopping of the dock was avoided. Many of these craft are floating shops for the sale of matting, crockery, brushes, firewood, for the town. The stock of flattry is displayed partly on the quay and on the deck. When business grows slack, the owners cast off their moorings, and take up a new port, side, back, street, middle, leaving the entire front to be built up last; I saw the same process in Rotterdam, where many new houses were going up. Here, too, was the original of the clumsy truck or dolly which the 'carmen' of New York drive about the streets by hundreds. Here, too, the reason why shopkeepers' names are so perseveringly painted on each door-post in Broadway and other business thoroughfares. Here, too, the frequent occurrence of the announcements BAKKERIJ, DLEERIJ, and KOEKIJ, sufficiently explained why in the oversea city a baker's shop was called a bakery, a bleaching-ground a bleachery, and a cake-shop a cake store; the exposing of groceries in open barrels ranged in rows in the shops also accounted for the similar practice still existing in New York. Who would have thought that the early settlers at the mouth of the Hudson, whose town-council 'met one day and smoked their pipes,' would have left such enduring traces behind them?

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He conducted me over the rooms of the Bataafsch Genootschap, a scientific society, first established in 1669 by a clockmaker, who furnished gratuitously the large collection of old philosophical instruments which yet remains. Besides these, which are chiefly for statics and dynamics, there is a good supply of electrical and magnetic apparatus of modern construction. Courses of lectures are delivered every winter, but are not very well attended: the taste for scientific and philosophical pursuits is not yet sufficiently cultivated in Rotterdam. A number of volumes in the library attracted my attention as being analogous to those of our ordinance survey; they contained plans of Holland, with all the levels carefully laid down. It is not easy to conceive how such a work could be dispensed with in a country where the streams have to be coaxed and coerced into good behaviour. It was published at the expense of government. After this inspection we went to Dr. Kedderus's, a remarkably clean house. We went to a house to collect the refuse brought from within; but the cleaning of the streets devolves upon the householders, and we are required to sweep in front of our own residence; and the servants may be seen every morning sweeping from each side to the other, in the street, as part of the sanitary regulation, which they afterward sell to a man, who removes the litter, and cleans out the gutters. The plan of paving is objectionable; the portion of the street which connects a bridge would be much more convenient if it were generally throughout Holland occupied by short posts or stone pillars, with an ornamental chain stretched from one to the other. In his plan this is the gutter.-A square drain, nearly a foot in depth, covered by a hinged wooden flap, which, in a series of lengths of ten or twelve feet, stretches from one end of a street to the other. These flaps can of course be turned back when the channel be-
eth needs cleansing; but they have a make-shift and slyly appearance, and by hiding the gutter, lead to neglect. In several places where the plank was broken, I observed the water to reach this defect some time afterwards when I walked into Amsterdam from Haarlem; frequent showers had fallen in the morning, and the principal thoroughfares were as sloppy as Fleet Street after a shower, with the disadvantage of being without raised side-walks, while vehicles are driven along at the full speed of the horse, and the cross-drains on the sides of the streets are deep enough for a man to pass. On the banks of the river, the Dutch do not plant their trees on the water-side, which they consider is an insidious protection; the water rises over it, and floods the apartment below. Rotterdam is subject to the same deluge, and a line of houses that part of the city beyond the dam on which the Hoog Staat is built, is flooded by high tides ten or twelve times every year. A physician at whose house I called informed me that he frequently visits his patients when his carriage is up to the axles in water. A plan to remedy this serious casualty has been drawn up by Mr. Beijerinck, one of the government engineers, combining with this improvement the erection of a suspension bridge across the Maas, and the building of a suburb on the upcoast side of the city. The latter is an important desideratum; for at present Rotterdam is, as the natives say, spreading itself too much beyond the river, and no true Dutchman likes to live without water at his very door. The new quarter would afford ample accommodation in this respect. It is, in truth, somewhat remarkable to stand on the Boompjes, and see nothing but quiet meadows and rows of trees beyond the stream. The contrast is striking; on one side the busy stir of commerce, on the other solitude—not even a summer-house breaks the level of the low green bank. The throwing over of a bridge would further afford opportunity for establishing public gardens—a means of recreation much wanted in Rotterdam.

Dr. van der P., the physician above alluded to, very kindly invited me to pass an evening at his house.

Other topics not less interesting came on for discussion when we were afterwards seated in the doctor's drawing-room; but, leaving these for the present, I was pleased with an opportunity to see something of a Dutch interior. The furniture was good, but plain, and the apartment unusually large. It was evidently one of those which undergo a frequent cleaning, but are seldom used. Here I first observed a peculiar arrangement which I subsequently found prevalent in other towns—that of making all the doors of the room but one appear as part of the wall. You see a smooth papered surface; suddenly a portion of it gives way, moves outwards, and gives you a view of another room, or a passage, or staircase; and presently, by a little closer inspection, you discover three or four other doors contrived in a similar way.
On another evening I went to St. Laurent’s church, towards the close of the service, to hear the organ, which exceeds that of Haarlem in size, and rivals it in power. I got upon a raised seat in the deep recesses of one of the corner windows, and was perfectly astonished at the view of the vast assemblage. Here, in a busy commercial town, on a working day, fully a thousand men and women had met to listen to a sermon, and not on any extraordinary occasion, but the usual evening for worship. I was endeavouring to reconcile this fact with what I had heard of the small attendance at philosophical lectures, when the sermon closed, and the parson gave out a hymn. The qualities of the organ came out effectively in the predawn air, and never shall I forget the burst of sound when the singing began! Not one of that numerous congregation appeared to be silent: all sang with a spirit and heartiness that I have never heard equalled. I was far enough removed to escape any harshness of tone, and as I listened to the pealing and sonorous harmony, I felt that it alone was well worth a voyage across the German Ocean.

Such singing—that is, as regards simultaneity and earnestness—belongs to the history of the past in England; its existence in Holland, I afterwards found reason to believe, is mainly due to the system of instructions pursued in the schools—a subject to be noticed hereafter. On the following day, favoured with letters of introduction from the hospitable doctor, I left Rotterdam by railway for Delft.

MANNUFACTURE OF PORT WINE.

It is a series of recent pamphlets on the wine-trade of Portugal, the whole art and mystery of wine-making and wine-compounding in that country is thoroughly exposed; and for the first time I learn that even the farmers of the Alto Douro are all but uniformly in the practice of mixing their wines with the elder-berry, sugar, and brandy—the first to impart to it a flavour sonorous, but distinctly resembling port of the best quality, the second to give it sweetness, and the last to add body and strength. In consequence of the prevalence of this system, there is probably more than double the quantity of port wine exported that is actually produced in the wine district. Hence it is that the genuine juice of the grape of the Alto Douro, so much esteemed by our aristocratic ancestors, has now sunk into the character of a kitchen wine, and is little more than a fashionable world than the ‘heavy wet’ of the London hackney-coaches. The pamphlets above referred to reproduce the present system, by which the wine-farmers to abandon it as injurious to their own interests as well as those of their country. These pamphlets seem throughout to be characterized by an honesty and independence of sentiment which are but little akin to the mere mercantile or money-making spirit. It has been alleged by the favourers of the above system, that the English taste with respect to port wine has changed; and that instead of wine possessing a fine delicate aroma, derived from the superior climate of certain exposures in the district of the Alto Douro, the English wine-drinkers now demand port that is black, strong, and sweet; and the wine-farmer being bound to conform to the tastes of his customers, has no alternative but to mix his wine with elder-berry, brandy, and sugar, in order to produce the article required. Although the substances here said to be used are far from poisons in their nature, yet they are all of a coarse and indisguishable description; and when largly partaken of, are calculated to impair the functions of the stomach; and to induce a heaviness and lethargy the reverse of genial or agreeable, and the system followed has at last resulted in the wines of the Alto Douro being in a great measure excluded from the dining-tables of the aristocracy of England. The quantity of elder-

berry used may be examined by the fact, that it is more extensively grown in the district of the Douro than the grape itself, and is admittedly used in an equal quantity in the wine manufacture.

The wine district of Portugal, where the port wine of commerce is produced, extends along the banks of the river Douro from the town of Mazato to a short way beyond the town of I. Jaza da Pescante, being an extent of little more than eight leagues. The district varies in breadth, but it may be stated as averaging about three leagues. The grape grown in the district varies in richness according to the quality of the soil, its proximity to the river, and its exposure to the gentle breezes of the south and west. The richest soils are those which border on the river, especially on its northern bank; for, having a southern exposure, they uniformly produce grapes of the best quality. As you rise into the more elevated situations, where the air is chillier, and the exposure to the storms of winter is greater, a grape is produced whose juice is thinner and more watery, and altogether different from the produce of the richer soils near the river. The port-wine district is thus of a circumscribed extent, and the portion of it where wines of the best quality are produced is still more limited, and would thus be capable only of supplying a limited demand. There is grown, however, a sufficient quantity of grapes to produce 50,000 pipes of port of the first quality annually—the total annual production amounting to about 100,000 pipes.

The pamphlets to which we have referred show that the genuine unmixed wine of the most elevated point of the Douro district is of itself sufficiently rich and nutritious (with the addition of about from 7 to 10 per cent. of brandy, which is necessary for its preservation) to form a healthful and exhilarating beverage; and for the extraneous substances with which it is drugged, even it would create a demand which would much enhance its price in the market, and restore its character among the upper classes of England. If the same attention, indeed, were bestowed on the cultivation of the vine that is devoted to the mixing and adulterating of the wine, a greater quantity of port wine would be produced and exported than at present, and a much higher price obtained for it; thus illustrating the old adage in a larger sense than usual—that ‘honesty is the best policy,’ and that we cannot do injustice to our fellow-men, and hope to thrive by it. The growers of a country, indeed, form a good barometer, indicating strikingly the moral and intellectual attributes of its population; for where the articles produced are of the best quality, and free from adulteration, it evinces a deep sense of truthfulness on the part of the producers, which is uniformly accompanied with all other blessings.

WHEN THE SUMMER COMES.

I once knew a little boy, a little child, of three years old; one of those bright creatures whose fair loneliness seems more of heaven than of earth—even at a passing glimpse stirring our hearts, and filling them with purer and holier thought. But this, the little Francis, was more of a churl than an angel—as we picture them—with his gladsome hazel eyes, his dashing fairness, his clustering golden hair, and his almost winged steps. Such he was, at least until sickness laid its heavy hand on him; then indeed, when, after days of burning, wasting fever—hours of weary restlessness—the little hand at last lay motionless outside the scarcely whit coverlet of his tiny bed, the fair, still head pressed down upon the pillow, and the pale face gazing with the silent wonder of returning consciousness on the anxious ones around it; then indeed a bright yet pitting look would flit across it, or dwell in the earnest eyes—a look such as we assign to angels in our dreams, when some fond fancy seems to bring them next us, weeping for mortal griefs beyond their remedy.

It was a strange sickness for one so y
struggle of typhus fever with a holy frame; but life and youth obtained the victory; and quicker even than hope could venture to expect, the pulses rallied, the cheeks grew round and rosy, and the little wasted limbs filled up again. Health was restored—health, but not strength: we thought this for a while. We did not wonder that the weakened limbs refused their offices, and still we waited on in hope, until days, and even weeks, passed by: then it was found that the complaint had left its bitter sting, and little Francis could not walk a step, or even stand.

Many and tedious and painful were the remedies resorted to; yet the brave little heart bore stoutly up, with that wonderful fortitude, almost herculean, which all who have watched by suffering childhood, when the tractable spirit bends to its early discipline, must at some time or other have remarked. Francis's fortitude might have afforded an example to many; but a dearer lesson was given in the hopeful spirit with which the little fellow himself noted the effect of each distressing remedy, marking each stage of progress, and showing off with unflagging steadiness every step attained, from the first creeping on the hands and knees, to the tiptoe journey round the room, holding on by chairs and tables; then to the clinging to some loving hand; and then at last the graceful balancing of his light body, until he stood quite erect alone, and so moved slowly on.

It was in autumn that he was seized on the little one, just when the leaves were turning, and the orchard fruits becoming ripe. His nurse attributed it to his sitting on a crab apple, but nature is one of those uncertain autumn days; but he, in his childish way, always maintained, 'It was Francis himself—eating red berries in the holly bower.' However this may have been, the season and the time seemed indelibly impressed upon his mind. In all his long confinement to the house, his thoughts continually turned to outward objects, to the external face of nature and the season's change, and evermore his little word of hope was this, 'When the summer comes.'

He kept it up throughout the long winter and the bleak cold spring. A fairy little carriage had been provided for him, in which, well wrapped up from the cold, and resting on soft cushions, he was lightly drawn along by a servant, to his own great delight, and the admiration of many a young beholder. But when any one attempting to reconcile him to the better to his position—expiated on the beauty or comfort of his new acquisition, his super look, and would show how far he went beyond it, as quickly interrupting, he would exclaim, 'Wait till the summer comes—then Francis will walk again!'

During the winter there was a fearful storm; it shook the windows, mourned in the old trees, and howled down the chimneys with a pitying voice. Older hearts than Francis's quelled that night, and he, unable to sleep, lay listening to it all—quiet, but asking many a question, as his excited fancy formed similitudes to the sounds. One time it was poor little children cruelly turned out, and walking; then trampling with its last howling cry; then wolves and bears, from far-off other lands. But all the while Francis knew he was song and safe himself; so fears disturbed him, whatever the noise may have done. Throughout the whole of it he carried his one steadfast hope, and in the morning, telling of it all, with all his marvellous thoughts, he finished his relation with the never-failing word of comfort, 'Ah! there shall be no loud wind, no waking nights, when once the summer comes!'

The summer came with its glad birds and flowers, its balmy air; and who can paint the exquisite delight of the suffering child that waited for it so long? Having almost continually in the open air, he seemed to expect fresh health and strength from each reviving breath he drew, and every day would decom himself up to such some greater effort, as if to prove that his expectation had not been in vain. One lovely day he and his little playfellows were in a group amusing themselves in part of the garden where some friends passed through. Francis, longing to show how much he could do, intreated hard to be taken with them, 'along the walk just to the holly bower.' His request was granted, and on he did walk; quick at first, then slowly slower: but still upheld by his strong faith in the summer's genial influence, he would not rest in any of the offered arms, though the little colour went and came, and the pauses grew more and more frequent. No; with a heavy sigh he admitted, 'Tis a very, very long walk now: but Francis must not be tired: sure the summer is come.' And so, determined not to admit fatigue in the face of the season's bright proofs around him, he succeeded in accomplishing his little task at last.

Thus the summer passed away, and again came the changing autumn, acting upon poor little Francis to a degree he had never reckoned on, and with its chill damp air nearly throwing him back again. With a greater effect even than before, he had again tried the walk to the holly bower, the scene of his self-assuming misdemeanour as the cause of all his sufferings. He sat down to rest; above his head, as the autumnal breeze swept through them, the polished leaves and berries red did rustling play; and as little Francis looked upwards towards them, a memory of the former year, and of all the time that had passed since then, seemed for the first time mournfully to steal over him. He nestled closer to his mother's side; and still looking up, but with more thoughtful eyes, he said, 'Mamma, is the summer come again?'

'Yes, my darling. Don't you see the scarlet berries, the food of winter for the little birds?'

'Quite gone, mamma, and Francis not quite well.'

His mother looked away; she could not bear her child to see the tell-tale tears in her mournerful little word, called up, or know the sad echo returned by her own desponding thoughts. There was a moment's silence, only broken by the blackbird's song; and then she said a soft, little kiss, upon her hand, and looking down, she saw her darling's face—yes, surely now it was as an angel's—gazing upward to her, brightly beaming, brighter than ever; and her rosy lips just parted with their own sweet smile again as he exclaimed in joyous tones, 'Mamma, the summer will come again!'

Precious was that heaven-born word of childish faith to the careworn mother, to cheer her then, and, with its memory of hope, still to sustain her through many an after-experiment and anxious watch, until at last she reaped her rich reward in the complete realization of her bright one's hopes. Precious to more than such words may be, if bravely stemming our present troubles, whatever it be—bravely enduring, persevering, encouraging others and ourselves, "even as that little child—" we hold the promise. Older hearts than Francis's have seen summer bring round its different seasons, as day succeeds to night—and even as surely as we look for this, and know it—so to the trusting heart there comes a time—it may be soon or late, it may be now, or it may be then—when this grief or grievance will have passed away; and ay! all will seem nothing—when the summer comes!

AUTUMNS.

No. 2.—THE LETTRE DE CACHET.

There was a period of some duration when the word lettre de cachet, whispered in the salons of Paris, spread among its gay and thoughtful inhabitants alarm and terror. Even the couriers in the gilded halls of Versailles, as they flattered in their glistening train around the dazzling pageant that represented grandeur and monarchy, turned pale as they heard the word and that presented to their bewildered imaginations visions of gloomy dungeons, of mysterious agents, and of machines of torture in every shape and form. The dusty walls
of the Bastile rose up in formidable array before their eyes; they heard the roar of the carriages which crossed the drawbridge that cut off every thought of communication with the busy world, and condemned them to silence, to sorrow, and perhaps to the grave.

They knew that the presentation of the lettre de cachet to the governor of the Bastile was a signal that, consigned them to oblivion; for their dearest friends, when once they heard that this act of power had been gone through, would trouble themselves no further as to their fate, lest they themselves should become participants in the folly, the guilt, or the punishment of the hapless prisoners.

The missives that originally emanated from the sovereign were of three kinds—letters patent, letters under the great seal, and letters under the privy seal. The first was open to all; it usually commenced with, 'To the king's most loyal subjects,' or 'To all whom it may concern,' or 'Know all men by these presents'—forms which, borrowed from the French law, were introduced by the Norman conquerors into England. These were signed by the king, countersigned by the secretary of state, and sealed with the seal of state. They were generally issued from the council of state, and were such edicts, ordinances, and charters as the sovereign in his council chose to promulgate; and to these were attached the words par le roi en son conseil.

The second kind of missives were such grants of title, of property, of naturalization, and of favour, as the king was pleased in the exercise of his prerogative to bestow: they were signed by him, and by the secretary of state, and were sent to the office of the keeper of the great seal to receive the authoritative impression; or to the keeper of the privy seal, when edicts of minor importance were required. But the lettres de cachet were not written upon parchment, nor upon ministerial paper; they were admitted to be legal even upon the commonest sheet of paper; they were signed by the king, and countersigned by the secretary of state; they were then enveloped in another sheet of paper, and could only be opened by the individual to whom they were addressed; the guilt of high treason, and the consequent forfeiture of life, being the penalty attached to the open breach of this delicate covenant, is it not strange that the knowledge of the contents was so generally understood to have conveyed the information that the procurer-general was about to send those miserable tools of power whose office it was to bring confession by torture, and then appear as witnesses of the acknowledgment of guilt. On the back is endorsed, in the handwriting of Colbert, signed with his name, 'Order to allow six persons, musqueteers, to M. Beaujon, 6th of March, 1674.'

The purpose for which these instruments of the ministers were admitted cannot be doubted; and, as to confirm the suspicion such a document always carried with it, there are still stains of blood on the paper, evidently the gramp of the finger and the thumb of the executioner when delivering up the authority by which he had entered the Bastile, and upon which he had acted. Further research has led to the knowledge of the fact, that M. Beaujon, suspected of a traitorous correspondence with the enemies of Spain, had been tried, and found guilty, on his own acknowledgment, of the facts laid to his charge.

There is evident proof of the lavish use which Cardinal Richelieu made of the lettres de cachet; there exist many historic documents which bore witness to this, and this, therefore, whatever unpopularity the cardinal was compelled to bear, arose out of his sending a willing ear to his advice. Father Joseph, a name execrated by the majority of historians, had originally been a military man, but had become a capuchin monk. Banished to Avignon, he had been recalled by Richelieu, to give him his silent aid in state affairs; for which his cunning, his prudence, and his subserviency, were admirably adapted. Promises were perpetually held out to him at every dark step he took; and on every occasion when he was entangled in a maze, that upon his extraction from his difficulties he should be raised to a bishopric. But he was always disappointed; the suit was always placed before his eyes, but he was never allowed to exercise his brow with it. Imprisonment in the fortress of the Bastile was pointed out to him by the cardinal as the best means of getting rid of a troublesome enemy, but as occasionally the edict which would attend upon such a measure might create a clamour, or wake some disturbance, it was thought right that everything connected with the seclusion of the individual should be conducted with the utmost silence and secrecy. The arrest was to be made with as little publicity as possible; the guard necessary to take possession of the accused was to be formed of persons in whom the utmost confidence could be placed, and, who, from being immediately about the king, were attached to the royal person. The prisoner was to be taken at his house, or to his place of confinement, to be received by the governor of the tower himself, who from that moment became responsible for his person, his actions, and his communication with the external world, and who alone knew the contents of the lettre de cachet. This letter usually gave definite instructions to the governor as to the nature of the seclusion, whether the deep dungeon, the solitary cell, or a higher class of accommodation, was granted. It pointed out the special treatment to which the prisoner was to be submitted, but generally in a conventional language, understood only by him to whom it was addressed. A letter in the days of Louis XIV. usually commenced, 'M. de Bernier, it being necessary that Monsieur should enter my castle of the Bastile, I write this letter to tell you my intentions'; then follows such commands as it was considered necessary should be given. Several of these documents exist, and amongst others, a collection of autographs, is seen one headed as above, with directions to allow the witnesses of the procurer-general to have access at a certain hour, for such purposes as they may require, to M. Beaujon, confined within the castle of the Bastile. This order, signed by Louis, and countersigned by Colbert, bears the date of the 1st of May, which is generally understood to have conveyed the information that the procurer-general was about to send those miserable tools of power whose office it was to bring confession by torture, and then appear as witnesses of the acknowledgment of guilt. On the back is endorsed, in the handwriting of Colbert, signed with his name, 'Order to allow six persons, musqueteers, to M. Beaujon, 6th of March, 1674.'
Mild, gentle, and winning were the manners of Cardinal Fleury: all who approached him were charmed with his propoising appearance; his soft and gentle tones swept upon the ear of the listener, and every one left his presence with the conviction that he was governing France with a tender and paternal care; yet the moment were the dungeons of the Bastille echoing with the groans of his captives, who called for pity, for mercy, or for vengeance! He who had been the dispenser of the charities of Louis XIV., who had been the friend of the poor and the needy, who was considered the kind-hearted and the most implacable of men, and the most fiery of reatals. His name is said to have been attached to between twenty and thirty names indiscriminately, the names of the victim to be inserted at their pleasure. The nobility made fearful use of this license; domestic servants, convenient remonstrances, women who wanted him to pay their bills, parents who would not permit their daughters to be insulted, husbands whose attachments to their wives interfered with the love affairs, all were brought up under various pretences. The hatred broke to the news of a lettre de cachet, and the mysterious statutes were shewn off by the populace, upon the first breaking out of the great Revolution, to demolish this glorious fortress, this image of the despotism under which Paris had so long groaned. Upon the destruction of the edifice, seven state-prisoners only were found within the walls—an evidence that of late the lettres de cachet had been sparingly used.

Among the articles which were preserved are two manuscript volumes of singular utility in historical research. They were the day-books kept in the Bastille by the Governor De Launay, from the moment he was intrusted with the command, to the day on which he fell, together with his major, Lenois Solbrey, under the blows of a fierce mob, that took him from the gate under promise of not being killed. The books were found among scores of knowledge within the Bastille. Among them are several names of individuals who have been distinguished in the war, and the fate of all these famous men is confusedly gathered together. The papers preserved were few in number; but they included several of these lettres de cachet which were published after the fall of the Bastille. With the Bastille has disappeared, it is hoped, for ever, such arbitrary means of governing a nation. With that fortress, and with the lettres de cachet, fell the despotism of the monarchs of the race of Bourbon. It is a fact well known, that notwithstanding the short distance between Versailles and Paris, the news of what was passing in the city, while the inhabitants of the Faubourg St Antoine were destroying the Bastille, did not reach the court. With its usual round of festivities and frivolities. The evening passed off without Louis XVI. having the slightest suspicion that his crown was passing away. Laroche-aoudouin lived, when his majority had retired to rest, entered his bedroom, and told him that the Bastille was in the hands of the mob.

"What say you, duke?—throwing himself into a chair—Then there is a revolt?"

"Sire," replied the nobleman with solemnity, "there is a revolution!" It was so, and the world has inferred upon humanity are almost incorruptible; but still it must not be forgotten that the ministers to whom was committed the charge of watching over a mighty nation, neglected the solemn duties imposed upon them. They did not seek to repress crime; but they fostered, and then punished. Their instruments were as miraculous as their policy. But generations, thank God, have now learned to rely upon better maxims.

THE FIRST PUPIL OF THE CLAREMONT DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION.

The village of Glasnevin is pleasantly situated on the river Tolka, and though not more than two miles from Dublin, from its rural and retired appearance, it might be supposed far from any city. It is interesting from being associated with the names of some celebrated Irishmen. It was the favorite resort of Tickell, Addison, Swift, Delany, Steele, Sheridan, and Parriell; and some of the relics of former days are still to be found there. The Devalle, situated on a gentle eminence in the midst of lawns and plantations, was formerly the seat of Dean Delany, and was often the scene where these men of letters met to enjoy social intercourse. It was there that Swift and his Stella delighted to be received as guests. A little temple stands in this spot, and Mrs Delany's paintings, and a medallion bust of Stella; and under the building a printing-press was found, which Swift used to use in order to get a little money. We have often sat in the shadybower, which still goes by the name of Stella's Bower, where it is said that at one time there were more than twenty tenants. The Botanic Garden occupies the ground which was once Tickell's demesne. In the year 1793, it was covered thirty acres: it has probably been added to since then. It is laid out on scientific principles, and with infinite skill in the combination of great beauty with all that is interesting and instructive to the botanist. Besides the taste displayed in the disposition of the splendid collection of plants, the garden has natural advantages, which add considerably to its charms; a river which flows through it, fine old timber, and undulations of ground, give a variety seldom to be met with in places systematically laid out. Claremont, the institution for the deaf and dumb, is in the immediate neighborhood. It is beautifully situated in the midst of meadows and gardens, which extend over nineteen acres. Seventy pupils are lodged and educated to whom the sum of 1200 has been given, and the institution is renewed by the funds were sufficient for their support. A most successful system of education for the deaf and dumb is found in the school of the national institutions, the establishment of this is owing to the humanity and zeal of a single individual, who has since emigrated. The pupils are taught the three languages in the usual way, and are made capable of following the course of instruction in any part of the country. But long before he left its shores, he had the gratification of seeing the institution which his zealous exertions called into existence firmly established, and it remains a noble memorial of worth and energy.

Dr Charles Orpen having finished his medical and surgical studies in Edinburgh and London, made a tour through the south and west of England (having previously visited the north) to examine the principal hospitals, prisons, manufactories, &c. Among a number of letters of introduction, he had one to Dr Lys of Birmingham, who handed him the first report of an institution for the deaf and dumb just established there. So little interest did Dr Orpen feel at that time in the subject, that he laid the document aside, and did not visit the school; but he afterwards happened to look into the report, and as he read, he became interested; and at length the wish to found an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb, the first ever attempted in Ireland, took complete possession of his mind. He selected from the Bedford Asylum, as the subject of preliminary experiment, Thomas Collins, a deaf and dumb child, because he appeared to him the most neglected. He succeeded in teaching him to pronounce any letter, syllable, word, or sentence
in any language written in English characters, and to know a pretty large number of nouns and adjectives, and a few verbs, and some of the common particles. He could also reckon to any amount, write a pretty good hand, perform the first three simple rules of arithmetic, construct some sentences, and answer a few simple questions. The great patience exercised to forward Dr Orpen's object cannot be overrated. 'As soon as the institution was established,' says the doctor, 'I of course relinquished to it my little pupil.' Not only did the mind of the poor child expand, and his intellect brighten under this judicious training, but his affections, which had been totally without object, were now powerfully excited and tenderly cherished, and never yet were love and gratitude more strongly exemplified than in this poor boy. For a considerable time Dr Orpen taught in the school; but finding it interfered too much with his professional duties, a competent person was placed at the head of the establishment; but he still continued to give great part of his valuable time and attention to it. He traversed distant lands, that he might visit the foreign schools for the deaf and dumb, and corresponded largely with those engaged in educating them. His lectures, embodied in some of the annual reports of the Claremont Institution, contain a fund of interesting information, and a variety of anecdotes connected with the subject. A week never passed without Collins spending at least one day with Dr Orpen, whose care he repaid with unbounded love and almost religious devotion. The money that was given to him by his is laid out for charity; but having at length accumulated a sum, he gave the whole to the institution, so that his name actually appeared in its reports as a contributor. Indeed among the many good feelings which it would have been impossible not to have observed in this deaf and dumb orphan, his peculiar tenderness for those who laboured under a similar misfortune to his own, and his anxious desires that they should participate in the advantages of education, were very touching. But it was not by his gift alone that he was of use to the establishment, from his superior intelligence, and the progress which he made, he soon became a monitor, and assisted in giving instruction. His letters, which appeared from time to time in the annual reports, were very interesting, as showing the quickness of observation which took account of all that was presented to him. His descriptions of the various exhibitions to which he was brought and the remarkable impressions made on him, were with amusing naïveté: the phraseology is like that of a foreigner. Among his letters, that to George IV. was printed. When the king inspected that institution, Collins was one of the children appointed to write to him, and mentioned it to a friend, who conceived it was a vague notion which would soon pass away. Collins, however, procured some gilt-edged paper, he made a fair copy, and having directed it to his majesty, consigned it to the post-office. It ran thus—

'My Dear George—I hope I will see you when you come here to see the deaf and dumb pupils. I am very sorry that you never did come here to see them. I never saw you. You ought to see the deaf and dumb boys and girls. I will be very glad to see you, if you will come here often to see me. Did you ever see the deaf and dumb in London? In what country did you see the deaf and dumb? The boys and girls are much improving, and very comfortable here. Are you interested in seeing the deaf and dumb? All the soldiers in the armies belong to you. The king of England gives a great deal of money to them. You must write a letter to me soon. I am very much pleased with writing a letter to you. I want to get a letter from you. I am much polite, and very fond of you. I have many brothers and sisters have you? Would you like to see me at Claremont? I could not go to London, because there is too much of a ship's captain of a ship for me. I am an orphan, and a very poor boy. God will bless you. I love God very much, because he is the Creator of all things, and sent his Son to save us from sin. He supports us, and gives us everything, and makes us alive in the world. Do you know grammar, geography, Bible, arithmetic, astronomy, and dictionary? I know them very little. Claremont is a very beautiful place; it has a great deal of meadows, ponds, lakes, trees, flowers, gardens, a horse, and an ass. I am thinking of everything, and to be polite to every one. Some of the deaf and dumb boys are always working in our garden. I have been at school for four years and a-half. I am sixteen years of age. I am very delighted that I am improving very much. Perhaps I will be an assistant of the Deaf and Dumb School. There are forty-one pupils at Claremont. Where were you born? I was born in Dublin. I am quite deaf and dumb, and can speak very well. Would you like to correspond with me? I would be very fond of you. You ought to write a long letter to me soon. What profession are you of? I never see you. I am very anxious to see you indeed, and would like to see the king of England very much. We want a new schoolroom, and we want to have more deaf and dumb boys and girls at Claremont, but we have not money enough to buy clothes and food for them. Will you send us some deaf and dumb children, and give us money to pay for educating them? I am your affectionate friend, Thomas Collins, near Dublin.'

The king, although unused to being addressed by strangers through the medium of the post-office, and to reading the familiar style in which it was written, was not sensibly touched by its unaffected simplicity; but no more was heard of it till a short time before his departure from Ireland, when one day the inmates of Claremont were greatly astonished to see one of the royal carriages drive up the avenue, and stop at the door. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and the gentleman who accompanied him, inquired for Thomas Collins, as they had been commanded by his majesty, in consequence, they said, of a letter which had interested the king deeply. The gentlemen stood at the far end of the drawing-room, to observe the boy's countenance as he read the letter which they brought. The boy read the address to himself, and turning the letter to open it, instantly perceived that the seal resembled those which he had seen on official letters from the castle, and guessed it was an answer to his letter to the king: he begged for scissors, that he might not open it himself, but he must open it most carefully. On reading the letter, which contained a draft in his favour on the king's banker for £10, he was in an ecstasy, with a strong desire to reread his words, countenance, and gestures, that the strangers were delighted. The sum was put into the savings' bank, and afterwards laid out in purchases. He went to see Dr Orpen, and having procured some gilt-edged paper, he made a fair copy; and having directed it to his majesty, consigned it to the post-office. It ran thus—
volent pursuits, took him to his home to superintend a printing press; and here we lose farther trace of the first pupil of the first Irish institution for the education of the deaf and dumb.

ATMOSPHERIC WAVES.

On this subject a correspondent, who dates from Amblese, writes as follows:—In an article on the Chemistry of Creation, in Part 79 of your Journal, you speak of the atmospheric waves, a phenomenon which is at present one of the subjects of scientific examination, and which has been observed for some time past to manifest itself more remarkably about the middle of November. Another remarkable and hitherto unexplained phenomenon, called the Indian Summer in North America, and the dé se St Martin in Switzerland, occurs regularly in the same month, and lasts about the same time; from which concurrence and coincidence you conjecture, and very reasonably, I think, that the two phenomena are related to each other. I have now to propose to your consideration another, which seems to me to be related to both, and may per-
haps furnish a clue for the explanation of the whole mystery, or at least indicate the line on which the exam-
ination should be pursued. It is this—that on the other
side of the equator, in America, at the very same time, the heat of the weather is suddenly invaded by a cold current, which the Spanish inhabitants of the country call the 'Yelos de la Andes,'—the Chills of St. Andrew—because they occur not long before the celebration of the festival of that saint and apostle. Now the synchronism of the phenomena in both hemispheres, as it would seem to refer them to one and the same general cause, so the reverseness of their effects, as to sensation, for I can speak to nothing else, would indicate that general cause to be magnetism. For supposing the atmospheric wave to be magnetic and polar, we ought to expect that the effects of it on either side the equator would be respectively reversed—that what was warm in the one hemisphere would be cold in the other. Since, then, the phenomena answer exactly to this condition of polarity, I venture to submit that the atmospheric waves are somehow related to magnetism and considering the warmth and coolness which attend them in the opposite hemispheres respectively, I would further suggest that the magnetism is ionic. I have lived many years in North and South America, and can answer for the regular recurrence of the Indian Summer and the Yelos de San Andrés, with more or less intensity, during all the time.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

1. If you wish to secure the reputation of being an honest man, pay your debts. 2. If you would avoid bringing disgrace upon the religious party you belong to, pay your debts. 3. If you are anxious to get a good article, and be charged the lowest possible price for your goods, never delay in paying your debts. 4. If you wish to obtain good credit as your business may require, be sure to pay your debts. 5. If you wish to preserve the terms of friendship with those you trade with, pay your debts. 6. If you would avoid embarrassing others who are depending upon the settlement of your account, pay your debts. 7. If you wish to prevent mistakes and litigation, keep your accounts well adjusted, and pay your debts. 8. If you wish to aid in the circulation of money, never let cash remain by you, but pay your debts. 9. If you would do to others as you wish them to do to you, you ought to pay your debts. 10. If you wish to stand clear of the charge of lying, and making false excuses, pay your debts. 11. If you desire to pursue your business with peace of mind, pay your debts. 12. If, in the expectation of death, you would like to leave your affairs in a satisfactory condition, pay your debts. 13. If you wish to do what is right in the sight of God and man, you must pay your debts. 14. Should your debts be ever so old, or should you have taken the benefit of the Act, if you have the means, you are not a just man unless you pay your debts. To enable you to pay, adopt the following advice:—Let your food, living, and equipage be plain and as cheaply as possible; reserve your clothing; abstain from wine and all intoxicating liquors, and never keep it in the house; do not sink your capital by purchasing plate or splendid furniture; have as few parties as possible; be careful as to speculations, and never extend your trade beyond your means; never aspire to be shareholders in banks, railways, &c.; have as few men about you as is convenient, and none of a suspicious character; be determined to refuse all offers of partnerships; be careful as to lending money or being bound with others; avoid all lawsuits; keep your books posted, and keep well to the accounts of your customers; bring up your family to economy and industry: if you observe these things, you will always be able, with God’s blessing, to pay your debts.—Newspaper paragraph.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

Cloud! following sunwards o’er the evening sky,
Take thou my soul upon thy speedy wings, and fly,
Rifter than light, invisible as air;
Fly—whereah, whither?
—Stay,—where my soul would stay: then wait and fall,
Like leaves at sight-tide slain, unseen by all;
As some sad spirit had been wandering round
The garden of my heart.

Wandering, yet never finding rest nor calm;
Wounded and faint, yet asking not for balm;
God help—all fearless joy’s long-slept guest.
May gap—to thee be offered, friend of man.

Cloud! sailing westward tugged with purple dye,
Mocking me, as all helpfully I live;
Ah, cloud,—my longing cored; for me were best
Another rest.

Then let me wing with thee to those fields of air
Where earth and heaven meet and fill the roadward bear,
Till angels meet us with their wings of fire
That never tire.

Then, standing westly at Heaven’s golden door,
Piloted, where I thrilled—it, when once so poor,
I shall forget—ah! only, only pain;
Love will remain!

And sometimes, sweeping down on waves unfurl’d,
To work Heaven’s unseen work throughout the world,
A happy spirit shall some wandering round
The garden’s bound.

Dropping—not tears, but monstages heavenly-willed,
Puddling what in life was never foiled;
Since with the last great change the veil was torn,
And Love was born.

DECLINE OF ROYAL AND NOBLE FAMILIES.

It has often occurred to us that a very interesting paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families. Truly does Dr Bodlase remark, that ‘the most lasting houses have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength; they have their spring and summer, summer and autumn, their rise, decline, and death.’ Take, for example, the Plantagenets, the Staффords, and the Nevilles, the three most illustrious names on the roll of English nobility. What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, in personal achievement, our Henrys and our Edwards? and yet we find the great-great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George Duke of Clarence, following the craft of a cobler at the little town of Newport, in Shropshire, in the year 1637. Besides, if we were to investigate the fortunes of many of the inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be discovered that the aspiring blood of Lancaster had sunk into the ground. The princely stream flows at the present time through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., king of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occ Mr Joseph Smart, of Halesowen, butcher, and Mr George W Ibbose, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper’s Bank, near Dudley; and among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we may mention Mr Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St George’s, Hanover Square.—Barrie’s Anecdotes of the Papacy.