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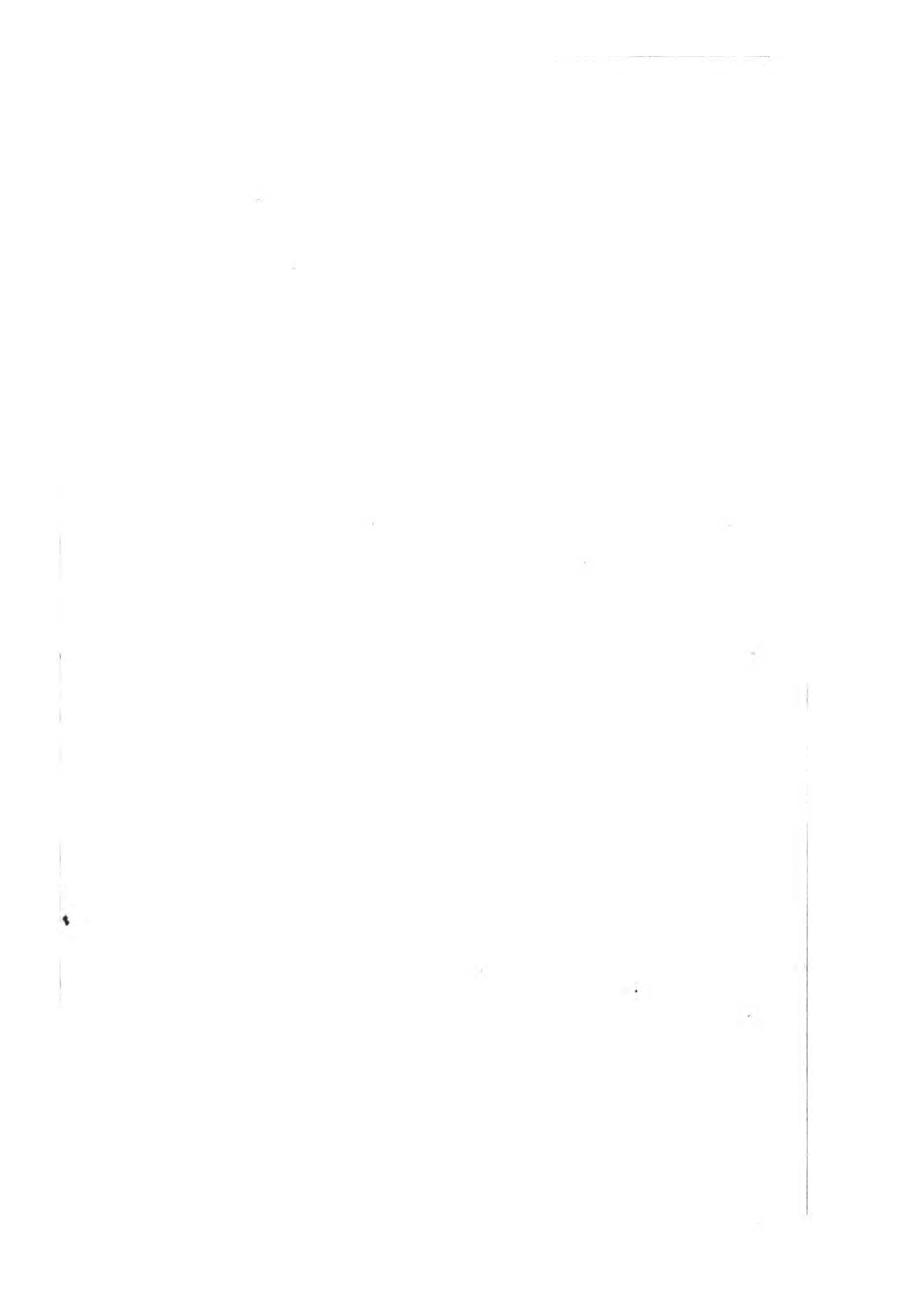
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Pwq.A Gen. 10





THE
NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL OF

Popular Literature,

AND

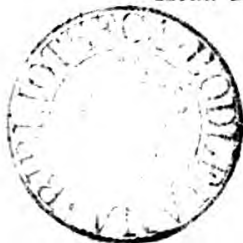
A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

OCCURRING IN THE

COUNTIES OF NORTHAMPTON, HUNTINGDON, LINCOLN,
CAMBRIDGE, AND RUTLAND.

~~~~~  
EDITED BY MR. THOMAS SMITH,

*Head Master of the Classical School, Peterborough.*



**VOL. I.**

PETERBOROUGH:

E. T. HAMBLIN, NARROW BRIDGE STREET.

LONDON: WHITTAKER & Co., AVE MARIA LANE.





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 ERRATA.
 

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Page 130, line 5, read *They* for *We*.

    " 151, " 9, " *faint-hearted* for *fainted-hearted*.

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 1.]

JULY, 1864.

[Vol. 1.

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## ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

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"The *News Magazine!*" Well! and why not "The *News Magazine?*"

We had thought of calling it the "*Original Magazine*"—but sincerely believing there had been Magazines published before July, 1864, we could hardly summon courage to adopt *that* as the *title* of our production; so we named our New Magazine—"The *News Magazine*"—and we most respectfully ask you to recognize it by that appellation.

It will, nevertheless, contain some things *very original*, such as have never before been heard of by the "oldest inhabitant," nor read of in our mundane annals.

We shall give, some months hence (if our Magazine should not prematurely explode), an account of events which have not yet happened, and we shall hope to do so in a satisfactory manner.

We shall try to please all; juvenescent, adolescent, and senescent.

We claim no indulgence, beyond asking you to give us a fair trial—that our acquaintance with you may not be evanescent.

We tell you plainly, and honestly, that we have made up our mind to either succeed in obtaining popularity, or to fail in the attempt—unless, however, we are greatly deceiving ourselves, we shall be able to procure for our Periodical such a circulation, as shall amply compensate us for our undertaking.

We bear in mind, that it is not in the power of any person—whether he comes out boldly with the egotistic, "I," or, shelters himself under the umbrageous "We"—to *command* success; yet, one thing is certain, *in our case, the "We" will strive to DESERVE it.*

We purpose, then, with your assistance, to appear monthly, and to give you the benefit of the observations which we have seen fit to make upon things *in general*, and which, as far as we have been able to ascertain, have been made *upon us in particular.*

We shall use our best endeavours to conduct you along the safest paths of morality, which paths you will be able to descry by carefully observing the bent of our "Tales." Conductors, and those desirous of being properly conducted, shall continually hail, with pleasure, the rewards achieved by good conduct.

In order, also, to add a stimulus to the performance of praiseworthy actions amongst all classes—we shall give a Biography of some important personage, as well as some special notice of all important marriages, and other matters of domestic interest, which shall take place in this district.

We shall, from time to time, give translations of our own, from the Greek and Latin Classics.

We shall propose questions in Algebra and Arithmetic, and we shall be glad to insert the names of those who oblige us with the correct answers. We shall introduce Riddles, both of home and foreign manufacture, to sift the intellect of our juvenile friends.

As we are blessed with a poetical turn of mind, we shall turn this lucky circumstance to the advantage of our Readers. A chronological chapter of accidents and events will be found in each number—and, if we receive the encouragement we anticipate—we shall make it our sole aim to deserve such patronage, and to become a medium for spreading useful and amusing information—Horace says, “*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,*” and we too, shall try to gain “every point,” by mingling the “useful with the agreeable.”

We are in a position to state (and we frankly admit that we feel not a little elevated by our discovery), that, having taken soundings along the Nene, each way, from the Bridge at Peterborough for some distance; and having made ourselves acquainted with the ethological character of the inhabitants living contiguous to that River, as well as of those dwelling in the Fens—and moreover, having studied the geographical position of the said Fens—we have arrived at the conclusion, that “The News Magazine” will be found (especially in the hibernal months) a welcome companion in the homes of many who are well known to us.

We have been asked what our *politics* will be—but, as we thought that somewhat of an irrelevant, and inquisitive question—we replied, we should wish to keep in repute about the “Middle Level”—and, now, having thought over this matter a little more carefully, we beg to tell you, in confidence, that we shall *avoid extremes* in everything. We shall not wish to tear away like a Roebuck—nor allow our course to appear as if we were guided by any Star—however bright. We would rather emulate the Sun, and keep within due bounds from year to year.

We desire to be friendly with all, and to offend no one.

It remains now to be stated, we shall be happy to receive literary contributions, and suggestions from any one, on any topic whatever, of public interest.

We hope our pages will soon shine with the native talent of the Midland Counties, and that many will avail themselves of our vehicle to ride with us (we trust), to favour and to fame.

We shall only require to know *the exact whereabouts* of our contributors, in case we *should* feel disposed, on seeing the balance at our Bankers *very large*, to send them a cheque to check it.

We fear, however, this forward view is like Neptune's prospect in Virgil's *Æneid*, when he looked ahead—a long way to sea (or *see* if you like it better), and we only hope, if we *should* find ourselves in a like dilemma, we may be able to exhibit the same “placid countenance” that he did, when *his Banks* were overflowing.

We have expressed the hope recorded above—because we have heard it said, that, “Prosperity is often more difficult to bear than adversity,” and many believe this to be invariably the case. It may be because the former is *finer*, and *more attractive*—and hence, fraught with some danger in the *gross*, to the subjects if its influence; whilst the latter may be termed a *re-finer* and, more *subtractive*; which words imply that the NETT weight borne

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by those without such influence is, in a mercantile point of view, not so ponderous. Be this as it may—it is an idea which struck us (a minute ago), and which may afford some explanation of the sentence which we have placed within inverted commas.

We must now rein in our Leader; we assure you, gentle Readers, we have formed a very high opinion of *your power to appreciate* what is intended to be worthy of your approbation, and it shall go hard with us if we do not prove ourselves equal to your expectations.

Until the 1st of August next, FAREWELL!

*Peterborough, June 30th, 1864.*

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### PIROUROU.

*Written by Himself.*

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My history is composed of the most singular circumstances; condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice, that vice of society, which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am now married, rich, and happy, from having been the docile and tractable instrument, of an extraordinary act of mischievousness and spite. I was born in one of those sequestered little hamlets, situated in the neighbourhood of Montelimart. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age, arose from the exercise of a talent, which he had acquired in his youth, that of a bellows-mender. This, although not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined at that time of life, when I was considered capable of earning my own livelihood. Satisfied at first in following my business under the inspection of my father, my desires were few, and my range for thought somewhat limited. Nature, however, had happily endowed me with a disposition for industry, and after a time, I flattered myself that I not only equalled, but even excelled my master in proficiency. Ambition led me to imagine that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere, and some of my distant excursions, succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my aged parent, I found means to accumulate a small sum of money, which enabled me to take a journey to Lyons. I made my *debut* in that great city, amply provided with such articles as belonged to my trade, and the public places and most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well shaped; I sold my wares rapidly, and became a general favourite with the chamber-maids and housemaids, which was the utmost aim of my ambition.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse, as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied with sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which, I, nothing loath, responded to in a style of raillery, for which they were not prepared, and at which they evinced considerable surprise. I saw them look at each other significantly, and



immediately after, heard one of them say, "This will be our man." I own that these words made me start, finding myself alone in the dark without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young fellows. What would become of me was the reflection which occupied my mind, when one of them, who seemed to give a shrewd guess at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by addressing me in a tone of affability. "Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders), "Perourou," said he "you probably have not yet supped, neither have we. Our supper is ready; will you go with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us, without any further ceremony now, and we will talk with you afterwards. Do not be afraid; we are gentlemen. If you will not enter into our schemes we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honour of making the company laugh by some of my original observations. I had enjoyed my supper vastly, and inasmuch as I had drawn largely upon their liberality on my own account, I endeavoured to draw on my wit, for their pleasure, and to confirm them in the good opinion, which it appeared absolutely necessary, they should entertain of me, before they would come to a further explanation. When the servants had placed a dessert upon the table they withdrew, and during about five minutes, a profound silence prevailed amid the assembly, which, till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length he who presided at the repast, addressed me in the following words—"The ten persons with whom you have supped, are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint profits with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence, and we also acquire by our talents a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we enjoyed has been lately disturbed, by love on the one side, and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic, lives a picture dealer, who is himself an ordinary personage enough—but who has a daughter most exquisitely beautiful. The city of Lyons, large as it is, does not contain another master-piece, worthy of being compared with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect, and that defect is, intolerable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines, that none ought to aspire to her hand, under the rank of a prince or a nobleman. Her father, who is a very good connoisseur in painting, but who has a limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking glass, and habitual flattery from all around her, as it were incense offered at her shrine, have raised her natural self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence, or the distinctions of rank. I had the honour (for why speak in the third person, when it is my own history which I am relating), I had the honour of engaging her notice from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the

singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to some place of amusement. These slight favours turned my brain; I thought myself beloved, because I was preferred to others, and I even ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favourable ear to my offers. Indeed my family, my business, my fortune, and situation gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise, when on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance: 'Do you think, Sir, that a young woman like myself, was born for nothing better than to be wedded to an engraver?'

"I confess that this insulting remark, extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom, and I became immediately fired with a desire, to have my revenge upon such heartless, insufferable pride. 'My friends,' I exclaimed, to those who now surround us, 'this disdainful girl, has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us. Espouse my cause, I beseech you, as if it were your own, and let us form such a plan, as shall serve to show her that she has not indeed, been born to the honour of becoming the wife of an engraver.' Such is my history. Do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion, to merit being raised above your present position? Beneath the covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common share of understanding.—Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, needs only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"

"Yes," answered I, with firmness: "I perfectly comprehend the part you would have me act, and I will strive to fulfil it in such a manner, that you shall have no reason to regret, having selected 'Pirourou' for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week I bathed two hours morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion, and this was truly a matter of considerable difficulty. In the interval of bathing, one of the most elegant hair dressers of the city, gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with an assortment of the finest linen, and the most elegant costumes for the various seasons; and they were soon so fond of their new business, that we became inseparable. The whole of their leisure time was spent in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write, another some notions of drawing, a few lessons in music, a little, in short, of everything; so that during three months, my time, thoughts, and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies, and I soon perceived that this kind of life exactly suited my taste. I felt the utmost ardour to carry out to perfection these first rudiments of my education, which had become my chief delight. Nature had furnished me not only with a disposition to study, but with a memory so retentive, that my young friends observed with much astonishment and pleasure, the rapid progress of their scholar.

At length they considered me sufficiently accomplished to attempt the developement of their novel project. I was removed from my little upper floor, to take possession of a grand suite of rooms in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The poor bellows-mender disappeared altogether, and forthwith, way was made for the rich Marquis de Bonvillier, principal proprietor of the Mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture dealer, as a purchaser, who paid little attention to the cost, provided

the pieces were originals. A most perfect imitator of my tutors, I had learnt to twirl my seals, display my gold watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff box, on which was painted a fancy portrait which I was pleased to observe, though in a somewhat modest manner, was the picture of a beloved sister. I was desirous of pleasing, and I succeeded easily: but it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the wishes of my patrons, the daughter must be deceived too, and that in a way which required no trifling care to accomplish it satisfactorily. While I was meditating upon this point, the picture dealer remarked that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and he requested me to call again the same morning, inasmuch as he would not expose them for sale until I had first seen them, and made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate which awaited me. Instead of being received, as usual, by the father, it was the daughter whom till then I had in vain wished to see, or rather it was Beauty herself which stood before my eyes, in the form of that lovely young woman.

A feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible at my age, of passion than of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one real sentiment absorbed my whole soul; one idea entranced and enchained my faculties. The charming Beatrice soon perceived her conquest; she evidently triumphed over her achievement; she listened with an unmistakable complacency to the incoherent expressions of love which appeared to escape involuntarily from my lips. That one interview fixed my destiny for ever! all difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom—a single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I now so earnestly aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for paying a visit to the picture dealer, every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which I desired to have the opinion of the lovely Beatrice.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty; and, frequently when I was in conversation with her parent, did I notice the fine eyes of this charming young creature fixed upon me, with an expression of tender approbation.

Her father seemed to have no voice in the matter, beyond seconding her wishes in every respect. He lived for her, and his happiness was enhanced by whatever tended to contribute to the happiness of his child.

Six months passed in this manner, the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge, to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied, that they furnished me with funds far beyond the actual wants of the personage I represented. I received at length, a formal invitation from the picture dealer, to a fête which he intended to give in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me, loaded me with such palpable marks of attention, was so lovely, so enchanting, whether as mistress of the fête, or its brightest ornament, that the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion, which I



was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which for a moment dimmed her eyes, convinced me that pride was not the *only* feeling which agitated her bosom—I discovered I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with regard to the fortune. This was not at all difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave implicit credit to the story I related to him, concerning myself and my position. I informed him that my father lived a retired life at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout would deprive him of the felicity, of accompanying his son to the altar, but that he gave his consent to the marriage, and so much the more willingly, as the fortune of his house had been considerably augmented from the great interest I had always taken in the Mines in his province. I also made use of the words "without portion," in a way which almost told for itself, that I thought my fortune too considerable to require any augmentation by that of a wife. Before this interview terminated, we were perfectly agreed. I left, absolute master of the conditions; all I desired was to avoid any expensive and unnecessary *exaltation* as both the family of Beatrice and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage was fixed to take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminaries.

*To be continued in our next.*

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#### DR. JEUNE, BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

---

The Right Reverend Francis Jeune, D.D., son of the late Francis Jeune, Esq., was born in Jersey in 1806. He entered on one of the Jersey foundations at Pembroke, where he graduated B.A., in 1827, taking first-class honors in Literæ Humaniores, and he was subsequently chosen fellow of his College, then a college of small repute; in 1831, he became M.A. For four years (1830—4), he earned a high reputation as college tutor, and was public examiner in 1834. In that year he was appointed head master of King Edward's School, Birmingham, and took his D.C.L. degree. In this capacity his management was eminently successful. In 1838, he was appointed Dean of Jersey, and Rector of St. Heliers, and in 1843, he was elected to the mastership of his former college. The master of Pembroke is *ex officio* canon of Gloucester. As head master of his college, Dr Jeune obtained a higher reputation than he earned as an academical politician. He found Pembroke College unpopular; he made it one of the best colleges in the university; so that public schoolmen of the highest reputation were induced to put their names on its books. Dr. Jeune reduced the expenses of the undergraduates, gave them more accommodation, offered inducements to eminent public schoolmen, and by their reputation raised the name of his college to a height astonishing to any one who knew the Pembroke of 1840. He was always, it must be said, liberal to poor students, and he was by no means a martinet in point of discipline; which, however, found no relaxation under his able administration.

In 1859, he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and for the next three years he fulfilled the arduous and important duties of that office, with zeal and energy. He proved himself a very able man of business, and on secular matters, he was one of the most trustworthy authorities in the



university. As a most active member of all sorts of committees, as a university official who did all he could to reconcile the university and the city, Dr. Jeune deserves the highest praise; and his graceful and dignified treatment of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, when an undergraduate of Christ Church, has obtained a proper recognition from that illustrious personage. Towards the close of last year Dr. Jeune was appointed Dean of Lincoln; in the room of Thomas Garnier, B.C.L., lately deceased. More recently Lord Palmerston offered him the Bishopric of Peterborough which he duly accepted.

Dr. Jeune married in 1836, Margaret, daughter of H. Symons, Esq., and niece of the Warden of Wadham College (Benjamin Parsons Symons, D.D.); he has a family of three sons and two daughters.

Dr. Jeune owes, probably, his unusually rapid elevation to a deanery, and a bishopric, to his connection with Oxford University "Reform". He was a leading Liberal—a pioneer of Liberal opinions at a time when to be anything else than a Tory, was virtually ostracism. Naturally in 1850, he was appointed one of the "Commissioners to enquire into the state of the University of Oxford." With him were associated the leading Liberals of Oxford, Dr. Tait, Bishop of London, the Dean of Wells (Johnson), the Dean of Christ Church (Liddell), Professor Baden Powell, &c. Dr. Jeune was one of the most active, energetic, and persevering members of the commission. How it ended we all know. Dissenters are allowed the privilege of a B.A. degree, and they can, as undergraduates, be admitted into the colleges.

As an author his Lordship has published *Sermons* (preached before the University of Oxford); *A Sermon* (preached at the Tercentenary Anniversary of King Edward's School, Birmingham); *A Sermon* (preached at the consecration of Dr. Jackson, Bishop of Lincoln), 1853.

The clergy of the diocese of Peterborough, will, without question, find in him a thoroughly able administrator of those numerous and important duties which devolve upon him as their Bishop. Dr. Jeune brings with him a reputation of that character which justifies the public in looking for more important results to follow his administration of the affairs of the diocese, than would be at all natural to expect from a man of less elevated attainments.

#### A JEST OF PEELE AND SINGER\*.

G. Peele and Singer travelling together  
 Neare Cambridge towne, where they oft times had playde;  
 It was in summer, and full hot the weather;  
 Sitting beneath a spreading beeches shade,  
 They saw a drove of pigs all coming thither,  
 A clownish hoggerd driving.—Now, Peele saide,  
 Ile showe you sporte; doe you my councill keepe,  
 And Ile perswade the clowne his pigges are sheepe.  
 Go you on forward, or he sees you here,  
 And meete him coming, and unto him say,  
 Holla my friend! are thy sheepe very deare?  
 I would buy some; soe stoppe them on the waye.—

\* This curious metrical piece was found in a MS. belonging to Mr. Collier; the exploit is attributed to Peele the dramatist, and Singer the actor.

Singer agreed, and made a circuit cleare  
 Over the fieldes, and that without delaye,  
 That he might meet the hoggerd on his roade,  
 Some halfe mile on, whilst G. Peele there abode.

Soone as the pigs came neare him and the man,  
 G. Peele stept forward and survey'd the drove,  
 As he would buy some, and bespake him than.—

Those truly are fine sheepe, I sweare by Jove,  
 I nere saw finer since my time began :

Wilt thou sell one ? for mutton much I love.—  
 And true it was stewde mutton he lov'd well,  
 As anie man twixt this and Clerkenwell.

The hoggerd, hearing thus his pigs calde sheepe,  
 Did laugh outright whilst G. continued on :—

Tell me, my friend, what shall I give to keepe  
 One of thy sheepe ? Say, and the bargaines done.—

What ! cried the clowne, art thou not half asleepe,  
 To take my pigs for sheepe ? sheepe are they none,  
 But pigs ; and harke how they squeake, grunt, and snore  
 Ich never heard a sheepe bleate soe before.—

Man, thou art mad, quoth Peele, and I will wager  
 These angels gainst a sheepe that sheepe they are.—

Done, said the peasant to the humorous stager :

Take which you will, for hang me if I care.—  
 Youle wish, ere long, said G., you had been sager,  
 Ime very sure : but prithee now declare,  
 Who shall be judge betweene us : shall we saye  
 The first man that we meet upon the way ;

With all my hart, the hoggerd answered.

Singer, be sure, was not far off by now :  
 They saw him coming on the road. Then said  
 The hoggerd, Here's a stranger, as I vowe :  
 It may be Adam, or Ile loose my head.—

His verdict in the matter Ile alowe,  
 Geo. Peele replied : to mee to[o]he's a stranger.  
 Thy sheepe, good frend, is mine, and in my danger.

When pigges are sheepe it is, but not till then,  
 The clowne replied. And so they drove a long  
 To meete with Singer, who, some nine or ten  
 Yardes distant, stood and gazde upon the throng  
 Of hogges, all grunting as when in a pen.—

How sell you, you, your sheepe ? for them among  
 I see some fine ones, that I faine would buy.  
 How do you sell your sheepe ? Ile buy one, I.

There ! exclaimed G., does he not call them sheepe ?

And sheepe they are, albeit pigs you call them.  
 I have won my wager : one is mine to keepe,  
 And you were lucky not to jeoperd all them.

The hoggerd starde, and cride, If so you clepe  
 Pigs sheepe you have no eies, but faire befall them !  
 If you have eies, then I my wittes have lost.—  
 And that you have, said George, unto your cost.

The hoggerd scrat his head in strange confusion,  
 Rubbing his eyes and looking every waye.  
 He felt he must be under some delusion,  
 And pigs in truth were sheepe, as they did saye.  
 He never dreamed of the vilde abusion  
 They put upon him in the open daye,  
 But paid his wager mid the players laughter  
 And callde pigs sheepe, perchance, for ever after.

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#### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

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Thomas Paine once asserted, in the presence of Dr. Walcot—better known in this country by the facetious name of Peter Pindar—that the *minority* in all deliberative bodies, ought in all cases to govern the *majority*. Peter smiled, “You must grant me,” said Thomas, “that the proportion of men of sense, to the ignorant of mankind, is at least as twenty, thirty, or even forty-nine, to a hundred. The majority of mankind are, consequently, most prone to error; and, if we would achieve right, the minority ought, in all cases, to govern.” Peter continued to smile archly. “If we look to experience,” continued Paine, “for there are no conclusions, I more prize than those drawn, not from speculation, but plain matter of fact, we shall find on examination, the debates of all deliberative bodies in our favour. To proceed no further than your country, Dr. Walcot—I love to look at home—suppose the resolutions of the houses of Lords and Commons, had been determined by this salutary rule; why, the sensible minority would have governed—George Washington would have been a private citizen, and the United States of America mere colonies dependent on the British crown.

“As a patriotic Englishman, will you not confess, that this would have been better than to have these United States independent, with the illustrious Washington at their head, by their wisdom confounding the juggling efforts of your ministry to embroil them; and to have the comfortable prospect before you, that, from the extent of their territory, their maritime resources, their natural increase, the asylum they offer to emigrants, in the course of two centuries, Scotland and Ireland, if the United States have not too much real pride to attempt it, may be reduced to the same dependence upon them as your West India islands now have upon you; and even England, haughty England! thrown in as a make-weight in the future treaty, between them and the French Nation?”

Peter, who had listened with great seeming attention, all this while,—now mildly replied, “I will not say but that your arguments are cogent, though not entirely convincing. As it is a subject rather out of my line, I will, for form sake, hold the negative of your proposition, and leave it to the good company present to declare which is right.” “Agreed;” said Paine, who saw himself surrounded by his admirers. “Well, gentlemen,” said Peter, (with all the gravity of a speaker of the House of Commons) “you that are of the opinion that the *minority* in all deliberate bodies, ought in all cases to

govern the *majority*, please to rise in the affirmative." Paine immediately stood up himself, and, as he had foreseen—all rose up in his favour. "Then I rise in the negative," cried Peter, "I am the *wise minority*, who ought in all cases to govern your ignorant majority; and, consequently, upon your own principles I carry the vote. Let it be recorded."

This unexpected manœuvre raised a hearty laugh. Paine retired from the presence of the triumphant wit, mortified at being foiled with his own weapons.

### DENNIS O'CONNOR'S WILL.

Copy of a paper written by a poor wretch in the county of Sligo, in Ireland, who put his resolve into execution just in the manner he himself mentions:—

(*Superscription*).

This will be fownd after my deth, if thea look sharp. DENNIS O'CONNOR.

As I noe the people that has fownd my carkase is curious about the manner of my deth, which is somethin out o' the way, I'll givv'em aul the satisfakshon in my power about itt, as I noe the hole matter from beginnin to end—which is my own misforthun that I marri'd a cross woman that's never plazed but when she's after vexin mee, and spending my substance, whereby I have bin reduced to grate shifts, as aul the wurld noes, and fader M'Donough in particular; so let that rest, for the leeste sayd the soonest mended, and I don't luv to be rippin up ould soares.

It may be reported, as the world's gratly giv'n to lying, that I dy'd by axident, but that's a mistake, for I throw'd myself into the rivver o' Wednesday eevnin, and so drouded miself of my oan ackord, being tier'd of the wurld, and fretted out of my life; and as the littel that's left of my substans is net much, I hoap ther'l be no quarlin about my dispoassin of itt in the followin manner. Ther may bee in my britches pokket (as I put thear all I cood geat togedder) about somethin less than half a ginny in silver and six-pences, wit some ha-pence; givv that to littel Dolly Maginnis at farmer Daly's; the peepel sayd, and so did my wyfe, that I was too fond of her; but that's a lye of her own inventin, and iff I was alive I'd say it to her fasse, so let noboddy go to reflect on her upon my ackount.

Peter Doyle makes mee pay too much for my kabbin, and littel bitt of pa'aty-grownd belongin to itt, but I makes it anser by the chaytin the parson and one way or oder, so I leav it to my yongest son Robbin, becaze he's a cuter lad, and more goodnathurder, and I luvv him better nor Corney. As for him and his moder thea'll provide for themselves, I had enuff to do to mentain 'em during my life, and I'm sure I'll not truble my hed aboutt 'm now I'm ded.

My sow and piggs and my crucifix, along with my bades, my tobacco-stopper, my too hens, and my mass-book, I lave to fader Mac Donogh, for he's a good soal enuff at the bottom. My oak sapplin, my dog Smutt, my woollen night cap, and my razure, I givv to honest Toby Hooragan, for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, tho' the people givvs out oderwise, bekaze he taaks a sup, and has turn'd his childer out o'doors: my best shurt I give to the same Toby Hooragan: as for the tuder it's the won I hav on now, and not worth any body's taakin, so I lave it to my wyfe that she may have no reason to complane. I forgivv aul the wurld exceptin my wyf', and her I forgivv too, but itt's against my will, and only to humour fader Mac Donogh.

I bore an indifferent good karackter while I was alive, and wu'd hav nokk'd the biggest man down that darr'd say a wurd against itt, but now Ime



deed thea may say what thea plaze, and to be sure thea'll say bad enuff.

I dye in charity wid every body, and wish well to such as had a regard for mee; as for the rest, may the grass groe before thear door. I doan't care three straws where thea berry me, so as thea doan't let my carps stap in the water, for I woodn't like to be ett by the fishes; of the too Ide rader the crows had mee, bekaze its more nathural: thea'll have no pretense for anatominizin mee, and the rest Ime pretty easy about.

I didn't think to say half so much, but as its likely to be the last time I shall set pen to paper, I was willin to taak my fill of itt; and as to the makin away wid myself and the like of that, its no more than what evvery body has a right to doo; and as for that matter I noe I sha'nt be mist, for the parson, in one of his kross fits t'oder day, tould me I was littel good for, the neger! As to good nathur indeed, I nevvur had much to sparre, but I aulways tuk caare of won, for its sayd some wheare that charity begins at home.

If I walk after my deth, I'll haunt my wyfe to vex her.

I was dividid betwixt hanging and drownding, and sadly trubbled which to chuse, and at last I resolved upon thiss way that I havv taken, and as I thaut it wasn't quite so vulgar as toder; for thea hang clippers, and koiners, and teeves, and murtherurs, but nevvur droun em. So I depparted this lyfe in the fortyaiht year of my age, without wincing or wining, but like a man at my oan free moshan and choyce.

As I have roat this payper aul with my oane hand and sett my name both att the beginnin and end of itt, that my wyfe and Corny mayn't say that its a forghery, for thea are cappable of anny thing that's spyteful and contreary, and so no more att present from me.

DENNIS O'CONNOR.

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### A GERMAN PALACE.

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The Tales current all over the world as to the indigence of the petty German princes are far from being fabulous: even the Germans delight to tell you how the Prince of Lippe's cavalry consists of two horses and three troopers, and how on "field days" a plank has to be arranged between the couple of chargers, so that these same three gallant troopers may appear duly mounted on those same too hack war horses, duly caparisoned (with cord bridle and stirrups) for the imposing occasion.

How much truth, or how much badinage there may be in the anecdote we cannot certify, never having visited the *principality* (!) which is said to be hardly bigger than the Isle of Dogs. But we *do* know from the avouchment of our own eyesight, that the chambers of the palace at Reinhardtsbrunn (where the Queen of England was located last autumn) were neither so decent, so tidy, nor so well furnished as those of a model lodging-house in London. We had occasion to visit some members of the household during Her Majesty's residence at the mountain-castle of the Duke of Coburg Gotha, and the rooms we found our friends housed in were assuredly not half so comfortable as those of an English journeyman carpenter. Not a strip of carpet was there to cover the rough boards of the floor; and the furniture, which consisted merely of a wardrobe, a table, and a few chairs, would hardly have found a purchaser in our Broker's Alley. Indeed every member of the Queen's Establishment (male as well as female) we know for a fact, was utterly horrified at the mere styes of dwellings that the German princes were willing to feed and sleep in.

Mayhew.

## A STRANGE ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

The following remarkable incident occurred in the winter of 1783-4. An honest, industrious man, at Wrangle, in the county of Lincolnshire, called John Swaytham, having been out collecting fodder for cattle, one morning, on his return, diverted himself, with a companion, who had been similarly engaged, by jumping on and off floating pieces of ice, which by the extreme severity of the weather were of an unusually large size.

In the course of his jumping from the bank to the ice, it happened that the piece on which he stood, had floated unperceived some distance away from the bank, so that he dared not jump back again; he called to his companion for assistance, which he found it impossible to afford. In this alarming situation, he was seen (not only by the man who was with him, but by several more of the inhabitants of Wrangle), to be carried directly out to sea. The tide being on the ebb, they watched him until he disappeared, and not one doubted but he was drowned.

The poor man's wife was informed of what had occurred, and she was involved in the greatest misery, by being so suddenly deprived of a good husband, by whose hard labor she and her family of several children were supported; and now, by this melancholy accident, left destitute of even the means of subsistence.

To the unspeakable surprise of every one, about midnight, the man returned, and after knocking at the door of his cottage for some time, a neighbour who had sat up with the broken hearted widow (as she believed herself to be), looked out of the window, and seeing Swaytham by the light of the moon, imagined she saw the poor man's apparition, and was terrified to such a degree, that she fell down in a swoon.

The man repeated his knocks at the door, and begged, with the remains of his exhausted strength, that he might be admitted into the house, for he was very cold and wearied; the wife, alarmed, knew his voice, ran and opened the door, and admitted her husband whom she supposed she had lost.

The inhabitants of the little village were as much excited over Swaytham's return, as they had been at his supposed loss, and many left their beds to see him. After he had partaken of some refreshment, and his benumbed limbs were a little relieved from the pain they were in, the people were desirous to know the adventures of a jaunt upon a vehicle so uncommon, when the two elements seemed so determined upon his destruction; for during that day it had blown with much impetuosity, and was withal, so intensely cold, that scarce such another severe day had been felt during the winter.

He told them he had been tossed about at sea upon the ice, and expected every moment to be his last; each bellowing wave threatened him with destruction. The fork he had when he embarked, proved of the utmost service to his preservation, for by its means he kept himself from being driven off the ice, and when the waves, or the wind permitted the block to be a little steady, he kept up the circulation of his blood by jumping and stamping on it. At the return of the tide, which was assisted by a strong wind, he was floated back to the very spot where he had embarked. Thus was this poor fellow restored to his wife and family, after labouring under, for near sixteen hours, the horrors of death, which every succeeding moment rendered more dreadful.

### HISTORY OF A CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

The condition of the labouring classes has long been a question of great difficulty in this country. Once on a time the suffering labourers presented themselves at the monastic door to receive the usual dole; and when the monasteries had neglected their high calling, and were suppressed, then stringent poor-laws were passed, and long remained in force; but yet the labouring class was a most miserable class somehow or other; and as years went on, men of tender hearts looked on the sufferings of this class, and on the surplus of the higher class, and questioned the justice of the arrangement; then they would rush at a remedy, which would make matters worse. Such men have given us Communistic schemes, quite impracticable, but not deserving the sneers and sarcasms of many who had not a tithe of the tenderness and talent of men who dared to grapple, however feebly, with an enormous evil. Legislation has likewise dabbled in the matter, with about as much success as might be expected. Wages have been vainly 'maximum'd' and 'minimum'd,'—parish allowances have had their day; and it seemed as if the thing were hopeless, and the labouring class, as a class, were doomed to poverty and distress. But happily one source of relief had been left untried, and that was the labourers themselves; for since the time that self-help began to be prominent, we have had Savings Banks, and various self-supporting institutions. In addition to these, a great and momentous movement is now in full play, concerning which unfortunately much ignorance prevails, which seems to be working out the great problem rapidly in a way of its own. To this movement I wish to call attention by relating the history of the representative of the movement, perhaps the most astonishing instance of success to be found anywhere.

I must take my readers to Rochdale, in Lancashire, as far back as the fall of the year 1843. A few flannel-weavers are on strike, and various schemes are proposed to improve their condition, and that of the working world generally. In anticipation of some resolve being come to, they agree to subscribe not less than twopence each, week by week. Eight and twenty at twopence a week to work a social revolution! For a year the twopences accumulate, and by that time the grand conclusion has been come to. They are going to reform the working-man's world, not by Socialism, mind; no, but as follows; and if you will

take the trouble to accompany me through a few figures, you will admire the flannel-weavers, or the fault will be mine. These potent twopences then, which at length amounted to £28, were employed in purchasing certain goods, to be sold at a store to the subscribers, who got themselves formed into a society, and enrolled as "The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers Society." The objects proposed were, to sell good provisions, to build model cottages, to engage in manufacture, to rent an estate or estates of land, and finally to make a new arrangement of the social system by fairly earned profits. What a programme! and all with £28 made up of twopences. Well, our flannel weavers purchased their articles; and one cold night in December 1844, opened their store in Toad lane (never mind the name). They were sure of eight and twenty customers. So they began; and more, they went on. But let it not be supposed they had no difficulties in the way of their going on. Far from it; for they had among them some of that class which most people know; a class of men who are haunted with the fear that everything they happen to be connected with, is going to the bad; and if the catastrophe they always apprehend does come, they comfort themselves with the knowledge that they foresaw it, managing to forget however that their very foresight contributed no little to the final break-up. But in spite of alarmists, poverty, professional opposition and ridicule, the Rochdale Society went on and prospered. A figure or two will prove this. We have seen that the first capital was £28, and the number of members 28. At the end of last year the number of members was 4013, the capital £42,817, the receipts at the stores for the year were £158,632, and the profits £19,670. The store business is divided into six departments, grocery, drapery, tailoring, butchering, clogging (perhaps some of my readers may have heard the clatter of Lancashire clogs), and shoemaking. Moreover, out of the profits, an educational department is maintained, where books, newspapers, and scientific instruments and objects are supplied, and lectures delivered. At the present moment the Society possesses three news rooms, and is building a couple more. There is also a library of 5000 volumes free to the members of the Society. Lately the Rochdale Pioneers gave to their town a drinking fountain, and acted honourably during the distress.

Space forbids me to say more concerning the success of this astonishing society. But I may state that in 1850, a corn-mill was started on the co-operative principle.



In this, the Rochdale men followed the example of Leeds. This corn mill brought the Pioneers to the verge of bankruptcy, but they manfully braved the storm, so that last March the corn-mill had a capital of £31,000 invested in it, and the business of the first quarter of this year amounted to £35,000. These sums are almost incredible, but more remains behind. Five years after the establishment of the corn-mill, a more hazardous enterprise was undertaken. A cotton manufactory was started in some old rooms; but just before the distress a magnificent mill was built, which cost in all £50,000. It is a pleasure to be able to relate, that during the most severe month of the distress, November, 1862, the co-operative cotton mill was running three days a week.

Such is a brief and therefore imperfect view of this wonderful society. A few words about the store organization. A workman wishing to become a member, first signs a declaration of his willingness to take out five shares of £1 each, and at the same time he pays one shilling entrance money. He is then proposed as a member before the committee of management, and his name is posted up in the meeting-room, and if no objection is made to him he is admitted a member. If admitted, he must go on paying at least threepence weekly, until he has made up his five shares. All this time he is receiving profits on his purchases, which assists him wonderfully in making up his shares. As soon as he has made up one share, he begins to receive interest at 5 per cent in addition to his profits. When a member goes to the store to make a purchase, he receives a "tin ticket" with the amount of his purchase stamped on. At the end of the quarter he takes his tickets to the store, has his purchases summed up, and receives a proportional amount of profit. He may take his profits away in his pocket if he has made up his five shares, or he may allow them to accumulate until he has reached the value of a hundred shares, and there he stops. Various admirable arrangements are made for matters of detail; but the guiding principle is *No Credit*. The stores pay for their goods when they buy them, and receive money for them when they sell them. The consequence is there are no bad debts; the merchants can sell to the stores at a low rate, because they are sure of their money; and who may estimate the advantage to the buyers of "no credit allowed"?

Such is the representative of the great Co-operative movement; and of such kind is the movement itself. The more it is considered, the more it will be admired.

What an advance on the old mob riots, Chartist demonstrations, and Socialist absurdities! Here is a movement which has stood for twenty years in its present form, and has spread over much of the continent; a movement, which, according to those most likely to know, has done more for the moral and social advantage of working men, than all Acts of Parliament put together,—more than any other movement ever started. It is a movement of incalculable importance to our dear land, for surely it is no exaggeration to say that it tends largely to secure that peace and happiness, that truth and justice, which we pray may be established among us for all generations, and which all desire to see.

B.

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#### THE LOVING-CUP.

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The Grace-cup and Loving-cup appear to be synonymous terms for a beverage, the drinking of which has been from time immemorial a great feature at the corporation dinners in London and other large towns, as also at the feasts of the various trade companies and the Inns of Court,—the mixture of which is a compound of wine and spices, formerly called "Sack," and is handed round the table, before the removal of the cloth, in large silver cups, from which no one is allowed to drink before the guest on either side of him has stood up; the person who drinks then rises and bows to his neighbours. This custom is said to have originated in the precaution to keep the right or dagger hand employed, as it was a frequent practice with the Danes to stab their companions in the back at the time they were drinking. The most notable instance of this was the treachery employed by Elfrida, who stabbed King Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle whilst thus engaged. At the Temple the custom of the Loving-cup is strictly observed. The guests are only supposed to take one draught from it as it passes; but, in No. 110 of the Quarterly Review, a writer says, "Yet it chanced not long since at the Temple, that though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquor was consumed." *Cups and their Customs.*

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"Whose pigs are these my lad?"  
 "Whoy, they belong to that there big sow."  
 "No! I mean who is their master?" "Whoy,"  
 again answered the lad, "that little 'un  
 there; he's a rare 'un to feight."



TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEWS  
MAGAZINE."

SIR,

Allow me the pleasure of sending you a little "Anecdote" for the *first number* of your "News Magazine." I promise you, if you insert it, you shall hear from me monthly, until the end of your first year's existence, by which time you will have found out whether *you* have been *sold*, or *your Magazine*. Excuse my freedom with you, as you have my best wishes, I have ventured to hint at a contingency which you may not have calculated upon.

I have been sold twice in my life-time; I am, however, a bit of a Philosopher, as well as

Sir, yours very truly,  
FAST COACH.

Fletton, June 10th, 1864.

P.S.—I expect you will be glad to receive *anything* at first.

P.S. 2—I would enclose my *Card*, but the Governor has set his face against *Cards*!  
F. C.

[We have printed the letter sent us by "Fast Coach," which perhaps, he did *not intend us to do*, and therefore he will be "sold" for the *third* time! We are half inclined to think his "Governor" has got *one "Card"* left at home, which he would not be sorry to part with. Ed. of N. M.]

## THE ANECDOTE.

## THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

(Translated from the French.)

A poor old man had a dog, which he had reared from a puppy, and with which he had daily shared the parsimonious morsel that was scarcely sufficient for the subsistence of both. By age and scantiness of food, his strength declined so fast, that he could no longer procure enough to keep himself and his dog alive.

He would have given the animal away, but he had no form of beauty, or qualities that could attract the attention and friendship of others; and, driven to extremity, his master took him in his arms, tied a stone to one end of the string, and the other end round the neck of the dog, carried him to one of the bridges, wept over him, kissed him, and plunged him into the river: after which, he went and sat down by the side of the wall, covered his face with his hands, and was seized

with the agonizing thought, that he had that instant wilfully put to death the only remaining friend he had on earth.

He had scarcely remained a minute in this disconsolate state, when a neighbour passing came up; and, seeing him thus, immediately enquired what had happened.

"I am a miserable and guilty wretch," said the old man: "I do not deserve to live: there was but *one* creature in the world that loved me, and him I have this minute destroyed."

"Who?—what creature? and, how destroyed?"

"My poor, my patient Fidel—that suffered with me, and never murmured."

"But what of him?"

"I have thrown him over the bridge."

"And why did you do so?"

"I had no longer any food to give him, without fasting myself, and for that I had not courage."

"No food? when did you leave home?"

"Early this morning, I have been in the *Champs Elysees*: I sat there all day with Fidel."

"Then you do not know that Antoine has returned?"

"Returned! How should he return? I should not have been starving here, if Antoine had not fallen at Toulon."

"So everybody thought; but it was not true: he was taken prisoner, he has made his escape, and is now waiting at home, impatient to embrace his father."

"My dear boy, my Antoine, living!"

"I have seen him."

"Oh, what a rash wretch have I been to drown Fidel! I do not deserve the blessing which Heaven has sent me." The old man had scarcely finished this, his last regret, before Fidel came running up, and jumped into his arms. The stone had slipped out of the noose, Fidel swam to shore, and the poor old man's happiness was as great as it was unexpected.

THE FENS IN THE TIME OF THE  
ROMANS.

Along the shores of the Wash, where the fresh and salt waters met, the tendency to the deposit of silt was the greatest; and in the course of ages, the land at the outlet of the inland waters was raised above the level of the interior. Accordingly, the first land reclaimed in the district was the rich fringe of deposited silt lying along the shores of the Wash, now known as Marshland and South Holland. This was the work of the Romans, a hard-working, energetic, and skilful people; of whom the

Britons are said to have complained that they wore out and consumed their hands and bodies in clearing the woods and banking the fens. The bulwarks or causeways which they raised to keep out the sea are still traceable at Po-Dyke in Marshland, and at various points near the old coast-line.

On the inland side of the Fens the Romans are supposed to have constructed another great work of drainage, still known as Carr Dyke, extending from the Nene to the Witham. It means Fen Dyke, the fens being still called Carrs in certain parts of Lincolnshire. This old drain is about sixty feet wide, with a broad, flat bank on each side; and originally it must have been at least forty miles in extent, winding along under the eastern side of the high land, which extends in an irregular line up the centre of the district from Stamford to Lincoln. It was calculated to receive all the high-land and flowing waters, preventing them flooding the lower grounds; and was thus of the nature of an intercepting or "catch-water" drain.

The same people also laid several causeways across the Fens for military purposes. Thus Herodian alludes to the construction of such causeways for the purpose of enabling the Roman soldiers to pass over them and fight on dry land, the Britons having taken refuge from them by swimming. Such was probably the origin of the causeway made of gravel—still traceable, though in most places covered over with moor-soil—extending from Denver in Norfolk over the Great Wash to Charke, and from thence to Marsh and Peterborough, a distance of nearly thirty miles.

The eastern parts of Marshland and Holland were thus the first lands reclaimed in the district, and they were available for purposes of agriculture long before any attempts had been made to drain the lands of the interior. Indeed, it is not improbable that these early embankments thrown up along the coast had the effect of increasing the inundations of the lower-lying lands of the level; for, whilst they dammed the salt water out, they also held back the fresh, no provision having been made for improving and deepening the outfalls of the rivers flowing through the Level into the Wash. The Fen lands in winter were thus not only flooded by the rainfall of the Fens themselves, and by the upland waters which flowed from the interior, but also from the daily flux of the tides which drove in from the German Ocean, holding back the fresh waters, and even mixing with them far inland.—*Smiles.*

### "MISERIES."

By Sir Fretfull Murmur, Knt.

\* Sending to the Morning Post, a paragraph written by *yourself*, announcing the arrival of yourself and family in town, in the following words; "Yesterday Mr. and the charming Mrs. F. and their three lovely and accomplished daughters arrived at their town house in Burlington Street, from Moss Hall in Kent, which beautiful retreat, has undergone some very delightful alterations from the exquisite designs of Mrs. F. whose unrivalled taste is the theme of admiration amongst all her numerous fashionable friends and acquaintance." Meeting three days after the appearance of the paragraph an acquaintance, who informs you to your great gratification that he had read the arrival: then upon your modestly observing thereon, that "it is a singular thing, that one cannot move without being watched by these confounded Newspaper writers, and that it is really wonderful how they can get the intelligence they publish." Your friend laughing in your face, and telling you that he was in the Newspaper Office to get a puff for a friend of his inserted at the time, when your servant came in with and paid for the paragraph, which lying on the counter he perused and recognized to be in *your own hand writing*.

All your acquaintance telling you, that a portrait which you are aware is *rather flattering*, is not at all like you.

Not having paid your devotions very ardently to Coke upon Littleton, or the whole law relative to the duty and office of a justice of the peace; being asked at dinner before a large party, by a country magistrate, your opinion upon a plain settlement point, which has bewildered him; giving a wrong one, and confounded by being, in a knowing and officious manner, set right by a rip of a pettyfogging country attorney; who was honoured by an invitation to the same table.

On a sultry day, putting your hand into your breeches pocket, in withdrawing the former, turning the latter inside out, and seeing a guinea roll to and vanish through a chink in the floor.

Sitting opposite to a man who squints, and answering him when he is addressing another person.

Finding a man growing warm with you on some very private and delicate family topic in a coffee-room, where you observe every one is listening and smiling.

\* This "Misery" occurred to a friend of Sir Fretfull's. [ED. N. M.]

In sharply turning a corner, coming suddenly in contact with a chimney-sweeper, who impresses your white waist-coat and light coloured breeches with very visible memorials of the rencontre.

Putting coals on fire, the handle of coal-skuttle being dirty----New gloves on.

Wishing to wake early to be in time for a morning train, waking, and upon looking at your watch discovering that you had not wound it up.

To be obliged frequently to meet in company a man, who opposes every remark for the purpose of starting an argument, in which he is always more vociferous than convincing.

Being surrounded by a parcel of spoiled, squalling brats, 'till you are almost induced to think favourably of Herod.

Being incessantly pestered to eat more, after you have made a hearty dinner.

At a game at forfeits saluting a pretty looking girl, and finding that her teeth are not *aromatic pearl*.

The miseries in the shape of mistakes, which two persons of the same name, residing within four doors of each other, experience.

Knocking at a door, and by a horrible and unaccountable lapse of memory, forgetting the name of the master or the mistress of the house.

Trying to pass a man who waddles.

Crossing a yard, and unexpectedly finding yourself within the extent of the chain of a large surly house-dog, affecting boldly to look him in the face, and in an agony of horror, gradually stealing away from him.

Opening a very stiff box filled with small wafers, and spilling them all over the room.

In the midst of a merry story being suddenly forced to weep by the sudden operation of an excessive portion of patent and potent mustard.

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*"The Old Mermaid."* After tea, I continued my walk westward to a small, quiet, comfortable village, about five miles from Huntingdon, where I became the guest of "The Old Mermaid," who extended her amphibious hospitalities to all strangers wishing bed and board for the night. Both I received readily and greatly enjoyed under her roof, especially the former. Never did I occupy a bed so fringed with the fanciful artistries of dreamland. It was close up under the thatched roof, and it was the most easy and natural thing in the world for the fancies of the midnight hour to turn that thatching into hair, and to cheat my willing mind with the delusion that I was sleeping with the long, soft

tresses of Her Submarine Ladyship wound around my head. It was a delightful vagary of the imagination, which the morning light, looking in through the little checker-work window, gently dispelled.

*Elihu Burritt.*

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#### EPITAPH.

Of English Punning Epitaphs, an early example is offered in that on Sir Richard Worme, in Peterborough Cathedral, A.D. 1589 :—

Does worm eat Worme? Knight Worme  
this truth confirms,  
For here, with worms, is Worme, a dish for  
worms.

Does worm eat Worme? sure Worme will  
this deny,  
For Worme with worms, a dish for worms  
don't lie.

'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms,  
'Tis certain Worme is blest without his  
worms.

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#### AN EPIGRAM.

IN CAPPADOCEM.

Vipera Cappadocem malesana momordit;  
at ipsa  
Gustato periit sanguine Cappadocis.

*(Translation.)*

ON A CAPPADOCIAN.

With rancorous bite, and deadly poisonous  
tongue,  
A Viper once a Cappadocian stung;  
But, when to gorge his purple blood she  
tried,  
Forthwith she sicken'd, and, in tortures,  
died.

*Gainsborough.*

*T. S.*

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#### QUESTIONS.

*An Enigmatical Pack of Hounds.*

1. A woman's pride.
2. Cheerful.
3. Congealed rain, and an entertainment for ladies.
4. Not false, and one of the passions.
5. Reverse to bitter, and the origin of a kiss.
6. A precious stone.
7. A cause of terror to many.
8. Full of joy, and a young woman.
9. A woman of rank.
10. A small article used by ladies.
11. A month, altering the last vowel.
12. One of the sciences.



## THE CHRONICLE--1864.

MAY 3rd. Mr. M. Redman, surgeon, Lincoln, received a letter from Sir C. Phipps, written by command of the Queen, and enclosing a Post Office Order for £3 from Her Majesty, as a donation to assist Mrs. Jane Reddington, who had recently been delivered of three children at one birth. (This is the third triplet in Lincoln within the last 20 years, and two of them occurred in Mr. Redman's practice.—In the former cases the children died; in the present instance all three are likely to live.)

A fire occurred at Wragby last night, which resulted in the death of Mary Anne Wimberley, an unmarried lady, who lodged at Mr. Charles Pickering's, aged 77.

4th. James Willis, Boston, drover, was convicted of cruelty to a dog belonging to him; was fined 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and in default of payment, was committed to prison for 14 days.

9th. At Somersham Petty Sessions, Stephenson Kidman and Joseph Reid, farmers, Fenstanton, were found guilty of having brutally assaulted William Murphin, at Fenstanton, on the 20th of April last, and fined: Reid 5*l.*, with 2*l.* 3*s.*, costs, and Kidman 4*l.* with 2*l.* 3*s.*, costs. Both defendants paid the amount.

10th. Mr. Herbert B. Spurgin of Thrapston, passed his examination before the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and was duly admitted a member of that institution.

A visitation was held in St. Martin's Church, Stamford.

At the Isle of Ely Sessions, the chief constable reported, that Lieut. General Cartwright had inspected the Isle of Ely constabulary, on which occasion the General stated, that the force stood at the head of the list in his district, in the detection of crime, no less than 85 per cent of the indictable offences in the Isle of Ely, having been committed for trial.

The Archdeacon of Stow held a visitation in Lincoln Cathedral.

11th. The Duke of Manchester's Mounted Volunteers, were inspected by Colonel Ibbetson, in Kimbolton Park. The Inspecting Officer, pronounced a high eulogium on the improved efficiency and steadiness of the regiment. About 180 members were present.

Naomi Speechly, singlewoman, Ramsey, sought magisterial advice, on account of the "charming" influence practised on her by Thomas Parker, who she represented could be rubbed a brick on the wall of her residence, cause her to "totter, dance, jump and sing," so that she could not stop herself.

Eliza Hewitt, who stated she was a native of Ancaster, near Grantham, left a small box at the Sibsey Station to be forwarded by train. It was directed to Mr. J. Wilkinson, stonemason, Wormgate, Louth. Some suspicion was excited as to the contents of the box, and it was opened, and found to contain a living infant.

16th. At Stilton, the foundation stone of a new chapel for the United Methodist Free Church, was laid by the Rev. T. Sherwood.

17th. The Manor of Holywell-cum-Needlingworth, St. Ives, was sold at Messrs. Beadell's rooms, London, to Messrs. Cree and Last, Solicitors, Gray's Inn Square, London, and realized 16,000*l.*

18th. Mr. Middleton Smith, North Street, Peterborough, agent for Chaplin & Horne, whilst under the influence of *delirium tremens*, attempted self-destruction by cutting his throat with a razor; assistance was at hand, and he was fortunately prevented from accomplishing his purpose.

John Lilley, a native of Thorney, a laborer employed on the Great Northern Railway, was run over by the Manchester express train, near the Peterborough Station, and killed on the spot.

19th. Naomi Speechly, of Ramsey, having undergone a medical examination and pronounced of unsound mind, was removed to an asylum.

The Northamptonshire Volunteers were this day reviewed by the Most Noble the Marquis of Exeter, the Lord Lieutenant, in Burghley Park. About 800 men were on the ground. The *élite* of the county were present on the occasion. The railways ran special trains, and brought thousands of sight-seers from all parts. A charge of 6*d.* admission to the Park was made on the public, which appears to have caused general dissatisfaction. After the fatigues of the day, the volunteers were regaled with pork pies, roast beef, bread and ale.

20th. At Long Sutton, Mary Ann Dixon, servant, who had been living with Mr. J. Coupland, of Sutton, was committed for trial at Lincoln assizes, on the charge of the wilful murder of her female infant, on or about the 2nd inst. The body was found on the 16th inst., in Wm. Dixon's (the prisoner's father's) garden, on the Holbeach bank.

A very severe thunderstorm passed over the neighbourhood of Peterborough. The lightning was extremely vivid, and killed a cow at Orton—also a sheep belonging to Mr. Wagstaff, of Chesterton.

21st. Charles Daubney was employed off Freiston shore, Lincolnshire, with a horse and cart, shrimping, which is a common practice when the tide recedes. By some

mischance his cart wheels slipped into deep water. The man tried to save himself by seizing the seat of his cart, and managed to support himself on it for half-an-hour, but as no assistance came he eventually sank. His son was on the edge of the sand at the time, but unable to help his father. The scene of the occurrence was several miles from any habitation.

Mr. Sprigge, the medical officer of the Peterborough Union, resigned the appointment at the request of the Board of Guardians.

22nd. The Bishop of Ely held his Primary Ordination in Ely Cathedral, this day (Trinity Sunday). No Ordination has been held in Ely Cathedral for over 20 years.

23rd. The formation of the "Wisbech, Sutton Bridge, and Peterborough Railway," was this day commenced on the estate of the Duke of Bedford, at Thorney, when the first sod was turned by R. Young, Esq., of Wisbech, in the presence of a numerous company.

The Wisbech Waterworks Bill was read a third time, this evening, and passed the House of Commons.

24th. Thomas Spragging Godfrey, Esq., was elected treasurer of the Newark Union, in the room of G. H. Riddle, Esq., deceased.

25th. At Bicker, an old gentleman more than 90 years of age, attempted self-destruction, by the following means:—He enshrouded himself inside the flax mattress of the bed he was lying upon, tied it up tightly round his throat, and then deliberately set fire to the mattress in which he had ensconced himself. His housekeeper luckily found him soon enough to prevent the intended self-murder, but not before much swelling and discolouring of the neck and throat, caused by strangulation, had taken place.

### Births.

MAY 24th. In the Minster Precincts, Peterborough, the wife of the Rev. F. A. S. Marshall, of a daughter.

### Marriages.

MAY 12th. At Thorney, Mr. R. J. Adams, son of Mr. W. Adams, architect, Wisbech, to Miss Fanny Crane, eldest daughter of Mrs. W. Crane, Thorney.

17th. At Peterborough Cathedral, William Thomas, eldest son of Jonathan Rigg, Esq., of Wrotham Hill Park, Kent, to Mary Selina Davys, only child of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Northampton, and niece of the late Bishop of Peterborough.

### Deaths.

April 18th. At the Palace, Peterborough, the Right Rev. George Davys, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese, after a short illness, in his 84th year.

The deceased Prelate was the 24th Bishop of Peterborough, and occupied the See for nearly a quarter of a century: he was born at Loughborough. His patronage consisted of 45 livings. He married in 1814, Marianne Mapletoft, daughter of the Rector of Anstey. The lady died about five years since. On the 23rd inst. at the close of the afternoon service, the lamented Bishop was buried, as he requested, by the side of his wife, in the south-east corner of the Cathedral grave-yard. There were between 3000 and 4000 persons present on the occasion. The procession passed on foot, from the principal gateway of the Palace, followed by a Royal carriage, to the Western entrance of the Cathedral. The service was read by the Very Rev. the Dean. The coffin was of polished oak, with brass furniture, the breastplate bearing the following inscription:—

GEORGE DAVYS, D.D.,  
BORN OCTOBER 1ST, 1780,  
CONSECRATED JUNE 16TH, 1839,  
DIED APRIL 18TH, 1864.

A mitre was placed over the breastplate, and over each handle of the coffin.

### Pall Bearers :

Rev. Chancellor Archdeacon Fearon.  
Wales.  
Rev. C. Hopkins. Rev. J. Pratt.  
H. P. Gates, Esq. Lord Carrington.

MAY 11th. George Fieschi Heneage, Esq., of Hainton Hall, of water on the chest, after an illness of three weeks, aged 64. He was twice elected M.P. for the city of Lincoln.

16th. Mr. William Burcham, of Ewerby Thorpe, Sleaford.

Mr. Burcham by his will bequeathed the undermentioned charitable legacies: To the British Foreign Bible Society, 1000*l.*; the London Missionary Society, 1000*l.*; the Moravian Missionary Society, 500*l.*; the Lincoln County Hospital, 500*l.* There are several other bequests of smaller amount.

19th. S. W. Benyon, Esq., chairman of the Board of Guardians, Newmarket, after a very short illness.

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 2.]

AUGUST, 1864.

[Vol. 1.

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## THE ADDRESS.

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*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.* "I have hewn out for myself a monument more lasting than bronze," was the self-satisfied, prophetic exclamation of a well-known Roman Poet; and we have yet to learn that he was not justified in his self-esteem, and that he was not perfectly veracious as it regards the event which he predicted. In our own mind we have come to a conclusion long ago, but we wished to instance something like a "precedent," that a Writer is sometimes correct in the estimation that he forms both of himself and his production.

We have still the same opinion of ourselves as we had on the 30th of June, when you received our primary address, and our valedictory benediction, which was to continue in force until this day.

As it regards your recognition, and approval of our efforts to make a favourable impression upon you, we have every reason to be well satisfied; we had *then* formed a *high* opinion of what we were pleased to call your "powers of appreciation,"—we have *now* formed a higher; and we hope on the first of September next, that we shall have seen cause to record our further admiration, by changing the comparative degree of the adjective into the superlative.

Badinage, avaunt! We wish to speak to you *plainly*. Your patronage, your recommendation, your encouragement vouchsafed to us, in an increasing degree, will confirm us in the belief, that we should *not* have obtained such unmistakable symptoms of your special regard for us, unless we had, in some measure, merited it. This feeling will incite us to greater efforts; we shall strive to place before you, each number, if possible, more worthy of your approval than its predecessor.

We said we wished to please everybody—but, certainly, this avowal by no means implied that we should answer all queries—for instance, that of a peevish "citizen," who wants to know the "genealogy of Sir Fretfull Murmur," and "for what reasons he was dubbed a Knight!" Really, we cannot answer these questions: besides, it is just possible, that if Sir Fretfull himself had been asked about his derivation, he might not have been quite certain as to his exact parentage; and, with respect to his being dubbed "Knight"—this honour is, we believe, often obtained for no particular achievement, the greater part of Englishmen, neither know, nor care to know, why some of their race gain a *pre-fix* and a *post-fix*, at the same time. They see they have them, and so has "*Sir Fretfull Murmur, Knight.*" We have a private opinion of our own, that some individuals have been "knighted" for a similar reason,



to that which induced a certain Landlord to "abridge the ceremony," when he "bestowed the order of knighthood" upon the celebrated Don Quixote. This is a subject, however, upon which those who require information will find it in Books, "on knighthood," that are published annually. A more important question has been put to us, on a matter which shall draw out our opinion, for the especial enlightenment of those who take an interest, and those who do not, in what is termed "The Permissive Bill."

We have been asked if we are prepared to sign "in its favour." Certainly *not*. We admit that the prevalence of drunkenness is an enormous evil; the moral and physical miasma of our land. What we cannot however admit, is that a majority, whose object is considered good, should have it in their power to coerce the minority. We have heard that there is a class of individuals called *Vegetarians*, who maintain that flesh meat does great harm, and the question is, not whether they are right or wrong in the conclusion they have come to in their own minds; but, whether holding such opinions, and happening to dwell together in any place, they would have the moral right to shut up the butchers' shops, and thus deprive the carnivorous minority of their animal food.

We believe that legislative interference with the liberty of the subject is a positive evil, unless it is an interference which it is necessary should be employed to prevent some still greater encroachment upon freedom. Thus, for instance, if a nuisance should be brought into the heart of this city, by the establishment of any business which would emit such a foul stench as would cause the houses in the market-place to become uninhabitable, then the law which swept away this business, would restrict the liberty of the individual who established it, and deprive him of his freedom to act so as to be an annoyance to others. The people in the market-place would have good cause for requiring the business to be "shut up"—because, such interference would be a protection to the liberty and comfort of the majority.

The case is very different as it regards public-houses, not one individual in the city is compelled to drink: not even a teetotal devotee would lose a particle of his liberty, through the opening of all the beer-houses in the place, if they were twice as numerous as they are. If, on the other hand, the public-houses are closed, every beer-drinker, and beer-seller, must be deprived of part of his personal liberty. In short, we are of opinion that all who prefer to "go without ale on the sabbath," will be perfectly justified in doing so, and, that this select body will gain credit for a manifestation of good sense, if they will *keep quiet* over their "exemplary" decision; that is to say, if they will do as they like, and leave others to do the same. It is a matter of taste—a real case of *suum cuique*—about which, whoever thinks the legislature will interfere in this country, shows an amount of imagination, very astonishing, considering the age in which we live.

We have heard that several remarks have been made upon an Article in our July number, on "Co-operation," but, inasmuch as "B" and "Civis" have entered into mortal combat in our columns, it would not be proper for us to interfere, by expressing our opinion, either for or against, either of our correspondents.

We may observe, as it regards the letter signed "Civis," that that gentleman is in error, if he supposes we shall always be prepared to *endorse the sentiments of our contributors*. If, because we show symptoms of liberality, by making our pages available for legitimate discussion, "Civis" jumps at the conclusion that we are "infected" by any particular "mania" (supposing a "mania" to

be "infectious"), all we can say is, we hope it will be *many a day* before "Civis" gets the chance to prescribe for us medicinally. Where the diagnosis is inaccurate, it is more than probable the treatment would be improper. Thus much with respect to "Civis" and ourselves. The rest of his letter we shall consider is in the hands of "B," who will no doubt promptly reply to "Civis." We have just had our attention called to a very interesting fact, viz., the consecration of a *black* Bishop, Dr. Samuel Aidja Crowther, to the new see of the Niger territory, in West Africa. Well: we are rejoiced at the circumstance. It is an elevation, and a compliment, which the coloured descendants of Ham have, for a long time, required and deserved. We are also glad, because, it will be some compensation to the benighted inhabitants of Africa,—not for the *loss* they have sustained, but, for the shameful manner in which they have been treated by a *white* Bishop, who went to explain the Bible to them for their comfort, but, whose mission has been a most miserable failure.

Should Dr. Crowther meet with an "intelligent Zulu," we have no doubt in our mind, that he will be competent to give him some satisfactory information about what is stated in that Book of Books, relative to the Deluge. If he should find him somewhat disinclined to believe that the flood was *universal*, with respect to the whole surface of the ground, perhaps it would not be very difficult for the Right Reverend Prelate to convince his incredulous querist that a *local* one took place, and that even a partial one, as it regards the *land*, might be *universal*, as it regards the *population*, in a certain part of the earth, in which the inhabitants were then localized; and that a *partial* deluge would be sufficient for the purpose of effecting a most complete result. This view would also prevent the inquiring "native" from stumbling at the difficulty of the Ark, upon which was wrecked all the *faith* (if he ever possessed any), of the renegade Bishop of Natal. How easy it will be for Dr. Crowther, as it regards any doubt the Zulu may express about the Exodus of the Israelites, to open his New Testament, and read a plain statement,—one taken from the very lips of Him who *spake as never man spake*. "Your Fathers did *eat manna in the Wilderness* and are dead." "As Moses lifted up the serpent *in the Wilderness*, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." This surely, is sufficient evidence of the fact of the "Exodus" for all those who believe in Christ.

Although, our pages will seldom be opened for Theological questions, we cannot forbear, on this occasion, expressing ourselves in strong language. Whatever may be our own particular views, we wish it to be understood, that if there be one person for whose teaching we have an utter dislike, one person whom we cannot tolerate, it is he who would take from us all our hope of another world, and who would give us in return nothing at all approaching an equivalent for our loss.

July 30th, 1864.

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### PIROUROU.

*Continued from page 7.*

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Having with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Beatrice, I flew to Lyons, and informed my friends that the drama was fast hastening to a conclusion. I related to them every particular, just as it had occurred, and, I must confess during this recital, my feelings were such as it would be impossible to describe. They immediately overwhelmed me with so many



compliments, that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge upon the haughty Beatrice, was as expensive as it was singular, with respect to the mode in which they all determined it should be carried out. That very morning they sent in my name to my mistress, the most magnificent bouquet; a watch, bracelets, jewels, and laces of exquisite fineness, formed a marriage present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week, the marriage contract was drawn up, in which I took care to sign my real name, a precaution, which, as will appear to you hereafter, was not useless to me. In this contract, I consented to certain stipulations in favour of my bride, although I could not see how it was possible, or even probable, at the time I professed to agree to them, that they would ever prove to be of so much advantage to her, as was subsequently the case.

I deceived her—but heaven is my witness, it was not without remorse!—In the presence of the fair Beatrice, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself—and when I was in the company of my joyous friends, their pleasantries, the kind of dependence in which they held me, their services, and their instructions rendered me thoughtless, with respect to the present, as well as careless, with regard to the future. But in the stillness of solitude, unpleasant forebodings got hold of me, and at times my very frame would shake, when I looked at the dreadful perspective before me.

When I associated the idea of Beatrice, with the miserable flock bed which was soon to be her portion; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment; when I beheld her who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father; I shrunk back with horror, or started up covered with a cold sweat. More than once I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Beatrice, make a full confession of my crime, and cover myself with the infamy which belonged to one who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love, and my sincere affection for the only one who had ever inspired me with such a passion as I now felt, prevented me from taking that step which honour dictated. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination, gilded occasionally, the gloom of the future with some rays of hope. "The unhappiness of Beatrice," said I, to myself, "will be but transient; love will soften into bitterness. Her enemies are blinded by the desire of revenge. She will, she shall be happy in spite of them! They will leave me some money, and the means of procuring more by my industry. I should be a wretch indeed if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path. When she learns who I am, her resentment will no doubt, at first be vehement; but when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid, love will supply the place of riches, and we shall yet be happy."

Such were my reflections during eight days previous to the one, on which I conducted my fair bride to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live with me, until death should part us, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—I had never had so near a view of villany. I should have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not opportunely come to my relief, while the silly crowd who surrounded us, mistook this last effort of expiring virtue, for a very pretty excess of sensibility. Beatrice herself was completely deceived; I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage before me, was ambitious

of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love for awhile banished from my mind, the fatal catastrophe which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with these most implacable enemies of Beatrice, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey, to my native place.

In proposing to my wife an excursion of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous and confiding Beatrice paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side in a magnificent equipage; attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and of finding means of indulging at once her pride, and her love. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which to my young wife, in her eighteenth year, was the very height of pleasure—but, which to me, was the very depth of despair. More than once I implored my patrons to have mercy upon me; they laid before me all the obligations that I had entered into; we began our journey—two of my ten friends serving me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Beatrice, pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as a coachman. It is true that a wig dexterously stuck on his head, and a plaister fixed on his right eye, so disguised him, that even his friends failed to recognize him; three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage. The other four detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party, by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place, where we should stop to rest ourselves; and this we did frequently, for we were travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth, when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with a haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms, the most respectful, inquiring the names of my châteaux, the extent of my estates, and of my rights of hunting and fishing; dwelling with pleasure on my mines, which to her lively imagination, were equal to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversation, when three leagues beyond Montelimart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the church steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was close at hand!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine, and after three hours long and difficult travelling, our coachman too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold, taking the air. In this old man, I discovered my venerable father. No, no, I have no colours with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling "Pirourou" on one side, the haughty Beatrice on the other, and six insolent young men with much ceremony, placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter, and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining upon their vengeance, and her mortification. Figure to yourself the pretended coachman, taking off suddenly his plaister and his wig, and addressing Beatrice with an air of superiority, in the following words, "No, Madam, no, you have not been born, or brought up to be the *wife of an engraver*," and then adding in a tone of inconceivable disdain—"such a lot would have done too much honour to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A BELLOWS-MENDER is worthy of you; and such is he, madam, whom you have

taken for your husband." I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat, the five others threw themselves into the coach, almost choaked with laughter, their countenances beaming with satisfaction, and the equipage was soon lost to sight.

I expected the catastrophe would indeed be serious, I expected too, it would be brought about in a singular manner, yet, I hoped by some unforeseen incident or other, that it might be less terrible than it proved. My companions whilst they taught me my part, had kept their own a profound secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scene shifters of a theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Beatrice, she saw not the end of the last act, her former lover continued speaking to her, when she no longer heard him. These ruffians, I cannot choose any other term by which to designate them, left her in a swoon, pale, cold, and apparently lifeless, save when now and then a convulsive sob, would escape in a sudden, and involuntary manner from her prostrate form. Judge of my situation! Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable amount of sensibility, and delicacy, from the instructions I had received, and the mode of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas! in those cruel moments, I trembled at the thought of losing the woman I now adored; and also at the thought of seeing her again restored to her senses; I could not have told at this juncture, which event I desired most: however, I lavished upon her the tenderest cares, as from impulse and necessity, half wishing my cares might be unavailing. How this dreadful shock to her system would terminate, was for some time in doubt. At length, after bathing the palid features of the delicate Beatrice, and using some restoratives, she seemed for a moment to regain her senses. Her phrensied eye met mine—"Monster!" she exclaimed, and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon, to remove her from the sight of the spectators, composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches; and laid my plaintive bride, on the old flock bed in my father's hut. When she had again somewhat recovered, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation, and of the dreadful story, it was now my duty to relate to my disappointed wife.

When I had got rid of the embarrassment of the crowd, I took my sincerely beloved, and sincerely pitied Beatrice in my arms—my tears bathed her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance. The first use which she made of speech, was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the following day, the hateful detail of the abominable plot, of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew, leaving her in the care of a very kind young lady of the village, who had been attracted to the scene, by a natural desire to render aid if required, and whose kind offices my poor Beatrice seemed to receive with great thankfulness.

How shall I describe the horrible night which I passed? Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village, which afforded no kind of resource, and with but very little money in my possession, whilst my adored wife, in the morning of womanhood, accustomed to contribute to, as well as to share the pleasures of society, had been led by a despicable conspiracy, to the cottage of an old man, respectable indeed, but in a wretched state of poverty. I now felt overwhelmed with regret; what bitter reproaches did I heap upon myself for my want of manliness at the first onset! I had been the chief instrument of her torture, the chief cause of her disgrace, the



accomplice of an unheard of atrocity, against one who never would have done me any harm! What would become of her? In what manner could I now act, which would least wound her feelings? Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh no! I felt all the horrors of her future destiny, and my own—Yes of my own!—I had indeed, no great reverse of fortune to undergo; I was born to follow an ignoble calling, I had been nurtured in want, I could experience little change for the worse, as it regarded my circumstances and position in life, but my agonized heart, a heart too susceptible of feelings, to which I might have been a stranger, now told me in the plainest language, that I had a sad sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel one in the catalogue of human evils. I had not merely to bear indifference from that object on whom I had placed every hope of happiness, to see that heart alienated, whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended, I recollected with distraction, that it must be my doom not merely to support indifference, but aversion—I was not only to become an object of contempt, but of horror, I was not only to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred—to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse. Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish? Had not I, wretch that I was, planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave, perhaps her last breath would curse me, or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy? Would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach, more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, whilst tossing about on that wretched bed, whereon I had thrown my miserable body to pass that night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rains, which laid under water the cross road leading to Montelimart, and which rendered it quite impassible for some days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town (as on the following morning I intended to do), for a carriage to convey Beatrice to a lodging, not so calculated to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent continually to enquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were in a measure satisfactory; I did not intrude my presence upon her, but my attentions were received with gratitude; I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind; that she would display firmness of character, which in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted me: I dreaded the fatal interview more than I should, had I been about to receive sentence of death! I even meditated as to how I might be able to elude it. I was inwardly praying that by some means, I might be able to escape it, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands, kissed it, and bathed it with my tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some little time in silence, then bidding me to rise up, she addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish. "You have deceived me," said she, "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart, if you are desirous of not

making me entirely and altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped; the young lady who has befriended me, offers me a retirement at her uncle's house in this village, for some time; I have accepted it, with much thankfulness. You may visit me there, whenever you please, and we will concert together the means of extricating ourselves from this sad position, and of providing for our future support—rely upon my honour for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding being! A kind word from the woman we love, is sufficient to soften down all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Beatrice, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to have loaded me with reproaches and abuse. During five days my confidence that Beatrice would forgive me gradually increased, and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile as the picture. Could I imagine that after so many sufferings, the cruel Beatrice had one more in reserve for me, which would far surpass all I had hitherto endured?

*To be continued.*

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### THE STORY OF THE ALABAMA.

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Who that has ever been on salt water, has not heard of the story of the Flying Dutchman? It will be the same henceforth of the Alabama. Her career was cut short before she had been two years afloat, yet she met with extraordinary success in accomplishing the end for which she was constructed.

The damage inflicted by her on the mercantile marine of the Northern States of America, is well-nigh incalculable; and her hairbreadth escapes from capture by the Federal navy, have been many and wonderful. Her career has been one of the most extraordinary, that has ever been narrated of any ship. The officers of this adventurous cruiser were all young men, full of life and energy; and the same may be said of the crew, who had in them a dash of the daring spirit of the pirates and corsairs of old. They were a turbulent set at the best, and nothing but their admiration for the brilliant professional qualities of their officers, and the strong and determined character of the authority, to which they were subjected, kept them in anything like good order.

It will be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers that the Alabama was originally known as "No. 290," and was built by the Messrs Laird (of ram notoriety), Birkenhead. She was a barque-rigged wooden vessel, of 1040 tons, length of keel 210ft, length over all 220ft., beam 32ft., and depth 17ft. She was a screw propeller, and her engines were of the horizontal species and of 300-horse-power each. She had a stowage for 350 tons of coal, and her sails were fore, foretopmast stay sail and jib, two large try sails, the usual square sails on fore and main with the exception of the main sail, which was flying, spanker, and gaff-top sails—all standing rigging of wire. Her appropriate motto which was engraved on her wheel just before her mizen-mast was—"Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera" (Help yourself and God will help you). She carried a cutter, launch, gig, whale boat, and dingy. Her main deck was pierced for twelve guns; her stern elliptical, billet head, high bulwarks, and excellent accommodation for captain, officers, petty officers, and crew. Her full complement of men was 120, and her shell-rooms, magazines, store-rooms, &c., were in keeping with the excellent general arrangements of

the vessel. By the 29th of July, 1862, the Alabama was in a sufficiently forward state to put to sea, and on that day she steamed down the Mersey, ostensibly on her trial trip, and having on board a large number of ladies and gentlemen, as a blind to her real intentions—a *ruse* very necessary at the time, as the representatives of the Federal government were narrowly watching her movements, and had even denounced her to the Home Secretary. Her trial-trip was destined to be a long one, and to revisit Liverpool was not included in the programme. In the afternoon the company were transferred to a steam tug, wishing the Confederate cruiser "God speed" on her perilous career. As soon as the real character of the trial trip became known in Birkenhead and Liverpool, the utmost consternation prevailed amongst the Federal functionaries and the officials of the Customs. The latter, indeed, seem to have been on the point of seizing the "290" at the moment of her departure, but somehow she just escaped their clutches. The former personages at once telegraphed to the federal steamer Tuscarora, then cruising off the southwestern shores of our island; but although "290" was still for some time about the Irish Sea, she was lucky enough not to meet with her pursuer. Had she done so her career would certainly have terminated there and then, as she was still destitute of armament, and much remained to be done towards her actual completion as a sea-worthy vessel. "No. 290"—for as yet she bore no other name, being in that Pagan condition known as "unchristened"—made her way to the Atlantic through the North Channel, and steered for the Azores, her average speed being  $13\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour. She arrived at Terceira on the 10th of August, representing herself to be the Barcelona, built for the Spanish government, and destined for a cruiser in Mexican waters. Eight days afterwards she was joined by the Agrippina, a tender ship sent from London, with all the materials necessary to turn "No. 290" into the "Alabama," such as she was afterwards known, and will be known, as long as ships are built, and men navigate the ocean. Six guns, with coals, stores, and all the requisites of an armed steamer, were transferred to the Confederate vessel; and on the 20th of August the Bahama arrived with Commander Raphael Semmes, some officers, two 32-pounders, and more stores. On the 24th of August the new war steamer got under weigh, and once in the broad ocean Captain Semmes read his commission, formally took command of the vessel, hoisted the Confederate flag, and christened her the "Alabama," amid the cheers and salutations of all on board. At that time there were 26 officers and 85 men in the ship; and so the Alabama started on her adventurous career.

No time was lost in commencing offensive operations against the Federal mercantile marine, for on August 29th a Federal brig was chased, but, fortunately for her, she escaped her pursuers in the darkness of the night. A whale ship, from Martha's Vineyard, one of the islands of Massachusetts, was destined to be the first victim of the Confederate cruiser. The fact that the whaler was from such a strictly New England part of America was rather gratifying than otherwise to her captors. Her voyage had been a pretty successful one so far, and she had a good store of whale oil on board. On the 5th of September her crew were busily engaged operating on a valuable sperm whale, lashed alongside, when the Alabama hove within sight—not at all alarming the honest Massachusetts folks, who had no suspicion of the real character of the stranger. Great, however, was their amazement when the boats of the Confederate vessel came up, took possession of her and her cargo, and declared her officers and crew prisoners. Next day the vessel and



cargo were burnt, to the still greater consternation and dismay of the Yankees, who, however, were placed in irons as a precautionary measure, and left to threaten the direst vengeance, and to ruminate on the entire proceedings until they could be conveniently got rid of. On the same day a Boston vessel was captured after an exciting chase off the Island of Flores. The prisoners of both vessels were set at liberty on the Alabama touching at Flores, the Boston vessel being also set on fire on Sept. 9th, in company with two other vessels which had been captured in the meantime. On the following day another captured vessel was destroyed, and then the Federals had a respite for a few days. On the 13th, 14th, and 15th of September three more vessels were taken and burnt, after the crew of the Alabama had tried some great gun practice upon them. But the mere enumeration of the Federal ships taken and destroyed by the Confederate cruiser, would occupy a great deal of space with a dry catalogue of names. It may suffice to say that from the date of her first capture in September, 1862, to the same period in 1863, a single year—no less than sixty prizes were made by the Alabama, or rather more than one a week. We are not at the present moment in possession of an extract return of the captures during the last eight or nine months; but they have hardly been in proportion to the first year's havoc, as the proceedings of the Alabama and kindred ships, compelled a large number of Federal merchantmen to seek the protection of neutral flags. It has been stated that nearly one hundred Federal merchantmen have altogether succumbed to the Alabama, and this is probably not far from the correct number. With the exception of perhaps a dozen the captured vessels were either burnt or sunk. The motives for sparing any were simple enough. Some were useful in relieving the Alabama of an accumulation of prisoners, and one or two were turned into Confederate cruisers. Captain Semmes went about his work as a man of conscience who had a strong sense of his duty to his government; and even when he released a vessel on condition of taking charge of his prisoners he exacted from the captain a heavy ransom bond to be liquidated at the conclusion of the war. When the Brilliant, laden with corn and flour for starving Lancashire, was captured in October, 1862, Captain Semmes says, it went to his heart to destroy her and her cargo. But he had no other alternative, and his duty to his government compelled him to burn her. In a vessel taken on the 7th of October one of the crew of the Sumter, who had deserted the vessel at Cadiz was found. He was brought on board the Alabama, and a few days afterwards tried as a deserter from the naval service of the Confederate government. He was found guilty, sentenced to lose all title to the wages and prize money due to him, and to complete his term of engagement without any pay except sufficient to provide him with clothing and other necessaries. It would have been much more conducive to the ease of the captain and his officers if this man, whose name was Forrest, had been summarily punished, and discharged from the ship on the first opportunity. From the moment of his condemnation he lost no opportunity of exciting mutinous feelings amongst the crew, and for a length of time continued to be the evil spirit of the fore-castle. It was not his fault that the career of the Alabama was not speedily brought to a close.

On Oct. 16th, the Alabama experienced a terrific gale, which put her qualities as a sea-going vessel to a severe test. She proved herself an excellent boat, but sustained damages which compelled her to lie-to for repairs during some days. She then recommenced her destructive career, steering for New York, off which port it was the intention of Captain Semmes to

cruise for some time. He found, however, that his coals would not carry him so far, and was accordingly obliged to make for Port Royal, Martinique, where he arrived on the 18th November, capturing some prizes on the way. The trusty Agrippina was awaiting the Alabama at Port Royal with a cargo of coal, but before the latter could take in a supply—that is, on the morning of Nov. 19th,—the Federal war steamer San Jacinto, 14 guns, came steaming into the harbour, to the no small consternation of the Confederates. The governor of Port Royal interfered in vindication of the principles of international law, and gave the Federal vessel the option of going beyond a distance of three miles from the mouth of the harbour, or, if she cast anchor, remaining for 24 hours after the departure of the Confederate. The captain of the San Jacinto accepted the former alternative, as affording him the better chance of capturing the Alabama. But the vessel was not to be easily taken. Captain Semmes perceived that he must get out of the trap, or fight out of it, without delay, as every hour increased the chances of more Federal vessels coming up, and thus multiplying the difficulties and dangers of exit. After a brief consultation with his officers he determined to run out that very night, and take his chances of escape or battle.

*To be continued.*

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#### TRUE COPY OF A JURY.

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The following "True Copy of a Jury taken before Judge Doddridge, at the Assizes holden at Huntingdon A.D. 1619," may amuse our readers. The Judge had in the preceding circuit censured the Sheriff for impannelling men not qualified by rank for serving on the Grand Jury, and the Sheriff being a humourist, resolved to fit the Judge with *sounds* at least: On calling over the following names and pausing emphatically at the end of the christian, instead of the surname, his lordship began to think he had indeed a jury of quality.

|            |            |                  |
|------------|------------|------------------|
| Maximilian | King       | of Toseland      |
| Henry      | Prince     | of Godmanchester |
| George     | Duke       | of Somersham     |
| William    | Marquis    | of Stukely       |
| Edmund     | Earl       | of Hartford      |
| Richard    | Baron      | of Bythorn       |
| Stephen    | Pope       | of Newton        |
| Stephen    | Cardinal   | of Kimbolton     |
| Humfrey    | Bishop     | of Buckden       |
| Robert     | Lord       | of Waresley      |
| Robert     | Knight     | of Winwick       |
| William    | Abbott     | of Stukely       |
| Robert     | Baron      | of St. Neots     |
| William    | Dean       | of Old Weston    |
| John       | Archdeacon | of Paxton        |
| Peter      | Esquire    | of Easton        |
| Edward     | Fryer      | of Ellington     |
| Henry      | Monk       | of Stukeley      |
| George     | Gentleman  | of Spaldwick     |
| George     | Priest     | of Graffham      |
| Richard    | Deacon     | of Catworth      |

The Judge, it is said, was highly pleased with this practical joke, and commended the Sheriff for his ingenuity. The descendants of some of these illustrious Jurors still reside in the County, and bear the same names; in particular, a *Maximilian King* we are informed still presides over Toseland.

R. C.



## A CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

In Lincolnshire, there lived a certain gentleman, whose cook called Meggy, suffered intensely for a considerable time from toothache, and at last she acquainted her master with her sufferings. He deemed it advisable to pursue a different course from that lately reported, to have been followed by the present Archbishop of York, when suffering from an acute attack of the same complaint.\* He told her he had a book of receipts for the cure of every ailment, and he would at once see what medicine was prescribed for her complaint. Accordingly he desired one of his daughters, to fetch him the book from his study. The book was brought, and with a solemn countenance the master examined it. For sometime he turned over leaf after leaf, and studied their contents, while Meggy's tooth still ached. At last he said, "Meggy, I have found something that will cure your toothache; and it is a charm. To render it however, of any avail, you must kneel down and humbly ask it for Saint Charity."

The woman, glad to be released of her pain, knelt down, and said, "Master, for Saint Charity let me have that medicine." "Then," replied he, "continue on your knees and say after me." He began and said as follows:—

- Master.* The sun on the Sunday.  
*Cook.* *The sun on the Sunday.*  
*M.* The moon on the Monday.  
*C.* *The moon on the Monday.*  
*M.* The Trinity on the Tuesday.  
*C.* *The Trinity on the Tuesday.*  
*M.* The wit on the Wednesday.  
*C.* *The wit on the Wednesday.*  
*M.* The holy, holy Thursday.  
*C.* *The holy, holy Thursday.*  
*M.* And all that fast on Friday.  
*C.* *And all that fast on Friday—*  
*M.* Shall live on mice on Saturday.

Meggy, thinking her master was only mocking her, hastily rose from her knees, filled with anger, and shaking her clenched fist at him, said, "I swear, thou mocking churl, I will not bide in thy service any longer," and then hastily quitted the room. She at once went to her chamber, to make preparation for her departure. While thus engaged, it occurred to her, that her toothache had ceased, but she knew not how long it had left her, by reason of her passion. At this time her master entered the room, and asked Meggy about her toothache, and on her informing him that it had passed off, he told her it was the work of the charm, and that she should not leave his service. Thus we see that anger may possibly sometimes remove bodily pain.

\* Dr. Thompson, whilst Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, had been suffering from severe toothache, and it was pronounced necessary to alleviate the suffering by chloroform. Now, the bishop's wife, a most amiable but timid person, was very averse to this; she greatly admired her husband's well-known mental powers, and could not divest her mind of the idea that chloroform had any injurious effect upon the brain. But the bishop, notwithstanding her urgent remonstrances, decided on employing the sedative; the dose was administered, the tooth painlessly extracted, and the parties returned home. The prelate had recovered his usual health, when shortly afterwards a letter was delivered to him from the Premier, Lord Palmerston, offering to his acceptance the Arch-bishopric of York. He could not resist the impetus of at once communicating the intelligence to the sharer of his joys and sorrows; so, in rather an excited manner, entering her apartments, he exclaimed, "I am Archbishop of York!" The poor lady was sadly disconcerted; she felt assured that her worst fears were realised, and that he had become seriously affected in his mind. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I told you so; I knew how it would be; that horrid chloroform! Go and lie down, and compose yourself." "Indeed, my dear," replied the bishop, "the news is true." But she could not be divested of her impression until the letter was put into her hands.

## THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

The affectionate terms on which the Arab families live with their horses sometimes occasions extreme regret when they are obliged from necessity to sell them. D'Arvieux mentions a Syrian merchant, who cried most tenderly while caressing his mare, whose genealogy he said he could trace for five hundred years. And the feelings of another, who had taken gold for a steed on which he had set an extraordinary value, have been thus vigorously and pathetically described:—

“ My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,  
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye;  
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,  
I may not mount on thee again—thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed!  
Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind,  
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.  
The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold.  
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou 'rt sold, my steed, thou 'rt sold.

Farewell! Those free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,  
Thy silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee,  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be;  
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain,  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go. The mild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,  
Thy master's house—from all of these my exiled one must fly.  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;  
Only in sleep shall I hear again that step so firm and light:  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side;  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,  
Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count each starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curb'd; so gentle, yet so free:  
And yet, if haply, when thou 'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,  
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

*Return!* Alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do;  
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanish'd from his view?  
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,  
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,  
Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on,  
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,  
'It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!'

*When last I saw him drink!* Away! the fever'd dream is o'er,  
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more.  
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,—  
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold!  
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!  
Thus, *thus* I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;  
Away! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his pains;”

### THE BENEFITS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

The subject of Life Assurance admits of being discussed with advantage in various ways. It might be treated historically, statistically, or scientifically. In each of these ways many interesting facts might be recorded, and many important principles exhibited. My object is not to discuss this subject, except to a very limited extent, in any of the ways alluded to. I shall endeavour to take that view which appears to me to be the simplest, and of the most practical kind. My desire is to make a few remarks, which occur to me as favouring Life Assurance, and which may, perhaps, be calculated to induce some of my readers to insure their lives.

Now; *What is Life Assurance?* It is the exercise of a prudent forethought, arising from motives of love and benevolence. It secures a partial independence for those whom we leave behind us—it mitigates the widow's grief, and the orphan's wretchedness. It is very efficacious in its operation, as it regards the moral and domestic comfort of the people. It has a direct tendency to reduce taxation, by its reduction of pauperism, and an indirect tendency to suppress crime, or rather to prevent crime; and, if universally adopted would prove to be a national blessing. It affords an opportunity to persons of every class, and in every station of life, for providing the means of averting much future misery from their families, and not only that, but of rendering them independent of public or private charity. In plain words, Life Assurance is a provident scheme by which any sum of money may be secured at death, whenever that takes place, to the surviving relatives, or to be received at any given age, by the person thus insured.

We are informed that the importance of Assurance, has been recognized by employers, to a very surprising extent. We have it on the highest authority, that Principals of some of the most extensive Establishments in London, sensible of the great advantages resulting from the practice, have recently adopted the resolution of requiring every individual in their employ, whether Clerk, Porter, or Warehouseman, to insure his life, for such a reasonable amount as his salary will admit of. The beneficial tendency of this regulation admits of no doubt. It not only affords some guarantee for the good conduct of the insured, but it is a judicious and humane interference of the Masters, in behalf of the families of the persons who are employed by them. By this plan a provision is almost imperceptibly secured

to them, when they would most probably, in many cases, otherwise, have been thrown upon the parish. I would urge upon my readers to consider this subject seriously. The Life Assurance Companies offer facilities, to the heads of families to insure for those who are the nearest and dearest to them, a pecuniary provision, when they themselves shall be no longer able to administer to their support. It is a laudable, honourable and safe way of preventing a very large amount of human misery. In a moral point of view, the advantages are many and great. I will now bring forward the great fact upon which Life Assurance depends, and which statistical tables have demonstrated, to bear on this subject: we find it stated in Chambers' Miscellany, "that life, uncertain in the individual, is determined with respect to a multitude, being governed, like everything else in nature, by fixed laws. It is found that out of any large number of persons, at a particular age, the deaths during the ensuing year will be a certain number. Suppose we take ten thousand Englishmen of the age of 52, we are as sure as we are of the times of eclipses, and the rising of the sun, and moon, that the deaths among them next year will be about 150. This is learned from experience; that is, by keeping tables of mortality. The number is liable to be different in different countries, and at different ages. Of course, among ten thousand younger persons, the deaths are fewer; and of older persons, more; every age has its proportion." At any age, then, there must be, according to certain fixed laws, a certain number of deaths in a given period of time, and no one is able to say that he shall not be among that number which will die, in that time. There is the most positive proof to every one, that death will come to so many of his own age exactly; and there is no gain-saying this fact, that to whom it shall come, there is the most perfect uncertainty. It follows, therefore, that the duty is incumbent upon all alike, to consider this matter carefully, and to provide for it, that it may not fall upon his family, and overwhelm them in abject poverty, at the same time they are plunged into grief, for the loss sustained! It behoves every parent as far as he is able to prevent the worst results, from falling upon his unprotected little ones, unawares.

Dr. Cook, an American writer, has the following, on this subject, "It is hardly possible to over estimate the extent of the calamity, when the head of a family is struck down, and the members of it are left in helplessness and poverty. It is not enough, in such a case, that the affections



are crushed and wounded, by the loss of a beloved husband or parent. The miseries of destitution are forthwith felt also—there is a dependence on the too often capricious and stinted assistance of others, there is an end of the independence and the comfort of the whole household. Take such a case in the higher ranks, where a certain style and superior manner of living had been maintained; where certain luxuries had become, by long use, almost necessities; where a higher education was imparted to the children; and where the well-directed efforts of the parent who has been taken away, provided the means of elegance and comfort for all. In a moment—and by an event, in itself, and independent of circumstances, most afflicting, the source of all this happiness is dried up; and the helpless mourners are made at the same time dependents, perhaps almost or altogether beggars. In the breaking up of the household, in the division of the members of it, in the parting with every superfluous article of furniture, however valued for the associations connected with it—in the feeble attempts to keep up something like former respectability, and the gradual descent to the lowest stage of poverty, there is perhaps as much of misery experienced, as under more substantial privations. The heart of the widow, in such circumstances, or of the orphan, knoweth its own bitterness—and none else. Surely it becomes him to whom the affections of that heart have been most devoted, to anticipate the possibility of such a season of trial and privation, and to provide the means of alleviating it." And if we dive into the lower ranks of society, the improvidence of that parent who has neglected to insure his life for a small amount, terminates in the direst calamity. Utter privation treads on the very heels of affliction itself—as soon as the parent is dead, there is no food in the house; a few shillings are all the poor widow has; what to do she knows not; her children soon cry for bread, and she has no alternative than to "make her case known to the parish;" this is sad, and might have been prevented; two shillings a week, or so, paid by the husband, who always had "constant work" (at "25s. a week," perhaps), could have provided a sum of £150, or £200, for this poor woman, which would have been sufficient to ward off the worst, and to "set her up in a little business."—Surely this was desirable, surely the principle of Life Assurance would have done good in this case—which is no fancied picture, but one that presented itself to the writer in its stern reality. On the death of the head of a family, where the facilities

afforded by the Life Assurance Companies, have been taken advantage of,—where what could not have been effected by the savings of *one* person, has been effected by this *combination* of individuals, I have seen the loss sustained, for some time, in a *pecuniary* point of view, more than made up; and, the grateful family, amid their distress of mind, rejoicing in the "little fortune" secured to them. The *principle* upon which this may be done shall be communicated in another paper.

C. J. S.

### CO-OPERATION.

*To the Editor of the News Magazine.*

SIR,

As you have admitted into the columns of your first number an article, signed "B," giving an account of the origin and progress of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers Society,—I imagine that you, too, are infected with the co-operative mania. This mania, at the present time, appears to be epidemical. I, however, feel considerable doubt as to the universal benefit to be derived ultimately from the development of this system. I am very apprehensive lest this principle of co-operation should eventuate in an unseemly and disagreeable monopoly. I will not deny, that in certain localities—in large manufacturing districts, for instance, it may have been productive of some good to certain individuals. I admit that a few improvident workmen may have found this scheme the means of turning over a new leaf; some few of them may have derived a pecuniary advantage by becoming shareholders in co-operative societies; but looking upon it as a case of "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—I must put a few questions Mr. Editor, with your permission, to Mr. "B." I would ask him what is his opinion of the principle when extensively enlarged?

What will he do with, and for, our tradesmen—driven prematurely into inglorious retirement?

Is he in a position to prove there is nothing *falacious* as to the "division of profits" among the *co-operative purchasers*?

I shall also be glad if he can ascertain for me how the system is working at New England? "B" seems already on the threshold of an earthly Paradise. Perhaps he will honour me with a reply, which will guide me a little farther than Rochdale, and he will earn my warmest thanks for his courtesy and information.

Believe me, Sir, Yours very truly,

CIVIS.

*Peterborough, July 13th, 1864.*



To the Editor of "the News Magazine."

SIR,

Your "first number" struck me quite comical. Although I was born very young, and am, for my age, somewhat green, I confess I did not expect to be "sold" for the *third time*, by your printing my *private* letter. However, Mr. Editor, it seems you are a merry fellow, and one not easily discouraged or offended.

I now hope your *Magazine* will be *considerably sold*, and *not your worthy self*. I must confess, I like the appearance of it very much, and I feel some little ambition to have the honour of accompanying you "to favour and to fame."

Notwithstanding I am still wincing from the chagrin occasioned by your breach of confidence, I shall keep my promise.

I, herewith, send you another anecdote for your August number, and I leave you at liberty to insert this letter, or not, as you feel disposed, I should not like to be "sold" *again!*

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,  
FAST COACH.

Fletton, July 4th, 1864.

["Fast Coach," in very good humour, admits he has been "sold" for the *third time!*

We are flattered that he "likes the appearance" of our Periodical. We can assure him, that if he displays sufficient "native talent," that we shall be happy to allow him to *coach* along with us.

Ed. of N. M.]

#### THE ANECDOTE.

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

(Translated from the French.)

Some days before the battle of Ivry, Henry the Fourth arrived one evening, *incognito*, at Alençon, with but few attendants, and alighted at the house of an officer who had been much attached to him. The officer was not at home, and his wife who did not know the King, received him as one of the generals of the army; and when he said he was the friend of her husband, she became still more attentive to him. Towards evening, however, the King thought he discovered some signs of uneasiness in the countenance, and demeanour of his hostess.—"What is the matter, madam?" said he; "I hope I am not the cause of any embarrassment to you; but, as the night has approached, I have observed that you are less cheerful.

Tell me frankly the reason, and I assure you, I will not put you to the least inconvenience."—"Sir," replied the lady, "I will not conceal it from you; to-day is Friday, and if you are at all acquainted with the locality in which we live, you will not be surprised when I tell you, that I know not how I shall be able to procure anything for your supper, that is fit to be set before you.

I have already made inquiry through the whole town, but in vain, I can obtain nothing, except that one of my neighbours tells me he has a fat turkey, ready for the spit; but this he will not let me have only on condition that he shall come and eat part of it; and as he is only a tradesman, though he has acquired considerable property, he does not appear to me to be a suitable guest to sit at table with you: he will not, however, part with his turkey on any other terms."—"This man," said the King, "appears to be a merry wag."—"Yes, Sir," said the lady, "he is considered to be the wit of the town; and, besides, a very worthy man, in his way, and a good Frenchman."—"Oh, let him come then," replied the King; "I am rather hungry; and even if he should be somewhat troublesome, it will be better to sup with him, than not to sup at all."

The tradesman being informed that his stipulation was complied with, dressed himself in his Sunday clothes, and soon made his appearance with his turkey; and while it was being prepared by the culinary art, he entertained the King with so many pleasant sallies of wit, and recited so many amusing anecdotes about his neighbours—for he was very well versed in the private matters of the whole town—that the Monarch, though almost famished with hunger, waited for his supper without the least impatience. The pleasantries of the man increased while they were at table, and the good King laughed outright, and with full satisfaction of heart; which encouragement seemed to redouble the wit and humour of his homely guest. When the King was about to rise from the table, the honest tradesman suddenly dropped on his knees before him. "Sire," exclaimed he, "pardon my presumption. This day is assuredly the happiest day of my life. I saw your Majesty pass when you arrived here; I was fortunate enough to know you; but I said nothing, not even to this lady, when I found she did not know you were our King. Pardon, Sire, a thousand pardons! I wished only to amuse you for an hour or two."

The lady was now also at the feet of the King, who bade them rise with that goodness for which he was ever distinguished.

"No, Sire," exclaimed the tradesman, still continuing on his knees, "I will remain thus until you shall have deigned to listen to me for a moment." "Speak, then," said the Monarch, whose curiosity was excited by this address. "Sire," said the man, with great gravity of voice and manner, "the glory of my King is dear to me, and I cannot reflect without the most poignant grief, that it must be tarnished by your Majesty's having admitted to sit at your table such an individual as I am. And this, Sire, I see but one means to prevent." "What may that means be?" said Henry. "Grant me letters of nobility." "Grant you letters of nobility!" "Why not, Sire? Though I was once an artisan, I am a Frenchman; and I hope I have as honest a heart as any gentleman in France." "Very well, my friend, I grant your request; but what arms will you bear?"—"My *turkey*, Sire, which to day has procured me so great an honour." "Well said!" replied the merry Monarch. "You shall be noble, and bear your turkey in pale."

The tradesman afterwards bought an estate in the environs of Alençon, which was erected into a manor, under his name, which he never would change. His descendants long possessed it, and bore for their arms a *turkey in pale!*

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MORE "MISERIES,"

By Sir Fretfull Murmur, Knt.

Upon returning from a Tour to the Continent, being asked by every one you meet for *your private opinion of things in general*.

Having your portrait finely painted in crayons, spoiled by your favourite Newfoundland dog, who struck with the resemblance, begins licking it whilst the servant is cleaning the glass and frame.

Soon after you have comfortably seated yourself in the drawing-room of a fashionable family in the country, where you hope to sleep for the night, having your comb and night-cap taken out of your pocket and laid on the floor, by a pert, spoiled, impudent child, and finding the room in a titter at your expense.

Being obliged to attend a very absent man to a party of prudish ladies, and being fearful that every moment he will say or do something highly improper.

Having a refusal to an offer of marriage sent by an inquisitive maid servant, before the wafer is dry.

Sending your hunter over night to cover, twenty miles off, riding your hack and to the anxious enquiry as to the state of your hunter's health, your groom informs you that he is dead lame.

Being a fag to a tyrannical boy, forced to get out of window at night, to procure wine from the inn for him, and discovered and flogged for it.

Being over-persuaded to stand up in a country dance, when, you know, or what is equally bad, conceive that a bear would eclipse you in grace and agility.

Mis-directing your letter to a man whom you have quizzed in it most abominably.

Toasting a bit of cheese, and when it is more than half done, letting it fall into the ashes.

Sleeping in a room with a loose window in a high wind, at the same time the chimney board being too small, and flying backwards and forwards.

Carving for a large party with a blunt carving knife.

Hearing that a young lady to whom you are ardently attached, and who you flattered yourself regarded you favourably, is displaying uncommon vivacity and spirits, at a distant watering place, and that she is every where much admired,

In the country, going to a party to dinner, getting very tipsy, quitting the house in a dark night, and getting upon your horse with your face towards the tail, and wondering during the few minutes that you are able to keep your seat, amongst the jeers of your companions, what freak can have entered the brain of the beast to go backwards.

Going to a ball, becoming enamoured with your partner, procuring her name, and understanding that she was an only child, addressing the letter containing a tender display of your affections to Miss So-and-so, receiving a favourable reply, rushing to the house; being introduced to an elder sister whom you had drawn for a partner in the course of the preceding evening without knowing it, who feels no objection to your person, and who of course concluding from the superscription that the billet was intended for her, was disposed to receive your offer most graciously—thunderstruck at the mistake, and covered with confusion, being obliged in the most horribly awkward manner to explain.

Ditto the Lady's sensations.

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ANSWERS

To the *Enigmatical Pack of Hounds*.  
Page 18.

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| 1. Beauty.     | 7. Thunder.  |
| 2. Lively.     | 8. Gay-Lass. |
| 3. Snowball.   | 9. Duchess.  |
| 4. Truelove.   | 10. Pincher. |
| 5. Sweet-lips. | 11. Juno.    |
| 6. Ruby.       | 12. Music.   |

## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

MAY 25th. Arthur, the son of Mr. John Davis, farmer, near Oundle, was accidentally drowned in a pond in his father's farm-yard.

John Clare, the Peasant Poet, was buried in Helpstone church-yard, on the south side, near the chancel. The brass plate on the coffin bore this inscription: "John Clare, born July 13th, 1793; died May 20th, 1864." The expenses attending the funeral, will be defrayed by the Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam.

26th. A fire occurred on the farmstead of Mr. Cooke, in Wigtoft Fen, near Boston. Several stacks of produce were destroyed as well as a steam engine, which was at work at the time. The fire was caused by a spark from the steam engine alighting on a straw stack. Estimated amount of damage 400*l.* Insured in the Sun Fire Office,

The will of the late Bishop of Peterborough was proved in the Diocesan Court of Probate by the two sons and executors, the Rev. Edmund Davys, vicar of Peterborough, and the Rev. Owen W. Davys, rector of Wheathampstead. It bears date December 21st, 1858, and there is a codicil added on the 23rd of July, 1861. The personality was sworn under 80,000*l.*, and is equally divided among the late bishop's four children—Mrs. Pratt, wife of the Rev. Canon Pratt; Mrs. Argles, wife of the Rev. Canon Argles, and the two sons already named. The real estate, which includes several valuable farms, is bequeathed to the eldest son, the vicar of Peterborough, subject only to the payment of an annuity of 50*l.*, to a widowed relative at Oxford. In addition to the income of his bishopric, which was 4500*l.* a year, the deceased prelate possessed independent property, to the amount of fully 500*l.* a year. He lived a life of the simplest and most unostentatious character.

At Crowland, a Church rate of one penny in the pound, was unanimously agreed to.

27th. The 8th competition of the Sleaford Rifle Corps, for the Rev. E. Trollope's challenge cup, took place, which terminated in favor of corporal Ingoldby, who made 18 points.

At Epworth, Mr. George Pearson of Newland, was summoned by Sarah Slater, of Epworth, for assaulting her. He was fined, including costs, 27*s.* 6*d.*, or 21 days in default.

28th. Early this morning, Mr. John Negus, farmer, formerly of Chatteris, but now of Long Sutton, left his bedroom, and, though the strictest search has been made, he has not since been seen or heard of.

He is supposed to have gone out in his night shirt and slippers only.

30th. The boiler of an engine belonging to the London & North Western Railway Company, burst at Orton Station; the engine at the time being attached to a passenger train. Fortunately no one was killed, and the only person at all hurt was Richmond, the driver. The cause assigned for the accident, is that the engine is a very old one.

The birth-place of the poet Clare, at Helpstone, was, with other freehold property, sold by auction this day, the purchaser being Mr. Bellars.

At the annual meeting of the Waterworks Company, Newark, it was mentioned that the shareholders were receiving 5 per cent on their investment.

31st. The ceremony of electing the Bishop of Peterborough, by the Dean & Chapter, took place during the morning service.

At Market Rasen, butter was sold at 7*d.* per *lb.*

JUNE 1st. The competition for a prize given by W. Wells, Esq., of Holme—"To the Driver of an Agricultural Portable Steam Engine, who shall have shown the greatest skill and competence in the management of his engine, of which he shall have had charge for not less than 18 months"—took place at Boroughbury, near Peterborough. The prize was divided into two awards, of 6*l.* and 4*l.*, respectively. William Thurley, in the employ of Mr. J. Edis, obtained the 1st prize, and the 2nd was awarded to John Townsend, in the employ of Mr. J. W. Edgson.

Mr. Edward Vergette, jun., of Peterborough, passed his final legal examination, at the Hall of the Incorporated Law Society, London.

The Duke of Manchester was installed by Col. R. A. Shafton Adair, Provincial Grand Master of Suffolk, in the office of Provincial Grand Master of Northamptonshire, and Huntingdonshire, rendered vacant by the death of the late Marquis of Huntly. The ceremony took place at the Socrates Lodge, Huntingdon. The Duke of Manchester in the course of his remarks after dinner, proposed that discussions should be held in the lodges, for the purpose of reconciling the apparent contradictions, "between the facts as related in the sacred writings, and the facts as discerned by scientific men." Such he thought was once the business of the lodges, and Masons now-a-days, "would enter on such discussion with becoming reverence."

2nd. A review of the R. N. L. Militia and the Rifle Volunteers of the Lindsey battalion, was held on the South Common,



Lincoln. About 1500 men in all, were under arms.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, arrived in Cambridge. The royal party became the guests of the authorities of Trinity College. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the Prince, and on several members of the court party. The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Cookson), entertained the royal party to dinner, in the hall of Peterhouse.

3rd. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the royal party, took their departure from Cambridge.

4th. J. W. Pearce, Esq., was elected a medical officer to the Peterborough Union.

A choral festival took place at Ely Cathedral, in which 1400 voices assisted.

A matrimonial hoax was played off on W. Boulden, of London, by several young men at Boston. The "victim" was tried by his "persecutors," for attempting to obtain a wife, &c. He was found guilty, and adjudged to pay for a dozen of wine. This he flatly refused. Consequently his face was painted, and he was turned into the street. He at length found refuge in the lock-up.

In the cemetery of Thorney Abbey, a fine laburnum tree is in full flower, bearing three different colored flowers. These flowers hang in distinct clusters of each colour, on the same boughs all over the tree, and not each on separate boughs as if by grafting.

5th. Sarah Ann Simons, cook in the establishment of Rev. J. Fawcett, Banburgh, Horncastle, committed suicide by hanging herself. It appears that the unfortunate young woman was goaded into "an unsound state of mind," by the calumnies spread abroad concerning her.

7th. About 9 o'clock p.m., a fire occurred at the Great Northern Works, Spittal, Peterborough. Several sheds used as workshops, and for containing stores, were destroyed. It was 3 o'clock before the fire was got under. Estimated damage about 1500*l.* Cause unknown.

8th. Two brothers named Setchfield, were drowned while bathing near the railway bridge at Whittlesey.

9th. Mr. Topps, veterinary surgeon, discovered through the sagacity of a dog, the body of Mr. John Negus, in the river Nene, near Sutton Bridge. An inquest was held by Mr. Edwards, and a verdict of "found drowned," was returned.

13th. Ashby & Co., Stamford, obtained the first prize for the best horse-rake, and the first prize for the best haymaker, at the Zierikzee show, in Holland.

14th. An inquest was held at Godmanchester, on Ellen McIntire, a married

woman, who had died suddenly on that same morning. On the previous day she suffered from what appeared to be a bilious attack. On the next morning, her daughter rose at an early hour and gave her some tea, after taking which, she appeared to go to sleep. About an hour and half afterwards she was found dead. After two adjournments of the inquest, the jury found in accordance with the medical testimony of Dr. M. Foster, that the deceased died of inflammation of the stomach, produced by natural causes.

A rifle contest took place at the Milton Ferry butts, between the Peterborough, Wellingborough, and Whittlesey corps'. The following score was the result:—

|                |     |         |
|----------------|-----|---------|
| WELLINGBOROUGH | 491 | points. |
| WHITTLESEY     | 486 | "       |
| PETERBOROUGH   | 440 | "       |

15th. A Reform Demonstration meeting was held at the Corn Exchange, Peterborough; Mr. W. Vergette in the chair.

16th. At Gosberton, a Church rate of 3*d.* in the pound was unanimously agreed to.

17th. Martha Howell, schoolmistress, Springthorpe, attempted to take the life of Miss Johnson, music teacher of Gainsborough, at Somerby, near Lincoln, by shooting her with a pistol. The pistol was fortunately overcharged, which caused it when discharged to fly up and to this circumstance, Miss Johnson owed her life, the bullet passing over her head. Howell was afterwards arrested in her own house and committed by the magistrates to take her trial at the next Lincoln Assizes. She is about 45 years of age.

At Chatteris, a young man, for a trifling amount, undertook to run 10 miles within the hour, which feat he accomplished, having several minutes to spare.

18th. Mr. T. Holmes, of Whittlesey, has a white cockatoo, that has laid an egg after 15 years' incarceration.

Mr. C. H. Holdich, jun., scholar of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, having obtained a first class in the list of ordinary degrees.

20th. An inquest was held at the White Hart, New England, on the body of Matthew Reynolds, railway labourer. The deceased had on the previous Saturday night, been drinking freely at a beer-house at Newtown, and left there to return home at 11 o'clock. His body was afterwards found on the Great Northern Railway, frightfully mutilated, the head being nearly severed from the body. A verdict of *accidental death* was returned.

21st. A Bazaar and Battalion Parade of the 1st. Cambridgeshire Volunteers,



were held at March. The weather was fine, and the company gay and numerous.

Sergeant Bissill obtained the prize at the monthly shooting of the Sleaford Rifle Corps, making 27 points.

23rd. A railway accident occurred on the main line of the Great Northern Railway, near Little Bytham station. The Manchester Express dashed into a coal train, which blocked the line and smashed 15 waggons. The only personal injury sustained was to one of the guards, who was severely shaken.

At the Newark police court, William Aston was charged with endeavouring to obtain alms by exposing his deformities in Castlegate on Saturday last. He was committed for 14 days with hard labour.

A billiard match was played at the Great Northern Rooms, Peterborough, between the marker, John Hirst, and Mr. Coles of Northampton, 1000 up, for 25*l.* a side. The game occupied little more than 2½ hours, and resulted in Hirst's being victorious; Mr. Coles' score standing 779 at the finish.

24th. A few days ago a Mrs. Baker, a widow, residing in the Royal Oak yard, Huntingdon, removed the lining of her son's cap, because he complained of something in it that hurt him, when to her surprise she found a 10*l.* Bank of England note doubled up and pinned in the cap. This cap was given to her deceased husband when he was ostler at the George Hotel, by a gentleman who stopped there.

25th. During the past week, Mr. Edward Leigh, of Chatteris, has dug a root of potatoes that produced 31 at one root, 25 of which were of good size, suitable for the table.

The ceremony of confirming the election of Dr. Juene, to the Bishopric of Peterborough, took place at St. Mary-le-Bow church, Cheapside. His Lordship was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral, on Wednesday the 22nd. inst.

26th. A man about 35 years of age, fully six feet in stature, passed through Carlby last evening, and was heard to say that he intended spending the night at Mr. Eldred's lime pits, where he had previously found comfortable quarters. He was found by a man named Roberts, about 8 o'clock this morning dead. The body presented a frightful spectacle, it being almost roasted.

27th. Two labourers of Long Lyddington, Rutland, were excavating gravel in the lordship of Stockerstone, Leicestershire, 2 miles south-west of Uppingham, and at about 4 or 5 feet from the surface of the ground came upon an earthen jar,

which unfortunately was broken in two pieces; it contained what the men thought to be some old medals, and they disposed of them at Uppingham for 1*s.*6*d.* each. The coins were subsequently examined by a gentleman learned in the science of numismatology, who enumerates them as follows:—A sovereign and half-sovereign of James I.; two sovereigns of Charles I.; twenty guineas and four half-guineas of Charles II.; eleven guineas and six half-guineas of James II.; nine guineas and six half-guineas of William III.; and two half-guineas of William and Mary. The designations here given may not, he says, be strictly correct, but in the main they are so. It is supposed the collection had been hoarded up by some person, and buried for safety during a period of panic. As the latest bears date William III., it is likely that the owner secreted the coins when the Jacobite invasions were threatened, or when the rebels entered England in 1715. The coins are now in the care of Mr. Rowlett, inspector of the county constabulary.

### Marriages.

JUNE 15th. At Oundle, John Quick Costin, Esq., surgeon, Market Harborough, to Susanna Clara, youngest daughter of Robert Richardson, Esq., solicitor, Oundle.

21st. At St. Benedict's, Glastonbury, Somerset, W. H. Bullivant, Esq., of Ashwell, Rutland, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Austin, Esq., of the Abbey, Glastonbury.

At Woodstone Church, Hunts, the Rev. Stewart Byrth, M.A., Incumbent of Seacombe, Cheshire, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edwards, Crescent, Peterborough.

30th. At the Parish Church, St. Ives, Hunts, the Rev. Thomas Rusby, M.A., Curate of Doddington, Isle of Ely, to Margaret Mary, eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Aislabe Greene, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon.

### Death.

JUNE 14th. At Woodcroft Castle, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Joseph Spencer, aged 52 years. The deceased lady, who was widely respected, had only been ill a short time, and it is feared her illness was increased by a cold taken whilst following the poet Clare to his last home, in Helpston Churchyard.

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 3.]

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

[Vol. 1.

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## EDUCATIONAL DISCIPLINE.

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Personally to our Readers, we may in the first place be permitted to say, that we are well satisfied with the reception our Periodical has received at their hands.

We shall, on this occasion, look around us, and see whither are tending the efforts of our population, generally. We can see that it is the aim of a great number to obtain an improved social position for themselves and their families. We shall not hinder these aspirations, but rather guide those, who so laudably entertain them, to the wished-for goal, by throwing out a few suggestions, as to what we consider to be the qualifications requisite for performing the arduous operation of what is termed, "getting up in the world." This is a very important matter; and we shall not begin by calling attention to some great genius, or some special stroke of good fortune, some beginning at an opportune time, or some remarkable and isolated instance of perseverance brought to a successful issue—but, we shall investigate certain earlier causes of success; and we shall assume as a general rule, that some degree of success is attainable by all, in proportion as they have in the earlier period of their life, taken the means of "qualifying" for it.

Unless a young vine be properly pruned and trained, and its various tendrils carefully watched by the vine-dresser, it will be in vain for the owner to expect to be satisfied with the produce thereof, when the season shall arrive for gathering the grapes. Youth is the recognized season for improvement; it is, as it were, the probationary state of manhood. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it," is a well known proverb. Solomon's assertion implies, that unless the mind of a young man is properly educated, trained, and disciplined, his passions and inclinations will soon gain the mastery over him, and prevent him from exercising with discretion those reasoning faculties which have been implanted in him. *Discipline* is a word which grates harshly upon our ears, but it simply means *schooling* the mind, by endeavouring to subject it to a restraining and directing influence, which shall produce upon it a wholesome effect; and render the habits and affections of the young man such, that he shall be able, hereafter, to satisfy the wishes and anticipations of his friends, as well as to realize the just desires of his own heart. Discipline is to a young man, what the rudder is to a vessel; there can be no safe career for either, without proper guidance. "We can hardly conceive," says a writer upon educational discipline, "how great a dissimilarity there exists between

the naked Indian, dancing with joy over a new feather for his head dress, and such a mind as that of Newton or of Boyle. And what makes the difference? There is mind enough in the savage; he can almost out-do the instinct of the prey which he hunts; but, his soul is like the marble pillar; there is a beautiful statue in it, but the hand of the sculptor has never laid the chisel upon it. The mind of the savage has never been *disciplined*; and it, therefore, in the comparison, appears like the rough bison of the forest, distinguished only for strength and ferocity."

Now, generally speaking, the character of a youth will proportion for itself the amount of discipline it requires. This is a curious way of putting the matter, but the assertion is nevertheless, perfectly true. As a giddy sheep enclosed within an iron fence runs up against what is there placed to restrain it, so an impulsive, wayward boy runs full tilt against "Rules" and "Regulations," and thus he becomes as it were, the attacking party, and draws down upon himself the necessary coercion. As many as are the youths in any School, just so many are the characters which are, or should be, brought face to face with a firm and judicious discipline. It prevents a large amount of confusion, and adds to their comfort in many ways. It curtails the history of such scenes as would make a parent blush, and a Schoolmaster feel ashamed of himself. Some parents have felt bound to confess, that it has made their "ears tingle" to be made acquainted with the "goings on" of their offspring; and yet these same parents have given as a definition of discipline, that very style of management which has contributed to bring about that peculiar auricular sensation, which the recital of their son's prowess in doubtful morality has occasioned them to complain of. Parents and Teachers (for we address you both) strive to pull together. Uphold a wholesome correctional influence over the young; lay a good foundation for them to stand upon, if you wish them to become useful members of society, when their probationary state of pupilage shall terminate. Of this one fact our readers may feel well assured, that whatever youths at a certain age may affect, they have a great and real respect for discipline, tempered with justice. By no means do we advocate undue severity, nor do we hold up corporal punishment in all refractory cases as an admirable regimen—much less an infallible cure—but we would insist upon a discipline that should be felt to exist. A genuine respect cannot fail to be entertained towards that youth of 14 or 15 years of age, who calmly says, "we are not allowed," "it is against the rules." We feel at once that the restraining influence is effectively at work, and we judge, too, from this glance at the position, that a guiding influence is in close proximity with it, and that a lasting benefit is being conferred upon him whilst in *statu pupillari*.

*Non omnia possumus omnes.* "All are not capable of all things." Neither have *all* youths the power to excel in the *same* thing, nor do they desire to pursue the same course. If we take a class of ten boys, we shall scarcely find two who agree that they should like to follow the same kind of avocation in after life. It is wise to take note of what a boy's inclinations are, in order not to force him against his will, to follow a pursuit he has a distaste for, or for which his talents do not fit him. We think it may safely be affirmed that every one has naturally the power of excelling in some one thing, and that he will certainly do so, if he will be faithful to himself. How many boys are year by year started by their parents on a wrong course, unwittingly, and (if we may be allowed the expression) without any malice afore-thought. We are acquainted with numbers who began life in a different position, who are



now following successfully the bent of their own early inclinations. Who shall say what useless expense has been incurred by parents, what sacrifice of comfort, what anxiety of mind has been endured by youths, to carry out an idea, which was never agreeably entertained by the latter? Whatever preconceived notions a parent may have, as to the position he would like his son to hold, it is advisable to sound, and, if possible, to favour the boy's own inclinations, and to cause his education to be directed so that it shall not clash with his own desires, provided those desires are definite and intelligible. Parents who have only one son, are sometimes quite at a loss to know what they are to "make of him"—whether a clergyman, a lawyer, or an architect. An aunt wishes him to enter the Church, the father would like him to be a lawyer, the mother has set her mind upon his being an architect, because she had an uncle who was most successful in that business. The schoolmaster is consulted; he gives it as his opinion that, the boy does not take to Greek and Latin, as he should do to become successful at College; he considers him to be too quiet and retiring to make a good lawyer; and, as to his being an architect, why he has not the slightest idea of, or taste for drawing; so that he scarcely knows what to advise about him. At last the poor boy gets a chance to give *his* opinion; and, somehow or other, he has got it into his head that he "should like to be a surgeon." The Schoolmaster says, "very well; if it be his choice, I see no particular objection to it." His parents, however, do not fancy that profession at all; but, the boy perseveres; he should "so like" to be a surgeon, and he gains the day, and so the matter ends. He passes successfully the preliminary examination at Apothecaries' Hall, and goes on working steadily and willingly, until he can write M.R.C.S. after his name. He soon has a "nice practice;" he likes his profession, and his parents now seem proud to be able to say, "he would not be anything else." We tell parents, honestly, that we believe it will be conducive to the worldly success of their sons, to allow them to have a voice in choosing their own future profession, business, or avocation.

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### PIROUROU.

*Continued from page 28.*

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One morning, the eighth after our arrival in the village, I awoke, having passed a happy night, my feelings somewhat soothed by pleasing dreams, and in a more placid state of mind than I had ever enjoyed since I had assumed my new character. I appeared in my sleep to be the individual I had represented myself to be, surrounded by every comfort which wealth could afford; and so great was the impression produced upon my senses, that I had to fairly study the low plastered beams of my father's chamber, before I could feel convinced that the vision I had seen was not a reality.

The day was already far advanced, and very soon I heard my aged parent's well-known steps ascending the creaking stairs. After making some observations to me about the lateness of the hour, he placed in my hands two letters, which he had just received for me. The hand-writing upon the envelope of each was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they, "and, after having fully revenged ourselves upon the haughty Beatrice, it is only just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct



have inspired us. You are not made to live in that society amongst which you were born, and we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments, and we shall not desire you to show any gratitude; indeed, under the circumstances, we assume that it would now be difficult for you to do so. We wish nothing that would be burdensome to you, considering what you have already had to suffer, and that we are well able to serve you effectually, without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed almost to madness our revenge upon Beatrice, and we each had made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns to carry our plan into execution; you have not expended a third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the Bank of M. Bedelles, who is well known in this city. He will pay it to you, and your simple receipt for the same, is all that will be required. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father, and a haughty girl, will be likewise delivered to you. Take care of Beatrice, we have succeeded in placing her in your possession. We selected you (as we told you), to do you no harm, and with a view to your own positive good ultimately. Much now remains with you. Endeavour to act in such a manner that there may never be any great occasion for us to regret, that we carried our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I, joyfully, "half my embarrassments have vanished—I shall be able to provide for my Beatrice; nothing shall be wanting on my part to render her happy. If ever a case occurred where good came out of evil, surely this will be one." I then took up the second letter, which, though directed by a stranger, was from Beatrice herself. "Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, plead in your favour, and induce me to inform you, that by the time you receive this letter I shall be at Lyons. It is now my turn to seek revenge for the injury sustained. How can I help expressing my unmitigated abhorrence at the miscreants who have practised upon me such an unmanly imposition. Where were your manly feelings, Sir, when you acted your part to the life, as you did do? I call to mind certain occasions upon which you appeared to shed tears of affection—no more shall you show your *fine* feelings towards me. Would that I could have seen through your hypocrisy in time to avert the final act! But something is in my power yet—I will immediately enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am your declared enemy, and I hereby give you notice, that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, until I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains which now bind your victim, and shall punish the traitors by whom, to their ineffable disgrace, she has been so wantonly sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which, on the perusal of this letter, agitated my mind. One moment, I determined to pursue Beatrice, to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate—no matter by what means—had made her lawful husband. The next moment I felt an invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I loved so tenderly. The project of pursuit too, appeared, on consideration, to be utterly impracticable. Beatrice had already been gone several hours; I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked thither on foot; either plan would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Beatrice, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which

served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure I interrogated severely the young lady, whose kindness I thought had been exhibited in such a graceful manner to my poor Beatrice, on our arrival in the village. I also questioned her uncle (the curé of the parish), with respect to his knowledge of my wife's escape; I could get no satisfactory answer from either of them. Already I, in my turn, began to feel how painful it is to be deceived in a matter of importance. Threats and entreaties were equally in vain; and though, as I have since discovered, these two individuals were the advisers in chief, and the primary authors of the plot which was to deprive me of Beatrice, I found it impossible to obtain any information from them.

Fresh embarrassments crowded upon me when I reached Lyons. Where was I to begin my search? How could I obtain any knowledge in this great city, of the asylum which Beatrice had made choice of as a security against me? In what manner could I present myself before her father, at a time, when his whole soul would be fired with indignation against the deceiver of his daughter? How could I wander from one convent to another, without running the risk of being suspected from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of being incarcerated in a dungeon for the rest of my life, for having acted such an abominable part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my old friends, the engravers, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably until the procedure for dissolving the marriage should become the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsel, to forbear making inquiries alike dangerous and useless, and to take measures for improving my fortune. On consideration I was convinced, that the adoption of this plan would afford me the only chance of hereafter regaining the affections of Beatrice.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of about ten thousand crowns. It was reported, at that time, that we were on the eve of war with one of the principal powers of Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations, which if it had not succeeded, would have placed me where I had set out, but which by splendid success vastly increased the amount of my capital.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Beatrice, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of proper discretion on her part in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the back ground, whilst my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Beatrice insisted peremptorily that the marriage should be disannulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in the cause of her fair *protégée*. Her father brought together his friends and advisers, and everything threatened us with defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Beatrice made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the wrinkled and severe brow of justice: already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from

which I had only been saved by the quiet obscurity in which I had lived. The affair was brought before the courts with astonishing rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal, in which our marriage was to be declared null and void. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled such an immense crowd of spectators. Her Counsel pleaded in her behalf with so much eloquence, that the tears of the audience sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated pretty clearly what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the auditory were powerfully impelled to sanction, when the young engraver who had first sought to be the husband of Beatrice, seeing that no advocate arose to plead for me, most respectfully requested permission from the judges to enter upon my defence himself. This request was immediately and very graciously complied with, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated except the eulogium with which he honoured me. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the whole assembly; when, turning to Beatrice, he added, in a firm tone of voice, "No, madam, you *may not* be the wife of him who was originally a bellows-mender—but should nature destine you to become the mother of his child, oh! listen to the heart-rending appeal of your unborn infant—and then say, if you desire to become free, whilst your innocent offspring is condemned to a life of infamy? Do you desire that the proceedings of this day shall stamp your own child with the indelible, and disgraceful mark of illegitimacy?"

"No! no!" exclaimed the trembling Beatrice, bursting into a flood of tears, and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No, No!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name, alleging also, that our situations were not now sufficiently unequal to authorize the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; and an injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, nor molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should not for a time, exercise any right over its education. These were hard terms; it will be seen how they were carried out subsequently. The rest of the sentence turned upon matters of detail more interesting to the gentlemen of the long robe, than to those who will read this history. The crowd escorted Beatrice back to the convent, crowning her with praise for the tender sacrifice she had just made out of compassion for the infant with which it was believed she was *enciente*.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the decision of which, I sat but little at my ease. Obligated to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to glide among the crowd, no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they had recently heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances.

The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavoured to laugh with the rest, but was horribly



abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Beatrice were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamous conduct. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity with the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and make the best use of my funds in another place, where my name and my history were alike unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amidst an immense population, I could most easily escape detection, and also where I felt I could employ my capital to greater advantage. There, the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all hopes. I was, during five years, the especial favourite of fortune, and my conscience renders me this testimony, that I had no reason to feel ashamed at the result of any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy incident gave me the means of rendering an essential service to one of the first banking houses of that city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish to breathe the same air as Beatrice, led me to accept the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons in my own carriage, attended by my servants in livery. I had no *borrowed* plumes on this occasion. Fortune had so successfully laboured for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living. I only moved amongst the best society, and I might be considered somewhat reserved in my habits. I could not help contrasting my present circumstances whilst on the road in my equipage, with my circumstances when first I entered Lyons. On this occasion my old friends scarcely recognized me, and you may, therefore, imagine that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances.

*To be continued.*

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## THE STORY OF THE ALABAMA.

*Continued from page 31.*

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The San Jacinto was a far more powerful vessel than the Alabama, had a superior armament, a more numerous crew, and, in fact, possessed nearly every possible advantage over her. But still there were always the contingencies of conflict to count upon, and Semmes resolved to trust to fortune and risk these. As night fell, the guns were prepared and loaded, those of the broadsides with shot, and the pivot guns with shell. They were then run out, and everything was made ready for a desperate encounter. Shortly after seven o'clock in the evening, the anchor was weighed, and the Alabama made her way close by the shore towards the entrance of the harbour with as little noise as possible. But the Yankees had adopted precautions for informing themselves of the movements of the Confederate, and an American vessel in the harbour commenced discharging rockets as a signal for the San Jacinto that the Confederate was on the move. Notwithstanding this unlooked-for incident, Captain Semmes arrived at the mouth of the harbour without encountering his enemy, reached the open sea, and, in short, got clear off. So completely successful had he been, indeed, that for four days and nights the San Jacinto cruised off the port in blissful ignorance of the departure of the vessel she believed she had got safely locked up in the harbour.



The Alabama again met the Agrippina at Blanquilla, and took the coal she so much required. On Nov. 26th, a court-martial was for the second time held on the seaman Forrest. The charge against him on this occasion originated as follows:—It appears that during the short stay of the Alabama at Port Royal, he had managed to smuggle a quantity of spirits on board, with the express intention of exciting the men, and inducing them to mutiny. He distributed the alcohol amongst them, taking care to partake of none of it himself. When the men were sufficiently intoxicated to suit his purpose he headed the outbreak, which was however not of such formidable character but that it could at once be suppressed by the ready action and determined conduct of the captain and officers. Forrest was placed in irons, and held for the sentence of the court-martial. He was adjudged guilty, ordered to be branded with a mark of infamy, to be dismissed from the service of the Confederate government, to be stripped of all he possessed with the exception of the clothes he stood in, and to be put ashore on the island of Blanquilla. This island is a barren rock, inhabited solely by three individuals, who manage to secure a miserable subsistence by rearing a few half-starved goats. What became of Forrest has not transpired, for the vessel took its departure on the same day the court-martial was held and the sentence executed.

On December 7th, a glorious haul was made by the Alabama. The Federal mail steamer Ariel, from New York to Aspinwall, was brought to after a sharp chase, and not until she had sustained some injuries from the guns of her pursuer. The Ariel had on board 140 officers and men of the Federal marine, with 500 passengers and several Federal military officers. There were also on board, as a part of the cargo, one 24-pounder rifled cannon, 125 new rifles, 16 swords, 1000 rounds of ammunition, and three boxes of specie; all of which were transferred to the Alabama without loss of time. Two days afterwards the Ariel was liberated on her captain giving a ransom bond, all on board highly eulogising the courtesy and leniency of Captain Semmes and his officers. They little suspected that at the very moment they were so unexpectedly allowed to depart they could have steamed away from their captor with the most perfect impunity. An accident had occurred to the machinery of the Alabama, which quite disabled her for some days. At the moment the accident was privately announced to Captain Semmes his vessel was some distance from the Ariel, the latter having a very few men as a prize crew on board. The occurrence was kept secret, and a boat was sent to the Ariel offering to liberate her on the captain signing a ransom bond. The terms were so advantageous that they were at once accepted, to the satisfaction of all parties. Some temporary repairs having been effected, the Confederate vessel cruised for a few days off the western extremity of Cuba, but finally made for the three islands called Las Arcas, where she remained until the 5th of January, 1863, undergoing repairs and taking supplies of coals and stores from the Agrippina. Before the departure of the vessel, the steerage officers set up a grave board on the most prominent point of the largest island, bearing the following jocosely inscription:—“In memory of Abraham Lincoln, president of the late United States, who died of nigger-on-the-brain, 1st January, 1863.” A note, written in Spanish, was left in a protected and conspicuous position near the grave board: “Will the finder kindly favour me by forwarding this tablet to the United States consul at the first port he touches at.” After this performance the Alabama weighed anchor; her captain resolved to proceed towards the port of Galveston, Texas, then

blockaded, more or less sufficiently—and rather less than more—by the Federal cruisers. This was a perilous attempt, as all on board well knew, as the chances of meeting a Federal vessel of war almost amounted to a certainty. For this very reason the officers and crew were in the highest spirits, confidently expecting to fight—and they were not disappointed.

Captain Semmes had received intelligence that a squadron of transports under cover of several gunboats were lying off Galveston, he at once determined to attack the whole squadron, and on Sunday afternoon, January 11th, 1863, steamed in for the purpose. The Federal Commodore saw what was coming, and dispatched one of his swiftest ships, the Hatteras. On she came, and when within speaking distance, Captain Semmes took the speaking trumpet, and hailed, "what ship's that?" A mumbling reply was given, but no name was uttered. Again Captain Semmes demanded, "what ship's that?" By this time both vessels were close alongside, and Captain Semmes saw that his enemy was determined not to avow his nationality but to board him at once; and as by the usages of honourable warfare, he felt himself debarred from firing a broadside until the nationality of his antagonist was confessed, he, in reply to the enquiry from the Federal vessel of who he was, the name of "Her Majesty's steamer Petrel" was given in order to make the wily Federal state his name and object. She then avowed her name, and Captain Semmes replied, "This is the Confederate States steamer Alabama," accompanying the last syllable of her name with a shell, which was fired over the stranger. This was at 6.35. Both ships immediately fired their first broadside nearly at the same moment. In the journal of one of the officers of the Alabama we read, "A most sharp spirited firing was kept up on both sides, our fellows peppering away as though the action depended upon each individual; and so it did. Pistols and rifles were continually sending from our quarter-deck messengers most deadly, the distance during the hottest of the fight not being more than 40 yards. It was a grand, though fearful sight, to see the guns belching forth in the darkness of the night sheets of living flame, the deadly missiles striking the enemy with a force that we could feel. When the shells struck, and especially the percussion ones, our adversary's whole side was lit up, showing rents of five or six feet in length. One shot had just struck our smokestack, wounding one man in the cheek, when the enemy ceased firing, and fired a lee gun; then a second, and a third. The order was then given to 'cease firing.' This was at 6.52. Tremendous cheering commenced, and it was not until everybody had cleared his throat to his own satisfaction that silence could be obtained. We then hailed our victim, and in reply they stated that they had surrendered, were on fire, and also in a sinking condition. They then sent a boat on board, and surrendered the United States gunboat Hatteras, 9 guns, Lieut. Commander Blake, 140 men. The order was then given to assist, and the boatswain and his mates piped, 'all hands out boats to save life!' and soon the prisoners were transferred to our ship—the officers under guard on the quarter deck, and the men in single irons. The boats were then hoisted up, the battery run in and secured, and the main brace spliced. All hands were piped down, the enemy's vessel sunk, and we steaming quietly away by 8.30—all having been done in less than two hours. In fact, had it not been for our having the prisoners on board, we should have sworn nothing unusual had taken place, the watch below quietly sleeping in their hammocks."

The Alabama was struck seven times, only one man being hurt during the engagement, and he received only a slight flesh wound in the cheek. On

examining a shell fired from the Hatteras it was found to be filled with sand instead of powder. This battle was fought 28 miles from Galveston, and though a small affair, was yet the first yard arm action between two steamers at sea.

This locality now became unpleasantly warm for the Alabama, for several powerful Federal vessels were dispatched in search of her. She accordingly made for Jamaica, and having obtained permission of the governor, anchored in Port Royal for repairs and coaling. The officers and crew were completely lionised at this port, and the discipline seems to have been rather affected in consequence; some men, and the chief petty officer, had to be put in irons for exceeding their time of leave. The paymaster was also dismissed the ship from "circumstances of a painful nature," and sent ashore. On Monday, the 25th of January, the Alabama set sail from Port Royal, in an E.S.E. direction, again escaping her old friend the San Jacinto, and another Federal war vessel, watching for her outside the harbour. She kept on her course, making many captures of Federal vessels sailing between India, China, and Australia, and England and America, giving herself out as the Federal steamer Dacotah in search of the Confederate "pirate" Alabama. Many were the warnings, friendly and sarcastic, Captain Semmes received from neutral vessels, on the supposition that he was a Yankee. He was advised to mind that he did not catch a tartar in overhauling the Alabama, which was well known to have fought and sunk a Federal war steamer twice her own strength; her captain and crew were fiends incarnate. On May 11th, the sea rovers arrived at Bahia, where they met with a most enthusiastic reception, much to the discomfort of the authorities, who feared to give offence to the Federals. The Yankee consul, indeed demanded the seizure of the "pirate" with the view of handing her over to his government, but of course the request was not complied with. Captain Semmes at once commenced coaling, receiving supplies, and putting on shore a large number of prisoners taken from captured vessels. The Federal war steamer Mohican was in the neighbourhood of Bahia, but so far from fearing an encounter with her, Captain Semmes, with that chivalry which has so recently had such a glorious but unfortunate illustration, sent her a challenge to battle, by the English mail boat. He proposed that the two vessels should meet beyond the neutral distance of three miles from the shore and test their respective merits in a naval engagement. The Federal captain, however, thought it advisable to decline the challenge, and another sprig of laurel was added to the wreath of the Confederates. As day broke on the morning after the forwarding of the challenge, a strange armed vessel was perceived at anchor at the mouth of the harbour; and as a matter of course her presence excited the liveliest interest on board the Alabama. As it became light they were agreeably astonished to notice that the stranger carried the stars and bars, for up to that time they believed themselves to be the only Confederate "pirates" afloat. Subsequent enquiry proved her to be the Confederate cruiser Georgia, 5 guns, under the command of Lieutenant Maury. It is needless to say the meeting was a joyous one. After further festivities on shore, and a return treat given on board the Alabama, the alarm of the authorities was complete, and they wished the two vessels to leave within 24 hours. It was not, however, until the 21st of May that the Alabama took her departure, amidst the cheers and good wishes of an immense number of spectators.

She next steered for the Cape of Good Hope, committing the usual ravages on the Federal merchantmen on her way. Amongst others, the Talisman was captured, a most acceptable prize, as her cargo consisted of coals, and she



had on board two new brass rifled 12-pounders. These guns, with a supply of small arms, coals, stores, &c., were put on board another prize, the *Conrad*, which was turned into a Confederate cruiser, under the name of the *Tuscaloosa*, Lieutenant Low of the *Alabama*, taking the command of her. With mutual cheers and salutes of guns the two vessels parted company, but met again in Table bay, on August 5th. The reception given to the Confederates at the Cape was equally cordial to that they had experienced at Bahia. Private individuals and officials vied with each other in welcoming the hardy sea rovers. The *Georgia* had been in Simon's Bay previously, but had taken her departure for, it was believed, the Indian Ocean. She had only been gone a few days when the Federal *Vanderbilt* steamed in, in quest of "pirates"; but, on learning how short a time had elapsed since the *Georgia* had been there, set off at once in the direction she was supposed to have taken. Had she been a few days earlier, or waited a few days longer, she would have been certain of encountering one of the Confederates, the *Georgia* or the *Alabama*. This helped to confirm the suspicion that the great object of the *Vanderbilt's* cruise was to avoid the Confederates.

*To be continued.*

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#### NOTES OF OLD TIMES—1759.

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March 14. The two gold medals, given annually by his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, chancellor of the university of Cambridge, were adjudged to Mr. Hawes, of Jesus, and Mr. Cowper, of Corpus Christ College, bachelors.

April 11. The steeple of Great Billing church, in Northamptonshire, was demolished by lightning, and some stones of a very large size driven to a great distance with astonishing force. The pews in the church were likewise very much shivered.

June 30. There is now in the garden of George Montgomery, esq., at Chippenham-hall, Cambridgeshire, the largest American aloe plant, now coming in flower that ever was seen in England. It is 104 years old, and it is thought it will be 40 feet high.

Nov. 22. Ten bay of building, &c., were consumed by fire, at Northampton.

The following odd Advertisement appeared in the Cambridge Journal in 1759.

Whereas I, William Margetts, the younger, was at the last assizes for the County of Cambridge, convicted upon an indictment for an attempt to raise the price of corn in Ely market, upon the 24th day of September, 1757, by offering the sum of six shillings a bushel for wheat, for which no more than five shillings and nine-pence was demanded: And whereas, on the earnest solicitation and request of myself and friends, the prosecutor has been prevailed upon to forbear any further prosecution against me, on my submitting to make the following satisfaction, viz. Upon my paying the sum of 50*l.* to the poor inhabitants of the town of Ely, to be distributed by the ministers and churchwardens of the several parishes in the said town of Ely; and the further sum of 50*l.* to the poor inhabitants of the town of Cambridge, to be distributed by the ministers and church-wardens of the several parishes in the said town; and the full costs of the prosecution; and upon my reading this acknowledgement of my offence publicly, and with a loud voice, in the presence of a magistrate, constable, or other peace officer, of the said town of



Ely, at the market place there, between the hours of twelve and 1 o'clock, on a public market day, and likewise subscribing and publishing the same in three of the evening papers printed at London, and in the Cambridge journal, on four different days, and I have accordingly paid the said two sums of fifty pounds, and costs. And do hereby confess myself to have been guilty of the said offence, and testify my sincere and hearty sorrow in having committed a crime, which, in its consequences, tended so much to increase the distress of the poor in the late calamitous scarcity: And I do hereby most humbly acknowledge the lenity of the prosecutor, and beg pardon of the public in general, and of the town of Ely in particular.

This paper was read by me at the public market-place at Ely, in the presence of Thomas Aungier, gentleman, chief constable, on the 2nd day of June, 1759, being a public market-day there, and is now, as a further proof of the just sense I have of the heinousness of my crime subscribed and published by me.

WM. MARGETTS.

Witness, JAMES DAY;  
Under Sheriff of Cambridgeshire.

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### AMERICAN RAILROADS.

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The railroad was pushing on over the Western Prairie toward the Mississippi. It was strange to any one who, like myself, had seen a good deal of European railroad-making, to watch the rough-and-ready way in which this line was carried forward. The low mound of earth, on which the single line of rails was placed, was heaped up hastily from a trench cut on either side. You would have fancied that the weight of the engine would crush down the embankment, and break through the flat bridges supported on the slender wooden piles. But, somehow or other, American railroads work well and serve their purpose. The cost of construction was low enough to make the mouth of an English shareholder water, being under two thousand pounds a mile. This, however, is unusually cheap even for America; and I believe the cost of the Illinois Central, over as easy a country, was about eight thousand pounds per mile. What makes this cheapness of construction the more remarkable is, that wages were high. The rate of pay for common unskilled labourers varied from four to six shillings a day; and the teams, gangs of which were brought in to the work by farmers settled in the neighbourhood, were paid for at the rate of ten shillings daily. It is probable, moreover, that the farmers worked at a low rate, as the funds for the line were chiefly provided by promissory notes given by them, and secured by the mortgage of their farms. A very large proportion of the workmen were Irish; and the meadows along the line were covered with shanties and gipsy tents, where Irish women and children huddled together, in as close a proximity to their state of native dirt as the fresh air of the prairie would permit of. The sale of whiskey or intoxicating liquors was prohibited, by a sort of extempore lynch-law; and I was struck by hearing the American overseer go round to the different shanties and tell their inmates, that if he heard of their having liquor on the premises he would pull down the huts over their heads.

EDWARD DICEY.

## YORK RACES IN 1804.

(From an old paper dated Aug. 28.)

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To-day, being the last day of our Races, Mrs. Thornton rode her famous match against Mr. Flint, four miles for five hundred guineas, and one thousand guineas bye-bet.

Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion; one hundred thousand at least; nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th light dragoons, a party of them were also on the ground on horseback for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives not being lost.

About 4 o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirits, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker, and Mr. H. Boynton. Mr. Flint soon afterwards made his appearance. They started a little past 4 o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two; when within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, out of humanity to her horse, she drew up in a sportsmanlike style, when within about two distances.

At the commencement of the running, bets were 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady; in running the first three miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. Indeed the oldest sportsmen on the stand thought she must win. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint. Never, surely, did a woman ride in better style. It was difficult to say whether her horsemanship, her dress, or her beauty, were most to be admired. The *tout ensemble* was unique. Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard coloured body with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty nine seconds. Thus ended the most interesting races ever run upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; for the accident which happened in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage, while her horsemanship, and close-seated riding, astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success. Not less than £200,000 were pending upon Mrs. Thornton's match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country; and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some. It will be seen by the *time* of performance, that *Haphazard* was the best horse at the meeting.

## ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA.

At a time when people have had their attention drawn to the fame of England's greatest literary hero, it may not be uninteresting to trace the rise of that department of literature adorned by his name, which needs no tercentenary celebrations to increase its glory, and which shall continue to be held a household word while the language he used is the language of any people.

Few nations, if any, however rude or civilized, have not had in some form or other their dramatic representations; and were we to enquire closely, I think we should find that in every case they took their rise from a desire to excite the emotions or passions, to appeal to the nobler or baser parts of our nature, to express (often in gesticulations only) the promptings of the imagination. The thought may appear somewhat fanciful, but it appears to me that the festival and warlike dances of barbarous nations are but rude expressions of dramatic feelings; and among them no advance has been made towards anything like the drama as we have it, because either civilization has never reached them, or if it has, the result has been the adoption of the manners and customs of the civilizing people.

The Drama of the Greeks took its rise in the Dionysiac festivals, celebrated in honour of Bacchus, at the harvest or vintage time. As part of the ceremony it was usual to recite metrical compositions in honour of Dionysus, whom they revered as the author of the generating principle; and these songs, together with the grotesque attitude of the performers, are thought by some to have suggested tragedy, while the Phallic, or satirical pieces at the same festivals, gave rise to comedy. Others suppose that theatrical representations were in a great measure due to the Rhapsodists. They attended the Grecian festivals as the ancient heralds frequented ours, and recited ballads descriptive of the exploits of some hero or god. It is probable that, to give greater force and clearness to their description, they indulged in various gestures—acted as it were, what was wanted to complete the entire picture, which words alone could not fully depict. So some think Homer's poems were given to the world; and, if such was the case we can see how easy would be the transition from the epic poem to the regular drama, how those exhibitions paved the way for the great conception of Æschylus, and the lofty philosophy and sweetness of Sophocles. I need not say more of the ancient drama, as that does not immediately concern my present purpose; nor

would I have referred to it at all, did not one of the theories started to account for our modern drama, assign its origin to the Greek stage. When Constantinople became the centre of the Roman empire, it became as well, the nursery of letters. Roman literature however was not cultivated to the exclusion of that of Greece; and while we know, that the philosophy of the latter country found many zealous followers, the dramatists were not neglected. The plays of Euripides and Sophocles were acted as late as the end of the fourth century, when Gregory Nazianzen attempted to suppress them by substituting in their room plays after their model, but founded on incidents drawn from the old and new Testaments. A play of his is still extant, entitled, "Christ's Passion," in which is the first representation of the Virgin Mary. Voltaire thinks, that from Constantinople, the Italians and French received their ideas of similar kinds of performances, on which were based the "mysteries" of which I shall speak presently. This view derives at least some probability from the fact of the close commercial intercourse existing between the Byzantines and Italians; and, besides it is known that there existed at Constantinople a strong dislike to the pagan teaching of the Greek plays, to suppress the use of which, the educated classes adopted the means used by Gregory.

Another theory dates the rise of the drama, from the time of the establishing of fairs. When roads were badly made, and the intercourse between towns so difficult as to cause great inconvenience to the inhabitants, it was thought expedient to appoint that fairs be held annually or other wise, at certain central places, to enable those willing to do so, to lay in store, such a quantity of any required commodity as would suffice for their wants, until they had again the opportunity of visiting those marts. Thither flocked the merchant with his wares, and the buyer with his money, each eager to obtain a fair equivalent for what he had to offer; and the merchant who could draw the greatest number together would doubtless dispose of his goods most readily. To effect this, every means were employed, the goods were displayed, their many excellent qualities enumerated, and to supplement any deficiency in his powers of persuasion the trader called in the assistance of the juggler, the minstrel, and buffoon. These performed in front of the booths, and as each booth had its own troupe, opposition would arise on the part of the merchants, not only in the matter of their wares, but also in that of their mountebanks. The art would require improve-



ment, the spectacles must be made more gorgeous, although with tinsel—the music more attractive—the tricks and antics of the jugglers better suited to the tastes of the people. Thus from the mere noise upon some discordant instruments, you can see how these exhibitions would grow into importance, until they reached the utmost point to which those who originated and fostered them were able to carry them. This cannot, at best, have been very far, for the lower, and even the middle and upper classes, were sunk in the greatest ignorance, nearly all the learning then existing (and that was small enough), resting with the clergy. At the booths there was no scrupulous care to keep within the bounds of decorum. The tastes of the people were not very refined, nor their minds raised by intellectual culture—little sufficed for amusement, but the coarser that little was the better. To counteract these influences, churches were opened for the performance of *religious* plays, at first illustrative of the leading events in the life of some saint; and as the object of these was that, they might serve as examples of holy living, it was natural that the priests should not stop here but seek from other sources, higher models and holier patterns. Accordingly we find that the Bible history was drawn upon to supply material, in selecting from which advantage was taken of what taste then existed with due care to pander largely to that of the people. There can therefore be no wonder that even these plays contained a large mixture of coarseness; the very subjects were in many cases highly objectionable for exhibition. The reader may see nothing but what is right and proper in the description of the state of Adam and Eve before the Fall as related in the Bible; but, the manner in which they were represented on the stage, would be highly reprehensible now, and could not have been beneficial then. Many of the most sacred doctrines of the church were travestied and treated with a levity bordering on blasphemy. The stage on which these “mysteries” (as such plays were termed) were enacted, was divided into three parts. On the upper, were represented the Creator (sometimes the Holy Spirit), and the holy angels; on the middle, the saints and glorified men, while on the lower, were those beings at present existing. On one side of the lowest stage, was exhibited the mouth of a cavern, intended to convey the idea of Hell, and from it issued sprites, whose antics and grimaces tended to heighten the absurdness and profanity of the whole, and perhaps made some few covet a resting

place in the abode of so much frolic. In thus describing the stage of the “mysteries” I do not mean to say that a regular one existed so early as the time of which I am now speaking (about the 13th century), for no such thing was erected until 1574, when the first licence was granted by Queen Elizabeth, to James Burbage (probably the father of the celebrated tragedian), and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, “to exhibit all kinds of stage plays, during pleasure, in any part of England; as well for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace when she should think good to see them.” When a mystery was to be exhibited, a temporary stage was set up, and taken away when the play was over.

The clergy and monks did not long remain sole guardians of the embryo drama, for on the increase of learning, the public schools, universities, and even the inns of court did not think them unworthy their attention. In France, the schools of Angiers, and in England, those of Eton, and Saint Paul's, were famous for the acting of the boys; and to the practice in universities, Hamlet refers, when he asks Polonius,

“You played once in the university, you say?”

Of course the learning at the places would give a tone to their productions, and while they used the languages of Greece and Rome, they produced plays in English, purer in morality and construction, than had been formerly done. In the “mystery” plays there was at first little attempt at invention, but as they grew in importance, impersonated graces were introduced until in time the whole *dramatis personæ* (if I may anticipate) consisted of Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Charity, &c. Hence arose “moralities” which were the connecting link between the low buffoonery of ancient times and the legitimate English Drama as begun by John Heywood, and carried to the pitch of perfection by Shakespeare and his successors. Heywood is said to have been the first writer of comedies. He was patronized by Henry VIII, and Sir T. More, and was an accomplished musician and jester. Among other works, he produced in 1533, an interlude entitled, “a merry play between a Pardoner and a Friar”, in which there is no attempt at moral personifications.

Such is a brief and very imperfect outline of the rise of the drama. I shall not however, regret having said so little, if by doing so, I induce others to acquire elsewhere for themselves, information on a subject so interesting. I have purposely avoided stating any detail, deferring the mention of particular points till some future period.

R.



## WOODSTONE.\*

This is a small village and parish in the hundred of Norman Cross, union and county court district of Peterborough, rural deanery of Yaxley, archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and diocese of Ely; 81 miles north-east from London, on the Oundle and Peterborough road, distant 12 miles east from the former, one mile south-west from the latter, and 18 miles north from Huntingdon; situated on the borders of Northamptonshire, and bounded by the river Nene, near the Peterborough branch of the London and North Western Railway.

The living is a Rectory, annual value £342, with residence, in the patronage of Mrs. Margaret Thompson, who is lady of the manor; the present rector is the Rev. Matthew Carrier Thompson, and the Rev. James Watts Ellaby, B.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, is the curate; the latter resides in the Rectory House.

There are charities to a very considerable amount distributed annually amongst the poor of this parish. The population in 1861 was 347; the acreage is 1027.

## THE CHURCH.

The greater part of this interesting little church which is dedicated to St. Augustine, was rebuilt in 1844, though we believe the original design, or nearly so, was preserved. Standing a little retired from the road, with a well kept and a well-planted churchyard in front, it affords a pleasing example of a village church cared for beyond the ordinary degree of attention now paid to these matters; for though its churchyard has been much curtailed on all sides, especially on the east and the west, still what remains is more like a garden than a field. Anciently, without doubt, the south side was much more used for burials than the north, as indeed the greater accumulation of the soil serves to show. The plan of this church is unusual; a western tower, nave with aisles, north and south transept, north and south porch, and chancel. The tower retains, at the west end, remains of early Saxon masonry. A very small and rude window, in a rubble wall, has judiciously been preserved under an arch thrown over it in the recent rebuilding of the tower. The rest of the tower is Norman, a low and not large square structure, with semi-circular windows, divided by a shaft, and surmounted by a pannelled Perpendicular parapet. The windows of the aisles and transepts are lancets; at the end of the south transept the original one remains, being a triplet with separate dripstones.

\* In this paper we are much indebted to Mr. Paley's clever pamphlet, entitled "Notes on Churches," and Kelly's "Directory of Huntingdonshire."

The nave has four semicircular arches on the north side, resting on circular pillars with foliage of Transition-Norman character, and very well cut, though perhaps owing their merit to the restorer's hand. The south aisle has four pointed arches on octagonal pillars, with tolerably good Early English mouldings. The font is octagonal, on four octagonal columns and a central stem; and is a good specimen of Early English or Geometric workmanship. The chancel windows are square headed at the sides, that on the south-west being placed lower, to serve as a confessional window. All these are of early Geometric or Early English date. The east window is Perpendicular, of three lights, trefoiled under a four-centered arch. The gables retain some of the old crosses, others being placed in the churchyard, and all being of good character, and well preserved. Inside there are no ancient features of interest; if there were any, they have vanished in the process of restoring the fabric. Under the west end of the tower lies a stone coffin-lid with a floriated cross; and another forms the coping of the wall close to the stile. Built into the west wall of the south transept is this inscription:—

|                           |      |          |                           |        |
|---------------------------|------|----------|---------------------------|--------|
| here<br>lyeth             | }    | deceased | The body of Ann the       | August |
|                           |      |          | Daughter of Nicklis       | ye 5   |
|                           |      |          | Addison of Spalding       | 1640   |
|                           |      |          | Ann ye daughter of Robert | August |
|                           |      |          | Grombell of old Weston    | ye 10  |
| Jane the daughter of      | 1650 |          |                           |        |
| Ralphe Parrish of         |      |          | May ye                    |        |
| Cambridge Gent            |      |          | 30. 1675                  |        |
| These being the wives of  |      |          | 1603                      |        |
| William Shipp of this     |      |          |                           |        |
| Parrish Gent who          |      |          |                           |        |
| Was borne May ye 22       |      |          |                           |        |
| And was buried January ye |      |          |                           |        |
| 27. 1683.                 |      |          |                           |        |

Within the church are marble tablets to the families of Vokes, Bringhurst, Walsham, Dickenson, and Wright. One inscription in the chancel runs as follows; "Near this place lies interred the body of John Dickenson late of Peterborough Gent., who by his last will and testament gave and bequeathed to the Vicar of St. John Baptist's church in that city and his successors for ever a most commodious dwelling house with gardens and other buildings adjoining, situate there in a street called Westgate, to be a comfortable habitation for them. He likewise gave two handsome brass branches to the said church, and several considerable legacies to his Servants. He departed this life on the second day of January 1730, aged 40 years, In memory of whom Mary his Sorrowful mother erected this monument."

On a stone in the chancel floor is this inscription, now somewhat defaced:—"Samuel Foster nuper hic fidus pastor migravit hinc ad agnum Octobr. 1661. Anno aetat. 41."

To the Editor of the "News Magazine."  
SIR,

It appears to me quite certain from the remarks you made upon my last letter, that you are beginning to entertain a better opinion of me than you had when you were "half inclined to think the Governor had one *Card* left at home, which he would not be sorry to part with!" I can now see according to my promise of the 10th of June, that I am *booked* for a monthly contribution to your Magazine.

You oblige me, also, to observe, that you have made my connexion with you *conditional*. If I display "sufficient native talent" my ambition "to have the honour of accompanying you," is to be gratified. Well! I flatter myself if I do my best, I shall not disgrace your Periodical; and if I were allowed to write to you *in confidence*, I believe I could suggest a few improvements. My position is an awkward one; I am really writing a letter which *may be printed*, or it may *not*, at the same time that I am sending you an anecdote.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

FAST COACH.

Fletton, August 10th, 1864.

["Fast Coach," does not seem satisfied with his "position." Does he want to "meddle and muddle?" It will be better for him to "rest and be thankful." At present he *graces* our Periodical, and we do not think he is at all likely to *disgrace* it. We can receive no *private* letter from him, *unless he sends us his name.*"]

Ed. of N. M.]

#### THE ANECDOTE.

#### PROFESSOR JUNKER, OF THE HALLE UNIVERSITY.

(From a Foreign Journal.)

Dr. Junker, professor of Anatomy, once procured, for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened into his own apartment. The evening came, and Dr. Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling sound in his closet. Thinking that by some mistake the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on

perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone!

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in the corner.

The Doctor stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left, but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, holding the candle in his hand, until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up, and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion—the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—everything concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of "Leave me! leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!"

The Doctor soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and he regained his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up some of the family. "You wish then to destroy me!" exclaimed the criminal. "If you call any one my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time; in the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life."

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night-gown, and, having made him take a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker to a friend, "to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a *dead* man, decked out in a night-gown."

The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier; but that, having no great attachment to the profession of arms, he had determined to desert, that he was betrayed by a fellow who had promised to befriend him, and given into the hands of the officers of Police.

Dr. Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible

to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair a secret; and to turn him out of doors was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were always strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and at an early hour, set out for the country with his *protégé* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs. He was at once permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and after receiving some pecuniary assistance departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years afterwards, Dr. Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange by a man well-dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, very politely inquired whether he was not addressing Professor Junker, of Halle; and on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The Professor gave his consent. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful woman, and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting with such a kind reception from a family with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant took him into his office, and said, "you do not recollect me, Doctor?" "Not at all." "But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life again in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, and was tolerably quick at accounts; and, I suppose my figure was somewhat interesting. I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My conduct, and zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence, and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments. Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Professor Junker.

#### ANECDOTES.

A young spark, having more money than good sense, bought a fine-looking horse, and asked a knowing friend his opinion of the purchase, and what he thought his best point. His best point, replied the wag, after examination, why his best point is his voice; he is likely to be the best singing horse in England. My horse sing! returned the other, in amazement. I never saw a horse more likely, said his friend; for he has got a *thrush* in each foot!

A son of Galen, who was very angry when any joke was passed on physicians, once defended himself from railery by saying,—I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect. That you may do safely, replied the wag, for you know, doctor, dead men tell no tales.

A gentleman having frequently reprov'd his servant, an Irish girl, for boiling eggs too hard, requested her in future to boil them only three minutes by the clock. Sure, Sir, replied the girl, how shall I do that? for your honour knows the clock is always a quarter of an hour too fast.

The Count de Grance being wounded in the knee with a musket-ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked them why they cut and carved him about so cruelly. We seek for the ball, said they. Why did you not speak before? said the count, I have it in my pocket.

A seedsman being held to bail for having used inflammatory language respecting the reform bill, a wag observed, It was probably in the line of his profession—to promote business, he wished to sow sedition.

Among the prisoners discharged at one of the Quarter Sessions, under the late Insolvent Act, was a chimney-sweeper; he said he came there to be white-washed.

#### QUERIES.

1. Why is a pair of skates like an apple?
2. Why is a whirlpool like a donkey?
3. What part of speech is kissing?
4. What town in Asia would that person name, who peremptorily commanded a son to put his father into a sack?
5. Why is a congreve-box, out of which you have taken a match, better than any other box?
6. What is that which dies of consumption and yet makes light of the matter?



## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

JUNE 28th. At the recent examination of St. John's College, Cambridge, Mr. Robert Jamblin, formerly pupil of King's School, Peterborough, came out first on the list of Foundation Sizars, is Hare Exhibitioner, and also obtained the first prize for reading lessons in chapel.

Ketton Grange, consisting of a spacious residence, and 42 acres of land, late the property of Captain Grantham, was sold by auction at the George Hotel, Stamford, to Mr. George Hunt, of Stamford, for the sum of 8050*l.*

The Bishop of Peterborough, was present at a dinner party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

30th. At the Peterborough Liberty Quarter Sessions, *Sarah Ann Dring*, 18, and *Elizabeth Knighton*, 21, formerly servants at the Wentworth Hotel, Peterborough, were tried for stealing 315*l.* in bank notes, a promissory note for 100*l.*, the property of Mr. John Rippon, farmer, Chatteris. The father of Knighton, who lives at Sawtry, and the brother of Dring, who is a horsekeeper at Warboys, were accused of receiving the money with a guilty knowledge. All the parties were found guilty. Knighton, the father, was sentenced to 6 months hard labor; Dring, the brother, to 3 months hard labor; Ann Dring, 8 months hard labor; Elizabeth Knighton, to 6 months hard labor, consideration being taken, for the imprisonment she had already undergone.

JULY 1st. In a field on the Postland-road, Crowland, Mr. Chamberlain, the owner, has been raising a considerable quantity of stone, which lay under a large mound, supposed to be the foundation of the chapel built for Pega, the sister of St. Guthlac. The stone is Barnack rag, the same as the ancient Abbey is built with. The place just on this side the "Half Acres" is, according to Dr. Stukeley, the spot where St. Guthlac's original hermitage was, and where he lived with his sister Pega. Here also, it is said, he was buried, and hence his body was removed to the Abbey. A small chapel was afterwards erected here, of which Dr. Stukeley saw the remains in 1708.

An employé of Marshall & Co., Iron Works, Gainsborough, has been deprived of the sight of one of his eyes, by a splinter of steel flying in the organ. The eyeball was cut in two, and the piece of steel penetrated close to the brain.

2nd. Thomas Morton, of Offord, was fined 8*s.* and 12*s.* costs, by the magistrates of Huntingdon, for allowing his steam engine to be propelled through that town,

on the 28th ult., by steam, without consuming its own smoke.

6th. Huntingdon Wool Fair was held on the Mill Common. The quantity of wool pitched was 19,761 fleeces, or 5,005 tods 9 lbs, which was considerably under what it has been for some years past. The prices ranged from about 60*s.* to 70*s.* per tod.

7th. The installation and enthroning of the Bishop of Peterborough, took place in the Cathedral this morning. There was a numerous attendance of the Clergy of the Diocese. At the close of the ceremony, the Clergy and Ladies sat down to luncheon in the grounds of the Chapter Clerk, H. P. Gates, esq.

9th. Lieutenant General Cartwright, H. M. Inspector of Constabulary, inspected the Liberty of Peterborough police force, and after seeing the men on parade, and examining their books, guard and sleeping rooms, expressed himself to the magistrates present quite satisfied with the discipline and appearance of the men.

In the case of *Suttaby v. the Midland Counties Fire Insurance Company*, the arbitrator, Sir Archer Denman Croft, made his award, by which he certified that the plaintiff was entitled to be paid the sum of 21*l.* over and above the sum of 100*l.* paid into court, and all costs. It will be remembered that a fire occurred on the plaintiff's premises, who is a saddler at Thorney, on the 11th of February last, during the absence of himself and family. His stock-in-trade and household furniture was insured in the defendants' office, against fire, for the sum of 900*l.* Mr. Suttaby, after the fire, sent in his claim for 138*l.* 5*s.* The valuer of the company, Mr. Sandall, estimated plaintiff's loss at 20*l.*, but the company in a liberal spirit offered 40*l.* This sum the plaintiff declined, and then consulted his attorney. The result we have recorded above.

14th. Yesterday and to-day, the annual show of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Society, was held on the Northampton race course. Above 800*l.* was offered in prizes. The prize ox was exhibited by Sir W. de Capel Brooke; the best bull, the celebrated Mac Turk, was shown by Mr. Betts, of Holbeck Hall, Horncastle; the best 2 year old bull came from Rugby; the best yearling from Upper Winchendon.

15th. A trotting match in harness took place lately between the celebrated black cob, Lancewood by Hickory, and the noted roan pony, Young England; the course being from the Duke's Head Inn, Thorney, to the centre gates at the cemetery, Peterborough, being a distance of 7 miles. The pace was terrific throughout, and the black

cob was landed a winner by several lengths.

A few days since a young cuckoo was discovered in a water-wagtail's nest, and taken therefrom and put into a small cage by the side of the nest, which is in a thatched building on the premises of Mr. James Lighton, surveyor, of Frampton, near Boston. The cuckoo is now fed daily by its foster parent, although the young bird is five times the size of the water-wagtail, and its throat is sufficiently capacious to swallow its foster-parent. In days gone by it was generally believed that cuckoos laid their eggs in the nests of other birds, but this has latterly been denied: it would, however, appear from this circumstance that the old belief has some foundation in truth.

Mr. Moore, of Dean, near Kimbolton, has in his possession a cow of the cross Alderney breed, about 25 years old, which calved about 8 years ago, and has never been dry for more than 10 years. This cow for a long time gave 20lbs. of butter per week, and at the present time gives 6lbs. of butter per week.

A remarkable circumstance has happened near Godmanchester, the facts of which are as follows. A waggon and horses had been to Alconbury to fetch a load of hay, the property of Mr. Wright, who occupies the farm, situated in Hemingford field. They had proceeded towards home as far as the top brick-yard, when the horses became so fatigued that they could not complete the journey, although only about one mile distance from the farm. The men who had charge of the team resolved to unyoke the horses and leave the waggon and its load upon the side of the road, intending to return for it in the morning. This they accordingly did, but on going the following day their surprise can be easily conceived at beholding, instead of the heavily loaded waggon, a heap of ashes, with nothing remaining but the shafts and fore wheels of the waggon. The affair appears to be almost inexplicable, but it is supposed by some persons that the wheels of the waggon fired, whilst others are of opinion that it was the act of an incendiary. The load of hay consisted of nearly two tons.

16th. In a garden belonging to Mr. G. Garka, of Godmanchester, is growing a remarkably fine stalk of rhubarb, which measures in girth 10 inches, and the circumference of the leaf is 24 feet.

18th. At the Thrapston Petty Sessions, *Miss Catherine Mary Emma Dore*, an unmarried lady, about 30 years of age, residing at Thrapston, was charged with unlawfully concealing the birth of her illegitimate child, born on the 20th of June

last. On hearing the evidence, the Magistrate decided on sending the case for trial, but admitted the accused to bail, herself in 200*l.*, and two sureties of 100*l.*, each.

19th. A meeting of the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Peterborough, was held in the Town Hall, Peterborough, to consider the question of Church Extension in the Diocese. The Bishop of Peterborough presided. After some remarks from the Lord Bishop, the first resolution was moved by the Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton, which was:—"That the greatly increased and increasing population in certain towns and villages of the Diocese, calls upon the members of the Church of England in the Diocese to make prompt and earnest efforts for Church extension within it." The second resolution, for the appointment of a Provisional Committee, was moved by the Rev. Canon Argles, and was as follows: "That the Bishop, the Dean, the Chancellor, the Archdeacons of Leicester & Northampton, the Revs. Canon Argles, Canon Fry, and Canon Brown, the Registrar (H. P. Gates, Esq.), and the Revs. Broughton, Richardson, Lord Alwyne Compton, and Gillett, be a provisional committee to draw up lists of persons in the two counties of Northampton and Leicester whom it would be advisable to place on the general committee, and that the Bishop be requested to ask these gentlemen to serve on the committee." The proceedings closed with the usual formalities.

### Birth.

JULY 7th. At Eastgate, Lincoln, the wife of Mr. Chambers, Solicitor, of a daughter.

### Married.

JULY 14th. At St. Peter's at Arches, Lincoln, Mr. Wm. Gentel, merchant, Lincoln, to Louisa second daughter of Robert Dawber, Esq., of the same city.

### Death.

JULY 2nd. At Hemingford Grey, John Lawrence, Esq., aged 61. The deceased was steward of the lordships of Chatteris and Ramsey, and clerk to the magistrates at Chatteris. An inquest was held on the body by Mr. Mellor, and a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony, namely, that death resulted from effusion on the brain, was returned.

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## STREET BEGGARS.

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Good bye to all Beggars! Yes: no half measures this time, no compromise, as far as we are concerned; and we will give a few hints to others to enable them to follow our example for self-protection.

Peripatetic mendicants, we have done with you: sprawling-on-the-ground fraternity, we pass you by; and, in one week, if all persons were of our opinion, and would act upon that opinion, our streets would be innocent of your presence, and a new and more healthy state of things would be inaugurated. You are "sorry" we have come to this decision, are you? Aye, well you may be, for we have aided you, and abetted your self-imposed, and self-profiting calling, somewhat earnestly, and for a long period. We have made a calculation, and we find during the past twenty years, we have relieved in kind, or in specie, on an average, three beggars and a half per week, that is half a beggar a day, and we have now determined to make a bold stand against this continual drain upon our pocket; and we shall give a few valid reasons for giving utterance to the change which has come over us.

We believe some of our readers will plead "guilty" of having given indiscriminate aid, to a greater number than we have. How many people relieve beggars in proportion to their own circumstances, and from really good motives! And they do this, without at all knowing the circumstances of the beggars whom they relieve.

When Mr. Charles Dickens wrote his "Christmas Carol," Ebenezer Scrooge is made to ask the question, "and the Union work-houses—are they still in operation?" And though we should not like to imitate the hard-fistedness of Mr. Scrooge, we do begin to feel a grave doubt as to the propriety of our conduct, in having shown so much sympathy with, and for, the numbers of beggars, casual and periodical, who have in the course of their perigrinations, waited upon us. During the past month, as if brought out by the longer continuance of hot weather; we have had our peace fairly, or rather unfairly, disturbed, and our patience severely tried, by about double the usual number of street beggars. We are now ready to ask, "are there no means used to alleviate distress, and to prevent vagrancy?" and what answer do we obtain? A very satisfactory one. The State collects *public* money for clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; as well as for protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilty. The State, also, has the power of rendering assistance in many special cases of affliction; but, this is not the *whole* answer. Look at the numbers of Charitable Institutions there are in the Metropolis, as well as in our large cities and towns in the country. What an array of "Associ-



ations," "Hospitals," and "Homes!" Add up the income of each, which is derived from *private* sources, and see what an immense sum is given annually by the benevolent of our land, purposely to prevent ragged poverty from prowling about our streets. There is a completeness in the machinery worked by the outstretched hand of private charity in England, which defies any other nation to produce its like. One is utterly astonished at the extent to which the sufferings of humanity are cared for. Poverty-stricken, physically-disabled, intellectually-afflicted outcasts of society, have all been provided for.

What case of affliction, of misfortune, or of want, has not its own peculiar Institution, which was originally designed for its especial benefit? Why there are even "Homes" in London, for the accommodation of lost Dogs! Large salaries are paid by open-hearted private charity, for the working of "Associations" designed for the particular relief, and protection of individuals, who *will not take care of themselves*, as well as for the protection of dumb animals, which have *not the power to do so*. This is really marvellous. What more do we want? Just this—we desire now to drive off the road a set of idle, wandering, unknown beggars, that infest our habitations, and that would fain make one believe their locality is nowhere—although they crop up everywhere—sometimes without a name, and sometimes with half-a-dozen names. We want all the members of this particular class to be compelled to seek out that "Home," or that "Refuge," or that "Hospital," or that "Parish," whose legitimate claim to their persons could be proved. We want indiscriminate alms-givers to see the necessity of buttoning up their pockets, in order to *drive* these street beggars of questionable shapes, names, and characters, to avail themselves of the means provided to meet their several cases: and, we believe these vagrants themselves would be in a better position than they are at present, and their chances of imprisonment for something more than begging, would become more limited. We are certain they would be spared the necessity, as well as the temptation, of telling such glaring falsehoods as they do now; and, in fact, their proper position would be found for them, and their opportunities of imposition would be considerably lessened. How are we to ascertain what cases are deserving of assistance, and what are not? We are really left to the tender mercies of the vagabonds themselves. We will cause to pass before the eyes of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Peterborough, a few of the characters, whom they, as well as we, have helped to support for years. They will be easily recognized. There is the tall cadaverous looking woman, who, with her two whimpering children, leaves Peterborough every Monday morning, and makes her regular "penny calls," before she goes over the bridge, on her "rounds," in the adjoining county of Huntingdon. She, poor thing, had a sad tale of woe at first, and it continued the same, with but trifling variations, until we could remember it, and, to spare time, we ceased to ask it. Our domestics got to know her too, and to announce her arrival as that of "the woman with a plaid shawl, who calls on Mondays." She has not a particularly long face until you open the door; then, all at once, her nether jaw droops, and her countenance assumes such a sad and elongated form, that you would declare it could not retain its look and position for a single moment. On the last occasion when this hebdomadal visitor put in an appearance, her face was longer than ever, and the sadness depicted thereon suddenly changed into a peculiar blankness, which latter effect, we think, was brought about, because she "drew a blank," where she had so often drawn a penny. She was also

informed, that the supplies would be stopped for the future. Then there is that tatterdemalion, of about sixty summers, in his rusty brown, who with slow and measured step, and stick in hand, gropes his well-known way from door to door—picking out the doors he is wont to halt at, with wonderful facility. He is often followed by a dirty looking female, of doubtful age and character, who generally looks as fierce as a hungry wolf, just ready, if not relieved on the spot, to bring into operation a rather formidable looking mouth, in which, we have been led to imagine, there is a very powerful tongue. Then we have that poor distressed looking male object, who *shakes* all the year round, whether he can help it or not. He makes his “calls” upon us a few days apart, on his homeward journey to somewhere behind the Cathedral. His exact *habitat* we have not been able to find out.

There are other hairy wanderers whose period of approximation to this quarter, varies from three months to twelve. These, by reminding us of the time since we gave them “sixpence before,” claim a sort of acquaintance with us. These beggars know everybody, and can tell you about your own friends, who may live 50 or 60 miles away; in what state of health they were, when last they saw them, and “spoke to them.” They are also in a position to inform us as to the increase in the families of our relations, and they will give you an account of marriages and deaths. These vagrants appear to go through a regular system of book-keeping; and, it strikes us, that it would put a *non-gremial* candidate for the “A.A.” degree upon his mettle, if he had to pass a competitive examination with some of these itinerants, in the Geography of England. There is one of these visitants—a clean, noisy, healthy-looking beggar, whom we must carefully describe, that he may have the benefit of an exposure. He calls himself a “Navigator,” but, from the manner of his attack he might be an Alligator, or a Gorilla. He is really what we call a “navvy”—a travelling “navvy” of some ten years’ standing. He honours his friends at Peterborough, with a visit, periodically. The last time (except one) that he pounced upon us, we were asked, not impudently, but ferociously, to “make the sixpence a shilling!” but, we declined to oblige him. Whereupon he informed us, that “several” had done so, and he actually put us in possession of the names of some of these; and we afterwards ascertained, to our astonishment, that there was some truth in this story. Now, what took place the *last* time this clean-smocked, well-booted “Navigator” called upon us deserves recording. He gave us his usual salutation and benediction-in-advance; and, also, an account of his recent good success in this city, and named certain gentlemen who had relieved him. We, however, on this solitary occasion, *mirabile dictu*, refused to respond to his appeal. We suggested that he was “able-bodied,” and that he ought to work for his living. He said he was not able-bodied. We challenged him to prove his assertion. *Verily he did so!* About two hours afterwards he came, with a flourish of trumpets! He had procured a document bearing the signature of a young physician—this document set forth that the said “Navigator” was not *able-legged* by reason of his being afflicted with *varicose veins!* We were fairly taken aback. We gave him a shilling “towards the purchase of an elastic stocking,” which the kind-hearted physician alluded to, considered to be “necessary.” We have not seen him since—we don’t mean the physician—but the “Navigator,” and we hope he has finally retired from the scene of his former labours. We could give several other specimens of characters, whose career in this particular line, we are endeavouring to render less successful, but space will not now permit.

We have thrown out a few hints, which we fervently hope will not be thrown away; and as it regards the street begging system, we shall in future, feel obliged in justice to ourselves, to imitate and assist Alderman Cute, in "putting it down."

*September, 1864.*

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### PIROUROU.

*Continued from page 47.*

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When we entered into conversation one evening, I mentioned the celebrated trial which had caused such a sensation in Lyons, about five years before, and without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I inquired what had become of Beatrice and her family. I learnt that her father had lately died; that losses on the one hand, and ostentation on the other, had left his affairs in such an embarrassed state, that Beatrice, quite contrary to her expectations, at his decease found herself almost without resources, and in fact, she had become in some measure, dependent upon the benevolence of the abbess of the convent where she had taken up her abode. Her chosen home had really become a place of refuge to her in the fullest sense of the word, and she was now not in a position to leave it. I was also informed that whenever she appeared in public she became an object of applause; the way in which she influenced by her pathetic "No, No!" the decision of that trial, had produced an effect upon the community, which was not likely soon to be effaced. She conducted herself, too, with so much propriety in the trying circumstances in which she was placed, that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, and had never once attempted to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years' residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Beatrice, the desire to acquire a fortune, which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved, had absorbed my mind; but, my temporary abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed, being so in favour of my wife, every latent sentiment of tenderness was aroused. The image of Beatrice, of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored, again occupied every thought of my heart—again throbbed in every pulse! I felt how utterly worthless was the acquisition of wealth which she refused to share. I felt that she was necessary to my existence. And my child, was I never to fold him in my arms? Never to feel the endearments of him who owed to me life? Never to know those parental transports, which although I had not experienced, my heart told me must be exquisite! I could bear these cruel reflections no longer—I determined to behold Beatrice and our child.

One of the engravers, by my order, assembled her father's creditors, and discharged all his debts, purchasing for me at the same time, certain pieces of furniture to which long habit, I imagined had associated an idea of value in the mind of Beatrice; this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The gentleman who had given me so satisfactory an account of Beatrice, was a man generally esteemed. I knew that his name alone would be sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. It struck me that I might make choice of him as my confidant, and that he could advise me as to what plan it would



be the best to pursue. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhone. I requested to have an interview with him, in the most solitary walk of his grounds, and, having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy, said to him, "You have hitherto seen in your friend, a merchant, who, though still young, owes to his talents and his probity, an affluent and honourable fortune. It has been my fate to appear in a mask before the eyes of those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived my mistress, let me no longer impose upon my friend. You have spoken to me of Beatrice in a manner the most favourable; you know the half of her history—hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, who was chosen by a set of young wags to be the instrument of their vengeance."

At this unexpected declaration my friend started back with surprise, and it was easy for me to read in his countenance the sensations that agitated his mind.

"I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study; the generosity of my employers, and good fortune, have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons; but, I have firmly decided not to take my departure except in the company of Beatrice. I cannot, I will not leave Lyons without my wife. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public. May I ask you to be the mediator of your friend with Beatrice, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention?"

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The abbess of the convent where Beatrice resides," said he, "honours me with a certain degree of friendship; it is not late, we are near Lyons, let us order horses and we shall soon be able to arrange with Beatrice herself the points which seem to you, at present, so embarrassing." I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview, than I had once been anxious to avoid it. I was burning with impatience to look upon Beatrice and my child.

My friend was announced at the convent in his real name, and myself, as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris. We were admitted. Ah, what a picture presented itself to my view! Beatrice, the enchanting Beatrice, in all the pride of a beauty twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable abbess. A lovely child slept upon her lap, and it seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely returned in a proper manner, the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable ideas; but, being introduced by a gentleman whom she well knew, and who was honoured with general esteem, and being presented as the principal of a commercial house at Paris, together with the shade of twilight, were circumstances which appeared so completely to set all her conjectures at fault, that certainly Beatrice did not recognize her husband in this stranger. My friend opened the conversation by making some very vague observations; he then mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital, and requested to know if the abbess had any orders with which to honour me. While this conversation passed; the child awoke, and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both with a kind of hesitation, he advanced towards me. O! who can represent my feelings, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue made me eagerly seize him in my arms, and, throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife, "Beatrice!

Beatrice!" I exclaimed, "your child, your child claims from you a father! Will you suffer affection for ever to be vanquished by pride?"

While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by my emotion, Beatrice quivered, seemed ready to faint, and fixed her wondering eyes first on me, and then on her child, who clung to her knees, as if imploring forgiveness for his father. At length a torrent of tears bathed the face of Beatrice, the child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine. "Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed. The only answer of Beatrice was to throw herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me, but your child pleads too powerfully, Beatrice is YOURS."

She pressed me most affectionately against her palpitating heart. We were unable for a long time to speak; our uncontrollable emotion; the caresses of the child; the tears of my friend; the place itself; every thing served to add to our delirium.

"My children," said the Abbess, looking at us with an eye moistened by affection, "you have both performed your duty—this gentleman is too affected to be a knave—Beatrice has too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of a foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more happy than the first! May you enjoy that felicity, which belongs only to virtue.

These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our sensations. I related my history, in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and the feelings of my remorse. I did not fail to remark with transport, that the hand of Beatrice often pressed mine, while I spoke of my projects of tenderness; although, I could not discern that she testified either pleasure or pain, when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. The part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings in saving from the hands of the creditors, the pieces of furniture which she had been accustomed to look upon from her infancy.

My friend, the banker, celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a fête. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated, and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word which involuntarily escaped Beatrice discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name, and, twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the act which left it entirely at her disposal.

I returned with Beatrice and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, I could not tell, but she expressed no surprise at finding herself the mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character was much ameliorated by adversity; I found myself beloved by one, who was the sole object of all my tenderness.

One happy year had elapsed, when Beatrice entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkling with joy. "You will not," said she, "refuse the invitation of your wife; I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons. No objection! This very morning I am going to set off with my son. I want to teach him how a son ought to do the honours."

My curiosity was excited, and I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned, when I found Beatrice under arms. She was still in all the splendour of her beauty; and on this day she adorned

herself, with more than her accustomed elegance. After much wondering on my part, at the peculiar preparations and arrangements which met my eyes, I heard dinner announced. Judge of my sensations when Beatrice, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which appeared to have been decorated by the graces themselves, guess who were the guests she had assembled? My friends, the engravers! my first friends—the authors of my fortune, and my marriage! During the repast, the gaiety of Beatrice animated all present with delight and admiration. After dessert, she led us into the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by her, undrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures, finely painted. We drew near to survey them. "Oh, enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself. The first picture represented the village scene, near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Beatrice, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, "*Love conquered by Pride.*" The second picture represented the scene of the present day; my ten friends at table, Beatrice, placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written, "*Pride conquered by Love.*"

Here finishes my history, or rather my adventures. My present happiness I can better feel than define; Beatrice made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his godfather, the engraver whose hand she had refused. This estimable man is now the happy partner of a charming woman, well known in Lyons, for the care which she bestows upon the education of her only daughter. Beatrice tells me, that she shall not be completely happy, till this young girl calls her mother; and, what is singular in this affair, is, that my son is of the same opinion.

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### THE STORY OF THE ALABAMA.

*Continued from page 51.*

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The Alabama cruised about the Cape for some time, and then disappeared for the East, where for some six or eight months she was busy sweeping the seas for the Federal flag. Like the Flying Dutchman this daring vessel was over and over again asserted to be in places at times quite irreconcilable with ordinary or extraordinary sailing speed. She was at almost one and the same time declared to be in the West Indian seas, doubling Cape Horn, cruising off the coast of California, and watching for Yankees at Singapore. Suddenly she again turned up at the Cape, to bewilder Admiral Walker with some hard sea-logic having reference to the liberties he had permitted himself to take with the Tuscaloosa; for it would appear that Captain Semmes is as much at home before his writing-desk, as on the quarter-deck. Once more putting to sea, all traces of the gallant ship were lost for a time, but certainly the vicinity of the British Channel was, of all others, the place where she might least be expected to turn up. However on the 11th, she appeared off Cherbourg, and steamed into that port, it being intended that she should undergo thorough repairs, as her two years' cruise had produced serious effects upon her, necessitating extensive reparation. She had, however, hardly got well into port when the Federal war steamer Kearsage made her appearance outside, and challenged the Alabama to combat.

Semmes had often been twitted for avoiding armed Federal vessels, and for gallantly attacking utterly unarmed merchantmen in genuine pirate style.



Now that he was challenged by the commander of the *Kearsage*, everybody in Cherbourg, it appears, said it would be disgraceful if he refused the challenge, and this, coupled with his belief that the *Kearsage* was an ordinary sloop of war, made him agree to fight; he was unaware moreover, that she possessed chain armour.

On Sunday June 19th, 9 a.m., the *Alabama* steamed out of Cherbourg harbour, followed by the French plated ship of war *Couronne* for 3 miles, whose object was to see that there was no violation of the law of nations, by any fight taking place within the legal distance from land. The combat took place about 9 miles from Cherbourg, and was commenced by the *Alabama* at 11.10 a.m. opening with her starboard battery at the distance of about one mile from her enemy. The fire was at once returned by the *Kearsage*, and it became general, and a very spirited firing was kept up, shot being sometimes varied with shells. In manœuvring, both vessels made 7 complete circles at a distance of from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile. In the early part of the action the relative firing was about 3 from the *Alabama* to one from the *Kearsage*, but as it progressed the latter gained the advantage, having apparently a much greater power of steam. She appeared to have an advantage over the *Alabama* of about 3 knots an hour, and steam was seen rushing out of her blowpipe all through the action, while the *Alabama* seemed to have very little steam on. It was estimated that the *Alabama* fired in all 150 rounds, shells and solid shot alternately, some single guns, some in broadsides of three or four, and the *Kearsage* about 100, the majority of which were 11-inch shells.

At length, the *Alabama's* rudder was disabled by one of her opponent's heavy shells, and they hoisted sails; but it was soon reported to Captain Semmes by one of his officers, that his ship was sinking. With great bravery the guns were kept ported till the muzzles were actually under water, and the last shot from the doomed ship was fired as she was settling down. When her stern was completely under water, Captain Semmes gave orders for the men to save themselves as best they could, and every one jumped into the sea and swam to the boats which had put off to their rescue. Those of them who were wounded were ordered by Captain Semmes to be placed in the *Alabama's* boats and taken on board the *Kearsage*, which was as far as possible obeyed. An attempt was made to reach the French coast but the ship filled so rapidly that the fires were extinguished, and hope of escape being impossible, the colours were hauled down in token of surrender, and Captain Semmes dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of his condition. Although the *Alabama* was only 400 yards from her antagonist, the enemy fired upon her five times, dangerously wounding several men.

While the wounded sailors were being thus saved, one of them who had been unhurt tried to get into the boat with them. The surgeon held him back. "See," he said, "I want to save my life as much as you do, but let the wounded be saved first." "Doctor," said the officer in the boat, "we can make room for you." "I wont peril the wounded men," was his reply. When the ship went down the surgeon was below dressing the wounds of a sailor, and he was the only officer lost.\* The *Deerhound* a steam yacht belonging to Mr. John Lancaster of Hindley Hall, Wigan, Lancashire, who had left

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\* Mr. David Herbert Llewellyn, who was the surgeon of the Confederate war steamer *Alabama*, during the two years of her adventurous career, perished by drowning on Sunday, the 19th of June, 1864, sinking with his ship after her conflict with the Federal steamer *Kearsage*. He was the son of the Rev. David Llewellyn, Perpetual Curate of Easton, near Pewsey, Wiltshire. He was educated at Marlborough College, and studied

Cherbourg some little time before the Alabama, to observe the fight, now steered up among the crew of the Alabama, which vessel having now sunk, the crew were all in the water, sustaining themselves as they best could, until assistance reached them. The wounded had privately been placed in the undamaged boats of the Alabama to be conveyed to the Kearsage. All hands jumped overboard, and the sea presented one mass of heads floating about, upwards of 70 individuals being in the water, supporting themselves on grating, slight spars, buckets, shellboxes, &c. The boats of the Deerhound came to the rescue and saved 13 officers and 27 of the crew taking them on board that vessel, among them Captain Semmes. Two French pilot boats and two boats from the Kearsage, saved 68, all told. As soon as it was ascertained that the water was clear of every one that had life left, and that no more help could be rendered, the yacht steamed away for Southampton.

Not a relic of the Alabama fell into the possession of her fortunate antagonist. When she was sinking, Captain Semmes dropped his own sword into the sea, to prevent the possibility of its getting into the hands of the enemy, and the gunner made a hole in one of the boats of the Alabama, and sank her for the same reason. It was stated that the best practice generally on board the Alabama during the action, was shown by the gunners who had been trained on board the Excellent, in Portsmouth Harbour. The spectacle presented during the combat is described by those who witnessed it from the Deerhound, as magnificent, and thus the extraordinary career of the Alabama has come to a grand and appropriate termination.

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### THE ANTHROPOGLOSSOS.

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Under the sesquipedalian title of Anthropoglossos, we have lately witnessed "the newest thing out" in Automota, which is now being exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to astonished multitudes. The figure consists of a gigantic head, about three times the size of life, with a species of speaking trumpet in its mouth, and a small body containing a pair of bellows and a few very plain looking wheels and cylinders, covered over with a loose robe. The figure is fixed to the ceiling of the room by chains on either side of the body, so that it is completely isolated, or at any rate appears to be so. After winding up the machinery like a clock, a buzzing sound is at first heard, and this in a few seconds resolves itself into a song, generally of a popular character, and possessing all that peculiarity of drawling accent which is so

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for the medical profession, first as an articled pupil of Dr. Hassel, at Richmond, and then, from 1856 to 1859, at Charing Cross Hospital, where he gained the silver medals for surgery and chemistry. The last letter which Mr. Llewellyn ever wrote, was addressed to Mr. Travers, the resident medical officer of Charing Cross Hospital, and is as follows:—"Cherbourg, June 14th, 1864. Dear Travers,—Here we are. I send this by a gentleman coming to London. An enemy is outside. If she only stays long enough, we go out and fight her. If I live, expect to see me in London shortly. If I die, give my best love to all who know me. If M. A. de Cailbet should call on you, please show him every attention. I remain, dear Travers, ever yours, D. H. LLEWELLYN." Mr. Llewellyn was much loved and respected by all on board. He remained behind and sank with the ship, an ever memorable instance of that chivalrous spirit and devotion, to duty, which we are proud to believe characterise the medical officers of the united services, and the medical profession generally, in the United Kingdom. It is further gratifying to be able to state, that Llewellyn's fellow students appointed a committee to provide for the erection of a tablet to his memory in Charing Cross Hospital, where as a pupil he had so greatly distinguished himself, and that another memorial is to be fixed in the church of Easton parish, where he was born.

thoroughly characteristic of the uneducated Cockney, and often spoken of as "Whitechapel." Now the inventor of this *wonderful piece of mechanism* is by birth an American, and at the present time speaks the English language imperfectly, it therefore struck us as very singular, not to say improbable, that he should have constructed this extraordinary automaton phenomenon with that peculiar Metropolitan accent before mentioned, and we were naturally led to regard the figure as a clever hoax, with which mechanism had as little to do as it well could have. Various attempts have been made to unravel the mystery, but up to the present time it holds its own. It is generally thought that the figure only acts as a conductor of sound, and has no power of producing sound within itself; all we can say is, if such be the true solution of the enigma, we cannot conceive from whence the sound proceeds, or how it is communicated to the Automaton, and so we are left with only one other means of accounting for the result. The head is of so large a size that we conceive it possible for a dwarf, who has been trained as a contortionist, to double himself up into a sufficiently small compass as to be concealed within it; and this supposition is somewhat borne out by the hurried manner in which the audience is ushered from the room as soon as the performance, which lasts about twenty minutes, is concluded. It is a curious fact, that from the earliest times there has existed a strong desire to imitate the various functions of living beings by the aid of mechanism, and at different periods these automata have appeared in an endless variety of form, construction, and application. So early as 400 years before Christ, Archytas of Tarentum made a wooden pigeon that could fly, and we read that the Emperor Charles V of Germany, in 1520, was presented with a wonderful iron fly, which made a solemn circuit round its inventor's head, and then reposed from its fatigue on his arm. Also, that a certain wise Bishop of Naples, in 990, made a bronze fly, which he placed on one of the city gates, and that this mechanical fly was so well trained that it prevented any other fly from entering Naples, so that during eight years, the meat exposed for sale in the market was never once tainted. In England we learn that Roger Bacon, together with his brother in religion, Thomas Bungay, constructed a brazen head, which should tell them if there was any mode of enclosing the whole of England by a high wall. After forging at it for seven years without relaxation, the fates unfortunately decreed that when the head spoke, the two monks were so engaged that they did not hear it, which leaves us moderns somewhat in doubt how the two intrepid blacksmiths knew the head had spoken, since they were not present to hear it. We even find the great French philosopher, Fontenelle, in 1730, giving a certificate from the Royal Academy, to a wooden figure that played the flute: this figure was afterwards eclipsed by the same mechanist (M. de Vaucanson), who invented a duck, which performed the functions of eating, drinking, and afterwards of digesting its food: the latter operation however (as with many other automata), was simply a trick, performed by expelling green coloured bread crumbs, which had been previously introduced, by means of a forcing pump. The last Automaton in the form of a bird that attracted attention, was a beautiful piece of mechanism shown by Auber and Sulton, at the Great Exhibition of 1862. It was in the shape of a small musical box, out of which, when the lid was opened, popped up a pretty little Bullfinch, which fluttered its wings and piped a song in the most natural manner possible. That which brought this Piping Bullfinch into such enviable celebrity, was the benevolent idea of its proprietors to make this little wonder subserve "all mankind's concern,"



charity, by announcing that whenever the sum of five shillings was raised among the visitors, the bird should commence its song, and the fund so collected should be appropriated to the benefit of the distressed cotton districts, and from this source as much as ten or twelve pounds a day was realized.

By far the most perplexing of all Automata was the wonderful chess-player, who beat every one with whom he played, and whose history though somewhat trite, may not be considered unworthy of repetition. The figure represented a Turk, of the natural size, seated behind a box of the shape of a chest of drawers, there being a chess-board in the centre of the top of the box. In the box were a number of wheels, pulleys, and springs, which were shown to the audience. After this examination, the robe of the Automaton was raised and the interior of the body could be inspected; the robe was then pulled down, the doors of the box closed, and the machinery wound up with a key. The game then commenced by the figure stretching out its hand and making the first move, and as before stated, the Automaton invariably came off victorious.

Now (although this wonder was considered for a long time to be a pure piece of mechanism) the real secret of it was, that a certain Polish rebel, named Worosky, a man of naturally short stature, had the misfortune, while aiding in the rebellion against Russia, in 1796, to lose both his legs by a cannon ball, and during a long convalescence in the house of his physician where he had been secreted, this half-man was found a most formidable antagonist at chess. A mechanist named Kempelen chanced to see the mutilated man, and hit upon the idea that eventually produced the famous Automaton Chess-player. The little half-man was concealed behind the machinery in the box until it was wound up, when assisted by the noise the clock-work produced, he was enabled to ascend into the body of the figure, and so played his game, to the astonishment of all who saw him. His fame eventually reached the ears of the Empress Catherine II of Russia, who, herself an excellent chess-player, insisted on playing with the Automaton. During the game, the Empress, who was on the point of losing, made a false move, when the figure (or Worosky) immediately with his hand swept all the chess-men from the board, no less to the surprise of the Empress than to the fear of the Automaton's proprietor.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of this story is that by converting himself into the Automaton Chess-player, poor little Worosky saved his head, which he would otherwise undoubtedly have lost, being an insurgent and a rebel, had he been discovered, while his intrepid daring was fully shown by his undertaking a game with the Empress, whose legitimate prisoner he would have been. It is from the history of this figure that we cannot reconcile the Anthropoglossos under any other title than that of an ingenious deception, well calculated to fill the coffers of the inventor, and delude as well as fascinate the credulity of a fashionable London audience.

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#### ANTI-BANTINGISM.

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We recollect seeing in a humorous child's book called *Struelpeter*, a graphic description of the woes that befel the little boy who would not eat his bread and milk, and who thus became "smaller by degrees, and beautifully less," until he was wasted to the merest shadow. The matter however, has lately

taken a very different turn, for through the great philanthropy of one Mr. Banting, we are told, that the only way of overcoming that most dreadful "parasite" of the human body, corpulence, is to abstain from all articles of diet containing ginger or starch, and more especially to excommunicate from our dietary, bread and milk. By aid of this dietetic treatment, Mr. Banting has succeeded in diminishing his corporeal weight to the extent of 4 stones, and thus enabled himself to walk down stairs forwards instead of backwards, and perform the very necessary operation (to those that wear them) of fastening and unfastening his shoe strings. Now although this method of treatment is no new idea, yet from the prominent and philanthropic way in which he has brought the system into public notice, we will yield him in all fairness the utmost praise, and can only add, that while he is going in so strong for philanthropy, we would humbly recommend him to lend his name and his talents, as manager to a company which we daily see advertised in one of our contemporaries, under the title of "The Corporation Contract Company" (limited), which must surely, under his able management, succeed most admirably in increasing the coffers of the shareholders, at the same time that it diminishes the corporeal weight of all aldermanic bodies who submit themselves to the process. We must not forget, however, that there is another "parasite" of the human frame, which, in contradistinction to Mr. Banting's enemy, we will plainly call "Leanness;" and surely it must be equally annoying and invidious to be termed a "Remnant," as it is to be told that you assimilate a Stilton Cheese on Castors.

With a purely philanthropic view of rectifying this evil, we advise all such as are troubled with it, simply to reverse the wheels of Mr. Banting's system, and under the title of Anti-Bantingism adopt our plan. For breakfast, let them take as much cocoa made with milk and sugar as they can conveniently swallow, and as many rashers of fat bacon, poached eggs, grilled fowl, fat mutton chops and beef steaks, as the stomach will conveniently digest, taking care to avoid all such innutritious viands as salted herrings, kidneys, pickled salmon, &c. At dinner, fish, generous soups, and meat may be eaten, always taking care to leave sufficient room for a good quantity of starch and saccharine nutriment, in the form of puddings made of flour, tapioca, sago, and all those numerous compounds sold under the titles of revalenta, oswego, corn flour, &c., into which eggs, sugar, milk, and butter, may be introduced; and as a never-failing rule, bread and potatoes must be eaten in considerable quantities; while it is inadvisable either to stimulate the stomach by pickles or condiments of any kind, or cause the digestive functions unnecessary trouble in trying to assimilate such innutritious matter as uncooked vegetables and fruit tarts. As the last meal before going to bed, we strongly recommend a pint of boiled milk sweetened, into which a lump of beef suet, the size of a walnut, has been introduced and assiduously stirred during the process of boiling the fluid. These rules, together with a generous supply of stout, sound home-brewed ale, and somewhat new port wine, will seldom be found to fail in increasing the fat of the body, and thus act as a preventive to a large family of dangerous diseases, at the head of which ranks that direst ill which flesh is heir to "Phthisis," or Consumption; always remembering that among medicines, cod liver oil stands out most prominently, as the one efficacious drug in increasing the adipose tissue of the body. To these rules of diet, unfortunately, there is one great drawback, which is, that those who are subject to extreme leanness, are almost invariably afflicted more or less with impaired digestion. As a means for remedying this evil, we can only give

the advice of the great Abernethy, who being asked by a travelling companion what he would recommend him to do with his sore thumb, laconically replied, "consult your medical man to be sure."

P. H.

MANNER OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Voting in the United States is by Ballot, and all citizens are entitled to the Franchise.*

According to an Act of Congress, passed in 1845, the elections for President and Vice-President are held in all the States every fourth year, on the first Tuesday, after the first Monday, in November, and on the fourth of March following, the President elect is inaugurated. In 1864, the day of election falls on the eight day of November, when the election for the next Presidential term will take place. The Voting is not direct for the President, but for electors.

According to Clause 2, Section 1, Article 2, of the United States Constitution, each State is entitled to the same number of Electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress; which is as follows:—

|                                                    |                     |                    |                    |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Alabama .. .. 6                                    | Iowa .. .. 6        | Michigan .. .. 6   | Rhode Island .. 2  |
| Arkansas .. .. 3                                   | Kansas .. .. 1      | Minnesota .. .. 2  | South Carolina.. 4 |
| California .. .. 3                                 | Kentucky .. .. 9    | New Hampshire 3    | Tennessee.. .. 8   |
| Connecticut .. 4                                   | Louisiana .. .. 5   | New Jersey .. .. 5 | Texas.. .. .. 4    |
| Delaware .. .. 1                                   | Maine .. .. 5       | New York .. .. 31  | Virginia .. .. 8   |
| Florida .. .. 1                                    | Maryland .. .. 5    | North Carolina.. 7 | Vermont .. .. 3    |
| Georgia .. .. 7                                    | Massachusetts .. 10 | Ohio . .. .. 19    | West Virginia .. 3 |
| Indiana .. .. 11                                   | Mississippi .. .. 5 | Oregon .. .. 1     | Wisconsin.. .. 6   |
| Illinois .. .. 14                                  | Missouri .. .. 9    | Pennsylvania .. 24 |                    |
| Total Representatives .. .. ..                     |                     |                    | 241                |
| Number of Senators—each State sending two .. .. .. |                     |                    | 70                 |
| Total number of Electors, .. .. ..                 |                     |                    | 311                |

Each of the different political parties holds a National convention a few months previous to the election, and adopts a "platform," or series of resolutions defining the principles of the party, and nominates candidates for President and Vice-President.

The various political organizations in each State, nominate, *from their own party*, the number of Electors to which their State is entitled, and the electoral ticket, which receives a plurality of votes is elected. The result of the Presidential Election is known as soon as the election returns are received from all the States, although the Electors do not meet till the first Wednesday in December, nor is the President legally elected until the Electoral votes are counted by the President of the Senate, on the second Wednesday in February.

According to Article 12 of the Amendments to the United States Constitution, the Electors meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, and transmit certificates of the result to the President of the Senate at Washington, who opens all the certificates in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, and the votes are then counted. *A majority of the whole number of Electors* is necessary for a choice, and if no Candidate has such a majority, the House of Representatives is to choose the President from the three having the highest vote—each State having but one vote, and a majority of all the States, being necessary to a choice.



## INTELLECTUAL IDOLATRY.

It is a truth, as undeniable as humiliating, that mankind in all ages have been idolaters, but the fact that the various kinds of idolatry are only self-worship in different phases, would perhaps, be not so readily acknowledged. Superstition though quick in taking root, is like most things sublunary, slow in attaining its full development; and as man must necessarily have commenced existence in what we should now deem a barbarous state, it follows that the faculties and objects, earliest surrounded with a false halo of glory, were those, which at the present day, would most command the admiration and respect of any uncivilized race now existing on the globe. From causes such as these, sprang hero-worship, or the deification of individuals renowned in their generation for strength, skill in war, and the like physical endowments,—whose superiority could plainly be discerned by all. The mighty hunter Nimrod, the adventurous Hercules, and other sky-translated worthies, are merely examples of that admiration which man, savage, or at least semi-barbarous, the natural enemy of his kind, always feels for the superior might which can at pleasure defend or crush him. But as progress, the necessary outlet of human energy, not only builds ships and cities, levels mountains, and discovers new shores, but also stumbles on divers arts and sciences, and invents religious theories and forms of belief, a new rivalry, namely, *Intellect* arose amongst mankind. The Grecian commanders at the Trojan war, while striving to excel in the foot race, in throwing the spear, and in various other deeds of strength and valour, probably cared little for philosophical speculation, or the wonders of science; but the polished Athenian of a later day, could with equal ease philosophize with Socrates, or massacre with Eurymedon. A new divinity, Genius, was added to the great pantheon, or temple of all the little gods of humanity, which temple though always refusing to give up the old, can ever find room for the new, a fact easily accounting for the offer of Tiberius to receive Christ among the gods of Rome. The Greek, who of all the inhabitants of the old world, with the exception perhaps of the Jew, possessed the most delicate and highly organized mind, and whose thirsty spirit could never quaff enough at the fountain of the beautiful, was the first to bend the knee before the shrine of the mysterious goddess of Intellect, and in this, as in most matters of taste and art, he was closely copied by the Roman. And as the naturally fine mind, ever seeking rest and finding none, turned with disgust from the grosser forms of

heathenism, and sought to satisfy its desires at the springs of natural reason and mental cultivation, which though not so soon exhausted, were only on that account the more delusive, there seemed a prospect that the mighty goddess of Intellect, like the giant image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, would fill and sway the whole earth! Her feet however were but of clay, with all her speculations she had missed the truth, she was weighed in the balances and found wanting. And what was the offence for which she was doomed? Strange to say, *ignorance!* Her shortcomings were summed up in the single sentence, the world by wisdom, *i. e.* natural wisdom, *knew not* God, who is everything, in whom all things exist, whom to *know* is life eternal. The world therefore, practically knew *nothing*. All that they had erected was built on a wrong foundation, and so perished; and the intellectual temple, where self, the idol of the shrine, reigned grandly, was dashed to pieces beneath the thunderbolt of that greatest of iconoclasts, Christianity! It is mournful and deeply humiliating to reflect on the failure of these Babel builders, who are called by many, perhaps ironically, *enlightened heathens!*

Almost the last words of Socrates, who of all these wise men of old, seems to have made the nearest approach to the divine standard of the Gospel, were, "Crito we owe a cock to Esculapius," and I think the triumphant crow of that cock will for ever silence those who would wish to affirm that the philosopher had cast off the errors of his age. Yet though the temple of intellect was thus destroyed, the worshippers escaped. The believers in the omnipotence and sufficiency of human learning and mental cultivation, doubtless, still existed, but their number seems to have been small; and as the errors with which primitive Christianity became disfigured, brought on those ages emphatically called "dark," so the disciples of unaided intellect, having nothing much wherewith to work, either lay dormant or entirely disappeared for a long course of years.

A dawn, however, was at hand. The thundering voice of Luther broke the spell of centuries, and aroused a sleeping world! The capture of Constantinople inundated western Europe with the learned of that city; and then was seen once more, the difference between intellect assisted by a higher power than that of earth, and intellect alone. Wherever the light of Christianity was rekindled, there was Genius visible in its noblest character and office, namely, that of the defender of truth; and earthly knowledge, aided by heavenly wisdom, was completely successful in overthrowing error, and subduing prejudice.

But on the other hand, when intellect and Genius were called to the defence of a lie, their attempt, not only proved unavailing, but sunk what they defended, even lower than before: for two things perhaps, more degrading, debasing, and barbarous, than any similar schemes that had as yet been known, namely the inquisition and the order of the Jesuits, date from the period in question, and were invented by godless, and therefore baleful and malignant intellect.

One more example from the past. The French Revolution was to have been the triumph of intellect. The wise men of that day had discovered that religion and superstition were indetical, that law was slavery, the difference of social position unnatural, chaos the only state in which a well regulated mind could find pleasure, and that God, the future world, and eternity, had, in the words of Bishop Berkley's theory as to matter, "no existence except in public opinion." Intellect and reason were to be all in all. They even literally worshipped reason, in the form of a woman of doubtful character; and the result was, that after perpetrating the wildest excesses, they were, by a natural recoil of the wave, speedily crushed beneath the iron hand of military despotism. They abolished law, and therefore perished without it.

How strange it is that in spite of all the warnings of the past, and the repeated proofs that mere human attainments can never really elevate and improve, men should again commence building their altars, to the unknown god, and attempt to restore the fallen temple of human wisdom! One writer informs us, "that sin and crime are, or are the results of ignorance," and that to destroy the former, we have only to remove the latter. "Education is religion," says another, holding similar views. "You must civilize, before you christianize;" is the dictum of a third. But the evil has a far deeper root than mere ignorance: it arises in the corrupt heart of man. Civilization apart from christianity, can at best be but the polished barbarism of some of the states of the old world. I can never find that St. Paul, at any period of his apostolic mission, paused until Pharisee and Sadducee, Stoic and Epicurean, the learned of the age, and (according to these intellect worshippers) the *pioneers of truth*, had cut down the trees of error and cleared a space whereon he might erect the christian structure; but I do find, that throughout the whole course of his labours they were the most constant and persevering of his opponents, and that that doctrine, so gladly received by thousands of the vulgar, was laughed to scorn by the wisdom of the Sanhedrim and the Areopagus.

In conclusion, are we opposed to intellect, education, and the exercise of human reason? Certainly not. "Who loves not knowledge?" asks Tennyson, but he most properly adds, "she is the second not the first." All that we would oppose and condemn is, that human knowledge which would dare to stand alone, *apart from, and independently of the divine*, vainly supposing, that she can of herself "build a tower whose top shall reach to heaven." But let human knowledge take the hand of her elder sister, heavenly wisdom, and then she will never stumble or fall over those many stones of doubt and difficulty, that lie scattered about the wilderness of this world, and her light, unextinguished by the blasts of error and the winds of false doctrine, will grow brighter and brighter, when all the little stars of mere earthly attainments have been for ever swallowed up in the blackness of darkness.

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#### CO-OPERATION.

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To the Editor of "the News Magazine."  
SIR,

In your last number appeared a letter signed "Civis," containing certain implied strictures on my paper—"The History of a Co-operative Society." Until I read your Address, I had not intended to answer the letter, on the ground that a popular Magazine ought not to be made a place of discussion. It is inevitable that some things will be written, which do not please everybody; and if the dissentients were always allowed to express their displeasure in your Magazine, it might soon become very wearisome and uninteresting.

"Civis" says, he is "very apprehensive lest this principle of co-operation should eventuate in an unseemly and disagreeable monopoly." A monopoly of *what*? A monopoly implies monopoly of prices, and it seems to me, the principle of co-operation is the greatest guarantee against such, for the simple reason that nobody would be advantaged. If it is meant that certain branches of trade would change hands, that is quite another thing.

Now to the questions "Civis" has put to me. First he asks my opinion of the principle of co-operation when extensively enlarged? He must remember that the principle of co-operation is of very wide application at present,—all joint stock companies are examples of its application. The question of the extension of that particular form of the application of the co-operative principle, known as the Co-operative Society, to all classes and as many

branches as possible, is one too large to be discussed within the limits of a letter; but I may attempt a discussion of it in some future paper.

"Civis" next asks, what must be done about "our tradesmen—driven prematurely into inglorious retirement." Have they then to be driven at any time into any sort of retirement? If so, some of them might as well go soon as late. But *would* our tradesmen be all driven into the place thus assigned to them as their future abode? Certainly not. There would always be a very large number of people who could not become members of Co-operative Societies as at present constituted, and, I may add, as certain to be always constituted. These would always need supplies, and thus a large number of tradesmen would always be required. Those who would suffer are the small shopkeepers. Sir, it was high time that working-men should be freed from the trade tricks so shamelessly and notoriously practised upon them; it was high time that they should discover something to crush the fatal readiness with which they could obtain credit; it was high time the tricksters should know there is a God who delighteth in honest men.

The third question relates to the division of profits among the co-operative purchasers. I presume "Civis" thinks, that what is returned to the purchaser as profit is part of what he had originally spent. Of course he is right in thinking so; but it should be remembered, that had the purchaser spent his money with a tradesman, *nothing* would have been returned to him. Thus, the purchasers in a Co-operative Society divide among themselves what would be the profits of a tradesman; for Co-operative Societies and tradesmen generally sell at about the same prices.

At the present time I cannot make any inquires about the New England Co-operative Society, inasmuch as I am far away from New England. But I will promise "Civis" (although I must plainly say that I suspect he knows something of the New England Society), that I will do my best to obtain all the information I can on the subject, as soon as I have the opportunity. I would just add that whatever may be the shortcomings of any Co-operative Society, they are not due to any fault in the system, but to individual mismanagement. This I say with the greatest confidence.

If "Civis" desires information on the subject of Co-operation, I would advise him to read the article entitled "The Progress of Co-operation," in the August number of *Good Words*; and if he desires the fullest information, he should obtain *The Co-operator*, a monthly publication which

would show him that the system has travelled with extraordinary success far beyond Rochdale. Many other sources of information are open, for the literature of the subject is pretty extensive.

Finally, I would advise "Civis" to avoid all personal references to an opponent in discussion. The sentence in which he attributes to me a very hopeful disposition might very well have been left out. I am not offended at it, nay rather flattered, but it is not in good taste. When one looks on all the sin and sorrow round, and the heart grows sick and weary at the sight, it is surely not unenviable to be able to recognize one bright cloud gathering a greater lustre every day, and driving away something of the blackness and darkness which roll about it.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

B.

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#### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

*To the Editor of the "News Magazine."*  
SIR,

I heartily thank you for two things, first for establishing a Magazine in Peterborough, the want of which, conducted on a broad and liberal basis, has been long and seriously felt. May your praiseworthy efforts be crowned with success. I thank you also for your notice (even though it be an adverse one) of the "Permissive Bill." We have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope, from honest criticism. Stagnation alone is death. Permit me to notice one or two, of what appears to *me*, to be fallacies in your argument on that question. Does it not strike you, that in admitting that "drunkenness is an *enormous evil*: the moral and physical miasma of our land," you have admitted the whole question? Surely the people have a right to say how they regard the continuance in their midst, of a business which manufactures that which you admit is the great source of moral and physical ruin! Your supposed case is singularly in point; you affirm that, if any person should establish "a business which should emit such a foul stench (a physical miasma) as would cause the houses in the market-place to become uninhabitable," the law would have a right to sweep it away, because its continuance would interfere with "the liberty and comfort of the majority;" but, with reference to the greater evil, that which produces not only a physical but *moral* ruin, the law must not be put in force, because forsooth, the "majority have no right to *coerce* the minority," a specimen of logic to which it would be difficult to find a parallel.



A word about this coercion. Are not all laws coercive to the persons whose habits or practices, they restrain? Somebody must rule, and if the majority have not the right to enact laws, who have? If it be true that our Constitution is built upon the acknowledged principle that "the public weal is the highest law," surely the public weal demands that this "enormous evil," this "moral and physical miasma," which C. Buxton, Esq., M.P., himself a brewer (Trueman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.), in an article in the "North British Review," says, "is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise; the struggle of the school, the library, and the church, all united against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell. Great as was the destruction of human life, and the waste of national wealth in the late Russian war, they are outrun every year by the devastation caused by our national drunkenness. Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our time by war, famine, and pestilence—the three great scourges of mankind—and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity." All right. Quite true. And yet you must not interfere with it, says the Editor of the "News Magazine," because "nobody is compelled to drink." The same argument might be applied, with equal force, to the existence of gambling-houses, the sale of obscene prints, or immoral books. Suppose there are exhibited in a shop window, side by side, an obscene print and an immoral book, and although nobody would be compelled to look at the one, or read the other, or purchase either, yet all right-minded citizens would condemn the shop-keeper as a corrupter of the public morals.

Doubtless you are aware, that if nobody is "compelled" to drink, there is an intimate connection between the number of public houses and the amount of drunkenness in any locality. Take for instance Manchester and Liverpool; nearly alike, as regards the number of inhabitants; Manchester has 561 public houses, and during the year 1863, there were arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, 3785 persons, being 1 in every 122 of the inhabitants. Liverpool, on the other hand, has 1,680 public houses, and the arrests during the same period, and for the same cause, were 13,914, being 1 in every 32 of the inhabitants. Such is the seductive and contaminating influence of the traffic, that if men are not "compelled" to drink, it would seem that they are unable to resist its allurements.

Space compels me to pass over your

evident confounding of Mr. Somes' "Sunday Closing Bill," with Mr. Lawson's "Permissive Bill." The one recognises the doctrine, that drink is good, but out of deference to the day, Sunday, they would seek to suppress its sale *on* that day; the other recognises the doctrine that drink is bad, productive of unmitigated evil, and that the people have a right to suppress its public sale, not only on Sunday, but *every* day.

But it is "a matter of taste (you say) about which, he who thinks the legislature will interfere in this country, shows an amount of imagination, very astonishing, considering the age in which we live;" but, vast as is our "imagination," it is exceeded by the ignorance of those who do not know that the legislature has already interfered with the traffic, and passed upwards of 400 laws to regulate it; and doubtless ere long, one other will be passed, and that other, the "Permissive Bill," a measure which has already received more support, both in the house and out of it (where the real battle has to be fought), than its most sanguine supporters anticipated; therefore, spite of your advice, we do not intend to "keep quiet." Strange advice this, when the honour and integrity of our sons are impeached, the virtue of our daughters polluted, the chastity of our wives insulted. When the intellect is beclouded, the reason dethroned, the Church of the living God robbed of its brightest members, the progress of truth retarded, christianity obstructed in its onward development by the drinking customs of our land. "Keep quiet," when 60,000 of our fellow-men are annually slain, and vice, misery, wretchedness, and despair, of every class and form, is naturalized amongst us, and nine-tenths of the crime, two-thirds of the pauperism, and three-fifths of the lunacy, caused by this one cause alone. "Keep quiet!" Nay, rather for truth's sake, for humanity's sake, let us use our every endeavour to remove this foul blot from our national escutcheon. To quote again the words of C. Buxton, Esq., M.P., "We are face to face with the most prolific source of sin and misery in our age, let us not be misled by a spurious humanity to deal with it softly."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,  
ANTI-TRAFFIC.

Mill-field, September, 1864.

An Irishman going to be hanged, begged that the rope might be tied under his arms instead of round his neck; for, said Pat, I am so remarkably ticklish in the throat that if tied there, I will certainly kill myself with laughing.

## POETRY.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."—*Shakespeare*.

When I this wondrous earth survey,  
And study nature's laws,  
My mind and thoughts are borne away,  
From Nature to its cause.  
I think of Him, whose mighty hand,  
Doth every thing sustain;  
Who chang'd chaotic mass to land,  
And form'd the limped main;  
Who guides the planets in their course,  
And bids the Sun to shine;  
Who governs nature, not by force  
In harmony sublime.  
And while I His great pow'r perceive,  
In framing nature's plan,  
'Tis forced upon me to believe,  
His masterpiece was Man.

For man was created, his last mighty deed,  
In a form like Himself, that he might exceed  
All the beings yet made, in beauty & grace,  
And walk more uprightly, directing his face  
To the heavens above, as tho' 'twere a place,  
Design'd for him only, and those of his race.

But man another boon possess'd,  
Which made him far excel the rest,  
God gave to him a lofty mind,  
(This mark'd the diff'rence of his kind),  
From him all other creatures fly,  
They fear the glances of his eye;  
Although in strength, and size, and pace,  
Superior to the human race;  
Yet man with reason rests secure,  
God's word, he knows, is firm and sure.  
"O'er ev'ry creature, hold thy sway,  
"They'll yield to reason, and obey;  
"Call them by names, lift up thy hand,  
"Be lord of all, in sea, on land."

Thus him did his Creator raise,  
To hold a state divine,  
To worship him, in prayer and praise,  
Thro' never-ending time.  
But from that pristine state he fell,  
The fatal bound'ry cross'd,  
And doom'd awhile 'midst sin to dwell  
Yet not for ever lost.  
Tho' Adam's sin wrought fearful change,  
Felt sore on all mankind,  
His maker did not disarrange,  
Or rob him of his mind.

Tho' earth before her produce bore,  
Without his striving hand,  
And plenty crown'd all nature round,  
By God's unseen command.  
Jehovah spake, but not to make,  
The earth withhold her fruit,  
Nor yet to cause all nature's laws,  
To wither at the root.  
He chang'd the plan, but left to man,  
His reasonable mind,  
To till the soil, and by his toil,  
To still support his kind,  
He did not say, I'll take away  
All reason from thy seed,  
Or, brutes shall be alike with thee,  
'Twould made him poor indeed!  
No; man has still the pow'r to will,  
To raise himself again,  
And by his mind, to God resign'd,  
May happiness obtain.  
Then while we live, let's strive to give,  
To Him His honour due,  
Our voices raise, in hymns of praise,  
With hearts sincere and true.

T. G. S.

## POPULAR VOTES FOR AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.

[According to our own English ideas, Republicans and Democrats approach very nearly in politics to our Liberals and Conservatives. An American Conservative, if he supported the same measures in England that he does in America, would be far ahead of Mr. Bright in Radicalism, just as under like circumstances an English Tory would be an ultra-democrat in Austria.]

|      |   |                                |           |
|------|---|--------------------------------|-----------|
| 1852 | { | PIERCE, .. <i>Dem.</i> ..      | 1,600,513 |
|      |   | SCOTT .. <i>Whig</i> ..        | 1,386,144 |
|      |   | HALE .. <i>F. S.</i> ..        | 156,149   |
| 1856 | { | BUCHANAN .. <i>Dem.</i> ..     | 1,803,029 |
|      |   | FREMONT .. <i>Rep.</i> ..      | 1,342,164 |
|      |   | FILLMORE .. <i>Am.</i> ..      | 874,625   |
| 1860 | { | LINCOLN .. <i>Rep.</i> ..      | 1,866,452 |
|      |   | DOUGLAS .. <i>Dem.</i> ..      | 1,375,157 |
|      |   | BRECKENRIDGE .. <i>Dem.</i> .. | 847,953   |
|      |   | BELL .. <i>Union (Whig)</i> .. | 590,631   |

## ANSWERS TO "QUERIES."

Page 58.

1. Because they have both occasioned the fall of man.
2. Because it is an "eddy."
3. A conjunction.
4. Bagdad.
5. Because it is a matchless box.
6. A candle.

## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

**JULY 17th.** The house of Mr. James Smith, butcher, High-st., Huntingdon, was entered (it is supposed, during divine service in the evening) and a cash-box stolen, containing property to the amount of about 40*l.* The box was seen safe on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and missed on Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

**18th.** *Mr. Thomas Scott* was charged before the Spilsby magistrates with disturbing a congregation of Wesleyan Methodists at Irby, on the 10th inst. by brawling in the chapel during the celebration of divine service. The defendant, who appeared to be labouring under some religious mania, was fined 2*l.*, including costs, or in default, 21 days imprisonment. He elected to go to goal and become a martyr. After being a short time in prison he consented to pay, and was discharged.

[The defendant is a lineal descendant of the celebrated commentator whose name he bears.]

**Mr. John Booker**, chemist, Mainridge, was committed for trial at the sessions for felony, committed on **Mr. Lewin**, chemist, Market-place, Boston, whom he had been accustomed to assist in his business on market days. The prisoner was admitted to bail, himself in 200*l.*, and two sureties in 100*l.* each.

**21st.** **Mr. John Oates**, malster, Barton, was the successful competitor in the keel race at the Hull regatta, when he won a splendid silver cup. This is the third season **Mr. Oates** has carried off prizes.

**23rd.** The late Hon. and Rev. **Richard Cust**, was interred at Belton.

**24th.** A new organ was opened in Barnack church. It was erected at a cost of 160 guineas. **Miss Roy**, of Boston, most ably presided on the occasion.

**27th.** At Lincoln assizes, *Mary Ann Dixon*, 21, was found guilty of concealing the birth of her illegitimate child, and sentenced to 18 months imprisonment. (See page 19.)

**28th.** The Woodford Horticultural Society, held their annual exhibition in the Rectory Home Close, at Woodford.

**29th.** The Midland Banking Company (limited), opened a branch at Stamford.

**Mr. J. Dennis**, of Old Bolingbroke, Spilsby, has this season had, between the 15th of May, and 4th of July, five swarms from one stock of bees, all of which are thriving well.

At the Lincoln Assizes, **Martha Howell**, was found guilty of shooting at **Emma Johnson**, with intent to do her grievous bodily harm, and sentenced to be kept in penal servitude for 4 years. (See page 39.)

At the recent examinations for honors at Charing Cross, in senior anatomy, **Mr. T. H. Tidswell**, of Spalding, took the third prize.

**30th.** A stalk of barley was plucked out of a field belonging to **Mr. John Baker**, of Wigsthorpe, near Oundle, which consisted of 5 ears growing on one stem, and 4 of the ears had every appearance of coming to perfection.

An inquisition was held at Thrapstone on the 22nd inst., for the purpose of awarding the amount to be paid by the Kettering, Thrapstone, and Huntingdon Railway Company, to **Sir G. S. Robinson**, for land required (viz. 12½ acres) for the purposes of the railway in the parish of Cranford. The jury assessed the sum to be paid at 4,500*l.*

**Aug. 1st.** The Lord Lieutenant's challenge vase, value 50*l.*, with an additional 5*l.* granted by the Lincolnshire Rifle Association, was shot for at Lincoln, and won by **Lance-corporal Oates**, of the Grimsby Rifle Corps. The score gained was 45 points.

The harvest in the Fens is being rapidly gathered in. The wheat is of remarkably fine quality, and promises an abundant yield. Oats are light. Beans are well corned. The mustard crops are very good. The price for mowing and stouking the crops varies from 6*s.* to 10*s.* per acre, being under the average of former years, the straw being light and thin on the ground. The yield of apples, pears, and nuts in the orchards exceeds that of any former year under our notice.

**2nd.** The foundation stone of a new school was laid at Marholm, by **Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam**, to whose liberality, aided by **Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam**, Marholm is indebted for this new benefaction. The building is expected to be completed in November next.

The wife of **Mr. Thomas Smith**, a farmer living in Arnold's-lane, Whittlesey, committed suicide, by strangling herself with a rope. At the Coroner's inquisition a verdict of temporary insanity was returned. She was 67 years of age.

At the Godmanchester Borough Sessions, three cowardly ruffians named **William James**, **Robert Bullard**, and **Daniel Garner**, were convicted of assaulting **William McIntire** on the 23rd ult. as he was proceeding homewards up Pinfold lane about 10 o'clock at night. The poor fellow was severely beaten, knocked down, and kicked, from which treatment he became stunned. The bench fined **James** and **Bullard**, 10*s.* each, and 14*s.* expenses, and **Garner**, 1*s.*, and 14*s.* expenses, allowing time for payment.

**3rd.** The half-yearly meeting of the



Kettering, Thrapston, and Huntingdon Railway Company, was held in Westminster, when a resolution was passed authorizing the directors to borrow upon mortgage any sum not exceeding 75,000*l.*

5th. The price of butter at Stamford market, was 2*s.* 4*d.* per lb.

6th. Mr. Toder's field of standing corn, near Muskham church, Epworth, by the side of the Great Northern Railway, was set on fire by sparks from the engines as they passed. About 9 acres were destroyed.

8th. At Werrington, 15 acres of barley were burnt by cinders from a railway engine, on the Great Northern line. On the same evening a fire broke out in a wheat field adjoining the Great Northern Railway at Helpston, the property of Mr. Bellars, farmer, of that place.

A public sale by auction of 425 unissued 10*l.* shares in the Boston, Sleaford, and Midland Counties' Railway, took place in the Corn-exchange, Boston. Mr. A. Reynolds officiated as auctioneer. These shares are guaranteed 4¼ per cent. by the Great Northern Company in perpetuity, besides a bonus of about 3*s.* 6*d.* per share to be divided this year. The shares fetched from 9*l.* 5*s.* to 9*l.* 10*s.* per share.

The Perpendicular east window of five lights, in King's Cliffe church, has been filled with stained glass by Mrs. Nevinson, of Hampstead, as a memorial to her brother, the late Ven. Archdeacon H. K. Bonney, D.D., Rector of Cliffe. It is a picture window, the subjects representing our Saviour and four of the Apostles.

T. Burchnall, Chatteris, has a bean growing in his garden of the long pod kind which has put forth three stems, the main one bearing upon it 49 pods and the three branches 79, making 128, and each averaging four beans, thus producing 512 beans from one seed.

At Old Bolingbroke, Spilsby, much consternation has been felt in consequence of the appearance of a ghost on the premises of Mr. Inman. A large number of credulous persons assemble every night in the vicinity where this apparition is said to be visible. This extraordinary state of excitement has now continued more than a week.

### Death.

JULY 17th. At the Rectory House, Belton, near Grantham, was the 79th year of his age, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cust, Rector of Belton, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Rural Dean of North Grantham.

The deceased was the third son of the first Lord Brownlow, and was born 26th August, 1785. He held at different times various livings in the county of Lincoln, which he afterwards resigned. He was

instituted to the Rectory of Belton (St. Peter and St. Paul) on the 25th of July, 1810, on the presentation of his father Lord Brownlow, so that he had nearly completed the 54th year of his Incumbency in that benefice. He was a gentleman well known for his kind and courteous disposition, and for his great benevolence in the promotion of all charities connected with the Established Church. He erected in 1848, at his sole expense, a beautiful church at Manthorpe, and subsequently augmented the endowment of 130*l.* (given by his brother, Earl Brownlow) to 200*l.* per annum. He was a large contributor to the restoration of churches at Snelland and other parishes; and in 1863 he devoted above 800*l.* for the building of an infant school in Little Gonerby, and added an endowment of 1000*l.* to enable the Vicar of Grantham to hold an evening service every Sunday in the school-room.

### CURRENT PRICES OF GRAIN IN PETERBOROUGH MARKET.

September 3rd, 1864.

|              | NEW.                         | OLD.                             |
|--------------|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Wheat, white | 42 <i>s.</i> to 45 <i>s.</i> | 42 <i>s.</i> to 46 <i>s.</i> Qr. |
| Ditto, red   | 40 <i>s.</i> to 43 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „   |
| Barley       | 32 <i>s.</i> to 36 <i>s.</i> | none                             |
| Oats         | 20 <i>s.</i> to 24 <i>s.</i> | 22 <i>s.</i> to 28 <i>s.</i> „   |
| Beans        | none                         | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „   |

September 10th, 1864.

|              |                              |                                |
|--------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Wheat, white | 40 <i>s.</i> to 44 <i>s.</i> | 42 <i>s.</i> to 46 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Ditto, red   | 39 <i>s.</i> to 41 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Barley       | 32 <i>s.</i> to 36 <i>s.</i> | none                           |
| Oats         | 20 <i>s.</i> to 24 <i>s.</i> | 22 <i>s.</i> to 28 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Beans        | none                         | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „ |

September 17th, 1864.

|              |                              |                                |
|--------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Wheat, white | 40 <i>s.</i> to 44 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 44 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Ditto, red   | 36 <i>s.</i> to 39 <i>s.</i> | 38 <i>s.</i> to 40 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Barley       | 28 <i>s.</i> to 34 <i>s.</i> | none                           |
| Oats         | 20 <i>s.</i> to 24 <i>s.</i> | 22 <i>s.</i> to 28 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Beans        | 38 <i>s.</i> to 40 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „ |

September 24th, 1864.

|              |                              |                                |
|--------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Wheat, white | 38 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 44 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Wheat, red   | 36 <i>s.</i> to 39 <i>s.</i> | 38 <i>s.</i> to 40 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Barley       | 28 <i>s.</i> to 34 <i>s.</i> | none                           |
| Oats         | 17 <i>s.</i> to 22 <i>s.</i> | 22 <i>s.</i> to 28 <i>s.</i> „ |
| Beans        | 38 <i>s.</i> to 40 <i>s.</i> | 40 <i>s.</i> to 42 <i>s.</i> „ |

### AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT

From the Year 1600.

| YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. | YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|----|----|
| 1600 per Q. | 1  | 17 | 8  | 1605 per Q. | 1  | 15 | 10 |
| 1601 „      | 1  | 14 | 10 | 1606 „      | 1  | 13 | 0  |
| 1602 „      | 1  | 9  | 4  | 1607 „      | 1  | 16 | 8  |
| 1603 „      | 1  | 15 | 4  | 1608 „      | 2  | 16 | 0  |
| 1604 „      | 1  | 10 | 8  | 1609 „      | 2  | 10 | 0  |

(To be continued.)

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 5.]

NOVEMBER, 1864.

[Vol. 1.

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## INTEMPERANCE.

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On this subject we do not wish our remarks to be misinterpreted. We will, therefore, first of all, give our definition of three words. By "intemperance" we mean *drunkenness*; by "temperance" we mean *moderation* or *sobriety*; and by "total abstinence" we mean *teetotalism*. We should not like to deceive our readers by the terms we make use of. We would not ask you to follow our banner, inscribed with the word "Temperance" to a Meeting-house or Lecture-room, and when we had drawn you there, insist upon your becoming *teetotallers*! We would be consistent: and for your information we beg to observe, didactically, that "temperantia" is not the exact synonym for "abstinentia." We refer you to the "abstineto irarum" of Horace, and the "temperantia in victu" of Cicero. Although Horace uses, for the sake of his verse, a Greek construction, he does not cause Venus to tell Europa to be *moderately angry*! Neither does Cicero mean a *total abstinence from food*! We, on this occasion, in raising our voice against *intemperance*, wish you to understand distinctly that we are not raising it in favour of *total abstinence*, except in special cases, where a special remedy is absolutely required. We leave the total abstainers themselves to advocate their practice anywhere and everywhere, and to obtain as many followers as they can. We only practice *temperance*, so we cannot be expected to appreciate all the peculiar physical, and other benefits that are alleged to be derivable from the practice of *total abstinence*.

"'Tis to thy rules, O TEMPERANCE! that we owe  
All pleasures that from health and strength can flow,  
Vigour of body, purity of mind,  
Unclouded reason, sentiment refined." *Chandler*.

We are utterly opposed to Intemperance, we believe it leads to all other vices; it is the most pernicious and dangerous failing to which a man can possibly be addicted. In its very nature it is at variance with reason, the noblest faculty of man, and possessed by him alone. Like an able general, Intemperance conquers as if by stratagem, and leads the person on, who accepts the false allurements presented to his view, until at length the long-besieged fortress of Reason yields to the dreadful impulse, and involves the unfortunate victim in a miserable destruction.

That intemperance is the forerunner of a long train of evils we cannot for one moment doubt. Living examples are constantly obtruding themselves before our eyes, whose riotous and indecent behaviour we might imagine would be sufficient to disgust all spectators, and make every one avoid intemperance with the utmost caution. If a man could only see his own despicable appearance when in a stupid state of inebriety, we should think he

would feel so ashamed of himself that he would never more violate the rules of temperance. We hold drunkenness in abhorrence, and yet we are not disposed to become total abstainers. If hundreds and thousands hit the *mean* between two extremes—between *intemperance* and *total abstinence*—surely hundreds and thousands more may do likewise with advantage. We cannot see that it is necessary for a man to deprive himself *entirely* of a glass of ale or wine, unless he cannot help getting drunk if he once tastes the beverage. In such a helpless, childish case we *would* recommend any individual to *totally abstain*. When we consider that man has the power of judging between right and wrong, it is most wonderful to us that the charms(?) of intoxication should so easily gain the mastery over his better understanding, and that he should, in an hour or two, allow himself to become a more abject creature than the meanest brute in creation.

Alas! man, thou favoured being, gifted by nature beyond all others of the earth, how irreconcilable are thy proceedings, how mean and grovelling thy pleasure, how debased thy ideas. See thyself, O drunkard! as we saw thee, a short time ago, lying senseless on a public road, at noon-day, unable to stand or move, until the driver of a conveyance gets down, and rolls thee out of the way of his horse. See thyself, O miserable man! as we saw thee, unable to speak or stir, kicked by the tiny feet of thy little ones, whilst thy wretched wife, in her frantic rage urges them on "to wake thee up!" See thyself, tipsy culprit, as we saw thee, carried to bed, groaning and helpless, amidst the jeers of the servants at the Hotel, whither thou wentest sober, the same evening, and, to all appearance a gentleman. How altered thy state of body and mind compared with our own! We will sound our own trumpet for once. We entered with thee that same Hotel. We had the same chance to dethrone our reason as thou hadst, but we did not avail ourselves of it, we had better conduct. What shall we say then? For *thee*, it seems, there is no "middle" way, no "mean," no "temperance!" Henceforth thou must *drink water only*. Thou art "not able to do as others do," then, pitiable specimen of humanity! drink water only to the end of thy days—it is thy only chance; sign a bit of paper, perhaps *that will bind thee*—at all events, thou hast no power to stop at *moderation* without *something* to bind thee;—thou must go the whole animal, and make thyself one too. For thee, and *on thy account only*, about 25 years ago, sprang up **TEETOTALISM**: go and sign the pledge.

Intemperance (considered as it tends to destroy the constitution, and impair those faculties which distinguish man from the beasts that perish,) is no other than a voluntary suicide, more deliberately carried on, than when an individual in the heat of phrensy, at a supposed loss of reputation or fortune, snatches the loaded pistol, and welcomes death as a more desirable companion, than the world could continue to be, where such accumulated misfortunes, or aggravating insults, are threatening to overwhelm, and ruin him: and though the conduct of either is highly reprehensible—of the two, the drunkard deserves the greater share of censure. The one calmly and slowly opens a vein, and suffers the blood to ooze away drop by drop—sees the wound, and will not apply a remedy; while the other, hurried away by a passion bordering on madness, without consideration, pulls the fatal trigger, or swallows the noxious draught that puts an end to his existence. The man who is constantly, or frequently in a state of drunkenness, is continually creating for himself new sources of pain and sorrow; the faculties both of mind and body become weakened; and, before the years of early manhood are half passed away he is a miserable being, haunted with the reflection of his own misconduct. But,



“too far gone, he cannot now retract;” and, in order to drown such reflections as produce shame and remorse, he again quaffs the seductive bowl, he drinks it to the dregs; soon the time of his wilfully hastened dissolution arrives, and he is snatched away, perhaps, amidst the fancied taunts of visible demons, “with all his imperfections on his head.” This picture is a fearful one, and by no means an uncommon one. Drunkard! take note of it, let it not be thy case.

Sobriety—temperance—moderation, these three have one and the same meaning. Let us fix then on our standard. We can laud Temperance as certainly necessary for the health of the body; it is calculated to enable us to lead a long and happy life; through it we may enjoy the blessings of a contented mind in our old age, whilst we may fancy ourselves in body as robust as youths.

*October, 1864.*

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### HOW WILL IT END?

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Caroline Trimnell was the daughter of a gentleman in easy circumstances living in the county of Northampton. In personal endowments she yielded to very few, and her disposition was truly amiable. A friendly and familiar intercourse having long subsisted between her father and a Mr. Anderson, who resided in the neighbourhood, the same familiarity, which in time ripened into a more tender attachment, sprang up between Caroline and young Charles, Mr. Anderson's son. Charles was open, generous, and brave; he had received an education which fitted him to serve his country on that element which is the scene of her proudest triumphs, and which bears the surest bulwarks of her defence. By his gallantry he was advanced very rapidly in his profession, and at an early age was appointed commander of a sloop-of-war, which was soon after ordered to a West Indian station.

Charles had usually passed the greater part of his time, when he was on shore, in the company of Caroline, and each appeared necessary to the other's happiness, yet no explicit declaration had passed between them. Being, however, upon the eve of leaving her for a long time, he could not refrain from candidly making a warm avowal of the passion that filled his heart—“all which to hear, the maid did tenderly incline;”—and he took his farewell leave of Caroline Trimnell with every feeling of satisfaction swelling in his bosom, conscious that he had not urged his suit in vain.

When he had been gone about a year, a relation of Caroline's, by the mother's side, left her a very large fortune, and entirely at her own disposal. This acquisition rendered her an object of attention to many dashing young gentlemen of taste, who before had not been able to discover anything in her deserving their particular notice; and, among others, a baronet of the name and title of Sir Thomas Goxhill, the owner of a considerable estate in North Lincolnshire, which, however, was burdened with many incumbrances from his luxurious and extravagant style of living. Sir Thomas saw and soon became enamoured of Caroline, or rather of her newly-acquired fortune. He addressed himself to her father, who received his application in the most favourable manner; but, when he began to explain his views and wishes to the young lady herself, he was answered with a coldness which might have sufficiently shown him that her affections were fixed upon some other object, or at least that it was not probable that he would ever be able to obtain them.

That the former was the case he immediately conjectured, but this only irritated his pride to strive to overcome the obstacle, and to bear away the prize from his rival. He soon learned enough of her history to discover who was the favoured youth; and his designs were, unexpectedly, greatly promoted by intelligence being received, of the truth of which no doubt could be entertained, that Mr. Anderson's ship had been taken by the enemy, after a severe engagement, in which more than half the crew, and the greater part of the officers, were killed.

After this news, many months passed away, and Caroline received no further information whatever respecting Charles, neither did any of his own family know any more than she did; so that it seemed very doubtful whether he were still alive. Mr. Trimnell now began earnestly to urge his daughter, no longer obstinately to slight an offer so advantageous as that made her by the baronet, especially as it now seemed probable she would never more behold the lover on whom she appeared to have bestowed her heart. Although Mr. Trimnell knew something of the baronet's dissipated way of life, and could not express his approval thereof, yet he also knew that he possessed a large estate, and he was not acquainted with all the incumbrances with which it was loaded. But the constancy of Caroline was not to be shaken either by the serious remonstrances of her father, or the warm solicitations of Sir Thomas, until the latter had recourse to a stratagem, which, however frivolous and contemptible it may appear, had well nigh produced at last, the result he aimed at.

Miss Trimnell, though not destitute of very excellent sense in all other respects, was too credulous with regard to the possibility of foretelling future events by the methods of divination. She had passed, when a child, a great deal of her time with an old maiden Aunt, who was a firm believer in, and a continual inquirer after the soothsayers, or fortune-tellers, who practice these arts; and she had thus acquired a degree of belief in them of which she had never been able entirely to divest herself. She had chanced to express this belief in some conversation she had with Sir Thomas, who, though not remarkable for wisdom, much prided himself on possessing a considerable amount of cunning, and a propensity to all the sinister arts of intrigue. He immediately conceived that by taking advantage of her credulity in this respect, he might be able to push forward his designs. Encouraged by some concurring circumstances, he endeavoured to practice upon her weakness in the following manner.

Miss Trimnell had gone to reside a few weeks at the house of a lady, with whom she was particularly intimate, who resided near Dulwich, and in the neighbourhood of that wood, which was somewhat celebrated for being the haunt of those wandering prophetesses called gipsies. Here it was her practice to rise early in the morning, and walk in the fields, and skirts of the wood, admiring the beauties of nature, and not unfrequently thinking upon her lost Charles, and revolving in her mind various reasons that might be assigned for his long silence, without supposing that he was either dead or had forgotten her. Sir Thomas, by his emissaries, bribed one of the most artful of the gipsies in that locality, to throw herself in the way of Caroline, and tell her her future destiny, according to instructions which she would receive. This fortune-teller was soon put in possession of all the necessary information, and she acted her part with great adroitness.

The next time, therefore, that Miss Trimnell took her solitary ramble, she was accosted by this withered prophetess, who solicited permission to examine

the palm of her right hand. Caroline, who was, at that moment, thinking about her lover, was not disinclined to gratify her curiosity by consulting this oracle. She sat down on a bank, near the edge of the wood, and committed her fair hand to the scrutiny of the expounder of destinies; who, after poring a little while over the mysterious lines, with some emotion, exclaimed, "Ah, Miss! you will be a great lady, though you are averse to him who desires to make you so. A man of great fortune and distinction courts you, and you will have him. Ah, Miss! I must tell you, the wide ocean rolls over the other gentleman whom you are so often thinking about, and you will never see him more. As a proof of this, I tell you that on this very day three weeks you will be in London, there you will be visited by a tall gentleman, a very tall gentleman, Miss, who will bring you the sad tidings of the death of your lover; and afterwards you will be married to the one with a title and a large fortune, and you will be very happy with him, Miss, and have a large and handsome family. Ah, Miss! this one loves you very much indeed, and he will never leave you till he obtains you. Remember what I say."

Caroline was greatly surprised and affected by what she had heard. She made the old woman a present, and hurried home in extreme agitation. Here the first person she met was her maid servant, in whom she placed great confidence, and to her she told the extraordinary adventure she had had with the gipsy. "Well, Miss," said Betty, "Folks may say what they please, that these kind of people is all cheats and impostors; but I will never believe but what they have some dealings with the bad spirit, or they never could tell so true. How else could this woman know that a rich baronet wants to court you? or that you love Mr. Anderson? or that he is at sea? or that he is dead? And there you see she knows more than we know. And look Miss, if the tall gentleman should come at the time the old witch has fixed for him, and should tell you poor Mr. Charles is dead! Oh! I hope I shall not see him: I am sure I should swoon away."

Such conversation did not at all contribute to quiet the anxiety of the credulous Caroline. Credulous people are not suspicious; and it never once entered her thoughts that there was any plot or contrivance of the baronet in this affair. She took care to be in London before the end of the three weeks, and thus did all in her power to bring about the fulfilment of that part of the prediction. On the day appointed by the fortune-teller, both the maid and mistress, who had kept this prophecy to themselves, were in the utmost agitation, expecting the arrival of the tall gentleman.

At length, in the dusk of the evening, a person in black knocked at the door, and asked to see either Mr. or Miss Trimnell. The stranger was indeed tall, more than six feet high; but, in the eyes of the alarmed Betty, he was at least eight feet, and something like a demon. She ran directly upstairs to her mistress—"Oh, Miss!" said she, "the tall strange man is come! I never saw anybody so tall in my life, no, never, Miss! He inquires for you, but if I was you I would not see him; we know already what he has come to tell us."

Caroline, though in a state of great anxiety and tremor, could not forbear smiling at the fears and extravagant fancies of her maid. She was not so destitute of resolution in this extremity as to decline seeing the tall gentleman, but immediately ordered him to be shown up. He entered with a grave and solemn air. His countenance had in it something very peculiar, from a harsh conformation of the features, and an extreme swarthy complexion. Addressing himself to Caroline,—“you are,” said he, “I presume, Miss Trimnell. I have just arrived from the West Indies, where I was intimate



with a brave young officer of the name of Anderson, with whom I believe you were acquainted. He commissioned me to bear to you his last good wishes, for, alas! he is no more. He died in a French prison-ship, in which I was confined with him. I saw his body committed to the deep. I have since had the good fortune to make my escape."

All the fortitude of Caroline now forsook her, and she fainted—overpowered at once by the intelligence of the death of her lover, of which she now no longer entertained a doubt, and the mysterious circumstances (as she conceived them) of the prophecy and its fulfilment. The stranger, after she had somewhat recovered, offered an apology for the abrupt manner in which he had communicated his information, expressed his sympathy, and withdrew.

Caroline was immediately taken seriously ill, and it was some time before any hopes were given of her recovery. At last there was a decided change for the better and she gradually appeared to gain strength. Even the baronet, when he saw the feeble condition to which she had been reduced by his contrivance—for it seems scarcely necessary to inform the reader that the tall stranger was sent by him, and made part of his plot,—was half-inclined to reveal to her the truth, but he was restrained by the shame of confessing that he had been guilty of an artifice so mean, and by the hope, which he had not yet given up, of at length succeeding (now that she believed her former lover to be dead), in obtaining her and her fortune for himself.

But the true remedy which was to hasten her convalescence soon arrived, in the shape of Charles Anderson. When she began to waver and hesitate whether she should accept the hand of the baronet, or not, as caring little what became of her, her former lover returned to England, clasped her in his arms, and claimed her as his own. Her surprise and joy are not easy to be described; the shock was violent, but the effect was salutary. Mr. Anderson had been a long time a prisoner, in the hands of the French, but, in concert with several other brave men, he had contrived to seize the vessel in which they were to be conveyed to a prison in one of the islands. This brave action procured him the command of a ship, with which, on his return home, he had the good fortune to capture a rich Spanish prize, and his share was about thirty thousand pounds.

Mr. Trimnell had no longer any objection to the union of his daughter with a man who had found means to turn his bravery and gallant qualities to so good an account.

Charles and Caroline were soon afterwards married; and thus the designing baronet obtained nothing by all his crafty and mean plots, but disappointment and disgrace.

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#### NOTES OF OLD TIMES—1760.

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Feb. 29th. The body of Nathaniel Revell, of Gainsborough, in the county of Lincoln, gentleman, was found dead, and floating in the cold bath near the town of Gainsborough, with two large wounds upon his head; and his pockets rifled of his gold watch and money: and the coroner's inquest having brought in their verdict wilful murder, by persons unknown, his majesty, for bringing to justice the persons concerned in the murder, has been pleased to promise his most gracious pardon; Mr. Revell, of Gainsborough, a reward of £100 and the inhabitants of Gainsborough a reward of £50 to any who shall discover an accomplice in it.

Mar. 21st. Cambridge. On Wednesday, the two gold medals, given annually by his grace the Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of this university, for the best classical learning, were adjudged to Mr. Tye, of St. John's College, and Mr. Drake, of Caius College, Bachelors of Arts.

June 28th. The greatest storm of hail, attended with thunder and lightning, that has been known in the memory of man, lately fell at Littleport, in the Isle of Ely; some of the hailstones measured three inches about, and the ground was covered more than six inches deep on the level; the storm entirely destroyed a large field of hemp, except one corner, so that it has been ploughed and sowed again; the fruit trees appear as in the fall of the leaf, the ground being covered with leaves, &c. Some of the stones that lay in a north aspect were measured the Thursday after, and were then two inches and a half.

Aug. 25th. At a congregation of the university of Cambridge, it was proposed, that a sum should be voted from the public chest, towards the completing of the botanic garden, which was given to them by the Reverend Dr. Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College; and it was unanimously agreed that £500 be applied for this purpose.

Oct. 27th. From a single horse-bean, in a garden at Exton, in Rutlandshire, belonging to Daniel Armstrong, Esq., casually dropped in 1739, were produced, with common hoeing, 378 beans, and their produce, in four years, was 16 bushels.

Dec. 21st. A raven's nest, with young ones quite fledged, was taken from a tree in a ground belonging to Mr. Johnson, of Gedney, in Lincolnshire.

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

Long lines of bosh taken have left a spasm;  
And from that spasm flow foam and yellow bile.

Behold red bricks all round a narrow house  
In clusters; near, a signal-bell, whose wire  
A long youth climbs to pull—tall, tow'ring BILL;  
And high in heaven, behind, in getting down,  
He tears his breeches; then, with hazel-stick  
From some old nut-tree wrenched, polishes  
GREEN on the capless apex of his crown.

Here in this house some fifteen years ago,  
Three children and their parents came to dwell:  
The prettiest little damsel now of these  
Is PHOEBE GRAY, her mother's youngest girl,  
Whom bold BILL JONES, tho' a rough sailor's lad,  
Makes love to, since from winter shipwreck sav'd.  
Arm round her waist he lumbers near her door,  
Anchors his dusty boots, and sees with scorn  
GREEN building castles as to PHOEBE's hand!  
His passion overflows, and, following up  
GREEN flying with wild caper, gaily left  
On him his footprints as he dash'd away.

A narrow lane ran West between the cliffs:  
 In this the rivals fought—no keeping time;  
 JACK got the best one day, and BILL the next,  
 No seconds there to witness: and at times  
 They stopp'd, and curb'd their passion for a week:  
 "Keep from that house, for she shall be my wife."  
 "Mine, mine," said BILL, "you come, I'll turn you out,"  
 Again they quarrell'd—BILL his fists display'd—  
 Was master: then did JACK, with two black eyes,  
 The blood upon his hapless face and ears,  
 Cry out and rate him—"BILL you break my peace!"  
 Poor PHŒBE, too, would hear BILL thumping him,  
 Would treat them from the barrel; or with cake  
 And wine, to stop the wicked strife of both.

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*


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 TRAVELLING IN 1782.
 

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*The following account of a ride by coach from Leicester to Northampton, and from thence to London, is written by a Prussian Clergyman.*

"Being obliged," he says, "to bestir myself to get back to London, as the time grew near when the Hamburg captain with whom I intended to return had fixed his departure, I determined to take a place as far as Northampton on the outside. But this ride from Leicester to Northampton I shall remember as long as I live.

"The coach drove from the yard through a part of the house. The inside passengers got in from the yard, but we on the outside were obliged to clamber up in the street, because we should have had no room for our heads to pass under the gateway. My companions on the top of the coach were a farmer, a young man very decently dressed, and a black-a-moor. The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life, and when I was up I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by but a sort of little handle fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel, and the moment that we set off I fancied that I saw certain death before me. All I could do was to take still tighter hold of the handle, and to be strictly careful to preserve my balance. The machine rolled along with prodigious rapidity over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air, so much so that it appeared to me a complete miracle that we stuck to the coach at all. But we were completely on the wing as often as we passed through a village or went down a hill.

"This continual fear of death at last became insupportable to me, and, therefore, no sooner were we crawling up a rather steep hill, and consequently proceeding slower than usual, than I carefully crept from the top of the coach, and was lucky enough to get myself snugly ensconced in the basket behind.

"O, Sir, you will be shaken to death!" said the black-a-moor; but I heeded him not, trusting that he was exaggerating the unpleasantness of my new situation. And truly, as long as we went on slowly up the hill it was easy



and pleasant enough; and I was just on the point of falling asleep among the surrounding trunks and packages, having had no rest the night before, when on a sudden the coach proceeded at a rapid rate down the hill. Then all the boxes, iron-nailed and copper-fastened, began, as it were, to dance around me; everything in the basket appeared to be alive, and every moment I received such violent blows that I thought my last hour had come. The black-amoore had been right, I now saw clearly; but repentance was useless, and I was obliged to suffer horrible torture for nearly an hour, which seemed to me an eternity. At last we came to another hill, when, quite shaken to pieces, bleeding, and sore, I ruefully crept back to the top of the coach to my former seat. 'Ah, did I not tell you that you would be shaken to death?' inquired the black man, when I was creeping along on my stomach. But I gave him no reply. Indeed, I was ashamed; and I now write this as a warning to all strangers who are inclined to ride in English stage-coaches, and take an outside seat, or, worse still, horror of horrors, a seat in the basket.

"From Harborough to Northampton I had a most dreadful journey. It rained incessantly, and as before we had been covered with dust, we now were soaked with rain. My neighbour, the young man who sat next me in the middle, every now and then fell asleep; and when in this state he perpetually bolted and rolled against me, with the whole weight of his body, more than once nearly pushing me from my seat, to which I clung with the last strength of despair. My forces were nearly giving way, when at last, happily, we reached Northampton, on the evening of the 14th July, 1782, an ever-memorable day to me.

"On the next morning I took an *inside* place for London. We started early in the morning. This journey from Northampton to the metropolis, however, I can scarcely call a ride, for it was a perpetual motion, or endless jolt from one place to another, in a close wooden box, over what appeared to be a heap of unhewn stones and trunks of trees scattered by a hurricane. To make my happiness complete, I had three travelling companions, all farmers, who slept so soundly that even the hearty knocks with which they hammered their heads against each other and against mine did not awake them. Their faces, bloated and discoloured by ale and brandy and the knocks aforesaid, looked, as they lay before me, like so many lumps of dead flesh.

"I looked, and certainly felt, like a madman when we arrived at London in the afternoon."

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### CROWLAND BRIDGE.

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The first arched stone bridge erected in this country is that singular looking structure standing at the present time in the immediate neighbourhood of Crowland Abbey. As a bridge it is the greatest curiosity in Britain, if not in Europe. The monks in early times were the principal agriculturists, gardeners, and land-reclaimers, so likewise were they the principal church and bridge-builders. The triangular bridge of Crowland, however, could have been erected for no particularly useful purpose, for neither carriages nor horses can get over it, but usually pass underneath, which they can easily do as the arches are now quite dry. It was probably built to excite admiration and furnish a pretence for granting indulgences. It has been supposed that it was erected out of the offerings of pilgrims to the shrine of St.

Guthlac, the saint of the Fens, as an emblem of the Trinity. The bridge stands on three piers from each of which springs the segment of a circular arch, all the segments meeting at a point in the centre. It is situated at the junction of the three principal streets of the town, which was originally built on piles; and along those streets the waters of the Nene, the Welland, and the Catwater respectively, used to flow and meet under the bridge. Carrying out the Trinitarian illustration, each pier of the bridge was said to stand in a different county; one in Lincoln, the second in Cambridge, and the third in Northampton. This curious structure is referred to in an ancient charter of the year 943, although the precise date of its erection is unknown. On the south-west wing, facing the London road, is a sitting figure, carved in stone, very much battered about the face by the mischievous boys of the neighbourhood. The figure has a globe or orb in its hand, and is generally believed to be a statue of King Ethelbald.

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LEO MYRON.

PART THE FIRST.

*Chapter I.*

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Our hero is born and arrives at an age to feel tender sentiments.

READER! we would not have thee to commence this tale with the expectation that thou wilt find it highly seasoned; savoury it may prove, but that will materially depend on thine own palate. Thou wilt not find that we have studied to entertain thee by placing our characters in romantic situations, or have strained after effect, both of which objects the sensation novelists of the day have so successfully attained. If thou feelest inclined to partake of plain fare, cooked in a plain manner, sit thyself down cosily in thine easy-chair and read on.

A pretty cottage stood in the vicinity of Huntingdon. A small orchard was attached to it, together with two paddocks. It was the residence of Mr. Myron and his family. When very young, Mr. Myron had commenced trade, in which he prospered, being industrious, and economical. His loving wife had struggled with him from his twenty-first year and was ever by his side to soothe him in misfortune and to rejoice with him in success. She was three years his junior, and although so young when first married, and from her age we should consider inexperienced, she proved a good and careful housewife. Eighteen months after their marriage she presented her husband with a son, which was a yet stronger bond, cemented as it was by love, to bind them to each other.

The child thrived under the attentive care of its mother, and was pronounced by their friends to be a perfect prodigy in polite behaviour, which opinion was particularly gratifying to the happy parents. It was sometime before they could decide what name their child should bear. Mrs. Myron being rather of a romantic disposition wished it to be Augustus, or Herbert, or Julius, but laid the more stress on Roland. Now her husband was strongly inclined to a Scriptural name, and being likewise an admirer of strength in his own sex, he proposed the name of Sampson. His wife had an utter distaste for Scriptural names, and the moment she heard the name of Sampson proposed,

she hastily exclaimed, "Oh no, oh no, I could not allow that; Hercules would be far more preferable, and he was a much stronger man than Sampson, for he strangled a great lion which armies had in vain attempted to destroy. Besides, he put to flight a great flock of birds which had carried away nearly all the mightiest men in the country, and devoured them; and what did Sampson ever do that will bear comparison with these wonderful things?"

"He slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass you must recollect my dear." And on Mr. Myron's countenance, there faintly beamed a triumphant smile.

"My dear husband, do not think any more of such a name as Sampson for our child; whenever I see him I shall be sure to think of an ass, and believe me, other people will think just the same, and when he is grown up he will be quite ashamed of his own name, and whom will he have to thank for it? no one but his father."

"Well, well, he shall not be called Sampson," said Mr. Myron, quite overcome by the convincing arguments of his wife; "that shall not be his name."

"How would you like Lionel my dear?" enquired the lady, "the lion you will allow is a strong and noble animal." "Yes, my love, you are quite right; but—but—there is a serious objection in my mind to that name; should the *e-l* be aspirated rather hard, there is a tendency to its leading one's thoughts in a gloomy direction, and that should ever be carefully avoided." Here Mr. Myron became silent, and absorbed in manner.

"That is easily obviated my love," said his wife readily, "he could be called Leo." The husband paid no attention to the words of his wife, until she had roused him by pinching his arm and again repeating them.

"It shall be so even as you wish my dear; the boy's name shall be 'Leo,' it is easy to pronounce. I was thinking of 'John,' but never mind, 'Leo' will do!"

Nothing more was said afterwards respecting the choice of a name; and when about six weeks old, the child was christened "Leo," in the parish church, by the Rev. William Dawe.

Leo Myron became a very pretty, interesting child; he had fine grey eyes, glossy curls of auburn hair, which fell on his shoulders, well-formed features, and an intelligent cast of countenance—such was he at two years old. At that time a little sister was born to him, which event was equally a source of happiness to the mother and father, but more especially so to the former. There was not so long a discussion on the choice of a name for the daughter as there had been on that of the son; the first which was proposed by the mother was instantly acceded to by the father, and the child was christened Mary.

Mr. Myron retired from his business, which was that of a merchant, when only thirty-six years of age, on account of ill health, and purchased the pretty cottage of which we have already spoken. In about twelve months he recovered in a great measure his original strength of constitution, which made him desirous of again returning to his former active way of life; but his wife advised otherwise, and she having great influence over him, he yielded to her persuasion. Three years quickly glided away in uninterrupted happiness, and their children (they had only two) were as buoyant in spirits and blooming in health as the most attached parents could desire.

Leo Myron was approaching his seventeenth year, and was in appearance all that he promised to be when a child. His sister Mary was a little angel, with her melting blue eyes and flaxen curls, and she loved her only brother with a true devotedness of heart. It is seldom that children such as Mary



Myron live to become women, they are too angelic, too lovely, too good to remain long with us ; they seem to be angels sent from above to give man some faint conception of the purity and loveliness of the inhabitants he will hereafter meet in heaven. Leo had said farewell to his schoolmaster, and he now spent his time in wandering in the fields with a book in his hand, or reading to his mother and sister while they were engaged in needlework. He had a great dislike to shooting, hunting, and fishing, those amusements in which he thus deprived animals wantonly of life, clashing with his principles, which had ripened from an idea conveyed in those words of Shakspeare :—

“ The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.”

Mary ever felt perfect rapture to hear her brother read the “ Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard,” in the eloquent poetry of Pope ; for his whole soul partook of the spirit of the verses, and he breathed them forth in all the ecstasy of passion. She would sit entranced, and to her mind would be presented images of perfect and rare beauty. The voice of her mother would frequently arouse her from those dreams of abstraction, and starting up the reality of her situation would become apparent. When the chapters of Don Quixote, however, or of any other satirical and witty novel were being read, she would laugh and enjoy it equally with her brother and mother, but she was not, if we may be allowed the expression, in her proper element.

Mr. Myron considered Leo was now of an age (seventeen) to apply himself to some business or profession, and gave him his free choice of whichever he should prefer. Many were the consultations Leo held with his mother and sister, respecting what business he should follow : the former spoke highly of book-selling as being to a lover of books, which Leo was, an engaging and interesting pursuit. Mary had a great desire for her brother to enter the church, being an admirer of eloquence in the pulpit. But Leo himself had an inclination for physic, and a powerful reason weighed in his mind in favour of adopting it, he considered no human being could shew his love for his fellowmen more than in following a pursuit, the object of which was to alleviate the sufferings inherent to mortality. Not all that his sister Mary could say in favour of his being a Reverend Pastor, and tending to the flock of his great Master ; nor all that his mother could urge in behalf of a book-shop, the instruction and amusement he would derive therefrom, could alter or even shake his first resolution. He consulted his father who approved his choice, but at the same time advised him to re-consider the subject before he finally decided. He did think it over again, alone beneath a favourite oak tree, where he was accustomed to sit reading his book ; but his resolution remained unaltered. Expecting now that matters were gone so far that a situation would soon be procured for him, he desired to visit an old friend who resided at Peterborough, before he became actually tied to business, and a fortnight was granted him by his father for that purpose.

He immediately wrote to his friend, whose name was Arthur Bladen, informing him of his intention, and begging at the same time that he would endeavour to meet him at the Talbot Inn, where the coach he purposed travelling by would stop.

Leo on a fine morning wished his father and mother good-bye, while Mary accompanied him a short distance beyond the wicket gate, and after desiring him to give her kindest love to Arthur's two sisters, and wishing him good-

bye a dozen times, and kissing him double that number, she finally bade him adieu, and slowly retraced her way to the wicket, where she lingered watching him and waving her handkerchief until he was out of sight. Leo soon reached the coach-office at Huntingdon, where he found the coach ready to start; and when he had seen his luggage safely stowed away in the hinder boot, he mounted to his seat on the roof. After an agreeable ride of rather more than two hours duration, he arrived on some high ground whence he obtained a view of the sluggish Nene.

The coach had entered the suburbs and was now crossing the river on an old wooden bridge, and then passed up a broad, and then a narrow street full of bustle and noise. In three minutes more it stopped at the Talbot Inn. Leo heard some one calling him by name, and he looked around but for a moment he could not recognise any person, until the voice which was familiar to his ears, said, "Here, here, this way!" and following its direction with his eyes he beheld his friend Arthur. He was not long in descending to the ground, and stepping towards his friend, who welcomed him in the warmest and most affectionate manner. They immediately proceeded towards Mrs. Bladen's house, which was situated near St. John's Church. Leo was most kindly welcomed by Arthur's mother, who was a widow, and his sisters Sarah and Frances.

The latter, who was the youngest, Leo had seen some years before, when on a visit to his sister Mary; but Sarah had been for two years at a school in the north of France, and by some deep laid intrigue of Fate he had never seen her before. Often had he heard her mentioned by Mary and his mother, and from what they had said his curiosity became excited respecting her; he had often seen her in his dreams, and the imaginary picture he had conceived was ever present to his mind. The reality however fell short of the ideal beauty he had worshipped; flowing ringlets of deep auburn, melting eyes overflowing with affection and love, a delicious mouth around which there ever seemed to play a tender smile, were not the characteristics of the real Sarah Bladen. But Leo, although she did not equal his ideal beauty, could not after he had been in her company a few hours, but regard her with an interest which bid fair to ripen into a warmer feeling. She had a brilliant touch on the pianoforte, and sung with a full and melodious voice, and was otherwise accomplished. Her person was prepossessing; dark brown hair, open, pleasing countenance, finely pencilled eyebrows and large deep blue eyes which were her greatest ornament, a *naïveté* of manner, which with her style were so decidedly French, that Leo when on more familiar terms would frequently in jest call her a little French girl, and make satirical remarks on that people which would so displease her, that we doubt whether their defence could have been entrusted to more patriotic hands, so determinedly would she resent his remarks. She was accustomed to practise on her pianoforte every morning before breakfast, and Leo would invariably accompany her to the instrument, and sitting by her side, listen with rapture to her songs. Those in Italian he particularly admired for their sweetness, but an English song was his delight, and the "Banks of Allan Water," was his favourite. The young lady herself, however, preferred those in French, and was so constantly singing them, that Leo at last abominated their very name, and escaped from hearing them as he would the monotonous and shrill tones of a Highland bagpipe. Only by entreaty would she gratify him by singing his favourite song, and you may be assured he did entreat her every morning.

*To be continued.*

## LANGUAGE.

Language, as its name implies, is the utterance of the tongue, that mighty instrument for good or evil. How many a burning word shot from the random tongue of Envy has kindled a flame of hatred, which, rankling in the hearts of successive generations, has never been eradicated except by the extinction of one or both parties. Surely some of our readers can remember some unlucky "lapsus linguæ" the consequences of which he afterwards bitterly repented.

"Alas how slight a cause may move,  
Dissension between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world had vainly tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the shock, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity:  
A something light as air; a look;  
A word unkind or wrongly taken;  
Oh! love that tempests never shook  
A breath, a word like this hath shaken."

Language at first probably embraced monosyllables only, or at most the nudest forms of a sentence. Its vocabulary was confined to most of the visible objects found immediately around, such as the productions of the earth, the various animals roaming over its surface, together with their peculiar qualities and functions in nature. None of the objects of another clime, or the luxuries of an after generation could have found any place in the imaginative mind of an aboriginal people. What would it avail a people traversing vast pastures and feeding their flocks upon the luxuriant herbage, to have a vocabulary abounding with words and phrases known only to those who "go down to the sea in great ships and see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep:" and to what end would a knowledge of the necessaries of a mighty city's wants, or the military terms of a camp, be to one whose life was spent in Nature's solitary wilds, the home of the jackal and eyry of the eagle.

It has long been a subject of speculation as to what language was employed by our "first parents" in their daily intercourse in Paradise, and after their expulsion therefrom. Many have naturally entertained the opinion that Hebrew was that language. Certainly it is one of the oldest if not the oldest in existence now.

But putting aside the "confusion of tongues" we know from the experience of after times that many languages cease to exist, or merge into others, intermarry, and lose, where there is no written character, all traces of their former origin. Even when a language has been committed to writing, as a *spoken* language it ceases to

be a medium of communication between man and his fellowman. It is thus with the Latin. As a living language, except at the occasional recitations of the Universities, &c., it has no existence. It is true we have its offshoots or rather scions, the French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, &c., holding sway over the western portions of the ancient Roman Empire, but had not the works of Horace, Virgil and others been transmitted to us through the medium of writing, though the acute mind of a Max Muller might have traced each tributary to a parent stream, yet that parent stream would have been hidden in the gloomy shades of an unknown, impenetrable past; and this may have been the fate of the language spoken by the antediluvian world. It is certainly very pleasing to the Hebrew student, to indulge the idea that in reading the "Old Testament," he is not only perusing the language of the patriarchs and prophets of old, but also of the antediluvian world, yet this is pure speculation.

In order to throw out a few general hints, I shall, for the sake of explanation, divide my subject into three parts, verbal, symbolic, and written. Verbal language was undoubtedly the first employed. The very fact that the progenitors of the human race, formed themselves into various clans, as may be reasonably supposed, would dispense with the necessity of an immediate written language. And, judging from our knowledge of the gradual growth of language, we may allow a long time to elapse ere a nation's civilization shall have so far progressed as to stand in need of a written communication. Now, granted that verbal language was first employed, I think it will readily be conceded that nouns and their qualifying words would be the first articulations of the tongue. Thus of Adam it is said, when God brought the animals to him to name, "whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the *name* thereof;" and again, "Adam gave *names* to all cattle," &c. I will grant that grave objections may be raised on this point with regard to Adam and Eve. Yet because language sufficient to express all their ordinary wants may have been implanted in them at their creation, that is no obstacle to its gradual growth in their posterity, that in the words of St. Paul they might say, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

As has before been said, man's vocabulary was at first confined within very limited bounds, but as the world's population and migration increased, and man's wants and desires magnified, so in proportion his



stock of words grew and multiplied. For a long time the records of a nation's doings were transmitted orally to posterity either through the teachings of a "priesthood," or the jubilant strains of a "minstrelsy." Thus the Druids, chanting the deeds of their ancestors, incited their countrymen on to resist the proud Roman invader; and thus the oracles of God were handed down to an expectant people by the patriarchs of old.

Many a nation's deeds have been unrecorded in the "page of history." To the labours of that indefatigable band of missionary heroes, who have braved the horrors of an African desert, the miasma of a Sierra Leone, the tropical rays of an Indian sun, the icy blasts of a Greenland winter, and the perils of a Polynesian residence, we owe our knowledge of so many of the dialects of the world, and without whose researches and labours most of those languages would have remained unwritten. But ere language had its alphabet and its grammatic and idiomatic forms expressed, there needed a stepping stone and this was supplied by symbolic language.

Symbolic language is in use even now. By it the dumb can converse with his fellowman, whether he be in like manner afflicted or not; the fingers of the hand representing vowels and their various combinations, the consonants. By it we sue for peace, whether we carry the olive branch or spotless flag in our hand. By it the clans of Scotland assembled round the banners of their chieftains, as

Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms.

Numberless other examples might be enumerated. Soon after Cortes landed in Mexico to subdue that vast empire with his puny band of Spaniards, he observed a number of Mexicans busily employed in committing, to cotton material, himself, his soldiers, their horses, arms, and accoutrements. These drawings were conveyed by relays of couriers, to the capital, distant upwards of 100 miles, and thus the emperor was made acquainted with the appearance of the invaders. On discovering this symbolic language, Cortes in order to give Montezuma a due respect for his power and to strike terror into the natives, reviewed his troops, putting them through various evolutions, and to crown all fired a salvo of artillery, which so affrighted the Indians as to cause some to flee, and others to prostrate themselves before the supposed incensed omnipotence of heaven. This was symbolic language in its simplest form, viz., representing whatever offered itself to the eye as accurately as the advanced state of art would permit.

But symbolic language had a progressive and advanced state, employing objects taken from the natural world to which an emblematic signification could be applied. This presents itself to us in various guises, and among various nations, widely situated from each other in Kurdistan, Egypt, Mexico, Arabia, &c. The discoveries of a Layard and researches of a Rawlinson, together with a band of others, have opened to us, in some measure, the symbolic language of Assyria and Egypt, those mighty empires of antiquity. How interesting these hieroglyphical discoveries, limited as they are, are to the Christian, throwing as they do, so much light upon the truth of the historic sacred page. Written upon stone, engraven on the glorious palaces and temples of Egypt and Assyria, they either stood dumb witnesses of the advanced civilization of a past, or concealed beneath the dust and debris of centuries, sank into oblivion, destined to unfold to later ages the civilization and power of empires whose glory had passed away long ere Britain's name quivered on the lips of man. "There were giants in the earth in those days." It is to be feared these monuments of a nation's glory will crumble away ere their full story be revealed. Let us hope not. Time would fail to enter into any minute particulars of this interesting branch of literature. A visit to the Assyrian and Egyptian departments of the British Museum (no fee) will repay any one for the trouble incurred.

J. E.

#### MANTACCINI;

*The famous Charlatan of Paris.*

A young man of good family, having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to absolute want, felt that he must either exercise his ingenuity, or starve. In this state of body and mind he began to consider the various devices which men put in operation to save themselves from indigence; and he made very particular note of such as appeared to have been the most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that *charlatanism*, or what is commonly termed "quackery," was that on which that blind benefactress—Lady Fortune—lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious male domestic was the only remaining article he possessed of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on his way at once, under the name, style,

and title of "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who cures all diseases by a touch, or a single look!" This precious art was professed by too many of his brethren, to draw after him the whole of Paris; he therefore undertook an excursion into the country, and modestly announced himself at Versailles as "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will!" To remove all doubt, he declared, that, in fifteen days, he would go to the common churchyard, and restore to life its inhabitants, provided they had not been buried *more than ten years*.

This declaration excited general uproar among the people, and violent murmurs against the Doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested he might be put under a proper guard, to prevent his escape until he should perform his undertaking. This proposition inspired the greatest confidence in his powers, and almost the whole town came to consult Doctor Mantaccini, and to purchase his *Baume de vie*. His consultations were so numerous that he had scarcely time to eat and drink; and he was always well paid. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet, fearing for his own shoulders, began to exhibit unmistakable signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the doctor to him, "keep yourself quiet." Scarcely had he uttered these words when the following letter was presented to him from a rich townsman of Versailles.

"My dear Doctor,

"The great operation which you are about to perform has broken my rest. I have a wife lying in that churchyard, who when living was a perfect fury. I am tolerably quiet now by myself, and I do not desire her resurrection. I beg of you not to make the experiment and I will give 500 crowns to keep the secret to yourself."

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to revive their old father, who died seven years ago—inasmuch as he was the greatest miser in the place, and if he was to make his appearance again, they would both be reduced to poverty. They offered him a fee of 60 crowns, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

As they were retiring, a young widow on the eve of matrimony, rushed into the apartment, and threw herself at the feet of the doctor, and with sobs and sighs most piteously implored his mercy;—in short, from morning till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him.

The minds of the people were so differently and violently agitated, that the chief

magistrate waited upon Dr. Mantaccini, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my own experience of your rare talents that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that Versailles is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment will produce in every family. I entreat you therefore not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquillity of the place. In justice, however, to your great talents, I shall give you an attestation in due form, under our seal, that you *can revive the dead*, and that it was our own fault that we were not eye-witnesses of your astonishing ability."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other town. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity to his heart's content, and spent the remainder of his life in luxury and magnificence.

#### A MAHOMETAN SERMON.

In one of the principal Mosques, after the customary prayers, the Priest pronounced the following discourse with a dignified elocution. It was received by his audience with a reverence better becoming Christians than Infidels. It undoubtedly suffers from translation.

The attributes of Deity were the subject of the priest's discourse, and after a rather lengthy exordium, he elevated his voice and exclaimed:—

"GOD ALONE IS IMMORTAL! Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadijah the first-born of faith, Ayesha the beloved, Omar the meek, Omri the benevolent, the companions of the apostle and the Sent of God himself, all died; but God, most high, most holy, liveth for ever. Infinities are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam: the earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny; but he liveth and reigneth for ever.

"GOD ALONE IS OMNISCIENT! Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him. The dark night is unto him as the rays of the morning; for he noticeth the creeping of the small ant in the dark night upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

"GOD ALONE IS OMNIPRESENT! He toucheth the immensity of space as a point. He moveth in the depths of ocean,

and mount Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot. He breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in paradise, and enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

"GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT! He thought, and worlds were created; he frowneth, and they dissolve into thin smoke; he smileth, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of his voice; the rustling of his attire causeth lightning and an earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

"GOD ALONE IS MERCIFUL! When he forged his immutable decrees on the anvil of eternal wisdom, he tempered the miseries of the race of Ismael in the fountains of pity. When he laid the foundations of the world, he cast a look of benevolence into the abysses of futurity; and the adamantine pillars of eternal justice were softened by the beamings of his eyes. He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn man; and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. He sent his prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes; and hath prepared the pavilions of the houri for the repose of the true believers.

"GOD ALONE IS JUST! He chains the latent cause to the distant event; and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amidst the whirlwinds of error; and suited his soul to future torment. He promulgated the ineffable creed; and the germs of countless souls of believers, which existed in contemplation of Deity, expanded at the sound. His justice refresheth the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

"GOD ALONE IS ONE! Ibrahim the faithful knew it; Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai; Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with immutable truth.

"Surely there is one GOD, IMMORTAL, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, OMNIPOTENT, most MERCIFUL, and JUST; and Mahomet is his apostle!

"Lift your hands to the eternal, and pronounce the ineffable adorable creed; THERE IS ONE GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET!"

A. C.

RAMSEY PARISH REGISTER.—The parish register of Ramsey, records that Major Cromwell (a cousin of the Protector) died of the plague, on the 23rd of February,

1660, and that he caught the infection by wearing a coat, the cloth of which came from London. It adds, "The tailor that made the coat, with all his family, died of the same terrible disorder, as did no less than four hundred people in Ramsey, and all owing to this fatal coat."

The daughter of a respectable gentleman, aged twenty, and possessed of no small share of personal attraction, said the other day, she wondered why she had not got married. This puts one in mind of the three wonders of beautiful women. First, at fifteen they wonder whom they shall take; second, at twenty-five they wonder why they are not taken; and third, at thirty-five they wonder whom they can find that will take them.

AVERAGE PRICES OF GRAIN IN PETERBOROUGH MARKET.

September 24th, 1864.

|          |         |         |         |         |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Wheat.   | Barley. | Oats.   | Beans.  | Peas.   |
| 2536 qr. | 388 qr. | 286 qr. | 201 qr. | 79 qr.  |
| 38s11d   | 30s10½d | 19s10½d | 43s0½d  | 36s11½d |

October 1st, 1864.

|          |         |         |         |         |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Wheat.   | Barley. | Oats.   | Beans.  | Peas.   |
| 2976 qr. | 472 qr. | 783 qr. | 129 qr. | 197 qr. |
| 37s 5½d  | 29s 3¾d | 18s10½d | 37s 8½d | 36s1½d  |

October 8th, 1864.

|          |         |          |         |         |
|----------|---------|----------|---------|---------|
| Wheat.   | Barley. | Oats.    | Beans.  | Peas.   |
| 3211 qr. | 738 qr. | 955 q.   | 388 qr. | 242 qr. |
| 37s 0d.  | 29s 2¼d | 19s 10½d | 37s 9¾d | 34s 4½d |

October 15th, 1864.

|          |         |         |         |         |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Wheat.   | Barley. | Oats.   | Beans.  | Peas.   |
| 3066 qr. | 342 qr. | 489 qr. | 233 qr. | 102 qr. |
| 37s 8d   | 29s 1¼d | 17s 7½d | 38s 2¾d | 34s 5¼d |

AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT

From the Year 1600.

Continued from page 80.

| YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. | YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|----|----|
| 1610 per Q. | 1  | 15 | 10 | 1622 per Q. | 2  | 18 | 8  |
| 1611 "      | 1  | 18 | 4  | 1623 "      | 2  | 12 | 0  |
| 1612 "      | 2  | 2  | 4  | 1624 "      | 2  | 8  | 0  |
| 1613 "      | 2  | 8  | 8  | 1625 "      | 2  | 12 | 0  |
| 1614 "      | 2  | 1  | 8  | 1626 "      | 2  | 9  | 4  |
| 1615 "      | 1  | 18 | 8  | 1627 "      | 1  | 16 | 0  |
| 1616 "      | 2  | 0  | 4  | 1628 "      | 1  | 8  | 0  |
| 1617 "      | 2  | 8  | 8  | 1629 "      | 2  | 2  | 0  |
| 1618 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1630 "      | 2  | 15 | 8  |
| 1619 "      | 1  | 15 | 4  | 1631 "      | 3  | 8  | 0  |
| 1620 "      | 1  | 10 | 4  | 1632 "      | 2  | 13 | 4  |
| 1621 "      | 1  | 10 | 4  | 1633 "      | 2  | 10 | 0  |

(To be continued.)



## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

Aug. 9th. The first meeting of the revived Huntingdon Races took place today on the Portholme Meadow, and passed off very satisfactory. The ground was kept by the Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam's whippers-in, in scarlet. On this day (the first) there were about 20,000 persons present on the course. A ball took place in the evening at the Assembly Rooms, at which 80 persons attended.

10th. A man hung himself in an out-house of the Plough Inn, Farcet, induced by privation and want.

Mr. William Copeman, farmer, Grayingham, terminated his existence by hanging himself to an apple-tree.

13th. This evening the shop of Mr. Copeland, currier, Bull-ring, Grimsby, was discovered to be on fire. It was soon subdued. About 80*l.* in bank notes, which were left in a cupboard were destroyed.

18th. Maxey church having undergone a complete restoration, was re-opened for public worship this day. The Bishop of Peterborough preached an eloquent sermon in the afternoon, after which 27*l.* were collected.

19th. Several cases of English cholera have occurred during the past week in Boston.

At Spalding, the scarcity of water is very severely felt. The tidal waters have penetrated into Vernat's drain, from which the Waterworks Company obtain their supply. This misfortune added greatly to the inconvenience of the inhabitants; the wells being nearly all empty and the ditches and brooks dry.

Mr. C. L. Hughes, of Lincoln, has been appointed commissioner for taking acknowledgments of deeds by married women, pursuant to the Fines and Recoveries Act.

20th. In the recent excavations for wells in Peterborough, many fossil shells have been brought to light from the beds where they have been lying hid since the days when our present fertile country was one great sea. Amongst others found in the upper rock (*cornbrach*) were *Pholadomya*, *Murchisonia*, *P. Phillipsi*, and other bivalve shells, among which a specimen of *Lima Pectiniformis* occurred, a somewhat rare shell in this rock. Where it has been observed in the shelly beds of the Great Oolite the outer casts only has been preserved. In the specimen now referred to both valves are entire and attached as in life. The fish is of the size commonly observed in the Great Oolite strata; but the dimensions it usually attains in the beds of the inferior Oolite of the West of England are much greater,

from which fact it is inferred that this shell in its passage from the lower to the upper strata has degenerated both in size and thickness. The tubular spires are well developed, and serve to show a well-marked characteristic feature in this interesting inhabitant of the Oolitic seas.

The bugler of the Spalding Rifle Corps, shot through the neck, a sheep belonging to C. F. Bonner, Esq. He was shooting at the 500 yards range, and the sheep was about 200 yards from the butt: probably the rays of the sun were so dazzling that he mistook the sheep for the target, and the accuracy of his aim, to his and also his comrade's astonishment, secured him a prize—the first he has taken during his membership.

21st. This (Sunday) afternoon, the regular service at the parish church at Kettering, was dispensed with, for the special object of administering the sacrament of baptism, no fewer than 132 receiving the rite.

24th. The "Suffolk Stag" at Barton, ran 10 miles in 56*m.* 12*s.* The first two miles were run in 10 minutes, and the second in 13. The ground was from Waterside to Holydike.

26th. A fire broke out about 6 o'clock this morning, upon the premises occupied by Mr. R. Oldfield, Whittlesey. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and the flames spread to adjoining property, destroying various farm buildings and a large quantity of agricultural produce. At one time serious fears were entertained for the safety of the town.

The installation of the Rev. Dr. Jeremie to the Deanery of Lincoln, took place in the Cathedral during the afternoon service.

27th. A police constable, named Richard Waters, belonging to the Peterborough force, was committed to prison for 21 days, with hard labour, for intoxication while on duty and drawing his staff upon the sergeant. Waters had been previously twice fined for drunkenness, although he had belonged to the force only about a fortnight. The weak Waters was overcome by strong waters.

29th. Corringham races were held, but owing to the heavy rain there was only a small attendance. Mr. Brown's "Holborn Hill," was the winning horse.

SEPT. 2nd. At the half-yearly meeting of the Grimsby Gas Company, last week, it was determined to reduce the price of gas from 4*s.* 7*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* per thousand cubic feet, being the second reduction in price within the last twelve months.

A cow, the property of Mr. Berry, farmer, near Wisbech, had a calf with two heads, four eyes, but only two ears.

3rd. In the grounds of G. Rust, esq., the birth-place of Oliver Cromwell, may

be seen the *Ailantus Glandulosa*, a deciduous ornamented tree of large size in full bloom, a thing that does not appear to have occurred in this neighbourhood before, and a very rare occurrence in England.

During the extensive alterations now in progress at the Bishop's Palace, Peterborough, many interesting facts have been brought to light. Some portions of the building are evidently as old as the Cathedral. There is a cavernous aperture in the palace, known as the "Ghost's Hole," and latterly used as a coal cellar. Tradition assigned a mysterious history to this cavity and the late alterations have shown that tradition was right. Concealed in the solid masonry are two cells, and signs of a third were discovered. Evidently they were dungeons. In one of the cells were some bones, not human bones however. The identity of the wing which Abbot Kirton added in the 15th century, calling it "Heaven Gate Chamber," is conclusively established, for the date was found cut in lead on the beam.

4th. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol being on a visit at the residence of his Lordship's father, the Rev. C. Ellicott, of Whitwell, preached at the village church to a crowded congregation.

6th. An old woman living in Union-court, Louth, died, in her 105th year.

8th. The Rev. E. H. Blyth on leaving the curacy of the village of Stoke Rochford, was presented with a piece of plate and a purse of 50 sovereigns.

9th. A fire doing considerable damage, happened on the premises of Mr. G. Hill, of Epworth, originating from some sparks falling from a chimney which was in a blaze. At one time, most serious apprehensions were entertained, and the destruction of a vast amount of property appeared inevitable. A fire engine was telegraphed for from Doncaster, and arrived in about an hour and a quarter, a distance of 17 miles, when the fire was quickly subdued. Several stacks of farm produce and some extensive outbuildings were destroyed.

An extensive conflagration occurred at Billingham, originating in a chimney, which was choked up with soot, on the premises of a carpenter, named William Scott. Many cottages and much farm produce were destroyed.

The first annual show of the Cambs. and Isle of Ely Agricultural Society, was held at Cambridge. An accident occurred in the stock yard in the morning. A boar, the property of Mr. Hill, of Ely, attacked and bit his keeper, tearing open the calf of his leg.

10th. The first Peterborough Ram Fair was held in the Recreation ground, and passed off very successfully. There were

445 rams penned, and they were sold or let for close upon 6,000*l.* The highest price, 75*l.*, was made by Mr. J. R. Kirkham, the ram being sold to Mr. Looker, Wyton, Hunts. Another ram was sold for 50*l.*, and 30*l.* or 40*l.* was a not unfrequent price.

A charge of assault was preferred at the Peterborough Sessions Court, by Mr. Willam Bate, a gentleman of property and a magistrate, of Werrington, against *Thomas Lynn*, blacksmith and publican, Werrington. The complainant in giving his evidence conducted himself in so unseemly a manner as to call forth a remonstrance from the chairman of the bench of magistrates. The court were unanimous in dismissing the case.

11th. A large fire broke out this evening about 10 o'clock, in the stack-yard of Mr. T. George, of Bythorn, Thrapstone. It spread with amazing rapidity, a stiff westerly breeze favouring its progress. A fire engine which was in attendance, was chiefly employed in preserving Mr. George's residence, which object was accomplished. The contents of the stack-yard, the farm buildings and 9 cottages were destroyed.

12th. The St. Ives Free Church, a place of worship erected by the Congregationalists and Baptists of St Ives and its neighbourhood was opened. The foundation stone was laid Oct. 3rd, 1863, by S. Morley, Esq.

13th. The new Temperance Hall at Kettering was opened.

14th. A new lodge of Odd Fellows, to be styled the "Sir Isaac Newton lodge," was opened at the White Hart Inn, Grantham.

A most calamitous fire broke out in Chatteris, which destroyed that part of the town known as Hive End, consuming 80 houses and agricultural produce to the value of £12,000. The fire broke out in a stack belonging to Mr. J. Clarke. Between 400 and 500 of the houseless inhabitants found shelter for the night in the public School-rooms, the Reading Room, and in the houses of their more fortunate neighbours. The fire was at first supposed to have been caused by an incendiary but was subsequently discovered to have been caused by a boy using touch-paper, whilst playing upon the stack in Mr. Clark's yard.

18th. *Sunday.* Large numbers of persons visited the ruins caused by the late fire at Chatteris. At the March and Wimblington stations the greatest excitement and confusion prevailed. The Railway authorities had not a sufficient supply of tickets to meet the demand, and the carriages were most dangerously crowded, some of the passengers rode on the engine with the driver, while others were allowed to ride on the top of the carriages.

Miss E. Quarton preached in the Primitive Methodist chapel, Gainsborough.

19th. At Oundle petty sessions *Susannah Scotney*, of Wood Newton, was ordered to pay 14s. penalty and costs for pulling the nose of Alice Reed, of the same place.

Mary, aged 49 the wife of Mr. W. Cooke, farmer, Gosberton, was found dead in a field near Sutterton. At the inquest on the body the jury returned a verdict "that Mary Cooke, being insane, destroyed her life by poison."

21st. *Peter Pettet* was committed for trial at Huntingdon, on the charge of firing the stack yard of Mr. George, at Bythorn, on the 11th inst.

22nd. The revising barrister, C. G. Merewether, Esq. attended at the Town Hall, Peterborough, to revise the list of voters for the city.

23rd. Mr. T. Smith, who had a hay stack burnt at the late fire at Epworth, had previously insured in the Birmingham Fire Office, but had incautiously neglected to have his policy endorsed, and was therefore at the mercy of the Directors. On the case being represented to the Directors they paid Mr. Smith the sum of £45, the value of the hay destroyed.

The Bishop of Lincoln has appointed the Rev. E. Venables, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, to be his Examining Chaplain, in the place of the Rev. T. C. Cooke, who has resigned in consequence of his promotion to a Canonry at Exeter.

There is now being exhibited in Grantham, a stuffed calf with two heads. It was calved on the 26th May last, at the farm of Mr. S. Peatfield, Kneesal, near Newark, and lived nearly an hour.

Fruit has been so plentiful in Boston during the past week, that large quantities of apples have changed hands at from 1d. to 2d. per peck. The very best sorts could be purchased at from 4d. to 6d. per peck.

A remarkably fine and well grown gourd, was exhibited by Mr. Brown, nurseryman, at Stamford market. It was grown at Gretford Hall. Its weight was 90lbs., and its girth 5ft. 10in. Its shape was faultless, and the network over the surface very beautiful.

Mr. B. Clayton, farmer, of Ketton, met his death by being pitched from a vehicle, whilst riding from Stamford to Pickworth. Aged 45.

25th. An ordination was held in Lincoln Cathedral.

26th. The Bonby property was sold at the George Inn, Barton, by Mr. Calthrop. It consisted of about 201 acres, and was put up at 10,000l., and eventually knocked down to T. G. Corbett, Esq., of Elsham, for 12,000l., being rather more than 60l. per acre.

27th. A sale of short horned cattle and long woolled lambs, took place at the Manor house, Morborne, the residence of Mr. John Laxton. There were 59 cows and heifers, 9 bulls, and about 200 wether and ewe lambs. The highest prices obtained were as follows:—*Cow*, Jessamine, 39g. *Bull*, Rifleman, 38g. The lambs sold at fair prices.

28th. The Royal Yeomanry Races at Kettering, went off most successfully. A banquet afterwards took place in the Corn Exchange, Captain Maunsell, presiding.

At Newmarket, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovereigns each, for three-year olds (13 subs.), were won by the Marquis of Exeter's *Auricula*, beating two others.

29th. The church at Morborne, having been renovated was re-opened. The Bishop of Ely preached on the occasion. The village choir were strengthened by the kind aid of a party of students, from the Peterborough Training College.

30th. Two candidates, W. Blow, and Mr. Wright, were proposed for the office of shopman for the Grimsby Co-operative Store. The latter was elected by a majority of 12 to 4. In lieu of a fixed salary he will receive 2½ per cent. on the sales, and will be responsible to find any additional assistance that may be necessary.

30th. The Huntingdonshire Agricultural Society held their Show at St. Ives. There were 9 entries for the best cart mare and foal, and the prize was taken by Mr. Battock. The premium for the best 2-year-old cart filly was taken by Mr. E. Faux, of Yaxley; and that for the best 5-year-old hunting mare by Mr. Bull, of Papworth. Mr. Fyson, of Warboys, gained the prize for the best cart stallion. Mr. W. Triplow, jun., Railway Villa, Chatteris, obtained the first prize in the sheep class. Mr. Sisman, of Buckworth, took the prize for the best bull; he likewise took prizes in several other classes. The Dinner was provided at the Unicorn Inn, by Mr. Corby, and presided over by the Earl of Sandwich.

### Married.

SEP. 24th. At St. George's, Hanover Square, William, eldest son of T. Life, Esq., J.P., of Peterborough, to Fanny Rosina, daughter of the late George Grey Sullivan, Esq., R.N., her Majesty's Consul for Amoy.

27th. At Frankton, near Rugby, by the Rev. Frederick Wheeler, uncle of the bride, Charles Isham Strong, Esq., only son of the Rev. Wm. Strong, of Thorpe Hall, Peterborough, to Katharine Anne, only daughter of the Rev. Percy Wm. Powlett, Rector of Frankton. [Trin. Coll., Oxon, B.A., 1824; Qu. Coll., Oxon, 1828; Rector of Frankton, Dioc. Lich. 1838.]

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# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

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## LOVE OF FAME.

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How deeply implanted in the human heart is the love of fame! Vast are the benefits conferred upon mankind, which spring from the desire to be well spoken of by our fellow-men. Even in the humblest grades of life we do not lack proofs that a fondness for fame is cherished to a very great extent. The countenance of the sturdy ploughman beams with delight, when he hears that the neighbours of his master have been praising him for the manner in which he has just ploughed his portion of a field. This praise stimulates him to further exertions. Every time he takes hold of the plough, if the land be "at all like" (as he expresses it), we can see that he labours with the pleasing idea uppermost in his mind that he is increasing his own fame, as well as performing his duty to his employer. The master, too, begins to feel proud of his servant's capabilities, and a more kindly feeling, each for the other, is gradually generated. Another servant on the same farm follows this example, and excited as it were, by a similar impulse, he strives with all his might to cause his "team" to be admired. On every occasion when he passes through the neighbouring town, he looks upon his horses with a feeling of pride, being perfectly certain that their appearance will reflect credit upon him. He listens with anxious ears to catch the observations of the townspeople in favour of his team—aye, he even looks for these observations. He indulges the idea that everybody is noticing his "turn out," whether they are or not. The clever thatcher, too, walks and talks like a man who feels conscious that few can equal him at "trimming round stacks." He will boast that he likes September better than any month in the year. It is September that gives him an opportunity for displaying his skill, and for showing his perfect mastery over straw, "tar-marl," and "thack-pegs." Love of fame, rather than the weekly wages, produces in him a desire to exhibit in his master's stack-yard, that appearance which has such a very pleasing effect. Many a man, in middle life, feels a commendable pride at being thought a pattern of integrity and honesty; and to him it is fame to have it said of him, that he was "never known to be in debt."

This longing desire for fame travels upwards through all ranks of society, and it seldom makes use of any pursuit which is capable of gratifying its aspirations, that is not, at the same time, productive of *good* in some form or other. The public writer will tell you that all his yearnings, all his studies, all his energies, are directed and devoted to the good of his country; that he has a desire to see his countrymen just, generous, and loyal. He urges men

in times of peace, to turn their attention to the amelioration of abuses, to the extension of arts and sciences, to the development of the country's resources, to the abolition of oppressive restrictions upon commerce, to the promotion of education among the masses, and to the diffusion of general benefits. He is at his post again in times of war, and, for the "love of Fatherland," he urges men to exhibit a patriotism, which shall be "terrible as an army with banners." He declares his feelings with such earnestness that he is applauded as a man who deserves well of his country, and he is wafted onward on the wings of fame to the temple where the goddess Reputation loves to crown her heroes. We believe there have been hundreds of public men, who have written with all the sincerity of which the human heart is capable, and achieved well-merited honours; but, we are also of opinion, that, in many instances, where the love of fame has been the dominant impulse, the very same results have been arrived at. The Temple of Fame has been entered, without doubt, indirectly by numbers of devotees, who have made a *niche in its penetralia* the *only goal* of their cherished hopes.

Laudable, however, and to be encouraged for the good it leads to, is this longing for popular reputation. The master bard of England has affixed upon it the sanctioning impress of his seal.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is—spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

Turn we our attention to the soldier, "jealous in honour," and "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." We are filled with admiration at the display of fortitude and endurance which our military ranks have presented to our view—unheard of hardships are spoken of as "trifles light as air," when the reputation of a general and his officers is recognized by their countrymen. Still it was the firm belief in this eventual recognition which gave these warriors strength to be the heroes they were; and they do but enhance their present fame by making light of their past deeds. See the statesman, night after night during the session, labouring by his regular presence in the House of Commons, by his energy in debate, and by every means in his power, to gain the favour of his constituents. Away, say we, with the idea of *paid members!* The full approval of the majority of those who send an independent man to parliament, is *ample reward* for him.

When we use the word *reputation*, we mean a notoriety in the *best* sense of that term. We do not like to see a man labouring to obtain a doubtful notoriety, by exhibiting an eccentricity which borders upon the absurd, for the especial delectation of a certain clique. We do not like to see a member becoming *isolated* by always harping on the same string. If a man, unfortunately, is under the influence of but one solitary idea, it is not becoming that he should insist, at all times, and in all places, that *that idea* is connected with all things that are in heaven and on earth. To endeavour assiduously to recommend the adoption of one idea as a general specific, which will guarantee the health of the whole British constitution, is simply to become ridiculous instead of famous. A thirst for a reputation having this tendency, is very different from a thirst for *genuine fame*, and it betrays an aberration of intellect of no ordinary kind, in the individual thus afflicted.

The love of fame which fills the bosom of a statesman, it is true, may operate injuriously to mankind, as well as beneficially; but we trust the days have for ever gone by, that have witnessed the passing of injudicious acts

which have loaded the memory of their promoters with an unenviable fame. We hope the statesmen comprising the rival parties of our own day, will continually bear in mind that it is only the memory of the *just* that is *blessed*. The love of fame does very great service to the cause of charity, and although this kind of fame springs from a feeling akin to pride, we should be very sorry to find fault where so much real benefit is produced. The love of being first on a list of subscribers to some charitable purpose, is a motive with which we ought not to quarrel, when we know what an inducement it affords to others to follow the example. The love of posthumous fame, too, has also benefited mankind very largely. Men who have not been distinguished for liberality in their life-time, have, by a singular caprice, become famous on their demise, by some extraordinary bequest. Upon the motives which induce men to live after they are dead in the grateful hearts of widows and orphans, and those who are afflicted, we can hardly venture to speculate; and we will make no remarks of an uncomplimentary nature, lest the almshouses and hospitals which have been founded by their dying wishes, should seem to call into question the justness of our remarks. Strong in the hour of death is this love of praise. Even an Emperor of Rome on his dying couch summoned his courtiers around him, and begged them with his latest breath, if they thought he had played his part in life well, to *give him their applause*.

November, 1864.

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LEO MYRON.

(Continued from page 93.)

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One afternoon as Leo sat drawing in the parlour with only Sarah and Frances, who were engaged on fancy needlework, those young ladies conversed with each other in French, knowing that to do so would tease Leo, to whom they owed a little grudge for his teasing them in the earlier part of the day. He heard his own name mentioned by them, which roused his curiosity, and immediately after, the word "*amant*;" on hearing which he guessed at the purport of their conversation.

He clapped his hands and burst into a loud exulting fit of laughter, which so greatly astonished the young ladies, that they eagerly enquired the cause of his hilarity. He could not answer them for some moments, but when his laughter had somewhat subsided, he repeated the word "*amant*," in a manner which could not be mistaken, and crimson blushes instantly covered their cheeks. A merry laugh from the trio followed, and before it had ceased, Sarah and Frances made a hasty retreat from the room.

The time passed as "merry as a marriage bell." One morning while at the breakfast table, a letter arrived for Leo from his father, informing him that a situation had been procured for him with a Mr. Eastman, an apothecary in the town, near which his parents resided, and desired him to conclude his visit at Peterborough on the following Friday and return home.

The Friday morning arrived; and, as usual, Leo seated himself beside Sarah at the piano. It was the last morning he would hear her sweet voice, and she sang his favourite song twice, and did a slight violence to her feelings



in promising not to sing any French songs that morning. She sang, instead, several songs, on that favorite subject with all young people—love; and from the tenor of their words, he flattered himself into the belief, however erroneous it might be, that she gave him encouragement to speak more fully of his affection for her; the existence of which he had only intimated to her by the silent but expressive language of the eyes. He made up his mind to take the present opportunity of speaking on this point, more fully and boldly, and prepared to steal a kiss by way of preface. He fancied he already felt her rosy lips pressing his own—his face was moved close to hers, under the pretence of reading the words of the song, which she was singing—when, oh, contrary fate! the door opened and Arthur made his appearance, announcing that breakfast was ready. Sarah instantly rose from the music stool, and led the way to the breakfast parlour. Shortly after this meal was concluded, the time for the coach's departure arrived, by which Leo Myron was to leave his friends. After bidding them all farewell, and warmly thanking Mrs. Bladen for the kindness and attention she had shewn him, he left the house and was accompanied to the "Talbot," by Arthur, where they separated. "Crack went the whip, and round went the wheels," and the coach rolled away.

## CHAPTER II.

Our hero leaves his home to follow his profession.

It was arranged for Leo to enter on his new employment on that day week, on which he should return from his visit, and likewise that he should have one month on trial. Time flew by with rapid wing; the day arrived. It was a dull, heavy morning, it looked inclined for rain, but none came; it was not bright and clear, there was nothing which inspired the hope of its turning out a fine day, and the mind of Leo (a mind accustomed to regard the future with a prophetic eye), was filled with ideas of a desponding character; and when it occurred to him, that it was likewise that most unlucky of all days, *Friday* (for he was deeply superstitious), a heavy gloom like a dark cloud that hides the sun, which before looked smiling, settled upon him, shutting out all the bright rays of hope.

After wishing as many "adieux" and "farewells" to his mother and sister, as most people would consider necessary, if on the eve of departure for our distant Eastern Empire, Leo left his home, and accompanied by his father, proceeded leisurely towards the town. They soon arrived at Mr. Eastman's residence, which was situated in the principal street. On entering the shop, no one for a moment appeared, until Mr. Eastman himself descended from his high and commodious desk, which was situated close by the window, and was his favourite "perch." He received Mr. Myron, who immediately introduced his son, with a degree of stiffness, which he doubtless thought becoming the dignity of his position, as the principal of an establishment, and the future master of Leo, but from his small, spare person and peculiar style of countenance, its centre being distinguished by a formidable nasal organ, and his cheeks fringed with a bushy pair of carrotty whiskers, added not a little to his insignificance. He was about forty-five years of age, of a florid complexion, stuffed to the very throat with conceit, grovelling towards his superiors, possessed of a little mind, and of very limited comprehension. He was likewise a snuff taker, which filthy habit he might have contracted, from believing

that nature had given him capacious nostrils for no other purpose, than to be crammed with "titillating dust." He had lived the life of a bachelor, until he had reached his forty-fifth birthday, and had imbibed many absurd notions and prejudices. But he was at last caught (no great prize), by a young lady, who had unconsciously advanced to the brink of that dangerous precipice, over which the fair have such a horror of falling, and thereby becoming confirmed old maids. He was so much in love, if the sentiment which he felt is worthy to be called by so sacred a name, that immediately on making up his mind (for he was of a calculating disposition) to play the game of matrimony in earnest, he cast aside his snuff box believing the lady might possibly conceive a dislike for his person, and that it might even influence her to reply in the negative to his proposal, should she become aware of his habit.

Mr. Myron departed, and Leo remained with his master, who soon gave him employment in working at a large pestle and mortar, under the direction of a boy a year or two younger than himself. They got on very well together, for Tom, as the boy was called, was obliging and appeared desirous of gaining the good will of Leo. After they had been at work for a half an hour, the shop bell rang, which Tom answered, but returned almost immediately with directions from his master that they were both to go into the shop, and remain there during the time he was at dinner. Mr. Eastman having finished his meal, returned to the shop, and desired Leo to go into the dining room, which he readily complied with, his work having given him a sharp appetite.

On entering the room, he saw Mrs. Eastman for the first time. She was sitting at the head of the table, and on his entrance, rose and welcomed him with great cordiality and frankness. He was as much delighted with her reception, as he had been annoyed with that of her husband. She was somewhat taller than Mr. Eastman, of a fair complexion, oval countenance, with grey inexpressive eyes, well formed mouth, full lips, and expansive bust. She was gay and lively in her manner, and of great small conversational powers.

Leo had not been long seated, and but few words had been exchanged between him and Mrs. Eastman, when the voice and the bustle of a stranger's approach was heard without.

"Don't'ee trouble, sir, don't'ee trouble, sir, now;" said the voice.

"Surely its Mr. Mallot!" Mrs. Eastman exclaimed; and she rose, and immediately rang the bell, then advanced to the door which was now thrown wide open.

"And how be you ma'am? I hope you be well ma'am?" were the kind enquiries Mr. Mallot addressed to Mrs. Eastman, on entering the room.

"Ah! how are you to-day Mr. Mallot? I am so glad to see you."

Having first placed his stick and low crowned broad brimmed felt hat in a corner, Mr. Mallot was soon ensconced in a large arm chair, at the dinner table, awaiting the arrival of a clean knife and fork, and a warm plate, which had been ordered to be brought instantly. We will avail ourselves of this opportunity to describe the personal appearance of Mr. Mallot before we proceed farther. He was of the middle height, and as burly and big as John Bull is usually represented: his features were large and heavy, with cheeks of a muddled carnation hue, and a nose partaking of a purple tint. He wore a dark cloth coat, which, when he coughed, or laughed, threatened every moment to split across the back, and probably reveal certain mysterious substitutes for braces underneath, which served to support a pair of closely fitting drab smalls, to which were attached leggings of the same colour.

"I hope Miss Mallot is quite well, sir?" began Mrs. Eastman. "Why

no she been't exactly, she's had a cold lying about her ever since last full moon, ma'am," replied Mr. Mallot.

"You should let her come to town, sir; I could manage very well to accomodate her for a few days," which invitation Mr. Mallot commenced declining with a great multiplicity of thanks, but was hastily interrupted by Mrs. Eastman, who continued, "I cannot receive a denial Mr. Mallot, I must beg you will allow your daughter to act up to her own wish in this matter, and if she declines, I shall know the reason why, and I warrant I'll soon discover who the young man is, for he must be extremely attractive, that she's afraid to leave him for two or three days. Now I must make you promise me Mr. Mallot, that you will give my kind love to her, and beg her to come with you, next week, for I shall expect her, and I warrant we shall have some young men here, who will take her fancy. Why here's Mr. Myron, who would be proud to be her *beau*." As she said this, she turned towards Leo, giving him a meaning look, which entirely escaped the observation of the easy, good humoured, Mr. Mallot, and Myron smilingly answered, "Indeed I certainly should!"

"Thank'ee ma'am, thank'ee ma'am! but I can't tell how to do without her. You see ma'am that I got nobody else to take her place; and when I be out of the way, you see ma'am, she do overlook all, and there's nobody else to draw the liquor for the workmen." "But you know Mr. Mallot that you have promised me so many times that she should come and—"

"Well ma'am!" interrupted Mr. Mallot, "you and Mr. Eastman must come down to-morrow, or next day, and then we will talk it over again."

"Thank you sir,—but we were at your house only about three weeks ago."

"And what of that ma'am? I shall expect ye."

"Indeed I can't promise, sir, but I will ask Mr. Eastman," and turning to the servant who stood close by, she continued, "Mary, change Mr. Mallot's plate." We quite forgot to acquaint the reader, that during this dialogue, Mr. Mallot had been most interestingly engaged in securing much to his own personal satisfaction, several slices of boiled beef, and a fair quantity of half-cold potatoes, which latter, Mrs. Eastman had supplied with a generous hand.

A clean blue willow-pattern plate, and a small knife by the side, awaited Mr. Mallot's use. The dried remains of a Cheddar cheese was placed before him, on a large dark mahogany stand, and within his reach stood a commodious bread basket, containing a stale bottom crust of a loaf of bread. Mr. Mallot for a moment eyed the appearance of the cheese, and the bread, with no favorable glance which Mrs. Eastman was quick to observe.

"Will you take your gin and water with your bread and cheese Mr. Mallot?" enquired the lady with a look of winning interest.

The eyes of Mr. Mallot instantly brightened, and he replied, "Thank'ee ma'am, thank'ee!" With some exertion, which threatened the back of his coat with destruction; several stitches being heard to give way, he succeeded in separating about a third of the cheese from the whole piece, which feat being accomplished, left his hands at liberty to make a like onslaught upon the bread.

The ever ready hand of Mrs. Eastman now placed the glass of gin and water by his side, and as she did so, said, "Now if its not hot, sweet, and strong, Mr. Mallot, you must speak; but that's as I always make it for Mr. Eastman." "Thank'ee ma'am, thank'ee," was the reply called forth; and after giving it a stir with a spoon to dissolve the sugar, Mr. Mallot lifted the glass to his lips, gave one sip, and replaced it on the table half empty. Leo had by this time finished his dinner, and he rose from his seat and left the room.



He and Tom again went to work at the pestle and mortar, during which time, the following conversation passed between them: "I have not seen anyone as yet, beside yourself, who assists Mr. Eastman in his business," said Leo.

"Oh! there is then," returned Tom, "although he's away just at present."

"And what is his name?" enquired Leo.

"Why his name, sir, is Mr. Mark Abram, rather hasty temper at times, though, but on the whole, a pretty good tempered young feller."

"Do you think Tom, he and I shall get on well together? is he overbearing and self-willed?"

"Oh! no *he's* not; but then you know *all* people been't like him."

"Very true Tom, very true!" returned Leo, not observing the stress Tom had laid upon the two monosyllables, "but you are comfortable enough: no reason to complain of anyone's conduct towards you?"

"No, no; as far as that goes, why *I* could make myself comfortable and happy anywhere, but all people ain't like I. You see my plan is to take things just as they come, whatever happens, make the best of it, that's the way to live."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," was Leo's reply.

"Now there's the gov'nor, if he ever meets with a mishap, I mean anything that's one way or another of a money matter sort, he has the 'fret' as I calls it, and really when 'tis on him he's in a reg'lar stew."

"Umph!" muttered Leo: and the conversation dwindled to mere common-places, which would be wholly uninteresting to the reader.

Mr. Eastman condescended to chat occasionally quite familiarly with Leo, who began to think that the idea with which he had at first been impressed respecting him, was erroneous, and his altered opinion became daily strengthened. Mrs. Eastman maintained her first position in Leo's estimation, she was so chatty, so kind, so agreeable, always agreed with him, and became so communicative, that she did not seem to have any secrets whatever from him; in fact, Leo himself thought that she went to the opposite extreme, so much did she tell him relating to the private affairs of her family, about her brother in Newfoundland, what he had cleared the very first year he was in business, of his furnishing a house, and a whole budget besides, in which he did not take the least interest, but to which he felt obliged to listen with the profoundest attention.

One day when Leo was taking his tea with Mrs. Eastman, he took the opportunity of enquiring of her, when Mr. Abram was expected to arrive, for Tom had informed him that it would be shortly.

"Well I really can't say exactly, but Mr. Eastman was saying just now, that he rather expected him to return the latter part of next week."

"I shall be glad when he comes, for I long to know him," said Leo.

"And you will like him, I'm sure you will; he's a very steady young man; and Mr. Eastman has the greatest confidence in him, for I'll tell you, Mr. Eastman requires a great deal of out-door exercise, in fact its the only thing which keeps him alive, for he is most delicate in his appetite, and at times it utterly fails him, and when he is out in the open-air, which I have at last taught him to be partial to, you see he has some one at home who can take his place, and whom he can depend upon, and the customers are extremely partial to Mr. Abram; but there"—Here she was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing, and by the time it had subsided, Leo had finished his meal, and he left the room.

*To be continued.*

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*  
(Continued from page 88.)

But soon the down upon their top-lips came ;  
And the new beard—young life's depending bloom—  
Was shaved by neither ; neither wished to part  
With hair or curl ; no more they fought for love ;  
Each woo'd the maid in silence ; this was well,  
And kinder unto PHŒBE it did seem.  
Now she loved either : and the true love's knot  
She did, when ask'd to tie it, say, " not yet."  
This purpose very sore their feelings tries,  
And damps their cravings to be uppermost.  
BILL purchases a flute, and plays it soon  
To PHŒBE : nothing prosper'd ; JACK at last  
Grew pluckier, for he told the fisherman,  
*He* cared for her as well, but could not breathe  
Whole leagues of song o'er tea and butter'd toast  
As he did. Likewise said he, " Persevere,  
And blow thy music, man, 'twill gain thyself  
Full favour !"—BILL now thrice had clutch'd his knife  
For a dread sweep at JACK's down-streaming beard ;  
And all things look'd again unfavourably :  
But ere he rush'd on, intent gave way,  
He button'd up his coat, and made for home,  
Still planning. JACK, with crest bright, half-way down  
The narrow lane had scamper'd off from BILL.

And now the golden sun at eventide,  
Gilds distant steeples with his parting ray ;  
And troops, with bag and basket, great and small,  
Are trudging home from gleaning. PHŒBE GRAY  
(Her mother after tea not needing her)  
Went out to find her sisters, climb'd the hill,  
Just where the roads met, and a streamlet ran :  
And, looking down the hollow, saw the pair,  
RACHEL and FANNY, sitting on the sand,  
In large grey cloaks, and weather-beaten hats :  
Both single, with a still and quaint desire  
Ere long that state to alter. PHŒBE stopp'd  
Before their eyes, her face quite red with bloom.  
Then as these Graces drew together, JONES  
The group espied, and like a wounded sprite  
Came down into the hollow where they stood,  
And tried his best to join in merry-making.  
At this late hour comes GREEN—the die is cast !  
BILL feels a life-long anger in his heart.

All homeward sped, and merrily laugh'd the girls,  
And merrily ran their tongues, three happy tongues,  
Three happy tongues, all health and confidence :  
There mutual love, and honourable thoughts,

And whisperings prompting laughter. Morning broke ;  
 BILL like a babe, first cried ; then comes a wish  
 To search all nations to the uttermost ;  
 And give his mind a better stringing-up  
 Than it had seen for years. The wish review'd,  
 He two days after went away to sea,  
 To lose his idol in its solitudes.

JACK GREEN work'd hard at home ; no wrathful seas  
 For him ; but journeyings farmward : and in truth  
 GREEN's old white horse, and GREEN's old farming-cart  
 With both sides shelving over to gain space,  
 Rough redden'd with his ploughman's painting brush,  
 Not only to all market-folks were known,  
 But to the little bairns all round the town :  
 So, too, his portal-guarding lively whelp,  
 And peacock, screeching at his lonely farm,—  
 Which noisy pair were GREEN's choice minstrelsy.

Now comes a change, a rather sudden change,  
 Five souls far northward from their narrow house  
 Enter'd a larger dwelling : whither used  
 PHŒBE at times to go her Aunt to see ;  
 And once when there, and trifling with the cat,  
 It happen'd by mischance she slipt and fell :  
 The chair was broken she was sitting in ;  
 And while she lay reclining there, her Aunt  
 Call'd to her UNCLE JOHN, who quickly came ;  
 Another hand was stretch'd across to save ;  
 They took her hands in theirs, and on her fell !  
 Altho' a grave, and staid well-meaning pair,  
 Yet lying thus all sprawling, crabb'd and glum,  
 They seem'd as if a nightmare in the day  
 Had them bewilder'd : struggling on the floor  
 The venerable Uncle used his mouth,  
 And call'd his niece " young beggar !" then he pray'd  
 " Save us from *this*—whatever else may come."  
 And while he pray'd, got master of his legs  
 AUNT JANE and PHŒBE, clearing this mischance,  
 Both almost flew to him to rally him,—  
 Reporting that his Cochinchina fowls  
 Were wanting yet their supper. Would he go ?  
 There yet were many words before he went,  
 Went for the food. Would PHŒBE make their paste ?  
 And PHŒBE all at once consented to it,  
 Rejoicing at the chance to make all square.

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*


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### THE LINCOLNSHIRE SQUIRE.

The descendants of the ' Squire,' who is the hero of this strange story, continue to occupy the enviable position of an ancient county family. Less than a century ago, the Squire alluded to was guilty of the indiscretion of marrying



a young woman in a very humble station of life—a proceeding stigmatized by his relations as an unpardonable breach of family obligations.

Nevertheless, the headstrong Squire, Mr. Burnett, as I will call him, not only completed the *mésalliance*, but determined to make, on behalf of his lowly bride, a post-nuptial settlement, which promised to be highly detrimental to the interests of his probable successors.

It happened that he was, one night, busily engaged in examining the draft of the proposed settlement. He was in his study, situated on the first floor; raising his eyes for a moment, he became suddenly aware of a head, opposite to his own, which he instantly recognized as that of his deceased father. The first moment of awe and astonishment passed away; yet the head remained, fixed and frowning on him, while a shadowy hand seemed to extend itself in the direction of the papers that lay on the table.

Determined to ascertain whether or not he was the victim of some strange optical delusion, Mr. Burnett rose from his chair, and advanced upon the spectre. It retired before him, seeming to glide round the room, encircled by a kind of mist which blurred the outlines, but left the phantom visible.

After some vain attempts to reach it, Mr. B——abandoned the pursuit, and, descending to the lower apartments, in one of which his young wife was seated, he put on an appearance of indifference, and requested her to run up to the study, and bring down a paper he had left upon the table. He would at least have the testimony of another's senses besides his own.

A few moments after the young lady departed on her errand, a piercing shriek from above alarmed the household. Mr. Burnett rushed up-stairs, his servants following. His wife was lying insensible on the floor.

On being restored to consciousness, she declared that she had seen the head and shoulders of her husband's father, the face wearing an angry and threatening expression—and the whole, as it were, enveloped in a cloud.

"How," inquired the Squire, "could you recognize my father, whom I am sure you never saw?"

"It was the exact image of his portrait in the dining-room," was the answer, "but with a very stern expression."—*Spicer*.

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### THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET,

November the 9th, 1864.

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Feasting, after an epicurean manner, is not a custom which owes its origin to modern times. We have a minute description of a feast at Rome, when the Roman Emperor ruled the world, in *The Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter at which Opimian Falernian wine a hundred years old was drunk. Trimalchio, the host, says to his guests, "O dear! O dear! to think that wine should be longer lived than we poor manikins. Well, since it is so let us e'en drink till we can hold no more. There's life in wine. This is genuine Opimian, you may take my word for it. I did not put so good on my table yesterday, and I had much more respectable men than you to dine with me." Notwithstanding the candid remarks of Trimalchio, his guests sipped their wine and extolled all the fine things set before them.

Our modern host talks to his guests with less candour but more politeness. He has well defined rules to guide him in his conduct, and thus, public banquets, very much in their chief features resemble one another—always excepting the profusion of the entertainment and the number of guests. The banquet

of banquets in our day is the inaugural dinner given in the City of London by the newly elected Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. It derives its importance from a variety of causes—the rank of the principal guests who grace it by their presence, and the splendid hospitality with which they are entertained, are not perhaps, among the least important.

On the 9th of November of each year, after the City functionaries have been in procession to Westminster, and returned, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress receive the company who have been invited to the Banquet, in state, at Guildhall.

I will now relate the particulars as far as they passed under my notice, of the Banquet on the 9th of November last. The party which I accompanied started at half-past five o'clock, and we passed on without interruption until we reached the Poultry, where the police directed the coachman to rein in his horses; but a quick survey which a policeman made of the interior of the carriage showed him that we were going to the Guildhall, otherwise we should have been turned back. We passed on at once. It is the sight of the large envelope (size  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches) which contains your Ticket that enables you to pass so readily the barrier of police. Without any difficulty we fell into the line of carriages, and proceeded at a slow pace through King-street, into Guildhall-yard, where we were set down. Immediately on reaching the entrance lobby, which was decorated with military trophies, figures in armour, mirrors and flowering plants, the opportunity is afforded to those who have a top-coat or hat, or other article which they desire to place in safe custody, to do so, and they receive in exchange a ticket bearing a number.

On entering the Great Hall, which you do through an army of gorgeous footmen, your name is announced by stentorian lungs. You cross the Great Hall through a passage formed by previous arrivals, who having already been presented, are now watching the approach of the new comers. On your ascending the flight of steps, on the opposite side of the Hall, your name is again announced. You now enter a passage lined with ladies and gentlemen, and pass through several rooms, which are likewise filled with company, until you reach the handsomely fitted reception room, on entering which, you are announced for the third time. This room was thronged with elegantly dressed ladies, and gentlemen in some official costume or military uniform, court or evening dress. You approach the raised platform on which are stationed the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. There is no haste, every movement is most leisurely made. You are now at the foot of the steps which lead to the platform, and as you ascend them and come into the immediate presence of the host and hostess, your name is for the last time announced. The Lord Mayor will say something agreeable and cordially shake hands—otherwise, you bend to him and to the Lady Mayoress, and pass on.

You now join the throng who await to see the fresh arrivals, or, if more agreeable, take a survey of the numerous Works of Art which ornament the various chambers. The Great Hall, which was built in the reign of Henry the 4th, is adorned with the monuments of Pitt, Wellington, Nelson, Chatham, and Beckford, the Arms of former Lord Mayors, the Mottos and Flags of the Twelve principal Livery Companies round the cornice, and I must not forget the presence of the famous Gog and Magog. It has been pronounced by competent persons to be a Dining Hall unequalled in the world. In the Loggia of the Exchequer Court and Gallery leading to the Council Chamber, are Pictures and Sculpture. On the North side of the Aldermen's Court Room is a

conservatory in which is a scenic representation of Garibaldi recounting to his friends, on his arrival at Caprera, the particulars of his reception in England, and the presentation to him of the freedom of the city by the corporation of London in April last. In the court-yard at the western end of the same room another Conservatory is fitted up, containing a scenic representation of the arrival by night of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Stockholm.

It is especially interesting to remark the reception high personages and public men meet with from the company. The Lord Chancellor, with his daughter leaning on his arm, preceded by a crowd of ushers and followed by his train bearer, was the first "sensation" arrival that came under my notice. He had been preceded, however, by Lord Brougham, and M. M. Berryer and Desmarest, and several others. The ushers shout "The Lord Chancellor" continually as they proceed, and all eyes are turned upon the imposing robes worn by the "first subject" of the realm. The entrance of the Lord Chief Baron and the other judges in their robes of state, created much interest. It was nearly seven o'clock before the Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived—he was received with cheers. He entered alone, and wore the ordinary court dress, as did likewise Lord Palmerston, who followed soon after, and was the last guest of distinction who arrived. The Premier of eighty stepped on with a light step, and bowed his acknowledgements to the company, who greeted him with hearty cheers. His reception was the most enthusiastic of any.

The general company now seek their appointed places at the tables, which is a matter of no difficulty, for every one is provided with a printed representation of the tables, showing him his seat marked in colour, the others being plain. At seven o'clock, the approach of the Lord Mayor from the reception room is heralded in brazen voices by trumpeters, who head the procession. After the trumpeters come the mace and sword bearers, and other officials, who are followed by the Lord Mayor. The Premier, having the Lady Mayoress on his arm, came after his lordship, and next, according to their rank, follow the principal guests. On entering the Great Hall, the party turned to the right and passed the Nelson Monument, and made the circuit of the Hall before they reached the upper end. The band of the Guards, under the direction of Mr. Godfrey, played a selection of music during the dinner. The Rev. Dr. Mortimer, the Lord Mayor's chaplain, said grace.

Excepting the soup and the game everything is served cold. The guests numbered about 1,000, and the following is the Bill of Fare with which they were regaled:—500 Tureens of real Turtle Soup, containing 5 pints each, 400 Bottles of Sherbet, 58 Dishes of Fish, 168 Turkeys, 120 roast Pullets, 180 Fowls, 140 Capons, 100 French Pies, 118 Pigeon Pies, 106 Hams, 86 Tongues, 2 Barons of Beef, 5 Rounds of Beef, 26 Rumps and Sirloins, 120 Dishes of Mashed Potatoes, 260 Jellies, 100 Blancmanges, 237 Tarts (various), 120 Mince Pies, 112 Salads, 12 Leverets, 160 Pheasants, 48 Geese, 160 Partridges, 60 Wild Fowl, 4 Pea Fowls, 200 Pine Apples (from 2 lbs to 3 lbs. each), 400 Dishes of Hot-house Grapes, 500 Ice Creams, 100 Dishes of Apples, 200 Dishes of Pears, 120 ornamented Savoy Cakes, 150 Plates of Walnuts, 160 Plates of Dried Fruit and Preserves, 100 Plates of Preserved Ginger, 120 Plates of Rout Cakes and Chips, 92 Plates of Brandy Cherries. There were many other dishes which I need not stay to enumerate. The Wines were Champagne, Moselle, Hock, Claret, Madeira, Port and Sherry. There was likewise a plentiful supply of that element which enjoys the special



patronage of total abstainers, I did not, however, observe anyone touch a water decanter. Before each guest is a pile of some half-dozen plates, together with the "Bill of Fare" elegantly printed on tinted paper, and likewise a "Description of the Decorations, Musical Arrangements, &c., &c.," in the form of a pamphlet in an illuminated glazed cover.

"Eat, drink and be merry" was the sentiment now most vigorously carried into practice by all. Whatever you desired to take, it could only be your own fault if you did not get it, for the attentions you received from the numerous waiters, were, if anything, rather too oppressive, in that way. To illustrate the utter disregard of indigestion generally displayed, I will enumerate what I saw crowded on the plate of a young lady who sat near me. On her plate were at one and the same time, a half of a large pear, a slice of Pine Apple, some ice cream, a slice of Savoy Cake, some fine grapes, and some blancmange and jelly. I don't mean to infer, that the lady in question disposed of all these nice things, oh no! before she could have eaten all, I noticed that her plate had been removed and another placed in its stead. This one in its turn again became crowded.

In due course Mr. Harker, the toastmaster, gave the loving-cup. "The cloth having been removed," "Non Nobis Domine" was sung by the vocalists, who were under the direction of Mr. Edwin Gray. After the first toast had been drunk, which was done with all the honors, the National Anthem was sung. It was not until Viscount Palmerston rose to return thanks for the toast which had just been drunk (the health of Lord Palmerston and Her Majesty's Ministers), that the attention of the company generally became directed towards the proceedings which were taking place at the Lord Mayor's table. The noble Premier was the first speaker whose words could be understood in remote parts of the Hall, and he received while speaking, constant marks of approbation from his auditory.

The feasting may now be said to be concluded, and the undivided attention of the company is given to the speeches. The other speakers who were received with most applause were Lord Brougham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and M. Berryer.

The Lord Chief Baron took his departure about half past ten o'clock, and Mr. Gladstone followed his example immediately after he had delivered his speech. On the Lord Mayor's rising from table the company broke up, and the votaries of Terpsichore repaired to the beautifully decorated ball-room prepared for their reception. The ninth of November is a proud day for the City of London, and a costly one to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

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#### TIT FOR TAT.

A quaker coming to town with his team, was laid hold of, and taken before a justice for riding on the shafts of his cart, and fined forty shillings. The quaker, without any hesitation, threw down two guineas; when the justice offered him two shillings change. Ay, says the quaker, but thou hast been at so much trouble, thee mayest keep the two shillings to thyself; only write it down on a bit of paper for my satisfaction; which the justice accordingly did, and gave a receipt for two guineas, but not upon stamped paper. The quaker immediately goes to a neighbouring justice, shews him the receipt, tells him he has just taken it, and asked, if it were according to law? No, said the justice, it should have been stamped. On which the justice who levied the fine, was brought before the quorum, and fined in the penalty of five pounds.

### THE AMERICAN CONFLICT.

It is a notorious fact that the great mass of the English people entertain a strong aversion for human bondage. On the other hand, judging from the tone of the Press and other utterances of public opinion, it appears equally evident that, in this American war, a large majority of the nation have conferred their sympathies upon the South, on whose success or failure hangs the success or failure of slavery. Hence naturally arises the question: "How can this glaring inconsistency of a great people be accounted for?" A question well worth investigating, and the solution of which we respectfully submit to the reader in this paper.

When committing an act, or adopting an opinion inconsistent with his moral principles, man, ever ingenious in such cases, is not at a loss to blind himself, and throw dust into the eyes of his fellow-creatures. So it is that, in the present American conflict, the English people are endeavouring to reconcile two utterly irreconcilable things, namely, their opposition to human bondage, and their leaning to the champion of slavery.

Many of them assume that the South is not fighting for its peculiar institution, that slavery has nothing to do with the present war; and having thus summarily disposed of the chief point, they feel perfectly justified in conferring their sympathies on the weaker party, *the one striving for independence*. This would do admirably well, if their assumption were grounded, but it is not, and instead of having nothing to do with the war, we contend that slavery has every thing to do with it, at least on the Southern side of the question. This point we shall endeavour to settle in as few words as possible.

If the Confederates are not fighting for their peculiar institution, we ask, "What are they fighting for?" We expect the reply to be "Independence." True enough, but independence as the means of forwarding the cause of slavery. If slavery had not existed in the Southern States, would the Southern States have thought of seceding? Or, even with slavery existing in the South, if the North had allowed the South to have her own way, would she have ever thought of secession? Most certainly not. And the circumstances under which the secession took place evidently show it. In the Presidential election of 1860, there were two candidates, representing the great points at issue between the two sections: Douglas, the Southern candidate, standing on the platform based upon the extension of slavery, and Lincoln, the Northern candidate, standing on the opposite platform.

Douglas was the man pledged, like so many Presidents, to let the South have her own way, whereas Lincoln, on the contrary, was bound to check the encroachments of slavery; he was to say to the slaveholders, "Gentlemen, you have been far enough, and shall go no further. We, of the Free States, refuse to act any longer as slave-catchers, bloodhounds of slavery, your accomplices in schemes tending to perpetuate and extend the baneful institution." Now, so long as the contest was undecided, the Southern States remained in the Union, yet all the while openly threatening to part company, in case Lincoln should be the successful candidate. And they made good their word, for the election of Lincoln was the very signal of rebellion. Now, we ask, had the Southerners elected their own candidate, would they have parted with the North? It would be absurd to reply in the affirmative; therefore it is safe to conclude that slavery is essentially the cause of the secession, the cause of the conflict which is deluging America with blood. And not only is slavery the very essence of the main material interest involved in the strife, but it also lies at the bottom of the minor motives which have concurred to bring about the deplorable event.

The bitter hatred to their Northern brothers, which rankles in the bosoms of the Southerners, is chiefly owing to slavery, on account of this their favourite institution being opposed and held up to the odium of the world by a considerable party in the North. Even the tariff interest, on which so great a stress has been laid by some English journals, proceeds from the peculiar institution, which has been the great impediment to industry and manufactures flourishing in the Southern States. With manufactures existing in the South, it is evident that the tariff would not affect her differently to the Free States; the interest would be the same in both sections, and consequently this minor cause of secession could not exist. We might go on and show that, in whatever way you turn the question, you can, if you but open your eyes, see slavery staring you in the face.

But it seems almost idle to discuss this point, as the Southerners themselves have pleaded "guilty," and boldly declared that slavery should be the corner-stone of the new political edifice. They have even gone so far as to boast that they would revive the slave trade. In the face of such declarations, is it not passing strange that their good friends on this side of the Atlantic, should so strenuously endeavour to represent them as white as snow?

Here the question presents itself: "Whatever may be the purpose, has not a community an indisputable right to form

an Independent State, or, if we may use a business-like language, have they not a right to dissolve the partnership, and set up a shop on their own account?" No, a thousand times, no, if it is with the avowed object to carry on an immoral business, or, speaking more plainly, to establish a slave-shop. Oftentimes have we heard Poland mentioned as a parallel case with the Southern Confederacy. In the name of justice and humanity, what sort of analogy can possibly exist between a chivalrous nation, bleeding and tortured for desiring the sacred rights of man, and a pack of petty tyrants fighting for the abominable cause of human bondage?

Now, viewing the Northern side of the question, we must say, that, although the war originated with the opposition of the North to the encroachments of the South, we cannot allow them the credit of fighting for the abolition of slavery. The Yankees use abolition as a means of crippling their adversaries, and removing the cause of secession, in case the Union should be restored. But, whatever their motives may be, it is nevertheless palpable that, if they fail, slavery will be more rampant than ever in the South; whereas, if they succeed, their Augean stables will be cleaned, and the filthy rubbish for ever swept out of the Republic.

Having disposed of those who deny perceiving slavery in the conflict, we come to such as confess that they can see it. Aye, they do see slavery, but they do not find it so repulsive after all. They have suddenly fallen in love with the ugly dame. Hateful as she was to them before the war, she has, it would seem, greatly improved in their eyes since she has been the cause of secession, and has been swimming in streams of human blood. The foul stain, which disgraced the banner of the United States, has, by a wonderful transformation, become a glorious star on the Confederate flag. According to these conscientious people, the slaves in America are so happy and comfortable, that it would be dire cruelty to break their fetters, and give them freedom. "They are better off than our English labourers," they say. In the face of such an assertion, what becomes of the belief so fondly entertained that English institutions are the very best in the world? The English labourers worse off than slaves! Well, if civilization and progress can but produce such a state of things, let us, by all means, retrace our steps, and hasten back to the dark ages, when serfdom was the happy foundation of the social edifice.

We must acknowledge, however, that among such as can discern slavery in the question, all are not so nimble that they can conveniently execute such a wonderful

"face-about." Some have preserved an honest aversion for slavery, but nevertheless wish success to the Confederates. Why? Because, they say, the Confederates once independent will abolish slavery; which comes to this, that they are going to give up the very institution they are fighting for. On being asked how the happy result will be effected, they answer that abolition will be forced upon the Confederacy by the moral influence of the civilized world. Good souls that fancy themselves in the middle of millennium! Unfortunately, it is but a dream; the time is yet far off when the lion will fraternize with the lamb, and the tiger roam free about our thoroughfares. Moral influence! England and France know but too well that it required something stronger than moral influence to check the advance of the Russian bear. Again, more recently, did not Piedmont and France learn, at a heavy cost, that moral influence was not sufficient to wrest fair Italy out of the talons of the Austrian eagle? And when moral influence has been the only means resorted to, what has been the result? Let heroic Poland, weltering in her blood at the feet of the Czar, give the melancholy and eloquent answer. So much for moral influence. After all, such assumptions are but so many more or less ingenious devices serving to blind one's self, and disguise the real, the living motive, which lurks at the bottom of the heart. Now, what is that motive? Methinks he will touch the right chord, who answers that it is national interest, or at least, what is thought to be national interest.

We are not disposed to be exceedingly severe to the English people, and it would be perhaps too much to require them to prefer the welfare of humanity at large to the interest of the British Empire. Self-abnegation, which is not a common virtue among individuals, is almost a nonentity among nations. To wish for the humbling and reduction of a rival who threatens to become exceedingly powerful, is very natural, if not generous, and the feeling, now prevalent in the English mind, would most likely exist with any other nation under the same circumstances. But why not declare it frankly? Why not come forward boldly and say to the Yankees: "You are our rivals, and if allowed to increase hereafter in the same ratio as these last fifty or sixty years, you will soon surpass the British Empire in commerce, industry, wealth, and power; therefore we are anxious that the South should make her separation permanent, as then you would have at your very door a rival power whose interest must be to oppose your aggrandizement.

We grant that such language would not



sound very well. Besides the retort of the Yankees would rather grate on English ears, for they might say: "What has become of that fierce hatred for slavery which you were in the habit of professing? Your conduct in this respect appears to us very unjust and inconsistent. You taunted us about an institution which your forefathers forced upon the American colonists; you raised an outcry because we did not do away with it; *it was a disgrace, a blot on our national escutcheon*; and now that the very same institution is at stake, now that its fate depends on the issue of the conflict, your good wishes are for the very party whose success would insure its existence."

There is another reason, a secondary one, for which the English would rejoice at the humbling and reduction of the United States. We say it in plain words: John Bull entertains a cordial hatred for Brother Jonathan; a feeling, which, by the way, Jonathan repays with liberal interest. The signs of that animosity have been so unmistakably exhibited both in words and deeds, that there cannot remain the least doubt about it. True, now and then, at international banquets, a more congenial feeling may be expressed; on like occasions, generous wine is apt to inspire generous sentiments, so much so that, judging from the speeches and toasts, one might think that the two nations are going to fall into each other's arms; but it nevertheless remains a fact that the hearts of the two people are far from beating in fraternal unison. The cause of that mutual aversion is a matter of history. Two communities which part company under such circumstances as led to American independence, dislike each other ever afterwards. The oppressive measures of the English government, and the excesses of the English soldiers, and especially their German auxiliaries, left, in the bosom of Jonathan a sour leaven, which subsequently produced its natural consequences. As he grew up and developed his young frame, the naughty boy did not always show the greatest respect to his mother; he now and then indulged in "big talk," and committed overbearing acts, some of which she swallowed, but found too hard of digestion, so that now it would relieve her exceedingly, if that gigantic son of hers, on the other side of the Atlantic, became reduced to more moderate proportions.

Laying aside the motives, there is no question about the party which the majority of the English favour with their good wishes. And, as the wish is the natural progenitor of the thought, they believe, or at least, endeavour to persuade themselves that the Confederates will ultimately achieve their independence. With all due

regard for their feelings, we must say, however, that our conviction is the opposite way. We firmly believe that the disruption will not be permanent, and that the present Disunited-States will be "United" again, and more strongly than ever. Let us look at the facts, and see how far they justify the assertion.

That, in the first stage of the war, the Federals, owing to their lack of preparation, were far inferior to the Confederates, in point of ability and soldiership, is a fact which cannot be denied. But it should be acknowledged, on the other hand, that they subsequently profited admirably well by the hard lessons they received at the hands of their opponents, and at the present time they are, in both respects, fully competent to cope with their adversaries. In regard to generalship, such men as Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, may well be thrown into the scale, without fear of being outweighed by Lee, Beauregard, and Early. Grant has exhibited sufficient ability, and if he has not yet accomplished his task, it is simply because it is the most arduous. With a tenacity of purpose which has almost become proverbial, he has cut his way close to, and planted himself before Richmond, and seems determined to hold there until that stronghold of slavery is open to his legions. Sherman, who is perhaps the best of the Yankee generals, has made such a bold advance into the enemies' territory, as the annals of war have seldom recorded, and he has conducted it with an ability and pluck not unworthy of Hannibal or Napoleon. Sheridan has by a succession of victories, proved himself far superior to his opponent Early. His victory at Cedar Creek bears a striking resemblance to the battle of Marengo. The action was commenced and lost during his absence, but he no sooner made his appearance than the scale turned at once, and a complete rout was changed into a brilliant victory. If this does not show a masterly generalship, we do not know what does.

As regards soldiership, the Federal troops have of late showed themselves no-wise inferior to the Confederates, and it may be added that, during the whole war, they have, as well as their opponents, proved that they could not be demoralized. It has often been wondered at that, although many stupendous engagements have taken place, yet there has been no decisive battle. The reason lies simply in the tenaciousness of both contending parties. A battle is decisive, owing, not so much to the material losses inflicted by the victors, as to the demoralizing effect produced on the vanquished, so that, if the moral energy remains unimpaired after a defeat, the conflict goes on with unabated vigour. Such

is the most remarkable feature of this almost unparalleled war. Defeats seem to have no effect on the minds of the troops, and it appears evident now that the conflict can come to a close only through the sheer exhaustion of one of the two combatants.

It being sufficiently demonstrated that the qualities required in warfare are nearly equally balanced between the North and South, the question is now reduced to its simplest expression, and can be presented in a mathematical formula: "Given two contending parties with equal generalship, courage and tenacity, but with unequal resources in men, money, &c., which of the two will come off victorious?" Why, a mere child can give the answer. It is almost unnecessary to add that the North is the party with the greater resources, as nobody at all acquainted with the two sections of the United States, will say that it is the South.

Now that he has come to a conclusion, the writer begs to be allowed a personal remark. He would not be at all surprised if the reader, from the tenor of the article, supposed it to have been inspired by unkind feelings to the English, and partiality to the Yankees. Not so; for so far as social qualities are concerned, he gives a decided preference to the English people. This declaration he makes without fear of its being thought a flattery, as he does not suppose John Bull so excessively modest as to deem himself unworthy of the compliment. The feeling by which the writer has been prompted is an intense hatred for slavery, which he holds to be a curse to mankind in general, and perhaps more detrimental to the white than to the black race.

*Dauphiné*

#### AFFECTION REWARDED.

A young German prince, who had not long been married, presented to his youthful bride several of the sons of the first families in his little principality, to serve her in the capacity of pages. Among these the handsome Ernestus was especially distinguished for his mild and polished manners; he gained the commendation and esteem of every person who conversed with him; and the prince himself was so charmed with his behaviour, that he one day did his father the honour to repair to the old mansion in which he resided, to congratulate him on having so amiable a son. While he was conversing with him, he saw enter a young maiden of great beauty; but so exactly resembling Ernestus, that the prince could scarcely believe she was not his page in a female dress. She had his features, his eyes, his manner, and the very tone of his

voice. She was in fact his twin-sister Ernestina.

The great are as often the prey of sudden and violent passions as other men, and perhaps more frequently. The prince could not resist the beauty of Ernestina; and when he left her residence, he carried the shaft of love deeply infixed in his heart. He made several more visits to her father, who soon began to perceive that this honour was not addressed entirely to himself. His daughter, whose virtue was irreproachable perceived the same; yet the prince repeated his visits, and the public began to interpret them in a manner not very favourable to the reputation of Ernestina. In this embarrassment, her father, acting in concert with his daughter, caused a report to be circulated that she was extremely ill, and, soon after, that she was dead.

He then repaired to court, but did not find the prince there, which gave him not a little pleasure, as his absence was particularly favourable to the project he had formed. He addressed himself to the princess, and discovered to her the passion of her husband. "Madam," said he, "it is in your power to save the prince from an act of infidelity, and at the same time preserve the honour of my family. The tender maiden who is the cause of my fears is the twin-sister of Ernestus: she resembles him so perfectly, that even the affection of a father at times finds a difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. By an act of generosity you may render service to yourself, and bestow upon me such a favour as will never be effaced from my memory."

At these words he stopped, and shedding tears, he stood before her wringing his hands in the utmost grief and agitation. The princess was not less disturbed and agitated than he; she begged him at once to explain himself, and he thus continued:—

"The request, which I would make to you upon my knees, is this. Permit my daughter to assume the dress of her brother Ernestus, and let me confide her to your virtue. She will deceive every eye: she will be Ernestus to every other person but yourself by her remarkable resemblance to him; she will be Ernestina only to you. I will send her brother away privately, to seek glory in the armies of the emperor. I can discover only this means, strange as it may appear, to preserve to you the fidelity of a husband whom you love, and to shield me and my family from an ignominy, which would soon bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Great evil will certainly come upon us, if you do not comply with my earnest and respectful

prayer; for, sooner or later, the prince must learn that Ernestina is not dead; and how will it be possible to resist so violent a passion in a man, whose sovereign power frees him from every law but his own will?"

The good sense of the princess would not suffer her to listen to this proposal, without stating the almost unanswerable objection to which it was liable. She perceived how difficult it would be to keep such a secret long, which, should it be found out, would only tend to accelerate the very danger it was intended to avoid.—“Besides,” added she, “how can I prevent a page from seeing his comrades? and, though they should continually take your daughter for Ernestus—an oversight which we can hardly imagine—can we be perfectly sure that a young girl of her age will not conceive a partiality for one of these young men, especially in the midst of the liberty, and perhaps, I may almost add, the licentiousness, in which they appear to live?”

The father of Ernestina did not attempt to answer these objections, except by his tears, which he shed copiously, holding his hands before his eyes. The princess was greatly moved, and, consulting only the goodness of her own tender heart, said to him: “Worthy to be admired, venerable old man, I will not afflict your silver hairs: your reasons have not persuaded me, but your virtuous grief compels me to undertake this hazardous enterprise. I will receive Ernestina, and I will watch over her as if she were my own daughter. I will do all that is in my power to serve you, and leave the rest to the will of heaven.” These consoling words restored new life to the aged parent of Ernestina, and language failed him to express his gratitude. Ernestus was called. He came, and the plan which had been adopted was imparted to him. He acquiesced in what was proposed, and set out with his father, telling his companions that he would be with them again on the following day.

Scarcely had he arrived at his father's house, when the worthy man, fondly embracing him, addressed him thus:—“Go, my son, seek glory in your country's cause: you cannot fail to find it, since you enter on your career to save the virtue of your sister, and to protect your family from shame. But never forget that you will still have an affectionate father; and be careful of your life, that you may return home again to close his eyes.” His sister threw herself at the same time, into the arms of her amiable brother, and soon after he departed.

The next day the modest Ernestina arrived at the court of the prince, dressed as a page, much fatigued, and exceedingly

embarrassed. She was, as it was hoped, taken for Ernestus, whose appearance of trouble and melancholy was attributed to his grief for the death of his sister. But how would she be able to reply to all the questions of her companions? She had never seen them before; she did not know even their names. The recollection of this circumstance, which had not at first occurred to her, made a very forcible impression upon her, and not without reason. Each of these youthful pages reminded her of different incidents which had happened previously. She knew not what they referred to, and she could only answer by shedding tears, and appearing to be confused. All were convinced that the grief of Ernestus was poignant in the extreme, threatening almost to rob him of his senses: his memory had evidently become impaired by it. Happily for the timid beauty, the princess, having been informed of her arrival, sent for her immediately. But her embarrassment was still greater when she appeared before her highness in the dress of a man: she, however, only received greater proofs of favour and regard from her protectress, who led her into her private chamber, and embraced her as her daughter.

Virtue is ingenious: the princess with great prudence, availed herself of the confusion and sorrow of the fair Ernestina to deliver her from the painful position in which she felt herself. She told the governor of the pages that their mirth was too boisterous for the present heart-felt anguish of Ernestus, and she requested that a chamber might be assigned him at some distance from them. A lady of honour, of an advanced age, and whom the princess had previously made her confidante, proposed a small closet, or cabinet, near her own apartment, which she undertook—since, as she said, Ernestus was her relation—to see should be immediately provided with every thing necessary. This arrangement, which had really nothing in it sufficiently peculiar to excite any extra attention, or suspicion, secured Ernestina from all communication with the other pages; and it also removed her farther, for some time, from the sight of the prince, who, besides, was very frequently absent. When the princess did not fear to be surprised, she caused Ernestina to be brought into her chamber by the old lady of honour, where she treated her with the warmest friendship. She was delighted with her mildness, her politeness, and her virtuous and grateful heart. When the prince made longer journeys, which detained him from home several days, she would make Ernestina sleep in her chamber, and even in her bed.



But at length the pages began to be greatly surprised that they no longer saw Ernestus among them, and they talked in various ways about the conduct of their mistress, which seemed to them so extraordinary. They could no longer believe in so protracted a grief for the death of a sister, some said, amidst much laughter, that perhaps the old lady of honour had fallen in love with him; others suggested that he was perhaps himself enamoured of some younger beauty. The princess, being informed of these little scandals, thought to silence them by producing Ernestina as a page, who had been promoted beyond the rest; but, as it was not the turn of Ernestus to receive this extra honour, the rest murmured loudly at seeing him so soon raised above them to the rank of "gentleman to the prince," and envy succeeded their jokes. The princess, however; by this time, had contracted such a friendship and affection for Ernestina, that she could not refrain from passing with her, in all the security of innocence, every moment in which she was at liberty both by day and by night.

It chanced that, one night, the first page, who was older than Ernestus, and always jealous of the preference which had been given to the latter, was dispatched by the prince with a letter for the princess, which he had a special charge to deliver only into her hands, even if she had retired to rest, which she had at this time. In consequence of these orders, he was introduced to her, and, when he gave her the letter, he perceived that there was a companion in bed with her, and he recognized the features of Ernestus. Impelled by envy, the page flew to his master, and told him what he had seen with his own eyes.

The violation of conjugal honour is the most cruel of injuries. The prince having no doubt as to the infamy of his wife, became furious. He set out at once for home, to exterminate the perfidious pair, and arrived at his court the following night. The princess, who did not expect him for three days longer was sleeping tranquilly by the side of the virtuous Ernestina. The air of modesty and innocence impressed on their features, arrested for a moment the arm which was raised to destroy them. Providence, the protector of innocence from harm, caused the princess to awake, and dictated to her the following words:

"Stop, rash man! you believe you are about to take vengeance on guilt, but it is virtue you are about to sacrifice to your ignorant rage. You have been made to suspect *me without cause*; but I will say something which will make *you* blush. Behold in me, your wife, the protectress of that innocence which you wished to

violate, in contempt of the fidelity which you owe to me. Criminal lover of the sister of Ernestus! It is in your own bed that I have sheltered her purity from your violence. This is Ernestina, who is not dead, whom you see in your place. Kill me now, if you dare, but respect the virtue I protect."

These words stunned like a thunderbolt the deeply humiliated prince. The sword dropped from his trembling hand; he sank down upon his knees before his insulted wife; and then left the chamber overwhelmed with shame, and with every indication of a true repentance. The princess now rang her bell. The trembling Ernestina had fainted at the sight of the sword suspended over her head, and it was some time before she recovered her consciousness. The princess caused her to resume her female habit, and, when she was herself dressed, directed that her husband should be called. He came with grief and regret depicted on his countenance. He acknowledged and detested his error. The princess was now in his eyes a sublime and adorable woman; but Ernestina a celestial angel, whom he dared not even to look upon. He drove from him, without pity, the envious page, who had calumniated two such exalted women. He sincerely returned to the fidelity which he owed the princess, and of which he found her so eminently worthy. She soon after became a mother. A son was born unto them. He then repaired to the father of Ernestina, and said to him—"Since you possess so much honour, let me request you to communicate the germ of it to the heir to my principality. I request you to undertake some part of the education of my son." The old man endeavoured to excuse himself from accepting such an employment on account of his age; but the prince replied. "You will be assisted not only by your excellent daughter, from whom the princess will not suffer herself to be separated, but likewise by your son, who will soon return from the army. I will take care of the fortunes of both; formed to virtue by you, they will instil the love of it into my child."

ANECDOTE.—The celebrated financier Bouret was connected, in his youth, with the famous actress Gaussin; and, having at that time nothing but expectations, he gave her his signature to a blank paper, to fill up at her pleasure when he should have acquired a fortune. He became farmer-general, and was not without some uneasiness on account of this paper. Mademoiselle Gaussin returned it to him, containing only these words: "I promise to love Gaussin as long as I live."

## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

Oct. 1st. Peterborough Bridge Fair was proclaimed by the usual functionaries. There were shown 5,000 beasts, 180 sheep, besides which there were 375 rams, which in many instances only realized mutton prices. There were 700 horses and ponies. The show of wood was larger than usual, and good prices were made. Onions plentiful, but business slow.

*James Carrat*, son of the highway-surveyor of Bicknor, was charged at the Sessions-house, Boston, with stealing half-a-dozen rabbit traps, the property of John Sharp, farmer, and was committed for trial at the next sessions.

The Rev. H. L. Mansel, B.D., was installed an Honorary Canon of Peterborough Cathedral.

The shock of the great explosion at Erith, which occurred this morning about 7 o'clock, was distinctly felt at many places in the Fens. It is fresh in the recollection of persons at Lincoln, that the great Hounslow explosion was heard on various elevated points in Lincolnshire, particularly at Burton, near Lincoln. At one farm in that parish, on the edge of the cliff, the report was so distinct that parties at work assumed it to be from blastings for the Greetwell railway cutting, then in progress.

3rd. A fire broke out at Earith near a wheelwright's shop. A fire engine was soon on the spot but was found to be in so neglected a state as to be perfectly useless. The damages were estimated at about 800*l*. The fire was caused by a boy 6 years old, son of Mr. Flavel, who had lighted a match, which on burning his fingers, he threw it away, hence the conflagration.

William Guest was driving a waggon near Molesworth, when a herd boy, named Read, ran after the waggon and hung on behind. The boy's left foot became entangled in the spokes of the wheel, which twisted it completely off. The driver was made aware of the sad occurrence by the cries of the boy, and he stopped his horses immediately. The unfortunate lad's boot, with the foot in it, was picked up on the road.

A large fire broke out on the farmstead of Lieut. Stephenson, of Warren House, Burnham, about 4 miles south of Barton. The produce of 250 acres was utterly destroyed, together with implements of husbandry and farm buildings, making a total loss of about 4000*l*. The reflection in the atmosphere was seen by many persons at Louth, a distance of about 30 miles.

4th. A gardener, named Thomas Woodcock, 68 years of age, was seen to walk into the river Nene at Woodstone, near Peterborough, while in a state of intoxication. He was dead when taken out of the water.

5th. Mr. Frank Wildbore formerly landlord of the Stamford Hotel, committed suicide by hanging, at Bury, Suffolk. Previously to removing to Stamford, deceased had been for several years head waiter at the Saracen's Head, Lincoln. He had likewise occupied the White Hart Hotel, Wisbech.

A serious gunshot accident happened to Mr. E. Howard, steward to O. Hambrough, Esq., of Pipwell Hall, Kettering, whilst out shooting.

The annual exhibition of the Peterborough Agricultural Society was held to-day. The show generally was a great improvement on former years. In Stock, Mr. J. Maxwell's fat ox, 4½ years old, took the 1st prize. Mr. John Craig took the prize for the best fat cow; Mr. J. Whitwell carried off the prize for the best bull. The 1st prize for the best milch cow was awarded to Mr. S. Middleton. In Horses, Mr. S. Gale, exhibited the best 4-year old hunter. In the class for the best boar, of a large breed, the prize was awarded to a fine *sow* belonging to Mr. R. Bird. The mistake was afterwards rectified and Mr. Y. Holdich obtained the first prize. The show of implements was small. The poultry show was a new feature in connection with the Society and was a marked success. The Dinner took place at the Wentworth Hotel, and Mr. W. Wells, of Holme, presided.

An inquest was held at Islip, on the body of William Brown, of Thrapston, mason, who met with his death on the previous day. The unfortunate man's corpse was found in that part of the river Nene, known as Ewell Pit, where the depth of water ranges from 14 to 20 feet. The jury brought in a verdict of "Found drowned."

6th. The dead body of a man was discovered in the Nene, between the Great Northern and Midland Bridges at Peterborough. His pockets were rifled and there were other circumstances which seemed to indicate foul play. An inquest was opened at the Crown Hotel, Fletton, before W. Lawrence, esq., the coroner for Norman Cross. The man's name was Henry Barratt; he was a woodman residing at Glapthorne, near Oundle.

7th. The cause of *West v. Young* was decided last week by Mr. Jones, of Ramsey, the arbitrator, by mutual consent. It will be remembered the action was brought by Stephen West, the out-going tenant of the Newton Hall estate, for growing seed, and tillage against Mr. Young. Mr. Young's valuation was 275*l*. 5*s*. 10*d*., which he paid into court, and Mr. West's 758*l*. 19*s*. 6*d*.. The arbitrator ordered payment of 683*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. to Mr. West.

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# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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## THE NEW YEAR.

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“ A happy new year ” to all our Readers!

How little did we think, on the 2nd of January, 1864, that we should greet you thus on the 2nd of January, 1865! Such, however, is the case, and you have our best wishes for your health, happiness, and prosperity.

In the spring of last year we conceived an idea—we hope time will prove that it was a *bright* idea—and we carried it out in the July following. Hitherto, this idea, which took the shape of a MONTHLY PERIODICAL, has received very flattering marks of favour; and, considering the beginning of a New Year as a special occasion, we make our politest bow, and return our grateful thanks.

Having done so, we feel at liberty to “ whip out our Leader ” forthwith.

We should think there are very few people, who do not indulge a hope that some event will take place “ this year,” which will either be conducive to their pleasure or profit.

There are those who can name the event to which they are looking forward with intense satisfaction. Here is a young man who has been bound, for a number of years, in the parsimonious fetters of a “ crusty ” guardian, and who will come of age, and be free from all further restraint and interference, upon a certain day, which is close at hand. He is trembling to have the reins in his own guidance, and to enter upon the world on his own account. He longs to be able to direct his steps to places, whither his own inclination leads him; to go out when he likes, and to return home at what hour he thinks proper, and most convenient to himself. He chuckles over the time when he shall be able to replenish his purse when it is empty, without being compelled to sue, almost in *formâ pauperis*, this “ stingy ” guardian, who never advances him an amount of money, without trying to impress upon him a well-known fact—that “ twelve pence make a shilling,” and if the “ pence be taken care of, the pounds will take care of themselves.” All the hints to avoid certain company, and all the advice as it regards the future, proffered by the friend to whom a parent has, on his dying bed, committed the guardianship of his son’s minority, have been treated by this young man as the babblings of an imbecile in his dotage, or as the senseless ravings of an “ old fogey ” who “ never was young himself.” Now, as it regards this young



man—and our remarks will apply to many—we cannot help wishing to see him otherwise affected, even towards the *powers that be*, before the day of his freedom comes. We see great fear, lest when this long-looked for *twenty-first birthday* shall have passed, he will imperil his future by acts of indiscretion, from which he was previously withheld by well-arranged circumstances, over which, it was lucky for him, that he had no control.

What appears to a young man to be the most desirable is not always the most safe for him. Heathen Mythology affords us a happy illustration. Whatever a certain young man, who was “naturally of a lively disposition,” once required of his father, was to be granted him, in order to gratify pride, and to let the world see who and what this young man was, but no sooner was the request complied with than dreadful consequences ensued. We will give you the illustration entire, and, if it should cause any young man, who is now about to shuffle off the coil of his minority, to make a few reflections upon his position, our time will not have been mis-spent.

Phaëton was generally acknowledged to be the son of Phœbus and Clymene, one of the Oceanides, although a different parentage is given to him by Hesiod and Apollodorus. He was considered to be a very handsome young man. Venus fell in love with him, and entrusted him with the superintendence of one of her temples. This especial mark of favour being conferred upon him by the renowned goddess, puffed him up with vanity and pride. He, however, was to have his pride checked by the ungentlemanly remarks of one Epaphus, the son of Jupiter, who questioned his origin. The indignant Phaëton immediately visited the palace of the Sun. He begged Phœbus to give him some incontestible proof that he really was his father, and to place him in a position to assert boldly his legitimacy. Phœbus swore by the river Styx, that whatever request he might make to him should be at once granted, and, no sooner had the oath been taken, than the sum total of Phaëton's desires manifested itself in this extraordinary demand, *to drive his father's chariot for one day!* Phœbus urged upon him that his request was highly improper, that it would be attended with the greatest risk, but, all in vain, and as the oath of Phœbus was inviolable, the only chance left to paternal tenderness, was to offer his son his best advice, as to how he was to proceed through the regions of the air. The explicit directions of Phœbus were, however, either forgotten or neglected; and no sooner did the young man get the reins into his own hands than he showed an utter incapacity to drive the chariot of the Sun. The flying steeds soon became sensible of the ignorance and inexperience of the charioteer, and immediately got out of the usual track. Phaëton repented too late of his rashness and self-confidence, and already both heaven and earth appeared destined to be destroyed by an universal conflagration. Jupiter, however, perceiving the disorder of the horses of the sun, struck the driver to the earth with one of his thunderbolts, and the catastrophe was averted.

Rash, headstrong young men, beware of a fatal termination to your course, which this illustration warns you to avoid. Self-confidence, when founded upon a false estimate of your abilities, will not land you in a bed of roses; and the injury produced may not be entirely confined to your own personal discomfiture, it may affect others with whom you come in contact. Even in Phaëton's case, to pursue the illustration still further, the Poets aver that a part of the world did not escape a severe scorching. They declare that the blood of the Æthiopians was dried up, through the unskilful driving of this self-confident young man, and their skin became black, a colour which is

still preserved amongst most of the inhabitants of the torrid zone. The territories of Libya were also parched up; and ever since, Africa, unable to recover her original verdure and fruitfulness, has exhibited a sandy country and an uncultivated waste.

Although this may be but a poetical fable, yet there is instruction to be drawn from it. How many young men have reason to regret one false step! Vice is horribly contagious; and, by deviating from the path of virtue, they have not only felt themselves to be the sufferers, but they have also had the mortification of finding themselves blamed for having corrupted others. We earnestly entreat all young men, who are this year, expecting to become their "own Masters"—to pause ere they commit themselves to the pursuits, which perhaps for a long time, their imagination has pictured in such glowing colours.

There are also numbers, we doubt not, of both sexes, who are hoping that "this year" will find them united in the bonds of matrimony to the object of their choice. Now we have a few words for some of these. The "*res angusta domi*," or "narrow circumstances at home," is not a state of things to be desired by a newly married couple. We are nearly of the same opinion with that individual who boldly asserted, that "when poverty comes in at the door, love makes his escape out of the window," and we would, therefore, warn every single person, to whom such a warning may be at all applicable, to look seriously some little distance in advance, before he or she takes that leap which cannot be "done back again." When we look around us, we cannot help thinking we see many improvident marriages, and we are led to wonder what particular inducement there could be to necessitate some of these ill-starred, and unfortunate alliances.

There is one thing we have an objection to in particular; and that is, to see young people get married before they get a residence of their own, furnished in some way or other, ready to receive them. To enter into lodgings immediately after entering into matrimony does not seem to be a wise proceeding on the part of a newly-wedded pair. It leads many a young woman, simply because she has nothing else to occupy her time or attention, to give herself up to novel-reading, or gossiping with her neighbours, or to sight-seeing, or to some diversion, which will vary the monotony of her life, and relieve the loneliness of her situation in the absence of her husband. Thus she will go on, until she actually forgets how to cook a dinner, and becomes utterly unprepared for the domestic duties which may soon devolve upon her as a wife. To be "in Lodgings" cannot be like being "at Home." There is something pretty and private, and "nestlike" about the very word *Home*; and, it should be the first thoughts of affianced ones, in the humbler walks of life to prepare a little home for themselves to "nestle" in, where they could be careful, as it were, unseen, and have their evenings tête-à-tête, unheard. Another thing worthy of consideration is, their little ones would be *born at home*, instead of finding themselves like young cuckoos, brought up in the nests of others.

Let a young woman impress upon her lover that he will be required, first and foremost, to provide a home for her reception, before she can consent to appear with him at the altar. Home is home, be it "ever so homely." A young woman's parents should also take part in arranging matters thus; and it should be done in a proper manner, and with the kindest exhortation to a young man, to strive for that which will be so mutually beneficial. It should not be blurted out abruptly to a young man of limited means, that if

he "cannot provide a home," he may "go elsewhere" for a wife. A little affectionate persuasion would be more likely to succeed. Some of our young readers may have noticed what occurred at Leeds, a very short time ago. A young woman would not consent to be married to the person who was paying his addresses to her, for a very proper reason, viz. that he had "no home to take her to," but, there seems to have been no kind persuasive words used to induce him to wait, and save his money, and provide what would enhance the happiness of both—no, only an abrupt dismissal, for the reason given. This harsh treatment was too much for her lover, he went away, and soon afterwards, she who had thus dismissed him, had a painful sight presented to her view. A dead mutilated body lay before her, with a letter in its pocket, accusing her, in a few hastily scribbled words, of being the *cause* of this sudden and melancholy change. Young women, act with kindness and persuasion, with consistency and caution; and sure we are, you will be able to have everything your own way, you will see your nice little cage got ready for you, and you will enter it with your mate prepared to sing—

"The silvery brook goes murmuring by,  
The wand'ring wind hath pleasant tone,  
The lark he carols in the sky,  
All Nature music's power must own;  
But there's a music far more dear,  
That greets us when we cease to roam,  
When sweetly falls upon the ear  
The voice that bids us welcome home."

*December, 1864.*

### LEO MYRON.

(Continued from page 107.)

Leo usually walked home twice or thrice during the week, after business was over, and, having supped with his father and sister, would return to Mr. Eastman's generally by 10 o'clock, p.m. He never failed on those occasions to acquaint them how much he was pleased with his situation, and spoke warmly of the agreeable manner and kind disposition of Mrs. Eastman. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Myron were highly satisfied with the position in which they had placed their son; considering that he lived with a most respectable family, and that everything betokened that he would continue to be comfortable. The time swiftly flew by, and the last week of the month had commenced for which Leo had come on trial.

The very day, Friday, was now arrived, and about noon Mr. Myron entered the shop, in which were both Leo and Mr. Eastman. The latter warmly shook hands with him, and after a few remarks on the state of the weather, Mr. Myron said, "It is to-day, I think, that Leo has been with you a month?" "Indeed! really it scarcely seems a fortnight since he came. Let me see—yes, when I come to recollect, it certainly is a month ago. Well, what do you say, Master Leo? You are the party principally concerned—you do not dislike the business?" Then turning to Mr. Myron, without allowing time for Leo to reply, he continued, "He takes to business very much better than I *could* have expected, and I have not the least doubt from what I have



observed, that he will make an extremely clever apothecary. There seems to be great natural ability combined with energy of purpose; and possessing these two requisites he's sure to do well—nothing can prevent him."

"I'm pleased to hear you have so good an opinion of him, Mr Eastman," said Mr. Myron, "and we will go at once to my attorney's office," he continued, "if convenient to you, sir; the indenture is already prepared."

"Oh! dear yes I'm at your service, sir," returned Mr. Eastman, who instantly rang the shop bell. When Tom appeared, he was desired to remain in charge of the shop until his master returned, then Mr. Eastman put on his hat, and with Leo, and Mr Myron, departed.

They soon arrived at the attorney's office, for it was in the next street, and they were immediately introduced by one of the clerks into the attorney's private room. The man of law was writing at a large square table, on which were sundry papers and parchments when they entered, but immediately on their appearance he rose to receive them, and begged them to be seated.

He was most sedate in his manners, and grave in appearance, and so formed, or habituated was his countenance to that expression, that one would almost imagine a smile had never lit it up. He appeared to have been already informed of the nature of the business on which Mr Myron, his son, and Mr Eastman, had visited him, for without making any allusion to it he called, "Lane," and in the course of a minute the person who answered to that name, appeared. The lawyer then took the indenture from a drawer beside him, and handing it to Lane, directed him to read it through aloud. Leo at first paid but little attention to it, for he was engaged in contemplating his father's countenance and that of Mr. Eastman, and then the attorney's, but observing they were all seemingly engaged in listening to the clerk, he turned his ear to the remaining portion. The indenture was soon read through, when Mr. Myron wrote his signature on it, and afterwards Leo and Mr. Eastman, and the clerk, as witness. Leo's father then placed a cheque for £30 together with two £5 notes, in part payment of the premium, into Mr. Eastman's hands, who immediately wrote a receipt for the same on the indenture.

They now departed, and on reaching the street, as Mr Myron was about to wish his son and Mr Eastman, "good morning," the latter invited him to dinner, which invitation he luckily declined, for Mrs Eastman would surely have read her husband a curtain lecture, and have severely upbraided him with betraying the strict economy of her housekeeping, had he accepted; there being only part of a small neck of cold mutton, and a last scrap of cold boiled ribs of beef provided for that meal.

In the evening Mr. Mark Abram arrived. Leo thought him a quiet, unassuming young man; and such he was, with a pale, meagre face, and straggling light whiskers, which from the rudeness of their growth, did not appear to receive due attention on the part of their owner. He was extremely mild in his manners, and with ladies carried it even to softness; in short, he was altogether one of the meekest men that ever blessed this world of ours with his presence.

### CHAPTER III.

In which are extraordinary disclosures, followed by the first appearance of a new performer on the stage of life.

Leo had now been with Mr Eastman six months, and under Mr. Abram's direction he had advanced considerably in the knowledge of compounding

drugs and acquiring a knowledge of their chemical properties. He was become quite a favourite with Mrs. Eastman, but between him and her husband, a coldness existed, the master acted as if he were mistrustful, or wanted confidence in the employed. Mr. Eastman was, as we have before intimated, of a calculating disposition, ever watchful for opportunities by which he might benefit himself. He was particularly mindful that his name appeared in all the printed subscription lists which were circulated in the neighbourhood. He invariably appeared at Church twice on the Sunday, generally accompanied by his wife, and thus gained the respect of his neighbours, by his apparently upright and generous bearing, and the orthodoxy of his expressed religious sentiments. His rules for the regulation of his household on Sunday were in strict accordance with his actions in public on that day; and on one point he was particularly strict and attentive, that was, in not allowing any person in his establishment to read works of fiction, though he was frequently guilty of that delinquency himself. It was on a rainy afternoon that Leo and Tom were alone in the shop. The latter was desired by Leo to keep a look out at the door, and give him timely notice when Mr. Eastman should be coming, for that person had gone out about a half an hour before. He then located himself in a snug little corner, behind one of the high cases which stood on the counter, with a book. A quarter of an hour passed, and Leo had not been disturbed; he was so deeply interested in the story he was reading, which was "Paul and Virginia," that had any one spoken his name within hearing it is doubtful whether his attention would have been aroused. Tom kept his guard at the shop door, and while standing there, watching the water rush by in the gutter (for a great deal of rain had fallen), Mr. Eastman entered the shop from the house, and the first notice Tom had of his proximity was hearing himself called loudly by name. He turned quickly round, and was in doubt for an instant how to act with regard to Leo, who was now aware of the presence of Mr. Eastman, but did not make the least movement, thinking he might, presently, again leave the shop.

Tom's presence of mind, however, instantly returned, and on Mr. Eastman's enquiring after Leo, he replied without hesitation, "He's just gone to the warehouse, I think, sir, for something." "Ah, well!" said Mr. Eastman, "you may as well go back too, and assist him in pounding some colors."

"Very well, sir," returned Tom; and he instantly left the shop. Mrs. Eastman shortly appeared, and immediately went up to the desk where her husband was now standing. "Do you know dear, who compose the party with whom Abram is gone picnicing?" asked the lady.

"Why, no I do not exactly, nor where they are gone," replied Mr. Eastman.

"I think I heard him say they were going to the Cliff."

"I warrant they will truly enjoy themselves this delightful day," Mr. Eastman said, with a chuckling laugh; "but Abram never mentions to me where he's going when he asks leave of absence. And as for asking, it's as good as telling me he's going out to-day."

"But you know dear James, that if you were *very* particular with him, and appeared intentionally to place a bar in the way of his pleasures, he would instantly leave us, and commence business himself in this town; and you are aware dear, that he's very much liked by all our customers, and that out-door exercise is as necessary as air, to your existence. I would put up with a little from *him*, if I were you."

"The salary I give him is more than I can afford Laura;" returned Mr.

Eastman. "The forty pounds I received with Myron was a good windfall, but that's now six months ago; and the little that is left will be gone within the month, if not paid away it will be owing, which is much the same."

"After my confinement, dear, I must economise in the house, that is, you know, with the servants and the young men, I have already spoken several times to Charlotte about spreading so much butter on the bread, and cutting it so thin. And you recollect the other day when we had the Irish stew? Well, I praised it extremely, and at last by dint of a little manœuvring I got Myron to say he was fond of the dish, and I warrant he shall have it often enough now."

"Yes, yes, Laura quite right," returned her husband, "and we can have our dinner later you know, early dinners never did agree with me: we can give some reason for the alteration at first, and they'll soon become accustomed to it."

"And I'll purchase a much stronger cheese for the house, and by managing in this way we shall be able to have a few delicacies for ourselves, occasionally."

"But with respect to Abram he must leave. Sturgeon spoke to me this morning about his wife's brother. It appears that the establishment where he was placed became insolvent about a month ago, and he was obliged to return home; and he has been in the trade two years. His friends wish him to serve out his time, and they would prefer his being near them. You had better call on Mrs Sturgeon, Laura; and you can bestow a little flattery and 'sound' her, but there you'll know how to manage. I shall of course ask for twenty or thirty pounds with him."

"That sum would be very useful just now; we must manage for him to come if possible," replied Mrs. Eastman.

"And saving Abram's salary too!" pursued her husband. "But if at a future period," he continued, after a pause, "I required his services again, I should try and disgust Myron with his situation, after I had received his other forty pounds, by directing his whole attention to the *clean* work and then never be satisfied with him; and I warrant it would soon drive him to propose 'leaving' to his father, and if the old gentleman should not consent to it, why I must push it farther, and he'll run away, for I know his disposition well, and then the matter would be settled, as I should decline taking him back."

"Well dear, I could scarcely have given you credit for concocting so good a plan," said Mrs. Eastman; "but there is an improvement, my dear, which I can make upon it. You could still retain Abram, and when this other apprentice comes, you would soon know which it would answer your purpose to *keep*, and then act towards the other in the way you propose."

"And without a doubt I think that would be Myron, for if this Manchap is not a downright fool, he would certainly be more useful to me with his two years experience—but we shall see. Of course Laura, you must for the present keep Myron in good spirits." "You need not fear my dear; I'll play my cards well. But is it not a glorious thing to take apprentices, receive good premiums, and then disgust them with their situations, apparently treating them kindly all the while? It will answer *our* purpose to pay some attention to *this* department." Here Mrs. Eastman paused for a moment, and then continued, "Now there is a little favor I'm going to ask of you James; should our plans succeed with regard to Manchap, I am sure, dear," and she playfully twitched his luxuriant red whiskers, "you would have, you could have, no objection to increase my pin-money, for it is not I assure you, dear, sufficient for what I require."



"I tell you Laura, should things turn out equal to our expectations, why I will certainly add something to your pin-money." Mrs. Eastman returned no answer to this conditional promise.

*To be continued.*

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

*(Continued from page 109.)*

A talking now of that mischance is heard  
 In graver tones—for death has like a cloud  
 Shut out the very heyday of the fun.  
 They stand besides a coffin :—" In this life  
 Thy race is run—poor Uncle !—is it so ?"  
 And PHŒBE GRAY touch'd fondly his white hands :  
 They all wept sore—for all did love him well.  
 How many a rough joke had they practis'd on him !  
 They view'd him till the hearseman stopp'd the hearse  
 Before the dwelling : soon his corpse is brought  
 Thro' folding doors, and carried forth with care ;  
 And all the yeomen follow'd with their wives.  
 At night how still that house when he was gone ;  
 The Will, made by himself, they ponder. Lo,  
 His brother more than once, or twice, or thrice,  
 Doth softly read it : " Vast good fortune ! rich—  
 I am now the master of this large estate :  
 With fuller pockets comes an easier life  
 For all. My pretty young ones early mated  
 May pass their days in peace around this home."

The father in a week determined all :  
 Then set out homeward, there to plan the sale.  
 News of a sickly man awaited him ;  
 Forthwith he started for a lonely farm,  
 Where lay the feeble patient on his couch :  
 JACK GREEN awoke, and rose with trembling limbs—  
 Upraised his hands, and said—" How fatherlike !  
 I had no heart to break my present state  
 To PHŒBE : till to-morrow stay with us."

Then first did GREEN a golden ring take off  
 His finger—hard he fought against his will :  
 And half expecting opposition, he  
 With many fond entreaties, many a tear,  
 Whilst one sad kiss bedims the pledge restored  
 (Fearing no joy could now come out of it)  
 Besought the father—" Take it, with my prayer  
 For her ; and tell her all things when you go."  
 But he, consenting not—caring for her—  
 One of his children—let him plead in vain :  
 So GREEN retain'd the ring, and wore it too.

The father parted with his young sick friend,  
 To sell his goods and stores, and bit of land,  
 And fixtures in the streetward sitting room,  
 With shelves and cornice, where the books were stored.  
 And all day long his time is passed at home.  
 He cleared his little house ; then sold his axe,  
 Shovel and saw, two barrels of old beer,  
 An old step-ladder, basons, pots, and pans,  
 Ten corn sacks, mended by his careful hand ;  
 The spade and barrow, and a garden roll :  
 And also at the close, his aged hack,  
 Call'd "Blossom," and his two old cows, sold he.  
 Some needle-work of FANNY'S, finish'd last,  
 When he retired, was all he kept unsold.

Now GREEN awaits the morning of farewell  
 Darkly and sadly. And to calm his fears—  
 They needed calming—came the father to him.  
 And ELI GRAY, a real good-hearted man  
 Sat himself down, and told his history :  
 What good had lately come from one so good,  
 Who now lies buried near his wife and babes,  
 What fortune came from him : and then he said,  
 "Johnny, your promise not to break your word  
 Will bring together yet the whole of us.  
 Keep a good heart, and just give ear to me :  
 I'll take you back, my boy,—ay, all allow it."  
 Then loudly knocking on the table "and he,  
 This poorly, pale-faced, weakly, sickly one,—  
 May—*will*, I hope, be all the better for it—  
 Yes, bless him, he shall sit beneath my trees  
 Whilst PHOEBE tells him tales : and loving hearts  
 Shall get him well, ere he comes home again.  
 Come, mother, cheer him up before we go."

Thus he ran on most hopefully. At last  
 GREEN almost hoped himself ; but when he felt  
 That he could scarcely walk, then graver thoughts  
 In spectre fashion cross'd his mind's horizon :  
 His confidence and hopes of health are marred.  
 Still when he heard of his dear village girl,  
 He fain would reach her, as he did last spring.  
 Musing on how he used to gallop to her  
 He hopes, then fears, not knowing what to do.

At length he spoke, "O ELI, you are good,  
 Thank you for all your goodness—I will try  
 To go, and look upon her face once more."

"Well then," said ELI, "mother, pack his clothes ;  
 'Pammie'—the coach we go by—passes here  
 (He named the time), I'll pay two inside fares.  
 Once at my place, good-bye to all his fears."

And soon the last dull scene of parting came,  
 DARBY his coach drew up, then trumpeted,  
 "Look to the brake, and, till I come again,  
 Put everything quite safe: these two must go."  
 We hear no more of him, nor wish to hear.  
 Last all is care and thought: for anger holds  
 No sway out yonder—love is uppermost:  
 "Starting this morning?" and such words as these,  
 "Can he go from home?—he, so ill as this?  
 So ill as this: so jaded!"—

ELI rose,  
 Cast his strong arms around his drooping friend,  
 And wish'd these wonder-stricken silly ones  
 Would hold their peace. The sickly man now wept,  
 Pain'd at the sight of over-anxiousness  
 When any would have soothed him, ELI said,  
 "Touch him not; let him weep; his illness springs  
 From nervousness:" then help'd him to the coach.  
 His mother from her flower-garden, clipt  
 A tiny rose, and gave it: this he kept  
 For his dear PHOEBE: and now closely packed,  
 They started, waving hands when on the way.

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*


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## THE GREAT BANK FAILURE,

*In North Lincolnshire in 1812.*

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By far the most disastrous event in the annals of Barton, was the failure of Marris and Nicholson's Bank, in 1812. Mr. Thomas Marris, the chief partner, was a wealthy man, of high honour, unimpeachable integrity, and universally esteemed. He was an attorney by profession, residing in Barton House, now occupied by Mr. Hague, and the bank was the office now used by Mr. Robert Brown. Mr. Nicholson, the other partner, was also an attorney, of great respectability, and lived at Brigg.

The bank, called "The North Lincolnshire Bank," was one of issue and deposit; and Messrs. Boldero, Lushington and Co, bankers, were the London agents. So great was the confidence reposed in Marris and Nicholson, that their notes were preferred to the notes of every other local bank; indeed, they were considered equal to gold, or Bank of England paper; and not only did their notes rank high in public estimation, but the bank was extensively used by depositors of every description, for temporary purposes. Scarcely a gentleman, a mercantile man, or a large farmer, in the town and district, but had an account with them; trustees and executors lodged money in their hands pending distribution, and almost every person in the neighbourhood who had managed to save a little money by dint of industry and frugality, took it there for security. Such was the prosperous condition of affairs for several years preceding 1812. The bank was well managed, extensively used, and flourished; and the proprietors held the social position of first-class country gentlemen.



These halcyon days were too bright to last. A storm was gathering, which was to "smite the four corners of the house," and bring it in ruins upon those who had believed in its stability. The crisis came. On the 3rd of January, 1812, the astounding intelligence reached Barton, that Boldero, Lushington and Co., had failed, that Marris and Nicholson were indebted to them in a heavy balance (£34,000), which they could not instantly liquidate; and that payment was suspended in consequence. The consternation was dreadful—an universal gloom pervaded the town; for privation, loss, and ruin stared the bulk of the inhabitants sternly in the face. Mr. Marris made a gallant effort to save himself, and the hundreds who had trusted him. Accompanied by his friend, Mr. Thomas Walkden, he posted to London, and had an interview with the hard men who held Boldero, Lushington and Co., in fetters. All he asked for was time. "Give me time," he cried, "and I will pay you. I am solvent. I only require time to realize my securities: have patience with me, and I will pay you all;" but they would not. Like Shylock, they insisted on their bond. In this extremity, he went, it is said, to Messrs. Beauchamp, bankers, London, and not only arranged with them for the discharge of the debt to Boldero and Co., but actually obtained from them a large sum of money to meet the anticipated pressure at home. With this cash packed in a portmanteau, and deposited in the chaise, he and Mr. Walkden, hurried to Barton as swiftly as horses could take them; and on their arrival, the glad tidings flew like electricity, "the bank is saved!" The bells of both churches rang out exultantly. The band of the Barton Volunteers played triumphant music. Breathless messengers sped to the adjacent villages with the welcome news, and men

"Met each other with exalted look,  
And warmly by the hand each other shook,"

as though they had escaped a great calamity, and they drank deep that night to celebrate, as they thought, their deliverance. The popular enthusiasm found vent in charring Mr. Hesleden; indeed, the joy was so excessive, that it almost amounted to delirium. When morning dawned, however, dark reality dissipated the dreams of the revellers. During the night, a messenger from Messrs. Beauchamp, swift as destruction, and unrelenting as fate, had followed Mr. Marris, and on his arrival, stated that his employers had withdrawn from the engagement, and required the return of their advance. The precious portmanteau was accordingly surrendered, and the crash followed. On the 13th of January, Marris and Nicholson were declared bankrupt, and a commission was issued against them. Messrs. James Kiero Watson, Philip Skipworth, and George Moore, were appointed assignees, and commenced the winding up of the multifarious accounts.

Claims to the extent of £200,000 were proved against the joint estate of Marris and Nicholson by upwards of 1000 individuals. Actually more than *one thousand* people were involved in this great catastrophe—one cause of the wide-spread disaster being the issue of one-pound notes, which found their way into the hands of working men and small shop-keepers; and private claims against the separate estate of Mr. Marris were established to the extent of about £30,000 more. Many complicated questions soon arose as to the division of the assets between the claimants against the partners, and the private creditors of Mr. Marris; and in consequence of the magnitude of the interests at stake, the intervention of the Court of Chancery was repeatedly

sought, and the delay caused by the suits procrastinated the distribution of the effects for several years. In fact, it is not yet accomplished; however, in 1834 the whole of the claimants on the separate estate of Mr. Marris were paid in full; and the partnership creditors have at distant intervals received four dividends amounting in the aggregate to 7s. 3d. in the £, the first dividend being 5s., the second 8d., the third 5d., and the fourth 1s. 2d., in the £. The last dividend was paid in 1842, and it is confidently expected there will be another before the accounts are finally closed.\* Mr. Nicholson's estate paid his own creditors 15s. in the £.

A strong conviction has prevailed for many years that Mr. Marris was solvent when he was declared bankrupt, and that, could he have had time, he would have paid the bank creditors 20s. in the £. Facts and figures seem to demonstrate the accuracy of this conviction. His estate paid his private creditors in full, and notwithstanding the enormous expense attending the bankruptcy, the heavy costs of chancery proceedings, and the depreciation in the value of his estates caused by forced sales, the bank creditors have received 7s. 3d. in the £, and will probably receive a further instalment.

After the lapse of forty-four years, it is impossible to say how many individuals had their prospects in life blighted, how many never recovered the shock, and how many were absolutely beggared, out of the 1000 sufferers by this visitation; but they were numerous. It is a remarkable fact, however, and, very creditable to Mr. Marris, that his personal and commercial integrity was never impeached; he was pitied, not condemned; the general opinion being that his bank rested, as it were upon Messrs. Boldero and Co's establishment, and when that yielded to external pressure, he fell from necessity—as the oak prostrated by the whirlwind carries with it the weaker ivy which has clung to it for support.

In 1785 Mr. Marris became a member of the Old Friendly Society in Barton, and after his bankruptcy an old servant paid his monthly contributions for him; it was well he did so, for Mr. Marris lived to be a recipient of funds from the society for five years preceding 1843, when he died at Leicester, a melancholy instance of the instability of human prosperity.

*Ball's "History and Antiquities of Barton."*

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## LEGENDS OF PETERBOROUGH MINSTER.

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### 1. SAINT CHAD.

Where, circled deep by fair and fertile lands,  
 Its wide domain, an ancient abbey stands,  
 With noble front in grandeur rising high,  
 And lofty towers that seem to reach the sky;  
 Where haughty kings have knelt, and serfs have prayed;  
 And where, with Rome's impressive pomp array'd,  
 The high processions, oft with solemn pace,  
 As organs pealed, and incense filled the place,  
 Adown the length of lofty aisles have wound,  
 While every knee devoutly bent around;

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\* The fifth and final dividend of 1s. 9½d. in the Pound was declared in October, 1858.

Where abbots ruled, and monks have paced, devout,  
Ambitious, jolly, learned, meek, or stout ;  
Where day by day arose the sacred lays  
In matin's prayer, or evening's thankful praise—  
Here once a hermit's humble cell had stood,  
Saint Chad his name, austere, devout, and good.

His holy deeds were far renowned  
Among the people rude around,  
Who, in that dreary waste of fen  
Scarce commune held with other men.

Of his early life  
We know not the least,  
If e'er he'd a wife,  
Was a soldier, or priest.  
Accounts have all gone ;  
And it seems to be so  
With every one  
Of the hermits ; for though  
They've handed down to this our age,  
Whole tomes of dry reflections sage,  
Of ancient hymns a goodly store,  
And truly venerable lore,  
We find they've very rarely sung  
Of how they lived when life was young.  
And the holy Saint Chad,  
I suppose to have had,  
About the same story as most—  
That is, getting grey,  
Old, fading away,  
He voted a bore  
The world, which no more  
He was able to enjoy with the host ;  
Retired to a cell,  
Contented to dwell  
(In those ages 'twas thought a good notion),  
All alone by a well,  
And to cheerfully spell  
Out the rest of his days in devotion.  
He sat all the day in profound contemplation,  
Bewailing the wrongs that were done by mankind,  
Reviewing the sins of the whole of the nation,  
And sighing for each little fault he could find ;  
And then would tell his beads with meekest adoration,  
Or, with his fading voice would "Nunc Dimittis," grind.  
In these orthodox, anchorite ways  
He lived out the rest of his days,  
In calm, enjoyed his peaceful rest ;  
By fen-men rude with fervour blest,  
For good deeds felt both far and wide,  
At last, in saintly odour died.

B.



## DRAINAGE.

DRAINAGE in its general application is the collecting and conveying away of refuse waters, and other waste matters from Towns, Buildings, and Lands. To define a system of drainage adaptable to any and every circumstance would be impracticable; so much depending upon the resources which nature provides as it regards high or low levels, and the supply of water at command, or which can be obtained artificially. Water being the principal agent in all cleansing processes, the insuring a sufficient supply cannot be overrated, and is the primary object to be obtained; as, without it, efficient drainage cannot be insured.

Every town, however, that is seated upon, or near to the sea, or a river, or other large supply of water, has at its command the means of flushing and scouring its main drains, or sewers, with water, and of watering its streets, even though the water may not be fit for domestic purposes.

Sewers are among the essential means of town drainage, and, therefore, must be so considered with reference to their positions, forms, sizes, and modes of construction. One serious obstacle in laying down a plan of sewage for towns, hitherto unprovided, is that the sewer must be, to be of use in every instance, *at a level below that of any house-drain to be led into it.* And when such level is once settled, all future habitable dwellings should not be allowed to have their foundations below such level, otherwise they will be liable to be flooded, especially during storms, and at other times when the sewers become fully charged.

Hinged flaps at the mouths of the drains leading into the sewers will guard against the return of water from the sewer to the house-drain, and the escape of gases can be prevented by syphon, or stone traps, in the course of the drain from the house to the sewer.\*

All perpendicular pipes, where connected with the drains, should be, and can be easily trapped; and, if their upper ends were carried up to the roof, above any window opening, they would form a means of ventilation to the drain, which too often at present, is effected by the fires in the house—requiring air for combustion—drawing the foul gases from the untrapped

and imperfectly jointed drains; whence are produced unpleasant and unwholesome smells.

The discharge of a large body of sewage into a river or watercourse, is frequently not only productive of nuisance and disease to the neighbourhood where it takes place, but its influence extends to distant populations. Many rivers pass through several towns in their outward course, and receiving from each its compliment of sewage matter, become little better than open sewers themselves: and during the hot summer months, and dry seasons, become very offensive from the unwholesome vapours emitted from their surface, and also from the banks, upon which are deposited the more solid particles of the filth. As a matter of common sense and public decency it should not be tolerated that the sewage of one town should flow through, and still less be, as it frequently is, the watercourse of another.

The problem of what is to be done with the sewage from towns, has forced itself prominently before the public during the last 10 years; and commissions have been appointed by the legislature to examine and report on the subject. Among the many schemes proposed, that of a fertilizer for the land, although science has yet to overcome some difficulties, and the agriculturists as a body have to be convinced of the value of town sewage, appears to be the ultimate destination of the refuse which has so long poisoned the rivers of this country, and generated death in our towns. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, so that little practical good, as yet, has resulted from the labours of the commission. That the offensive effluvia given off by both animal and vegetable substances, in a state of decay, are greatly prejudicial to the health of those who come in contact with the gases evolved, and productive of diseases of a serious nature, and of the worst forms for the Physician to deal with, cannot be denied; and that of all such substances, human excrements, solid and liquid, are the *most injurious.*

The retention in cesspools of such decaying matter around, and in many instances, in, or beneath inhabited dwellings, built in close proximity—and as a necessity badly ventilated—is a serious nuisance, and should not be allowed. The rapid and regular removal of such substances should be provided for immediately on their formation, and before they can become a nuisance, the source of disease, or otherwise offensive. The only means of doing this is by the abolition of cesspools, and the substitution of some kind of water-closet for the "midden" or privy, with an

From the "Engineer's, Architect's, and Contractor's Pocket Book" we extract the following:—"The sewage waters of London are said to contain one ton of solid matters in suspension in two hundred and forty-six tons of water—the proportions have, however, been known to rise to one in ninety-six, or, even to one in thirty-six, whilst one in sixty-six is the highest proportion consistent with the safe working of the sewers, when the waters flow with a velocity of three feet per second; but these matters in suspension do not render the waters viscid, so as to impede their flow."

abundant supply of water, connected with the sewers by properly trapped drains, made watertight, so that the liquid parts of the soilage may not escape into the subsoil, and leave the solid matters in the drains.

Few people will be found who would dissent from the necessity of some such system as the above; and where such dissent is expressed, most probably self-interested motives would be found, on enquiry, to have called it forth. The dislike of owners of house-property to any interference with existing arrangements, which would *necessitate expense*; and the aversion of the inhabitants of a town to the *imposition of rates* for defraying the cost of providing and keeping in order, what is so requisite for the health of any locality, are the two great reasons why we see so little real good accomplished in this direction.

The practice adopted, in many instances, of collecting the rain water for domestic purposes, is the means frequently of taking from the sewers the only efficient scouring and cleaning they are likely to get, and more especially, as is generally the case, when such a course is adopted because the artificial supply of water is not sufficient for the use of the house. In this case it may be presumed that only absolutely *waste water* will be passed through the drain, which is in itself, more or less charged with filth. The water from the house should be sufficient to keep the drains cleansed, and, moreover, means should be adopted for periodically flushing the sewers with an abundant supply of water.

A few years back drainage would have been scarcely considered a subject necessary to write upon, indeed, until recently, town sewage, as we now know it, did not practically exist. In these days, happily, *salus populi*, and,—*a fortiori*—the importance of sanitary questions is generally recognized: and the drainage, water-supply, and ventilation of all habitable dwellings are among the more important objects considered essential to the well-being, and healthiness of towns and their inhabitants.

The commencement of the evil, which has so rapidly acquired such magnitude, dates from the commencement of the abolition of cesspools, and the introduction of water-closets. It seems incredible that a civilized state of society should have so long rested contented with cesspools for the reception of excrement and other waste matters in towns: in some cases provided with an overflow, and allowing of a partial escape of the liquid into the public sewer; though in many instances, where the porous nature of the ground permitted it, this was

deemed unnecessary, and the liquid readily soaked away into the subsoil, carrying with it much of the lighter parts of the solid matters,—diminishing the frequency, and therefore, the expense and annoyance of emptying the receptacles. This state of things was allowed to exist, though with the certainty of contaminating the air, more or less, and rendering it full of reeking, unpleasant, and unwholesome odours, the intensity of which would be regulated by the state of the atmosphere; being the most offensive during damp murky weather.

Drainage now, however, occupies a prominent position in the public thought. Urged on by the earnestness and foresight of a few practical minds, the legislature—never too ready to take the initiative—has been brought to discern the imperative necessity and importance of investigating the subject, and of seeking for means whereby the existing evils may be remedied. The origin of this great change in the public mind is induced, doubtless, by the growing acquaintance with the laws which regulate health; and by the devoted labours of eminent medical, and other scientific philanthropists. We now wonder at the folly of digging holes for the accumulation of filth underneath our dwellings, demanding periodical removal, offensive alike to common sense, and common decency, and utterly antagonistic to the health of the human system.

Cleanliness and health are admitted to be dependent upon the constructive conditions of our dwellings, and a cesspool, or imperfect drain, in a house, is an agent of disease and death to the rich and poor alike. An ample supply of water, and efficient drainage, cannot, in this age of improvement be longer deemed of secondary import, and with these secured, other measures of a sanitary nature will be sure to follow.

J. S. S.

#### SAGACITY IN A DOG.

The following singular fact may be relied upon, as showing that something very nearly approaching the faculty of reason has, at times, exhibited itself in the brute creation.

One day when M. Dumont, a tradesman of Paris, who lived in the rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he were to hide a six livre piece in the dust, his dog "Caniche" would be able to discover it, and to bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the *écu* secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two friends

had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog, and told him that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveller who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceiving the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place, alighted, took it up, put it in his pocket, and drove to his Hotel in the Rue Pontaux-choux.

Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the *écu* when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin in the pocket of this gentleman, he appeared excited, and leaped upon him very frequently. The traveller supposing him to be some dog that had lost or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness, and as the animal was handsome he determined to try and keep him. He gave him a good supper, and in the evening, on retiring to bed he took him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches than they were seized by the dog: the owner conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches, and away he flew. The traveller hastened after him with his night-cap on, and really *sans culottes*. Anxiety for a purse well filled with gold, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran at full speed right on until he reached his master's house, where the stranger arrived almost at the same moment, very much out of breath, as well as out of temper. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a most faithful creature; and, if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveller became still more exasperated. "Pray compose yourself, Sir," rejoined Mr. Dumont, smiling, "without doubt there is in your breeches, in addition to what you may have of your own, a six livre piece, which has peculiar marks upon it, which you must have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. I believe this to be the cause of the robbery which Caniche has committed." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six livre piece to the owner, and he could not forbear caressing the dog

which had occasioned him so much unpleasantness.

### AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT

*From the Year 1600.*

*Continued from page 97.*

| YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. | YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|----|----|
| 1634 per Q. | 2  | 16 | 0  | 1686 per Q. | 1  | 14 | 0  |
| 1635 "      | 2  | 16 | 0  | 1687 "      | 1  | 5  | 2  |
| 1636 "      | 2  | 16 | 8  | 1688 "      | 2  | 6  | 0  |
| 1637 "      | 2  | 13 | 0  | 1689 "      | 1  | 10 | 0  |
| 1638 "      | 2  | 17 | 4  | 1690 "      | 1  | 14 | 8  |
| 1639 "      | 2  | 4  | 10 | 1691 "      | 1  | 14 | 0  |
| 1640 "      | 2  | 8  | 0  | 1692 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  |
| 1641 "      | 2  | 4  | 8  | 1693 "      | 3  | 7  | 8  |
| 1642 "      | "  | "  | "  | 1694 "      | 3  | 4  | 0  |
| 1643 "      | "  | "  | "  | 1695 "      | 2  | 13 | 0  |
| 1644 "      | "  | "  | "  | 1696 "      | 3  | 11 | 0  |
| 1645 "      | "  | "  | "  | 1697 "      | 3  | 0  | 0  |
| 1646 "      | 2  | 8  | 0  | 1698 "      | 3  | 8  | 4  |
| 1647 "      | 3  | 13 | 8  | 1699 "      | 3  | 4  | 0  |
| 1648 "      | 4  | 5  | 0  | 1700 "      | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| 1649 "      | 4  | 0  | 0  | 1701 "      | 1  | 17 | 8  |
| 1650 "      | 3  | 16 | 8  | 1702 "      | 1  | 9  | 6  |
| 1651 "      | 3  | 13 | 4  | 1703 "      | 1  | 16 | 0  |
| 1652 "      | 2  | 9  | 6  | 1704 "      | 2  | 6  | 6  |
| 1653 "      | 1  | 15 | 6  | 1705 "      | 1  | 10 | 0  |
| 1654 "      | 1  | 6  | 0  | 1706 "      | 1  | 6  | 0  |
| 1655 "      | 1  | 13 | 4  | 1707 "      | 1  | 8  | 6  |
| 1656 "      | 2  | 3  | 0  | 1708 "      | 2  | 1  | 6  |
| 1657 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1709 "      | 3  | 18 | 9  |
| 1658 "      | 3  | 5  | 0  | 1710 "      | 3  | 18 | 8  |
| 1659 "      | 3  | 6  | 0  | 1711 "      | 2  | 14 | 0  |
| 1660 "      | 2  | 16 | 0  | 1712 "      | 2  | 6  | 1  |
| 1661 "      | 3  | 10 | 0  | 1713 "      | 2  | 11 | 0  |
| 1662 "      | 3  | 14 | 9  | 1714 "      | 2  | 10 | 4  |
| 1663 "      | 2  | 17 | 0  | 1715 "      | 2  | 3  | 0  |
| 1664 "      | 2  | 10 | 6  | 1716 "      | 2  | 8  | 0  |
| 1665 "      | 2  | 9  | 6  | 1717 "      | 2  | 5  | 8  |
| 1666 "      | 1  | 16 | 0  | 1718 "      | 1  | 18 | 10 |
| 1667 "      | 1  | 16 | 0  | 1719 "      | 1  | 15 | 0  |
| 1668 "      | 2  | 0  | 0  | 1720 "      | 1  | 17 | 0  |
| 1669 "      | 2  | 4  | 4  | 1721 "      | 1  | 17 | 6  |
| 1670 "      | 2  | 1  | 8  | 1722 "      | 1  | 16 | 0  |
| 1671 "      | 2  | 2  | 0  | 1723 "      | 1  | 14 | 8  |
| 1672 "      | 2  | 1  | 0  | 1724 "      | 1  | 17 | 0  |
| 1673 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1725 "      | 2  | 8  | 6  |
| 1674 "      | 3  | 8  | 8  | 1726 "      | 2  | 6  | 0  |
| 1675 "      | 3  | 4  | 8  | 1727 "      | 2  | 2  | 0  |
| 1676 "      | 1  | 18 | 0  | 1728 "      | 2  | 14 | 6  |
| 1677 "      | 2  | 2  | 0  | 1729 "      | 2  | 6  | 10 |
| 1678 "      | 2  | 19 | 0  | 1730 "      | 1  | 16 | 6  |
| 1679 "      | 3  | 0  | 0  | 1731 "      | 1  | 12 | 10 |
| 1680 "      | 2  | 5  | 0  | 1732 "      | 1  | 6  | 8  |
| 1681 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1733 "      | 1  | 8  | 4  |
| 1682 "      | 2  | 4  | 0  | 1734 "      | 1  | 18 | 10 |
| 1683 "      | 2  | 0  | 0  | 1735 "      | 2  | 3  | 0  |
| 1684 "      | 2  | 4  | 0  | 1736 "      | 2  | 4  | 0  |
| 1685 "      | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1737 "      | 1  | 18 | 0  |

*To be continued.*



## THE CHRONICLE—1864.

Oct. 7th. Mr. Calthrop offered for sale at Lincoln, a freehold estate at Heighington and Washingboro', comprising 19 closes, with a farmstead, &c., and consisting altogether of 142A. Or. 11P. The estate was divided into 19 lots, but it was first offered in one lot, and was knocked down to Mr. Newton, of Newark, for 7800*l.*, who immediately desired the Auctioneer to offer the estate in lots, as already arranged by the previous vendor. This was done, and the result was that 16 lots made 7425*l.*, while for the unsold lots 1680*l.* was bid.

8th. The remains of Mr. T. Atkinson were interred in Holbeach cemetery. About 35 years ago the deceased was a man of property in that town, when unfortunately he was appointed one of the overseers of the poor. Atkinson did all the business for the year, Mr. North, his fellow overseer, paying him a sum of money rather than do his half year of the duty. At the end of the year the accounts were in a terrible muddle, and not having courage to meet the "summing up," he suddenly left the town, leaving behind him a good business, houses, and premises, and 600*l.* of book debts. There remained a considerable balance after every one had been paid in full. He was never heard of until about 3 years ago, when he returned a poor old man. He died in his 83rd year.

At Peterborough Fair, while a shoemaker named Holden was sitting in a drinking booth at the back of a rifle gallery, one of the bolts of the target broke, and let the end of the tube fall down at the instant a man was firing. The bullet struck Holden in the ribs and lodged near his heart. Every care was bestowed on the poor fellow, but he died on Thursday night, aged 32.

12th. At a meeting of Income Tax Commissioners held at Peterborough, Mr. William Medwell, a retired tradesman, was charged by Mr. A. J. Apthorpe, surveyor of taxes, with incorrectly stating his income. Mr. Medwell pleaded that he was entitled to make deductions which really are not allowed by the Income Tax Acts. Mr. Medwell was fined in the mitigated penalty of 10*l.*

At Whittlesey, an Improvement Rate of 1*s.* in the pound was laid by the Improvement Commissioners.

The annual fair at St. Ives which commenced yesterday, has been well attended. There was a good show of cart horses, and very fair prices were realized.

A new market, at Wellingborough, was formally opened for the weekly sale of store and fat stock.

13th. A fire occurred on the farmstead

of Mr. J. S. Huntsman, the lodge farm, about 2 miles from Barton. It was confined to the destruction of straw stacks, the produce of 17 acres.

An inquest was held at Milton Ferry, near Peterborough, on the body of Henry Peak, driver of the mail cart between Stamford and Peterborough, who was killed the previous night near Milton Ferry by the upsetting of his vehicle, proceeding at the time with it to Peterborough with the mail-bags. Verdict, *accidental death*.

The members of the 6th Northamptonshire (Peterborough) Rifle Corps met at the butts, at Milton Ferry, to compete for prizes so liberally offered by Rev. W. Strong, Captain Fazakerly, and other gentlemen. The following was the result of the shooting.—

1st Competition, Lieut. Walker, 1st prize.  
2nd do. Serjt. J. Bristow, do.  
3rd do. Serjt. Holeywell, do.  
Enfield all-comers. ditto do.

In another competition which was fired, H. Decamp took the first prize.

14th. At a ploughing match held at Friskney, near Boston, John Waller, blacksmith, of Friskney, was the successful competitor, taking the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prizes. Eight ploughs were entered by six different makers.

A handsome memorial pulpit of Caen stone has just been erected in Tixover Church, at the cost of Miss Eton, eldest daughter of the late Stephen Eaton, Esq., banker, of Stamford.

Mr. Windover, of Huntingdon, has just dispatched to India a magnificent state carriage, together with a tastefully-finished brougham. It appears that Mr. W's display of carriages at the International Exhibition of 1862 had the merit of attracting the attention of some Indians of distinction, hence the order he received.

A sow belonging to Mr. J. King, farmer, Stilton, gave birth to 22 pigs, 14 alive and doing well, and 8 dead. On a former occasion the sow had a litter of 16 pigs, and reared them all.

Mr. Riddington, grazier, has presented the Wesleyan Society with a piece of freehold land, and conveyed it to them to build a chapel upon at the "Terrace," a hamlet about 2 miles from Crowland.

An elegant timepiece and a set of robes of the value of 23*l.* have been presented to the Rev. E. T. Hustwick, by the congregation of the parish church, and friends, as a tribute of respect on his leaving the curacy of Ramsey for Sheffield.

15th. Mr. Robert Stokes, of King's School, Peterborough, has been elected to a Munstead Exhibition, value 30*l.* per annum, tenable for 4 years, at St. John's College, Cambridge.

At Croyland, a poor-rate of 11d. in the pound was laid last week.

16th. A fire broke out early this morning in the stack-yard of Mr. Peter Martin, at Great Raveley, Ramsey. It was confined to one wheat stack through the exertions of the inhabitants.

18th. At Spalding a huge hog pig, only 18 month old, weighing between 40 and 50 stones, was sold by auction.

The want of water in the neighbourhood of Boston is being very seriously felt.

The Bishop of Lincoln held a visitation in St. Mary's church, Stamford, which was numerously attended. A lunch was provided at the Stamford hotel, at which the clergy and churchwardens to the number of about 40 sat down, the Bishop taking the chair.

Thomas Gibson Bewley, 52, machinist, was indicted at the Hunts. Quarter Sessions with embezzling the monies of the Nuisance Removal Committee, at Eynesbury. He was found guilty and sentenced to 18 months imprisonment, subject to a case for the Court of Queen's Bench.

A sad accident occurred to a young man, named John Brown, in the employment of Mr. A. Goodman, of Thorney. He was engaged with others, ploughing with one of Fowler's steam ploughs. His duty was to remove the anchors, and while in the act of removing one he slipped and his leg got between the anchor and the wire rope, and almost cut his leg in twain.

A most destructive collision occurred between two trains at Grantham station. A heavy goods-train was standing for the purpose of taking water, and while engaged in doing so, another luggage train, travelling at about 30 miles an hour, ran into the stationary train. The line was blocked by the *debris* for some time. The fireman of the moving train, John Early, aged 20 died on Wednesday in consequence of the frightful injuries he sustained.

19th. Lincoln Races were held to-day and yesterday, under the stewardship of several noblemen and the Mayor of Lincoln, but none of the stewards attended the meeting. The meeting was anything but a success.

20th. The award of prizes for root crops, stacking, and thatching, of the Rutland Agricultural Society, is as follows:

- Class 1. For Swedish Turnips to Mr. Wortley, Ridlington, prize 10*l*.  
 „ 2. Ditto, Mr. B. Rowell, Ridlington, prize 7*l*.  
 „ 3. Ditto, Mr. William Laxton, jun., Cottesmore, prize 3*l*.  
 „ 4. For Mangold Wurtzel, Mr. Wortley, Ridlington, prize 3*l*.  
 „ 5. Ditto, Mr. B. Rowell, Ridlington, prize 2*l*.

Class 6. For one acre of Cabbages, J. Marfleet, Esq., prize 1*l*.

*Stacking.* 1st. premium of 2*l*. to R. Leeton, servant to J. M. Wingfield, Esq.; second ditto of 1*l*. to R. Jarvas, servant to Marfleet, Esq.

*Thatching.* 1st. premium of 2*l*. to R. Leeton, servant to J. M. Wingfield, Esq.; second ditto of 1*l*. to W. Kettle, servant to C. O. Eaton, Esq., of Kelthorpe.

21st. A freehold estate at Northorpe, of 100 acres of land, was offered for sale by auction at Kirton by Mr. Thorpe, and realized about 6000*l*., T. F. Embleton Fox, being the purchaser.

An association has been formed, including the towns of Barton, Brigg, Caistor, Winterton, and Kirton, for the prevention of incendiary fires. A reward of 300*l*. has been offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the fire at Burnham Warren, which occurred on the 3rd. inst.

There has been an unusual fatality at the village of Gretford lately, owing to the prevalence of fever, which there is reason to believe has been extended by defective drainage. An apparently strong young man who was seized with fever on the Saturday evening was a corpse on the Monday. Steps are now being taken to improve the drainage.

22nd. C. I. Strong, Esq., of Thorpe Hall, Peterborough, returned with his bride from their wedding tour. On their arrival in the city becoming known the bells of St. John's church were rung, and flags were displayed from the Sessions House and from the windows of many of the tradesmen.

At the Peterborough Petty Sessions, *Wm. Bate*, esq., magistrate, of Werrington, was summoned at the instance of John Williamson, the Werrington postmaster, for wilfully damaging the post-office letter box, to the extent of 2*s*. 6*d*. After a patient hearing, the Chairman said the Bench convicted the defendant. The costs came to 2*l*. 6*s*., the damage was 2*s*. 6*d*., and the penalty 2*l*.; in all 4*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*.; in default of payment seven days imprisonment.

24th. At the Peterborough County Court a complaint preferred by Mr. B. Taylor, high bailiff, against Mr. J. Bannister, of Farcet, for assaulting bailiffs, and rescuing goods from their custody, was heard. The defendant admitted being in the wrong, and a nominal penalty of 1*l*. was inflicted.

25th. At Market Rasen butter sold from 15*d*. to 17*d*. per lb.; eggs 1*d*. each or 7 for 6*d*.; apples from 6*d*. to 1*s*. per stone.

28th. A red cabbage, grown by Mr. Hirst, gardener to the Rev. S. R. Hole, of Caunton Manor, was dug up last week, which weighed 34*lbs*.

During the excavations at Torksey, consequent on the new drainage scheme now in progress, an ancient hand-mill, of very primitive character, for grinding corn, &c., was found about eight feet below the surface, on the farm of Mr. Stanser, at Martin Port. The mill consists of a top and a bottom stone, the under one flattened at the bottom and the upper one rounded on the top, with a hole in the centre, into which the grain was put, and through which it descended to the top surface of the lower stone, and was there crushed between the two. The stones are about 30 inches in circumference, and an exact counterpart of the upper one found at Thurlby may be seen at the Mechanics' Institution, to which it was presented by Mr. Padley, surveyor to the Court of Sewers. Torksey, at the junction of the Fossdyke with the Trent, was formerly a place of great note. It was a Roman station, and at the time of the Norman invasion contained 200 burgesses. The remains of a castle or old hall, and a nunnery still exist. According to Bede, it was here that Paulinus baptized the Lindisians, in the presence of Edwin, King of Northumbria. King John founded a priory here for Augustine canons, but at the dissolution of the monasteries it contained only four religious persons, and its revenues were then valued by Dugdale at 13*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*, and by Speed at 27*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* The nunnery was founded by the inhabitants in the same reign, and its revenues at the dissolution were valued at 7*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* according to Dugdale, and at 8*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* according to Speed.

A perfect specimen of bog oak was found a few days ago by some labourers in Stilton Fen, when deepening a ditch. The tree was about 30 feet long, and contained 100 feet of timber. Many oaks have been found buried in this neighbourhood, and it is a singular fact that they all lie in the same direction.

29th. Mr. Hurst, of the Woolpack, Connington lane, Stilton, has in his possession a sow which has pigged in four successive litters, the extraordinary number of 62 pigs.

Mr. Marshall Heanley, chemist, Peterborough, has recently passed the examination of the Pharmaceutical Society.

In the neighbourhood of Chatteris, during the past few years carrots in immense quantities have been grown, the land being peculiarly suited for their growth, and several truck loads are being sent away daily to the London and other markets, the average price being about 20*l.* per acre.

Nov. 3rd. At Cambridge, at the expiration of his year of office, Dr. Cookson,

Master of Saint Peter's College, retired from the Vice-Chancellorship, and next day received the compliment of being re-elected to fill the same high office for a second time in succession.

4th. A tradesman of Spalding recently ordered his coffin to be made, which he purposes making use of during his lifetime as an article of furniture. It is of thick Spanish mahogany, polished, with double lock, and two shelves inside forming three compartments. It is understood the cost will be about 20 guineas.

In the 10 months ending on Monday, October 31st, there have arrived in the port of Wisbeach, 123 cargoes from abroad.

The new Masonic Hall, Peterborough, built by the members of St. Peter's Lodge, 442, was solemnly dedicated by His Grace the Duke of Manchester, Provincial Grand Master. The exterior of the Lodge, which has been erected at a cost of about 450*l.*, is peculiarly plain and odd looking, but the interior, thanks to the efforts of Brothers Strickland and Kind, has been decorated in a chaste and most appropriate manner. The Town presented quite a festive appearance on the occasion.

In the matter of the late fire at Edithweston, Uppingham, the directors of the County Fire Office, have not only paid through their agent, Mr. Compton, the full amount of Mrs. Cowden's claim, but have also given W. Darker (the labourer whose hovel was burnt) 2*l.* to purchase new tools, coals, &c.

9th. The following are the new Mayors elected for the year 1864-5.

*Boston*—Mr. W. Simonds (re-elected).

*Derby*—Mr. Roe (re-elected).

*Doncaster*—Mr. Moore, (re-elected).

*Grantham*—Mr. John Boyall.

*Grimsby*—Alderman Wintringham.

*Godmanchester*—Mr. Beart.

*Huntingdon*—Mr. R. Margetts (re-elected).

*Hull*—Mr. Henry John Atkinson.

*Lincoln*—Alderman R. S. Harvey.

*Louth*—Mr. S. Trought.

*Leeds*—Alderman Luccock.

*Leicester*—Mr. Alfred Burgess.

*Manchester*—Ald. Bennett (re-elected).

*Nottingham*—Mr. Alderman Page.

*Stamford*—Mr. John Groves.

*Scarborough*—Mr. A. Gibson.

*Wisbech*—Mr. George Dawbarn.

*York*—Alderman Cabry.

12th. Mr. M. Brown has generously offered to distribute 20 tons of coal among 40 of the poorest widows with families in Peterborough during the ensuing winter.

As a man, named Allen, was digging clay on the farm of Mr. Pyke, near Chatteris, his spade came in contact with some bones, which upon examination were



found to be the skeleton of a man. The teeth and the greater part of the bones were perfectly sound and of an unusual size. They were carefully collected and taken to the surgery of Dr. Wright, and have since been sent to Huntingdon.

A fire was discovered by some children in the clothing factory of Messrs. Wallis and Linnell, Kettering, who speedily informed Mr. Palmer the foreman of the establishment of the fact. The machinery, valued at 500*l.*, and the stock and fixtures valued at 400*l.*, were nearly all destroyed. The number of hands thrown out of employment is from 150 to 200, principally females.

15th. The new Mereside Chapel, Ramsey, was opened in the presence of a large and highly respectable congregation.

17th. At Wimblington, March, W. Rhodes, one of the few remaining heroes of Waterloo, breathed his last, at the age of eighty-three. After serving some time in the local militia he volunteered his services as a substitute *vice* the late Thos. Bavin, Esq., who had been included in the draught at that time. During his military career (about 12 years) Rhodes seems to have had his full share of hardships and privations.

19th. The following statistics as to the births, marriage, and death register of Peterborough district will possess interest:—*Births*—year ended Michaelmas, 1854, 1,033; year ended Michaelmas, 1864, 1,278. *Marriages*—year ended Michaelmas, 1854, 224; year ended Michaelmas, 1864, 262. *Deaths*—year ended Michaelmas, 1854, 596; year ended Michaelmas, 1864, 756.

23rd. The large and fine "Cross Church" of St. Peter's, Oundle, was reopened for divine service, after undergoing restoration. Nearly 2,000 persons were present. The Bishop and Clergy to the number of 44, assembled at the Vicarage, and walked in procession down the nave. The entire cost of restoration is expected to be about 5,000*l.*

25th. The Parish Church of Denford, Thrapston, after a complete restoration was reopened. It is due to the present Vicar, the Rev. Percival Landilands, that the church has been rescued from the very dilapidated condition in which it had been long allowed to remain. The estimated cost is upwards of 1,000*l.*

26th. At the half-yearly meeting of the Britannia Iron Works (Messrs. Marshall, Sons, & Co., Limited), Gainsborough, a dividend of 5 per cent. was declared, making 10 per cent. for the year.

The churchyard of Polebrook, near Oundle, being completely filled, the addition of an extra burial ground was neces-

sarily required, to meet which the Rev. C. Hopkins, rector, presented the parishioners with a rood of ground for that purpose, which has been substantially fenced round by a stone wall, the approach thereto being through neat iron gates. The new burial ground is situate within fifty yards of the church. Such a desirable work having been completed, the work of consecration was performed by the Bishop of Peterborough this day. Divine service was performed in the church, after which his lordship delivered an appropriate address. His lordship proceeded to the ground, when the 49th psalm was read. The Rev. Chancellor Wales read the deed of conveyance, and after his lordship had offered up a prayer the ceremony concluded by the singing of the 100th psalm.

At Crowland Abbey it is the custom during the cold weather to light the gas stoves, with which the building is warmed, on the Saturday evening. It appears that on this occasion, the man at the gas-house turned off the gas in the mains too low, causing the gas in the stoves to go out. Afterwards he turned it on again. Consequently when the sexton at an early hour went into the church, he smelt the gas, and judging the cause used commendable caution by turning off the gas and opening all the windows and doors, as soon as he could approach them, the place being completely filled with gas. He by this means preserved the old Abbey from destruction.

29th. The rare and curious collection of topographical works, &c., the property of the late Mr. Henry Boor, of Stamford, was sold by auction by Mr. Langley. Some of the lots realised high prices. Bridges' History of Northamptonshire was sold for 7*l.*, Wright's Antiquities of the County of Rutland 2*l.* 2*s.*, Peck's Annals of Stamford 2*l.* 14*s.*, another copy 30*s.*, Gunton's History of the Church of Peterborough 1*l.* 8*s.*, another copy 1*l.* 11*s.*, a volume of the *Stamford Mercury* for 1716 1*l.* 2*s.*, a portion of the file of the *Stamford Mercury* 10*l.*, Blore's History of the County of Rutland (only the East Hundred published, the MSS. of the other hundreds being in the library of the Earl of Gainsborough) 1*l.* 15*s.*, Sir Robert Heron's Notes (1 vol. 8vo. cloth) 11*s.* This collection included, with one exception, every topographical work published relating to Lincolnshire. The result of this sale, shows that there is an increasing desire to know something of the early history of the places where the people of this and the surrounding counties are located.

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 8.]

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[Vol. 1.

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## WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

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"April 13th, 1861," is now taken notice of in our Almanacs, as a day henceforth to be remembered, as that upon which Fort Sumter was bombarded, and the American war commenced.

It is now, instead of "thirty days," nearly *four years* since this awful calamity fell upon that great portion of the Western Continent, previously known as the "United States." We should like to see on the "13th of April," 1865, a *permanent separation* between the North and South, and a *cessation of hostilities*. We fear, however, this apparently very desirable state of things, will not, at such an early date, be altogether realized. Mr Lincoln, it seems, is to preside over the Federal government four years more; and, we suppose the bare fact of his being *re-elected*, as it is termed—although the Southern States, of course, have had neither part nor lot in that matter—will be regarded by many as a proof positive that his administration and policy have received the national sanction. Militating against our wishes, then, we see staring us in the face, as visible as was the handwriting on the wall of the palace of Belshazzar, that "the Federal Union shall never be *permanently dissolved*, until not only the armies of devoted soldiers sent into the field by Jefferson Davis, but also the whole people of the South, master and servant, white and black, shall be 'wiped' out of creation!" This is a sad alternative. Can we believe that all those who voted that Abraham Lincoln should continue his war policy, were fully aware of the awful responsibility of their actions? Let us be more charitable towards them, and reflect a little; for even universal suffrage may not always secure a perfect expression of the public mind.

It is, in our opinion, more than probable that for every popular and independent vote that was dropped into the ballot-box, there may have been one dropped in from considerations widely differing from a sanctioning of that exterminating policy, so recklessly carried out by the Lincoln government.

The direct disposal of many millions of dollars a year, it is fair to assume (considering the frailty of poor human nature), exerted a powerful influence upon those connected with the Federal government, from the highest official to the humblest dependent. We will charitably suppose that the public mind has *not* been fairly represented by the result of the late election; through the imperfection of the electioneering machinery, and the obvious

pressure which would be put upon the by-no-means-immaculate representative system of the Northern States.

We have no doubt, too, that many voted for Mr. Lincoln, urged on by the government Press, which, prior to the contest, put forth its strongest efforts to induce men to do so, whilst in a state of alarm, between hope and fear; under the influence of *hope*, because they were told the rebellion was just on the point of being crushed out; that Mr. Lincoln had, at length, got his foot firmly upon the neck of the prostrate Confederacy, and that the life would soon be squeezed out of it under the influence of *fear*, because they were warned against *voting for a change of administration*, lest the war, which was devastating their homes, should be prolonged to an indefinite period; and lest the enemy, taking advantage of the change,—which he would construe into a weakness to cope with him—should become more defiant, and more powerful for mischief than ever. We say, between hope and fear, we believe many a vote was given in favour of the retention of a government, whose views and aims the voter, since the election, has seen cause to hate with all his heart and soul.

That a majority was polled in favour of Abraham Lincoln we cannot pretend to deny; but we will never believe that all who voted for him, gave their deliberate assent and consent to wipe out of existence hundreds of thousands of their fellow-men! Oh! for a policy of recognition—the North of the South—in preference to an endless war! This policy, however, has never entered into their councils since the war began; it has never been a distinct issue in any election; or, we believe there would be found a very considerable number of men in the North, who are longing for an equitable adjustment of the differences, that would give their adhesion to it.

We also believe that able leaders would soon be forthcoming, if a strong and powerful element, aiming at a just pacification, were to come out from the masses, with a determination to make itself felt in the exigences of the times. We should like to see a popular expression of the public mind, in the Northern States, on the question of recognition, and not that hateful ferocity of dealing with the faithful adherents of President Davis, which must ultimately lead to certain exhaustion, and possible extermination. The Southern States have endeavoured most heroically to free themselves from the fetters of tyranny and the “screw,” and we should like to see their efforts crowned with success.

#### STITCH—STITCH—STITCH!

We should like to see introduced into Parliament, during the next Session, a Bill that should have for its object the “amelioration of the condition of poor seamstresses”—a Bill that would limit the hours of their labour to ten or twelve at the most. It is no use trusting to employers; the records of the police-courts afford us ample proof that, in many cases, the *more prosperous* the employer the *more cruel and exacting* he is towards those whom he employs.

Lately, a Lady, using for her signature “Of the West end,” publicly came forward—to her honour be it spoken—in anticipation of the season, and endeavoured to say a word in behalf of those unfortunate young women, who appear doomed to drag out a miserable existence, on a mere pittance, whilst they work sixteen or seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, for those who breathe a very different atmosphere from themselves, and who neither care for the woes nor the wants, the sufferings nor the sorrows of those to whom they are, in a great measure, indebted for the splendour in which



they are attired. But without the interference of the legislature, we have not the slightest hope that any particular change will be brought about. Ladies may write, and Poets may embody their wishes in beautiful and affecting language, having the same good end in view, but it will all be to no purpose, until a law shall be passed in favour of poor needle-women, with very severe penalties attached to the violation of it.

The "paying of bills promptly, by ladies of fashion," is a good suggestion, but, though it would benefit employers, in a most positive and direct manner, we fear it would rather have a negative tendency as it regards the employed. The rule seems to be, in nine cases out of ten, to have the *maximum* amount of work done for the *minimum* amount of pay, and to keep the poor creatures to it *incessantly*, or nearly so, in order to increase the profits! A short time ago we saw it stated: "The ordinary working hours in some Millinery and Dressmaking Establishments are, from January to June, *from six to twelve*, and before a drawing room, *till four the following morning!* Many of the older hands rarely obtaining more than three or four nights' sleep in the week!" This is very sad. It knocks at the doors of our hearts for compassion, and for aid, if possible. Let us not fear to speak of these stubborn, ugly, and disgraceful facts, and let us hope that ere long we shall see our wishes realized.

We would recommend to all the oppressors of these dreary drudges in their "dog holes" the following verses from Thomas Hood, who "sang the Song of the Shirt."

"Work—Work—Work!

My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags.  
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

Oh! but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!"

January, 1865.

## LEO MYRON.

(Continued from page 128.)

Leo lay still during this conversation, trembling at first with fear, lest Mr. Eastman should discover him. When it turned, however, on private affairs, he considered it would be more honourable to shew himself—let the consequences be what they may, and he was about to do so, when he heard his own name mentioned. Curiosity detained him, he could not stir; the desire to hear what next would be said about himself; and it certainly (he thought) concerned him to become aware of the real position he occupied in other persons' estimation. These considerations fixed him to the spot. "They might have doubts of my honesty, my prudence, or twenty other things," thought he, "more or less injurious to my character; I am certainly justified in remaining where I am." "I bought a most beautiful turbot this morning," at length, said Mrs. Eastman, "and I have looked at the cookery book to see the nicest way for it to be cooked; but I cannot decide, they all seem equally delicious. Will you dear, just come with me into the parlour, and decide on which you should prefer?"

"Yes love! you go now, and I will be with you in one minute." Mrs. Eastman immediately left the shop, and her husband rang the bell, which on Tom's answering he was desired to remain there; and Mr. Eastman then followed his wife. He was no sooner gone, than Leo instantly darted out from his place of concealment, and said, "All right Tom! they don't know I was there, I shall never forget your kindness: I was dreadfully fearful I should be discovered." "So was I," returned Tom, "and if they had found you, I should certainly have been sacked for telling a lie. I'm thankful it has turned out so well as it has." Leo hastily put his hand into his pocket, drew forth a shilling, gave it to Tom, and hurried away to the back premises, where his master supposed him to have been at work.

Mrs. Eastman in less than a week, kept close to her room, and before a fortnight had elapsed she was confined of a son. Leo, in honour of the occasion, it being the first-born, was treated with a glass of hot gin and water, which owing to the fatherly care of Mr. Eastman, who was so obliging as to brew it for him, did not produce the least exciting effect upon his nerves, as it was not too strong of gin.

When the child was about six weeks old, it was christened at the Parish Church. Mr. Mark Abram at the request of the happy mother, and a Mr. Mythe, a highly respectable solicitor accepted the responsibility of godfathers, while a rich old lady was flattered into becoming a godmother.

A few days after the christening, the new apprentice, Manchap, arrived. He was a short, thickset youth, with dark complexion, and of grave physiognomy. Leo found him on making the first advances towards a friendship, most agreeable and good tempered; which latter opinion he never had occasion to alter. A sympathy of feeling soon sprang up between them, from the circumstance of their living in the same house, and being subject to the same treatment; and the tie which thus connected them received but few strains. Leo now became closely observant of the actions both of Mr. and Mrs. Eastman. This worthy couple dined alone three or four times a week, and, at first, when they commenced the practice, Leo had the curiosity to enquire of the cook, what they had had for dinner: sometimes it was a cut of salmon, a woodcock, or partridges, and a variety of other savory dishes, while he and Manchap were feasted on hashed mutton, or Irish stew, made after the most approved receipt, and containing all the proper ingredients. Mr. Abram was occasionally smuggled upstairs to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, for he was their son's godfather.

#### CHAPTER IV.

An explosion and its consequences.

The second half of Leo's premium had now been paid to Mr. Eastman, who doubtless secretly congratulated himself upon his good fortune. Leo learnt from Manchap that his premium would be paid in three instalments, extending over nearly the whole period for which he was bound; and this circumstance was quite convincing to Myron, that it would be *himself* Mr. Eastman would endeavour to get rid of. This fancied conviction prepared his mind to judge of circumstances in the most favorable light for their being more fully confirmed. He soon determined to acquaint his father with his settled resolution of leaving Mr. Eastman, as every hour he now passed beneath his roof became more irksome: and with such an intention he walked home one evening.

He had no sooner entered the house than his sister Mary came to welcome him. "May you see many happy returns of the day, dear Leo;" exclaimed she, with truly sisterly fondness. He had not remembered that it was his birthday, and the information took him for a moment by surprise, and he replied, "May it please God for me to see some *happy* ones but never I pray another such as this."

"What do you say? what do you mean dear brother?" enquired she with anxious tenderness.

"Do not ask me," he returned; "but where is father, Mary?" "In the parlour, with mother reading the newspaper." Leo entered the room, his mother held out her hand to him, and his father lifted his eyes from his paper and enquired how he was. Leo looked at his mother, then at his father, then on his mother's anxious countenance again; he breathed with difficulty; he endeavoured to answer their enquiries but his voice failed him, and he burst into tears.

"What is the matter dear Leo? tell your mother what it is;" and she rose from her seat held her own handkerchief to his eyes, and gently led him to the chair she had just vacated. The tears he shed afforded him relief, and in a few minutes he was able to acquaint his parents with the cause of his grief.

His sister stood on his right hand with her arm thrown around his neck weeping in silence, and his mother on the other side praying him to tell her all, and she would do anything to make him happy, tear after tear stealing down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I will tell you all, dear mother, but be calm." "I cannot my son, I cannot, unless I see you happy." "I was *bound* to Eastman said he," and his voice almost choked him.

"And what of that my dear?" asked his mother; "it was for your own good, and was it not your own choice?" "It was I grieve to say, but I knew not that I gave away my liberty, and was to be trampled upon, and scorned, I knew none of that." "Nor shall you Leo; neither your father nor I will allow it. No one dares to serve you so;" and tears rolled afresh down her cheeks.

Mr. Myron had all this time remained silent, but he had not been an indifferent spectator of the scene; he felt as a fond father at the sorrow of his child, and as an affectionate husband at the sorrow of his wife. Agony in its severest form lacerated his breast, nor did his eyes shed a tear to bring him relief, but inwardly he was sorely troubled. "Tell me Leo calmly all that has happened;" were his first words.

"I will father, I will; but be not angry with me, you could not, if you but imagined half the anguish I feel; it almost makes me tired of life." He then proceeded to relate various circumstances which had lately occurred to him, painting his master in his real character. He laid bare his actions, and they discovered the little mind which had prompted them, and likewise a strong tincture of knavery, and hypocrisy. "And could you wish me, my dear father," he concluded, "to remain with a man who laughs at both principle and honor? Should I be acting in accordance with those upright principles which, when I was younger, you instilled into my mind? would it not be doing them a violence? Then you cannot, dear father, desire me to remain in my situation."

"But Leo, regard you as nothing, the disgrace attendant on leaving your master before your time of apprenticeship has expired? The world judges harshly from appearances, and they will seem against you. Your voice in



extenuation will not reach all who will hear of your leaving, which alone is allied to disgrace in the eyes of our friends, give the matter once again your serious consideration, and believe me, your views of the subject will be entirely different from what they now are ; the grief your mother, your sister, and myself feel, will add to the balance in its favor."

"But, father, you surely forget that I shall have to endure three years of misery, the thought is almost sufficient to drive me from a neighbourhood where there dwell all I most love ; the reality will force me to do what I dread to think of." "Leo, try and harden your sensitive feelings for our sake ;" sobbed Mary.

All were now silent for a few moments, until Leo said in a firmer and more composed voice than he had yet been master of, "I will try, nay, I *will* buffet through the three years, but it seems a long time to look forward to"

"Nay, Leo! if you would but compose your mind, and think of brighter days, with the knowledge that you have acted by your agreement, the time would soon speed by;" spoke his mother.

"I will mother, I will not be the son to bring sorrow upon his parents;" and he had scarcely spoken the words when the maternal lips were pressed in love upon his cheek.

The conversation during the remainder of Leo's stay with his family was of a soothing tendency ; and before he had departed, his peace of mind to all appearance was in a great measure restored. Leo arrived at Mr Eastman's just as the town clock struck ten. and taking the candle from the servant who had opened the door for him, immediately hastened upstairs to the consolatory quiet of his chamber. He felt not the slightest inclination for repose, and therefore threw himself into a chair to think over the scene which had transpired during the last few hours. He sat silent and motionless as a statue, not a muscle appeared to move ; the features were rigid, and the eyes, staring and bright, were steadily fixed upon the wall. For nearly an hour did he remain thus, when suddenly he rose and took from a desk which stood near, a sheet of writing paper, and with a pencil wrote the following lines :

#### LINES WRITTEN ON MY BIRTHDAY.

Away with your gold, yes ! away with such dross,  
I'm not of the world, what are riches to me ?  
Of liberty only feel I the loss,  
Aye ! give me myself, and let me be free.

I seek not for aught like to shallow renown,  
For well do I know that I and my name,  
Will soon be forgotten, and soon be unknown,  
For brighter names shine in the Temple of Fame.

O give me my freedom to rove in the vale,  
To wander beside the clear glassy brook,  
And there the soft breathings of Nature inhale,  
And peacefully read out of God's open book.

A weight seemed taken from his heart when he had concluded the last line. He read the verses over attentively ; they did express his feelings, but faintly, for language was not capable of giving them utterance, with the same vividness with which they existed in his mind.

He now threw himself on his bed, dressed as he was, to gain a few hours of sleep, but that "parenthesis of human woe" was not for him ; he soon

heard the clock strike the hour of midnight. Gradually as the time crept by, did he again become saddened by a recurrence in his mind to those circumstances which had lately so embittered his situation. Again the blood began to boil within him, the wrongs, fancied or real, which he had suffered, all started again as vividly into existence as the writing on the wall did to the eyes of Belshazzar. The promise to his mother likewise occupied its place in his mind, which was a solitary angel of good combating with the many angels of evil, that successively appeared trying to seduce him with promises of revenge, then to pass away and give place to others of a similar character. As many views and prospects as a kaleidoscope could present, alternately arose mentally before him, some exhibiting a sun of glory, others mawkish in their simpleness. One however, retained a seat in his imagination, it offered him a career of usefulness, was an employment of which he might well be proud, and had attracted and ennobled some of the greatest of human intellects—it was that of a writer.

“Some men,” thought he, “have by their first effort touched a chord in the hearts of their fellowmen, and fame and fortune have rolled in upon them during the night, and they have awoke in the morning, and found themselves courted by those who once pointed at them with the finger of scorn, and they have become stars of admiration not only to their own country but to the world. Others on the contrary have toiled on until the blanched cheek and sunken eye foretold that their exertions must soon cease, and have dropped into the grave unpitied and unknown! But yet have they left mankind a legacy in their works, and have in them lived again to be crowned by posthumous fame.” After duly weighing in his mind all the consequences attending a certain course of action, he decided to run steadily on like a bold racer, without swerving from the path he had chosen, and abide by the issue. A romance should be his first effort; into which his abilities, his imagination, his whole soul should be thrown and in this little bark would he trust his fortunes on the rough and uncertain sea of public favor.

*To be continued.*

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## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

*(Continued from page 130.)*

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They reach'd the Inn, that ELI mentioned, then  
 Order'd a glass of good port wine : perhaps  
 They could not get a glass to suit their taste ;  
 Perhaps GREEN's taste was gone, or thereabouts ;  
 They drank it not : and while they stood outside  
 Waiting a moment, talked of what had past.

Ev'n for the last glimpse of the vanishing Inn  
 GREEN watchèd, and he smartly greeted it :  
 But when he felt the absence of his wine,  
 And ELI's feelings too did chime with his,  
 They wished the landlord, trade ! Not being used  
 To water, they compensated the want  
 By drinking each a little *cau-de-vie* :

(Enoch Arden,  
page 15.) For fear of over much GREEN takes the less;  
He half foreboding "what would PHŒBE say?"  
For more than once, before JONES went to sea  
Impassion'd, had she urged him to take less  
Than what he did of brandy,—ere it told:  
GREEN quail'd for not avoiding it; and thus,  
Expectant of reproof which never came,  
Pain'd at his own fresh want of confidence,  
He sat awhile in silent melancholy.

Now the third stage was quickly reach'd, and GREEN  
Seem'd livelier; yet the father feared for him,  
And felt a father's care: nevertheless,  
Whether his feelings really urged him to it,  
Or thro' the lack of what GREEN needed most,  
He means to order both the best of ale,  
And what they needed—dinner hour it was.  
After alighting here,—in freer air,—  
Like two caged birds let out, most cheerfully  
The fickle invalid JOHN chatted away.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 16.) On that same day the travellers started forth,  
PHŒBE'S true heart, which hunger'd for her guest  
(Since ELI left he sent a message to her),  
Smote her, for having fail'd to write to JOHN.  
"Surely" said PHŒBE, "I shall see him soon,  
And be some little comfort;" then she went  
Up to her mother's sitting room in front;  
And in a moment at an outer door  
Loud knocks are heard, still none to open  
Ventur'd; till FANNY, rising with a shriek,  
Rush'd to the meeting of th' expected ones:  
But when she kiss'd her father's happy face,  
GREEN turn'd his round toward the wall and wept;  
Then PHŒBE running down said laughingly  
"JOHNNY, we want to make a neighbour of you."

She spoke; and all awaited JOHN'S reply,  
"Neighbour of one so bad and so far gone  
As I am!" All caress'd him, and they laugh'd:  
His manliness and confidence reviv'd,  
He set himself beside them, and he said:

(Enoch Arden,  
page 17.) "I come to visit you, for so he wish'd,  
ELI, your father: I have lately felt  
You chose at last between us—the wrong man:  
On you JONES fixt his heart, and could not stand  
To see the one he loved, and lose her too.  
For wherefore did he go away to sea,  
And leave so strangely? he had in his home  
Small pleasure, therefore he could leave it all  
To give his mind a better stringing-up  
Than it had seen for years: that was his wish.



And if he should return, pleased would he be  
 To find his early boyhood-choice not lost.  
 And it would fetch him even from his ship,  
 If he could know that you had chang'd your mind,  
 And all about your luck. So, PHEBE, now—  
 As I shall be no better in this life,—  
 I do beseech you once for all to hear  
 Me, for poor WILLIAM, now so far away—  
 For, if you yield, and he should come again  
 Why, then he will forgive me—if you yield,  
 PHEBE—for I do wish him well-to-do.  
 Now let me off—as I have told the whole :  
 Make *him* the neighbour that you say you want.”

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 18.)

Then PHEBE looking round upon them all  
 Answer'd “ Can you, JOHN, look me in the face,  
 And be so foolish?—you to manhood grown?  
 When you came in, with pleasure I ran down;  
 I little thought to find you broken down  
 So bad as this! but come, and have your tea:  
 It will allay you: many have been dismay'd  
 By feelings such as yours.”

Again he ask'd

“ Then you will free me, PHEBE ? ”

PHEBE turn'd,

She blush'd, and fixt her laughing eyes upon him,  
 And dwelt a moment on his pallid face;  
 Then telling him he knew not what he said  
 Saw in his hand the ring; and meaningly  
 She pointed to the little “ golden bond.”  
 So lifted up in spirit he took his tea.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 19.)

Then ELI told them all about the sale,—  
 Who bought the case of books, and everything.  
 He said he felt the goods were not his own,  
 But partly theirs; he had the money safe:  
 Fearing to trust the pockets of his coat,  
 He stuff'd the largest part—as PHEBE wish'd,  
 Before he cross't the threshold when he left—  
 Into his breeches, guarding well the notes.  
 And now a tiny rose GREEN shows to all,  
 Which PHEBE claims her own, and not in vain:  
 With some display of fondness, after tea,  
 To make them laugh, the precious little flower  
 By his own hands was fitted in her waist.

The mother wish'd to fathom ELI's mind:  
 Scarce could she gather what had come upon her;  
 So with full heart, when all had gone to bed,  
 Prob'd him with many words most anxiously.  
 When morning came he gave the girls a call;

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 20.)

From distant chambers of the house they ran  
 To greet their loving father lovingly ;  
 Pride of his house and of his heart were they :  
 Hurried he next to GREEN, who seem'd too long  
 In dressing, sprang upon him playfully,  
 And call'd him " Brother PHŒBUS." " PHŒBUS " laugh'd  
 At ELI's last ; and ELI seem'd to him  
 The shrewdest best physician he had seen.  
 PHŒBE's small figure pacing on the lawn  
 'Then caught his eye, but soon was lost to view,  
 Going he knew not where : and now down stairs  
 With ELI, on the hearth-rug, " PHŒBUS " stands,  
 And forward all the rest with PHŒBE came.

It chanced that morning these three girls were ask'd  
 To join a picnic-party : RACHEL would,  
 If PHŒBE would go with them ; FANNY begg'd  
 For " Brother PHŒBUS " (as they call'd him) too :  
 Him, while to Dorking fowls they toss some crusts  
 Left from the meal, they told ; and saying to him  
 " Go with us ' Brother PHŒBUS,' we shall ride ;"  
 He gave consent, but at the time to go  
 He half essay'd to thwart them in their wish :—  
 Would there be *many* join them ? yet he went.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 21.)

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*

## LEGENDS OF PETERBOROUGH MINSTER.

### II. THE CONVERSION OF WOLFADE.

Saint Chad, before his door  
 Was sitting, lost in thought,  
 And much he mourned o'er  
 The land so deeply brought  
 To careless sin and evil ways :  
 And then he sighed for former days  
 When Peada began to build  
 A minster large, but by his queen  
 Was cruelly betrayed and killed ;  
 And of his work there nought was seen  
 But bare foundations cheerless on the mead,  
 A sadd'ning relic of a pious deed.  
 King Wolfere, thanes, and all his court,  
 Seemed bad as pagans turned, for nought  
 But as their Saxon sires were wont  
 They cared to do—get drunk and hunt.

The saint was quite deep  
 In such dreary rumination,  
 And heavily did weep  
 For the almost heathen nation  
 With his eyes on the ground ;  
 When at once a great sound  
 Of puffing and blowing so terribly loud  
 He heard, and up started,  
 And (though never fainted-hearted)  
 Was startled a little to see in a cloud  
 Of steam, two branching horns arise  
 Above a pair of monstrous eyes.  
 He thought he saw Satan himself, or some peer  
 From the regions below, yet felt little of fear,  
 Nor more at opponents infernal to faint  
 Inclined than did Dunstan the militant saint.  
 He crossed himself quickly, and "Avaunt ye," began,  
 Then saw it was neither a devil nor man,  
 'Twas only a hart that from hunters had flown  
 All day with the speed of the wind, but now blown  
 And exhausted to death, could not make a bound more,  
 So made a dead stop at the hermit's door.  
 It gave a beseeching and terrified look  
 And eagerly took a long draught from the brook ;  
 Then, powerless to fly persecution and hate,  
 It dropt itself down as if careless of fate.  
 Though most austere,  
 Downright severe  
 As doubtless some would term it,  
 You ne'er would find  
 A heart more kind  
 Than that of Chad the hermit.  
 He said, as pity touched his breast  
 To see the fainting creature rest,  
 "Poor panting trembler, bide thee still,  
 And I will shield thee safe from ill."  
 The spreading boughs he moved aside  
 Of trees that grew there, so to hide  
 It from the view of those who sought  
 Its life. Then all at once he thought  
 He something—though I can't say why—  
 Could most miraculous descry  
 In such  
 A very strange deed ;  
 And much  
 He wondered, "For what purpose can  
 By heaven be sent,  
 What surely ne'er meant  
 Of itself to the dwellings of man  
 To fly in its need?"  
 He wondered long, nor waited long,  
 For soon he heard the sound



Of a horse's hoofs at headlong speed,  
     Come rattling o'er the ground.  
 And hot and tired and sweating much  
     From his long and heavy run,  
 On smoking steed, came prince Wolfade,  
     King Wolfere's eldest son.  
 "Hallo! old man, hast seen a stag  
     Come flying somewhere near?"  
 "O, haughty prince, 'tis not the hart,  
     But heaven that brought thee here."  
 "What meanest thou, thou crabbed churl?"  
     In wrath the prince began;  
 But at second looks felt shame to rail  
     Against the aged man.  
 With milder tone again he said,  
     "Hast seen the stag I've sought?"  
 "As the hart to water brooks art thou  
     To living water brought,  
 O prince, I long have wept the sins  
     Of this fair land to see;  
 And now, in answer to my prayers,  
     Hath heaven commissioned thee  
 To bid the lawless cease from wrong,  
     And sin to stalk no more."  
 The prince returned, "I oft have wished  
     Good order to restore,  
 And law and justice make revered  
     Throughout the kingdom's range:  
 The will I have, but lack the power  
     All this aright to change."  
 The hermit said, "Kind heaven hath given  
     To thee the will—'tis well:  
 O hear my aged voice, while I  
     The path of right do tell."  
 And then a lengthy yarn he spun—began  
 To tell of Peada's days, how every man  
 In Mercia was a Christian, fields were tilled,  
 And blood in wrath or wine was never spilled,  
 How each man's goods were safe from knavish lifts,  
 And priests and hermits lived on cheerful gifts.  
 Then next he gave an accurate account  
 Of its present fallen state, and great amount  
 Of sin and wrong and wickedness that moved  
 The wrath of heaven to fall. He lastly proved,  
 By a prosy mode I need not here repeat,  
 That the christian faith was fit, sufficient, meet,  
 And able all the country's woes to end,  
 And lasting peace and plenty sure to send.  
 Prince Wolfade, who sure was a sensible youth,  
 In his very long speech saw a great deal of truth.  
 The creed of the christian he clearly perceived  
 Superior to that of the pagan, believed

That a great deal of good it might do to the nation,  
And asked of the hermit a short explanation  
Of its doctrines and faith. As the day was now done,  
He promised return the next day with the sun ;  
And often he came, whene'er time could be had,  
To list to the zealous instruction of Chad.  
His teaching was earnest, his life of the best,  
The prince very much by them both was impressed,  
And all the old writers agree that, in short,  
This model young Saxon did just as he ought—  
Repented his sins, paganism despised,  
And soon by the joyful Saint Chad was baptized.

B.

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### AN INDIAN MOTHER.

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An Indian woman and her child, who was about seven years old, were travelling along the beach of Lake Erie, to a camp a few miles distant. The boy observed some wild grapes growing on the top of the bank, and expressed such a strong desire to obtain them, that his mother, seeing a ravine at a little distance, by which she thought she could gain the edge of the precipice, resolved to gratify him. Having desired him to remain where he was, she ascended the steep, and was allured much farther into the woods than she at first intended. In the mean time, the wind began to blow vehemently, but the boy wandered carelessly along the beach, seeking for shells, till the rapid rise of the lake rendered it impossible for him to return to the spot where he had been left by his mother. He immediately began to cry aloud, and she, being on her return, heard him ; but, instead of descending the ravine, hastened to the edge of the precipice, from the bottom of which the noise seemed to proceed. On looking down, she beheld her son struggling with the waves, and vainly endeavouring to climb up the bank, which was fifty feet perpendicular height, and very slippery. There being no possibility of rendering him assistance, she was on the point of throwing herself down the steep, when she saw him catch hold of a tree that had fallen into the lake, and mount one of its most projecting branches. He sat astride upon this, almost beyond the reach of the surges, while she continued watching him in an agony of grief, hesitating whether she should endeavour to find her way to the camp, and procure assistance, or remain near her boy. However, evening was now about to close, and as she could not proceed through the woods in the dark, she resolved at least to wait till the moon rose. She sat on the top of the precipice a whole hour, and during that time occasionally ascertained that her son was alive, by hearing his cries amidst the roaring of the waves ; but when the moon appeared he was not to be seen. She now felt convinced that he was drowned, and giving way to utter despair, threw herself on the turf. Soon after, she heard a feeble voice cry, in the Indian language, Mamma, I'm here, come and help me. The distracted mother started up, and saw her boy scrambling upon the edge of the bank ; she sprang forward to catch his hand, but the ground by which he held giving way, he was precipitated into the lake, and perished among the rushing billows.

## A SHOP FOR GOVERNMENTS.

On the 31st day of December, as I was leisurely strolling along Regent Street, I came to an immense shop, in front of which people were swarming like bees around a hive, some issuing forth, others eagerly striving to make their way inside. Above the door was a sign bearing the words: "Universal satisfaction."

I at once concluded that something wonderful must be selling there. Prompted by curiosity, and desirous to get my share of "universal satisfaction," I began to elbow my way through the crowd, and after a deal of tossing and jostling, succeeded in effecting my entrance. It was a warehouse for the special accommodation of governments. In the middle stood a man holding forth at the top of his voice: "Come one, come all, behold, examine my wares, the delight of peoples, the tranquillity of nations, the happiness of the five parts of the globe!"

Presently my curiosity became excited to an almost feverish pitch on seeing several of the great powers of Europe make their appearance and apply to the shopkeeper.

*Shopkeeper.* What do you want, madame?

*Spain.* A ministry.

*S.* A complete one?

*Spain.* To be sure; but I require something solid. My poor Narvaez is getting sadly out of order; he is so delicate that if touched, however lightly, the whole machine goes to pieces.

*S.* Here is a complete ministry, madame, and a solid one.

*Spain.* Is it very warlike?

*S.* Behold, every minister has a drawn sword in his hand.

*Spain.* I am delighted, being very anxious to show to my young prince of the *Asturias* what a warlike nation he will some day be called upon to govern.

*Mr. de Bismarck.* I want some very pliant puppets.

*S.* What do you intend them for?

*Mr. de Bismarck.* Members of the Chamber of Deputies.

*S.* Here are some India rubber ones, which will answer your purpose exactly.

*Mr. de Bismarck.* Where is the wire?

*S.* There it is.

*Mr. de Bismarck.* Oh! they work admirably well. I am quite satisfied with these mannikins. Send them to me as soon as possible.

*The King of Greece.* I also should like to get some such puppets.

*S.* Are you not satisfied with your Greeks I gave you last year?

*The King of Greece.* That is, you gave me to them; they make a plaything of me.

*S.* You must be mistaken.

*The King of Greece.* Alas! no. Could you not procure me some mannikins like those Mr. de Bismarck has just bought?

*S.* They are not easily got.

*The King of Greece.* Then give me another kingdom, or else I shall go back to papa.

*The Czar.* I want some toys for my dear little children.

*S.* Which children?

*The Czar.* My dear little Poles. They are terrible children, it is true; but I am going to be so kind to them that they will finish by worshipping me.

*S.* Suppose you give them that little thing hanging in the corner?

*The Czar.* Liberty! Oh! no! I prefer what is shut up in that box; it must be a surprise. (*He touches a spring, and out comes a Mourawiew in a threatening attitude.*) This toy is charming. (*He carries it away.*)

*The Emperor of Austria to the Czar.* Good morning, my dear brother. You have just made some purchases for your little children, have you not?

*The Czar.* Yes; and you?

*The Emperor.* I also am going to buy something for mine. (*To the S.*) I want . . . .

*S.* A constitution box.

*The Emperor.* How do you know what I want?

*S.* It is what you purchase every year.

*The Emperor.* True; I cannot give anything else to my Hungarians.

*S.* Yes, you can.

*The Emperor.* What?

*S.* That Liberty hanging yonder.

*The Emperor.* Don't bother me with your Liberty. You always try to sell me your trash. Pass me that constitution box, I say. It breaks easily, does it not?

*S.* You know that well enough.

*The Emperor.* It is exactly what I require.

At this moment two gentlemen entered the shop, one of them of gigantic stature, the other somewhat short and very thin. The difference in their countenance struck me at once; the giant looked confident enough, whereas the other, though of haughty bearing, had that peculiar look of a customer who, being short of cash, is apprehensive of not being trusted. Never had I seen these two gentlemen before, but judging by their resemblance to some photographs exhibited in portrait galleries, I at once pronounced them to be Presidents Lincoln and Davis. Although they made their appearance simultaneously, you may well guess that they did not walk arm in arm, but they now and then cast at each other side looks of defiance, and seemed



rather inclined to come to blows; but, as they were on neutral ground, actual fighting was altogether out of the question.

*Lincoln to S.* I want to purchase a box of soldiers.

*S.* Again! Why, I have already sold you hundreds of thousands. What has become of them?

*Lincoln.* Destroyed, my dear Sir, destroyed, most of them.

*S.* What a stupendous havoc!

*Lincoln.* Ah! we do things grandly in our tremendous, eternal America.

*S.* But what a fearful sacrifice!

*Lincoln.* Alas! it cannot be helped; our dear Union must be preserved at any cost.

*S.* Dear indeed, you may call it. However, I have no objection, considering you are a good pay-master. How many do you require?

*Lincoln.* 300,000.

*S.* Black or white?

*Lincoln.* White, by all means; the black don't wash well, and get discoloured sometimes.

*S.* 300,000 is a large batch. When must you have them?

*Lincoln.* Directly, if possible.

*S.* As I have not a sufficient supply on hand, I shall have to manufacture them by steam, and the material being somewhat scarce just now, you must pay me a higher price for them.

*Lincoln.* I don't mind (*squinting at Davis*); we of the north are rich enough; plenty of greenbacks in the country.

*S.* Your greenbacks may do very well for home use; but we in England don't think much of them; therefore I shall take nothing but hard cash.

*Lincoln.* Very well; you shall have it, though I should have to ransack all the Northern Banks.

*Davis.* I likewise need a box of soldiers.

*S.* You have not paid for the last you bought of me.

*Davis (pulls out of his pocket an enormous bundle of bank notes, which he hands to the Shopkeeper).* Here is your money.

*S.* Confederate paper, Poh! good only to light my cigar with. Have you nothing more valuable, Mr. Davis?

*Davis.* I can give you a security on Southern cotton; we have a large quantity stored away.

*S.* True; but Sherman is making very free with it. If you don't pay me cash down, I cannot satisfy your demand.

*Davis.* Cash! Alas! there is no more in the South, all is gone, and no hope of getting a new supply. So long as we were successful, the English were willing enough to come to our assistance; but now that the tide has set against us, they turn a deaf

ear to our demands. As the Latin poet has it:

"Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,  
"Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris."

*S.* Your Latin quotation sounds very well, but the clink of gold would please my ear much better just now. So, good bye, Mr. Davis; I must attend to my illustrious customers.

While in the act of turning round, Davis perceives Old Abe indulging a grin of joy at his discomfiture. Davis in a rage, shakes his fist at him. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

*Palmerston.* Can you accommodate me with an "Electoral Reform," something showy, that can be seen at a great distance?

*S.* You purchased one five years ago, if I recollect well; you must have it still, since you have not given it away.

*Palmerston.* Aye, but as it has been exposed for show all this while, it has lost somewhat of its freshness, and I wish to get a new one.

*S.* And this time, I hope, you will present John Bull with it.

*Palmerston.* Not likely, it answers my purpose well enough, if I only show it to him; he keeps me in office, and all is right for another period.

*S.* But John Bull has been grumbling, and will grumble again.

*Palmerston.* Oh! let him grumble to his heart's content; it does him good; he grows fat on it.

*S.* Here is an Electoral Reform, very brilliant, all show, nothing in it.

(*Palmerston takes the article with a smile of satisfaction, and ties it to his coat button-hole. On making his way out, the Reform dangling all the while, he finds himself face to face with Louis Napoleon. They shake hands in a friendly way.*)

*Napoleon.* Ha! old friend, what is that you carry so triumphantly? Is it the badge of a new order of knighthood?

*Palmerston.* Don't you see? it is an "Electoral Reform," and a splendid one.

*Napoleon.* For the English people, I suppose.

*Palmerston.* Yes.

*Napoleon.* My little Frenchmen have got something better than that.

*Palmerston.* Universal Suffrage, you mean?

*Napoleon.* Aye.

*Palmerston (in a whisper).* A sham.

*Napoleon.* Just like your Electoral Reform.

*Napoleon to S.* I want something for my Frenchmen.

*S.* This time, I hope, I am going to sell you my Liberty.

*Napoleon.* Liberty! what for?

*S.* Why for the crowning of the edifice.

*Napoleon.* God forbid!

S. But you have kept promising that blessed crowning of the edifice ever since you mounted the throne; methinks, it is high time to keep your promise.

*Napoleon.* Nonsense! it is a very elastic promise; the crowning takes place only when the edifice is finished, and the edifice is not finished, and never will be; don't you guess?

S. (*aside.*) What a humbug!

*Napoleon.* What do you say?

S. Oh! nothing; I was only talking to myself. Are you not afraid that Jean Crapaud will lose patience, and send you back to Jermyn Street?

*Napoleon.* No fear of that.

S. Yet he kicked out Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe.

*Napoleon.* Two old geese; no pluck in them. I am made of a different stuff, and shall show Jean Crapaud again, if necessary, that I am the nephew of my uncle.

S. Well then, what are you going to purchase?

*Napoleon.* I want a gag for the Press.

S. Bless me! is'n't she gagged enough?

*Napoleon.* No; the last gag you sold me is not tight enough; the old lady talks now and then, and lets out things unpalatable. I want a gag with a padlock, the key of which I shall keep by me, so that she may open her mouth only when I please, and say nothing but what I please.

*Shopkeeper (perceives that his Liberty is missing).* Plague on't! I have been robbed of my Liberty. Who has taken it?

*A Voice.* A French journalist has just carried it away.

*Napoleon* turns pale, and forgetting all about the gag, rushes out shouting: Police! Stop thief! Stop thief!

(*Exeunt omnes to see the fun.*)

*Shopkeeper (who has been left alone):* Ill fated Liberty! these confounded despots will never buy it, so that the people have to get it in an illegal way, and I am the victim.

*Dauphiné.*

#### THE LORD OF SCRIVELSBY.

At the coronation of James II, the king's champion claimed his office as lord of Scrivelsby manor, in Lincolnshire; to perform the said office, and to have a gold cup and cover, with the horse on which he rides, the saddle, armour, and furniture, and 20 yards of crimson satin. Allowed, except the 20 yards of satin.

At the coronation of George III. Mr. Dymock,\* the king's champion and lord

Scrivelsby, during the royal feast, entered the hall, completely armed in one of his majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a fine white horse, the same his late majesty's rode at the battle of Dettingen, richly caparisoned, in the following manner:

Two trumpets, with the champion's arms on their banners; the serjeant trumpet, with his mace on his shoulder; the champion's two esquires, richly habited, one on the right hand, with the champion's lance carried up-right; the other on the left hand, with his target, and the champion's arms depicted thereon; the herald of arms, with a paper in his hand, containing the words of the challenge.

The earl marshal, in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the marshall's staff in his hand; the champion on horseback, with a gauntlet in his right hand, his helmet on his head, adorned with a great plume of feathers, white, blue, and red; the lord high constable, in his robes and coronet, and collar of the order, on horseback, with the constable's staff.

Four pages appavelled, attendants on the champion.

The passage to their majesties table being cleared by the knight marshal, the herald at arms, with a loud voice, proclaimed the champion's challenge, at the lower end of the hall, in the words following:

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay, Our Sovereign Lord King George III. king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. [grandson] and next heir to our sovereign lord king [George II.] the last king deceased, to be the right heir to the imperial crown of the realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his champion, who saith that he lyeth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him, on what day soever shall be appointed."

And then the champion throws down his gauntlet; which, having lain some small time, the herald took up and returned it to the champion.

Then they advanced in the same order to the middle of the hall, where the said herald made proclamation as before: and lastly, to the foot of the steps, when the said herald, and those who preceded him, going to the top of the steps, made proclamation a third time, at the end whereof the champion cast down his gauntlet; which after some time, being taken up, and returned to him by the herald, he made a low obeisance to his majesty: whereupon the cupbearer, assisted as before, brought

\* Mr. Dymock's motto is, "Pro Rege Dimico."

to the king a gilt bowl of wine, with a cover; his majesty drank to the champion, and sent him the said bowl by the cup-bearer, accompanied by his assistants; which the champion (having put on his gauntlet) received, and retiring a little, drank thereof, and made his humble reverence to his majesty; and being accompanied as before, rode out of the hall, taking the said bowl and cover with him as his fee.

### PEAT BEDS.

From sections made in the neighbourhood of Thorney and other places, only one layer of black earth is found, and I should say that in looking at the fens generally, the existence of two distinct beds of peat is the exception, rather the rule.

In the peat are found numerous trunks and branches of trees scattered about generally at the lower part of the bed, where they are frequently observed to have part of their trunks in the erect position, and their roots ramifying in the stratum on which the peat earth rests, from which circumstance it cannot be doubted that these trees grew on the spots where we now find them, and that our fens occupy the sites of vast ancient, if not primeval forests. These trees consist principally of oak, but there are also abundance of birch, beech, hazel, yew, and in short almost every kind that is indigenous to our island, including also fir trees, although these are by no means common in the fen districts of which we are now speaking, which verifies the statement of Dr. Rennie, that where the subsoil is clay the remains of the oak are most abundant, whereas when sand constitutes the substratum, the fir tribe predominate. Some of these trees are of enormous magnitude, and found in such a state of preservation as to have been sold to make the masts and keels of ships. In 1858 an oak was dug out of Connington Fen, Hunts., which measured 60 feet in length to the collar, and then divided into two large limbs, and its greatest diameter exceeded 4 feet. But perhaps the largest of these submerged trees is one recorded by De la Pryme, which was 14 feet in diameter, and 40 yards long. This wood, commonly known as bog oak, is dyed of a deep black by the oxide of iron with which it is impregnated.—*Dr. H. Porter's Geology of Peterborough.*

QUERY.—I wonder, said a woman of humour, why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one grand point, for he wishes to be master, and so do I.

### MORE "MISERIES,"

*By Sir Fretfull Murmur, Knt.*

*Continued from page 37.*

At table after dinner hearing one of your children's little, but loud impromptus upon the pimples luxuriantly budding out upon the nose of one of your visitors.

Being fumed with flattery to your face, by a miscreant, who you have reason to suspect, speaks ill of you behind your back.

Walking upon Woburn sands with a wooden leg.

Cutting bread and butter with a knife, the handle of which has been touched by some one, whose fingers have come in contact with honey.

Invited to dine in the city; having the reputation of a great genius with the party, you are pleased at seeing one of the guests take out his pocket book and pencil, and write as often as you speak, you push all your brilliant puns and quaint sayings, after a little time you observe with timid modesty, that you must be careful, as your observations are recorded, upon which you are told, that the gentleman you allude to is a great Fishmonger, and that he is merely writing down such thoughts as occurred on business, such as "twenty-two salmon by the smack Arabella, &c."

In the holidays being asked several classical questions by a dry learned old man, in the presence of your father and a large party.

A boy however naturally audacious with his playfellows, just come from school, and entering a room where there are six young ladies and no gentlemen present.

The horror of contriving how to adjust one's legs and arms at the age of nineteen in a drawing room.

Meeting a young lady the first time after an intended match is broken off (love tolerably, but not excessively deep), looking like two shy cats, each obliquely watching the other to see what degree of dejection the separation has produced.

In the country asking a man whether he will have port or white wine having only port in the house, when he gives the preference to white—No inn nearer than three miles.

Going to a house to dine, where you expected to sleep, finding the house full, pressed to stay till the moon gets up, which at the expected hour is for the first time during its quarter, obscured by clouds, and in attempting to get home by a short cut, learn of a cottager, whom you arouse from his sleep, that you have driven four miles out of your way.



## ANECDOTES.

The following sentences were put to a paper by a set of saucy fair ones, in the presence of their husbands, whom they accused of having adopted, since their marriage, a language different from that which they used when lovers.

Lov. You do everything well, madam.

Hus. My dear, you don't seem to me to know how to do anything.

Lov. How well you look to day—indeed, you are charming in any dress.

Hus. How frightful you are, I wish you would put on your clothes a little more becomingly.

Lov. That's a pretty cap, how elegant is your taste!

Hus. That hideous bonnet! my dear, you will never learn to dress yourself.

Lov. What pretty sentiments! how well you express yourself on every subject.

Hus. You know not how to talk on any subject as you ought to do, therefore, pray hold your tongue.

Lov. Let me know your opinion, my dear madam, it shall ever guide me.

Hus. What does it signify, my dear, what you say on the subject? I never consult women.

Lov. How neat you carve that fowl, it is a pleasure to see you.

Hus. How awkward you are; the meat grows cold before you can cut it up; and, after all, it is done in such a manner that I cannot eat it.

Lov. I am so concerned to see you indisposed—can I offer nothing that will be of service to you, madam?

Hus. It is all your own fault, my dear, that you have got this cold, you never take care of yourself.

A dancer said to a Spartan, you cannot stand so long on one leg as I can. True, answered the Spartan, but any goose can.

A young girl compelled by her friends to marry a very rich old man, being asked at the altar, Whether she would take this man for her husband, made a low curtsy to the priest—May it please your holiness, this is the first time that question has been put to me.

A publican being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen; being asked the reason for so doing: From such, said he, I had it, and to such I give it again.

An accomplished woman in company with the celebrated Fontenelle, asked, wherein laid the difference between herself and a watch? A silence ensued, when the philosopher very quickly replied, A watch madam, puts us in mind of time, and your ladyship makes us forget it.

A gentleman in the country lately

addressed a passionate billet-doux to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript: Please to send a speedy answer, somebody else in my eye.

As a countryman was sowing his field, two London bucks happened to be riding by, one of whom, thinking to make fun of the old *put* (as they styled him), called out to him, Well, honest countryman! it is you that sow, but it is we that reap the fruit. Mayhap it may be so, master, bawled the countryman: there is many a true word spoken in jest,—*I am sowing hemp.*

In a small party, the subject turned on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, I wonder my dear, you have never made a match, I think you want the brimstone. To which she replied, no not the brimstone, only the spark.

An Irishman was once brought before a magistrate, charged with marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him how he could be so hardened a villain? Please your warship, says Paddy, I was trying to get a good one.

A lady was some time ago followed by a beggar, who very importunately asked her for alms. She refused him, when he quitted her with a profound sigh; Yet the alms I asked would have prevented me from executing my present resolution. The lady was alarmed lest the man should make some rash attempt on his own life. She called him back, and gave him a shilling, and asked him, What he meant by what he had just said? Madam, said the fellow, laying hold of the money, I have been begging all day in vain, and but for this shilling I should have been obliged to work.

An obscure physician, quarrelling with a neighbour, swore, in a great rage, that some time or other he would be the death of him. No, doctor, replied the other, for I shall never send for you.

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? I came straight from London, replied he. Did you so, said the other; then you have been terribly warped by the way.

A servant girl, who always attended divine service, but who also could not read, had, from constant attendance, got the service by rote, and could repeat it extremely well. But a few Sundays previous to her marriage, she was accompanied by her beau, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read: she, therefore took up the prayer-book, and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also, but, unfortunately for her, she held it upside down. The man astonished, said, Good gracious! why,

you have the book wrong side upwards. I know it, sir, said she, confusedly, I always read so, for I am left-handed.

A Yorkshireman and Leicestershireman contending for the superior fertility of their respective counties, the Leicestershireman declared that he could turn a horse into a field new-mown, and the next morning the grass would be grown above his hoofs. Pho! that's nothing, cried the Yorkshireman, you may turn a horse into a field in Yorkshire, and not be able to find him next morning.

A queen of Spain, on her road to Madrid, passing through a small town famous for the manufacture of gloves and stockings, the magistrates thought they could not pay her a greater compliment than by presenting her majesty with a sample of the articles for which the town was famed. The major-domo, who conducted the queen, received the gloves very graciously, but when the stockings were presented, he flew into a violent rage, and reprimanded the magistrates severely for this piece of indecency: Know said he, that a queen of Spain has no legs. The poor young queen, who had but an imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language, and had often been alarmed with accounts of Spanish jealousy, imagined they were preparing to cut off her legs, and began to weep bitterly, and begged they would conduct her back into Germany, as she was sure she should never be able to endure that operation, and it was with considerable difficulty they could appease her.

AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT

From the Year 1600.

Continued from page 136.

| YEAR. | £. | s. | d. | YEAR. | £. | s. | d. |
|-------|----|----|----|-------|----|----|----|
| 1738  | 1  | 15 | 6  | 1755  | 1  | 13 | 10 |
| 1739  | 1  | 18 | 8  | 1756  | 2  | 5  | 3  |
| 1740  | 2  | 10 | 8  | 1757  | 3  | 0  | 0  |
| 1741  | 2  | 6  | 8  | 1758  | 2  | 10 | 0  |
| 1742  | 1  | 14 | 0  | 1759  | 1  | 19 | 10 |
| 1743  | 1  | 4  | 10 | 1760  | 1  | 16 | 6  |
| 1744  | 1  | 4  | 10 | 1761  | 1  | 10 | 3  |
| 1745  | 1  | 7  | 6  | 1762  | 1  | 19 | 0  |
| 1746  | 1  | 19 | 0  | 1763  | 2  | 0  | 0  |
| 1747  | 1  | 14 | 10 | 1764  | 2  | 6  | 9  |
| 1748  | 1  | 17 | 0  | 1765  |    |    |    |
| 1749  | 1  | 18 | 6  | 1766  | 2  | 3  | 1  |
| 1750  | 1  | 17 | 0  | 1767  | 3  | 4  | 6  |
| 1751  | 1  | 18 | 6  | 1768  | 3  | 0  | 6  |
| 1752  | 2  | 1  | 10 | 1769  | 2  | 5  | 8  |
| 1753  | 2  | 4  | 8  | 1770  | 2  | 9  | 0  |
| 1754  | 1  | 14 | 8  |       |    |    |    |

To be continued.

THE CHRONICLE—1864.

Dec. 2nd. The Rev. T. Campbell has been presented to the incumbency of Brothertoft, by Thomas Gee, esq., of Boston, patron of the living.

Sibbertoft church re-opened after an extensive restoration. The Bishop of Peterborough preached.

The Rev. T. Byers, assistant master at Oakham Grammar-school, presented to the Vicarage of Leake, near Boston.

Several lots of freehold and leasehold property, building land, &c., in the parish of St. Peter's at Gowts, were offered for sale by auction at the Royal Oak, Lincoln. Lot 1, consisting of 2861 square yards of land, with warehouse, &c., lately occupied by Mr. Shaw, fellmonger, was bought by Mr. Huddleston, builder, for 810*l.* The bids for the other lots did not reach the minimum price put upon them.

3rd. At Oundle the price of gas is 7*s.* 6*d.* per 1000 feet.

The returns rendered to the Government on the 30th Nov. last, show that the number of effective members upon the roll of the Peterborough Rifle Corps has been almost doubled since Dec. 1, 1863; and other circumstances tend to show the present healthy condition of the corps.

4th. Mrs. Symth, aged 48, widow of Mr. J. F. Symth, J.P., of Boston, died in the Wesleyan chapel, at evening service.

Mr. Rd. Russell, engineer (a son of the late Dr. Russell, of Blyth), knocked down by a train between Sutton and Ranskill stations and killed.

5th. The Rev. J. H. Fludyer, of Ayston Hall, elected chairman of Rutland sessions, vice J. M. Wingfield, Esq., resigned.

8th. Died, at Cork, Dr. George Boole, Professor of Mathematics, at Queen's College, Cork, aged 49. He was a native of Lincoln, where he formerly was proprietor of an academy.

9th. At Birmingham Dog Show, last week, the first prize, in the champion class, for large-sized pointers, was awarded to Mr. John Swan, of Lincoln, for his Peter, 3½ years old. The second prize for deer hounds, was awarded to the Countess of Cardigan, of Deene Park, for her Hector, 5 years.

10th. At the Smithfield Cattle Show, the Scotch bullock, exhibited by Mr. James Maxwell at the last Peterborough Agricultural Show, gained the first prize of 30*l.* in class 24.

11th. The house of Mr. F. B. Drage, of Stilton, burglariously entered and robbed of 35*l.* 15*s.*

15th. Covenham St. Bartholomew church re-opened for divine service after an extensive restoration.

17th. Under the management of Dr. Morriss, Turkish baths are about to be opened at Spalding, and are now in course of erection.

The Principal, Masters, and Students of the Training College, Peterborough, assisted by the Choristers of the Cathedral, gave a concert of sacred and secular music, in the Training Schoolroom, which was attended by nearly all the gentry and clergy of the city and neighbourhood. The performance throughout was of the highest character, and gave great satisfaction.

18th. An ordination for the first time in Leicester, held by the Bishop of Peterborough, in St. John's church.

20th. At King's School Peterborough, the annual distribution of prizes took place, the Dean, presiding. The Reports of the examiners, M. Laing, Esq., M.A., and the Rev. H. M. Dyson, M.A., were read and were most satisfactory, especially as they recorded the general improvement of the whole school and of the lower classes especially. The prizes, consisting of handsomely bound books, given respectively by the Dean and Chapter, the Rev. E. B. Whyley, M.A. (Head Master), and the Rev. W. D. Sweeting, M.A. (Second Master), were then distributed. On the Wednesday and Thursday evenings following, the boys, as on previous occasions, went through a theatrical performance in the school-room, a stage being fitted up for the occasion. The company, who were very numerous on both occasions, were evidently much gratified by the efforts of the performers, who rendered their several parts with much taste and accuracy.

The advowson, with right of next presentation to the Rectory of Pickworth, near Falkingham, in the gift of the Duke of St. Albans, offered for sale at Garraway's. It was bought in at 3000*l.* Income 400*l.* a year.

21st. Gainsboro' parish church, which had been closed for alterations in the interior since July 18th, re-opened for service.

Thomas Banister, an inmate of Lincoln County Lunatic Asylum, committed suicide by hanging. He had been a cottager at Tattershall.

23rd. The Althorpe Volunteers presented Earl Spencer with a handsome sword.

Died, at Norman Cross, the Rev. Henry Freeman, Rector of Folksworth, aged 59.

24th. Mr. Wm. Bourne, miller and baker, of North Collingham, found drowned in the Trent near South Muskham.

26th. Mr. George Gilstrap, corn-merchant, of Newark, killed at Balham station, near London, by an express train.

Thomas Shallcross, aged 29, a fireman

in the employ of the Great Northern Railway, died in Lincoln Hospital from injuries received by falling from the engine near Clarborough.

The Rev. E. R. H. G. Palmer, Vicar of North Somercotes, presented to the Rectory of South Somercotes.

The wife of Mr. Joseph Shepperson, farmer, of Mereside, Ramsey, committed suicide by cutting her throat.

28th. The shop, with premises, situate at the corner of the Hotel-yard, Stamford, in the occupation of Mr. Rogers, general-dealer, was offered by auction at the Stamford Hotel, and fetched the extraordinary sum of 855*l.* The biddings ran up to something over 500*l.*, when the reserved bid was declared to be 850*l.* Mr. Bradshaw, builder, however, appeared determined to purchase this property, and it was knocked down to him at the above named sum. The property belonged to Browne's Hospital estate. No house in Stamford has been so well sold for some years past.

31st. The Marquis of Exeter, the principal proprietor of the Stamford and Essendine Railway, has taken the working of it into his own hands, and has purchased entirely new rolling stock.

The tenders, for the construction of the New Cattle Market, Peterborough, of Mr. East, of Melton Mowbray, for division No. 1. (the levelling and masons' work), and of Messrs. Amies, Barford and Co., of Peterborough, for division No. 2. (the iron work), have been accepted.

Mr. T. Darlow, the most active promoter of the Ramsey Gas Light and Coke Company, has recently disposed of his shares at a premium of 200*l.*

*Rainfall at Sleaford for 1864.*

| <i>Month.</i>  | <i>Depth.</i> | <i>Days.</i> |
|----------------|---------------|--------------|
| January .....  | 0·73 in. .... | 11           |
| February ..... | 1·60 in. .... | 13           |
| March.....     | 1·90 in. .... | 15           |
| April .....    | 1·26 in. .... | 6            |
| May .....      | 1·50 in. .... | 9            |
| June .....     | 1·20 in. .... | 12           |
| July.....      | 0·44 in. .... | 4            |
| August .....   | 0·94 in. .... | 8            |
| September..... | 1·30 in. .... | 7            |
| October .....  | 1·50 in. .... | 10           |
| November ..... | 2·18 in. .... | 12           |
| December ..... | 1·70 in. .... | 10           |

Total .... 16·25 in. .... 117

The above is the amount registered in one of Negretti and Zambra's guages, kept by Mr. B. Heald in the nursery grounds of Mr. Charles Sharpe.



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## THE BENEFITS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

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To save an amount of money which would be beneficial to a family on the death of a parent, would, in many cases, require a long period of time; and, no matter how careful and provident the parent might be, it is next to impossible, that, with fixed and limited wages, any provision worth depending upon could be realized. What, however, cannot be effected by a single individual, though he may be very desirous to provide for a "rainy day," as the saying is—can be most easily effected by a combination of individuals.

The principle on which this may be done will be brought plainly into view by the following quotation taken from "Chambers' Miscellany,"—"Suppose ten thousand persons of the age of 52 were disposed to associate for the purpose of making sure that the heirs of all those who died within the year should have each £1000, it would only be necessary, in that case, for each person to contribute as much to a common fund as would make up the sum of £150,000,—or a thousand times £150 (the number of persons that may be expected to die), that is to say, each of the ten thousand persons would require to pay in £15. With a small additional allowance for the expense of transacting the business, the resulting sum of £150,000 nett, gives the representatives of each deceased party the desired £1000. This is still so far an ideal case. But it is easy to suppose a large number of persons, at all ages, or, at least, at certain ages determined on, say between 15 and 60, paying into a common fund, each according to his age and the sum he wished secured; and then we should have a Mutual Assurance Society at once, there being only this additional feature, that men generally do not insure for one year only (although this is possible), but for the whole remainder of their lives; for which reason an average is struck, and they begin paying at a rate which will continue the same to the end; the excess of payment in the early years making up for its smallness in those at the close of life. Such being the common practice, Life Assurance Societies necessarily accumulate large funds, which they require to improve at interest in safe investments, in order that the most postponed engagements may be good in time." Therefore you see the good accruing to individuals is brought about by a large number of people making annual payments for a specific purpose. We may observe here, that sometimes a person, who lives to be very aged, will actually pay in more than those who represent him will be entitled to receive after his death.

But again, we must remember that should he die at an *early* age, the gain to those who represent him will be large, and it might be called a sudden

acquisition of personal property, obtained by a very severe family bereavement. It is an acquisition, too, which a mere chance has rendered available for the benefit of the survivors, and it has been acquired by a very small outlay. The uncertainty as to when death may happen to the assured, is so great, that it is only in the actual result we can note the fact, whether the gain will be small or great, so to speak, to the representatives of the deceased. There is, however—there must be a great comfort in feeling that this uncertainty has been provided for. A feeling of intense satisfaction must be occasionally experienced by a parent, whose life is insured for a considerable amount, when he considers that he has provided for his family, should he be prematurely taken away from them. This feeling induces a perseverance to pay the yearly premium in the most regular manner, in order not to sacrifice the benefits to result from that provident forethought, which was made effective at the time when the *first payment* was made.

Another comfortable feeling must also be experienced, when we take into consideration, that there is not that real necessity to live parsimoniously, and to look at every penny spent in enjoyment. A trip to the sea-side can be taken with greater freedom of spirits; a few shillings can be given to a charitable purpose; a book now and then, can be bought; a few friends entertained; and many a little purchase can be made, upon the strength that the spender is able to say, "I need not strive so hard to save a few pounds, now that I have insured my life, if any thing happens to me." We know of one individual who is "unwilling to lay up" any more "for his death," as his life "is insured for £1000." This, we think, is taking too great a liberty with the excellent system of *combination*, but we mention it as a fact, a determination founded upon what the person alluded to assumes to be "just principles."

Sometimes we see it recorded, as an inducement for people to insure their lives, that after the payment of the *first* premium, the sum of £1000 has been realized; that in one office "£500 was realized after the policy had run 262 days; £800 after 330 days; £600 after 206 days; and £500 after 74 days" Such cases must, and do, occur—but, there is scope for the exercise of better and higher principles with regard to the duty of Life Assurance, than looking upon it as a mere lottery. We will conclude this paper by giving a verbatim extract from a Lecture lately delivered at Quebec, by the Rev. Dr. Cook. "The benefits of the Life Assurance system belong not to the higher classes of society only, they are within the reach of almost all. Most of the Insurance Companies give policies for £100. The annual payment of about £2 7s., by a person beginning at 30 years of age, would secure that sum to his family at his death. But there is not a mechanic, and hardly a sober and industrious labourer, who could not set apart double the sum, if he were only duly impressed with a sense of the utility, the advantage, and the duty of doing it. Some as an excuse for neglecting this precaution, say they *trust to Providence*. What right has any man to trust to Providence to do for him, directly, or through the mediation of others, what it has enabled him to do for himself? The wisdom and goodness of Providence appear in giving him this power, and placing him in circumstances in which he can exercise it. Not trust in Providence, but disregard of Providence, and of its plain and manifest design is shown by neglecting to use that power. Would a man show his trust in Providence by entertaining the expectation that though he neither ploughed nor sowed, somehow a crop might spring up, which he should be permitted to reap? Is not the right

trust shown by ploughing and sowing, planting and watering, and then, after all, looking to Providence for the increase? All that our limited power and wisdom can accomplish, it behoves us to do; and after it is done, to whatever length it goes, there will still remain abundant scope for the exercise of trust in the goodness of Providence."

*February, 1865.*

### QUEEN KATHARINE OF ARRAGON;\*

*Her residence at Kimbolton, and her burial at Peterborough.*

Katharine of Arragon was born at the town of Alcala de Henares, December 15th, 1485, and was the youngest of the children of Ferdinand and Isabel, king and queen of Spain. Her early infancy was passed amidst the storms of battle and seige. The first objects which greeted her awaking intellect, were the wonders of the Alhambra, and it was in this royal seat of the Moorish dynasty that the young infanta was reared. Her betrothment to Arthur, prince of Wales, took place in the year 1497. She embarked at Corunna, August 17th, 1501, and landed at Plymouth on the 2nd of October, being accompanied by a numerous Spanish suite. On the 14th of the following month, the prince and the infanta were married at St. Paul's Cathedral, the bride being led from the Bishop's palace to the altar by the young duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII., her second husband) then a chubby child of ten years old. Speaking of the costume of the bride a historian of the time remarks, "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body with many plaits; and beneath the waist, certain round hoops, bearing out their gowns from their bodies after their country manner" Such was the first arrival of the famous farthingale in England, and which is now represented by the modern crinoline. When the marriage festivities at the court were concluded, Katharine and Arthur departed for Ludlow castle, in Shropshire, where they were to govern the principality of Wales. But their residence there was of short continuance, for Prince Arthur died of the plague, April 2nd, 1502, and was buried in Worcester Cathedral. The king of Spain received the news of his son-in-law's death on the 10th of May, and the first thing he did was to send the Duke de Estrada to England to negociate a marriage between the princess of Wales and prince Henry. The negociations continued during the lifetime of King Henry, the cause for which arose principally out of a disagreement between the two kings relating to the dowry of the princess, part only of which had as yet been paid, and the disinclination of prince Henry to take his sister-in-law to wife.

The position of Katharine at this time, at the English court, was so very miserable, being deeply in debt and without money, that it brought on her a severe illness. King Henry's diplomacy was of the most intricate description; he conceived the idea of marrying Joanna, the sister of Katharine, who was insane, and on this account Ferdinand raised an objection to the match, but Henry protested that he knew the lady, and was convinced her illness was only temporary. This project of the king's for marrying Joanna, was a bar to the alliance between prince Henry and Katharine. It now became young Henry's

\* In this article we are much indebted to the Duke of Manchester's Volumes, entitled, "Court and Society, from Elizabeth to Anne."



wish to obtain the bride who had been promised him, and Katharine intrigued to obtain the young prince for her husband. Her hope of success depended on the arrival of the instalments of the dowry, so long and anxiously expected by her. However, before their arrival, the king died at the palace of Sheene, April 22nd, 1509.

The marriage between Henry and Katharine was very unpopular with the nation, which was in some measure attributable to the conduct of Ferdinand, who urged it with a pertinacity that threatened to involve the two nations in war, unless speedily accomplished, and Katharine herself intrigued in every way, and even insisted on the match going forward. The young king to avert the threatened hostilities, married Katharine in secret on the 11th of June, 1509, in the humble chapel of the Franciscans at Greenwich. A week or ten days after this clandestine union, it got noised abroad in London, purposely, that the king had put an end to all fears of war. For good or for ill the act was done, and the people seemed inclined to hope it might turn out well. It was something to avoid a rupture with the king of Spain, who was the most powerful monarch in Europe. The king and queen came to the Tower from Greenwich, on the 21st of June, to sleep, as was the custom of the English kings, in that feudal fortress on the eve of their coronation, and when on the 23rd, they rode in state through Cheape, along the Cornhill, and by old St. Paul's to Charing and Westminster, the citizens received the queen everywhere as the hostage of peace. The streets were alive with emblems of peace. A line of priests in snowy vestments, swaying silver censers, perfumed the air. A band of fair young girls, in white robes, carried palms of white wax. The bride herself, arrayed in white, with hair hung loose around her waist, and seated in a white litter, drawn by milky steeds, might be taken as the very image of Peace. The first act of the king was to send back to Spain his wife's numerous body of Spanish attendants, paying them all the arrears of wages due to them. Left alone, or nearly alone with her young bridegroom, all went well with the queen.

For reasons which are matters of history, Henry separated from Katharine after eighteen years of married life. On the <sup>(14th of July)</sup><sub>(18th of June)</sub>, 1531, Henry left Windsor castle (where they were at the time staying), and sent to Katharine the imperious orders to depart from thence before his return. "Go where I may," was the reply of the forsaken queen, "I am his wife, and for him will I pray!" She immediately retired from Windsor castle, and never again beheld her husband or child. Her first abiding place was her manor of the More, in Hertfordshire; she next settled at Amptill.

In the autumn of 1533, she removed to Buckden, a picturesque hunting lodge on the great north road 4 miles from Huntingdon and 8 or 9 from Kimbolton. This house, a spacious edifice of brick, in the style of Hampton Court, belonged to the see of Lincoln, and the adjoining church, had the rich quaint character of a prelate's seat. During the few months which she lived at Buckden, her health improved, and, had she been able to reconcile herself to facts, she might have been at peace. She trusted in the power of Rome to give her back the whole of what she had lost. She insisted on being addressed as "Queen" by servants who were sworn to give her no other name than that of Princess Dowager of Wales. To work the better to the end she had in view she desired to have a new residence assigned to her in place of Buckden, which was too far from London, and being the seat of Bishop Longland, the king's confessor, he spoke to her daily and hourly of her grievous wrongs. The government were unwilling that she should reside

nearer London, and gave her choice of three noble houses, viz., Fotheringay castle (one of her own manors), Somersham Palace, a seat of the Bishop of Ely, near St. Ives; and Kimbolton castle, a feudal pile on the cross road from Oundle to St. Noet's. She seems afterwards to have bitterly regretted drawing the attention of the king to her removal, for he sent the duke of Suffolk to break up her household at Buckden. At the termination of the contest, relative to her change of residence, the duke of Suffolk behaved with such personal insolence to the repudiated queen, that she left his presence abruptly. She selected Kimbolton castle as her future residence, and removed there in the dark cold days at the close of 1533.

Her chosen house was an ancient pile, built by the Mandevilles and occupied after them by the Bohuns, Staffords and Wingfields, with tower and gateway and double ditch; a very strong place in a cross country valley, guarding the road from St. Noet's into the north-west. and from Bedford to Huntingdon; a house buried in wood, with an enclosed park, and open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned with either abbey tower or village spire. It was a green, bright country, full of deer, birds, and fen waterfowl; but open to the marsh winds, and asking of its dwellers, who would keep in health, a good deal of exercise on horse or foot. Unhappily Katharine could neither walk nor ride.

Her household when she took up her residence at Kimbolton was somewhat changed as to persons, and reduced from the high state of a queen to the modest requirements of a princess Dowager of Wales; though she was allowed to retain her plate and jewels, of the value of 5000 marks, and the disposal of a personal income of £5000 a year, which considering the value of money, was a most princely sum. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was doled out grudgingly, so as frequently to leave her almost penniless. From the day of her settlement in Kimbolton, she withdrew herself more and more from the world, rarely leaving her rooms, one of which looked over the moat towards the castle gates and the village church, the other towards the deer park and the moated hill; her boudoir, her bedchamber, and her state room being all conveniently in line with the chapel close by, in the rear, approached through a private door. Hiding herself away among her own people, speaking her own Castilian, she avoided seeing Chamberlain and Bedingfield (respectively her chamberlain and steward), whom she regarded as the king's servants if not his spies. She plied her needle, and drank her potions, and told her beads. Could she have shut out the angry world, she might have passed her days in peace; but, even in her own retirement, she had often to think of the fortunes of her child, the misfortunes of her friends. The following anecdote will in some way serve to illustrate the estimation in which Katharine was held at this time, and prove that her neighbours of low degree were desirous to propitiate her, though fallen from her queenly state. A poor man ploughing near Grantham, found a huge brass pot, containing a large helmet of pure gold, set with precious stones, with some chains of silver, and ancient defaced rolls of parchment, all of which he presented to Queen Katharine.

But the end of all sorrow was approaching now. During the autumn days of 1535, while the king was keeping his gorgeous court at Greenwich, Katharine in her close retirement at Kimbolton, shrouded in her own rooms amidst her Spanish servants and attendants, had been sinking by slow degrees. Her strength was consumed by spasms. She could get no sleep. Every morsel of food disagreed with her. In despair of her life, the Spanish

physician had urged the necessity for calling in other advice; but with a resolution which was one half pride and one half resignation, the poor sufferer shook her head. "I will have no other doctor," she replied, when she could speak, "but commit myself to the will of God"

This waste of her health was kept secret, for it was her haughty pleasure to die as she had lived—alone. Bedingfield and Chamberlain listening for news in the chamber next her own, could learn nothing to alarm them about her state. Things were going on as usual around them. The Queen kept her room. Isabel and Blanch (her favorite attendants), passed in and out. The confessor and the physician were in attendance. But all this grave routine of a sick house had been going on for months, and nothing at the castle, in the going and coming, or in the language of the servants, aroused Bedingfield's suspicion that her end was nigh. It was from Cardinal Chappuis that the king first heard that she was dangerously ill. On hearing this news Cromwell mounted a messenger for Kimbolton, where he arrived between 7 and 8 o'clock on the wintry night, demanding from Chamberlain and Bedingfield, how it came to pass that the king had to learn from a foreign priest in London, intelligence of what was going on in one of his own royal castles in Huntingdonshire. Even on the receipt of Cromwell's angry message, Bedingfield, who had the instincts of a gentleman, would not force himself into the apartments of the royal lady, to learn for himself the state of her health; for he knew that even if he were to outrage the peace of her chamber, he had no means of compelling her to say exactly how sick she felt. Instead of making a scene he sent for the Spanish physician, whom he questioned as to the state of her health, as to how long she had been sick, the nature of her ailment, and the hope which might be entertained of her recovery. The Spaniard could hold out little hope: *Non multum pejus quam erat, neque longè melius*, said he, in the oracular jargon of his craft. Bedingfield understood it in the darkest sense, and so repeated it to Cromwell.

The queen was dying, none knew how fast. Calling one of her ladies to her bedside, in the room overlooking the deer park and the moated hill, with the bare wintry upland stretching high before her, like the later years of her life, she dictated two letters—the last which she was to compose on earth. One was addressed to her husband, one to Cardinal Chappuis. The words written to Henry, as her spirit was about to leave its cell, if proud, and sorrowful, and humble, have the weight of a tragic misery in every line. They glow with the passionate fervour of her early days, when the two had been boy and girl in the same house, and with a love which is stronger than the world, and the fear of death. Henry is said to have read this note with tears in his eyes, which a man of sensibility can well believe; for the woman who had dated it from her dying bed had been the wife of his youth, and though washed from his side in the revolutionary tempest, was still in his memory the same "brave old Kate" who had gone maying with him in Greenwich park, who had fought Flodden in his absence, who had chastised Wolsey with her scorn. The king sent for Chappuis to the palace, and caused Lady Willoughby,\* the Maria de Salinas of a happier time, to be told that her old

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\* Lady Willoughby had been one of queen Katharine's maids of honor, who accompanied her from Spain. Her name was Mary de Salines, or Salucci; she was of illustrious descent. During the prosperity of queen Katharine this lady married lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and had by him an only child, named Katharine after the queen, who was the fourth wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. Lady Willoughby was left a widow in 1527, the time when Katharine of Arragon's troubles began.



mistress was in danger. It was now late on New Year's Eve. When the cardinal arrived at the palace, the king after telling him of her danger, begged him to ride down into Huntingdonshire, carry to her, with his love, such comfort as a countryman and an ecclesiastic could alone bring to her failing sense. Lady Willoughby needed no second hint. Her mistress sick and alone, her place was by the bedside. Before it was light next morning she was in the saddle and on the road. The ride was long, the track a waste, the day bleak and raw. Being little accustomed to such work as then lay before her, she was thrown from her saddle and rather badly hurt. Some one whom she met on the road dissuaded her from going on, saying the queen was dead. But neither icy winds, nor smarting wounds, nor mournful news, could daunt or stay the devoted woman. About 6 o'clock on the wintry night, she would see the castle from the turning road near the lodge, with the lights, if there were any, in Katharine's room; and in a few minutes the noise of hoofs and the knock of a visitor were heard at the castle gates. Bedingfield went down. He does not appear to have known the horsewoman. She gave her name and errand, on which he requested to see her warrant. She had none to show. In her haste to be with her stricken mistress, she had left London without waiting Cromwell's order to admit her; but, fearing to own this omission frankly, lest Sir Edmund should close the gates in her face, she pointed to her hurts, to her trembling limbs, to her chattering teeth, and begged for the love of Jesus and for Christian charity, that he would allow her to come in and warm her blood at the fire. What could he do? His orders from Cromwell were precise, that neither man nor woman, without his leave, should have access to the castle; but could he turn this creature from the gates on such a night? A lady of rank, a stranger in the land, a countrywoman of his mistress, she had come out of holy feminine love to that house of misery, to that sick bedside, mayhap bringing comfort to the dying queen. Could heart of man send such a woman from his door, to share the privations of a village alehouse, or seek a shelter from the neighbouring monks? Stonely priory was a mile off from the castle. There was a stream to ford and a hill to climb. The night was dark, and the road was bad. Sir Edmund Bedingfield though he might lose his place for neglect of duty, could not send her away; so the gates were opened and Lady Willoughby was carried in. The outer works had thus been won, but there Sir Edmund meant to stop her. When the fire had softened her limbs, she begged permission to see her lady, adding, of her woman's wit, that she had papers to show, as soon as she could come to them, which would satisfy Sir Edmund of her right to speak with the princess of Wales. On this assurance she was allowed to go in, and Bedingfield saw no more of her until the queen was dead.

"Next day, the 2nd of January, 1536, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the Cardinal Chappuis arrived at Kimbolton, hungry and fatigued. The man of God was in no such hurry as Lady Willoughby; he had got his papers in order; he had ambled down the waste roads leisurely, and he now called for his dinner and ate it in peace before asking to see the queen. About 7 o'clock he went into the dying chamber, Bedingfield and Chamberlain now going in with him. He stayed only 15 minutes, but he spoke with Katharine in Castilian, of which language neither of the two knights in attendance understood a word. Next day she sent her physician for the cardinal, who visited her for a longer time. The arrival of Lady Willoughby and Cardinal Chappuis seem to have raised her spirits. She was easier in her mind. She slept in

the night. On the 5th of January, Bedingfield wrote this news of improvement to London: she was sinking, however, faster than Bedingfield thought. On the 6th, she was much worse. The night passed heavily away, the poor lady dying in the midst of her women, with the cardinal whispering prayers for her soul, and Lady Willoughby breathing peace in her ear, in those Castilian accents which recalled her youth. When daylight came she was seen to be failing fast. At 10 o'clock the priests were called in with the holy oil, and Bedingfield and Chamberlain were fetched to be witnesses of the final sacrament of the church. At 2 o'clock she died in Lady Willoughby's arms. The cardinal was in the room, as were also Bedingfield, Chamberlain, and the officers of her household. In her last will and testament, which was evidently her own composition from various foreign idioms, she desired to be embalmed after death, and her body deposited in a chapel of Observant friars.

*To be continued.*

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

*(Continued from page 150.)*

And after riding half-an-hour or so,  
 Just where a village skirts a woody glen,  
 GREEN, looking down the hollow, saw a flag  
 Hoisted; and smiling "there they are" he said:  
 And soon they halted near a canvas tent.  
 Now all with wonder heard an ominous noise,  
 Broken like thunder; and tumultuously  
 Down to the sheltering tent some made a rush:  
 Suddenly all dispersed; some ran for cloaks;  
 Some to outspreading boughs had made their way,  
 And stood in clusters, laughing at each other:  
 Some squatted, here and there, as best they could.

(*Enoch Arden,*  
*page 22.*) But JOHN whilst sitting in the tent forgot  
 The weather, and remember'd that sad hour  
 When PHŒBE GRAY shook off the wounded sprite,  
 Who crept into the hollow: and PHŒBE said  
 Calling him near the entrance, "Listen to them,  
 How merry they are out yonder squatting down."  
 "Vex'd, are you?" for he did not speak a word.  
 "Vex'd?" but a tear had fall'n upon the ground;  
 At which, as if to raise the spirit in him,  
 "The rain is past" she said, "the rain is past:  
 We will go out: why do you fret yourself,  
 And make your eyes so red?" And JOHN replied  
 "I thought of something: but—I need not say—  
 Thoughts often make me feel so melancholy."

Then walking onward GREEN in whispers spoke.  
 "PHŒBE, I have a weight upon my mind;  
 It seem'd to come soon after JONES had gone,  
 And tho' I spoke not when it first came there,  
 I knew the very cause at once. O PHŒBE,  
 (Enoch Arden,  
 page 23.) It was my earnest hope to seize the chance,  
 Which then was left me, in one year or so,  
 And promptly wed you; well then—hear me speak:  
 I grieve to think of what I cannot help:  
 I cannot wed you as I wish'd to do  
 Unless—they say my coming here a week  
 Perhaps will do what they would have it do—  
 I see more hope of life. I fain would prove  
 My feelings to poor WILLIAM; I do think  
 He bore his fate so hardly: I am sure  
 That I would rather it had been mine own;  
 And I believe, if you became his wife,  
 That after all my pain and all my tears,  
 I then should feel more happy than I am  
 Amongst my fellow-creatures. Think upon it:  
 For you are well-to-do—if JONES be poor,  
 Small burthen would he be to you and yours:  
 And we should then be friendly all our lives,  
 And soon forget how hard we strove for you."

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 24.) Then answer'd PHŒBE; firmly now she spoke:  
 "You would seem to JONES an angel, if he knew  
 Your wishes for him; I must chide you for it:  
 Really you would be happier than myself.  
 Could I love JONES? Can he be ever loved  
 Whom I gave up? and would you set this task?"  
 "I rather thought" he answer'd, "that you show'd  
 A little love for WILLIAM." "O," she said  
 Caught as it were "for WILLIAM, when a child:  
 He often came—he often begg'd to come—  
 His friends lived near, who own'd the smacks so long:  
 Surely you know I bade him keep away,  
 And try to settle!" GREEN now softly said  
 "PHŒBE, as he had known you all his life  
 He felt he could not settle." "Stay" she cried  
 "I am yours: you had my promise—and a ring:  
 Will you not keep your word as I keep mine?"  
 Then GREEN made answer "I will keep my word."

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 25.) Here both were mute, till PHŒBE looking round  
 Beheld the tall form of the sailor JONES  
 Pass with a baker's barrow full of bread;  
 Whilst fearing lest her looks should aught disclose,  
 She heard his voice behind them as they stood;  
 And up came WILLIAM laden with some rolls.  
 Then all were friendly on the spot, and there  
 A couple more approached, when GREEN began



Saying softly "WILLIAM, when I thwarted you,  
That was my hour of rashness. I was wrong.  
I am all good-will to you, but you shall see."  
Then WILLIAM laughing answer'd, "*I am wed.*"

He spoke; and GREEN was stagger'd as it were,  
To see JONES hand about his household bread:  
And as he dwelt upon his last three words  
He felt himself grow stronger, and anew  
The sunshine on his sorrow flash'd again:  
And now he stood erect, with cheerful face,  
Glad he had promised. "Is it a dream?" he ask'd.  
"Yes, if the stars" she said, "be bright in heaven:  
Look up and see." But he—he only laugh'd—  
All so unlook'd for—such a change—for life—  
Fasten'd for life—he felt that JONES was bound—  
For life—done for. Then WILLIAM, in his heart  
Feeling no lifelong anger, brought his wife  
Leading their little child with careful hand,  
"This is my wife" he said, "this is my wife"  
And quickly GREEN forgot his pity for him;  
And yet detained him there delayingly  
With many a half-ridiculous excuse:  
Telling him much of his late sufferings,  
Till full an hour or more had slipt away.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 26.)

At this some busy gossips of the place,  
Abhorrent of a conversation lost,  
Began to hint there must be something wrong:  
They thought the baker seem'd excited by it;  
One bought a quartern loaf to draw him out.  
The sisters laugh'd at GREEN and PHOEBE too,  
And simply ask'd if JONES had eased their minds;  
But one, to whom the eldest sister clung  
Like lovers met together, laughingly  
Did joke them worse than either. And tho' JOHN  
Was silent, things were all that he could wish:  
Yet evermore the thought would press upon him  
How strange the man well known to all of them,  
Who left his house and home to go to sea,  
Should at this distant place contract to go  
As baker's man: and he who brought this on him  
Felt some reproach.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 27.)

On that same night it chanced  
That GREEN before he slept, most earnestly  
Pray'd for a dream "is WILLIAM happy now?"  
No sleep he found till the first hours of night  
Calm'd down the excited feelings of his heart.  
Lying in bed he saw a brilliant light,  
A desk, a parson, and an open book;  
Suddenly came a bride her name to sign,

(Enoch Arden.  
page 28.) Suddenly now he heard that simple text,  
 "I was a stranger" That was something to him :  
 Some meaning there: and he much nearer crept :  
 When lo! a bridegroom enter'd with delight,  
 Who was a stranger, and they took him in :  
 "We are one" he said, "I am happy, they are ringing,  
 My joy is at the highest brighter shines  
 My Sun of Happiness, I feel new charms,  
 And now with happy people close allied  
 My joy is at the highest" GREEN awoke,  
 Then hasten'd down, and found all waiting for him :  
 "There is some reason why you kept abed."  
 "I did not wake," he answer'd, "could not wake,  
 You did not call me, never heard you once"

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*


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#### ESCAPE OF A FRENCH PRISONER FROM NORMAN CROSS IN 1811.

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The Barracks of Norman Cross stood upon an elevated situation near to Stilton, in the County of Huntingdon. These Barracks occupied about forty acres of ground, and they were finished in the year 1797. They continued to be of the greatest use, as it regards the reception of prisoners during the French war, and were not removed until peace was permanently re-established.

When a very large number of prisoners were consigned for safe keeping, to these very eligible and salubrious quarters in the year 1811, it so happened that in the month of February, one of these inmates being unable to settle, took it into his head to attempt the performance of a most daring act. His own "Narrative," after describing his fixed intention, runs thus —

"After waiting day after day, and week after week, with emotions and impatience indescribable, the moment of liberation at length arrived, in a dark and dismal night in the month of February. The rain had poured down in torrents all the day, accompanied with a heavy fall of snow, and the wind blew a most violent storm. Nothing could better answer my purpose; as in darkness lay the only chance I could possibly have of eluding the keen and vigilant eyes of my ever-watchful guards. Being now determined to make attempt, I took from their places of concealment, where I had arranged all things necessary for the occasion, a strong knife to cut the wood paling, and a rope which I had made out of wool, with a hook at the end of it, to surmount the wall. I also put a biscuit or two in my pocket, with a shirt and pair of stockings (which last I found exceedingly comfortable and refreshing to me), to put on dry when the others were wet and dirty. I had no room for anything else. My dress was only a sailor's jacket and trousers, both of coarse blue cloth, but sound and warm. I had also a good strong pair of shoes on, another great comfort, and one which ought always to be particularly attended to by every adventurous wanderer.

My fellow-prisoner, of whom I bought a map, was the only one I acquainted with my purpose; not that he might accompany me, for he had given up all

thought of escape himself, but that he might answer to my name if called over, which sometimes was the case, or otherwise assist me as far as lay in his power, without rendering himself liable to suspicion. It was a regular custom in the prison to count us out of our lodging-places in the morning, and in again at night, so that if any were missing, it was immediately discovered, and the alarm given. This rendered it necessary that the first attempt should be made within, after we were shut up. As soon, therefore, as it was dark, I began my operations, my friend standing before me as I lay on the ground, and screening me from observation as well as he could by several artful manœuvres, which were much assisted by a long bench and table near us, on which he was apparently very deeply engaged at work. My object was to cut out one of the boards from the bottom of the building, which I had previously prepared for removal. In this I succeeded better than I could possibly have expected; and, creeping out on my hands and knees, silently replaced the board, and, unperceived by any one, concealed myself among a heap of fagots in the yard, which had been brought there during the day, for firing. The rain and wind seemed, if possible, to increase as the night approached, and soon shrouded all around me in pitchy darkness. There were here and there, at long intervals, and at a great distance from me, regular rows of lamps; but these only served to make the outer darkness more intense. As I crouched up in my hiding-place, wet and almost benumbed with cold, which nothing but the hope of ultimate escape could have enabled me to bear, I could occasionally hear the charge of arms of the sentinels at their post, notwithstanding the pattering of the rain and the howling of the wind, which now had increased to a perfect hurricane; nay, I could now and then even distinguish their voices. Their proximity did not at all tend to the encouragement of hopes, or the exhilaration of my spirits, but I was gone too far to recede. I continued in this horrid state of suspense till the clock struck eleven; which I had chosen as the most favourable point of time, the sentinels being then, as I thought, more likely to be tired, and not so much on their guard, being changed at nine and twelve, commending my soul to God and our Holy Mother, I left my hiding-place, but was at first so stiff and cramped with being confined so long in one posture, that I could scarcely stand, however, this soon went off, and I found my courage rise as my blood circulated more freely.

The wood paling could scarcely be called an impediment; and listening attentively for a moment, and hearing nothing to alarm, I silently cut a part out, and crept through on my hands and knees as far and as quickly as I could manage to do so. I was interrupted by no one, and the sentinels were undoubtedly sheltered in their boxes. My success so far, inspired me with great confidence. I knew that I had passed the first line of the guards, and there were no more obstacles on one side of the wall. If anything, at this moment, the hurricane blew with ten-fold violence, and justly thinking no soldier would face it, but seek shelter, I jerked the hook, with the line attached, on the top of the wall, which, fortunately for me, caught the first time, and with but little noise to alarm. However, I listened for a moment, in great agitation, but all appeared quiet. I then tried the rope with all my strength, and it proving safe, I made the desperate venture—and desperate indeed it was, but what will not a man attempt for his liberty?—well; to proceed,—with great difficulty I got to the top, and gently, and by degrees, I peeped my head over. I listened most attentively, you may be sure, but could hear nothing, and had just got my knee upon the wall in the attitude



of ascent, when a door opened close by me, and a soldier passed along. In a moment I threw myself flat on my face upon the wall, and very plainly heard his footsteps directly beneath me. I continued in this posture for some minutes, and had almost given myself up to despair, when, after passing and repassing, for I could hear him though I could not see him, he again retired to his box, and I heard the door close after him. I seized the favourable moment, and, pulling up the rope, descended in safety on the other side. I then took off my shoes, and softly walked on tiptoe across the beat of the sentinel, till I got to some distance, when I threw myself on the wet grass and stopped to take breath. My greatest difficulties were now surmounted, but as no time was to be lost, I soon started off again, and had nearly approached some of the lamps which I was obliged to pass, when I plainly saw a piquet or patrol of five or six men across my very path. It was astonishing they did not see me; but my good star predominated, and I remained unnoticed. The lamps were now indeed in my favour, as they showed me what to avoid, whilst I myself was shrouded in darkness. Choosing the most obscure places, and proceeding step by step, with the utmost precaution, I at last reached, unmolested, the boundary ditch, which I soon cleared; and in a moment after found myself free of the prison, and on the high road, with nothing farther to obstruct my progress."

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#### ANECDOTE.

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A recent unhappy occurrence in Scotland, reminds us of a circumstance that occurred some years ago in one of the English counties, and which we believe has never appeared in print. One of the officers of a marching regiment, Captain B., who was quartered in the neighbourhood, was amusing himself by shooting upon the lands of Lord M., and as it was then a privilege extended without ceremony to all officers, he had not asked permission of the Noble Lord. His Lordship, however, saw the intruder from his drawing-room window, summoned his game-keeper, and directed him to go instantly and shoot the stranger's two dogs. The man knew the character of his master, and, from his tone and manner, saw that the command must be obeyed. He rode off to the spot, addressed the sportsman, apologized, but said he dare not go back to his lordship with his orders disobeyed. Captain B. expostulated; but at length, pointing to one of his dogs, requested, as a favour, that the game-keeper would kill that one first. The shot was fired, and the poor dog fell. Captain B. who carried a double-barrelled gun, instantly advanced, and coolly discharged his piece through the head of the gamekeeper's horse. Now, said he, addressing the fellow, who was all astonishment and terror, that is horse for dog—fire again, and it shall be man for dog. The invitation was, of course, declined. And now, he continued, go back to your rascally master, describe what you have seen, give him this card, and tell him, wherever I find him in country or in town, I will horsewhip him from that spot to the threshold of his own door. The noble lord was early the next morning on his way to London, and did not return to his country residence until Captain B.'s regiment had been ordered to a distant part of the kingdom.

LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 147.)*

## CHAPTER V.

Of the supper, the "Legende of the Sworde,"  
and the alarm.

A week after the occurrence of those circumstances related in the preceding chapter, Leo Myron had sketched out several plots for the romance he purposed writing, but was not entirely satisfied with any one of his performanees. They were, he thought, tame, wanting in dramatic effect, but in truth they were not so; more than one would have taken the sensation-novel-reading-public by storm, if filled in by a skillful hand, for there were bold and original scenes, but without artistic arrangement. At length he fixed upon one of them, it was perhaps the worst, and his choice of it clearly betrayed his want of experience in such matters: the idea had been worked upon by several eminent writers of fiction, and among others by Sir Walter Scott in his "Ivanhoe." Leo devoted two or three hours of five nights in the week to his task, but his progress was very slow, for on reading over what he had written on the preceding night, he would crush the manuscript in his hand, destroy it in his disappointment, and then proceed to recompose it; sometimes this would occur on several successive nights. When he sat down at his desk he was under many disadvantages, he had passed the day engaged in business, occasionally of a laborious kind, thus he had no opportunity of thinking over what he wrote in the evening, and besides he was frequently weary in body. Sometimes on leaving his work he felt an inclination to pass the evening with some friends of his own age, in a walk, or at their houses in a game of whist or chess, and whenever he shewed this disposition, it was invariably strengthened by the exhortations of his fellow apprentice Manchap. These exhortations were stronger and more in earnest, and likewise made a deeper impression, whenever Mr. and Mrs. Eastman happened to have a few friends to supper, for on these occasions Leo and Manchap took the liberty of remaining out half an hour later than was customary.

On one occasion when the guests consisted of a surgeon and his wife, whose acquaintance Mr. and Mrs. Eastman considered it highly desirable to cultivate from the position they held among the genteel society of the town, and for whom a good

supper had been prepared, both in quantity and quality, Myron and Manchap returned about half past ten o'clock, with sharp appetites, hoping to partake of a portion of the good things. They sat reading in the parlour which they usually occupied, waiting patiently until the "grandees" (as they termed the visitors, and their host and hostess), had finished their meal. The clock struck eleven, and they became impatient, for they were aware that the supper was over. They communicated to the servant their sinking state, begging her at the same time to bring down some of the eatables, which she smilingly promised to do. But another half hour passed, and they began to doubt whether or not it was intended they should go supperless to bed; and having observed several sly laughs animating the face of the servant girl, when she made fair promises to satisfy their impatience, they felt convinced that their supposition was correct, and accordingly proceeded quietly upstairs to bed.

On reaching the first landing however, to their great satisfaction they beheld the "good things" for which they had been so long waiting, on the sideboard. Without any ceremony each of them made an attack upon a separate dish; Manchap on a veal pie, and Myron on a fruit tart. To eat as much as possible in the least time was their object; Leo took up a decanter which was half full of port wine, and swallowed a draught, and then handed it to his companion, who followed his example. Scarcely was the decanter replaced on the sideboard, when they heard the voices of the surgeon's wife and Mrs. Eastman engaged in full exercise, approaching nearer to them. This circumstance was sufficient to cause alarm in the minds of the depre-dators, and they hastily hurried upstairs, and it was lucky for them that they did so, for they had scarcely reached the next landing, ere the door of the drawing room opened, and the two ladies appeared.

"Now you will be sure and come early Mrs. Eastman, and take your tea with us in a friendly way?" said the surgeon's wife.

"Oh yes!" returned Mrs. Eastman, "and I will tell you all the symptoms baby exhibited before the little dear had the measles. Shall we be alone?"

"If you wish it; but I intended inviting one or two friends to meet you, but there, we will have no listeners, and will pass the evening by ourselves. Be sure and desire Mr. Eastman to come for you early, before supper, and after it, he and Richard will doubtless enjoy a pipe." Myron nor Manchap overheard more of the conversation between these two worthy housewives, thinking it policy to retire without further

delay to their bedroom. The former immediately opened his writing desk and ransacked every corner of it for something which he had mislaid, but without success.

"You haven't seen a small packet lying about I suppose Manchap, addressed in my handwriting?"

"No, no old fellow, but how do you feel after the wine?"

"Nothing the worse! This packet! what can have become of it? I must have dropped it somewhere, for I believe I put it in my pocket." Myron appeared to be much annoyed at his loss and resisted several of his companion's attempts to draw him into conversation. We will now leave them in bed and return to other personages.

The surgeon and his wife had now departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Eastman were sitting by themselves in the drawing room. Their conversation was upon their late visitors, the gentleman's black whiskers were greatly admired by the lady, which highly offended her husband, who in retaliation spoke in terms of enthusiasm of their female visitor's flashing black eyes, which sadly annoyed his wife, for her's were light and entirely without expression. Their discourse, however, soon flowed into a different channel, on Mrs. Eastman's taking from her pocket a packet, of which she broke the seal, after having first glanced at the address.

"I found this packet on the stairs, dear, and recognizing Myron's hand-writing, and seeing to whom it was addressed, I considered it of little importance whether it ever reached its destination or not."

"To the Editor of the \* \* \* \* " read Mr. Eastman, who had taken up the envelope which his wife had laid on the table. "Umph!" he continued, "I wonder what he has to say to Editors of Magazines? What is it Laura? Why it looks like a manuscript Newspaper: is he applying for a situation? Read Laura, or give it to me to read."

"You have not guessed right dear, try again;" said Mrs. Eastman.

"How can I tell what it is, come, come I'm curious to know."

"Well, I'll tell you! He asks for nothing like a situation, an Author, ah! here is some poetry, that's better! yes, a Poet applying for a situation indeed!" and she tittered between her teeth.

"Author! Poet! ay?" and Mr. Eastman stretched out his hand to take the sheets from his wife, but she hastily drew farther back and retained them.

"Yes, yes, dear! its a piece of poetry, and a short tale which he sends for insertion. I'll read the poetry to you if you'll remain silent:

## SYMPATHY.

## I.

I live; yet with mankind I have  
No fellow sympathy,  
I am as one  
Dropt from the clouds  
Amongst a race  
Who in their attributes are opposite  
To what I am  
Their speech falls strangely on my ear,  
Their wants, their feelings are not such as mine;  
And so am I to them,  
They feel no fellowship with me,  
My countenance is not o'erspread with smiles  
When gaily beams from their eyes  
And pleasure throws  
Her soft luxurious mantle round their forms;  
My look, my gesture shows  
My heart beats not with the same pulse as theirs.

## II.

Yet why—oh! why am I thrown with a race  
To live a series of long years  
With whom I cannot sympathize?  
'Tis not to live—'tis to exist  
As Bernard does,  
Wrapt in its robe of snow and ice,  
Impenetrable to the happy loves  
Which animate the breasts of those who dwell  
In the warm bosoms of those smiling vales  
Which lie around, beneath  
Its cold and chilly frown.  
Upon my brow they gaze  
And turn away affrighted, awed—  
With hearts that cease to bound with gaily—  
With blood all chilled.

## III.

I'd flee—but whither go?  
Of my own will I cannot—dare not plunge  
Into a gulf of blackest night,  
Illumed not by the small star of hope  
Oh! thus then am I spell-bound here,  
A burthen to myself,  
And a nonentity to all beside.

## IV.

I've dreamt e'er now  
Of one whose form was perfect in its loveliness—  
Whose soft blue eyes beamed love on me—  
Whose soul the same high aspirations felt—  
Whose deepest inmost thoughts,  
Whose young desires  
Yet in the embryo of their being,  
Were blended in so close  
A union with mine,  
That round the same fine tendril did they train,  
Each growing as they grew into the same.

## V.

I gazed—I gazed upon that form,  
A breath, a palpitation of the heart  
Would have affrighted it away,  
My soul was rolling in an ecstasy;  
I loved, I wor-hipped, I adored,  
I would have clasp'd the phantom to my breast,  
And thus, all eager in anxiety,  
I forward leant, my arms outraised,  
And—and I woke and grasped but nothingness.

"I thought he had been up in the clouds lately for he scarcely speaks at mealtimes," said Mr. Eastman, as soon as his wife had ceased reading; "but, I'll very soon drive all the ideal out of him, or rather the pestle and mortar shall."

"But it reads very well dear!"

"It's all very fine for you women to talk; but writing poetry wont do my work; there's a season for all things, and while he remains with me is the season for work," said Mr. Eastman.

"You could not I think object to his spending his evenings after business in his own way."

"Oh! yes I do; when his hours of business are over he should take a walk, come in at his proper time, take his supper



and off to bed; and then he would be in a condition to do a day's work on the morrow; for if we have poets and book-worms in the house, the item of candles will be of considerable moment. But what is all the rest of the writing about?"

"Why this is a tale; it isn't very long, shall I read it?" "Yes; we may as well know what its about," was the reply; when Mrs. Eastman commenced reading:—

THE LEGENDE OF THE SWORDE.

"The sun rose o'er the eastern hills;  
All bright and smiling in the sky,  
He shone; no cloud was to be seen,  
All was tranquility on high.

"So looked the heavens o'er Sedgemoor's plain,  
The guldcup rearing not its head,  
But crushed and trampled in the sod,  
It mangled lay as if 'twere dead."

OLD BALLAD.

"On the morning of the 6th July, 1685, the battle of Sedgemoor was fought between the forces of King James II., under the command of the Earl of Feversham, and the inexperienced, but brave troops, of James, Duke of Monmouth. The royalists were at the first onset so taken by surprise that they began to give ground. Had it not been for the base treachery of Captain Hucker, and the flight of Lord Grey, Monmouth would in all probability have gained a most complete victory. The Protestant Duke however fled from the field at the instigation of Grey, who assured him that all was lost, and that it was time to shift for themselves; and accompanied by a few attendants, Monmouth fled, leaving those who had joined his standard to escape as they best could in the face of a victorious and enraged enemy. The victory of the royalists was now complete; the forsaken ranks of Monmouthians dismayed at the flight of their commander were mowed down by hundreds, and a total rout succeeded. The greatest number of the fugitives fled in the direction of Bridgewater, and poured into the streets by crowds, terrifying the inhabitants by their dismayed appearance. The King's cavalry were close upon their rear, dealing fearful destruction upon their unarmed foes, the principal part of whom had thrown away their arms to accelerate their flight. The streets were choked by masses of human beings, and the gutters were running with blood; yet, the royal horsemen seeming to find delight in glutting their revenge to the full, still continued the work of slaughter.

Many of the officers of the king's army after the victory returned to Westonzoyland, the head quarters of their General, and without ceremony entered any of the farm houses, ordering refreshments. One of them, Captain Deywood, with the great-

est effrontery entered the house where Feversham himself had been lodged. He passed through the great hall, and entered an adjoining apartment, where Mrs. Bridge, the mistress of the house, with her daughter and a female friend, had retired to await the issue of the conflict. They had not recovered from the alarm occasioned by the roar of the artillery, when the intruder entered, and instead of endeavouring to alleviate it, he boisterously called for wine.

Mrs. Bridge on his second application left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a bottle of wine, and a bright pewter tankard, both of which she placed on a table near him. Deywood immediately knocked off the neck of the bottle with the butt-end of his pistol, and poured out a bumper, which he instantly tossed off to the health of the ladies.

"Ah my pretty mistress, is your husband gone to join in the pursuit?" asked he, addressing Mrs. Bridge.

"Indeed, sir, its best for you that he is," she rejoined, "for had he been under this roof, his own house, you sir, had not dared to encroach on his prerogative."

"My mistress, welcome you a victorious soldier with no other greeting than that? Have you not plucked one laurel leaf to place upon his brow?"

"Why apest thou the language of a soldier, thy behaviour has not proved thee worthy of his name."

"By king James's self, I will not brook an insult as great to him as me," exclaimed Captain Deywood, at the same time drawing his sword, the sight of which caused the companion of Mrs. Bridge to faint away, and herself and child great alarm. The Captain laid the naked blade upon the table, which somewhat quieted their fears, and wholly disregarding the confusion he had caused by his behaviour, poured out a second tankard of wine, which he likewise drank off at a draught.

By this time the young lady who had fainted was returning to consciousness, and on opening her eyes and beholding the object of her fears, a shudder shook her whole frame.

"He shall not harm thee, dearest," said Mrs. Bridge, on observing the effect caused by the appearance of Captain Deywood, on her friend. "He shall not harm *thee*, while I remain here, though he be an armed man; but surely he is not such a monster as to offer violence to a timid girl, who has given him no cause of offence."

The person to whom this speech applied, made no remark relative to it, but a surly grunt, at the same time directing his eyes towards Mrs. Bridge and her friend. They rested but for a moment on the latter lady,

but with a long and ardent gaze were they fixed on the former, gathering as it continued, increased earnestness. The object of the Captain's attention remarked the manner in which he regarded her, and she was too well acquainted with man not to conceive the reason for this close observation. A crimson blush overspread her face and neck, and she turned away to hide her confusion.

"Now my pretty mistress Bridge, I would trouble you to pay a second visit to the cellar, for the wine is not ill-flavored, considering it is home-made."

"But, sir, would not a more cooling draught be preferable? You must surely be extremely thirsty after the fatigue you have lately undergone," she suggested, fearful from his strange manner, that fresh draughts of wine would only tend to increase his excitement. Deywood's brow lowered ominously at this suggestion, and in a stern voice he said, "The wine, I say, be quick."

Mrs. Bridge thinking it unwise unnecessarily to irritate him, left the room, and in the course of a few minutes returned with a fresh supply. The neck of this bottle was hit off in a similar manner to the first, and the tankard filled to the brim, when the soldier drank it off to the health of the King. On emptying it he poured out another bumper, and handed it to Mrs. Bridge, to drink to the success of the royal arms. The lady politely declined the honor, and assured him he would greatly oblige her by draining the contents of the tankard himself, but he swore lustily that he would not take a refusal, and said if she continued in her determination, he should regard her in the light of a rebel to his royal master, and treat her accordingly. She desired not to run the risk of allowing him to put his threat in execution, and therefore lifted the tankard to her lips and sipped a small portion of the wine, although her heart more inclined towards the Duke of Monmouth, either on account of her attachment to the Protestant religion, or the attractive bearing of the Duke himself, for she had twice seen him, first during his father's lifetime, when he made a progress through the Western Counties of England, and again at Bridgewater, rather more than a fortnight before. Captain Deywood was highly pleased with her complaisance, and as he took the tankard from her hand he attempted to kiss her cheek, but by a sideway movement of her head, she balked his purpose, and highly offended, moved farther from him, saying, "I beg, sir, you will not add insult to injury, for although a woman, and unable of myself to retort upon you, there is *one* I would have you to know, who is my sworn protector, and in

faith, is a match for any such poltroon as thou."

"But why so seemingly offended, my mistress Bridge?" enquired he, "'tis not in the nature of a woman to feel resentful towards those who are admirers of their charms;" and he moved with a leering look nearer to her.

She looked for a way to escape from the room, but she could not effect this object without passing within his reach, being in the corner by the window, which was safely fastened. In a moment he saw her intention, and likewise observed the concern expressed on her countenance, on discovering the hopelessness of her position, at which he gave a low inward chuckle of triumph. He now stepped close beside her and placed his arm around her waist to detain her, and although she struggled with him, he succeeded in accomplishing what he had just before attempted. Mrs. Bridge screamed loudly as she felt his lips pressed upon her cheek, and her little daughter Mary, between eleven and twelve years old, likewise exerted her voice to give the alarm, while the other young lady ran out of the room straining her vocal powers to their utmost extent.

But the unmanly and cowardly ruffian was not satisfied with the outrage he had already committed on Mrs. Bridge, and would doubtless have proceeded to greater extremities, although she was in a fainting state, had not little Mary with a courage and strength far beyond her years, caught up the captain's naked sword which was still lying on the table, and by a surprising exertion stabbed him to the heart. Deywood instantly felt the wound, and let go his hold on the lady to repel his assailant, but in the action his life-blood ebbed, and he sank powerless upon the ground, and almost immediately expired.

Mrs. Bridge on being released, returned to partial consciousness, and little Mary who had been her guardian angel she clasped, sobbing deeply, to her bosom.

At that moment, approaching footsteps were heard in the passage as of two persons: they were at the door of the apartment: it opened, and two men entered. One of them was a soldier, and the other a civilian, an inhabitant of Bridgewater, warmly attached from principle to King James, and the Roman Catholic Religion. Astonishment and rage were expressed on their countenances, on discovering an officer lying, apparently dead, upon the ground, a naked sword stained with blood near him, and two females closely embraced, and so lost in their own emotions, as not to observe their presence. "In faith, I would risk a month's pay on't," said the soldier to his companion, "that these

women have given him a sleeping draught, and then murdered him, and are now frightened at the deed they have done, and in good sooth, they shall have cause to be frightened more yet, when they are brought face to face with the colonel."

"Thou hast guessed it right enough Robin," said his companion, "and we are bound in duty to our cause, to take them prisoners and lay the matter before the military tribunal."

The soldier now advanced towards Mrs. Bridge and her daughter, who were alarmed at the sound of their voices, and looked with fear and terror alternately at Robin, his companion, and the body of Captain Deywood.

"You had better submit missus without any fus," said the soldier who was now but a few feet from Mrs. Bridge, and fancied from a movement she made that she had an intention of resisting his authority, "for you see here is two of us, both quite sober, and we don't mean you any manner of harm, so you had better put yourself under *our* protection quietly, for if any of this officer's (pointing to the body) men were to know it, and could but lay their hands upon you, they'd send you after him in quick time, and it's not at all christian-like to leave this world without the attendance of a priest." And touching the body with his foot continued, "you see he's dead!"

"Dead," repeated Mrs. Bridge in a hollow voice; and she sprang towards the corpse. "Good heavens! what means this?" she continued, seeing what the soldier had told her was true.

"Yes, yes, I see! only just made the discovery then?" said Robin ironically.

"Mother, mother it was I," said Mary, who had come to her side; "he would surely have murdered you had not God given me strength to kill him."

*To be continued.*

AVERAGE PRICES OF GRAIN IN ENGLAND AND WALES, FROM 1771.

(See page 159.)

| Year. | Wheat. |    | Barley. |    | Oats. |    | Beans. |    |
|-------|--------|----|---------|----|-------|----|--------|----|
|       | s.     | d. | s.      | d. | s.    | d. | s.     | d. |
| 1771  | 48     | 7  | 26      | 5  | 17    | 2  | 29     | 4  |
| 1772  | 52     | 3  | 26      | 1  | 16    | 8  | 30     | 11 |
| 1773  | 52     | 7  | 29      | 2  | 17    | 8  | 34     | 0  |
| 1774  | 54     | 3  | 29      | 4  | 18    | 4  | 32     | 1  |
| 1775  | 49     | 10 | 26      | 9  | 17    | 0  | 29     | 6  |
| 1776  | 39     | 4  | 20      | 9  | 15    | 5  | 27     | 3  |
| 1777  | 46     | 11 | 21      | 1  | 16    | 1  | 29     | 4  |
| 1778  | 43     | 3  | 23      | 4  | 15    | 7  | 28     | 6  |
| 1779  | 34     | 8  | 20      | 1  | 14    | 5  | 24     | 11 |
| 1780  | 36     | 9  | 17      | 6  | 13    | 2  | 22     | 10 |

| Year | Wheat |    | Barley |    | Oats |    | Beans |    |
|------|-------|----|--------|----|------|----|-------|----|
|      | s.    | d. | s.     | d. | s.   | d. | s.    | d. |
| 1781 | 46    | 0  | 17     | 8  | 14   | 1  | 23    | 8  |
| 1782 | 49    | 3  | 23     | 2  | 15   | 7  | 26    | 9  |
| 1783 | 54    | 3  | 31     | 3  | 20   | 5  | 35    | 11 |
| 1784 | 50    | 4  | 28     | 8  | 18   | 10 | 33    | 2  |
| 1785 | 43    | 1  | 24     | 9  | 17   | 8  | 31    | 7  |
| 1786 | 40    | 0  | 25     | 1  | 18   | 6  | 34    | 2  |
| 1787 | 42    | 5  | 23     | 4  | 17   | 2  | 32    | 9  |
| 1788 | 46    | 4  | 22     | 8  | 16   | 1  | 28    | 0  |
| 1789 | 52    | 9  | 23     | 6  | 16   | 6  | 28    | 0  |
| 1790 | 54    | 9  | 26     | 3  | 19   | 5  | 31    | 11 |
| 1791 | 48    | 7  | 26     | 10 | 18   | 1  | 31    | 5  |
| 1792 | 43    | 0  | —      | —  | 16   | 9  | 31    | 7  |
| 1793 | 49    | 3  | 31     | 1  | 20   | 6  | 37    | 6  |
| 1794 | 52    | 3  | 31     | 9  | 21   | 3  | 39    | 3  |
| 1795 | 75    | 2  | 37     | 5  | 24   | 5  | —     | —  |
| 1796 | 78    | 7  | 35     | 4  | 21   | 10 | —     | —  |
| 1797 | 53    | 9  | 27     | 2  | 16   | 3  | —     | —  |
| 1798 | 51    | 10 | 29     | 0  | 19   | 5  | —     | —  |
| 1799 | 69    | 0  | 36     | 2  | 27   | 6  | —     | —  |
| 1800 | 113   | 10 | 59     | 10 | 39   | 4  | —     | —  |
| 1801 | 119   | 6  | 68     | 6  | 37   | 0  | —     | —  |
| 1802 | 69    | 10 | 33     | 4  | 20   | 4  | —     | —  |
| 1803 | 58    | 10 | 25     | 4  | 21   | 6  | —     | —  |
| 1804 | 62    | 3  | 31     | 0  | 24   | 3  | —     | —  |
| 1805 | 89    | 9  | 44     | 6  | 28   | 4  | —     | —  |
| 1806 | 79    | 1  | 38     | 8  | 27   | 7  | —     | —  |
| 1807 | 75    | 4  | 39     | 4  | 28   | 4  | —     | —  |
| 1808 | 81    | 4  | —      | —  | 33   | 4  | —     | —  |
| 1809 | 97    | 4  | 47     | 0  | 31   | 5  | —     | —  |
| 1810 | 106   | 5  | 48     | 1  | 28   | 7  | 54    | 4  |
| 1811 | 95    | 3  | 42     | 3  | 27   | 7  | 49    | 4  |
| 1812 | 126   | 6  | 66     | 9  | 44   | 6  | 74    | 7  |
| 1813 | 109   | 9  | 58     | 6  | 38   | 6  | 76    | 4  |
| 1814 | 74    | 4  | 37     | 4  | 25   | 8  | 46    | 2  |
| 1815 | 65    | 7  | 30     | 3  | 23   | 7  | 36    | 2  |
| 1816 | 78    | 6  | 33     | 11 | 27   | 2  | 39    | 4  |
| 1817 | 96    | 11 | 49     | 4  | 32   | 5  | 51    | 7  |
| 1818 | 86    | 3  | 53     | 10 | 32   | 5  | 63    | 7  |
| 1819 | 74    | 6  | 45     | 9  | 28   | 2  | 54    | 1  |
| 1820 | 67    | 10 | 33     | 10 | 24   | 2  | 43    | 3  |
| 1821 | 56    | 1  | 26     | 0  | 19   | 6  | 30    | 11 |
| 1822 | 44    | 7  | 21     | 10 | 18   | 1  | 24    | 5  |
| 1823 | 53    | 4  | 31     | 6  | 22   | 11 | 33    | 1  |
| 1824 | 63    | 11 | 36     | 4  | 24   | 10 | 40    | 0  |
| 1825 | 68    | 6  | 40     | 0  | 25   | 8  | 42    | 9  |
| 1826 | 58    | 8  | 34     | 4  | 26   | 8  | 44    | 3  |
| 1827 | 58    | 6  | 37     | 7  | 28   | 2  | 49    | 0  |
| 1828 | 60    | 5  | 32     | 10 | 22   | 6  | 38    | 4  |
| 1829 | 66    | 3  | 32     | 6  | 22   | 9  | 36    | 8  |
| 1830 | 64    | 3  | 32     | 7  | 24   | 5  | 36    | 1  |
| 1831 | 66    | 4  | 38     | 0  | 25   | 4  | 39    | 10 |
| 1832 | 58    | 8  | 33     | 1  | 20   | 5  | 35    | 4  |
| 1833 | 52    | 11 | 27     | 6  | 18   | 5  | 33    | 2  |
| 1834 | 46    | 2  | 29     | 0  | 20   | 11 | 35    | 3  |
| 1835 | 39    | 4  | 29     | 11 | 22   | 0  | 36    | 11 |
| 1836 | 48    | 6  | 32     | 10 | 23   | 1  | 39    | 1  |
| 1837 | 55    | 10 | 30     | 4  | 23   | 1  | 38    | 7  |
| 1838 | 64    | 7  | 31     | 5  | 22   | 5  | 36    | 8  |
| 1839 | 70    | 8  | 39     | 6  | 25   | 11 | 41    | 3  |
| 1840 | 66    | 4  | 36     | 5  | 25   | 8  | 43    | 5  |
| 1841 | 64    | 4  | 32     | 10 | 22   | 5  | 39    | 10 |
| 1842 | 57    | 3  | 27     | 6  | 19   | 3  | 32    | 5  |

*To be continued.*



## WIT MADE EASY.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest, yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress. Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B.—I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eye-sight.

A.—Good. Well, how do you do?

B.—How? Why, as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A.—Nonsense, I mean, how do you find yourself?

B.—Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A.—Incorrigible dog! come now, to be serious.

B.—(Comes closer to A., and looks very serious.)

A.—Well, what now?

B.—I am come to be serious.

A.—Come now; nonsense, B., leave off this. (Laying his hand upon his arm.)

B.—(Looking down at his arm.) I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A.—Ah, ha! You make me laugh in spite of myself. How is Jackson?

B.—The deuce! how is Jackson? Well, I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? Surname and arms, I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.

A.—Good bye.

B.—(Detaining him.) Good bye! What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! Good Bye! To think of Aston standing at the corner of the street, doting aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye.

A.—Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B.—Don't accept it, then. You need not take every thing that is given you.

A.—You'll want a straight-forward answer some day, and then—

B.—You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A.—It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B.—I can't see why *it* is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A.—(In despair.) Well, it's of no use, I see.

B.—Excuse me; *it* is of the greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. *It* performs the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. *It* rains.

*It* is fine weather. *It* freezes. *It* thaws. *It* (which is very odd) is one o'clock. *It* has been frequently observed. *It* goes. Here *it* goes. How goes *it*? (which, by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it*; *Eo*, I go; *is*, thou goest; *it*, he or it goes. In short—

A.—In short, if I wanted a dissertation on *it*, now's the time for it. But I don't; so good bye.

## THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

His Imperial Highness of Tuscany all accounts agree to describe as a most inaccessible personage, without one spark of *bonhomme* in his whole composition. His domestics are carefully drilled never to allow him to be intruded upon on any pretence whatever; but as the best human precautions will sometimes fail us, his Imperial Highness was doomed, on a late occasion, to experience the inefficacy of his domestic arrangement. A card was brought to him inscribed "American Minister." The servant was desired, by the bearer, to say, that he waited for an audience, which was instantly acceded. The minister had a long interview. On applying to the Consul, the Duke, to his inexpressible horror, discovered that his American minister was no other than a plain Yankee Methodist parson, who chose to write Minister on his card. The affair got wind, and was a long standing joke against the Duke. It was an American who related to me the particulars, chuckling "pretty considerably" during his narrative at the extreme indignation felt by the Grand Duke, who, it seems, was annoyed beyond measure to find his imperial affability had been so freely lavished on this demure-faced apostle of the Gentiles, the very antipodes of every thing for which he entertained the least earthly respect, whether as to condition, country, manners, or opinions.

## ECONOMY.

Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, finding himself at the point of death, desired a friend who was present to reach him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he would wish to change his linen when he was so ill, he replied, "Because I am told that the shirt I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and this is good enough for her." This was as bad as the old woman, who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, "Because," said she, "I can see to die in the dark!"

## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

JAN. 4th. About 7.30 in the evening, the stackyard of Mr. Johnson, farmer, Appleby, was discovered in flames, supposed to have been caused by an incendiary. The damage was estimated at about 500*l*.

10th. During the past 12 months 351 young men were recruited in Northampton and the neighbourhood, for the army.

13th. Mr. S. H. Miller, of Wisbech, has lately published a statement of the rainfall during the past five years. It appears that in 1860 the fall was 30.86 inches; 1861, 21.26; 1862, 21.30; 1863, 19.36; and in 1864, only 16.00 inches. Thus last year there was a small amount of rain indeed, but on the other hand Mr. Miller remarks that the amount of evaporation was over 21 inches. One inch of rain on the level gives 22,620 gallons on the acre.

A beautifully designed painted window has recently been placed in Sawtry church in memory of the late G. F. Newton, esq. The subject, which is beautifully carried out, is Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy laden.

14th. The Oundle lodge of freemasons has been removed to St. Martin's, Stamford.

The boiler of engine, No. 98, which had been under repair, exploded this afternoon in a repairing shed near the Gt. Northern Railway Station, Peterboro'. The roof was blown off the shed, and 3 persons were killed. An inquest was held over their remains before A. Percival esq., coroner of the city of Peterborough, and a verdict of "accidental death" was returned.

16th. A meeting of noblemen and gentlemen interested in the Fitzwilliam Hunt, was held at the Great Northern Hotel, Peterborough, to hear an explanation from the Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam, in reference to the Hunt. T. Tryon, esq., as one of the oldest sportsmen in the county, was called to the chair. The proposal made to the meeting by the Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, was that if the country would subscribe 2000*l*. a year, himself and his brother would continue to hunt the country as heretofore. Subscriptions to the extent of 1300*l*. were at once promised. The Duke of Manchester moved a vote of thanks to the Fitzwilliam family, for the very liberal manner in which they had hunted the country for years past. This resolution was very cordially received, and briefly responded to by the Hon. C. Fitzwilliam. Mr. A. Percival was appointed honorary secretary, for the purpose of communicating with other gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who were not present at the meeting.

17th. At Spalding market this day, five shearling weathers were sold at 92*s*. per head, and 12 more at 90*s*. per head.

20th. Miss Arnold has given 100*l*. to 140 poor families at Whissendine, in coals, calico, flannel, and money.

27th. It is a little singular, that while in the first 17 days of this month, 15 burials had taken place at Horncastle, that from the 17th to the 24th not one has occurred.

The peal of six bells in the Abbey church at Bourn, having fallen into a dilapidated condition, much to the injury of the tower, the parishioners, at a vestry meeting held on the 27th of October last, directed the churchwardens, Messrs. T. T. Mawby and H. Bott, to have them re-hung. The work was entrusted to the celebrated firm of Mears and Stainbank, of London, the well-known bell-founders, their estimate being 495*l*., and it has been completed in a very satisfactory manner. This peal was cast in the year 1729, by the Rudhalls, of Gloucester, during the incumbency of the Rev. Wm. Dodd, whose name, as donor, is inscribed on the treble, or first bell, with the motto, "Surge, age." The churchwardens at that time were John Hardwicke, Lyon Falkner, and Jas. Ley, whose names (with the inscription "Defunctos plango, vivos moneo") are on the tenor, or great bell, supposed to weigh 15 cwt., in the key of "G." By an ancient book, given to the writer by the late J. H. Dove, Esq., of Cawthorpe, we find that the ringers of this church almost immediately became celebrated, as in it is stated that "On ye 19th of November, 1738," they rung the first double peals in the new steeple at Wytham-on-the-hill. "On ye 21st day of February, 1745-6, they rung in Bourn steeple the peal of Crown Bob (being a composition of Oxford Treble Bob), College Pleasure, and College Treble Bob," a feat very rarely accomplished. In the month of November, 1799, the society were present at the opening of the musical peal in Glington steeple, where they took a prize. On the 1st of August, 1831, they won the first prize at the opening of the fine-toned new peal of bells (by Dobson, of Downham, Norfolk) at Wytham-on-the-Hill; and they have since taken part at many re-openings of peals in their immediate neighbourhood. In the year 1805 the bells were completely re-hung by the well known Mr. Caborn, of Strugg's-hill, Sutterton, who in his time appears to have restored the greater part of the peals in this county, and whose work has lasted to the present time.

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 10.]

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[Vol. 1.

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## NAPOLEON'S HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

For many months has the world been kept in anxious expectation of a book which, it was presumed, must create an unparalleled interest. The rumour was abroad that the Emperor of the French was writing the Life of Julius Cæsar. The interest lay but little in the fact that we were going to be favoured with a complete and elaborate history of the great Roman Dictator. Long before this, the famous deeds of this personage have been recorded by several both ancient and modern writers, and, after the lapse of nineteen centuries, it could not be expected that any important discovery would be brought to light. Indeed, though penned by an imperial hand, the work could only be at best but a clever compilation of ancient records. But there was much more than this, something of infinitely greater moment to the present nations of Europe than the mere recital of Julius Cæsar's career, extraordinary as it was. It was naturally supposed that Napoleon the Third had for an object, not so much to write the history of the great Roman prototype of his uncle, as to establish a parallel between the two characters, and expound to the world his personal opinion of their respective achievements. In short, Europe expected from Napoleon the Third, not only an explanation of his own past career, but also a sort of programme of his future policy. No wonder therefore that there existed a universal interest in the production of the imperial pen. No book has ever been awaited with so great an anxiety; no oracle of old was expected in more awful suspense. Nor has the public anticipation been disappointed. The oracle has spoken at last; the Sphinx that dwells at the Tuileries has condescended to unravel to the nations of Europe the riddle of their future; Napoleon has exposed to their eyes the book of fate, and announced the destinies which they have to expect at his hands.

In fact, the imperial book is a complete apology of such characters as Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon the Great. To this trio the author might have added Napoleon the Third, had his modesty allowed; but we will do it for him. Having ascended the throne by the same steps as Cæsar and Bonaparte, and presenting himself before the world as the continuator of his uncle's policy, he may justly be ranged among the political Messiahs whom a benevolent Providence sends now and then to the nations of the earth to teach them manners, and, if refractory, to thrash them into submission.

If we speak thus knowingly, it is not that we have perused the "Life of Julius Cæsar," by Louis Napoleon. Indeed, of the four volumes which are to compose the work, but one has been published as yet, and this one we have not even had the good fortune to read. But the imperial author has had the extreme kindness to present a preface to the public at large, and



in the preface a very few lines which contain, as it were, the concentrated extract, the very essence of the whole production. Here it is:—

“What precedes shows the object I have in view in writing this history. That object is to show that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, it is to trace for peoples the path they are to follow, to mark a new era with the stamp of their genius, and to accomplish the work of several centuries in a few years. Happy the peoples that understand and follow them, woe to those who ignore and oppose them. Like the Jews, they crucify their Messiah; they are blind, and they are guilty—blind, because they see not the futility of their efforts to suspend the definite triumph of what is good and right; guilty, because they only retard progress by hindering its prompt and useful application. In fact, neither the murder of Cæsar, nor the captivity of St. Helena, have been able to destroy radically two popular causes, overthrown by a league concealed beneath the mask of liberty. Brutus, by killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. The ostracism of Napoleon by coalesced Europe has not prevented the Empire from resuscitating; and yet, how far we are from the settlement of great questions; from the appeasement of passions, from the legitimate satisfaction given to peoples by the first Empire!

“Thus, every day since 1815, has this prophecy of the captive of St. Helena been verified:—“How many struggles, how much blood, how many years will it not require to realize the good which I intended to do for mankind!”

The oracles of olden times used to be dubious, obscure, intricate in the extreme, and it required no little skill and penetration to interpret them, and unravel their mysterious announcements; but we must admit that this is a decided improvement on them; it is as clear and transparent as the crystalline waters of a limpid stream. Know ye therefore, all peoples of Europe, and be thankful, Napoleon the Third, the man of destiny, following the footsteps of Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon the Great, is to trace for you the path you are to follow, mark a new era with the stamp of his genius, and accomplish the work of several centuries in a few years. Happy those among you that understand and follow him, but (*vœ victis!*) woe to those who ignore and oppose his benevolent designs. Like the Jews, they would crucify their Messiah; they would be blind in seeing not the futility of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of what is good and right, they would be guilty in retarding progress by hindering its prompt and fruitful application; it must come to pass, it is written in the book of fate; if Napoleon the Third does it not, some other Napoleon will. But it is fondly hoped that, taught at the school of historical experience, you will be wiser than your fathers, that you will receive your imperial benefactor with open arms, and submissively bend your necks to his paternal yoke. And then what a sublime spectacle will be offered to the admiring gaze of the world! Behold, in all his majesty, Napoleon the Third, reins and *whip* in hand, driving the chariot of state, drawn by all the European nations, guiding it safely to the goal of ineffable bliss, to that political millennium, when all great questions shall be settled, all passions appeased, and the legitimate satisfaction promised by the uncle given at last to every people by the nephew! If the sight of such a glorious performance, looming in no distant future, makes not your hearts beat with rapture, and secures not your cordial co-operation, then indeed, you must be radically perverse, and past redemption.

Such is the language, in the illustrious writer's opinion, which should be held by all clear-sighted and right-minded people. But, so obdurate is the perversity of the human heart, that, we apprehend, many a nation will again prove refractory, and doggedly reject the boon so kindly proffered to Europe. And, painful to say, the very men who, by their talents and genius, exercise a powerful influence on the minds of people, are always foremost in casting

obloquy upon the great benefactors of mankind, and thereby contribute largely to lead the world astray from the path of salvation. We will not here quote the ancient writers, Cicero, Plutarch, Suetonius, &c.; it will be sufficient for our purpose to present an extract from Voltaire, who, though great among great writers, is nevertheless pleased, as Napoleon would say, to give a mean interpretation to the most noble actions of the great Roman Dictator. Says the impertinent writer:—

“It is not our present purpose to speak of Cæsar as the husband of a great many wives, the robber of the public treasury, who used the Romans' money to enslave the Romans; it is only in my quality of descendant from the poor barbarians subjugated by him that I shall consider this unparalleled man.

“You cannot pass through a single town in France or Spain, or on the banks of the Rhine, or on the English coast opposite Calais, without meeting with lots of people who boast that Cæsar was once in their neighbourhood. Dover burgesses are persuaded that the country houses in which they live were built by Cæsar, and many bourgeois of Paris look upon the Grand Chatelet as one of his finest works. More than one lord of the manor in France points to the old tower which serves for a dovecot, and proudly tells you that it was Julius Cæsar who provided a lodging for his pigeons. Every province disputes with its neighbour the honour of having been the first to smart under Cæsar's cat of nine tails: it was by this road, not by that, insist the local antiquaries, that he came here to cut our throats, to saddle us with laws that we could only understand through interpreters, and to take from us the very little money that we had. The Indians are wiser than we; they know in a vague way that a certain brigand, greater than other brigands, his predecessors, named Alexander, once overran their country; but they scarcely ever talk about him.

“An Italian antiquary, passing some few years ago through Vannes, in Brittany, was astonished to hear the *savans* of the town boasting that Cæsar had been there. ‘Doubtless,’ said he, ‘you have some monuments of that great man?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ was the reply, ‘we can show you the spot where this hero hanged the whole senate of our province, numbering 600.’ Ignorant writers have stated in the journals that a hundred stakes, dug up in 1755, were the remains of a bridge built by Cæsar; but I have conclusively proved in my Essay of 1756, that these beams served for the hanging of our parliament. What other town can produce such relics? For this we have the testimony of the great Cæsar himself, who tells us in his Commentaries that we are ‘an inconsistent people, and prefer liberty to servitude.’ He accuses us (*De Bello Gallico*, lib. III.) of having been so insolent as to take hostages from the Romans, and then to refuse to give them up. He taught us manners.

“This conversation gave rise to a warm discussion between the Vannes *savans* and the Italian antiquary. Many Bretons could not see what virtue it was in the Romans to have deceived, one after the other, all the nations of Gaul, to have one by one made them tools to destroy themselves, to have massacred one-fourth of the whole of them, and to have reduced the remaining three-fourths to servitude. ‘For my part, I don't know of anything finer,’ returned the antiquary, ‘I have a medal in my pocket—and such a medal!—representing the triumph of Cæsar at the Capitol. I never saw in all my days a medal in such a good state of preservation.’ He thereupon produced the medal. A rather rough Breton laid hold of it, and flung it into the river. ‘Why am I not,’ he exclaimed, ‘able thus to drown all those who make use of their address and power to oppress others!’”

We confess that the above extract reads somewhat like the expression of common sense and justice, and even at the risk of being placed in the category of the blind and guilty peoples who, like the Jews, crucify their Messiah, we feel prompted to say that the Gauls were right in not hailing this great cut-throat Cæsar as their saviour, and we heartily endorse the protest of the rough Breton who laid hold of the medal, and flung it into the river.

Hitherto we have commented solely upon that part of the Emperor's preface which contains the programme of the Napoleonic policy, the gist, as it were, of the whole work. Every word of the precious document being worth its weight in gold, we should like to do full justice to it, but our space being

limited, we must content ourselves with a cursory review of its most salient points. Beforehand, however, it is proper humbly to apologize, if in some respects our conclusions are found at variance with the imperial logic and sense of justice. Not having the invaluable fortune of being born in the purple, we can but be guided by the light of common sense and common equity, of which both, we trust, we have received an average share.

“Historical truth,” says Napoleon, “ought to be not less sacred than religion.”

A great and most salutary principle! But what a pity that Louis Napoleon is, in practice, so regardless of it, and every day tramples it underfoot! How strangely such solemn words must sound falling, as they do, from the lips of a sovereign who holds the Press so tightly gagged, and allows no transaction of his reign to be published unless it suits his dynastic interests. Verily, it would be a singular history of the present period that were compiled exclusively from the columns of the French newspapers.

“What can be more erroneous than not to acknowledge the pre-eminence of those privileged beings which appear from time to time like shining lights in history, dispelling the darkness of their own period, and illuminating the future.”

They shine forsooth, but it is the sinister and lurid glare of a mighty conflagration that causes ruin and desolation wherever it extends; as to the pure and beneficent light that could dispel the darkness of their own period and illuminate the future, the privileged beings are exceedingly careful to keep it, as it were, under the bushel, by gagging the Press, and sealing up people’s mouths with the fear of dire punishment.

“To deny that pre-eminence is to insult mankind by supposing it capable of submitting for a long period and voluntarily to a dominion not founded on real grandeur and unquestionable utility.”

Here we must protest. On the one hand, there is no real grandeur in enslaving one’s fellow-men. If, instead of availing himself of the corrupt state of Rome for the furtherance of his ambitious designs, Cæsar had employed his influence and the power of a mighty genius to lead the Romans back to the path of liberty and national honour, then he would have been a real benefactor to his country, and, as such, would be entitled to the unmitigated admiration of posterity. Mankind is not calculated for the evil ambition of men of genius, but rather men of genius are calculated for the welfare of mankind. On the other hand, as regards peoples; let them know that there is no genuine glory without freedom; it is ever shameful to submit to servitude, even when they are men such as Cæsar and Napoleon who hold the whip; and, we ask, is it not the last stage of degradation, when the slave-driver is a Nero, a disgusting and ferocious brute clothed in imperial purple?

“Since Suetonius and Plutarch such are the mean interpretations which it has pleased historians to give to the most noble actions.”

We can easily tell Louis Napoleon why there exists so wide a difference between his own interpretations and those of all other historians; why his are so *generous*, and theirs so *mean*. *They* had no personal motive to justify Cæsar’s passage of the Rubicon, whilst *he* had to palliate the 2nd of December, a modern Rubicon, *red* with the blood of inoffensive men, women and children; *they*, not being born in the purple, defend the noble cause of humanity, whilst *he*, Napoleon the Third, has entered the lists as the selfish champion of his dynasty.

As to his invitation to accomplish the work of several centuries in a few years, we have always thought that progress, in order to be genuine and con-



tinuous, should be gradual and steady; that men, in this respect, should imitate nature, which in its operations proceeds with unalterable regularity, and never goes by fits and starts. Therefore, we consider very dangerous such tremendous leaps as would carry a people over several centuries in a few years, and we trust that the European nations, for the sake of their necks, will decline running such a wild steeple-chase, even with so skilful a charioteer as Louis Napoleon.

"Happy the peoples that understand and follow them, woe to those who ignore and oppose them."

In our humble opinion, this sentence should be reversed. According to the imperial writer, the Russians, Germans, Spaniards, and Swiss were wrong in opposing the invasion of their territory; we, on the contrary, believe that they were perfectly right, and had they tamely submitted, we should hold them great cowards and fools.

"Like the Jews, they crucify their Messiah."

This comparison between the meek and benevolent founder of christianity, who performed his mission by gentle teaching, and the fierce Messiahs who pretend to regenerate the world with fire and steel, appears to us very improper, to say the least.

"They are blind," and very fortunate it is for them that they are, "and they are guilty."

Being blind, how can they be guilty? A slight contradiction which the illustrious writer has not perceived. Besides, supposing them to be clear-sighted, by what signs are they to know these privileged beings, as Napoleon terms them? The genuine Messiah performed miracles, cured the sick, and revived the dead; as to the warlike Messiahs, we know that they maimed and slaughtered millions of people, but we never heard that they resuscitated any. Napoleon, however, seems to have anticipated the objection, for he says:—

"By what signs are we to know the greatness of a man?" then he answers:—"By the influence of his ideas when his principles and his system are triumphant in spite of his death and his defeat."

Rather late then! And suppose that a people, taking such a man for a robber and a brigand, should crucify him, not like Jesus, but like the two that were crucified by the side of Jesus, is such a people to be held responsible, and branded before the world? It would seem so, since the author of *Cæsar's Life* pronounces them guilty.

"Let us be logical, and then we shall be just," says Louis Napoleon somewhere in his preface. For our own part, we can see neither logic nor justice in pronouncing a people guilty because it fails to recognize, during his lifetime, the greatness of a man whose pre-eminence can be ascertained only after his death. But, perhaps, there is a transcendental logic, as there is a transcendental arithmetic, for the special use of these privileged beings. We will explain our meaning in a few words. Quite lately 13 of the most honorable gentlemen in Paris met in a private apartment for the purpose of discussing some political question. The room was entered by the police, the meeting broken up by main force, and the 13 gentlemen were brought up before a tribunal, and condemned for having formed a gathering of 21! Surely this must be transcendental arithmetic. As for us, we declare, with a deep sense of inferiority, that we are not up to the mark; it ranges far above our intellectual powers.

"O ye, privileged beings, shining meteors, let a few rays of your dazzling

light fall down upon us, that they may dispel the darkness of our plebeian understanding, and enable us to see through your logic, justice, and arithmetic."

"Brutus, by killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of a civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula."

Here again we fail to see how the deed of Brutus brought about the reigns of Nero and Caligula. In the illustrious writer's opinion, it would seem that Cæsar should be credited with the good Roman Emperors, whilst Brutus should be charged with the bad ones. A strange distribution of honour and responsibility! The truth is, that in Cæsar's passage of the Rubicon, lay the germ of such characters as Augustus, Vespasian, Titus, &c., as well as the germ of the imperial tigers, Nero, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. Wherever the sovereign authority is not counter-balanced by a wholesome control, there may be now and then an enlightened and well-disposed prince who will govern wisely, and will not abuse his power for the satisfaction of brutal appetites; but, there will surely be some of those fiends in human shape who make a Pandemonium of the unhappy country over which they rule. Open the annals of the Roman Empire, and behold how few names are recorded in letters of gold, and how many in letters of blood!

"And yet, how far we are from the settlement of great questions, from the appeasement of passions, from the legitimate satisfaction given to peoples by the first Empire."

Here is another instance of Louis Napoleon's regard for historical truth. What legitimate satisfaction was given to peoples by the first Empire? The best proof that they were not satisfied lies in the fact that they coalesced against him, and finally hurled him from the throne. Is this the way of showing one's satisfaction and gratitude? Napoleon the First did not even satisfy the people who of all peoples was entitled to his benefactions. The brave and chivalrous Poles flocked to his standards, fought and bled for him on every battle-field, and to the last proved his staunchest friends. What did he for them? Did he, as he had promised them, restore the Polish nation to its independence? No. When on his way to Russia, at the head of 5 or 600,000 troops, he could so easily re-establish the kingdom of Poland, he did not do it.

Let us be equitable, however, and let every one take his due share of responsibility. In regard to invasions of foreign soil, the peoples of Europe set a bad precedent by interfering in the domestic affairs of France, and violating her territory with a view to restore a state of things which was repulsive to the French nation. This proved a fatal mistake. They made things much worse than they were; they drove a proud people to desperate deeds, which they otherwise would not have committed; as war begets the passion for war, they contributed to inspire France with that excessive craving for military glory which was one of the chief causes of Napoleon's accession to the throne; in fine, they justified in the eyes of the French people, the subsequent invasion of foreign territories by their Emperor.

One word more. Although he was dangerous to the peace of Europe, Napoleon should have met with some mercy at the hands of his foes. England, above all, might have exhibited a little generosity; while making sure of his person, she might have refrained from sending her illustrious captive to the murderous clime of St. Helena, there to die, chained, Prometheus like, to a barren and desolate rock. Never is it advisable to be so merciless to a fallen opponent, especially when the victor is not free from the blame fastened upon the vanquished.

*Dauphiné.*

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.**(Continued from page 171.)*

He told his dream and merrily laugh'd the girls,  
 Merrily laugh'd the girls to hear his dream.  
 And still more merrily beat PHŒBE'S heart.  
 The shadow seem'd dispersed which crost her path,  
 She knew the cause; a whisper in her ear  
 Says all is right; nor dreads she to be left  
 Alone with GREEN, for he has chang'd his tone.  
 What ail'd him lately now seems vanish'd, often  
 His mind dwelt cheerfully upon the match;  
 He felt more happy: PHŒBE felt so too.  
 Such doubts and fears had render'd GREEN of late  
 More like a child: but now a child no more,  
 Since a new child before his eyes had stood,  
 And a new mother came to ease his heart.  
 Now his dear PHŒBE was his all-in-all,  
 And those mysterious feelings wholly died.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 29.)

But what of WILLIAM? he had never sail'd  
 To seek his fortune, but to baking bread  
 And biscuits, having travell'd northward, took:  
 This almost overcame him; yet he wish'd  
 To bear the heat of summer if he could.  
 And after a long grumble about the trade,  
 Its frequent interchange of hot and cold,  
 He weather'd thro' till summer came again.  
 And then a wish was felt continually

(Enoch Arden,  
page 30.)

To wed JEANNETTE, his Master's only child,  
 And kindly was the leave parental given.

Then WILLIAM traded for himself, and baked  
 Great orders for a market every week,  
 And vended cracknels, wholesale, for the shops.

Good luck without a voyage: at first he thought  
 How many a fine sea-breeze he lost each day  
 By stopping there half-roasted, with his head  
 Blanch'd o'er, and whiskers feathery from the flour:  
 Then follow'd qualms, and then thoughts variable  
 Would ruffle him, a host of them; at last  
 Love—such as drew him to a bright-eyed maiden  
 Till oft aloud the cry of "baker" came,  
 And sent him running to the shop or stall—  
 Shut out the thoughts of others. And at night,  
 Dreams about fishing tackle and dredging-nets  
 Soon left him: greeted with a smile each morn,  
 He felt less hankering for the lonely sea.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 31.)

No want was there, the village had a name  
 For fruitage, mighty ricks, and flourishing folds.  
 JONES needs no pity since he learnt to bake.



His early life was wild, and small his gain  
 When on the seaward-gazing fishing-coast  
 He dwelt, and watch'd in storm and calm, the boats,  
 Half-clad, in sailor fashion. Such was he,  
 Who found this Eden in his wretchedness,  
 And after made his home here, well-content.

When he was younger, hardly more than boy,  
 One stormy night with two more he was wreck'd :  
 One venturing on a raft, soon lost his life,  
 They could not save him. After he was drown'd,  
 The two remaining form'd another plan :  
 But WILLIAM'S comrade, weaker than himself,  
 Whilst stooping down to fix the lashing, fell  
 Wave-stricken, and young JONES was left alone.  
 In those two deaths he read but one thing—"fate!"

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 32.)

Now mountain high ascends the boat, now yawns  
 A winding gulf beneath, and downward driven  
 The slender coaster drops into the foam.  
 The lightnings flash, and instantly is heard  
 Loud bursting peals of long continuancy.  
 Midst coils of rope drawn tightly JONES held on,  
 Ev'n till the raging of the storm was o'er.  
 He gloried as the broad disc of the moon  
 Low down he saw: but what he fain had seen  
 He could not see, his comrades still alive.  
 Nor could he hear a kindly voice, but hears  
 A sudden creak, and feels the vessel holds.  
 Three leagues from home, she foundered on some stumps  
 In shallow water, where huge trees had branch'd  
 And blossom'd in a forest, ere the sweep  
 Of some precipitous hurricane headlong drave  
 All down before its rage for miles along.  
 And rocking on that seaward-gazing coast  
 The sea-drench'd sailor waited for the dawn,  
 He long'd for day, tho' day might end his day.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 33.)

Ere sunrise broke he spied some fishing-smacks  
 A long way off, like faded edifices :  
 He gazed upon the waters to the left ;  
 He gazed upon the twilight overhead ;  
 He gazed upon the waters to the right ;  
 Then the round sun lit up the vault of heaven,  
 And bellowing-billowy surges calm'd again  
 Brought help soon after sunrise—he was saved.

He often of that night, that fearful night,  
 Speaks still as if some vision near him paused,  
 Or phantoms of his missing comrades moved  
 Before him haunting him: oft to his wife  
 He talks of people, things and places, known  
 Long since, when darker prospects damp'd his mind ;  
 Of GREEN, their quarrels, PHOEBE, the small house,  
 The signal-bell, the cliffs, the narrow lane,

(*Enoch Arden,*  
page 34.) The peacock, yelping cur, and lonely farm,  
The flute he bought, the fish he sold, the dull  
November fogs, and dreary gloomy days,  
The drenching showers, the length of winter eves,  
And all his toils on leaden-colour'd seas.

Time passes: and a ringing greets the ear,  
There is a marriage—GREEN and PHŒBE GRAY—  
It is the pealing of the parish bells;  
And FANNY too, and RACHEL, all were wed  
At once: but when the beauteous hopeful brides  
Left ELI's dwelling, had not one dear heart  
Spoken with him, and tried in every way  
She could to cheer him up when left alone,  
Sorely he would have felt the solitude.

T. G. S.

*To be continued.*

### QUEEN KATHARINE OF ARRAGON;

*Her residence at Kimbolton, and her burial at Peterborough.*

*Continued from page 168.*

We have reached the last scene of the royal lady's life, and it now devolves upon us to describe the royal funeral. Immediately Henry was apprized of the queen's decease, he addressed a letter to Lady Bedingfield, stating his intention to have the body of "our dearest sister, the Lady Katharine, relict of our natural brother, Prince Arthur," interred according to her honour and estate, Lady Bedingfield herself being appointed one of the principal mourners. The monarch has been censured for not complying with his consort's wishes as to the place of her interment; but, when its vicinity to Kimbolton is considered, and the beauty of the solemn edifice itself, he may be fairly acquitted of blame, in ordering her remains to be carried to the Abbey of Peterborough.

It is a fact worth recording, as tending to vindicate Henry VIII, from the charge of neglect, that, as far as a grand and empty ceremonial was concerned, her remains were treated with the utmost consideration and respect, and the arrangements of Katharine's funeral, were so like some of those adopted at that of Elizabeth of York, his mother, that they would seem to have been ordered in imitation. At Greenwich, king Henry observed the day of Katharine's burial with solemn obsequies, all his servants and himself attending them dressed in mourning. He commanded his whole court to do the same. Queen Anne Boleyn would not obey; but, in sign of gladness, dressed herself with all the ladies of her household in yellow, and amidst them all, exulted for the death of her rival. All the preparations for the funeral were ordered to be completed by the 25th of January, and indeed they were of so costly and elaborate a nature, that it would have been difficult to have finished them sooner.

In the first place, the body being ordered to be embalmed, had to be sered, trammelled, leaded and chested with spices and other things thereunto appertaining.\*

The chandler received instructions to prepare a proper number of lights, to be employed round the corpse, during the time it remained at Kimbolton

\* The body of Queen Eleanor of Castile, after being disemboweled, was stuffed with barley; and that of Henry VIII. was wrapped in cere cloth of many folds, over the fine cloth of rains and velvet, securely bound and trammelled with cords of silk.

castle, or in the next church or chapel where it rested ; and he was ordered to "execute all exequies and ceremonies for the time." The route taken by the funeral *cortége*, was the most accessible one at that season of the year, and the most direct, namely, through Ellington, and thence on to the Great North Road, through Stilton, and passing near Yaxley. Particular directions were given for the preparation of the hearses or canopies that rested over the body, and were borne in the procession. There were to be two of these—one with five principals of main divisions of the entire frame work filled with lights, which was to be placed over the corpse in the church, where the funeral made its first halt, which was that of All Saints, Sawtry. The other, "a sumptuous hearse," with nine principals and lights accordingly, to be set in the church or monastery where the body was interred. These hearses were commonly very elaborate architectural compositions, exhibiting the characteristic features of the period, such as canopies, images, buttresses and finals, probably all made of wax on a wooden framework. The principal hearse had double barriers, the inner one for the ladies, and the outer for the lords. This was evidently intended for a protection ; and the same object was further facilitated on this occasion, by there being forms covered with black cloth, garnished with escutcheons of Queen Katharine's arms, which were to be set round the corpse instead of barriers.

"A solemn facion" was ordered to be used in conveying the corpse from the chamber to the church, where it was first to remain, at which, besides three bishops (mitres), with the choir, and six knights, who were to bear it, there were to be six barons and other noblemen as assistants ; four knights also to carry a canopy. The chief mourner (Lady Bedingfield), with eight others, accompanied the corpse to the chapel, and attended the Dirige and the masses : at every mass she only offered as she was admonished by the officer of arms, and on the occasion presented palls of cloth of gold of *baudekyn*.

Nightly watch was ordered as long as the royal body lay unburied, and during the same period, the prelates were to execute daily service. A chariot conveyed the corpse from Sawtry to Peterborough. The corpse itself was covered with a pall of rich cloth of gold, divided with a cross of white cloth of gold. It was customary on these occasions, to introduce the likeness or image of the defunct ; and in the present instance, there was fixed upon the pall, a cast, or puffed image of a princess, apparelled in her robes of estate, with a coronal upon her head, with rings, gloves, and jewels upon her hands. Six horses, covered with black velvet, drew the square canopy, which in like manner, was covered with black velvet, with a cross of white cloth of gold ; and at every end of the chariot, upon the coffers, there knelt a gentleman usher all the way. Four horsemen, in mourning gowns and hoods, rode four of the horses ; each of the six had four scutcheons of Prince Authur's arms, beaten in oil upon tupe with fine gold, and upon every horse's head a chaffron of her arms. At each corner of the chariot, a gentleman carried a banner of the queen's arms ; and four other banners of saints, were borne by officers of arms in the king's coats. The chief mourners went on horseback immediately after the body, and behind, eight ladies on palfreys, trapped in black cloth, the ladies riding in single file in their mantles and slops. Another chariot, containing four ladies, succeeded, and after it six ladies on horseback, one following the other. The procession was closed by a third chariot, drawn and apparelled in every point like the preceding one, and holding six ladies or gentlewomen. Palls of cloth of gold of *baudekyn* were provided for the offerings of the principal mourners : three for a duchess, two for a countess, and one for every baroness.



Full instructions were given to the painter, amongst which may be mentioned, the order of four banners of saints, each of them a yard and three quarters square, of double sarsnet, beaten with oil and fine gold, with a scutcheon of arms on each, one of the Trinity, another of St. George, the third of our lady, the fourth of St. Katharine. Four banner-rolls of the queen's arms, with Prince Arthur's arms; ten banner-rolls for the hearse, and sixteen pensells; twenty-two scutcheons of fine gold for the chariot and horses, and four-score scutcheons beaten in party gold upon buckram in oil, for the other two chariots and the four horses that bore the banners of saints; besides twenty-two chaffrons for the chariot horses and officers, and scutcheons in metal and upon paper royal.

There was also a majesty and a valence, and eight rachements of black sarsnet wrought in party gold, and in every corner of the same, a scutcheon of her arms, and at the valance her word and arms.

The charges of the wardrobe were numerous. The following sample will suffice to show how liberally this department of the ceremony was conducted. Cloth was to be provided for the thirty ladies and gentlewomen mourners, according to their degree: namely, a duke or a duchess was to have for their mantle, slop and gown, sixteen yards at 10s. the yard, and livery for sixteen servants, after their degrees. Countesses were allowed the same quantity at 8s. per yard, and livery for twelve servants. Barons, six yards at 8s., and livery for ten servants. Baronets and Knights of the garter, bishops, squires, gentlemen, yeomen, and groom, were all clothed, with a proportionate number of their servants, according to the same rate of their degree. In fact, nothing that was usually done to show honour to the dead was omitted, and the whole of these arrangements must have produced a deep impression upon the vast concourse of persons, who, from the counties of Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, and Northampton, came to gaze upon the solemn procession, as it conveyed the body of the royal lady to the grave.

*To be continued.*

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### RACE HORSES.

*Flying Childers*, bred in 1715 by the duke of Devonshire, was allowed by sportsmen, to have been the fleetest horse that ever ran at Newmarket, or that was ever bred in the world; he ran 4 miles in 6 minutes and 40 seconds, or at the rate of  $35\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, carrying 9 stone 2 pounds. He died in 1741, aged 26 years.

*Eclipse* was the fleetest horse that ran in England since the time of *Childers*; he was never beaten, and died in February, 1789, aged 25 years. His heart weighed 14lb., which accounted for his wonderful spirit and courage.

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### HOW TO START A NEWSPAPER.

French ingenuity has just devised a means of producing a newspaper which is to be distributed gratis, to contain no advertisements, and yet to give a profit to its proprietor. The paper is to appear twice a month, and to consist of 32 quarto pages. It is to contain a Parisian chronicle, reviews of books, articles on the fashions for the ladies, works of fiction, travels, &c. Also caricatures, autographs, and occasionally music. The paper is to be white, the print good, and it is to be distributed gratis—to all persons, its projector

adds, "who commission me to subscribe in their name to a daily paper, to one of the principal French Reviews, or to a weekly illustrated paper." While that subscription lasts, the subscriber will receive the new paper, whose proprietor's profit is to consist of the trade allowance made to him by the papers to which he is commissioned to subscribe. The projector reckons on an enormous number of subscribers upon the terms he proposes, and counts confidently on its proving remunerative.

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LEGENDS OF PETERBOROUGH MINSTER.—III. WERBODE'S PLOT.

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The prince Wolfade  
 A brother  
 Whose name  
 Was Rufine had,  
 And who,  
 Thereto  
 By him advised,  
 Became  
 Another  
 Disciple of Chad,  
 And then was baptized.  
 A cell that in a former day  
 Held some recluse long passed away,  
 Secluded 'midst a shady wood  
 For years had stood.  
 'Twas long neglected, gone the door,  
 Rotting leaves upon the floor,  
 Most drear it looked, and dank the stone  
 With moss o'ergrown.  
 This the brothers cleared  
 As cleanly as they could;  
 Helped by Chad, they reared  
 A crucifix of wood;  
 And here, away  
 From pagan sounds of destruction  
 And riot,  
 In quiet  
 They came to pray,  
 Or, hear the hermit's instruction.  
 Wolfere the king was  
 Both portly and strong,  
 Blue were his eyes, and  
 His flaxen hair long;  
 He'd passions that made him,  
 When put in a rage,  
 More feared than a tiger  
 Let loose from a cage;  
 But a rather thick head,  
 And was easily led  
 By the nose

By Werbode, the wicked and wily  
     Steward was he, and with ease,  
 Could work the king softly and slily  
     Just to what end he might please  
     To propose.  
 From monkish accounts  
     This man must have been  
 As arrant a villain  
     As ever was seen,  
     Once led  
 By ambition, the princess, daughter  
 Of Wolfere, he wooed, and thought her  
     To wed.  
 But the maid, by the Queen's advice,  
     Had said gently, "nay;"  
 And her brothers, not near so nice,  
     In a wrathful way  
     Had told  
     Him they thought  
     Him bold,  
     But that never  
 His presumption should win her—  
     That for nought  
     Would they give her  
 To such an old sinner,  
 As they angrily called him.  
     He little said  
 (Though it very much galled him),  
 But set his wicked mind  
     And crafty head  
 Some sure revenge to find.

It was not long before he learned  
 The princes both had christians turned.  
 A pagan he, but yet the news  
 Just suited his ambitious views :  
     Thereon he built a scheme  
     By which he might,  
 Successful, reach a goal  
     Beyond the height  
 Of any former dream  
 Of his aspiring soul.  
 He pondered much, and much he planned ;  
     And then up rose with glee,  
     And to himself said he,  
 "The princes dead, the princess' hand  
     Shall then become mine own ;  
 The old king dead in course of time  
 (If not, it shall be done by crime),  
     I'll seize upon the throne.  
 I see my way." And much his bad  
 And evil-plotting heart was glad.



LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 178.)*

"I recollect it all now; no one can tell what the villain would have done to me; perhaps, to have murdered me would have been a mercy. You were my child the instrument of God to save me;" and she caught her daughter in her arms, and pressed her closely to her bosom.

The soldier and his companion had remained passive spectators during this scene, but now Robin thought it high time to put in a word. "Hem, hem! as there is a doubt on my mind," he began, "which of you two actually did the deed, I feel myself in duty bound to put you both in charge of the guard. What say you Mr. Heines?" turning to his companion. "I certainly concur with you Robin;" returned the civilian.

"So said, so done," said the soldier, "I think I had better tie your hands behind ye to make just sure; for my comrades would finely turn the gibe on me, an old soldier, too, who has seen some service, if I was outwitted by a woman;" and he drew a piece of strong cord from a small pocket in his girdle.

Mrs. Bridge saw that resistance would be vain, and therefore placed herself at his disposal, saying, "You are at liberty to tie *my* hands, but I pray you will leave this child unbound; I will answer that she accompanies me wherever I go?"

"As you seem particularly to wish it, and you give me your word for her obedience, I will not lay the cord on her," and he proceeded to tie the hands of Mrs. Bridge together, behind her back. Mr. Heines took up the body of Captain Deywood, bore it across his shoulder, and Robin the sword with which he had been killed, and likewise the charge of the two prisoners, and the party quitted the house.

On the threshold of the outer door they met Mr. Bridge, the lady's husband, accompanied by Miss Tarvey, the young lady who had run screaming out of the room on Captain Deywood's kissing Mrs. Bridge.

"What's the meaning of all this?" enquired the astonished husband. "You leaving the house, wife, and with blood upon your clothes; what in heaven's name has happened during my absence?" glancing at the dead body. Mrs. Bridge could not answer, the interrogation of her husband, for her heart was full, and she rushed into his arms.

"And you be, sir, the husband of this lady?" said Robin interrogatively to Mr. Bridge. "And certainly being so nearly connected with her," he continued, "have

a right to enquire what has happened during your absence from your house: it's just this sir."

"The dead body—how—what of that?" enquired Mr. Bridge in an excited state; and supporting his weeping wife.

"I was just a going to tell'ee," returned Robin. "You must know, sir, that I and this gentleman here," pointing to Mr. Heines, "heard some one screaming in this house, and so we entered just to lend our assistance if required, and lo! behold there we found this officer quite dead, sir, in the same room with this lady and her daughter, so of course, sir, as anyone else naturally would, we had our suspicions, and by a confession of one of the prisoners they proved correct."

Mr. Bridge at this information was about to take the law into his own hands, and set his wife and daughter at liberty, but the former rightly considering that resistance was vain, and that her husband was of a quick temper, entreated him to be calm, assuring him that when the judge had heard the aggravating causes which had led to the deed, he would not fail, though his heart were of adamant, to do them justice, and set them free. "He would be a monster indeed," were her concluding words, "if he allowed a child to be punished for defending the life, aye, the honour, dearer than life, of its parent."

"I resign it unto God to do thee full justice," said Mr. Bridge, won to a full sense, by his wife's address, of the uselessness of making any resistance. "For His all-seeing eye," he continued, "saw, beside the dealing of the blow, the cause which led to it, therefore God's will be done!"

His wife, anxious that this distressing scene should be speedily concluded, motioned with her hand to Robin, that she wished to proceed, and kissing her husband's cheek, she passed on.

"Father, kiss me before we part," said Mary, sobbing and looking up into his face.

"He took her in his arms, and pressed her to his breast, and affectionately kissed away her tears, then hastily placed her again on the ground, and hurried into the house, but those whom he had left, heard as he turned away, the bursting of the hitherto restrained sobs.

The guards and their prisoners now hastened forward, all alike thankful that the scene with the husband was over. They soon arrived at a temporary guard-house, and the prisoners were put under the care of the serjeant, who commanded the guard, when they were conducted to a room and Mrs. Bridge's hands were untied.

About midnight the mother and daughter both fell asleep, for nature was entirely

exhausted, owing to the late excitement they had undergone. When they awoke they were not much refreshed, for their sleep was feverish, and disturbed by unpleasant dreams.

About nine o'clock in the morning, a soldier entered the apartment where they were confined, and desired them to prepare to accompany him to the court, and then retired.

He returned in about half an hour afterwards, and, after having secured the prisoners hands behind them, and tied them both together, he led them forward into the street. There they soon recognized Mr. Bridge, and Miss Tarvey. The former enquired where they were now being led, to which his wife gave him to understand they were to be examined before the court. Mr. Bridge and Miss Tarvey determined to accompany them, the first from the deep concern he felt for the situation of his wife and child, and the latter to give her evidence, if the court would hear it, concerning the gross aggravations the prisoners had experienced at the hands of Captain Deywood.

Colonel Kirk was the man who was to be their judge; and when Mrs. Bridge saw him on the bench, she trembled from head to foot, the blood rushed to her heart, and her face turned ashy pale.

The first persons who were examined were Robin, and his companion, Mr. Heines, and, doubtless, in parts of their narration they made slight exaggerations, although we have no chronicle, or memorandum, in support of such an assertion.

The time was now arrived for Mrs. Bridge to make her defence, and her courage failed her for a moment, and her frame shook; she looked upon her child who stood by her side with tearless eyes, it is true, for she had wept until their fountains were exhausted, but her mind was nerved at the sight, and she addressed the court in an appeal which would have probed the feelings of any man, though he were as hardened as Timour or Zelucco. It did soften the hearts of all; even that of the presiding Colonel beat quicker in his breast. Thus was the court prepared to hear the address of little Mary. She acknowledged having committed the deed, but then it was in defence of her mother. The innocence, the artlessness of manner in which the child spoke, and more, the simple and plain unequivocal truth, which unadorned is the more impressive, bore away the palm of victory.

Cries of approbation rent the air when the multitude assembled without, heard the judgment of the Colonel, in favour of the prisoners, and when they had ceased, Kirk ordered that the sword with which

the deed had been committed, should be presented to Mary Bridge, her name be engraved upon it, and descend as a heirloom in her family, in honour of the courage she had exhibited, in justly punishing an individual who had disgraced his name as a soldier, and as a man.

The Bridges received the congratulations of their friends, and hurried away from the court, and were no sooner arrived at their own house, than Mr. Bridge gave orders that a plentiful entertainment should be prepared by the morrow, for all comers. Never, perhaps, were human breasts filled with greater happiness, than those of the family of the Bridges, when they retired to rest on that night.

"Lor, I can't think how he can write such a lot of trash, it must be very dull for I'm almost asleep," such were the words used by Mr. Eastman, on his wife's concluding the "Legende of the Sworde." "I think it's rather pretty, dear." "No doubt of that at all, my love," returned Mr. Eastman; "but, it's very late Laura," he continued, looking at his watch; "quite time to go to bed," and he rose from his chair, took a bed candlestick from the sideboard, lighted the candle, and retired without uttering another word."

Before he had been gone five minutes, the housemaid and cook who was one and the same person, and called Charlotte, made her appearance at the door, pale and trembling with affright, and acquainted her mistress with the startling intelligence that there was "a man" in the kitchen, and in verification of the statement she appealed to the nurserymaid who stood a prey to terror and dismay, outside the door, and in support of the fact already deposed, she said, "Oh dear, yes, missus, 'tis as Charlotte says."

"Is Mr. Abram in the house?" enquired Mrs. Eastman. "No ma'am, he aint; and I don't think 'tis likely he'll be here this time of night," returned Charlotte. "Hadn't I better call master, ma'am?"

Mrs. Eastman considered for a few moments what course it would be the best to adopt, and then desired Charlotte to hasten upstairs, and call Myron and Manchap.

"Mr. Myron — Mr. Manchap!" said Charlotte, but not loud enough to awaken a sound sleeper, and putting her head into their room, for her mistress had inculcated a most praiseworthy notion into her mind, respecting the first and chief care of a female, viz., that of being ever watchful against the invidious arch-monster man. Myron was not yet asleep, for he was thinking of his lost packet, and on hearing himself called by name, he sprang up in

his bed, which movement caused the chaste-hearted Charlotte to turn away her face, and after casting one little glance on Manchap, to see if he were stirring, withdrew her head entirely from a position so contaminating and dangerous to a modest female.

"Well, what is it, Charlotte?" asked Myron.

"Oh sir!" she returned, "there's a man in the kitchen, and Missus told me to ask you, and Mr. Manchap, to come down, and see what had better be done."

"You are sure there is somebody there?"

"Yes sir, he's under the new deal table, for I found out there was somebody there, by his knocking his head against the bottom of it."

Myron now awoke Manchap, doubtless from an unpleasant dream, for just before, two or three long quivering sighs had escaped him.

"What's the row?" enquired the disturbed dreamer: "Aye! what is it?"

"Stir yourself, Manchap," returned Myron, "Mrs. Eastman has sent Charlotte to desire us to get up, as there is a man concealed in the kitchen."

"A man! and what's become of Eastman, himself?" asked Manchap, rubbing his eyes.

Charlotte, who was loitering outside the door, hearing the enquiry after her master, said, "that her mistress had desired her to say, that as Mr. Eastman was already gone to bed, she did not wish to disturb him, until she was well assured that his interference was actually required; for if it should after all prove only a false alarm, he would be very angry with her for being called up:" and begging them to make haste, Charlotte crept silently away down to her mistress.

Myron and Manchap were dressed in a few minutes, and as silently as possible they descended the stairs to the drawing room, where they found Mrs. Eastman, and the two servant girls, anxiously awaiting their arrival. Two glasses of brandy and water were on the table, which Mrs. Eastman desired them to drink off. Manchap then armed himself with a poker, and Myron with a stout walking stick, and preceding the three females, who with trembling steps and pale countenances followed, carrying lighted candles, they proceeded down stairs.

They reached the kitchen door, where they halted, as by simultaneous consent, to reconnoitre the interior of the apartment. The apprentices bent low to allow Mrs. Eastman and the servants to hold forward the candles over their heads, that the light might thereby be thrown to the more distant parts of the kitchen. All was still, save at intervals, the chirp of a cricket, and the quick run of a mouse, at which

sounds, in the dead silence of the night, the females started and trembled with alarm.

Mrs. Eastman was the first to speak, she addressed a whispering enquiry into Myron's ear, "Don't you think we had better call down Mr. Eastman, for if a man should be hid in any corner, his chance of escape would be less."

"I think it would be advisable," was Myron's reply. Mrs. Eastman then directed the nursemaid to go upstairs, and desire her master to hasten down as quickly as possible, and to bring Mr. Abram's sword with him, Myron gave Manchap a pinch on the leg, which caused him to start; and through a sympathy of feeling, it became communicated to Mrs. Eastman and Charlotte, causing them to spring back with considerable agility, and exclaim, "Oh!" with truly dramatic effect. Several words were exchanged between the apprentices, in the lowest possible whisper, and this subdued conversation was only interrupted by the return of the nursemaid, who informed her mistress that Mr. Eastman was very cross at being disturbed, and had threatened if she did not leave him instantly, to discharge her the next morning. During the past few minutes Mrs. Eastman's fears had considerably increased, and instantly on the nursemaid's communicating her message, she herself hastened away to pump up the latent courage in her husband. Those who remained preserved a strict silence during her absence, which was nearly ten minutes. Her re-appearance was hailed with much secret delight, for she was evidently accompanied by a companion, who was no other than her husband; and it was equally certain, from a sort of military jingle which could be heard, attempting to rival the clatter of a regiment of yeomanry charging on foot, that he carried a sword and a scabbard.

Mr. Eastman looked upon his apprentices with the most pompous contempt, and desired them in no conciliating or gentle tone, to advance with him abreast, one on either side, into the kitchen. They instantly fell into the order he prescribed, and were supported behind by the females, in a similar disposition. A deathlike stillness prevailed, and it was a solemn and inspiring sight to behold the determined front of the compact little phalanx, bearing a sword, a poker, and walking-stick, move as though they stood on a platform, their countenances exhibiting the look of a forlorn hope. By almost imperceptible degrees, they reached the neighbourhood of the deal table, which occupied the centre of the kitchen. Confidence was about to dawn upon their minds, but became suddenly obscured by a heavy blow being dealt upon the said table, by some



invisible means. This blow likewise disturbed the order of the company, by exciting them to a trial of their various powers of agility, and speed of foot.

The whole party shortly arrived in the drawing-room, after a most spirited run. Mr. Eastman was the first to speak before he had properly regained his breath. "Manchap—you go—directly—and—make haste—there may—be murder—find a—watch—man—now quick—stay—bring two—watchmen—make haste." Manchap darted from the room on the conclusion of these ejaculations, and a minute after the street door was heard to open and then slam with violence. "Lor, missus!" at length said Charlotte, "I do shake like a leaf stirred by the wind. I saw two such ugly black faces look up from under the table just when the heavy blow came, and they had such staring, rolling great eyes, that I thought they'd have jumped at me out of their sockets."

"You don't say so, Charlotte? and I'm sure 'twas a man I seed behind the dresser," said the nursemaid. "Oh! mercy whatever shall we do James? do you hear what the girls say?"

But Mr. Eastman seeming to pay no regard to his wife's words, only muttered to himself, "I wish that confounded Manchap would be quick."

The two servants commenced whispering one to the other; Myron stood before the dying coals, which remained in the grate; Mrs. Eastman sat rocking herself to and fro in an easy chair, covering her face with her hands; while her husband paced up and down the room, impatiently awaiting the arrival of Manchap with the watchmen. Two or three loud knocks at the street door now aroused the party; they left the room in a body to open the door. It was Manchap with two watchmen.

Mr. Eastman acquainted the officers with his conviction, that there were burglars in the kitchen, and enquired if they wished any further addition to their force, before they commenced their search. They looked at each other, and a slight movement of the lips which indicated a smile, was perceivable, when they informed Mr. Eastman that further assistance was unnecessary.

The whole party now proceeded towards the kitchen; and with only a slight hesitation, the household followed the watchmen across its threshold. In a few minutes every corner had been searched, but no burglar had been discovered, much to Mr. Eastman's disappointment, but we must not conceal the fact, that it was likewise much to his satisfaction. The house, throughout, was now carefully examined, and the result was equally satisfactory.

They once more returned to the kitchen, before the officers left, and the family retired to repose. Mr. Eastman carried his sword sheathed in his hand; the apprentices had not yet laid aside their arms; and the watchmen held their staves. Mr. Eastman was loudly regretting much to the terror, yet admiration, of his better half, that the burglars should have escaped them; for he felt convinced that they had made off during the period Manchap was absent from the house, in search of the watchmen. As suddenly and more unexpectedly than on the former occasion, and when Mr. Eastman was in the midst of his regrets, a second blow on the deal table startled the whole party, calling forth screams from the females, and Mr. Eastman's sword from its scabbard, much to the personal danger of those standing near him. Instant search was made under the table, and throughout the kitchen, but still without success. One of the watchmen remarked that the table appeared new, and thought that the noise which had alarmed the ladies, might have proceeded from the starting of the flanks occasioned by their warping. His companion concurred with him, and on examining the table, the supposition proved to be correct. The officers shortly after left the house, perfectly satisfied with the liberality of Mr. Eastman, and the family retired to repose.

*To be continued.*

#### YAXLEY.\*

This is a considerable parish, in the hundred of Norman Cross, union and county court district of Peterborough, rural deanery of Yaxley, archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and diocese of Ely, 78 miles from London, and 15½ from Huntingdon, on the Great North Road. The living is a vicarage, in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, valued at £177 annually, with residence; the Vicar is the Rev. Charles Lee, M.A., of Merton College, Oxford. Here is an endowed school for girls and boys. There are chapels for Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Independents. There is a fair held here on Holy Thursday every year. The population in 1861 was 1,411; the acreage 4,060.

#### THE CHURCH.

"Thence to porche of Yaxley church,  
A fayre and stateleye pyle;  
And there he tolde its beautyes olde  
Of nayve, and arche, and aysle."

This is a very large and fine edifice; the greater part of which was erected towards the close of the thirteenth century. It is

\* For this article we are under great obligations to the Author of "The History of Wellingborough."

complete in all the parts usually assigned to the ancient Roman Catholic services. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, with north and south side-chapels, proceeding so far eastward as to range handsomely with the east window, contributing a fine effect to the east end of the church; besides which, are north and south transepts; and to give as much nobleness as possible to the general outline of the structure, the belfry is so constructed, as to be, as it were, in the church—the aisles extending westward as well as eastward.

In the North Chantry Chapel is a square locker, and a cinquefoil-headed piscina; also a square locker and pointed piscina. These Chantry chapels have each a pointed door on a line with an ogee one inclosing the transepts, and this ogee one is carved with an unusual sweep of the arch; and besides this ogee arch is a little pointed door opening in the respective western boundary wall, and to the north of the great arch, of both the north and south transepts: the situation of this too, is very unusual, if not unique. The architrave of the arch is supported on a cluster of three slender columns, having very large capitals, which form a sort of canopy as the arch springs from the plain masonry of the wall: such, at least, is the present state of the head of the arch. The general appearance, like the situation of the door, is quite unusual, and affords a fine light architectural scene. The idea is excellent, in piercing the blank wall to produce effect; but this, it is conceived, was not all that was intended by the architect, "*utile dulci*," it is very probable, was his motto; the design being, it is likely, to afford accommodation for a larger congregation than that which the transept would contain, in order that they might join in the services of the altar, which was placed in front of the single lancet, opposite this small door, through which a congregation, even at the western extremity of the aisles, might view the ceremony at the altar.

The Belfry Arches are three in number: one, in the centre, before which the organ is placed; and one, north and south.

The South Porch is large, and of perpendicular character, having a trefoil niche on each side, and one over the apex of the arch.

The Tower consists of four stages, and is of beautiful stone, and excellent masonry. At the west end of the tower, is a perpendicular door; above which is a window, of the same character, of three lights—large and subdivided in the centre. There are large and well-wrought buttresses, of six stages each, at the angles. The summit is embattled, having enriched pinnacles at the angles, connected with

the spire by flying buttresses, pierced with quatrefoils. The tower is lofty, but the spire itself is not very elevated; it is, however, beautifully crocketed, and is altogether a fine composition.

The East Window is decorated, and of large dimensions, the ramifications in the head being particularly elegant; it is, in fact, a most charming window: the eye of taste may happily rest for hours among its graceful curves; its winding mazes; its geometrical sweeps; its regular and elongated quatrefoils, trefoils, and corbel head; and its variously coloured glass. Feelings of admiration are elicited on an examination of its exterior; and its interior does not disappoint, but commands equal admiration; there, indeed, its richly coloured glass is seen to the greatest advantage; and whether viewed from within or from without, the beauty of its execution is exceedingly striking.

The Windows of the Aisles are perpendicular and various. There is a single lancet window easterly of the two transepts.

The South Transept is on a similar plan to the north one, excepting that the large window here is of a decorative character; it is peculiarly handsome in its ornaments, the head being composed of elongated quatrefoils; and it is grand indeed in the extent of its general outline.

The Interior of the Church is extremely light and airy in its general effect, and noble in its various proportions and details, being entirely free from galleries, excepting the organ-loft at the west end.

Four extremely lofty arches, rising from a perpendicular cluster of semi-cylindrical shafts, possessing the usual intervening bold hollows, divide the nave from the aisles; in front of each, a bearing shaft is carried up to sustain the wall-piece; and the whole of the clusters and arches, having been entirely freed from their repeated coats of whitewash, now effectively present the excellent masonry of the original stone, which is of a beautiful quality, to the admiration of the spectator. The whole interior has the fresh appearance of a new erection, effected through a late laudable renovation.

This church is of very extended dimensions, it receives, as we have already observed, its fullest compliment of ecclesiastical accessories in its north and south transepts; north and south chantry chapels; the choir; the belfry, formerly open to the church; and the aisles, carried down to the west end, and ranging with the line of the tower. These numerous and varying portions of this fine ecclesiastical structure, present their conjoined effects when viewed from different sites of the church, in a most noble and cathedral-like manner,

through the contrasted elliptical, and ogee arches; lancet windows, single and treble, decorated and perpendicular; in early English recesses; in lockers and piscinas, of which there is quite an unusual number for a single edifice, there having been no less than five altars within the church; besides which are fine and perfect sedilia; brackets; enriched canopies; lofty screen-work, and painted glass; many of these objects assimilating and harmonising, display features of symmetrical arrangement and architectural skill worthy of any of our English cathedrals. A pointed arch divides the nave from the chancel.

The Choir.—Three pointed arches ranging with those of the nave, separate the choir from the lady chapel, and the south chantry chapel. On each side the east window of the choir is a large square bracket having a flat canopy, enriched with the billet and flower moulding. There is a locker on the north side. There are some fine old seats on each side of the choir.

Lady Chapel.—Here are fine triplicated sedilia, gradatory in their descent of the several seats, having triangular mouldings over each, with a trefoil apex, along with which ranges a trefoil-headed piscina; all are as perfect as if fresh sculptured, and just placed there to form their respective recesses. The columns separating the sedilia, are square, relieved in front by groovings, and behind they possess a semi-arch, detaching their faces from the wall, by which design they present, when viewed in an oblique direction, a fine light effect.

Reliquary.—Under the north window of the north transept, appears a stone affixed in the wall, bearing sculpture in relieve: a pointed arch encloses a trefoil head, and within the trefoil arch are two arms and hands upraised, holding to view a heart.

When this church underwent its renovation, an examination of this sculpture took place, and the stone being removed, it proved to be the end of a reliquary; and at the extremity was a little arched recess, in which was found deposited, a small circular shrine, composed of oak, having a loose cover with a knob. When the cover was first removed, a strong perfume, arising from the preservative spices, was exhaled, but the continuance of the aroma was not of long duration, as of course it speedily dissipated itself in the common air. This no doubt had been the depository for the heart, of which the outer sculpture was the indicator. It might probably be the heart of De Yakesley, Abbot of Thorney, a native of this place, who died in 1291.

The bottom of the shrine is decayed, and almost all gone: the other portions are nearly entire. This relic is in the

possession of the worthy vicar, the Rev. Charles Lee, M.A. The Pulpit has the letters HS, and IP, with the date 1631 between them.

Before we leave this beautiful church, we must just advert to the fresco paintings, with which the walls have been anciently decorated. On removing the coats of whitewash, paintings of the following subjects are disclosed: In the lady chapel, over the sedilia, the subject was THE INFERNAL REGIONS. In another part was THE ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN.

THE PLAGUE AT  
PETERBOROUGH IN 1600.

The following is extracted from the Parish Register, Peterborough:—"Henry Reynolds came from London, where he dwelt, sicke of the plague, and being receyved by William Browne, died in his house. The said William soon after fell sicke of the plague and died; so did his sonne, his daughter, and his servant. Only his wife and her mayde escaped with Soars. The plague, brought by this means to Peterborough, continued there till September following."

AVERAGE PRICE OF WHEAT

From the Year 1600.

(See page 178.)

| YEAR.       | £. | s. | d.              | YEAR.       | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------|----|----|-----------------|-------------|----|----|----|
| 1843 per Q. | 2  | 10 | 1               | 1851 per Q. | 1  | 18 | 7  |
| 1844 "      | 2  | 10 | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 1852 "      | 2  | 1  | 0  |
| 1845 "      | 2  | 10 | 10              | 1853 "      | 2  | 13 | 0  |
| 1846 "      | 2  | 14 | 8               | 1854 "      | 3  | 12 | 5  |
| 1847 "      | 3  | 9  | 9               | 1855 "      | 3  | 14 | 7  |
| 1848 "      | 2  | 10 | 6               | 1856 "      | 3  | 13 | 1  |
| 1849 "      | 2  | 4  | 2               | 1857 "      | 2  | 19 | 2  |
| 1850 "      | 2  | 0  | 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 1858 "      | 2  | 4  | 5  |

1853.

|            | £. | s. | d. |             | £. | s. | d. |
|------------|----|----|----|-------------|----|----|----|
| Oct. 7 gr. | 2  | 19 | 5  | Nov. 25 gr. | 3  | 12 | 7  |
| 14 "       | 3  | 4  | 0  | Dec. 2 "    | 3  | 12 | 0  |
| 21 "       | 3  | 8  | 4  | 9 "         | 3  | 12 | 7  |
| 28 "       | 3  | 8  | 11 | 16 "        | 3  | 11 | 11 |
| Nov. 4 "   | 3  | 9  | 1  | 23 "        | 3  | 10 | 9  |
| 11 "       | 3  | 11 | 9  | 30 "        | 3  | 10 | 0  |
| 18 "       | 3  | 13 | 7  |             |    |    |    |

1854.

|            | £. | s. | d. |            | £. | s. | d. |
|------------|----|----|----|------------|----|----|----|
| Jan. 6 gr. | 3  | 13 | 0  | Mar. 3 gr. | 3  | 18 | 5  |
| 13 "       | 3  | 16 | 2  | 10 "       | 3  | 18 | 3  |
| 20 "       | 3  | 18 | 10 | 17 "       | 3  | 19 | 6  |
| 27 "       | 4  | 2  | 4  | 24 "       | 3  | 19 | 2  |
| Feb. 3 "   | 4  | 3  | 3  | 31 "       | 3  | 18 | 4  |
| 10 "       | 4  | 2  | 8  | Apl. 7 "   | 3  | 15 | 0  |
| 17 "       | 4  | 2  | 4  | 14 "       | 3  | 13 | 5  |
| 24 "       | 4  | 0  | 1  | 21. "      | 3  | 18 | 3  |



## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

FEB. 2nd. Mrs Green, of Whaplode, destroyed herself by cutting her throat. It was elicited at the inquest, that the poor woman had been subject to cruel treatment from her husband. The deceased and her family frequently lived on bread steeped in warm water, and an insufficiency of this, whilst the husband spent his earnings in drink and luxuries at the public house. Within a few days he had sold the children's tame rabbits, and his wife's gleaned corn for drink. Verdict "temporary insanity".

9th The Directors of the Great Northern Railway, have determined to recommend to the proprietors to declare a dividend for the last half-year, at the rate of 8*l.* 15*s.* per cent. per annum, on the original stock of the company.

14th. The annual meeting of subscribers to the Training College, Peterborough, was held in the College Dining Hall. The chair was taken by H. P. Gates, Esq. The report was read by the Rev. Lord Alwyne Compton. Arrangements were made to liquidate the debt against the College, during the coming year.

17th. The Bishop of Peterborough has instituted the Rev. Edward James, M.A., to the Rectory of Peakirk, vacant by the resignation of his father, the Rev. John James, D.D., on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough.

24th Mr. J. Arnold, druggist, of London, whose will has just been proved (personalty sworn under 60,000*l.*), was a native of Whissendine. His freehold estate at Peterborough he has devised to his nephew, Edward Arnold.

28th At a general meeting of the shareholders of the Peterborough new Cattle Market, the report for the past year was read, and adopted, and the retiring Directors re-elected. It was also agreed that a sum not exceeding 2,500*l.* should be borrowed to carry out the works to completion. The report stated that the long-pending question as to the value of the site had been satisfactorily arranged with the trustees of the Milton Estate, and that the Directors had been put into possession; also that the necessary works would be proceeded with, without further delay, a contract having been entered into with Mr. J. J. Fast, of Melton Mowbray, for 4,191*l.* 19*s.*, for all the work except the ironmonger's, which will be executed by Messrs. Amies, Barford, and Co. for 1,647*l.* 16*s.* The total amount of receipts for calls had been 7,398*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* Interest at bank, 220*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* The amount still due on call, not paid up was 2,602*l.* The payments comprised parliamentary and solicitors' expenses, 498*l.* 7*s.*; purchase of

land from Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Bristow, 620*l.*; compensation to Mr. Brainsby, 325*l.*; deposited with London and Westminster Bank for purchase of Milton property, 4,600*l.*; architect, on account, 100*l.*; interest to shareholders, 148*l.* 10*s.*; sundry expenses, 17*s.* 2*d.* Total present expenditure and liabilities, 6,292*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*

MARCH 2nd. The remains of the 20th Lord Willoughby de Eresby were interred in the family vault, in Edenham, where were deposited, only four weeks previous, those of his wife, to whom he had been married for the long period of 57 years. The plate on the coffin lid was engraved with the following inscription:—"Peter Robert Drummond, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and Baron Gwydyr, Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England. Born 19th March, 1782. Died 22nd Feb. 1865." The deceased Lord was of St. John's College, Cambridge, having been admitted a Fellow Commoner, Feb 4th, 1800, and took the degree of M.A. in 1801. He represented Boston in Parliament, having been returned in 1807, 1812, & 1818.

Mr. W. Bate, J.P., of Werrington, was committed for trial at the next Peterboro' quarter sessions, to be held on the 6th of April, for writing and publishing libels, against the character of the Rev. Joseph Pratt, the rector of Paston. Mr. Bate was liberated on bail; himself in 400*l.*, and two sureties in 200*l.* each.

7th. An amateur theatrical entertainment, in aid of the funds of the 6th Northamptonshire Rifle Volunteers, was given (and likewise on the previous evening), at the Wentworth rooms, Peterborough, which was well patronized. The result was an addition of some 70*l.* to the rifle fund.

8th. A testimonial, in the shape of a handsome marble clock and bronze figure of Ulysses, was presented to Mr. John Beecroft, of Eye, by the inhabitants, in appreciation of his kindness and attention to the sick and poor of that parish.

### Marriages.

MAR. 16th. At St. Marylebone Church, London, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Peterborough, assisted by the Rev. M. Anstis, Vicar of Cublington, the Rev. Edmund Davys, Vicar of Peterborough, to Miss Elizabeth Berry, of the same city.

18th. At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. G. W. Fitzwilliam, of Milton, near Peterborough, to Miss Alice Anson, daughter of the late General Anson, and sister to the Marchioness of Bristol. (March 23rd. A public dinner was held at the Angel Hotel, Peterborough, to celebrate the auspicious event.)

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## AFFECTATION.

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There is no position in life in which affectation can be said to be in the least becoming, or commendable—however much it may appear to be sanctioned by fashionable pride or heedless folly. There is not one rational feeling of which the human heart is capable that can possibly be excited by the indulgence of such an intensely odious practice. It generally evokes the laugh of contempt, or produces a feeling very near akin to disgust, in the contemplative mind, whenever it is observed that persons are endeavouring to deform nature by either speaking or moving in an affected manner.

If there be one thing more than another by which an affected jackanapes can stir up our contempt for him, it is by the silly, mincing way, in which he chooses to talk. The style of conversation (if we may call it conversation) which he adopts, and which he appears to relish so much, to us is perfectly nauseous. If some young men—we ought rather to call them “fellahs”—who take such a pride in screwing their words into all manner of shapes, could only feel how disgusting they appear, in the eyes of all sensible persons, who have learnt to “speak the English language with propriety,” we think they would soon drop it. With many, however, it appears to have become such a confirmed habit, that we apprehend there would be much difficulty in teaching them to talk in a plain, straight-forward, and manly way. We know some young people, of both sexes, to whom we have great difficulty in preventing ourselves from saying, “Do, my dear ‘fellah,’ or my dear little mincing Miss, do, pray, try to talk in your natural tone, unless you wish to be utterly ridiculous!”

In the lower order of ladies’ boarding schools, and, indeed, too much everywhere, now-a-days, this same sickening, mincing, affected tone, is apparent. There are different phases of affectation, and with what impatience do we listen to that young man who is continually interlarding his frivolous discourse with absurd interjections—bordering on the profane! With what feelings of mingled pity and contempt, do we note the poverty of mind of another young “swell,” who flourishes a silver-headed cane with such a dashing air! This same specimen of animated mortality has, however, amongst his own associates, the reputation of being a “dashing” young man. “*Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur*,” said the Latins, which being interpreted, means “Birds of a feather flock together,” and we cannot help wishing that this was strictly true, so little do we desire to have our eyes and ears offended by these dashing “*pares*” or “birds” we have alluded to. There is another young man who sports a tortoise-shell snuff-box, and who measures the pavement with all the exactitude of a first-class dancing master, who makes us

feel poorly every time we see him. There is another, who may have a face or he may not, whose dress and antics baffle all description! Do, good people, take pattern by the majority of those with whom you may accidentally come in contact, and strive to act like rational beings.

How distressing it is, too, to see a female, enriched with all that nature from her ample stores can give, turning and twisting her neck into such postures as can only serve to remind one of the pillory, and distorting those features, originally intended "for softness and sweet attractive grace," into an unsightly grin, without any possible cause of alarm or indisposition! We really hope, should these observations meet the eye of any coxcomb, or mincing miss, that they will not be entirely useless.

Affectation is nothing less than a compound of pride, folly, and ignorance. To account for such a ridiculous infatuation is scarcely possible; but to try, to root out a habit so hateful, and so prevalent, does not seem to us to be an unimportant task. It shows such a littleness of mind that we feel called upon to raise our voice against it, by throwing out a few hints as to its composition and appearance, which from the great variety of shrugs, attitudes, gestures, grimaces, contortions, and excuses, attendant upon this deforming folly, must show that its constituent parts and ingredients are in direct opposition to the construction and dictates of nature.

Read what a well-meaning poet once wrote on this subject—

"I hate the face, however fair,  
That carries an affected air.  
The lisp'ing tongue, the shape constrain'd,  
The studied look, the passion feign'd,  
Are fopperies which only tend  
To injure what they strive to mend."

*April, 1865.*

### QUEEN KATHARINE OF ARRAGON;

*Her residence at Kimbolton, and her burial at Peterborough.*

*Continued from page 191.*

The accounts we have of the religious observances after the royal procession reached Peterborough Abbey, are meagre in the extreme. The abbot (John Chambers), surrounded by his brethren, received the body at the western entrance of the abbey. The hearse was admitted within the edifice, and brought sufficiently near the place of interment, which was between two pillars on the north side of the choir, near the great altar.

After the interment, the hearse was placed over the tomb covered with its rich pall, and for sometime after it was surrounded with tapers. Relating to this matter, the following tradition is preserved, that, "the day before the lady Anne Boleyn was beheaded, the tapers that stood about Queen Katharine's sepulchre, kindled of themselves; and after matins were done to *Deo gratias*, the said tapers quenched of themselves; and that the king had sent thirty men to the abbey, where Queen Katharine was buried, and it was true of this light continuing from day to day." Whoever performed the trick was never discovered, neither was the person who abstracted the rich pall that covered the queen's hearse, and substituted a mean one, which likewise vanished during the civil war in 1643. Cromwell's soldiers did more than steal the substituted pall, they injured considerably the noble West Front of the



Cathedral, likewise the curious altar-piece and the beautiful cloisters. They demolished Queen Katharine's tomb, broke down the rails which enclosed the place, overthrew the hearse, and displaced the gravestone that lay over her body, and nothing was left remaining of that regal tomb. Nor to the present day, does any fitting memorial mark the spot where the royal body was interred.

In 1780-1, the cathedral underwent considerable repair, and was repaved with Yorkshire flags.\* On this occasion (Feb. 6th, 1781) the coffin of the queen was exposed to view. It was found to be strongly fastened, and no one attempted to open it. However, one of the workmen, induced through curiosity, made a hole in the coffin, sufficiently large to admit his hand. This circumstance came to the knowledge of Lady Charlotte Madan's † maid, who at once hastened to the spot. The man was in the act, as she came up, of thrusting his hand into the coffin; he did so, and drew out a fragment of crimson brocaded damask, whereby was ascertained the material of the queen's funeral robes. The lady's maid received from the hands of the workman the piece of material which he had taken from the queen's coffin, and to use her own words, it felt "cold and damp."‡ It is very possible that further acts of desecration of the dead might have taken place had not the Precentor (Rev. Mr. Fowler) interfered.

The room at Kimbolton in which Katharine passed away, a room on the grand floor looking into the deer-park and across the moats towards the castle hill and the keeper's lodge, still bears her name. The boudoir which she occupied, on the walls of which she hung her pictures and tapestries, adjoins it. A travelling chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, and which has her cypher on the lid, remains at the foot of the grand staircase. A secret passage leading from the white drawing-room into the chapel, is said to have been the means by which she eluded the observation, and escaped from the presence of her husband's spies; a tradition which is in keeping with all that we know from Sir Edmund Bedingfield reports of her reserved and secluded ways of life while there. Though all the fronts of Kimbolton castle were renewed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and the white drawing-room was added by that nimble wit and heavy builder to the pile, the wing which Katharine occupied is still the same in block, as when the Mandevilles raised it in an angle of the cross roads, from Buckden to Huntingdon, from St. Neot's to Oundle; the same as when Katharine, tiring of the close gardens and damp ponds of Buckden, chose it for her last home, in preference to either Somersham or Fotheringay. That wing is of hoar antiquity. No fancy is required to animate once more the silent rooms. The corridor along which Bastien and Antonio helped their royal mistress into chapel, the gallery in which she sat to hear Atequa chant masses and complines, still, after a

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\* A stone near the west end was removed from the floor of the nave, at this time, bearing the following curious Epitaph to a midwife, named Jane Parker Valentine, who died September 19th, 1693; and we have been informed that Wm. Hopkinson, Esq., of Stamford, who was some short time afterwards a King's Scholar, had read these lines:—

" Here lieth a midwife brought to bed,  
Deliveresse, delivered,  
Her body being church'd here,  
Her Soul thanks gives in yonder Sphere."

+ Her ladyship was the sister of Lord Cornwallis, and her husband, Dr. Madan, was at this time Prebendary of Peterborough Cathedral.

‡ This fragment of damask is still preserved by the descendants of Lady Madan's maid, being regarded by them as a relic of the utmost value.

lapse of 300 years, whisper to the imagination of her presence. From a window of her boudoir, you may see the gates at which Lady Willoughby, splashed and fainting, knocked on the winter night, and through which her tears and eloquence forced a way to the bedside of her dying friend. There is the chamber into which the Spanish ambassador, Eustachio Chappuis, was introduced by Bedingfield, in time to see the aunt of an emperor expire. On the walls hang the portraits of the time, which are said to have belonged to her; portraits which may have been brought by her from Buckden, and left with her travelling trunk by Rich, and the royal officers. These pictures are on panel; some of them by Holbein; those which are known, being her nearest friends or associates. One is of her mother, Isabel the catholic. Two are of her nephew, Charles V. One is of the Archduke Philip, husband of her unhappy sister, crazy Jane. There are portraits of Sir John Cheeke, William first Lord Paget, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. One of the known pictures is the Count of Nassau. One of the females is believed to be a portrait of herself. Pictures of Katharine are extremely rare; but the small painting at Kimbolton castle, agrees with the contemporary notices of her eyes, her hair, and face. This collection of Queen Katharine's kinsmen and associates, has been at Kimbolton time out of mind; and until recently hung in the queen's boudoir.

There hangs, too, about the castle a further and final hint of her having been there in the flesh:—the reported haunting of her ghost. Kimbolton may be considered a secluded spot. Even after the corn counties have been opened up by train, telegraph, and mail, the castle is 8 miles from a post town, 9 miles from a railway line, no less than 30 miles from Peterborough, the city in which Katharine was buried, now the nearest station at which an express from London to York, finds it worth while to stop.

In lieu of the popular portrait of Katharine, the Duke of Manchester sketches her thus—"A girl full of sun and life, eager to love and to be loved, enamoured of state and pomp, who liked a good dinner, a new gown, above all a young husband; one who had her quarrels, her debts, her feminine fibs, and her little deceptions, even with those who were most near and dear to her; a creature to be kissed and petted, to be adored, chidden, and ill-used, all of which Katharine was in the flesh."

## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

*(Continued from page 189.)*

Now over ELI'S slowly-silvering head,  
 Summer and winter seasons come and go  
 Year after year. He often sees his own,  
 And plays upon them old familiar jokes;  
 They still are cherish'd, and their visits come  
 Too speedily to an end. Another race  
 (All wanting something) crowding round him stand:  
 One, by good fortune, gets a painted horse,  
 And then a kiss for knowing what to say.  
 He hears them prate and sing at early dawn;

(*Enoch Arden,*  
*page 35.*)

Sometimes they break out in most warlike style :  
 And once he heard one slip out from the room,  
 And to the staircase-landing burst away,  
 Then loudly scream and shout, and fill the house  
 With clamour. Downward from his dressing-room  
 Stept the long-robed long-bearded emissary  
 GREEN, looking hardly pleasant, with a rod,  
 Muttering and mumbling all the way he went,  
 Pretending desperate rage, and making signs  
 He stopt the noise : then led the child away  
 To where the quarrellers were from whom it ran :  
 He threaten'd all should tingle if they did  
 So romp and talk, and bade them hold their tongues :  
 But all strove well to make him understand  
 They never touch'd the child whose screams he heard ;  
 And their straight tale, tho' utter'd brokenly,  
 He credited at last, and said no more.  
 Amused was ELI, as he listen'd to it ;  
 He closed his door as GREEN was passing by,  
 Who when he had return'd to rest soon shook  
 All indignation from him. All are pleased  
 With ELI's bounty, and would answer give,  
 If question'd, that such men are seldom known.  
 And dull the daughters seem when long away  
 From parents both so worthy ; and anon  
 Will fancy, flying swifter than the wind,  
 Return, and glance within that wainscot room,  
 Where, like a lover close by her he loves,  
 Is seen the happy homely smiling face  
 Of ELI, shown across at fancy's call.  
 And one fine morning JOHN and PHŒBE GREEN  
 Were talking of his acts between themselves,  
 Picturing his lonely state when they were wed :  
 And moving up the garth they saw a man  
 Entering the arbour near the kitchen door.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 36.)

They did not speak a word, but hurried on  
 To meet the man—what man? was there a man?  
 No man they found. Dull was that afternoon,  
 Gloomy and chill ; JOHN GREEN and PHŒBE with him  
 Went where a prospect open'd on the sea ;  
 All round they gazed, and whelm'd in much dismay  
 They walk'd some length of highway towards home ;  
 Then paced two narrow lanes to left and right,  
 And then the holt and cinque-foil pasturage :  
 Near a large hazel tree the couple stopt  
 Disconsolate, and talk'd about the man :  
 This death-sign of a death soon broke them down :  
 Bigger their token grew, deeper their gloom ;  
 Last, as it seem'd, a tall mis-shapen form  
 Slipt by them, and they hasten'd from the place.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 37.)



Then by a short cut, having scarcely spoken,  
 Their thoughts foreshadowing some calamity,  
 Their eyes upon the ground, they reach'd near home :  
 Then PHŒBE sought in terror for the babes,  
 Who not far off were playing in the barn ;  
 (Enoch Arden,  
 page 38.) And finding all was right and merry there  
 (The little girl just put in prison) left  
 Still sadly thinking " death there soon will be !"

Down to the school next morning PHŒBE went,  
 Taking her children where she used to go :  
 The house bore signs of great antiquity ;  
 A board, worm-eaten, curiously told  
 This was the village school ; but he was old  
 Who kept it, and his name was ZIMRI BLANE,  
 Whose weekly-tender'd income just sufficed :  
 A tall and handsome figure once, but now  
 Broken, and not unlike a labouring man.  
 There he had lived contented many years.

Now ZIMRI BLANE was kind and courteous,  
 He let her in, and after seating her,  
 Told her some little gossip of the port  
 Worth knowing : PHŒBE in her turn soon told  
 Her trouble—all the story of the ghost.  
 (Enoch Arden,  
 page 39.) She spoke of death, and seem'd so overcome,  
 That ZIMRI put her little ones in school,  
 And shut them in it ; and then joking her,  
 He spoke of JONES, his marriage, and the trade  
 He carried on ; and o'er his countenance  
 A something past, a motion ; anyone  
 Regarding, would have seen he had a tale  
 He fain would tell her : only she supposed  
 " WILLIAM, poor man, is far away from here."  
 He, shaking his gray head most comically,  
 Repeated laughing, " far away from here."  
 But ZIMRI felt he ought to whisper " here !"

For JONES had yearn'd to see the port again ;  
 " If I could look on my old place again  
 I really should be happy." And the thought  
 Haunted and harass'd him till he set off :  
 He took the coach one fine September day,  
 Arriving just at twilight near the school ;  
 There he got down to visit ZIMRI BLANE :  
 (Enoch Arden,  
 page 40.) Then did a thousand memories crowd upon him,  
 He scarce could speak for gladness. And next day  
 A lonely farm he glanced at with delight,  
 Whose distance was a mile from ZIMRI'S house :  
 And ZIMRI guess'd, but dare not say he guess'd,  
 JONES was the vision PHŒBE sadly feared,  
 And hinted that he thought her ghost had life.

Now ZIMRI's dwelling fronted on the sea,  
 Some eighty yards to landward; and behind  
 Was a wall'd space which open'd with a gate  
 Into a little garden fenced with rails,  
 Wherein there stood a quaint old summerhouse  
 With windows, and all round it was of lath  
 And plaster, and a walk led up to it:  
 When WILLIAM overheard the talk, he stole  
 Up to this place, away from view; and then  
 Wish'd he had met her whom he shunn'd, and griev'd  
 To feel that he had been the ghost she saw.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 41.) Two bits of silver from a burnish'd purse  
 Ready he got, so generous was his heart,  
 As in the garden on a seat he saw  
 PHOEBE, the much-loved maiden of old times,  
 And ZIMRI with two boys upon his knees:  
 He felt he could no longer stop in there,  
 So ventur'd out, and spoke to PHOEBE GREEN,  
 She saw it all, and gave to JONES her hand,  
 Then pointed to the children and her ring.  
 To tempt the boys, he held the silver charms,  
 Caught hold of both and kiss'd them, and they laugh'd:  
 Then on the outside of the fence he saw  
 The father glancing over toward the seat,  
 And leaving all he went to speak with him,  
 And soon they stood together shaking hands;  
 Each saying something pleasing, for they smiled.

Here was the man GREEN and his wife beheld  
 As ghost a ghost no more; this was the form  
 Hid, yet not quite, behind the hazel tree:  
 (Enoch Arden,  
 page 42.) Now all is mirth, surprise, and happiness:  
 JONES praised the children, call'd them beautiful,  
 And him, the father, monarch of the place,  
 Talk'd of the fights when they as rivals strove,—  
 Then he, tho' ZIMRI BLANE moved toward the school,  
 Because things seem'd so riotous in the yard,  
 Hurried to look, taking a stick, and heard  
 Loud shouting, and a shrill and horrible cry,  
 But in one moment every child was dumb;  
 He scatter'd all the rioters left and right.

The master came up quickly as their chief,  
 Lest the harsh WILLIAM should hurt anyone,  
 Then caution'd two upon a high brick-wall;  
 Lest they should slip and tumble on the ground;  
 Round by the gate these hasten'd into school,  
 And gently shut the good man's schoolroom-door  
 Behind him as he sat to offer prayer.

(Enoch Arden,  
page 43.) Now ZIMRI would have knelt, but his left knee  
Was injur'd by a fall upon a log :  
One finger moved and the boys knelt : he pray'd.

“ O Father, hear, this day be our defence,  
Thou hast aforetime bless'd us, bless us now !  
Thou dost uphold us in our daily life,  
Uphold us, Father, by Thy graciousness  
A little longer ! shield these, give them strength  
Midst all perils ever to keep Thy Law.  
Help me not to betray my trust to these :  
Tho' children now, shall I not meet with these  
When time is not ! I feel this hope myself.  
Ever : the Father's grace is free—may all  
Then live together crown'd with joy ! Amen.”

(Enoch Arden,  
page 44.) There JONES and GREEN and PHOEBE stay'd a little,  
And seem'd entranced ; and then they left and paced  
On toward the cliffs well-known to all of them :  
Then down the long and narrow lane they went  
Speaking in praise of good old ZIMRI BLANE,  
Whose heart express'd its burthen in that prayer,  
“ Midst all perils ever to keep Thy Law.”

T. G. S.

*To be concluded in our next.*

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## THE CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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What was the cause which brought about the great French Revolution of “ 89 ? ” “ It was Infidelity,” said Mr. Disraeli in his address at the Sheldonian Theatre. This assertion, false as it is, does not surprise us in the least. We know that this, the greatest event of modern times, has been shamefully misrepresented, we know that many people, especially such as are ill-disposed towards the nation that accomplished it, are apt to dwell solely upon its errors and excesses, and affect to ignore its real causes, its glorious deeds, and beneficial results. Besides, the right honourable gentleman, on the occasion, wanted an argument for a special purpose, and, in order to corroborate it, found it convenient to deal a blow *en passant*, to the French Revolution. Such distortions of historical facts are of daily occurrence, wonderful are the tricks performed on the tight rope of History by political Blondins of all colours. But unfortunately for partisanship, and fortunately for justice and truth, the tight rope, although it may bend under the momentary pressure, is sure to bound back again, and resume the straight line.

If Infidelity were the cause of the French Revolution, then the French Revolution must be radically bad, wrong in its origin because without legitimate reasons, wicked in all its deeds, and fatal in its consequences ; which is not the fact. But Mr. Disraeli knows, as well as we do, that if we look for the causes of the French Revolution, we shall find them, not in Infidelity, as he said, but in the tyrannical government of France, the awful misery of the



people, the corruption of the priesthood, the vexatious and intolerable pride of the aristocracy. Such are the real causes, and no others. Let us resort to the irresistible eloquence of facts.

From the very beginning of the monarchy, France was one of the worst governed countries in Europe. And in order to form an idea of such a misrule during the feudal times, it is just sufficient to look at the condition of the people, which is after all the safest criterion to judge by. It is unnecessary to state that serfdom existed there on a large scale, as indeed it existed over all Europe, but nowhere was it so abominable as it was in France. "In regard to the serfs," says Pierre de Fontaines, a contemporary writer, "the Lord of the manor may take what belongs to them, body and all, and keep them in prison whenever he pleases, either rightly or wrongly, nor is he responsible for it to anybody, except God." Now we leave the reader to conjecture how such rights were used, and how helpless must have been the condition of the serfs at the hands of ignorant and rude masters, who were under no legal restraint whatever, and whose violence had no check, save their responsibility to God. However, we are not entirely left to mere conjectures in this respect, for history has handed down to posterity, a sufficient number of facts to give us an insight into the working of the institution. Of such facts we shall mention but one, which will amply serve the purpose, and which is so diabolical and loathsome, that we apprehend the reader may be inclined to reject it as incredible.

The Lord of the manor might, if he chose, on his return from hunting, have any number of his serfs brought to him, rip open their bowels, and therein bathe and refresh his wearied limbs! But did he avail himself of the atrocious privilege? Aye, it seems he did, since one of the French kings, in order to stop the depopulation of the country, had to limit by law the number of serfs that might thus be disposed of by their lords. After mentioning such an abomination, it would be futile to expatiate on the subject. We come now to a period, the disorders and calamities of which were the immediate causes of the final catastrophe.

The latter part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, with its bigotry and religious intolerance, its terrible disasters, and mismanagement of the finances, was the prelude to the calamitous train of circumstances which ended in the tremendous crash of "89," and plunged the ship of state into the revolutionary vortex. During the following reign, the confusion went on increasing at a fearful rate, and when Louis the Fifteenth closed his ignominious career, it had reached a climax to which it would be no easy task to find a parallel in the history of nations. The throne vilified by the most shocking and barefaced scandals, which no virtue redeemed, and no talent glossed over; the clergy detested for its cruel persecutions, and despised for the vices of a great many of its members; the higher nobility, losing its power in the eyes of the nation on account of its servile state in a court branded by public opinion; the old parliaments, which had been the only counterpoise to despotism, annihilated by a simple act of the royal authority; the finances of the kingdom in the most deplorable condition; the people overcome with taxes and vexations, and reduced to the most wretched misery; a part of the peasantry abandoning the tillage of the soil in order to carry on smuggling on an extensive scale; such was the appalling spectacle which France at the time presented to the eyes of Europe. Assuredly, no common pilot was required at the helm to direct the ship amid such a frightful maze of breakers and rocks. But alas! poor Louis the Sixteenth was not the man, and with

all his private virtues and honest intentions, he did nothing to avert the fatal doom, and perished himself in the catastrophe which had been prepared by the follies and crimes of his predecessors.

What more is required to show that the French people were amply justified in overthrowing a government which debarred them from the pursuit of happiness, and was fast driving the nation to irretrievable ruin? The facts are undeniable, and in the enumeration of them we have only been the faithful echo of history. We might stop here; but we cannot refrain from presenting to the reader some particulars which will give him an insight into the manners of the French Aristocracy, and show what vexations and contumely were heaped upon the commoners by the privileged classes, which, however servile to the sovereign, were arrogant in the extreme to their inferiors.

The particulars we give below have a special reference to the town of Brest, and are borrowed from the memoirs of a man who played a conspicuous part in the great revolutionary drama.\* Anxious to be fair, and not to produce an exaggerated impression on the reader's mind, we must observe here that Brest was particularly circumstanced for the full display of aristocratic insolence, and that such vexations could not well be carried to the same excess in French towns not similarly situated.

The town of Brest had a naval school, which was almost exclusively reserved to young men of titled families. This school, whose discipline was extremely relaxed, was for Brest a perpetual cause of disorders. Nothing controlled those vain and spoiled youths, who, after being accustomed, in the paternal manor, to the servile complaisance of trembling vassals, were suddenly cast, with a uniform and sword, into the licentiousness of a sea-faring life. Their vanity knew no bounds; they made it a point of honour to be insolent, and never found themselves odious enough.

Accordingly they had taken, as it were, possession of the town, and deported themselves as conquerors. Any one who did not, like them, wear the scarlet breeches and stockings, was, in their eyes, an enemy. The civilians had to endure not only their overbearing airs, but also the most teasing annoyances, which were repeated often enough to exhaust the strongest patience.

Indeed it was not in one's power to avoid such annoyances, for they victimized you everywhere, on the public walk, at the play, in your very house. At night especially, no one might think himself out of their reach. Oftentimes, when fast asleep, you would be aroused by a lamentable voice calling your name, you would open your window, and your head was scarcely out, when a brush painted your face in oil, amidst the bursts of laughter of the young rascals who held the ladder. Sometimes, at your rising, you would find no doors nor windows to your ground floor; all had been walled up during the night. At one place, the signs had been substituted for each other, so that the sign of a midwife was found under the balcony of a young ladies' school; at another, the street lamp had been let down into the public well, whilst the bucket had been hoisted to the top of the lamp post.

Nor was the insolence of the Navy Guards, as they were styled, limited to such anonymous and individual insults; sometimes it had for an object the whole population. One day, for instance, they would agree that there should be no play in the evening, and when you arrived with your wife or daughter, for the purpose of seeing the new piece, you would find two of these gentlemen (read: *blackguards*) stationed at the door, sword in hand: "No admit-

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\* This document was brought to light by Emile Souvestre; a writer of high standing.

tance to-night," they coolly said to you, at the same time pointing the weapon at your face. Another day, it was a promenade that was thus prohibited. To such as presented themselves, they would cry from afar: "The Navy Guards are taking their walk, sir;" and you had to retrace your steps.

In former times, their audacious license had been carried further still; the superior officers themselves had set an example. In the streets, nets were laid in which they caught young maid servants, as they went out to fetch their mistresses, nor did they release them until the next morning. Even the middle class ladies could not show themselves at dark, without being exposed to outrageous insults. A shopkeeper's daughter was carried away on coming out of church, and when, a week afterwards, restored to her family, she was raving mad! This time the affair caused an uproar; the people groaned; the chiefs, finding that the *frolic* had been carried too far, wanted to make an example of the four officers who had perpetrated the crime. What do you think the punishment was? Why, a mere trifle, considering the guilt; the officers were confined for a while in their apartments, and compelled to keep the victim at their expense in a lunatic asylum.

It was at the same period that the captain of a frigate starting for India, assembled his creditors on boardship, ordered the anchor to be weighed, and never consented to land them until he was fifty miles off Brest, and had exacted a full receipt from each one of them. But "*le quart d'heure de Rabelais*" (the day of reckoning) came at last. The haughty and licentious nobility of France were tossed about like chaff during the revolutionary storm, and wandered for years in foreign lands, some of them in a beggarly condition, and the most part with the crushing verdict of their conscience that they had deserved their fate. And when they returned to their native country, it was to find their ancestral estates cut up into parcels, and in the hands of that "Jean Bonhomme,"\* whom they held in such a scorn. Nor have they regained possession of them; and now-a-days there is but a nominal nobility in France, many of them are only noble beggars, whose titles are not worth a *sou*, since their is no privilege attached to them.

Now, for the conclusion, we will put a few queries: Is the French Revolution to be ascribed to Infidelity, or were the grievances sufficient to warrant even the most christian community in rising up in arms against their oppressors? Or, does christianity make it binding upon the faithful to bend their necks and tamely submit to such indignities? Were it so, were Infidelity alone capable of redressing such wrongs and thus bettering the condition of mankind, then indeed we might say that Infidelity was good for something. But we never heard that the American colonists and the English people were charged with Infidelity, because they upset one form of government to establish another. And yet the grievances which these two communities alleged for resorting to arms, were but trifles, compared with the wrongs and contumely inflicted upon the French people.

*Dauphiné.*

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#### AN EXCITING VISITOR.

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Recently, the inhabitants of that favourite watering place, Weston-super-Mare, were all on the *qui vive*, it having been rumoured that during the previous night a saloon carriage had arrived at the station containing some

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\* An appellation of contempt applied to the peasant by the nobles.



important personages, one of whom was supposed to be either Prince Alfred, or some other scion of the Royal house. The party consisted of three persons—an elderly gentleman, a young gentleman in naval uniform, and a valet. The party took up their quarters at the Bath Hotel, where, of course, every attention was paid to them by mine host. As the morning wore away the rumour gained force, and people began to collect in the vicinity of "the Bath," to get a glimpse of the supposed royal occupant. One tradesman, in the exuberance of his loyalty, sent a bottle of scent, with a request that his Royal Highness would be pleased to accept it. Another hoisted a flag in honour of the occasion, and the bells were also set ringing. Inquiries were made at the hotel, and much was the surprise of the valet when questioned as to whether the younger gentleman was his Royal Highness Prince Alfred. It was no use his saying, no; the public would not believe it. It must be him, only he wishes to maintain his incognito. The party finding the position in which they had been placed by the credulity of the public, ordered a carriage to take them to the train which leaves at 3.30, thinking that the best way to escape further annoyance, but this did not exactly succeed, as the fly-proprietor, labouring under the delusion that he was patronized by royalty, harnessed four greys to his best carriage, and turned them out with two "spicey" postillions to honour his patrons. This only added to the previous excitement, and clenched the rumour more firmly. Crowds collected to see them start, followed the carriage, and besieged the station to catch sight of the supposed prince. At the station, however, a gentleman who stated that he had received a telegram from a lady in London, informing him that the elder gentleman of the party was only recently released from a lunatic asylum, and was still of unsound mind, proceeded to take steps to detain him, and caused him to be locked up in the waiting-room. This gave a new phase to the proceedings, and led to a warm debate, in the course of which it came out that the telegram further stated that the Commissioner in Lunacy had discharged him as perfectly sane, and accountable for his actions. The gentleman was of course annoyed, and threatened the party with legal proceedings. The upshot was that the gentleman was liberated, and proceeded by the train, thus ending one of the most laughable "sells" by which the usually "cute" Westonsians have ever been enticed out of their propriety.

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#### NOTES OF OLD TIMES—1761.

March 21st. (Cambridge.) On Wednesday night the 24th inst. upwards of 300 persons assembled in a barn of Laurence Cooke's, at Bottisham Load, a hamlet belonging to Bottisham, in this county, to hear one Broun, a methodist preacher, who was some time since a shepherd. About nine o'clock in the evening fire was cried; the hurry and confusion were so great, that many were trampled under foot, who were pulled out of the barn for dead, but some time after recovered; great numbers were hurt and bruised, and carried home in carts the next day; they lay near six foot deep one upon another. The men lost hats, wigs, and shoes; the women their short cloaks, part of their gowns, pockets, stockings, and shoes, and were used with many other indecencies. The author of this fright, some say, was a person on the outside of the barn, who broke a hole in the clay wall behind the preacher, through which he put a pipe, filled with tobacco lighted, and puffing it, the smoke was perceived, which occasioned the alarm of fire.

June 27th. (Bourn, Lincolnshire.) On Thursday last, about half an hour before five it began to rain very large drops, having been black and cloudy for two hours or more in the west, which was followed by very large hail-stones, and in five minutes it increased and was mixed with large pieces of ice (a more proper appellation, we think, than hail stones) of extraordinary size, and irregular shapes: some were taken up and measured eight inches in circumference, numbers five inches and a half, and bushels might have been gathered in the streets as big as pigeons' eggs; the consequence of which was, that in less than five minutes all the windows on the western aspect were entirely broke to pieces, the damage whereby, upon the nearest calculation, will not be repaired for 150*l*. Several dozen of pigeons have been killed by the hail-stones; all our fruits and flowers are destroyed, the trees being stript of their small branches and leaves: but what is much worse, our corn fields are demolished entirely, the principal part of the storm falling on them; so that the damage is prodigious. It came in a line about three miles wide, but was most violent here, and in the fields on each side of us. Four sheep were killed by the lightning, which was accompanied with the most dreadful thunder claps that were ever heard. In short, 'tis impossible to describe our situation; it can only be imagined by those who have seen or suffered by such a terrible misfortune.

Aug. 5th. A most violent storm of thunder and lightning, attended with hail, did incredible damage to the corn in the neighbourhood of Benfield, in Northamptonshire. Many of the hail-stones, or rather pieces of ice, weighed a pound each, and broke the windows wherever they fell.

Aug. 7th. A navigation being completed from Lynn to Northampton, the same opened this day, and 38 barges, laden with coals, &c. preceded by a band of music, and adorned with flags and streamers, came up with the greatest ease to the public wharf, at the south bridge.

Aug. 8th. A dispute having happened between the farmers of Kings-Langley and the Irish reapers, about wages, the royal foresters, quartered at Watford, were sent for, and a great skirmish ensued, in which several were wounded. Six were taken and committed to St. Alban's jail, and the rest were dispersed. Some of these afterwards made a riot in the isle of Ely.

Oct. 31st. A man lived in the island of Ely, in the 104th year of his age. As he was a few days before driving a cart, his son, who was aged about 70, being too near the shafts, was thrown down, and the wheels going over him he was killed upon the spot. This accident so affected the father as to cause his death.

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#### ANECDOTE.

An aged couple in New York, were, in the severe winter of 1783, reduced to their last stick of wood. Their only daughter, by whose industry alone they had long been supported, had no means of procuring her parents fuel or food. In this distressing emergency, she thought of the expedient of going to a dentist, with the resolution of disposing of her fore-teeth, knowing that he had advertised to give three guineas for every sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which induced her to make the sacrifice; which so affected the dentist, that he could not forbear shedding tears. He made her a present of ten guineas; with which, with a heart full of joy, she hastened home to relieve her parents.

LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 178.)*

## CHAPTER VI.

## A murder, and its result.

We will now pass over an interval of some few months, as nothing of interest to the reader occurred during that period. It is now the middle of summer, and the season is as delightful as can be desired.

Mrs. Eastman, since her confinement, had been in a weak state of health, and the baby was so indisposed that its life was despaired of. The medical attendant most strenuously recommended a change of air and scene, and spoke in terms of praise of the south coast of England. Mr. Eastman constantly shook his head at these suggestions, and the more eagerly they were pressed upon him, the more violently would he shake it. His wife listened to them with an attentive ear, which to the quick perception of the medical man, betokened encouragement for him to proceed in his recommendatory remarks. She lamented in the most affectionate terms the pain it would cause her to leave her husband, and her home, for so long a period as a few weeks; but still there was a great consolation in thinking that her dear husband's own health would be materially benefited by a few days' change, and she knew he could very well come to her when she was settled in lodgings, and was sure he would be particularly delighted with the sea-bathing. The subject of emigration to the south-coast for a fortnight Mr. Eastman believed to be an inexhaustible subject. It was brought under his notice the first thing in the morning, before he had risen from his bed. Marine views, and delightful landscapes were vividly presented to his imagination, in which himself and his son figured among the most striking objects. It was again casually reverted to twenty times during the day, and after supper, a variety of scenes were again drawn in bold outline, and attractive colours. To these continuous assaults, Mr. Eastman at last submitted, and the house now became a scene of bustling excitement, from the preparations which were going forward, prior to the departure of Mrs. Eastman, the baby, and its nurse.

When they were gone, the contrast was strikingly apparent; you could not ascend the stairs without awakening a hundred echoes in every corner of the house; and did you but stand still, you became aware of the fact that silence is sometimes oppressive. Leo and Manchap missed Mrs. Eastman, particularly at meal-times, for she was very sure, on these occasions, to raise a laugh at the expense of someone.

or something. She was naturally possessed of a candour of disposition, and lightness of heart, which had, however, become considerably tainted since her marriage. Mr. Eastman had trained her to play the hypocrite, and had made her so great an adept in deceit, that she frequently outwitted even himself.

A letter now arrived for Mr. Eastman, acquainting him with his wife's being comfortably settled in lodgings, facing the sea, at thirty shillings a week, and desiring him to write immediately, and say when she might expect him. He could not make up his mind for two or three days, but at last he came to a determination: he posted a letter to his wife, informing her that he should leave the next day, by the "Royal Mail," which he accordingly did.

On arriving at the end of his journey, he was somewhat annoyed at Mrs. Eastman's not meeting him at the coach office. On enquiry he soon discovered where she was lodging, and he immediately hastened to the place. The nursemaid caught sight of him, as he was approaching the house, and hastened to inform her mistress. "Lor missus, master is a coming!" And the lady was not a little surprised at this sudden arrival of her husband, without previous announcement by letter, that she might be better prepared to receive him. It occasioned no less surprise, at first, to Mr. Eastman, on learning that his appearance was quite unexpected; but the matter in the course of an hour, was cleared up entirely to the satisfaction of both parties, by Mr. Eastman's letter being delivered into the hands of his wife; which it is almost unnecessary to mention, had through some negligence been delayed at the post office.

It now becomes necessary to acquaint the reader that in the rear of Mr. Eastman's residence, there was an extensive walled garden, to which the worthy apothecary paid particular attention, in the cultivation of certain favourite vegetables and fruits. His neighbour (Eastman's was a corner house), was a woollen-draper, who had two sons between seventeen and twenty years old, and three or four young men as assistants. To these young men, Mr. Eastman's walled garden was an object of solicitous attention, and such it had been for many years to the successive batches of assistants who had been employed by the woollen-draper.

Mr. Eastman had forbidden all parties in his household, with the exception of his wife, and Mr. Abram, to enter the garden during the fruit season. Strictly as this order had been observed, on his return from the watering-place (where he had remained three days), he discovered, to his



high indignation, that his garden had been robbed in a most fearful manner. Several small trees of rare sorts of pears, were entirely stripped, and large quantities of the wall-fruit, such as nectarines and apricots, had in like manner disappeared. To discover the depredators, and bring them to punishment, was now his sole desire. His enquiries of Charlotte, his servant, Mr. Abram, and his apprentices, led to no result likely to give a clew whereby to lead to the apprehension of the thieves. It now, for the first time, became known to Leo and Manchap, that the garden had been robbed during Mr. Eastman's absence in Devonshire. They likewise heard it signified as their master's intention to keep watch at night. They communicated this circumstance to the young men next door, and among them a scheme was concocted to deceive Mr. Eastman.

The first night he kept guard until nearly twelve o'clock, when as nothing had offered to keep his excitement in a state of fermentation, and he felt himself becoming drowsy, he retired to bed. In the morning, however, there were unmistakable signs that his garden had been visited after he had left it. This circumstance increased his ire ten-fold, and he determined, although he felt a considerable huskiness in his throat from his exposure on the previous night, again to keep watch even until morning.

Night came. He had provided himself with a gun, and had charged it heavily. A misty rain fell, but he had provided against both wet and cold, and fortified his courage with sundry potations of brandy. His watch now commenced, for it was after ten o'clock. He smoked a short pipe, as he sat beneath a small shed, which he had caused to be hastily erected, as a protection from the weather, in a secluded corner, from which he commanded an entire view of the garden. Nothing had yet occurred to attract his attention, in any particular way, and it was now more than half-past eleven o'clock. He had finished his pipe sometime, and felt the time drag heavily along. The idea of an encounter with a couple of men, made him seriously regret that he had undertaken to keep watch alone. He examined the nipple of his gun, and the lock appeared to be in proper order, and not to have suffered from any dampness. As he had not kept himself so dry as his gun, he considered that a dram of brandy would restore comfort to his body, and a balance to his mind. Taking his gun in his hand, he carefully pursued his way to the back door, which he entered, and having tossed off a small glass of brandy, and re-lighted his pipe, he felt his native courage again revive.

He now hastened back to the shed, and recommence his watch; which being accomplished, he made a keen survey of the garden. A slight rustling attracted his attention on his left. At that instant, the moon struggling, as it were, with a cloud, threw a faint ray in that direction, which discovered to him a man standing on something about two feet from the ground, and appropriating some apricots to his own particular use. Ire and indignation, of a most fierce and determined nature, suddenly became impregnated with the native courage of Mr. Eastman, and urged him instantly to level, and discharge his gun at the daring robber.

The gun was fired, and the man fell without even a struggle, as though he had received the charge in a vital part. Mr. Eastman observed this, and the idea struck him that the man was certainly killed. Now did terror seize upon him—the gun was already thrown aside. At first he ran towards the body, but when within a few yards of it, he felt his blood run chill, and he shrunk away.

With tottering steps he hastened towards the back door, and when he had entered the house he made loud outcries for assistance. All the persons in the house were very soon disturbed from their sleep; but Mr. Abram was the first to come to the assistance of his master. All the information he could gather from his outcries was, that a surgeon must be sent for immediately. Mr. Abram was entirely at a loss to account for his master's excited state, but he called Manchap, who had by this time partly dressed himself, and desired him to run for the nearest surgeon.

He hastened out at the front door, and scampered away down the street, and at the corner luckily ran against Mr. Forde, the family doctor, who was hastening home from a patient he had been attending. Manchap, in a few words, acquainted him with the state of Mr. Eastman, and asked him to accompany him to the house, which he without hesitation complied with.

Mr. Eastman soon became more collected in his mind, and he had just acquainted Abram with his having shot a man in the garden, when the surgeon and Manchap arrived. Abram was fearfully alarmed at what he heard, and hastily informed Mr. Forde of the circumstance, and proposed that they should immediately hasten to the garden with a lighted lantern. Mr. Forde was the first to catch sight of the body, which he instantly pointed out to his companions. As they approached it they heard a subdued titter on the other side of the wall. Leo could scarcely restrain his inclination to laugh; which feeling he dared not give vent to, as it would betray his

being privy to the joke which had been played off upon Mr. Eastman. The supposed body turned out to be a mammet, dressed so as to represent the human figure. It had been suspended over the wall by a string, which being held on the other side was constantly drawn backwards and forwards, thus keeping the figure in continual motion, and thus led Mr. Eastman into the error of thinking it was a man picking his wall-fruit.

The morning came, and already were many of the residents in the neighbourhood acquainted with the circumstances of the event which had transpired in Mr. Eastman's garden, on the previous night. Before noon it was known throughout the town, with as many additions tagged on to it, as the lively imaginations of the gossips could suggest. The evening found a mob of boys collected in front of his house, shouting at the top of their voices, much to their own gratification, "who shot the mammet?" The annoyance that Mr. Eastman suffered from the knowledge that he had acted so ridiculous a part, and, that it should be known throughout the town, which was clearly evident to him, from the remarks which he heard in the street; together with the exposure, on a wet night, to which he was unaccustomed, and the fearful alarm he experienced when under the impression that he had committed a murder; all causing great irritation both of mind and body, threw him upon a bed of sickness.

Mr. Mark Abram considered it his duty, without consulting his master, wrote to Mrs. Eastman, recommending her to return home without delay. She did return immediately, leaving her child behind, under the care of its nurse. Mr. Eastman was in a violent fever, which acting upon a constitution, weakly in itself, and from his manner of living, enervated, brought him to the very lowest state.

At last a change for the better was apparent, and by slow degrees, good symptoms were discernible. During this trying period, Mrs. Eastman paid unremitting attention to her sick husband, and the manner in which she acted her part, was highly creditable to her as a woman, and a wife. In the course of a month, Mr. Eastman was considered convalescent, and well pleased was he to enter his shop once more, although he winced at the thought of being the object of public remark and witticism: but he determined to face it all with a brave heart. For how long a period this bravery of heart would have continued we say not—the test it was put to being of short duration, on account of his taking cold, which led to a relapse. Thus was Mr. Eastman again laid upon a bed of

sickness, and his complaint raged with far greater violence than before. His sufferings were not however of very long continuance, for in the course of a few weeks he sunk into the arms of death.

Before his last hour had arrived, he called Leo to his bedside, and confessed that he had entertained the idea of acting unjustly towards him, for which he now asked his forgiveness. Leo was deeply moved at this repentant act of his master's, and from his soul he forgave him the injury he had suffered. He disclosed not the secret he possessed of Mr. Eastman's intentions towards himself, because no benefit would have resulted from it, and it would only have served to embitter the last moments of the dying man.

Mrs. Eastman induced her husband, when his life was despaired of by the medical attendant, and about seven days before his demise, to make a will, in which he left his business, and the whole of his personal property to her for the benefit of their child, and to the prejudice of his two brothers, and a sister, who were living in London, in indifferent circumstances. These relations had been estranged from him for many years, for reasons which were fully known only to themselves, and which Mrs. Eastman knew were of a family nature. The widow at first appeared inconsolable at the loss she had sustained, but a few weeks after the funeral her tears were dried, and at long intervals a melancholy smile would overspread her features.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Time takes away and Fortune gives.

Leo now felt comparatively happy. The business was carried on under the management of Mr. Mark Abram by the widow Eastman, with whom Leo agreed to remain until the term of his apprenticeship should expire, for which he had been bound to her husband, to the great delight of his parents and sister. His daily life was no longer that slow and wearisome march, which it had hitherto been; his work was now accomplished with alacrity. Mrs. Eastman had exhibited an interest herself in his literary pursuits, and obtained from him the promise that he would allow her to read his productions before they were printed. Manchap did not remain with Mrs. Eastman after her husband's death; for he, having a strong propensity for salt water, induced his parents to concur in his wishes, and allow him to become a sailor.

Mrs. Myron had for a very long time felt her constitution become debilitated by slow, though almost imperceptible degrees. The knowledge of this circumstance had preyed upon her mind, and produced a

most injurious effect, because her own breast being the only repository of the secret, it was left undisturbed, to work the most direful consequences. At last her appearance betrayed her deplorable state, but even then she would have her husband and her family believe, that it proceeded merely from temporary indisposition, and thus she suffered an increase of pain, from wilfully playing a deceptive part. But not even this false character could she sustain for any long period; and at last she bowed her head in submission to the will over which she possessed no control. When she made known her state to her husband, and her children, she taught them not only with words, but in her own person, a solemn lesson of resignation: and, likewise, to humble themselves in their hearts, although the effort to do so might cost them much. Deeply distressing is the death of a parent at all times, and especially so of a mother, who possesses the affections of her family in the same degree as Mrs. Myron—heart warped within heart—love within love—soul within soul—and when such ties as these are rent asunder, where is the astonishment that the agony of human beings, expresses itself in the most fearful contortions of a suffering mind? Her death-bed was a scene impossible to describe, and only to those who have known the loss of a beloved parent, conceivable. Her manner was subdued to perfect meekness and resignation: her mind had become purified to that state, when she might be said to die happily, and with a tender, melancholy smile of farewell on her countenance, she silently regarded her two children, and her husband who surrounded her bed, uttering prayers for her in their hearts. Long had they prayed thus, and when the fullness of their souls was at length poured forth, and a holy calmness filled their breasts, they cast their eyes upon the dying mother and wife, and beheld her unconsciously pass into the last sleep. At this dread moment, the arm of hope served to sustain them, in the sad bereavement.

Let us now leave the mourners for a while, and turn our attention to other characters in our tale. Mr. Mark Abram, for nearly two years, had been *engaged*, at least, every one said so, therefore, we must suppose it to have been the case, to a young lady of no great personal attractions, being dumpy in person, with flat broad features, but who, however, possessed a counterbalancing charm, in a right she had over £500 on the decease of a certain middle-aged mother, who was supposed to be in a weakly state of health, and likely to go off the next severe winter, but in reality was not more so than any body else,

for she had been in precisely the same state, during the last twenty years.

To this young lady, known as Miss Moggs, everybody understood that Mr. Mark Abram was engaged. On more than one occasion, public rumour said, that the wedding-day was fixed, and, that that eventful period, whenever it should arrive, was regarded with the intensest interest by Miss Moggs herself, I think may be determined from the fact, that when she was congratulated in a private and confidential manner by several friends on its near approach, a smile of pride, and a look of unfathomable meaning, was observable on her countenance. It is uncertain whether Mr. Abram ever made a formal offer of marriage, but his unremitting attentions could only be construed into the belief that such was his intention, when he should consider that the suitable moment had arrived. Much to Miss Moggs' mortification, and annoyance, for some little time past, she had observed a coolness in Mr. Abram's manner towards herself; at first it was so slight, that she thought she might be deceived, but it had lately become unmistakably apparent. Jealousy was the feeling which now took possession of her breast, but the object who caused it she was totally unable to discover, or even to surmise. The reader need not remain in suspense as to the reason of Mr. Abram's slighting Miss Moggs.

*To be continued.*

#### ORIGIN OF THE DRAMA.

In the brief sketch published in No. 3, of the *News Magazine*, I omitted a few details, the mention of which might have distracted the reader's attention, while the main purpose of the account would not have been furthered; these I shall now give. The drama, like many things of a similar nature, had had its unconscious workers, as well as those who directly ministered to its construction. Among the former may be reckoned the heralds, many of whom took upon themselves, in addition to their other varied duties, the task of chronicling the exploits of the knights to whom they had attached themselves, or whose deeds had already become famous. Warton, in his "History of Poetry," mentions the existence of a poem in Worcester College, Oxford, on the exploits of the Black Prince, written by John Chandos, herald, 1376. For their office, he says, they were peculiarly fitted by the following circumstances. They accompanied the persons to war, and were thereby well able to speak with authority



and definiteness on all matters that concerned their actions. Before one could be appointed to the office, he must be proved to be of good address, discernment, and education, so that the style of their writings would be as polished as the times would admit, and could not fail to be at least interesting. They were essential appendages in a tournament, and under their observation came all the various accoutrements, trappings and equipments of the combatants, together with the number and appearance of the spectators. Their acquaintance with the minstrels at these and like spectacles, afforded them the opportunity of acquiring a facility in the recitation of adventures.

They travelled much, and so while they could speak absolutely of manners, customs, &c., they were likewise able to speak of them comparatively: besides, by such a discipline, they were educated in all the refinements of society as it then existed, their minds were enlarged, and their prejudices softened. In addition to all these, it was their special duty at feasts to describe the number and parade of the dishes, the quality of the guests, and all other matters necessary to a correct picture of those jovial meetings. Thus, not only heralds, but many of the old chroniclers were fitted for their duties, and among others is noticed Froissart, who travelled from court to court, and castle to castle, was familiarly known to two English sovereigns, and one Scottish, and was accustomed to read his romances, every night after supper, before Gaston de Foix while a resident at his court. In describing so particularly the office and duties of the herald, I do not mean to say that they contributed to the progress of the drama otherwise than indirectly.

Their compositions appear to me to stand related to the modern drama, as did those of the epic poets to the drama of the ancients; they were the repositories of historic facts, whence could be drawn at any time materials for dramatic representations: and if they answered no other purpose, they at least familiarized men's minds with the great drama then being enacted throughout Europe, and prepared the way for their mimic production on the stage. Besides the heralds, the pilgrims contributed towards the rise of the drama, and in a more direct manner; indeed, Boileau supposes that they were the chief instruments in its introduction into France. The same zeal which prompted them to attempt to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Paynim, induced them also to sustain their ardour in their difficult journeyings, by reciting and singing religious songs, in which were embodied portions

of scripture narrative of Christ's life and passion. These they called "Visions," and they were sung in the streets of the towns and villages through which they passed, with a view no doubt of inciting those who heard them to noble deeds, as well as of encouraging each other. A theatre was erected for them at Paris, and professed historians were hired to perform their religious plays.

Whether this view be correct or not, it is certain that the drama made greater advances, or at least assumed a definite form, earlier in France than in England. For there was performed "The conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bulloign," in 1378, at a carousal given by Charles V, of France, to Emperor Charles IV: the boys of Angeirs School played "Robin and Marian," in 1392, and in Paris rose the first theatre, in 1398. Another source whence some idea of the drama may have been derived is to be found in the masques and pageants, which were common about the time of Henry VI. They were much improved in the following reigns, but were on the whole very childish, very ridiculous, and not very far removed from blasphemous. In a pageant exhibited by the people of London, at the entry of Henry VI. into that city, the King is represented as having been met by Dame Grace, who endowed him with science and skill, by Dame Nature with strength and beauty, by Dame Fortune with prosperity and wealth. Seven ladies bestowed on him seven gifts, and seven others seven graces of the Holy Spirit. Dame Sapience and the seven Sciences lectured their royal *protégé*, and their words were endorsed by ladies Mercy, Truth, and Cleanness. The wells of Mercy, Grace, and Pity poured forth their cheering streams, of which the people drank plentifully, for it was wine; while the decorator's art was employed to deceive them into the pleasant delusion that they were at the very gates of Paradise, and in the immediate presence of Enoch and Elias. What can we say of the clerical morality that could sanction—nay, even assist in such profane exhibitions? And yet there were exhibitions even worse than the one I have noticed: the Feast of Asses, celebrated in honour of Baalam's Ass; the Feast of Fools, and the mockery of the Boy-bishop. In these the most sacred rites were ridiculed with daring impiety, and the holiest doctrines and ceremonies were travestied by priests and people alike. The latter mummery is supposed (by Wharton) to have taken its rise at Constantinople, where it was customary to introduce before the bishops, at their sitting, a layman dressed as one of themselves, attended by a burlesque patriarch, who

afforded the company amusement. Strutt, however, thinks it was derived from the Festival of Fools. It is immaterial to our present purpose which of these views is correct, as we have not now to do with the origin of these mummeries. The ceremony consisted of the mock performance of all a bishop's duties by a boy of one of the collegiate churches, on the feast of St. Nicholas, or of the Holy Innocents, sometimes on both occasions. Its performance was continued so late as Henry VIII's reign, when it was prohibited. Mary attempted to revive it, but it died with her.

Before I conclude this account, I should like to mention one modern exhibition, which in its rise was nearly connected with the drama. I have already said that it was some time in the 16th century when theatres were first established in London, and when regular plays began to be performed. Hitherto plays were performed by strolling companies, who depended on the liberality of the vulgar for their means of living. When, however, better performances were offered to the public, the occupation of the itinerant was gone; and he was compelled to turn his attention in some other direction. His fertile imagination was not long in devising means of earning a livelihood. Members of former companies banded together to form new ones to attend at wakes and fairs, and even single members wandered throughout the country, enlivening the villages and towns with their antics and tricks. "It is highly probable," says Strutt, "that necessity suggested to him the idea of supplying the place of his human confederates by automaton figures made of wood, which by means of wires properly attached to them, were moved about and performed many of the actions peculiar to mankind; and, with the assistance of speeches made for them behind the scenery, produced that species of drama commonly distinguished by the appellation of a *droll* or Puppet Play; wherein a facetious performer, well-known by the name of Punchinello, supplied the place of the *vice*, or *mirth-maker*, a favourite character in the moralities, wherein the devil usually carried away the *iniquity* or *evil* at the conclusion of the drama; and in compliance with the old custom, Punch, the genuine descendant of the iniquity, is constantly taken from the stage by the devil at the end of the puppet show." Ben Jonson, by way of burlesque, in the comedy entitled "The Devil is an Ass," reverses the ancient usage, and makes the iniquity run away with the fiend, saying,

"The devil was wont to carry away the Evil,  
But now the Evil out-carries the Devil."

Act V. Scene 6.

The Punch of modern times is but a mere outline and shadow of its former self. It no longer attempts to pourtray in mimicry, the characters and action of some popular story, and as there are very few who have not witnessed the drolleries of the aforesaid celebrated gentleman, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt a description of them. The death knell of his glory (if he ever had any) was sounded when pantomimes were introduced on the stage. These latter are quite as ridiculous as Punch, wherein the players attempt to dignify their exhibitions by the imitation of human actions, while in the pantomime human beings act the parts of living puppets.

R.

AVERAGE PRICE OF WOOL

From the Year 1790 to 1864.

| Year. | South-down.<br>s. d. | Lincoln-shire.<br>s. d. | Year. | South-down.<br>s. d. | Lincoln-shire.<br>s. d. |
|-------|----------------------|-------------------------|-------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1790  | 1 4                  | 0 8                     | 1828  | 0 9                  | 0 7                     |
| 1791  | 1 5½                 | 0 8½                    | 1829  | 0 8                  | 0 7                     |
| 1792  | 2 0                  | 0 10                    | 1830  | 1 0                  | 0 10                    |
| 1793  | 1 2½                 | 0 7                     | 1831  | 1 2                  | 0 11                    |
| 1794  | 1 4¼                 | 0 7¾                    | 1832  | 1 0                  | 0 10                    |
| 1795  | 1 7½                 | 0 8                     | 1833  | 1 6                  | 1 3                     |
| 1796  | 1 7½                 | 0 8½                    | 1834  | 1 7                  | 1 4                     |
| 1797  | 1 6                  | 0 9                     | 1835  | 1 6                  | 1 3                     |
| 1798  | 1 6½                 | 0 7¾                    | 1836  | 1 8¼                 | 1 5                     |
| 1799  | 2 0                  | 0 9                     | 1837  | 1 4                  | 1 2                     |
| 1800  | 1 9½                 | 0 9½                    | 1838  | 1 5¼                 | 1 2½                    |
| 1801  | 1 9½                 | 1 0½                    | 1839  | 1 6                  | 1 3½                    |
| 1802  | 1 11½                | 1 0                     | 1840  | 1 4½                 | 1 1                     |
| 1803  | 1 10½                | 1 0                     | 1841  | 1 2                  | 1 2                     |
| 1804  | 2 0                  | 1 1½                    | 1842  | 1 0                  | 0 10                    |
| 1805  | 2 7½                 | 1 2¼                    | 1843  |                      | —                       |
| 1806  | 2 1½                 | 1 1½                    | 1844  |                      | —                       |
| 1807  | 2 0                  | 0 9½                    | 1845  |                      | 1 0                     |
| 1808  | 2 1                  | 0 9½                    | 1846  |                      | 0 11¼                   |
| 1809  | 3 0                  | 1 0½                    | 1847  |                      | 0 11½                   |
| 1810  | 2 1                  | 1 1½                    | 1848  |                      | 6 11¼                   |
| 1811  | 2 1                  | 0 11                    | 1849  |                      | 0 11¾                   |
| 1812  | 2 2                  | 1 2                     | 1850  |                      | 0 11¾                   |
| 1813  | 2 4                  | 1 2½                    | 1851  |                      | 1 0                     |
| 1814  | 2 6                  | 1 7½                    | 1852  |                      | 1 0                     |
| 1815  | —                    | 1 11¾                   | 1853  |                      | 1 1                     |
| 1816  | 1 10                 | 1 1½                    | 1854  |                      | 1 0¾                    |
| 1817  | 2 0                  | 1 3½                    | 1855  |                      | 1 1                     |
| 1818  | 2 0½                 | 2 0                     | 1856  |                      | 1 4¼                    |
| 1819  | 1 6                  | 1 5                     | 1857  |                      | 1 5                     |
| 1820  | 1 6                  | 1 6                     | 1858  |                      | 1 3¼                    |
| 1821  | 1 4                  | 1 1½                    | 1859  |                      | 1 5¼                    |
| 1822  | 1 6                  | 1 0½                    | 1860  |                      | 1 8¼                    |
| 1823  | 1 6                  | 1 0½                    | 1861  |                      | 1 9¼                    |
| 1824  | 1 6                  | 1 0¾                    | 1862  |                      | 1 9                     |
| 1825  | 1 0                  | 1 0¼                    | 1863  |                      | 1 10                    |
| 1826  | 1 0                  | 0 10¼                   | 1864  |                      | 2 5                     |
| 1827  | 0 10                 | 0 11                    |       |                      |                         |

## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

MARCH 8th. About half-past ten o'clock at night, an alarming fire broke out on the farm of Mr. Fortescue, Winwick, Hunts. extending to Mr. Jellis's farm, and from thence to Miss Ashwell's farm, and from there to Mr. Gifford's farm, which latter was nearly half a mile from where the fire originated. It also burnt down two cottages. The damage done on Mr. Fortescue's premises was as follows:—Part of the homestead was consumed, about 120 quarters of wheat, and other grain; also 13 beasts, and a horse, &c. The loss on this farm is roughly estimated at 800*l.* The injury done on Mr. Jellis's farm was the outbuildings, and 78 ewes and lambs were burnt, besides a portion of the flock, which was entirely roasted alive. About 60 quarters of barley, 24 quarters of beans, 47 quarters of wheat, a hundred sacks, and a greater part of his implements and waggons, &c., were destroyed. Damage 700*l.* or 800*l.*—On Miss Ashwell's farm, the house, farm buildings, and almost everything was destroyed; she had saved nothing but the clothes she stood in. The damage here is about 350*l.* On Mr. Gifford's farm, a quantity of corn and farm buildings were burnt. The damage is roughly estimated at 500*l.* The origin of the fire is unknown, but Mr. Fortescue had been thrashing with a steam-engine for two or three days, including the day of the fire. The wind was very high at the time. The loss falls chiefly on the Norwich Union and Suffolk Alliance Fire Offices.

9th. A memorial having been presented to the Improvement Commissioners of Peterborough, praying them to put the Public-house Closing Act into operation in this city, was taken into consideration this day by that body. It was decided that the Act should not be applied to Peterborough.

11th. Peterborough Cathedral has been recently ornamented by the addition of a very elaborately stained glass window, being erected in the windows of the north transept. It is a late fifteenth century window, of two lights, with tracery, the subject being "The Last Judgment." The inscription thereon is—"Erected by G. W. Johnson."

14th. Trinity Congregational Church, Peterborough, was opened for divine worship. The Rev. Newman Hall preached on the occasion to a large congregation. The building is intended to accommodate 600 persons, and is estimated to cost 3,000*l.*

18th. At the Northampton Assizes, last week, C. M. E. Dore who was committed

for trial in July last, on the charge of concealing the birth of her child, was acquitted by the jury.

25th. An exceedingly handsome new font has just been placed in Maxey church. It is of ancient proportions and sufficiently large for infant immersion. The bowl is of Ketton stone, and supported on a centre shaft of rouge royal marble. There are also four minor shaft supports, executed in beautiful Alpine green and white marble, highly polished. These small shafts have delicately carved capitals of conventional foliage, and the foliage of these capitals is ingeniously continued round the bowl. The upper and outer rim of the bowl is ornamented with the nail head ornament.

APRIL 7th. At the Peterborough Quarter Sessions, *Mr. W. Bate, J. P.* (see page 200), pleaded guilty by the advice of his solicitor, to the charge of libel preferred against him by the Rev. J. Pratt. The court sentenced the defendant to be imprisoned for one calendar month, and in addition to pay a fine of 50*l.* to the Queen.

A fire occurred in the stack-yard of Mr. H. Little, Boroughbury, and destroyed four wheat stacks. A plentiful supply of water being on the premises, the firemen were enabled to prevent the conflagration extending to the adjoining premises. Damage estimated at 800*l.*

14th. (Good Friday.) Chatteris market was held as usual, all the shops, with two exceptions, being open for business.

15th. A man named Pyet, committed suicide by drowning himself in the river Ouse. The body of the unfortunate man was recovered after a few hours' immersion. It appears that the deceased was a brick-layer, and a good workman, but had latterly been much addicted to drinking, and the poverty, which was the consequence of a continuation of this habit, preyed upon his mind. He had resided in Hemingford Grey for some years, and the spot where he was drowned was a shallow part of the river between the two Hemingfords. An inquest was held on the same day before Mr. Mellor, when the jury returned a verdict of "temporary insanity." The deceased leaves a wife and nine children.

20th. Mr. T. Barney, late manager of the Boston branch of the Stamford, Spalding and Boston Banking Company, was presented at a dinner at the Peacock Hotel, with a magnificent silver candelabra, weighing 260 oz., which testimonial was the result of a public subscription.



# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 12.]

JUNE, 1865.

[Vol. 1.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE MONTH OF JUNE.

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“June puts all into tune,” we have heard, but whether the word *all* refers to animate or inanimate objects we are left to conjecture. There is, however, one semblance of a tune, which we can call to mind as peculiar to this month, viz., that sharp rasping sound which the mower produces in the field when he whets his scythe; and this particular tune, when there is a heavy crop, may be said to be “frequently called for.” We sincerely hope this will be the case during the forthcoming month, and that both man and beast—the one mentally, and the other bodily—may be abundantly edified by the satisfactory effect produced by “A sharp” in the meadows! There, O Goddess Juno! from whom (as Ovid allows in the 6th book of his *Fasti*) this month has derived its name, we have made a *sharp cut* at a pun, and—missed it!

Now, speaking of Juno:—we should not like to say that the celebrated Goddess, who was the spouse of Jupiter, was given to boasting—for every scholar knows the modesty of her character—or, that she was in the habit of perverting the truth: but, we do think she went a little too far when she said “*Junius a nostro nomine nomen habet*,” that is “June has its name from *our* name.” We are inclined to favour a derivation rather *junior* than Juno. However, as the learned Porson used to say, we will leave the *derivation* of June “to those who are versed in such matters;” and we will just notice, in the little space we have allowed us, some few *events* which have taken place in this month, and which, as far as history is concerned, have rendered it one of the most remarkable months in the year.

It was on the 15th of June, 1215, that a conference between King John and his barons was appointed to take place at Runnemedes, between Windsor and Staines. There the two great parties encamped opposite each other, like open enemies awaiting the signal for battle; and it was on the 19th of June that the King, in hot haste, signed and sealed that famous deed, commonly called the *MAGNA CHARTA*, or *GREAT CHARTER*, which either granted or secured very important privileges to every class of men in the kingdom. On this memorable day was laid the foundation of that glorious English liberty which is the boast of every true born Briton.

It was on the 18th of June, 1815, on the fields of Waterloo, a village of Belgium, about 10 miles from Brussels, that the fate of the great Napoleon was sealed. It was, as Byron has it in his “*Childe Harold*,”

“The first and last of fields, king-making victory.”

On that day Napoleon resolved to make a last desperate effort to break the centre of the British army, which was commanded by the duke of Wellington,

and to carry their position before the arrival of the Prussians. He had, however, for once made a miscalculation; he had imagined, although he was aware of the powerful diversion the Prussians were about to make, that Grouchy would be able to paralyze their movements, whilst he himself made havoc of the British forces! But this had not been written in the book of fate; every body knows that the assistance of the Prussians had been expected at an early hour, and that it was the knowledge of this fact which induced the duke of Wellington to accept a battle. Although on this day Wellington showed no anxiety as to the result, the brave hearted British troops had to bear the whole brunt of the action for a much longer period than was calculated; but the night of the 18th of June closed a day which will be held in honour by every Englishman to the latest posterity. We hope that the 18th of June, this year, will be throughout both England and France, a grand day of rejoicing; and that the two nations will lay aside all animosity, and vie with each other in celebrating a JUBILEE FOR THE 50 YEARS' PEACE.

It was the 28th day of June, 1838, that witnessed the coronation of our beloved Queen, the only daughter of the Duke of Kent. This event took place amidst universal rejoicing: and for nearly a quarter of a century, great was the happiness of the royal personage who was called, at the early age of 18, to rule over the destinies of this nation. Soon after her accession to the throne of England, providence found for her a guardian, who held for nearly the same period a similar position in the hearts of the people to that which she held herself. Now, alas! that same providence, for some inscrutable reason, has, as it were prematurely, deprived her of that guardian, whose goodness had become proverbial, and the widowed mother of the "kings to be" has to struggle on alone. She has, however, the most heartfelt sympathy of all her loving subjects, and every anniversary of the "28th of June," only endears her more and more to that nation which takes a pride in showing its gratitude to her, for her virtue and amiable qualities as a woman as well as a queen. Thousands upon thousands have expressed the wishes of Mr. Tennyson towards her, though not in Tennysonian verse.

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside Thee, that ye made  
One light together, but has past and leaves  
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,  
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,  
The love of all Thy sons encompass Thee,  
The love of all Thy daughters cherish Thee,  
The love of all Thy people comfort Thee,  
Till God's love set Thee at his side again!"

We have now mentioned three events which have occurred in the month of June, and which, in their consequences, have been of the highest importance, and most beneficial to the whole community. Let us look again. It was on the 17th of June, 1703, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, that *John Wesley*, the great founder of Methodism, first saw the light. His father, Samuel Wesley, was born at Whitchurch, in Dorsetshire, in 1662, and educated as a Dissenter, but he subsequently conformed to the Established Church, and even went so far as to write tracts against his old connections. He first became rector of South Ormsby, and afterwards obtained the living of Epworth, at which place his son John was born. It is a singular fact that the son acted in a manner

directly opposite to that in which his father had acted in matters of religion. The Rev. John Wesley, M.A., rose to be a fellow and an eminent tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1726; and then, 4 years afterwards, he left the Church, and in conjunction with George Whitefield, founded a sect of Nonconformists, very few of whom we think are able to give a valid reason why their leaders, who first began to obtain notoriety by fasting *two days out of seven*, became separatists or dissenters. It is somewhat satisfactory for members of the Church of England, who wish their Methodistical friends well, to find what a difficulty there often is in ascertaining the particular doctrinal points upon which they differ from the most orthodox churchmen. We ourselves have a great respect for the memory of John Wesley, but we have always felt heartily sorry that he wrote that extraordinary "preface" to his brother Charles' excellent Hymns.

The month of June has been a fatal month to many well-known celebrities, a few of whom shall pass before our readers. On the 25th of June, 1830, died George the Fourth, at Windsor Castle, at the age of 68, after a reign of 10 years.

"Oh! be his failings covered by his tomb,  
And guardian laurels o'er his ashes bloom!"

On the 6th of June, 1861, died Camille, Count de Cavour, the great Sardinian statesman, at the age of 52. On the 1st of June, 1841, died Sir David Wilkie, the celebrated Scotch painter. He died at sea, off Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep upon the day on which his death took place. There is a statue in his honour set up in the National Gallery. On the 5th of June, 1849, at Paris, aged 60, died Marguerite, the extravagant Countess of Blessington. For 20 years her *salons* in London were as popular as those of Holland House, and were the resort of all the celebrated men of the day. On the 8th of June, 1857, died Douglas Jerrold, at the age of 54; novelist, dramatist, and essayist. Long will it be before we "look upon his like again!" On the 16th of June, 1722, died the great Duke of Marlborough. On the 23rd of June, 1770, died Mark Akenside, M.D., who wrote "Pleasures of Imagination," a performance which proved him to be a true poet. It was on the 27th of June that the unfortunate Dr. Dodd was executed; and it was on the 30th of June, 1685, that the Duke of Argyll was beheaded. Truly this month of June has a dark side, as well as a bright one, as it regards its reminiscences!

*May, 1865.*

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## A KNOCK HARD ON

*A Poem, by Ten-to-one.*

*(Continued from page 208.)*

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Now WILLIAM felt more happy. New resolves  
Upbore him, and more faith than heretofore:  
Prayer from a living voice within that school  
Had caused him to behold another world,  
And fountains of sweet water from that Rock  
Cleft for the thirsty soul. "This old man's words,"  
He said to PHŒBE "vastly cheer me up:  
Has he no fear that his old partner lives?"



“No, no, good soul” said PHŒBE, “fear, not he!  
 Were you to tell him you had seen one dead,  
 From that he would take comfort;” and the thought  
 “Kind providence has will’d it that I know  
 The Truth in time,” made WILLIAM blame himself,  
 Scorning so long the grace whereby he lived.  
 Almost to all men he held out his hand.  
 Riggers he knew and carpenters, who wrought  
 At making boats and catching fish as well :  
 The loaders and unloaders of coal sloops  
 Soon brought their stunted forms before his face,  
 And ask’d a little present for themselves,  
 Because he once had labour’d like themselves :  
 Live without work, they seem’d to think he did,  
 Therefore the man could give ; and as the day  
 Roll’d itself on apace, to meet at noon  
 With ZIMRI all return’d, and haply came  
 Upon him trudging homeward, gradually  
 Shortening the walks he used to take of yore ;  
 His summerhouse and chair are used instead :  
 But still he bore his failings cheerfully.  
 And sure no worthier sight claims man’s respect  
 Than that of gray hairs near the heavenly goal  
 More cheerful as new hopes of life approach  
 To close a life despair’d of, ZIMRI saw  
 Death frowning on him, yet was light of soul.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 45.)

Buoy’d up that morning by a livelier hope  
 Did WILLIAM whisper “after I am gone,  
 Then shall he learn my visit was not lost.”  
 But soon aside to ZIMRI BLANE he said  
 “Master, I have a secret—come in here  
 That I may tell you—here you have a book  
 Which would reveal it, if I knew the place.”  
 “Place” stammer’d the good master, “bless his talk !  
 I warrant, man, the place might soon be found.”  
 “Here” added WILLIAM meekly “is the book.”  
 And on the book, wide-open’d, each did pore :  
 Then WILLIAM raising his glad eyes up from it,  
 “Do you know *who* this morning brought me down ?”  
 “Know what ?” said ZIMRI “you are changed to-day :  
 Ay, ay, I feel your coming down is sweet ;  
 On One rely, who cares for all men, now.”  
 Quickly and gladly WILLIAM answer’d him,  
 “My wish is now to fix my eyes on Him,  
 And think I hear but three words whilst I live,  
*Behold the Man !*” At which the master felt  
 A real emotional real devotional joy.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 46.)

“Keep Him in view ! yea,—sure you have been brought  
 Nigher than ZIMRI.” WILLIAM said again  
 “Your prayer has brought me down to where I am,

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 47.)

Tho' brief, its earnestness awaken'd me ;  
 I think JEANNETTE would doubt that I am he  
 Who married—I should seem to her so changed—  
 Who married her, if she were here to-day  
 To listen." Then he spoke about his boyhood,  
 And wreck, his fears for life, the stranded smack,  
 His gazing on the waters by himself,  
 And how he felt it. PHŒBE now appear'd,  
 And stopt the current of their pleasing talk :  
 But in her heart she hoped that presently  
 The news would spread all round the little haven,  
 How ZIMRI's prayer had wrought on WILLIAM JONES.  
 She urged the promise GREEN had ask'd before,  
 Saying kindly " See our farm before you go !  
 Do, let us fetch you, WILLIAM," and arose  
 Eager to now get home, when WILLIAM hung  
 A moment on her words, and thus replied.

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 48.)

" PHŒBE, invite me not till at the last ;  
 I have a little purpose in my view :  
 Sit down again : I think you understand  
 I came to stop a week. My wife shall know  
 That I must see her here at ZIMRI's side,  
 Blessing him, praying for him, thanking him :  
 For causing joy between us thanking him ;  
 More thanks are due to him beside my own.  
 I hope my daughter FANNY, whom you saw  
 Once with her mother on the picnic heath,  
 Will join in blessing him and praying for him.  
 I hope my son will grow up blessing him ;  
 I say to ZIMRI that I bless him now :  
 I never met with any one so good.  
 And if my children live to see me dead,  
 My spirit will be living ; they may hope  
 To meet their father ; but my wife must come,  
 For this dear face will please her after-life.  
 And now there is but one thing that I wish,  
 Which would oblige me in a high degree,  
 And here it is : before you go I crave it ;  
 That I may bring her with me to your house,  
 And also ZIMRI with us for a day :  
 For now my mind is changed that day would seem  
 A day of bliss : therefore speak you to JOHN,  
 And ask him this, for it would comfort her :  
 It would moreover be a kindness to her  
 As well as me."

(Enoch Arden,  
 page 49.)

He ceased ; and PHŒBE GREEN  
 Gave such a generous answer welcoming all,  
 That JONES could see he had not trespass'd on her  
 By asking what he wish'd ; and she for home  
 Departed.

And the third day after this,  
 While ZIMRI slumber'd in his old arm-chair,  
 And WILLIAM watch'd and read at intervals,  
 There came so loud a rattling up the street,  
 That all the people to the windows ran.  
 (Enoch Arden, page 50.) Then WILLIAM rose, and spread his arms abroad  
 Crying with a loud voice, "the mail! the mail!  
 I am right;" and soon JEANNETTE was at the door.

GREEN fetch'd these good delighted souls next day,  
 And when they reach'd his home the little porch  
 Had seldom seen three happier visitors.

T. G. S.

### AN EFFECTIVE INTIMATION.

Maria Lloyd, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, had made a tender impression on the heart of Mr. Charles Newton, a young man of fashion and fortune, who occasionally visited at her father's. Her vivacity and engaging manners fanned the passion she had inspired, and a sincere declaration of affection, on the part of Charles, was soon the consequence.

Maria was a total stranger to coquetry, and in the most artless, but, at the same time, most delicate manner, gave him to understand that his addresses were by no means disagreeable to her. Open as day to the softer and more amiable feelings was the heart of Maria; and what she felt, her sincerity thought not of disguising. Charles, charmed by her innocent frankness, found his affection for her every day increase, and for a short time there appeared no interruption to their happiness.

But the family of Mr. Lloyd was thus constituted. Maria was his daughter by a former wife. The present partner of his joys and griefs, or rather of his property, was a lady of some consequence; who, finding him a good easy kind of man, and liable to be imposed upon, kindly undertook the management of him and his family. She likewise had a daughter by a former husband, Miss Ellen Robinson, who was in many respects just the reverse of Maria. Art, deceit, and selfishness, were as conspicuous in the character of Miss Ellen, as simplicity, sincerity, and disinterestedness, were in that of Maria. She was, however, several years older, and therefore better acquainted with the world, on which account her mother conceived that it was proper she should have the principal authority in the house next to herself; for that of Mr. Lloyd was, in fact, quite out of the question. Miss Ellen was, therefore, more like the governess or guardian, than the sister-in-law of Maria, who was scarcely permitted to speak or stir without her direction or approbation.

Now it chanced that Miss Ellen quickly perceived the growing attachment between Mr. Newton and Maria, and she looked upon the young man, and perceived that he was well-favoured; and finding, moreover, on enquiry, that he had a great estate, she very naturally conceived that the match would be much more suitable to herself than her sister-in-law. She immediately concerted a plan to bring about this desirable event, calling in the aid of her mother, who had always been reckoned an excellent hand at a plot. Accordingly in the first council that was held on this subject, it was resolved that Maria should be carefully watched; that she should never be permitted to



see Mr. Newton, but in the presence of her sister; but that the latter should contrive opportunities to have *tête-à-têtes* with him, in which she should artfully asperse the character of Maria. On these occasions Miss Ellen would express, with seeming reluctance to say anything against so near a relation, her sorrow that so worthy and respectable a gentleman should be the dupe of an artful girl, who did not appear really to have any regard for him; but, who, in private, made him the constant object of her ridicule and sneers; and, there was every reason to believe, she was fond of a person, not only in every respect his inferior, but a most dissolute and worthless character, and who was the contempt of the whole family but herself.

These insinuations were so artfully thrown out, and with such well counterfeited sincerity and delicacy, that Mr. Newton grew very cool in his manners towards Maria, whom, indeed, he was seldom permitted to see; and the unsuspecting girl was a long time before she discovered the cause; but, chancing to overhear a part of a conversation between Miss Ellen and her mother, she learned the treachery that had been practised against her.

Hitherto Miss Ellen's scheme had succeeded admirably. Mr. Newton had indeed not yet made love to her, but she flattered herself that he could not much longer resist her charms, if he were once entirely detached from her sister, and the rupture of this connection seemed very nearly accomplished; for he sometimes saw her and scarcely noticed her, paying all his attention to Miss Ellen.

But one day when Maria happened to be present, and Mr. Newton treated her with the most marked coolness, which, on this occasion, she appeared to return with interest, reproaching him in her heart for believing so easily, and almost without inquiry, the base falsehoods he had been told of her; her sister, who was now too secure and confident of success, suffered her to remain in the room with them, without finding a pretext to send her away, as she had been accustomed to do. She assumed even the kindest and most affectionate air towards her, and requested her to play for them something on the piano. Maria, for some time, refused; but, at length, sang the following verses, which she had composed in the moments of her melancholy reflection, on the discovery she had made.

“ When Falsehood spreads her clouds around,  
 And Envy all her arts employs;  
 When Jealousy inflicts the wound,  
 Instills her gall, and hope destroys;  
 What means shall injur'd innocence  
 Employ to tear away the veil?  
 How shall she speak in her defence,  
 And tell her simple artless tale?  
 She shall, without reserve, declare  
 The truth; and Falsehood's arts defy,  
 The veil she shall undaunted tear,  
 And on sincerity rely.  
 Then doubt thou not my constant heart,  
 A stranger to dissimulation:  
 From thee my love shall never part,  
 Receive, as meant, this INTIMATION.”

Maria, on ending this last stanza, burst into tears, and immediately left the room. The remaining actors in the scene looked awkwardly enough upon each other. But Mr. Newton had heard sufficient. He could not refuse to notice such an express *intimation*: it flashed conviction on his heart of the

sincerity of his loved Maria, and he saw at once there had been some foul play in the affair. His affection to her immediately returned with redoubled force. He exerted himself until he had fully detected the base deceit that had been practised on an innocent and amiable girl; and he never desisted till he had overcome every obstacle, and obtained the hand of her, whose heart he could no longer doubt that he possessed.

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### OLD ENGLISH POOR LAWS.

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At a time when Parliament is occupied in a revision of a very important item of our Poor-laws,—the mode of assessment, it may not be uninteresting to look back and see how our forefathers dealt with the difficult duty of supporting the poor. There is no need to defend the word “duty” here, for few now deny that it is the duty of a community to support such of its members as are unable to provide for themselves. The inner heart of the people testifies to this duty, if one may judge from the intensity of the horror universally felt at seeing a newspaper paragraph with the sad heading “death from starvation.”

The difficulty appertaining to this question of the relief of the poor, seems to consist mainly in two things,—the extreme danger of confounding the deserving and undeserving poor, and the care which must necessarily be taken to prevent the growth of a race of paupers, either generally or locally. The first of these two things was most clearly present to the eyes of our forefathers. In a manner characteristic of old England, they went manfully to work at this difficult matter, and if their mode of dealing with it seem to us harsh and cruel, let us pause before we condemn them, and consider whether we, in their circumstances, could have done much better. Their system, then, was based upon the obvious division of the poor into deserving and undeserving; or, as they expressed it, “aged, poor and impotent persons, which live, or of necessity be compelled to live, by alms of the charity of the people,” and “valiant beggars, such as be whole and mighty in body.”

It is a common mistake to suppose that there were no poor-laws before the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. On the contrary, as long ago as the reign of Edward III, an order was issued against giving alms to “valiant beggars.” But, as may be supposed, the order was regarded or disregarded according to individual tastes, so that in the following reign of Richard II, a system of licenses was introduced, and those found begging without a license were fixed in the village stocks, to be the butt of all the rustics. Here we see a system a century and a half before the dissolution of the monasteries. These institutions were commanding attention in England, although civil wars and commotions delayed retribution for awhile. The monasteries were neglecting their great duty of supporting the poor, or were distributing their charity in a culpably careless way.

The number of paupers grew alarmingly large, so that in 1531 (five years, be it noticed, before the dissolution of the smaller monastic foundations, and seven years previous to the fall of the larger monasteries) an elaborate poor-law was put in force. The act begins by reciting all the evils which result from the sin of idleness, “the mother and root of all vices.” Evils such as thefts, murders, and other things tending to make quiet subjects go in bodily fear. Moreover, the number of vagabonds and beggars does not diminish, but increases. This state of things certainly called for a remedy, which we may

be sure was not characterized by what philanthropic ladies understand by "mercy." The justices of the peace, mayors, bailiffs, and so forth, were to search out diligently all poor and impotent persons within their respective limits, and then grant permission to such persons to beg within certain bounds. A sealed license was to be given them, containing the name of the person thus authorized to beg, and the limits of his or her begging expeditions. If such person was found pursuing his calling out of the limits assigned to him, he was forthwith clapped in the stocks, and there remained two days and two nights, fed with bread and water. Moreover, if any impotent person was found begging without a license, "at the discretion of the justices of the peace, he shall be stripped naked from the middle upwards, and whipped within the town in which he is found, or within some other town, as it shall seem good. Or, if it be not convenient so to punish him, he shall be set in the stocks by the space of three days and three nights." So much for the impotent poor; then what shall be done to the man mighty in body? "Be it further enacted, that if any person or persons, being whole and mighty in body and able to labour, be taken in begging in any part of this realm;" or, if any one should be found practising unlawful "merchandry, craft, or mystery," or unable to give a satisfactory account of himself;—then the said vagabond and idle person was to be incontinently hurried off to the nearest magistrate, and in the next market town "to be tied to the end of a cart, naked, and be beaten with whips till his body be bloody by reason of such whipping." When this mild operation was over, the poor wretch was to state where he was born, or where he resided last for three years; and then a begging license was given him, containing his name, the date and place of his whipping, the place he was sent to, and the time he was expected to arrive there; and if he was found not in that place at the time, he was to be whipped again and his ear slit; and whipped again on every fresh offence, until he was beaten into getting an honest living. Such, as far as regards our present purpose, was the vagrant act of 1531. Severe it was no doubt, but bear in mind the criminal brought much of his punishment upon himself.

Five years went away, and sturdy vagabonds increased strangely. The act of 1531 provided no work on which the valiant beggar, when he returned to his native town, could be employed. In 1536 public works were provided for the purpose. The licensing system was abolished, and the money devoted to the relief of the poor was collected in the churches, and administered by the parish priests. This was an important change. The severity of the former statute as regards the valiant beggar dwindles into mere insignificance when compared with this. For the first and second offence he was to be whipped and maimed as before; for the third offence he was to be treated as a useless burden upon society, which it was desirable to remove,—in other words, he was to be put to death. There is good reason to suppose that the excessive harshness of this enactment was greatly modified in practice by the inefficiency of the police, and by ecclesiastical privileges. Such was the act of 1536.

The Reformation had upset established beliefs and institutions, had swept away the cobwebs of ages, and burnished afresh the armour of truth, but had in the very process unsettled men's minds, and by granting liberty given temporary reins to license. "I am not come to give peace on earth, but a sword," is as true of all great movements as it was of the greatest concerning which it was said. The monastic houses had employed a large number of lay servants, many of whom now wandered homeless and penniless. There



was a great demand abroad for English wool, of which the English land-owners took advantage, and converted their arable land into pasture land, thereby dispensing with many of their labourers. Thus it came to pass, that in spite of the severity of the poor laws, beggars abounded in the country, begging openly in defiance of constables, or making raids from their retreats in the woods.

The first parliament in the reign of the boy-king, Edward VI, saw this increase, and adopted a novel method of dealing with the evil. Hanging, whipping, and branding had proved useless, then what was to be done? The valiant beggar, when arrested, was to be branded on the breast, under his clothes, with the letter V, and delivered over to any honest man who would take him, as a slave for two years. Should he attempt an escape before his time was up, he should be branded on the cheek or forehead with the letter S, and condemned to his service for life. But he might still prove recalcitrant; if so, then he must die. It might happen that no one would undertake to manage him, then he must be bound with a chain round his waist, and work on the public highway. There was one gleam of hope in all his gloom,—he might obtain property and become free again. The other classes of poor were to be supplied as was provided in 1536.

This act was repealed in 1549, having practically failed, and the law of 1536 came into force again. But a fresh difficulty arose. It was found that the system adopted for the relief of the impotent poor was deficient, as there was no guarantee that every man would contribute his fair share in the church collections. The spiritual power was called in to the rescue; and any individual shirking his duty in respect to supplying the poor, was to be reprimanded by his clergyman. If that should fail, then he was to be reported to the bishop; and if he were hardened sinner enough to laugh at episcopal fulminations, he was to be delivered over to the tender mercies of a justice of the peace, and might see the interior of a prison.

. And so on, and so on. The legislature gathered wisdom by this painful experience, till we find houses of correction established in the stately days of the great Elizabeth, and the system of poor-laws elaborated which served for many generations, and lasted till within the memory of men still young.

J. B.

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### AN EXTRAORDINARY KIND OF SOUP.

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Most people are aware that Mr. Quin, the celebrated English actor, who lived at Bath about 100 years ago, became in his old age, a very great gourmand. Amongst other choice dishes he invented a composition, which he called his "Siamese Soup," and he pretended its ingredients were principally obtained from the East. The peculiarity of its flavour actually became the topic of the day. There was quite a rage at Bath for Mr. James Quin's soup; but as that gentleman would not part with the recipe, this state of things was somewhat disagreeable, and even to the great teacher of eloquence himself, the notoriety of his soup brought an inconvenience; every person of taste was endeavouring to dine with him; every dinner he was at, some apology was made for the absence of the Siamese soup. His female friends Quin put off with promises; the males received a respectful but manly denial. A conspiracy was accordingly projected by a dozen bon-vivants of Bath, against his peace and comfort. At home he was flooded with anonymous

letters ; abroad, beset with applications under every form. The possession of this secret was made a canker to all his enjoyments. At length he discovered the design, and determined on revenge. Collecting the names of the principal confederates, he invited them to dinner, promising to give them the recipe before they departed—an invitation which was most joyfully accepted.

Mr. Quin then gave a pair of his old boots to the housekeeper to scour and soak, and when sufficiently seasoned, to chop up into fine particles like minced meat. On the appointed day he took these particles, and poured them into a copper pot, with sage, onions, spice, ham, wine, water, and other ingredients, making a mixture of about two gallons, which was served up at his table as his Siamese soup. The company were in transports at its flavour ; but Quin, pleading a cold, did not taste it. A pleasant evening was spent, and when the hour of departure arrived, each person pulled out his tablets to write down the recipe. Quin now pretended that he had forgotten making the promise ; but his guests were not to be put off in this manner ; and, closing the door, they told him in plain terms, that neither he nor they should quit that room until his pledge had been redeemed. Quin stammered and evaded, and kept them from the point as long as possible ; but when their patience was becoming exhausted, and high words appeared likely to be the result of his any longer declining to oblige them, his (seeming) reluctance gave way. “ Well, then, gentlemen,” said he “ in the first place take an old pair of boots !” “ What ! an old pair of boots ?” “ The older the better ;”—(they stared at each other)—“ cut off their tops and soles, and soak them in a tub of water ”—(they hesitated)—“ chop them into fine particles, and pour them into a pot with two gallons and a half of water.” “ Why, Mr. Quin,” they simultaneously exclaimed, “ you don't mean to say that the soup we've been drinking was made of old boots !” “ I do, gentlemen,” he replied, “ my cook will assure you she chopped them up.” They required no such attestation ; his cool, inflexible expression, was sufficient : in an instant horror and despair were depicted on each countenance, in the full conviction that they were individually poisoned.

Quin, observing this, begged them not to be alarmed, since he could not contemplate any very dangerous results from their dinner ; but if they *thought* it would sit uneasy on their stomachs, there was an apothecary's shop in the next street. The hint was taken ; and the idea of personal safety subdued the rising throbs of indignation. Seizing their hats, away flew the whole bevy down the stairs, and along the street, to the place Quin had alluded to ; were ipecacuanha and other provocatives were speedily procured, and the Siamese soup (and all its concomitants) placed in a position less dangerous.

### LEGENDS OF PETERBOROUGH MINSTER.—III. WERBODE'S PLOT.

*Continued from page 193.*

To Wolfere king then Werbode went,  
 And said that truly loth  
 Was he, such evil news anent  
 His sons to tell, but both  
 Their filial duty quite forgetting,  
 Had Christians been baptized ;  
 Had 'gainst their father's life been setting

Plots most vile  
 With murd'rous guile ;  
 And had, in fact, devised  
 On a certain day  
 The king to slay  
 And seize upon his throne ;  
 And should success their plans betide,  
 They would their father's realm divide,  
 Each making half his own.

In wrath the king, " A change  
 I saw, and thought it strange  
 To leave carousing through the night,  
 Or hunting through the merry wood ;  
 It surely seemed to me not right ;  
 I've fancied it meant nothing good,  
 But if the hellish thing  
 Thou say'st is true,  
 They both shall rue,  
 And see that I am king."

" O king, I grieve to say  
 That such is truth, but pray  
 You sire, forgive the murd'rous hand :  
 And O, let not  
 Your wrath be hot  
 Against your sons, whom, truth,  
 As mine I love ; their youth  
 Forgive, though such a deed they planned."

" What ! to forgive this unnatural deed ?  
 Pardon, who doomed thus a father to bleed ?  
 Those who'd gain power so vilely, forgive ?  
 Speak to th' assassins again while I live ?  
 Ho !—though I old may be getting, just ire  
 Still is left in me, and natural fire.

Not I—  
 But hear my oath—  
 By great and ancient Thor,  
 The mighty God of War,  
 The traitors both  
 Shall die."

B.

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#### PLINY AND HIS WIFE.

Pliny was one of the best husbands in the whole Roman empire ; and if we may credit his description, he had one of the best of women for his wife. He did not think it beneath him to treat his wife as a friend and counsellor as well as a companion. In his letters to his wife, Calphurnia, when absent from her, he breathes the most ardent, and at the same time the most delicate



affection. How much he really loved his wife, we find, as far as words can express it, in the following letter to her aunt, Hispulla :

As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers, I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection for me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in, when I have a cause to plead; and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner, to hear; where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses: sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me—my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, and who, in your house, was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me on your recommendation. For as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage that I should be one day what my wife fancies I am: accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me: and hers, that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

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#### ANECDOTE.

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and uniform misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week, a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support; and yet, at length, he demanded more. On this, the curate sent for him. He went. Do you live alone? said the curate. With whom, sir, answered the unfortunate man, is it possible that I should live? I am wretched. You see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world. But sir, continued the curate, if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself? The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. Ah! sir, exclaimed the poor man, weeping, and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?—The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, Take this, sir, said he;—this is mine—this I can give.

LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 217.)*

The apothecary's assistant had a strong trait in his character, which in fact everyone possesses in a more or less degree—but in Mr. Mark Abram every other trait was pigmy in comparison—it was that of paying the most devoted attention to *number one*. His changed conduct towards Miss Moggs, merely evinced lowly submission to this sovereign trait of character, for a conquest, not surpassing his wishes certainly, but perhaps the hopes he had once entertained, was to be gained by skillful management, and energy, in the person of widow Eastman.

Some few months had now elapsed, since the death of this lady's husband, and the philosophic idea to receive consolation for the occurrence of an event which she could not control, impressed her with truthful force, or rather was allowed to be impressed upon her, by the very logical and learned discourses of Mr. Abram. She did not allow him entirely to leap the great gulf, which separates the employer from the employed, but she assisted him across it by a bridge of sighs, and lamentations, which were bestowed upon her "lone state." It was a way that had many dangers, and one false step would have precipitated the adventurer headlong into a pit of unfathomable distress. But Mr. Abram determined to run the risk, for it was of vital importance to his own interest, that he should gain the prize which he beheld without a claimant, and almost within his grasp. For two months he plodded on with caution, groping his way on every side, as a blind man before he makes a step. One evening he expressed a desire, if Mrs. Eastman had no objection to remain at home, and smoke his cigar, as there were certain matters relating to the business which he desired to discourse upon with her. Need we say the request was graciously acceded to?

It was nine o'clock p.m. that, in a small parlor, situated directly behind the shop, were seated, one on either side of the fire, Mrs. Eastman and Mr. Mark Abram. They were both silent. The gentleman was puffing his cigar vigorously, thickening the atmosphere almost to an anti-respiring state, and otherwise betraying symptoms of mental excitement. The lady was engaged in knitting a silk purse, and was apparently engrossed with her work, though in her mind surmising whatever Mr. Abram could wish to say to her, and wondering why he delayed opening his communications. These surmises with one possessed of a sanguine temperament as Mrs. Eastman certainly was, took a very wide range as might well be supposed.

"Mr. Abram, I understood you wished to consult me on matters of business," said Mrs. Eastman, in a collected, mild tone of voice, and looking up from her work, on which for some time past, she had kept her eyes intently fixed, but was now determined to have her curiosity satisfied, regarding his intention for requesting the interview.

"Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Abram with a start; "I—I—have—at least, there is something I would wish to speak to you upon;" he continued, with stammering rapidity. "Well, sir?" enquired the lady when he had ceased speaking. "Madam!" (It was Mr. Abram's desire to be particularly respectful, at all events, he was particularly solemn.) "I have now been in this establishment for nearly six years," here he made a pause, and what its length would have been it is utterly impossible to say, had he not been roused to proceed by Mrs. Eastman's again putting the interrogatory, "Well sir?" to him.

"And madam, during the greater portion of that long period, your late husband, God rest his soul, was a bachelor," here Mr. Abram made a noise in his throat, which was intended for a sigh, and proceeded: "knowing him thoroughly in that situation, madam, I was capable of judging with certainty as to the incredible amount of happiness conferred upon him by his wife" (Mrs. Eastman slightly inclined her head in acknowledgement of the compliment.) "But where is the man that could not taste of the highest celestial happiness, when a woman combining in her own person whatever is beautiful, and attractive, became his?" As this address drew to a conclusion, he threw on the widow a glance in which was concentrated the whole rapture of his amorous nature. "Mr. Abram! do you not somewhat forget yourself? I understood it was on matters of business you desired to speak with me," said Mrs. Eastman, with much dignity of manner, and drawing herself up and bridling her head to give her words the full weight of importance she desired. "Madam—Mrs. Eastman! forgive me if I have been indiscreet in what I have said, but heaven knows it was your charms which led me on;" and he rose from his seat.

"Surely Mr. Abram I must not any more consider you accountable for what you say?" returned the widow secretly flattered, however, at the compliment just paid her.

"My dear Mrs. Eastman, I beg you will not only consider me accountable for my words, but that they are likewise the essence of truth. In short, I love you," here he threw himself at her feet, "the

avowal you may regard as premature, but it is at the same time sincere." "I beg Mr. Abram you will not thus humble yourself to me; rise, sir; the servants are liable to enter at any moment, and I would not have them discover you in that position, in my presence, for worlds." At the same instant she rose from her chair. "Say, before I rise, madam, that you will allow me a hearing, grant me I entreat you this request!" "If I must make such a promise to induce you to resume your chair, I do so; but you see yourself, sir, I am unwillingly compelled to do it."

Both the lady and gentleman resumed their seats, and Mr. Mark Abram immediately opened his campaign of words, consisting of persuasive reasons, and incontrovertible arguments, which he intended should glow with rhetorical eloquence, and highly spiced declamation. "Madam, in calmness will you hear my proposals, and to save you the unnecessary pain of a lengthened interview, I will be concise. My love for you became too violent to be longer restrained, and remain pent up in the solitude of my own breast; therefore, have I sought this interview, to acquaint its object with its existence, and my lasting devotion."

"You forget, sir; my late husband has been dead scarcely seven months, and that circumstances, if the love you express for me is sincere, should have tempered your judgment to have chosen a more suitable time for its expression."

"Madam, will you not allow me to plead that such is, its unruly violence, that in its course, judgment is swept away and brings my unworthy self again imploringly to your feet." Suiting the action to the words, Mr. Abram with clasped hands, fell on one knee before the widow, assuming an attitude which must have severely taxed his patience to have so perfected.

On the widow's entreaty, he once more resumed a sitting posture, and begged from her an acknowledgement that she was not indifferent to him.

"You must be aware, Mr. Abram, that it is unbecoming in me, so lately a widow, to listen to overtures of such a nature, from anyone; but it is at your own earnest desire, that I confess I am not indifferent to you." "Thanks, adorable Laura, for those blessed words; a weight which pressed as heavily as a mountain upon my heart, I feel already taken off. And may I now hope that you will not maintain your state of widowhood, longer than custom shall pronounce necessary? only allow me to hope this!"

"From what I have already said, you may infer that I acquiesce in this request likewise," answered Mrs. Eastman.

"Words fail to express the thankfulness I feel towards you, my loved one, for this kindness, but be assured that it is impressed in deep characters upon my heart." "I would recommend, for policy's sake, that our interview should now terminate; should it longer continue, it is liable to call forth remarks from the servants, which risk it will be more prudent to avoid."

"Yes, you reason rightly, Laura, although the acknowledgement be against my inclinations."

Mr. Mark Abram now left the widow alone, and retired to his bed-chamber, to indulge in happy thoughts on the success of his schemes. It is useless to detain the reader with an elaborate description of the progress of the loves of Mr. Abram, and widow Eastman, suffice it to remark, that about six months after the first disclosure of his passion, he led her to the altar, and she became his wedded wife. During that time he entirely broke off his connection with Miss Moggs, and when she became acquainted with her rival, she was not sparing in her epithets of uncompromising dislike towards her lost lover, and the widow Eastman.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### *Beware of the Widows.*

Grief for a long period weighed heavily upon the heart of Leo Myron, for the loss of his beloved mother. It first found relief in offering consolation to his sister Mary, who possessing not his strength of mind, betrayed the fullness of her sorrow. After a time, he continued the composition of his tale, which had been laid aside: and this occupation served, yet further, to restore composure to his mind. His work was soon completed, but he was far from being satisfied with his performance, although, his sister and father to whom he read it, were delighted with the characters he drew, and the interest of the story. Very many were the parts he determined to alter, and the remainder was to go through a laborious course of correction, and now that Mary was gone upon a long visit to a maiden aunt, who resided at Peterborough, and his father had left his cottage, and was gone to London, to pass some months with one or two old friends, he set about the task. His progress was necessarily slow as it involved copying, and re-copying, but he persevered with steadiness. As the chapters were concluded in their finished state, he lent the manuscript to Mrs. Eastman for her perusal. She bestowed many commendations upon Leo, and appeared to take an interest in the progress of the tale, but not such as she would doubtless have



shewn, had her thoughts not been principally engaged in another direction, her probable union with Mr. Mark Abram.

Leo completed his work shortly after the marriage of the widow to Abram, and he then became desirous of seeing it in print. The friends he consulted respecting its publication, judiciously advised him to let it appear in a Magazine, or Newspaper, as it would thereby obtain a more extensive circulation, than it would be likely to have, if published in a separate form. This proposal did not entirely coincide with the preconceived notions of the young author, and he offered to present the manuscript to a printer, provided he would undertake the risk of the publication. This proposal was declined with a recommendation to the same effect as that which had already been given him by his friends.

Leo at length agreed to this mode of publishing, and shortly after received an indirect offer from the editor of a Newspaper, to print it in his journal. The proposal was accepted, and the first instalment of the tale shortly after appeared. The criticisms it received were highly favorable, considering it was the first production of a young writer, and were such as to induce Leo to continue, with increased energy, his literary pursuits. We will now leave him for a short time paying devotion to the muses.

Mary Myron was, much against her own inclination, introduced by her aunt into gay society, she thinking by those means to divert the low and desponding thoughts, which had obtained such an influence over her niece, as to cause serious apprehensions for her health. Sara and Frances Bladen were her most constant companions, and whenever in their society, a peaceful serenity and happiness would take possession of her mind. At last, principally owing to their influence, she derived gratification from the company of mere acquaintances, and ultimately she recovered much of her former buoyancy of spirits.

Mary's aunt, Miss Hendon, about twelve months after the death of her sister, Mrs. Myron, was informed by letter from a London friend, that a rumour was current amongst the circle of acquaintances she (the friend) frequented, several of whom were personally known to Mr. Myron, that he was paying marked attention to a widow. The maiden lady exerted herself to procure a corroboration of this statement, which she succeeded in obtaining, and shortly afterwards, the additional information that he had made an offer to the widow, and had been accepted. Miss Hendon considered it became her duty to her dead sister's children, to prevent if possible Mr. Myron's

taking a second wife. She therefore wrote to Mr. Myron, acquainting him that such a rumour had reached her, and requiring that he would put her in a position to utter a denial of it, should it again be mentioned in her presence. She anxiously expected an answer to her letter, but weeks elapsed without her receiving one. This tended to confirm the truth of the report, and without further delay she made Leo acquainted with it. He immediately wrote to his father, enquiring as to its truth, and a few days brought him a confirmatory reply.

Mr. Myron was surprised, when he opened Miss Hendon's letter and read its contents. He was dressing to visit the widow at the time it was given into his hands. But it did not detain him many minutes from his purpose, and he set out for the widow's residence with it in his pocket. It was not more than a five minutes' walk, before he arrived at the abode of the lady. He rang the bell, and the door was immediately opened by a very fat servant girl, who ushered him upstairs into a small and neatly furnished drawing room. The widow herself shortly appeared, and after the first salutations, seated herself on a sofa beside Mr. Myron. Mrs. Vangir, that was the widow's name, was forty years of age, but from the youthfulness she displayed in her dress, and manners, would have past for a much younger woman. She was about the middle height, and her form was developed into the fullness of *embonpoint*. Her eyes were dark and had an animated expression, brown hair, and a slightly glowing complexion, which by the use of cosmetics, was of a warm peachy blush. She had been a widow nearly four years, when Mr. Myron first met her, her husband having died in the western part of Ireland, where he was travelling as a pedlar. For some time before his death she had been separated from him, and during that period until his demise, had kept a small hotel in Walworth, which she then gave up and opened a Florist's Establishment at the West End, her present residence. When a landlady, she was considered gay, and her fair fame suffered in the opinion of many. It is certain that she used every endeavour to prevent Mr. Myron's becoming acquainted, during courtship, with her having been the landlady of an hotel, and she was successful in keeping it secret.

Mr. Myron was seated by the widow's side, on a sofa, his arm affectionately thrown round her. He had just taken from his pocket, the letter he had received that morning from Miss Hendon. "Is that anything you have to shew me, dear?" enquired Mrs. Vangir, directly that she

caught sight of it in his hand; and she pressed closer to him.

"Yes, love, its a letter I received this morning from Miss Hendon, you know who she is? my late wife's sister, enquiring if a rumour that has reached her be correct, but there, read it for yourself;" here Mr. Myron gave the letter into Mrs. Vangir's hands. She read it through attentively, during which she more than once bit her lip with vexation.

"Well, and what do you intend to do respecting it, dearest?" enquired the lady, when she had perused its contents, I don't know indeed, Jane; I'll leave the matter for you to determine."

"And you will not regret trusting to my management, James, I should take no notice of it whatever." "And would you recommend this?"

"To be sure I would, dear!" and she threw her arm affectionately around his neck. "She will offer every opposition to your second marriage," continued the widow, "considering it to be disadvantageous to the interest of her sister's children, she would have you sacrifice your happiness to her family's aggrandizement. Can I not be a second mother to your children? have I no love to bestow? no, no, I have no more love to bestow, it is all given and centred in you, dear, but I have a mother's affections to give, and your children shall possess them for your sake." Here she pressed her lips on Mr. Myron's brow, and pillowed her head upon his shoulder. "I believe you, Jane, I know you will be a mother to my children, and they will be thankful that I give them such a mother."

"James, I have one request to ask, it is, that we are married with the utmost privacy. I have outgrown the girlish desire for display and parade, and I regard it as a useless expense."

"I am delighted that you give me an opportunity of granting a request of such a nature, so highly praiseworthy to the asker. And you reason well, Jane, a public marriage would be for us only ridiculous extravagance."

*To be continued.*

#### FLETTON.

Fletton is a small parish, situated on the borders of Northamptonshire, in the hundred of Norman Cross, union and county court district of Peterborough, rural deanery of Yaxley, archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and diocese of Ely. It is about one mile south from Peterborough, on the road to Whittlesey. The living is a rectory, annual value £292 with residence, in the gift of the Hon. George Fitzwilliam;

the Rev. William Judd Upton, M.A. of New College, Oxford, is the rector.

This parish contains the important stations of the Northampton and Peterborough branch of the London and North Western, Great Eastern, and Syston and Peterborough Railways, and is bounded by the river Nene, which divides the two counties, and is navigable from Sutton wash, 30 miles eastward, and westward as far as Northampton. The area is 1,200 acres; the population in 1861 was 1,149. Letters arrive by foot post from Peterborough at 7 a.m.; despatched at 6.45. p.m.

#### THE CHURCH.

The reigns of Edward I. and II. were periods of great activity in church-building in the neighbourhood of Peterborough. In many churches in this locality the very same style—and in some, the very same hand—is apparent. Thus, for instance, the *towers* of Fletton, Stanground, and Paston; the *nave arches* of Fletton, Stanground, and Orton Longville; the *geometric windows* of Yaxley, Stanground, Castor, and Peterborough Cathedral; and generally the great prevalence of what has been called "net tracery" in windows, all indicated a close uniformity in the character and design of the work.

In this period too, a number of the then existing churches were enlarged, so that in many cases some care is requisite in making out the original plan. Norman churches are remarkably numerous, and in nearly all instances they seem to have had either a nave only, or a nave with a north aisle.

The church of Fletton is very picturesquely situated, among spreading cedars and ivied elms. Both in its architecture and its position it is a very beautiful object, to those at least who have an eye for the combined beauties of nature and art. The limits of the old church yard are not now definable on the north and the west, the rectory house and garden, occupying a portion of the original precinct. Though small, this is in part a very ancient edifice, dating from about the time of King Henry II. It appears to have had only a Norman nave and chancel, with a north aisle to both. These aisles remain, but one pillar and two arches have been removed towards the west, and a wide obtuse arch of early decorated date spans the vacant space. The capital of this pillar was carried to Stanground, and there it may be found at this day, inverted, at the north-west corner of the nave, where it forms the plinth or base to a decorated arch coeval with this.

The pillars are cylindrical, low, with shallow square capitals; the arches semi-

circular, quite devoid of ornament. The chancel arch is equally plain, though pointed. Probably it has been altered from the original semi-circular form, for the purpose of gaining height. On the south-west side a capital of transition—Norman date indicates perhaps the period of the change. The arches of the chancel aisle (now used as a school-room) are similar, but the pillars are lighter than those of the nave. The south aisle of the nave has three wide depressed arches, on tall and slender octagonal shafts, with richly moulded capitals of early geometric character. The date of this part is determined by a corbel of a female head with the wimple (or chin cloth) of Edward I., seen from the south entrance above the aisle arch.

The south aisle has very good triplet-lancet windows, trefoiled, under a common dripstone. These are perfect only at the east and west ends (one also west of the north aisle), those on the two sides having been cut down by lowering the aisles, the original pitch of which is indicated by the gable of the porch. This porch is small and low, and perhaps of rather later decorated work, including the wooden roof. The tower is a very good design of the geometric period, the true standard of proportion being here observed, of the spire being the same height as the tower itself. The broach-spire has the ball-flower under the over-capping cornice or weather mould, and there are two tiers of spire-lights in the cardinal faces ["Broaches" are the semi-pyramidal abutments at the base of a spire, where the square changes to the octagonal plan. They only occur in early spires. In this instance they extend to an unusual height, and give great effect to the general composition of the tower.]

The belfry windows are large but quite plain, of two lights, without cusps. The belfry arch has two plain sub-arches, continuous, and bold geometric cap-mouldings on semi-circular pillars. The tower is doubly buttressed on the west side, and has a good two-light trefoiled window. Under it stands the fragment of a Saxon cross, which perhaps stood in the churchyard. The sculptured animals upon it are much defaced, as are a few letters said to be "Randolph filius Wilielmi." The nave and chancel roofs have not been lowered. They are now ceiled within, and there is a low clerestory to the former of square two-light windows. The exterior of the chancel on the south and east sides displays much of the original Norman work. The Norman pilasters, string-courses, and corbel-table, with one of the blocked Norman lights, are yet perfect, but two decorated

two-light windows have been inserted in the south wall, and one of three lights in the eastern, all with the net-tracery. There is a narrow and low window, blocked with masonry, in the usual position, the south-west corner of the chancel. Some very curious and remarkably perfect sculptured stones are built into the Norman wall of this chancel. They contain small figures of saints with the nimbus, grotesque bird-like monsters, and various devices with the usual Runic interlacings of Saxon work. Without doubt the sculptures are about 1000 years old, and they seem (as the stone is of a different quality from the Barnack, of which the present church is built) to have been brought from a distance, or perhaps from the Saxon minster adjoining. At all events the style of the sculpture very closely resembles that on Abbot Hedda's monument, now preserved in Peterborough Cathedral.

The north aisle of the church does not certainly contain any of the original Norman masonry; but it has been tampered with at various times, and in part patched with brick. A doorway of decorated date is blocked with masonry. Within the chancel-aisle is a steep and narrow rood-staircase of stone. The lower portion of the rood-screen still remains. There are no vestiges of tombs, altars, piscinæ, or sedilia, or other objects of antiquarian interest. A few of the old open seats still exist at the west end, but they are of a poor and rather late character. The font is of doubtful date, octagonal, with fluted stem and sides. The pulpit is a pretty good one, about the date of James I., and has a good carving of the Annunciation beneath the sounding board. The vestry is eastward of the chantry on the north side. It is now disused, and the doorway from the chantry is blocked. A small decorated window on the north side is secured with the ancient iron bars. Within traces of the exterior Norman masonry of the chancel may be seen. There are three bells. One has the common legend "Omnia fiant ad gloriam Dei. 1640." Another, "William Wates made me, 1590." The third and smallest has the letters S P A L L E at equal intervals round the crown.

F. A. PALEY.

#### ANECDOTES, &c.

*Mrs. Sniggles.*—I wish you would take me to Margate, *my dear*.

*Mr. Sniggles.*—I had much rather not, *my duck*.

But why not, *my love*?

Because I don't choose it, *my sweet*.



Not choose it, *my darling!*

I can't afford it, *my precious.*

Why not afford it, *Mr. Sniggles.*

Because it is very expensive, *Mrs. Sniggles.*

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, *man.*

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, *woman.*

I think, however, you need not abuse my friends, *sir.*

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, *ma'am.*

Then if *you* won't go, I will; that's *poz, husband!*

And if *you* go, you don't have one penny from me; that's *poz, wife.*

MIND HOW YOU SWILL YOUR BRICKS. At the Northampton Borough Petty Sessions, holden in the Town-hall, on Tuesday, the 9th of May last, Sarah Clarke was charged with assaulting Sarah Clues. This was an adjourned case. Mrs. Clarke, it appears, or rather Mrs. Clarke's boy, was swilling the bricks at her door, when the water, through some carelessness on the part of the swiller, swilled over the doorway of Mrs. Clues. Mrs. Clues went out to set matters straight, when Mrs. Clarke said her boy should swill her door for her if she liked, a politeness which Mrs. Clues declined, saying she could swill her own doorway. How these amicable preliminary protocols came to break out into a war of words did not clearly appear. Mrs. Clues appears, like the famous Mrs. Partington, to have swept back the invading tide from Mrs. Clarke's which Mrs. Clarke seems to have resented. Words were followed by a battle royal, of which the descriptions were as various as those of the historians of contests of world-wide celebrity. According to Mrs. Clues, Mrs. Clarke, brandishing her brush, made a furious onslaught, and brought the weapon down upon her arm with such force as to fracture its small bone, and to compel her to have recourse to the Infirmary, and, baring the wounded limb, she displayed it, all purple and yellow, like an unhealthy potatoe. Mr. Buszard, however, the house surgeon to the infirmary, said no bone was broken; the only injury was the bruise.—Mrs. Faulkner, a witness for the defence, and the loving sister of Mrs. Clarke, declared that that good lady did not do even that mischief. Whatever had happened to Mrs. Clues was done in a hand-to-hand struggle with herself when she flew to the rescue of her sister from Mrs. Clues' violence; and the brush head flew off, the contention was who should possess it. The narrative got at length so bewildered between the Clarkes and the Clues' and

their respective followings, that the magistrates said it was impossible to find any *clue* to the truth, and dismissed the case.

AN OLD GEM RE-SET.—*Apropos* of coroners, I went one night to see an actor more celebrated for his *mises en scène* than his own personations play *Hamlet*, his best character. I met Wakley in the stalls. "Holloa!" said I "what brings you here, old boy?" "They are going to murder the 'divine William,'" said the coroner, "and I am here to preside at the inquest." Not bad—for a coroner.—*London Society.*

Professor Porson was once asked the derivation of the word *cucumber*; and he derived it from *King Jeremiah*, thus: King Jeremiah—Jeremiah King—Jerry King—Gherkin—*Cucumber!*

There was once a pious Bishop—we hope there have been many such—who was considered a very witty facetious man, and it happened one day that a lady asked his permission to wear rouge. This lady was really half coquette and half devotee. "I can give you permission, Madam," said the Bishop, "but only for *one* cheek."

An arch wag once said, that tailors were like woodcocks, for they got their sustenance, by their *long bills.*

A false knave once received ten guineas for becoming a Roman Catholic, and when the priest paid him the cash, he said, "Sir, I think you ought to give me ten guineas more, for it is very stiff work to believe in Transubstantiation."

A gentleman once asked Doctor Johnson, why he hated the Scotch: "I do not hate them, Sir," said he, "neither do I hate frogs, but I do not like to have them hopping about my chamber,"

An old bachelor, who resided in Acre-lane, Brixton, in order to prevent itinerant traders annoying him, by knocking at his door to dispose of their wares, affixed to his knocker a label to this effect:—"The inhabitant of this house never buys anything at the door—Hawkers, beware!" He was dreadfully amazed shortly after by a loud knocking at his parlour window, from which he saw two fellows with clothes—lines, mats, and pegs, to sell. Throwing up the sash in a violent rage, he accosted them thus:—"Can you read?" "yes, master," answered the hawker. "Then, don't you see a notice affixed to my knocker that I never buy anything at my door." "To be sure we do, so we thought we would make bold and try to do a little business at the parlour window." The fellow's wit pacified the old bachelor, who straightway made a purchase. Immediately afterwards, however he sent for a painter, and had the following addition made to his announcement:—"NOR AT THE WINDOW EITHER."

## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

APRIL 22nd. On this day died Mr. Robert Freeman, draper and grocer, of Great Hale, near Sleaford, aged 54. By his will he directed that a *post mortem* examination of his body should be made for the advancement of science, by two medical gentlemen, named therein, to each of whom he bequeathed a handsome legacy for the purpose. The examination was made on Monday afternoon, the 24th, when it was discovered that death had ensued from a combination of disease of the heart and kidneys.

25th. In Burghley Park, near Stamford, the nightingale's notes were heard for the first time this year, and the cuckoo also announced its arrival. The swallows were first seen in this district on Easter Monday.

27th. At Brigg, in Lincolnshire, in the evening, the sky presented a very grand and unusual appearance. A little after 10 o'clock, rays of a silvery light began to form, emanating from a point in the south, direct towards the north, and extending east and west, until the shape was like an immense large fan, the rays of light forming the ribs, and contrasting beautifully with the deep blue of the heavens. There were no scintillations, but the stars were seen glittering brightly through the luminous appearance covering the southern horizon.

28th. Mr. Cambridge, miller, of Downham, Norfolk, died at Coningsby, while on a visit to Mr. Perkins. A few days before he came to Coningsby, where he had been for nearly three weeks before his death, he grazed his shin by his foot falling through a hole in the floor of his mill. The wound seemed to be so trivial, that he took no notice of it, and came to visit Mr. Perkins. After he had been at Coningsby a short time, he went to Lincoln, and there feeling his leg rather painful, he applied to a doctor, who on seeing his leg, told him to return to Mr. Perkins' and have it well attended to, as it might prove very serious. Mr. Cambridge did so, and called in Messrs. Robarts, surgeons, and also Messrs. Harvey and Lowe, of Lincoln; but notwithstanding all the care and skill of the medical gentlemen, mortification set in, which terminated in his death.

MAY 1st. Mr. Thomas Tock, of West Butterwick, met with a fatal accident. He was driving a horse and gig, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, down the private carriage road leading to the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. John Chesman, of Frodingham Grange, and having occa-

sion to get out of the vehicle to open a gate, close to which is a wide but somewhat shallow dyke, it is supposed that he slipped in, and being advanced in years, he was unable to regain the ground. Next morning as the labourers were going to work, they discovered the lifeless body of the unfortunate man in the drain, and the horse and gig a short distance away from the place. The body was at once taken out and conveyed to the Grange, to await a coroner's inquest. Mr. Tock was well known in the neighbourhood, and was a man of a very liberal disposition. He kept the "Ferry Boat" Inn, at Burringham, for a number of years, and was much respected by all who knew him. For some time he had lived retired, having acquired a competence through the death of William Osebrook, Esq., of Kexby. He has left a widow, and two sons and three daughters, who are all married.

6th. Mr. Bate, J. P., was liberated this morning, at an early hour, from Peterborough gaol, and received quite an ovation. It will be remembered that this gentleman was sentenced, on the 7th of April, to be imprisoned for one month, and to pay a fine of £50 to the queen, for writing ridiculous nonsense on scraps of paper, and sticking them in his window for the amusement of "all who passed by," and to the serious annoyance of the Rev. Joseph Pratt, rector of Paston, who considered such documents libellous. Mr. Bate pleaded "guilty" to the charge of "libel" preferred against him, and suffered the punishment awarded him. It would appear that he had gained the sympathy of some of his friends and neighbours, by being imprisoned, or that they considered him more sinned against than sinning, for as soon as he was on the outside of the gaol, he found himself surrounded by numbers of people from Werrington, and other places, who, with a band of music in attendance, were ready to escort him home. A very pleasant day was spent by many, at Mr. Bate's residence; in fact, quite a sensation was caused in the village, and feasting and dancing were kept up until a late hour. We heard that a large sum of money, considerably more than the fine, was collected, and offered to Mr. Bate, but that he declined to accept it.

[Since writing the above, we have seen a letter from *Mr. Pratt's Curate*, who declares that he is "credibly informed that the sum collected was *only about* £14." Ed. N. M.]

# THE NEWS MAGAZINE,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

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No. 1.]

JULY, 1865.

[Vol. 2.

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## ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

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Verily, gentle Readers, by putting in an appearance this month, we shall deceive some folks; and even "old standards" (as they call themselves) who shook their heads at us twelve months ago, will be surprised to find that we have "gone on" longer than the "six months" they were good enough to "give" us. Those, too, who did not deem us worthy of their influential aid, and who, no doubt, on that account, quite expected to hear long before this that we had come to an untimely end, will not need "glasses" of unusual potency to discover that their expectations have, in this instance, failed to be realized.

Now, if even we *should* cease to exist during the year 1865, it is quite evident we have lived beyond the limits assigned for our existence by many who laughed at the "idea" of a "Monthly Periodical for Peterborough!" We have done, in fact, more than we ourselves expected; for in one year, we require for our subscribers no less than *seven hundred* copies of "The News Magazine" monthly!

We wish to be honest; and, as we said in our Address to you in August last, "we wish to speak to you *plainly*." Having reached the circulation named in the Advertisement which is printed on the back of our wrapper, and having made a favourable impression upon the Reviewer, whose observations are appended to the Advertisement, we do feel somewhat flattered to think that our effort cannot be called a "*total failure*."

We may observe frankly, that had we the leisure some good people of this city appear to enjoy, we would not even warn you by a hint of the veriest littleness (with the circulation which we *now* have), that there was the least likelihood of our having to say "Farewell" to you: but we must tell you that we feel our daily occupation to be no trifling affair, and that when our *task* is done for the *day*, we are fain to rest from our labours in the evening. The evening, be it understood, is the *only time* we can spare to attend to the "News Magazine;" and, unless our circulation increases to something like *one thousand* monthly, and that soon—to break this matter to you as gently as we can, gentle Readers—we *fear* we *may possibly* feel ourselves not sufficiently well paid for working "over-hours" under the circumstances. This is plain language, but we should not like to deceive you—you, who have been so kind to us; and as to what others may say why—we don't care two straws.



And now a few remarks shall be made to you, *in confidence*. At first, the Editor of "The News Magazine" took "shelter under the umbrageous 'WE';" and he had then a good opportunity of ascertaining how delightfully pleasant (?) the duties of the "great unknown" are, even when the responsibility is *small*: what the duties are when the responsibility is *great* he has no particular desire to ever comprehend.

During the period when "The News Magazine" had no Editor's name on its title-page, "We" were, nevertheless, more highly privileged for many reasons, only known to the *initiated*, than we are at present; but circumstances rendered it desirable that you should have ocular demonstration as to who the "We" actually *was*; and—therefore, the modest "We" yielded somewhat reluctantly to those circumstances.

We have put you in full possession of all the information in our power in reference to our movements since we came "out"; and with you must rest the *decision*, as to whether Peterborough is to support a Magazine *printed in the city*, or not.

Since we made our *débüt*, we have seen another Magazine come forth from somewhere—and a very fair specimen indeed it is, in fact, barring the *title*, it is what it professes to be—and we would give it our very best wishes if it were *printed entirely in Peterborough*, but, as we have every reason to believe it is not *wholly* a *Peterborough* production, we only give it this "notice" for the sake of showing our friendly disposition to its publisher—by helping to put him right with the public at large. We wish he had seen it right to call it by some other name rather than the "*Peterborough Monthly Magazine*;" it would have sounded better in our ears, had it been called "*The Monthly Parochial Magazine*." Had this been the case, we might have been able to avail ourselves of the hint thrown out by the Reviewer, in the "*Peterborough Advertiser*," which at present we cannot do, lest by a *confusion of titles*, the public should be led to *not know the one from the other*, except by the price of our periodical being just *double* that of the little illustrated religious serial we have alluded to, and which, by the way, commenced here by trying to be *funny*, and referring its readers in its "No. 1," to something that they would find in a *number* [issued somewhere] *prior to "No. 1!"* As we wish to be *merciful* to our little contemporary, we will say no more than that we hope all those who patronize us will also spend a *penny a month* upon our little pictorial friend, for it is unquestionably well worth that small investment.

In conclusion, respected readers, regular subscribers, touchy teetotallers, and kind contributors, you are one and all heartily thanked for the aid and advice you have given to us. We have taken every thing in good part; we hope some of you have been benefitted by our observations, and have taken what we have said in good part also.

To the admirers of the "*Parody on Enoch Arden*," and to those who were "*horrified at the presumption*," "T. G. S." is desirous to present his respectful compliments, and to tell the worshippers of Mr. Tennyson's last production, for their satisfaction or dissatisfaction, that it is just possible he may before long, *revise that Parody, and print it separately, with an Appendix!* "T. G. S." also wishes it to be stated, that if Mr. Tennyson had *not* written "*The Northern Farmer*"—"A KNOCK HARD ON" would never have appeared.

June, 1865.

## THE STRUGGLE; OR, THE CONSCIENTIOUS PRIEST.

[From the Novel of *Emily de Vermont*, translated from the French of *Louvet*.]

(Emily, having three times narrowly escaped death from the hands of her unnatural brother, who wished to obtain possession of her property, took refuge with Father Sevin, in the capacity of a servant, In a short time, the priest became deeply enamoured of her, while she, on the other hand, was heart-smitten by Mr. Dolerval, an accomplished young gentleman of family and fortune, whom she also inspired with a mutual flame. Strictly observant of the rules of rigid virtue, and bound by his vow of celibacy, Father Sevin laboured for a considerable time to subdue his unfortunate and hopeless passion: at length, unable any longer to endure the painful conflict, he embraced the resolution communicated in the following letter, which he sent by Emily to the sister of Dolerval.)

St. Cyr, 28th of August, two in the morning. At length my hour is come. The darkness of the night by which I am surrounded is less gloomy than that mental darkness which begins to obscure my reason. My virtue—my too feeble virtue begins to totter. One day more, and I shall, perhaps, lose all the fruits of my painful resistance, perhaps, insult her modesty by a confession which ought never to reach her ears. My hour is come! every circumstance imperiously demands the cruel sacrifice. Quick! let a separation immediately take place! Let a great misfortune save me from a greater: and since I must at all events lose her, ah! let me at least lose her without having given her offence.

It is you, madam, who are best entitled to the honour of receiving her. Your virtues give you a just claim to the privilege of being intrusted with the object of your brother's innocent affection, and of my guilty passion. Guilty! but why guilty? why should there exist such a difference between the unfortunate Sevin and the happy Dolerval? Why were those unjust institutions established, which deprive me of those rights that he is permitted to enjoy? By what strange perversion of nature's law am I forbidden to be a man as well as he? What power on earth has a right to prohibit the exercise of those faculties with which the Almighty has endowed me, and which I still retain unimpaired? Ah! unfeeling law-makers, who without a blush have decreed, that, from the day when I should enter into holy orders, I must cease to love the fairest, loveliest object under heaven, why did you not at the same time provide that I should no longer possess eyes to see, ears to hear, and above all, that I should no longer possess a heart to feel?

But what concern do they feel at the injustice, the absurdity, the impracticability of the laws they impose on their inferiors? They themselves every day trample those laws underfoot. It is only for us they have enacted them, for us whom they would deem unworthy of their notice, if it were not that they derive some advantage from our oppression, for us, a vile, degraded, despised race—and deservedly despised, since, enslaved as we are, we are stupid enough to glory in our obedient submission to their iron yoke.

And though one of our body should be inclined to disobey them, how can he burst the fetters with which they keep him bowed down to the ground? As to myself, luckless man! do I, in the condition which I have been compelled to embrace, do I still retain even the human figure? What woman, I mean what virtuous modest woman like Juliette—could, on seeing me clad

in this garb of proscription, even suspect that I belong to the human species? and if, prompted by foolish hope, I had ventured to say to her, "Juliette! I must possess you, or my death is the consequence," would she not have immediately answered, "Thoughtless, inconsiderate man! what proposal can *you* make? View that funereal vest that envelopes your limbs: it is in my eyes a constant badge of your reprobation: it is the dress of mourning, and for yourself you wear it. Go, wretch! haste to open the gates of Hymen for whoever demands admittance; but *you* must never presume to enter the temple *yourself!* *you* would bring to the altar only unavailing vows; your God can no longer admit them, since he is prohibited by human laws!"

Oh! what a material difference it would make, if I were allowed to resume the dignity of my nature in some other profession, though deemed less honourable than that in which I am now placed! Then, perhaps, the happy Dolerval would not so easily have carried off the prize! I would have ventured to have disputed it with him, yes, I would have disputed it with him, or with the most amiable man upon earth: the most amiable! but who better deserves that name, than the man who possesses the greatest portion of sensibility? Who could have more ardently loved and adored her than I?.....Oh happiness! oh bliss supreme! she might have become my wife! she might have loved me! I might have been able to obtain her! obtain her? avaunt the idea! it is dreadful, it is insupportable, it kindles a devouring flame in my bosom, my feverish blood boils in my veins, I feel my heart torn with anguish, my soul overwhelmed with despair.....But, what noise, what tumult assails my ears? The rage of the tempest is let loose, the forked lightning furrows the dark concave of heaven, the loud roaring thunder breaks the still silence of night! Await, thou avenging God! await! I haste to meet thy bolt, I haste, and may it instantly strike me to annihilation!

*Four o'clock in the morning.*

How came I to interrupt my letter? What unknown power conveyed me to the arbour where I just now found myself? What an oppressive sleep overcame me there! What strange dreams haunted my imagination! What a situation was that from which I have just emerged!—Let's see—let me read what I had written—"tempest! lightning! thunder!"—alas! on awaking, all nature was calm and serene:—the tempest must have raged only in my own bosom.

Ah! in pity, remove from my sight this young woman whose presence gives me both pleasure and pain, whose voice soothes and torments me, whose looks attract and inflame me; this dangerous woman, in short, whose every word sinks deep into my remembrance, whose every gesture I applaud, whose every motion I admire, and whose every motion, every gesture, every word, carries an irresistible charm that fascinates all my senses! Let her be removed from my sight! let her be taken away! let her be torn from me! it is full time—if it is not already too late!

Into your hands, madam, I surrender her: it is now your turn to afford her protection, Even her personal safety requires that you should be informed of the cruel persecutions she has already undergone in such early youth: and when the humiliating confession of my own wretched condition escapes me, can she refuse to pardon me for revealing the secret of her misfortunes, which are totally exempt from shame or disgrace? I have not the smallest doubt on the subject: to entertain a doubt would be an unpardonable crime. There exist, madam, would you believe it? there exist certain monsters who



are capable of hating this accomplished master-piece of nature and education! Be it your task to defend Juliette from their rage: console her for their injustice, which will find no imitators. Juliette! did I say? no, she is not Juliette: she is not the niece of the humble Sevin—Heaven must have intended that she should be born of humble extraction; and it has not done her justice, if it did not place her on a throne. Calm and undisturbed in my peaceful retreat, I knew not that the Almighty had taken pleasure in forming a creature so superior to all the rest of the human race. One day she came at the first dawn of the morning—but the blush of morning was less beautiful than the tints which glowed on her youthful cheek; she came, accompanied by all her graces, charming in her terror, powerful in her distress, irresistible in her forlorn condition. She appeared, she spoke, she entreated, her every word was a command. Fool that I was! I esteemed myself happy to afford shelter to this daughter of heaven! Rash, thoughtless young man! I did not reflect, that, although it may be possible to resist nature when her voice alone is heard, she becomes irresistible when she has strengthened her own power by the supreme power of beauty.

How dearly have I paid for this mistaken confidence! and yet, such is my folly, that notwithstanding all I have suffered, notwithstanding all I am still doomed to suffer, there is no misfortune which I would more dread than that of relapsing into my former indifference. I have successively and collectively felt, in their full force, all those pleasing and painful sensations which can be excited in the human heart, by that passion which ever reigns paramount over all the host of subordinate passions that follow in its train. I have experienced the first rising tumults of love in my bosom, its modest confusion, its timid *reveries*, its melting languor, its contagious self-denial, its virtuous sacrifices. I have tasted the painful pleasure of its struggles, the charming delusion of its hopes, the rapid enchantment of its delirium. Alas! I have not always been able to resist its powerful energy, its ardent desires, its guilty projects. And, for my greater torment, I have felt the influence of cruel jealousy, which, like a corroding vulture, preyed upon my heart, and, though a hundred times subdued, has proved as often victorious. Ah! Dolerval! ah, my friend! pardon me: you may safely do it, 'tis no difficult task for a successful rival to show his clemency. Happy Dolerval! you, who possess sufficient merit to please her, are worthy to obtain her. Let her be for ever yours! you will render her happy, and that is the only pleasure I am permitted to look to: my only real consolation arises from the hope of seeing her completely blest. Tell her, madam.....No! tell her nothing at all, but show her this letter, I request you will show it to her. Alas! when you read it, I shall be alone in the wide world, absolutely alone! Her presence will no longer adorn my humble abode, I shall have lost her, for ever lost her! The unfortunate Sevin will be, to her, as one numbered with the dead. Ah! Juliette! retain at least some memorial of me, accept this testimony of your own power and my weakness: deign to accept and preserve it. If it betrays an unfortunate passion which ought never to have been revealed to you, you will also find in it a testimony of that profound respect, from which I have never swerved in your presence, of that truly religious veneration with which your superior virtues never ceased to impress me, even in opposition to the powerful influence of your charms.

I, meanwhile, after the lenient hand of time shall have poured balm into the wounds of my heart, will indulge the sweetest, fondest remembrance: I will repair to that garden where I have seen her take a pleasure in tending

the shrubs and flowers, dextrous as the graces, light as a young zephyr. My foot shall tread in the print of her steps, my care shall be employed in perpetuating those flowers which she has cultivated. Of my birds, the one that she honoured with her preference, the same that has since been my favourite, shall be taught to repeat her name. Oft will I sit by that instrument whose vocal strings were awaked into harmony divine by the rapid and masterly touch of her fingers: there, with attentive ear, I will endeavour to catch the floating sounds of her enchanting voice: but never, never will I dare to profane by a single look the sanctuary where she passed her peaceful nights.

Thus, in the deep solitude of my retreat, every thing will still remind me of Juliette: nor shall her adored image be effaced from my remembrance, till life shall be no more.

H. F. H.

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### THE TOAD AND FROG.

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[The following facts, stated on the authority of the person by whom they were observed, prove what good service may be rendered to us by animals, whom popular prejudice has subjected to unmerited persecution.]

One fine evening early in the month of August some years ago, whilst I was walking in my garden, by the side of a small hedge which had lately been clipped, I heard a rustling among some dry leaves, and looking to the spot, I was not long before I observed a large toad crawling over them, and in a more erect posture than is usual to see that animal; at the same instant I saw a very large white moth, commonly called a miller-fly, making several quick and circular flights around the toad, at the apparent distance of four or five feet from him, the creature standing nearly erect, and staring full upon it. The moth then settled upon a sprig near the toad, and immediately on its settling, it ran along the sprig, with shivering wings as if wounded, towards the toad, till it was at the end; when the toad opened its mouth, and the insect flew in, and was swallowed instantaneously. I had never beheld so quick an action, and I stood for some little time in great surprise at what I had seen.

With what admiration may we contemplate the works of an all-wise Creator, in forming the eye of this little reptile (for the eye is undoubtedly the agent by which it acts) with such a power of fascination, by which it is able to feed upon the winged insect, which, from the natural slowness of its gait, it could not otherwise secure. To this may be added the assertion of a late author, who assures us that he once saw a mouse running round and round a large toad, which stood looking earnestly at it, with its mouth open; still the mouse made less and less circles about it, crying all the while, as if compelled thereto; and, at last, with a deal of seeming reluctance, ran into the gaping mouth, and was then swallowed.

In the summer of last year, I was invited by a friend to walk in his garden, to view a bed of tulips; and while making my remarks on the grand variety, a very fine frog leaped across the path I stood upon, and as I have always been an admirer of nature, I watched its manœuvres under a gooseberry bush, where there happened to lie a large leaf of a tulip: the frog immediately mounted on the highest part of the leaf, and placing himself in a very

erect position, looking most attentively up into the bush, remained in this attitude at least ten minutes, without my being able to perceive the least movement. I called my friend to come and observe what was going on, as well as myself, and we advanced carefully to look what was the intention of the frog. In a moment the frog made a spring up under the bush, and brought down a quantity of caterpillars, and he began to devour them with the greatest rapidity; nor was he the least alarmed at our standing so near him, as he immediately returned to the same spot as before, and many times did he repeat this attack with immense success. As the caterpillars hung in small clusters, he never brought down less than from five to eight at a time, and then he picked them up from the ground as quickly as fowls pick up corn. After swallowing them, he always opened his mouth as wide as possible, as if adjusting his tongue, but the truth of this we could not ascertain. My friend was much pleased with what we had observed; he declared he never knew the frog so valuable as to be capable of keeping his gooseberry and currant trees from those destructive visitors.

J. E.

#### P O E T R Y .

[*The following Lines were written on a blank leaf of Lord Byron's  
Bride of Abydos.*]

KNOW'ST thou the land, where the hardy green thistle,  
The red-blooming heath and the harebell abound ;  
Where oft o'er the mountains the shepherd's shrill whistle  
Is heard in the gloaming so sweetly to sound?—  
Know'st thou the land of the mountain and flood,  
Where the pine of the forest for ages hath stood ;  
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings of the storm,  
And her young ones are rock'd on the high Cairn-gorm?—  
Know'st thou the land, where the cold Celtic wave  
Encircles the hills, which its blue waters lave ;  
Where the virgins are pure as the gems of the sea,  
And their spirits are light as their actions are free?—  
'Tis the land of thy sires!—'tis the land of thy youth,  
Where first thy young heart glow'd with honour and truth ;  
Where the wild fire of genius first caught thy young soul,  
And thy feet and thy fancy roam'd free from control !  
Then why does that fancy still dwell on a clime,  
Where love leads to madness, and madness to crime ;  
Where courage itself is more savage than brave ;—  
Where man is a despot—and woman a slave ?  
Though soft are the breezes, and sweet the perfume,  
And fair are the "gardens of Gul" in their bloom ;  
Can the odours they scatter—the roses they bear,  
Speak peace to the heart of suspicion and fear ?  
Ah, no! 'tis the magic that glows in thy strain  
Gives life to the action, and soul to the scene !  
And the deeds which they do, and the tales which they tell,  
Enchant us alone by the power of thy spell !



And is there no charm in thine own native earth?  
 Does no talisman rest on the place of thy birth?  
 Are the daughters of Albion less worthy thy care,  
 Less soft than ZULEIKA—less bright than GULNARE?  
 Are her sons less renown'd, or her warriors less brave,  
 Then the slaves of a prince—who himself is a slave?  
 Then strike thy wild lyre—let it swell with the strain;  
 Let the mighty in arms live, and conquer again;  
 Their past deeds of valour thy lays shall rehearse,  
 And the fame of thy country revive in thy verse.  
 The proud wreath of victory round heroes may twine,  
 'Tis the POET who crowns them with honours divine!  
 And thy laurels, PELIDES, had sunk in the tomb,  
 Had the Bard not preserv'd them, immortal in bloom.

#### STANGROUND AND ITS CHURCH.

Stanground is an extensive agricultural village and parish, distant  $80\frac{1}{4}$  miles from London, 18 north-east from Huntingdon, 5 west from Whittlesea, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the Peterborough station of the London and North Western, Great Eastern, and Syston and Peterborough Railway Companies, having from its proximity to the same and the navigable river Nene, a rapid and direct means of conveyance to all parts of the kingdom; it is in the hundred of Norman Cross, union and county court district of Peterborough, rural deanery of Yaxley, archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and diocese of Ely. The living is a vicarage, with the chapelry of Farcet annexed, joint annual value £1299, with residence, the incumbent is the Rev. Robert Cory, B.D.; patrons, the Master and Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. There is a school for boys and girls; also a Sunday School connected with the National Society, built by subscription in the year 1846, with residence for the mistress. There is a small chapel for General Baptists, built and endowed by Barnard Landard Ward in the year 1823. The Manor-house is the property of the Rev. William Strong, magistrate for the county of Huntingdon, and the liberty of Peterborough. There are charities to the amount of £12, left by Mr. Bellamy and others, distributed annually amongst the poor of the parish. At the south-eastern border are the remains of a fortification, supposed to have been erected about the time of Oliver Cromwell, now called Horsey Grange. William Lawrence, Esq. (late of Fletton Tower), is lord of the manor. The area is 1800 acres; the population in 1861 was 1061.—*Kelly*.

#### THE CHURCH

Is a very fine building, wholly of the Geometric period, though there are reasons for supposing the chancel and the greater part of the south aisle somewhat earlier than the rest of the fabric. It is quite plain externally; but the interior is spacious and well carried out, especially in its very large and lofty chancel. The plan is, a western tower and spire, nave with aisles, south porch, chancel, and chancel aisle or chantry. The aisles have four pointed arches on each side, on slender octagonal pillars. But on the north side these are much lower than on the south, and they have for the most part foliated capitals, whereas their opposites are moulded in a peculiar fashion,

the outer order of arch mouldings being borne by a kind of bracket formed out of the upper members of the capital. The western arch of the south aisle seems later than the rest, both in the mouldings of the bases and in the details of the capitals, the respond or western pillar having foliage identical with those of the north aisle, whereas the arch at the other end rises from a corbel with foliage of the Early English type. Of the same early character are the arch mouldings of a sepulchral recess in the south aisle. The clerestory and roof are of decorated date; but the marks of a still earlier roof may be traced over the chancel arch, probably that of the original nave, before the tower and north aisles were added. The western pillar of the north aisle stands on an inverted Norman capital brought from Fletton church. This fact goes far to establish the identity of date of the decorated work in these two buildings. The belfry arch is rather a fine one, with well moulded impost and having two sub-arches, the innermost rising from a semicircular pillar on each side. In the nave many of the old open seats remain, with well carved poppy heads. The font is a very elegant and interesting specimen, and certainly belonged to the earlier church, the details of its supporting clustered shafts being Early English in character. The basin is octagonal, having two sides chiselled in low relief with intersecting and pointed arches. The sepulchral recess in the south aisle has no effigy nor inscription, but probably a stone coffin would be found enclosed in the wall. This is undoubtedly a founder's tomb. In the east wall, close to it, stood an altar, the stone brackets of which yet remain. This was a chantry altar, whereon masses were said for the soul of the deceased founder.

The north aisle was screened off, as usual, from the chantry which formed its easternmost bay, by a wooden parclose, of which the lower part yet remains. A Perpendicular door with stone staircase, and a blocked, but still visible, upper doorway, led to the rood-loft, but now gives access to a modern stone pulpit. The staircase was contained within a corbelled turret projecting into the chancel. At the apex of the chancel arch, which is plain but good decorated, a hole yet remains from which the great rood or crucifix was suspended. In the chantry is a transverse slit (*hagioscope*) in the wall, which enabled those within to obtain a sight of the priest at the high altar. Within the chantry there is part of a stone bracket, indicating an altar here, and an old church chest of chestnut wood. Eastward of this is a vestry, coeval with the chancel, from which a doorway opens into it, and lighted by an elegant Geometric window of two lights in the eastern wall. Along the north wall of the chancel runs a stone seat. The amboy or locker still shows the marks of the lock and of a wooden shelf. In the south wall is a large double piscina of early decorated detail, and sedilia of three *graduated* seats. The east window is a very fine and lofty one of five lights, the mullions intersecting in the head, and being cinquefoiled with the early soffit cusp. The south windows are large and lofty, three in number, of two lights, without foliations or tracery, but set within a continuously chamfered arch and jamb, and with the early notch head termination to the labels both within and without. Between these windows on the south side are bold and lofty buttresses. There is a small and low chancel door with segmental arch, and next to it, not exactly beneath the larger window, one of the low confessional windows which are almost universal in churches of the period. It is of three lights, square headed, with marks internally of its western light only having been closed with a wooden shutter. Close to it, in the inside, is a stone sedile, or recessed niche, evidently designed for a seat. The roof of the present

chancel is flat, which not only takes off from the full height of the fine east window, but destroys the symmetry of the building externally. There are two dates carved on the timbers, 1748 and 1777. The eastern gable, if original, does not indicate a very high roof. Externally, the details of this church are singularly plain. The windows of the aisles are of three lights, without cusps or tracery, and with wide depressed arches, those at the ends only being acutely pointed. The porch is large and very lofty; its general character is decorated, though some marks of debasement make it doubtful if it be not an after addition. The inner doorway is lofty and narrow, but of the plainest details. There is a blocked decorated doorway in the usual position on the north side. All the parapets have plain coping. The nave clerestory has plain square windows of two lights, evidently original. The tower and spire are finely proportioned and rise to a considerable height. There are two tiers of spire lights.

In the middle stage, on all but the east side, is a circular trefoiled window. At the west side there are massive diagonal buttresses, terminating under the spire in pointed or pedimental heads. Those on the east side project only northwards and southwards. The profile of the spire is slightly bulging in the upper part, as if the intention had been to carry it still higher.

The only monuments of any interest within the church are, a nearly effaced slab, with a floriated cross, in the chancel with part of a legend in Latin now very difficult to read, and two small brass plates in the south wall of the chancel; "Here lyeth buried ye body of Elias Petit sometime Vicar of this place, 4th. sonn to Valentine Petit of Dandelyon in the Isle of Thanet in Kent Esquire, who departed this life XVth November, 1634, in the yeare of his age 31th."

"Hic jacet corpus Roberti Smith generosi, qui obiit quarto die Decembris. A° Dni 1558.

Finibus exiguis clauduntur corporis artus.  
Viva viret virtus, spiritus astra tenet."

"Here lyeth buried the bodeye of Alice Smith wife to Thomas Smith, sonne to the above said Robert Smith, who dyed the Vth day of September, A° Dni 1595.

Whose constant zeale to serve the Lord  
Whose loyall love to husband dere  
Whose tender care towards children all  
Remaines alyve though corpes lye here."

On a slab within the altar rails is the following:—"Guilielmus Makerness S. T. B. vir pientyssimus obijt 12<sup>mo</sup> Aprilis A.D. 1680, decimoque 3<sup>tio</sup> die post inductionem in hanc vicariam." There are also inscriptions to members of the Sly, Thompson, Coveney, Forster, Benyon, and two or three other families, with a few recent mural marbles. There are 4 bells, the largest of which is of considerable weight. The inscription on this is, "Sarve God and obe the Princes, 1778." On the second "E. N. E. H. Tobias Norris me fecit. Merorem mestis letis sic leta sonabo, 1662." (This should be read "Moerorem ut moestis, laetis sic laeta sonabo," *i.e.* "I will sound joy to the joyful, as I do sorrow to the sorrowful.") The third, "Merorem mestis letis sic leta sonabo, 1627." The fourth, "Henry Yates Smythies, Vicar. Josh. Warwick, Churchwarden, 1832."

#### INTRODUCTION OF PULPITS IN PARISH CHURCHES.

Though the open wooden benches of oak became pretty common after 1400, and are still often met with, yet nothing is more rare in parish churches



than a pulpit anterior to the time of James I., when they were erected in great numbers throughout the kingdom. With the rise and development of that singular phase of religion, Puritanism, preaching gradually became the prominent element of church worship. Anciently if there was any "Sermon," or instruction given to the people in the vernacular, it was probably delivered from the altar steps as it is still commonly in [Roman] Catholic churches of small size. Probably the reading of the Epistle and Gospel in English was all that was commonly done. As a natural consequence, with *pulpits* came in *pews*. Some place to go to sleep in without observation was necessary. When, in Cromwell's time, an hour glass was affixed (and I have frequently found the iron stand still remaining) to the pulpit, the powers of human endurance must have been sorely taxed. Before the 15th century, the parish churches of this country commonly had an open unincumbered floor, where the people worshipped on their knees, or stood, as they still commonly do on the Continent; but stone seats along the wall were supplied for the use of the aged, and are still often to be seen. It is certain, however, that pulpits of stone or wood (the word comes from *pulpitum* "a stage," or raised scaffold,) were occasionally erected in the middle ages, though mostly in large or monastic churches. On the Continent, especially in Belgium, there are many, often displaying the highest art in their carving and design.\*

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### DUST! DUST! DUST!

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Among the miseries of human life, as a wit pleasantly entitled them, there are few, while the rascal is about it, worse than a great cloud of dust, coming upon you in the street or road: you have no means of escape, and the carriages, or flock of sheep, evidently being bent on imparting to you a full share of their besetting horror. The road is too narrow to leave you a choice, even if it had two pathways; which it has not: the day is hot; the wind is whisking; you have come out in stockings instead of boots, not being aware that you were occasionally to have two feet depth of dust to walk in: now, now the dust is on you,—you are enveloped,—you are blind; you have to hold your hat on against the wind; the carriages grind by, or the sheep go pattering along, baaing through all the notes of their poor gamut; perhaps carriages and sheep are together, the latter eschewing the horses legs, and the shepherd's dog driving against your own, and careering over the woolly backs:—Whew! what a dusting! What a blinding! What a whirl! The noise decreases: you stop; you look about you; gathering up your hat, coat, and faculties, after apologizing to the gentleman against whom you have lumped, and who does not look a bit the happier for your apology. The dust is in your eyes, in your hair, in your shoes and stockings, in your neck-cloth, in your mouth. You grind your teeth in dismay, and find them gritty. Perhaps another carriage is coming; and you, finding yourself in the middle of the road, and being resolved to be master of, at least, this inferior horror, turn about towards the wall or paling, and propose to make your way accordingly, and have the dust behind your back instead of in front; when lo! you begin sneezing, and cannot see. You have taken

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[\* For these articles we are indebted to an excellent little book by F. A. PALEY, M.A. entitled "Notes on Twenty Parish Churches round Peterborough."]

involuntary snuff. Or you suddenly discern a street, down which you can turn, which you do with rapture, thinking to get out of the wind and dust at once; when, unfortunately, you discover that the wind is veering to all points of the compass, and instead of avoiding the dust, there is a ready made and intense collection of it, in the act of being swept into your eyes by the attendants on a—dust cart! The reader knows what sort of a day we speak of. It is all dusty;—the windows are dusty; the people are dusty; the hedges in the roads are horribly dusty—pitiably,—you think they must feel it; shoes and boots are like baker's; men on horseback eat and drink dust; coachmen sit screwing up their eyes; the gardener finds his spade sticking in the ground, fetching up smooth portions of earth, all made of dust. What is the poor pedestrian to do? To think of something superior to the dust,—whether grave or gay. This is the secret of being master of any ordinary, and of such extraordinary trouble; bring a better idea upon it, and it is hard if the greater thought does not do something against the less. When we meet with any very unpleasant person, to whose ways we cannot suddenly reconcile ourselves, we think of some delightful friend, perhaps two hundred miles off,—in Northumberland or Wales. When dust threatens to blind us, we shut our eyes to the disaster, and contrive to philosophize a bit even then.

Oh, but it is not worth while doing that.

Good. If so there is nothing to do but to be as jovial as the dust itself, and take all gaily. Indeed, this is the philosophy we speak of.

And yet, the dust is annoying too.

Well—take then as much good sense as you require for the occasion. Think of a jest; think of a bit of verse; think of the dog you saw just now, coming out of the pond frightening the dandy in his trousers. But at all events don't let your temper be mastered by such a thing as a cloud of dust. It will show either that you have a very infirm temper indeed, or no ideas in your head. On all occasions in life, great or small, you may be the worse for them, or the better. You may be made the weaker or the stronger by them; aye, even by so small a thing as a little dust.

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#### HATCHED IN AN OVEN.

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We have frequently heard of birds having been hatched by steam, but in this instance I have to report thy fact of fourteen birds being hatched in an oven without the aid of any artificial heat. The circumstance occurs in this wise. Within three miles of Peterborough, in an old garden wall, was inserted some 20 years ago a delapidated oven, with the door opening in the face of the wall, and in this snug box it has been the custom for the last ten years, for a blue titmouse to enter by a crevice in the stone work, and build her nest and hatch her young.

The bird lines the inside of the oven with the ordinary nest-building materials, but when the young ones are hatched, she divides her ample apartment into two nests, and equally divides the young brood, sometimes devoting her warm sympathies to one batch, sometimes to the other, and she is so tame from accustomed visits as to remain on the nest while the oven door is opened for inspection. The question is, has the *same* bird occupied this position for *ten years*?

P. H.

## A NAVAL CONFLICT IN A DINING-ROOM.

To the Editor of the "News Magazine."

SIR,

I think this "contribution" will amuse many of your younger readers, if you will allow it to appear in your excellent little periodical.

Some time ago, when Messrs. D. and T. were in this city, I happened to be in their company, and our conversation took rather a particular turn: each gentleman seemed to pride himself upon being well acquainted with "ships, vessels, and boats, of all kinds." Then came the question as to *kinds*, and I asked one (or both) to give me a description of a "Clipper." They replied that it was a *Clipper*! Then I asked what was the description of a "Lugger;" and they informed me it was "a vessel with three masts, with a *running* bowsprit and *lug*-sails," which description was a *Clipper* to me! However, sir, not to be beaten, I offered in a given space of time, to write down on a piece of paper as *many kinds of ships, vessels, and boats as they could*, from the "largest ship of war, down to the smallest and meanest craft ever seen upon the surface of the water." Well: the conflict, if I may call it a conflict, began, and when we finished it, the matter stood thus:—

Egomet 76.      Mr. D. 75.      Mr. T. 69.

I send you the "List" we made out afterwards, arranged alphabetically. If any of your readers will give me a "List" of those which they think should *not have been put down by any of us*, I shall be glad to see it. I will then send you my *seventy-six*, Mr. D's 75, and Mr. T's 69.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,

EGOMET.

Peterborough, June 8th, 1865.

## THE LIST.

|               |                |                  |              |
|---------------|----------------|------------------|--------------|
| Ark           | Collier        | Junk             | Sloop-of-war |
| Boat          | Canoe          | Keel             | Steamer      |
| Bum-boat      | Coaster        | Ketch            | Mail-steamer |
| Canal-boat    | Cruiser        | Lighter          | War-steamer  |
| Cock-boat     | Caique         | Lorcha           | Steam-ram    |
| Fly-boat      | Corvette       | Lugger           | Snow         |
| Ferry-boat    | Commodore      | Marque           | Smuggler     |
| Gun-boat      | Convoy         | Merchantman      | Slaver       |
| Horse-boat    | Carac          | Man-of-war       | Scull        |
| House-boat    | Cobble         | Outrigger        | Sculler      |
| Ice-boat      | Clipper        | Packet           | Skippet      |
| Jolly-boat    | Revenue-cutter | Steam-packet     | Skiff        |
| Long-boat     | Two-decker     | Mail-packet      | Shallop      |
| Life-boat     | Three-decker   | Privateer        | Schooner     |
| Pleasure-boat | Funny          | Pinnace          | Smack        |
| Pilot-boat    | Frigate        | Pirogue          | Scow         |
| Steam-boat    | Frigatoon      | Punt             | Tug          |
| Brig          | Foist          | Proa             | Steam-tug    |
| Brigantine    | Galley-foist   | Pram             | Tender       |
| Barque        | Felucca        | Pirate           | Transport    |
| Barge         | Galliot        | Ship             | Trireme      |
| Billyboy      | Gallivat       | Flag-ship        | Vessel       |
| Bireme        | Gondola        | War-ship         | Whaler       |
| Bateau        | Galley         | Ship of the Line | Wherry       |
| Bomb-ketch    | Galleon        | Fire-ship        | Xebec        |
| Coracle       | Gig            | Store-ship       | Yawl         |
| Cutter        | Hoy            | Sloop            | Yacht        |



## LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 236.)*

"You wish it to be shortly, dear; don't you?" she enquired, with a voice and manner expressive of timidity.

"In ten days or so, love," returned Mr. Myron; "you have no objection to its being so soon, have you?"

"None whatever, James, if you wish it;" was the submissive reply.

Mrs. Vangir now intimated to her lover, that she could not, at present, bestow upon him any more of her company, as she had a large order to send off that evening, for Lady Bagehot, which she had only just commenced preparing when he arrived. If Mr. Myron could have followed his own inclination in the matter, he would certainly have had the widow's company for some hours longer, but he acted upon this occasion on the principle he had adhered to through life—that business should be attended to before any personal gratification, and wishing the lady a lover's farewell, he left the house.

It would be both uninteresting and useless to particularize the various interviews Mr. Myron had with Mrs. Vangir, during the period subsequent to the scene we have just described, and previous to the hymeneal knot being tied. They were married by license from Doctor's Commons, shortly after, in so private a manner that for some weeks it remained unknown, even to the visitors at Mrs. Vangir's house, or Mr. Myron's lodgings, there being ostensibly, no nearer connection between them, than such as exists between persons, who are only engaged to be married.

Leo's letter now reached his father, who, being desirous to conciliate his children to his marriage, and having no particular reason for still maintaining it a secret from them, wrote to his son. This answer was couched in such a manner as would better have become the expression of a transgressing son towards a father. Leo was himself surprised when he read it; causing at once the entrance of certain misgivings into his mind. As a relief to the unsettled state of his thoughts, and the misgivings he entertained, respecting his father's marriage, he wrote to his friend, Arthur Bladen, who now resided in London, desiring him to make enquiries respecting the person his father had married, and communicate the result to him, whatever it should be; recommending him first, however, to be thoroughly convinced of its truth.

Arthur Bladen industriously set about fulfilling the desire of his friend; and circumstances led him into a channel

which conducted him through a most satisfactory course for the object he had in view.

A few of the chief circumstances which he learned, he communicated to Leo—such as Mrs. Vangir's residence at Walworth, and the reports which were in circulation in that neighbourhood, respecting her virtue: among those which he suppressed, was a slight, and probably unfounded rumour, that her husband had been seen in Ireland, two years after the period which was given out as that of his death.

Leo Myron now became convinced in his own mind, that his father was acquainted with the unworthiness of the woman he had married, and that that was the reason of his not having communicated his intentions of marriage to him previously to its having taken place. Accordingly he immediately wrote to his sister, acquainting her with the circumstance, and desiring she would not leave her aunt's residence, without previously communicating with him. He next wrote to his father, and gave him a few hints in the most delicate manner, relating to the character he had heard concerning his mother-in-law: at the same time asking certain questions, which, supposing Mr. Myron had remained up to this time in perfect ignorance, to have answered, would most probably have led him into a course of enquiry, which would have acquainted him with the truth.

Instigated by his wife, Mr. Myron answered his son's letter in a highly dictatorial style, which grieved, at the same time, that it deeply angered his son.

Other letters passed between the father and son, which from their tone, served to widen the estrangement between them. In justice to Mr. Myron's character, however, we must here observe, that the misunderstanding between himself and son was instigated by his wife, who judging from Leo's first communication to his father, after he had received the result of Arthur Bladen's enquiries, felt convinced that he would never recognize her as his mother-in-law.

She then became desirous of withdrawing Mary Myron from the protection of her aunt, and induced her husband, who now resided at her house, to concur in her wishes, and write to his daughter to that effect. Mary communicated her father's desire to her brother, who was anxious to hasten to Peterborough, to consult with his aunt and sister on the subject, and for that purpose obtained leave of absence from his master, Mr. Mark Abram.

Leo first entertained the idea of addressing a remonstrance to his father, utterly abhorring the idea that his sister should

ever reside beneath the same roof with such a woman as the present Mrs. Myron, but he soon discarded it. Mary implored her brother to give his consent to her going, as she felt assured in her own mind that her father was still the same affectionate parent he had ever been, and she doubted much whether Leo was not mistaken in his opinion of their mother-in-law. She likewise hoped by such a step to heal the misunderstanding which existed between her brother and father, for this alone was to her the cause of such poignant grief, that she would willingly have sacrificed her own comfort and happiness, to have revived their old feelings of love for one another. Miss Hendon was equally desirous with Leo that Mary should remain at Peterborough, but the tears of the young girl, and the affection she displayed for her only parent, induced them to concur in her immediate departure for London.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Estrangement between Father and Son—Hints to Lovers.*

It was late in the evening when Mary Myron arrived in London. She found her father awaiting her arrival at the "Bull and Mouth." The meeting was kind and affectionate on both sides, and Mary would have been happy when she sat by her parent's side in the hackney coach, which was taking them to her new home, had she been ignorant of her brother's living without the cycle of his father's love. They soon arrived at their destination; and Mary, was almost immediately on her entering the house introduced to her mother-in-law. This meeting was attended with favourable results to the minds of both parties, inasmuch as it was cordial, and called forth many kindly expressions of regard and goodwill. Mary felt favorably impressed towards Mrs. Myron, partly we can conceive, from the idea that the ultimate reconciliation of her brother to his father and mother-in-law, depended on the strength of the connecting bond between them; and she herself constituted that bond. Thus it was Mary's object to cultivate the good-will of Mrs. Myron in proportion to the influence that person possessed over her husband. This, with regret, she discovered was unbounded, and was used to a domineering extent. To one possessed of quick perceptive faculties, ever exerted in one particular direction, it could not for any length of time remain unknown, that the cause of Mr. Myron's treatment of his son, was to be attributed to the influence of his wife. This opinion in the course of a short time was conceived by Mary, and at length became confirmed beyond a doubt. A reason for this enmity,

entertained by Mrs. Myron towards Leo, Mary was at no loss to imagine, being acquainted with the substance of the letters which he had written to his father, and which without doubt, had been seen by her. Mr. Myron treated his daughter with the fondest affection; but his wife frequently, after the lapse of some little time, showed a considerable degree of harshness towards her in private; but, in the presence of her husband, she exhibited the utmost urbanity of manner.

A strong dislike to Mrs. Myron was soon implanted in Mary's breast; it rapidly increased in strength; and nothing but the idea of giving pain to her father, prevented the open expression of her sentiments. She had yet sufficient courage and determination, when she thought of the happy event which would, most probably result from it, to stifle her outraged feelings. Matters remained, however, in much the same state, and at last her very existence became insupportable. Her endeavours as yet to encourage a right understanding between her father and brother, had been wholly futile, having been desired when she mentioned her brother's name, never again as she loved her father's happiness, to allude to him in his presence. She made Leo her confidant, and his consolation for her uncomfortable situation, was for a short time a source of relief to her. But a change of residence, for a few months at least, became now the only remedy which would prevent her making known to her father the unbearable dislike she entertained towards his wife. He required but little entreaty to grant Mary's request, that she might visit her aunt at Peterborough; for since she had been in London her health had materially suffered, and her pale and sunken cheeks, spoke a painful truth to the father's heart.

Slight was the opposition offered by Mrs. Myron to the wish of her daughter-in-law, and that was more affected than real: thus Mary shortly after, again found herself comfortably located at her aunt's residence, and in the enjoyment of the society of her friends, Sara and Frances Bladen. Leo spent a few days with her: and in his company, and that of her two female friends, she once more enjoyed comparatively pure happiness of mind. To Leo the visit was a source of unalloyed delight, for the slight affection which he had once entertained for Sara Bladen, had at last ripened into the fondest love.

It was on a lovely evening in the midst of summer, that Leo, his sister, and the Misses Bladen departed for a long walk, which they had promised themselves the previous day. They strolled across the fields as far as Milton-park, where they

sat down on the grass to rest themselves. Sara was the most exhausted of the whole party, for they were all, with the exception of her, again ready to proceed, after resting a few minutes. Mary and Frances therefore continued their walk, and left Leo with Sara (as an escort) when she should be ready to follow them. When they were gone, Leo drew his fair companion's attention to two lovers (whether they were so or not matters little, such an appellation he gave them), sitting on the grass some distance from them, with an arm clasping each other's waist. Sara looked at them, and slightly blush'd—then threw a timid glance at Leo. He was looking on her, and their eyes met, and to hide the confusion which succeeded, she hastily rose from her sitting posture, and expressed her capability of now following her sister and Mary. Without hesitation he rose when she thus desired to proceed; and a close observer of her countenance, could at that moment have detected a slight pouting of her lips, and an angered, or rather unquiet expression in her eye. Leo little imagined that acquiescence to the expressed wishes of her he loved, could call into existence feelings of an opposite nature to the best and happiest; but so it was.

He offered her the support of his arm, which she declined with almost cold politeness. Her words cut Leo to the heart: he was at a loss to conceive what had called them from her. The terms in which he offered an apology for any unintentional affront he had given her, however, were such as to cause Sara immediate regret for their utterance, and she begged him to forgive her if she had grieved him, and at the same time placed her arm within his. The harmony of their feelings became thus happily restored.

They proceeded slowly and in silence. They had now arrived at a most secluded spot, when Leo suddenly halted, and whispered in his companion's ear, "Sara, you will give me one kiss in earnest of the perfect sincerity of your friendship for me, and that the harsh words you uttered just now, are forgotten."

"Leo;" returned she, "here is my hand—kiss it quickly, or some loiterer may see you;" and she gaily extended her hand towards him. He took it in his own and carried it to his lips, and still retaining it, he stole one kiss more from her, and that, not on the hand.

"You rude young man," exclaimed she, while forgiving smiles lighted up her face. "You are welcome to it now, although stolen goods—but I don't allow such things to be done in the open air, where people are liable to see them, and put

their own wrong constructions upon the most innocent acts."

They now, once more, pursued the path where their companions had gone before, and Leo commenced a conversation touching on the subject of love, which soon grew into passionate expressions of admiration for Sara, and assumed mature growth, in professions of unceasing attachment towards her. Sara was silent, but her manner and looks fully indicated the favorable response her feelings gave to the disclosure. They now observed Frances and Mary at a short distance off, returning to look for them—the two girls caught sight of them almost at the same instant, and immediately commenced running towards them. Both Leo and Sara would rather they had continued their walk, and not have troubled themselves to return to look for them, although they expressed many thanks for their kindness, Sara, in particular.

They now continued their walk. Mary and Frances were full of gaiety, and were quick to rally Sara on her pensiveness, and depression of spirits which had come upon her, since they had left her alone with Leo. They did not extend their walk much farther but leisurely returned home.

Leo's last day in Peterborough had now arrived, during which he took occasion to have an interview with Sara Bladen, and obtained from her an avowal that she returned his love. He likewise acquainted his sister with his affection for her friend, and begged her to continue to love her for his sake. The following morning he bade them all good-bye, and set out on his return to Mr Abram's.

Six months was the short time Leo was now legally bound to remain with Mr. Abram. He was treated most kindly by him, and by his wife in particular, and he knew their roof would afford him a home, as long as he should desire to avail himself of its shelter. Latterly a love of literary fame had grown with his growth, and had become as it were a part of his existence, such being the case, he could not conform to the idea of remaining for any lengthened period in his present situation, after the term of his apprenticeship should have expired. Estranged from his only parent, and comparatively without pecuniary resources, his future bore a lowering aspect. The field which lay open to him, and mostly accorded with his own inclinations, and which, should he meet with success, most readily he thought promised him independence, was that of literature. Fame, ambition, inclination, all combined to allure him on in that course with promises of future gratification. He was



unable to resist the enchanting picture: he ran over in his mind the brilliant career he should pursue, and he entirely resigned himself to its enthralling influence. Without delay he commenced a new novel, as being most suited to his present capabilities, and the most likely piece of composition to bring him quick returns of fame and wealth. He worked with unremitting energy, ever beholding the glowing future in the distance. Sara's love too, and affection for his sister, occupied prominent positions in that future, surrounded by a halo of brightness, but revolving round a centre where there blazed the brightest gems of fame.

The tale progressed rapidly, chapter after chapter was written with fervid eloquence, and as he proceeded, he felt the increasing warmth in his subject stimulate him on.

Mrs. Abram felt assured he must be very ill, or, as she expressed it to her husband, had "run mad," that he should, night after night, seek his chamber, and in the morning appear pale and unrefreshed; answer those who spoke to him with such abruptness as at times to be offensive; and to be so lost and abstracted, as to be frequently unaware when spoken to. Mr. Mark Abram thought Leo's conduct very strange, but allowed him to follow his own courses without interference, which was to be principally attributed to the favor he enjoyed with Mrs. Abram, who was shown portions of the tale weekly, as they were completed, which in addition to her own natural kindness of disposition, earned her influence in his favor.

He became utterly disregarding of the pernicious consequences to his health, which unremittingly following his sedentary occupation would produce: every moment that was not employed in the business, was devoted to writing, with the exception of five hours, and frequently only four hours sleep. The idea of purchasing undying fame, and independence, and comfort for himself, Sara, and his sister, blazed before his mental eye, like the flame of a thousand pine torches, when exposed to the wild gusts of a hurricane.

His intention was to have his work in a finished state, and take it with him to London immediately on the expiration of his apprenticeship. All his hopes were built upon its success, and should he be disappointed, lassitude would follow, life would become a blank, and the world a vast wilderness. But another month yet remained to him, before he purposed committing himself, and his fortunes to the frail bark, in which he determined to sail the race for life or death.

Within a few days before the expiration

of that period, he learnt that his father and Mrs. Myron were about to leave London, to reside at Hastings, where they had taken a cottage. The reason for this change of residence he couldn't discover. It afterwards appeared that it was at the suggestions, which soon became entreaties, of the lady herself, she being so desirous to disconnect herself with London, that she determined to resign her business, and made an avowal that she was so heartily disgusted with the Metropolis that she would never re-enter it again, and all she desired was to live in a quiet seclusion with her husband at a short distance from it.

*To be continued.*

#### ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

[A letter from Dr. Franklin to John Alleyne, Esqr.]

Dear Jack,

You desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married people are generally at hand to afford their advice, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents, or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it, to delay entering into that state? but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans." A melancholy reflection for those whose case

it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life: our children therefore are educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In short, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books, bears not the value of its proportion to the set: what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissors? it can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make a small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest, for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both, being ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

#### JOSEPH BLACK AND SUSAN WHITE.

##### A BALLAD.

One Joseph Black, a chimney sweep  
Of an aspiring turn;  
Began to feel the fire of love  
Within his bosom burn.

All for a large young kitchen maid,  
Who stood uncommon high;  
And though she worked and kept herself,  
Joe kept her in his eye.

Miss Susan White, which was her name,  
Had eyes of witching blue;  
And Joe resolved within himself  
To sue the charming Sue.

Now he was not a handsome man,  
And the dreadful boys made sport  
At his crooked legs, because they were  
In need of some support.

For once, within a chimney stuck,  
His groans with horror filled  
The neighbourhood, but luckily  
He was but scotched, not killed.

The nature of the chimney sweep  
Was warped by this disaster;  
But he, though not an upright man,  
Was a long-suffering master.

The tradesmen where he dealt called him  
An ugly customer;  
Although he never went on trust,  
And paid without demur.

Though little, he was looked up to  
By high as well as low;  
And had as many ups and downs  
As any one I know.

Joseph was not a high-learnt man,  
Yet took a loftier view  
Of human nature and its ways  
Than many people do.

None could be more in-dust-rious:  
He rose at break of day;  
And from his fields of labour brushed  
The heavy *dues* away.

He kept some boys, and buoyed them up  
With hopes that they in time  
Might rise like him, and to the top  
Of their profession climb.

But what I said at starting out  
Must now be kept in sight;  
And you shall have the story through  
Set down in black and white.

When first he saw Miss Susan White  
He thought that he must drop;  
And then fell over head and ears  
From a tall chimney's top.

In love with Susan, as she came  
Out of a scullery  
And smiling, held her skull-awry  
The chimney sweep to see.

In spite of both his crooked legs,  
He made his mind to go  
Straight to the maid, and tell his love,  
And have a "yes" or "no."

But Susan told him she could ne'er  
A chimney sweeper wed;  
"She had looked up, but now looked down  
Upon his 'soot,'" she said.

Joe knelt upon the kitchen floor,  
Quite floored by this rebuff;  
And Susan, red with laughter, called  
His pleading kitchen-stuff.

Oh, Susan, when you smiled on me,  
 At the top of that air flue;  
 I left a high position then,  
 And flew at once to you.

But Susan still laughed at the suit  
 Of her admirer Joe  
 Though drest in black, and told the wight  
 To go to Jerry Coe.

Who was her regular young man,  
 Worth twenty such as he;  
 And he would dust his jacket well,  
 For coming her to see

And that for such a man as him  
 She didn't care a rush;  
 Swept by him with disdain, and said,  
 That he had better brush.

He told the damsel if she would  
 But be with him a dweller—  
 His loving sweepstake—he would take  
 Her to his home and cellar,

But Susan only laughed the more,  
 And told that wretched Joe,  
 That Cupid could not wound *her* heart  
 With such a crooked beau.

Her conduct damped his ardent hopes,  
 Love's flame began to wane,  
 And though he got up in the world,  
 He ne'er made love again.

Wellingborough.

JNO. ASKHAM.

## ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

Charles Bannister employed his tailor to make him a pair of small-clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home, Charles complained that there was *no fob*. "I didn't think you wanted one," said the tailor, "since I found the *duplicate* of your watch in your old pockets."

A SILK-MERCER of Dublin, who not long ago retired from business, got a promissory note from a noble lord, for a sum due to him by his lordship. Every Sunday, more than fifty, he rode out to his lordship's seat to ask for the money, but never was successful enough to obtain it. The peer always pressed him to dinner, and entertained him with so much cheerfulness, politeness, and affability, that for his life he could not press him for the payment. However, after having, in the course of a year, drank more than the worth of the note in claret, he ventured to observe to his lordship, that he had so often presented the note for payment to his lordship's steward, that it was almost in pieces; he therefore requested that his lordship would renew it, if he could not discharge it—"O, by all means, my dear fellow," said his lordship. "Here, John, bring me a piece of *parchment*," cried he to his servant,

"and a pen and ink." The servant having obeyed, his lordship began to write, and having renewed the note, he delivered it to the mercer, saying—"My honest fellow, it is a pity that you should be in danger of losing your money by the note's dropping in pieces; I have taken care to renew it on parchment, which I trust will not be worn out these *seven years*." My Lord laughed heartily, as did some of his guests, pushed the bottles round, while the mercer, amazed at his lordship's conduct, and device for putting him off for seven years, found it absolutely out of his power to make any objection, and joined at last in the general laugh.

A fashionable countess asked a young Nobleman, which he thought the prettiest flowers, *roses* or *tulips*? he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

A foolish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre," "In what shape did it appear," said the priest; "it appeared to be the shape of a great ass." "Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolical compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders which they had committed."

The clerical party in Naples is at this moment excessively irritated against a conjuror, M. Bosco, jun., who the other evening, at the San Carlo Theatre, imitated the miracle of St. Januarius. By universal consent Bosco's miracle was declared to be far more marvellous than that annually performed in the church of that saint.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—The following is a literal copy of an inscription upon a tombstone in the parish church, Brighton: "In memory of Phœbe Hessel, who was born at Stepney, in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1746 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV., by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged 108 years."



## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

MAY 9th. Died, Mr. Isaac Ward of Bridge Street, aged 54. He had formerly the management of the Packet which went from Peterborough to Wisbeach and back, twice a week, a distance of 21 miles. The arrival of this packet was wont to be awaited with much interest. As soon as the Railway was completed, the packet was no longer wanted, and Mr. Ward's occupation was gone. He soon, however, got a situation "on the line;" and he had been, at the time of his death, about 17 years a goods guard on the London and North Western Railway. He was a man very much respected.

11th. Late in the evening an alarming explosion of gas took place at Ely, on the premises of Mr. William Evans, farmer, which nearly proved fatal to Mrs. Evans, who was fearfully burnt in the face, breast, and arms; and it may be considered almost a miracle that she was not killed on the spot; and had not Mr. Evans and Captain Dictment come to her assistance immediately, from an adjoining room, she must have been burnt to death. During the day some alterations had been made to the gas fittings in the parlour, and that room was closed at dusk, and not entered again during the evening. It so happened that Mrs. Evans proposed that her friends should retire to this parlour, and she took a lighted taper to light the gas in the room, when on opening the door a serious explosion took place. The door was forced back, and Mrs. Evans was driven to the centre of the hall, where she lay unconscious, with her clothes on fire. Her gold guard and earrings were broken into a thousand pieces, the windows were forced out, the ceilings ripped, the plate of the roof raised from its bed, and the whole premises very seriously damaged. Although Mrs. Evans was so sadly burnt, and otherwise injured, she is progressing as favourably as can be expected. An infant was sleeping in the room above, and although the floor of the room was forced, the child was found to be uninjured. This explosion alarmed the neighbourhood, and its influence was felt to a considerable distance.

14th. A very sudden calamity happened at Caistor, in Lincolnshire. About 2.40 in the morning, the inhabitants of the horse market were aroused from their slumbers by an alarming noise, which was caused by the falling in of the roof of a small tenement, at the back of the public house occupied by Mr. W. J. Fields. On proceeding to the spot, indicated by a cloud of dust rising up into the air above, the neighbours were terrified to find that the occupants of the dilapidated building

(William Barker and his two children) were buried in the ruins. Fortunately they were soon extricated from their perilous position, appearing more frightened than hurt. They were in bed at the time of the accident, and it is perfectly wonderful how they managed to escape without being crushed to death beneath the rubbish. One of the gables fell upon some premises at the back of the public house and did a deal of damage, and the west side fell completely into the adjoining yard. The chimney and gable of the next house looked so unsafe that the occupant, warned by his neighbour's calamity wisely made a "flit" elsewhere with the greatest expedition.

19th. A little boy, about 5 years of age, the son of Mr. Gales, Stationer, of March, nearly lost his life. He was playing by the river side, when he by some means fell in, and sank to the bottom. Another boy, a few years older than himself, as soon as he saw what had happened to Master Gales, took off his jacket and waistcoat as quickly as possible, boldly jumped into the river, and dived in search of the body. After some little time he succeeded in bringing up the poor child, looking more dead than alive, in fact, for a while he appeared quite dead, but happily it was not so; he recovered consciousness, and was soon restored to his friends, whose joy may be readily imagined. There is no doubt had it not been for the heroic conduct of Harry Beeton (for that is the name of the brave youth) who placed his own life in jeopardy to save Gales, that the poor little fellow would have been drowned. We hope steps will be taken to procure for Beeton the Humane Society's medal, which he so richly deserves.

30th. A fire broke out in Silver street, Godmanchester, at about 11.30 in the morning, in the lodging house yard. The wind was blowing very strongly at the time, and a second cottage ignited, before any assistance could be rendered. The borough engine soon after arrived, and was brought to play nicely on the flames, and in about half an hour, it became evident that the mastery over the fiery element was so far gained that no further serious damage was to be apprehended. The two cottages were quite consumed, and two others were partly destroyed. The fire originated in a chimney that was foul, and which soon ignited the roof of the house. It is a great mercy that the wind was blowing the "right way," or, in this thickly populated part, a large amount of property must inevitably have been consumed.

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## PERSEVERANCE.

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Perseverance is a qualification through which we often perform things, which, at first view, appear almost impossible. "Perseverance keeps honour bright," says the poet, and it is this kind of perseverance upon which we shall, more particularly, offer a few observations, inasmuch as it is often confounded with that boldness which results from assurance and obstinacy.

Before we persevere, after experiencing a repulse, it is our duty to study well, whether or not, the *cause* is a laudable one in which we are engaged; and, it is also commendable to take the opinion of our friends upon the subject. To persevere in a cause, in opposition to general sentiment, is not to act the part of a wise man, but it betrays a species of foolhardiness which must result in failure and ridicule.

There are instances in which an absurd perseverance is as likely to lead to success, and is about as praiseworthy, as if an unfortunate traveller, on missing the Express Train from Peterborough to London, were to attempt to run after it to catch it, and to persevere in that attempt until he should sink breathless on the ground: or, to make another comparison—just as if a lately re-elected Member for this City, the first time he gets up to speak in the House of Commons, next Session, should persevere, in spite of all that has been said to him, in trying to destroy the reputation of the Pope, by reading extracts from *Peter Dens!*\* Such a perseverance on the part of the honourable Member for Peterborough, we are quite certain we should not be alone in condemning as the climax of foolishness. *Speramus meliora.*

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\* We have an opinion of our own, and not a very favourable one either, as it regards Roman Catholicism, but we are compelled to believe, from facts that have come to our knowledge, that the rabid tirades against it, which we so often hear, and more especially such loathsome lectures (!) as have lately been given at Peterborough, on "The Theology taught at Maynooth," are extremely ill-timed and injudicious, and calculated to do an amazing amount of injury to Protestantism, and—what do you think we are going to say?—to *foster prostitution!* We have looked into this matter somewhat carefully, and we can see, that unless a few Protestant Ultraists, if we may be allowed such an expression, be kept within bounds, we shall have a repetition of the "Gordon Riots" enacted at Peterborough. We have a reason for feeling strongly on what has lately taken place here. We have had under our care some 200 or so of the youths of this city, and we call upon the Vicar, now that these young men are growing up around us, to look after an individual rejoicing in the name of Murphy, and to prevent his polluting their minds by what he calls "*exposing the confessional!*" Surely the Vicar of Peterborough cannot be in ignorance of what is going on, when the *adult male* population (only) of his parish are invited to hear Lectures utterly unfit for publication? Let him see to this matter and he will earn our grateful thanks.

Just as true courage never seeks danger, so a laudable perseverance, when fairly repulsed by adverse circumstances, and opposed by the firm dissuasion of friends, feels no shame in relinquishing a purpose or pursuit, which has neither reason nor discretion for its corroboratives. On the other hand, to shrink from every appearance of difficulty is puerile and contemptible; he who lacks strength of mind will miscarry in most endeavours; while he who possesses it, will fail but in very few. He who would assert his claim to be credited with the attribute of manliness by his fellow-men, must not be easily set down; he must not give way to the caprice of any particular clique; he must not allow himself to be dictated to by people of doubtful reputation; or he will assuredly get into a fix, and as he gradually becomes conscious of his own want of energy to stand up for himself, and of his own maudlin reliance upon an undefined something, which he apparently does not propitiate sufficiently to gain its aid, he will wander about the streets, "hanging his head like a bulrush," a miserable monument of inertitude, puerility, and indecision.

In our passage through life we must not expect that our path will be strewn with roses: we shall find it very thickly planted with thorns; consequently a well-directed perseverance is as absolutely necessary to our progress through life, as our daily food is to our existence. When friends forsake us, and fortune frowns upon us (speaking after the manner of men), we have nothing but our own exertions to depend upon for our support; how poor a figure does he then cut, who has not confidence enough to stand up for himself! Who shivers, disheartened with every blast, and shrinks, appalled, from every obtruding shadow.

Perseverance can never be too highly extolled: it is the basis of everything profitable, it is the talisman of riches, the magnet of honour; and its opposite is the harbinger of misfortune, the fosterer of shame, and the propagator of vice. To speak of the achievements of perseverance in a scientific point of view: who has not dwelt with pleasure upon the records of the perseverance of such men as Galileo and Newton, of Torricelli, Pascal, and Montgolfier? Perseverance has not been confined to men of high or low origin, or to only a few of the arts and sciences: it has extended in all directions. We may mention that Epictetus, the celebrated Stoic Philosopher, was born a slave, and spent many years of his life in servitude. Protagoras, too, another of the Greek Philosophers, was only a common porter before he applied himself unremittingly to study. O Perseverance what hast thou not accomplished! To be born in a humble station has been no obstacle worth mentioning. *Perseverantia omnia vincit.* Witness such men as Cellini, Ibbetson, William Kent, Hogarth, Moliere (who is justly called the "French Aristophanes"), Vondel, and Ogilby.

Of self-educated men, who through their own diligence in literary pursuits have risen to eminence, we have thousands: of great men, who by perseverance have overcome natural defects, we may mention Demosthenes, and De Beaumont. Our own Milton, the "Poet of Paradise," uttered his harmonious numbers in darkness—as he himself expresses it,

"In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round."

Milton is supposed to have been in the fifty-fourth year of his age when he commenced the composition of his immortal epic, although the high theme had doubtless for some time before occupied his thoughts. At this period of his life he was *quite blind*, having lost his sight which had early begun to



decay, during the composition of his "Defence of the People of England," which was written in answer to Salmasius.

Want of space forbids our doing full justice to this interesting subject, and, therefore, we must conclude with a few words of advice. To those who mistake temerity for perseverance, be it remarked, that all virtues are of an even temperament; and to their notice we would recommend the fable of the oak and the osier. Those who incline to the opposite extreme will do well to remember, that nothing can be obtained without diligence; and for their encouragement, let them recollect, that water, dropping only one drop at a time upon a stone of any dimensions, will eventually wear it away.

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo."

July, 1865.

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### THE FAIRIES' GROTTTO.

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Everybody knows that in the province of Languedoc there are mountains called the Cevennes; but it is not so generally known, that on the summit of one of these mountains, denominated the Peak of Taurach, in the midst of a thick wood, there is a grotto, whose name alone, *la Baume de les Demoiselles*, or the Fairies' Grotto, causes the goatherd's hair to stand erect as he wanders through this country. Tradition relates, that during the religious wars, it served as an asylum for an unfortunate family; that in the dusk of the evening, some of these hapless wretches were often seen like ghosts climbing the rugged cliffs to steal goats; for it was only from these precarious spoils, and from herbs and roots, that they derived subsistence. It was farther related, that in these caves were born several children, who, degenerating after the death of their parents into savage wildness, wandered about without clothes or speech. If the terrified inhabitants chanced to see one of these unfortunate creatures, their heated imagination added a number of wonderful circumstances; and hence originated spirits, whose habitations no mortal durst approach. But these miserable creatures, with such a mode of life, could not long maintain their rank among the immortals. They gradually disappeared. A great number of bones have been found, and also some rude tools, probably used by the owners of these bones while they were endued with life.

It is a melancholy observation, but not the less true, that painful sensations leave a more durable impression than those which are agreeable. Such is also the case with fear. Long had these apparitions vanished, long had their mane-like hair ceased to float in the wind on the summits of the rocks, when the inhabitants of the adjacent country still continued with timid step to make a circuit round the haunted mountain; and the audacity of any who durst venture into the Fairies' Grotto excited the utmost astonishment. One of these adventurous mortals was a certain M. Lonjon, who held some office in a little town at the foot of the mountains. He could persuade but one sturdy peasant to be his companion. They reached the object of their expedition unmolested, and found themselves in a spacious cavern. At the farthest extremity Lonjon perceived an aperture, but it was so small that he could only just get his head through it. He threw a burning torch into the cavity, and looked after it, but his sight could not embrace the space which it illuminated.

His curiosity grew stronger. He fetched gunpowder, undermined the aperture, blew up part of it, crept through, and found himself on the brink of the most tremendous precipices. He then turned back, intending to provide himself with the necessary implements for a second attempt to explore these recesses.

Several years elapsed. Happening to be at Montpellier, Lonjon related his adventure to a M. Marsollier, who, inflamed with like curiosity, proceeded to the spot. He was accompanied by a courageous student, named Brunet, two stout peasants, and his man servant. They were furnished with a rope ladder fifty feet long, several ropes, torches, and provisions. Having forgotten a supply of water, they allayed their thirst with cherries. About midway up the mountain are some inhabited cottages, where their company was reinforced by another hearty fellow with a ladder. They soon arrived at the entrance of the cave, concealed and overshadowed with evergreen oaks. It is in the shape of a funnel, about thirty feet high and twenty in diameter, picturesquely overgrown with wild vines, and all sorts of plants, but so gloomy, that Brunet's faithful dog would not follow his master, but chose rather to lie for eight successive hours at the mouth, and howled hideously.

By the assistance of their ladders they descended into the first apartment. It was adorned with a carpet of maidenhair. A cavity on the right conducted to no great distance. Four magnificent columns of stalactites, in the form of palm trees, at least thirty feet high, stood in the back ground, but did not reach to the roof, and, which is an unusual circumstance, were thicker at the top than at the base. In this apartment the visitors kindled a fire and breakfasted. Into a second apartment they could only creep on their bellies: it was twenty fathoms lower than the first, of immense extent, and the walls glittered as though wrought in mosaic with diamonds by some skilful artist. Petrified cascades, white as crystal, or yellowish drops, seemed to have become indurated while in the act of falling. This spectacle was extremely impressive; it seemed as if all had here been formerly animated, and suddenly, as by enchantment, converted into stone.

They went from one vault into another, and the eye was everywhere delighted with the diversity of magnificent objects. Columns, obelisks, transparent garlands, apparently composed of crystal, porcelain, and diamonds, all justified the appellation of the Fairies' Grotto. They were once obliged to force their way through a narrow hole resembling an oven, which conducted them into another cavern, the walls of which seemed to be completely covered with comfits. The next presented a tremendous contrast to this pleasing spectacle: there, nothing was to be seen but rugged masses of rock, rolled upon, or hanging over one another. Everything indicated some violent subterranean convulsion: silently and fearfully did our adventurers glide between and beneath the ponderous masses, trembling lest one of them should descend and entomb them for ever.

At length they reached the spot where Lonjon had exploded the rock. They crawled through the yet narrow aperture, and then found themselves in a place where about a dozen persons might stand together. Behind three little pillars was a hole full of muddy water; bats fluttered around them, and on the ground glistened crystallizations resembling vegetables. Opposite to the entrance this cavity appeared to have no limits. In vain were the torches held high above their heads; the eye could not measure the space, and it was impossible to advance without descending a steep rock fifty feet high. The rope ladder was fastened to a stalactite. Each looked at the other, and seemed

to wait for his neighbour to descend before him. Precipices were on either hand; stones were thrown down them; it was a considerable time before they fell, and then they were heard bounding farther from rock to rock. What was to be done? The cavern below was, as far as they could perceive, equal to a market-place in size. At length curiosity vanquished fear. A peasant descended first, and Brunet followed. At the distance of three fathoms nothing could be discerned of them, and the time which they took to reach the bottom seemed excessively long. At the depth of twenty feet, the rock receded so far from the perpendicular, that the ladder hung at liberty and turned round. The profound silence, the feeble light, which seemed only to make darkness visible, the gloom of this subterraneous solitude, the falling of some stalactites, which were loosened and rolled down with a dull noise, all contributed to transform the party of pleasure into a frightful adventure.

Marsollier was the third that committed himself to the ladder, already loaded with the weight of his two predecessors. The steps, composed only of ropes, were too far distant, and what was still worse, the weight of three men naturally caused a contraction in the breadth, and a proportionate increase in length of the whole ladder, so that the steps became greatly relaxed. At first, holding tight with their hands above, they were obliged to seek the ladder with their feet below, and to push it off from the rock that they might set them upon the steps. Lower down, on account of the distance of the steps, they could only hold fast with one hand, for if they did not loose the other, it was impossible for the foot to reach the next step. All this excited in Marsollier such an anxiety as suddenly deprived him of strength. He had proceeded one third of the way, when his left arm refused to perform its office: clinging to the ladder, he remained suspended with one foot on the step and the other in the air, incapable alike of advancing or returning. Here he hung a quarter of an hour in the most cruel suspense: beneath he beheld the abyss, which there was no way of avoiding but by climbing upon a narrow, slippery crag. He sighed aloud, and at the same time pitied his companions who were placed by his state in the most disagreeable situation. He heard them consulting below, and their whispers betrayed to him his imminent danger. At length, mustering all his courage, he happily descended several steps, till he was received in the arms of his companions, and with their assistance reached the ground, where he sunk, bathed in sweat and quite exhausted, upon a wet rock, which seemed to him more agreeable than the voluptuous couch. His example deterred the others, who remained above.

Below, the immeasurable expanse glistened with stalactites of snowy whiteness, and the most diversified forms. But they had still a descent of more than fifty feet of perpendicular rock, where it was impossible to find either hold or footing. Every attempt seemed menaced with certain death. They wanted cords; they wanted grappling irons, hammers, hands, strength, and courage. They resolved to relinquish the enterprise. Marsollier trembled to confide himself once more to the ladder: he fastened round his body a strong cord, which was held by two of the men above, and thus half climbing, half drawn up, he reached the top in safety. His companions quickly and cheerfully followed. Scarcely had they lost sight of the prospect of danger, when, as it often happens, the danger itself was forgotten. They accused each other of cowardice, of want of foresight and due preparation; they were ashamed that they had not seen everything, and resolved soon to return better equipped. This they actually did, and that in a much more numerous



company, among whom were a marquis and a president of parliament. Each gave the others his word to persist in spite of every danger, till they had penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of this wonderful temple of nature. Every possible precaution was taken : provided with ladders, implements of all kinds, but especially with courage and spirits, they set out, and reached without accident the spot which had been the goal of the former enterprise. They gave it the appellation of the Devil's Draw-well ; for even now, furnished as they were with all kinds of resources, it was only by means of long and laborious exertion that they succeeded, with hammer and chisel, in gaining from the steep rock sufficient space for the toes to rest upon for a few seconds ; and they were obliged to let themselves down with ropes into the abyss.

Here they stood and admired a transparent pyramid, twenty feet high, apparently composed of alabaster. But soon they found a new obstacle. They were obliged to proceed along a very slippery path, which, though upon a descent, was not so steep that they could make use of the ladder. Whoever slipped here was forced to take care to fall straight forward, otherwise he would have been precipitated into a deep hole on one side, or dash out his brains against the rocks on the other. It took those who were at work a full hour to fasten the grappling-irons, hooks, and ropes, while those who were not at work kept hammering away at the rocks to keep their limbs in motion, as well as to restrain their imagination. When every thing was ready, two of the party returned, deterred by the kind of icy path which it was necessary to glide along without any other support than a cord grasped in the left hand. This, however, was the last danger which they had to overcome, and the enterprising adventurers now found themselves in a subterraneous temple, where they could walk, if not conveniently, at least securely. At every step they descried new wonders : here an altar as of the finest whitest porcelain, perfectly oval, with regular steps ; there four wreathed, transparent, yellowish columns, so thick that four men could not compass them, and so lofty that the spectators could not determine whether they touched the roof, which was lost in darkness. The whole grotto they estimated at half the size of the neighbouring town of Gange. Here and there were caverns into which it was impossible to penetrate. They sat down upon the altar, kindled a number of fires, and were lost in admiration and astonishment. Now the eye reposed on an obelisk of a reddish colour, perfectly round and terminating in a point ; now on prodigious masses, which here resembled a church, there a waterfall, or hovered like petrified clouds at a distance. Broken columns lay piled upon one another, as did likewise artificial artichokes, cauliflowers, and all sorts of confectionary. The imagination had free scope.

A skull, a real skull, suddenly attracted every eye. But how did it come there ? Had not Lonjon been obliged to explode the rock to afford access to human creatures ? and as for an outlet, there was no such thing. They conjectured, that as the cavern is overflowed in winter, the water had carried the skull along with it into this recess, and gave themselves no farther trouble about the matter. A colossal statue next engaged all their attention. It was a perfect representation of a woman with two children in her arms. The narrator declares that neither he nor his companions were led away by their imagination, and that this statue would hold a distinguished rank in the first-rate collection in Europe. It was surrounded with drapery, fringes, canopy, lace, ribbons, all wrought with such truth and delicacy, as though they had been executed by the most skilful artist. The whole circular grotto might be compared to a cathedral surrounded with chapels ; the doom in the centre

may measure about fifty fathoms. The ground is damp: in some of the grottos the earth was black and soft. One of them bore a complete resemblance to a riding-house, and a pillar stood in the middle of it.

It is impossible to describe every thing that our inquisitive adventurers saw and admired in the space of ten hours. They broke off many beautiful specimens to carry with them, of which they afterwards repented; for partly the subterraneous humidity and partly the torchlight, gave these objects in their natural situations an extraordinary brilliancy, which disappeared in the light of day. They had now descended to such a depth that the largest torches above them at the ladder appeared like ordinary candles. They viewed the statue of the woman with the two children, from various points, both near and distant, and in all, the likeness was so striking, that even the peasants discovered it of themselves, and one of them, in the enthusiasm inspired by this remarkable scene, exclaimed, "Give me victuals, and I would stay here a month."

The company dined in the grotto: a report of their subterraneous expedition was then drawn up, put into a well-corked bottle, and this bottle deposited in such a situation that it could not be broken. The names of all the party were inclosed in a leaden box, and that no means of transmitting them to posterity might be neglected, they were cut in a plate of lead, which was hung up in a conspicuous place. Thus did vanity reward itself for surmounted dangers.

The torches were nearly burnt out. With regret they were obliged to take leave of the Fairies' Grotto, with which the celebrated grotto of Antiparos itself cannot sustain a comparison. Of this any traveller may now convince himself with less trouble than those adventurous individuals who led the way, for the necessary hooks and grappling-irons are every where fastened to assist in the descent. The peasants, once so terrified by the very idea of this place, have ceased to tremble for fear of ghosts, and cheerfully perform the office of guides for a small remuneration.

H. F. H.

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#### THE LOSS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND.

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After remaining nearly two years in America, we resolved to pay our relatives in England a visit. Accordingly my mother and myself sailed from New York, November 18th, 1857, in the American ship *Northumberland*, Captain Spencer. She was a splendid clipper ship of 1200 tons burthen, and sailed with a full general cargo, bound for London, having 35 cabin and steerage passengers, and a crew of 28 men, 63 in all on board. Nothing particular occurred on the voyage until the 1st December, when about in lon. 27.10 W., lat. 47.30 N., a tremendous gale of wind sprang up, which continued with unabated fury during that and the following day. The fury of the tempest strained the vessel so that her seams opened in many places. Notwithstanding the untiring efforts made by the crew at the pumps, who were assisted by many of the passengers, the water gained upon us. Only such passengers as were capable of assisting the crew were permitted to remain on deck. The captain several times came down into our cabin and assured us there was no danger, and we remained unsuspecting any. We retired to our berths as usual that night. It was soon after midnight we heard noises which alarmed us, and which we afterwards learned were caused

by the cargo being got out and thrown overboard. At this time we were unaware that the vessel was filling fast, and so little suspected real danger, that my mother and myself did not even dress ourselves, but continued to repose in our berths. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning and quite dark, when the captain burst into our cabin and desired us to hasten on deck if we would save our lives. We sprang from our berths, and for the first time discovered that there was 3 feet of water in our cabin, it was too late even to save a few clothes, they had been swept away, and urged by our terror we hastily followed the captain's injunctions. We had scarcely reached the deck, before the cabin stairs, up which we had escaped, were torn away by the surging waters. The night seemed interminable before the grey twilight appeared in the east; oh! how anxiously did we pray for daylight. At last daylight showed us our terrible situation. By this time, nearly all the cargo which could be got out, had been thrown overboard; it consisted of several thousand cheeses, bags of rice and sugar, and barrels of flour. The sailors still kept at the pumps, but, notwithstanding, the water gained upon us. The personal effects of the passengers were now got out. The boxes were burst open below, and the contents were speedily thrown into the sea. Among other articles, as they were handed on deck, my mother caught sight of her black jewel-case, she made an effort to save it, but was too late, she saw it thrown into the sea. It contained some jewellery of great value, and a considerable sum of money. Our clothes, our provisions, all was thrown overboard, and the water-casks staved in, and yet the water gained upon the ship. She settled down on her beam-ends as though some great power was trying to pull her under, and by night-fall the water reached the lower part of the deck. All of us females were huddled together on that part of the deck which was highest out of the water. Every man but the one at the wheel, was kept to the pumps, in relays, throughout the night,\* but none of us expected to see the morning. The scene was heart-rending; terrified children clung to their no less terror stricken parents, casual acquaintances became attached friends. Many were on their knees at prayer, some were too excited at the near approach of a watery grave to conduct themselves otherwise than as maniacs, and all this occurred on the deck of the sinking ship in the middle of the Atlantic. Morning again found contrary to all expectation, the *Northumberland* still afloat. The mate proposed to the captain that the main mast should be cut away, but on his consenting, it was discovered that they possessed no adequate tools to carry out the intention; however, the brave sailors at last had nearly severed the mast, and now all seemed to depend on which way it would fall, whether we should at once be hurried into eternity, or be spared to hope for a few hours longer; fortunately the mast fell over the side of the ship, and she righted herself at once. She lay like a log on the waters, swept over by every sea, the passengers and crew without any clothes or shelter, exposed to cold and every privation, while the water in the hold increased so fast as to leave us no hope that any exertions we could make, worn out as all hands were with fatigue, would keep her much longer afloat, and unless speedily relieved our doom appeared to be sealed. In the meantime the day passed, no sail appeared in sight, and oh! how anxiously, as long as it was daylight, did the captain scan the horizon with his glass;

\* One of the passengers, a young man who had six weeks previously married a daughter of Professor Holloway, of pill and ointment celebrity, and was returning to England with his bride, broke a blood-vessel through his extraordinary exertions at the pumps.



and night again came on. We had a small piece of cheese given us, and this was all the provision we unfortunate female passengers had had, since we escaped from our cabins. We passed another night of horrible suspense. At daylight on the morning of the 3rd December, we descried a vessel at some distance from us, apparently lying-to. Our captain made signals of distress, which to our great relief were observed by those on board the strange vessel. The stranger approached us. She proved to be the brig *Jessie*, Captain Percy, of, and bound to St. John's, Newfoundland, from Liverpool. Captain Percy enquired if we had any passengers, and said if the number exceeded 100 souls he could not take us. Our captain replied he had only 68 on board, all told. The *Jessie* had suffered in the same gale as ourselves, her stern frame had started, and she had become very leaky, and at the time we first saw her she was lying-to, endeavouring to repair damages. Seeing the helpless condition of his unfortunate fellow-creatures on board our ship, captain Percy at once determined on rescuing us at all hazards, if possible, though, in such a storm and sea, he had great difficulty in placing his vessel in a position to carry out his humane intentions, but ably seconded as he was by his mates (his own sons) and brave crew, he hove to, under our lee and made signals to our captain, who acted throughout with the greatest courage and coolness, to prepare for sending off his people. This at the same time was a work of almost appalling difficulty, but captain Spencer was not a man to be daunted. Our sailors lowered one of our boats, and it had scarcely touched the water before it was dashed to pieces, and a second boat met with the same fate as the first. The *Jessie* had lost all her boats in the gale. We now launched the long-boat, and this was our only chance now left of being taken from the wreck. Two sailors jumped into the boat in an instant, and with their oars kept her off a little from the side of our vessel. Four other sailors and one of the mates likewise now sprang into the boat. Next came the great difficulty of getting the women and children off, a rope was tied round the waists of each, the end being held by a sailor, while another sailor threw the woman or child like a bale of cotton over the vessel's side, and she was caught in the arms of the sailors in the boat. Thus did 20 helpless women and children leave the sinking ship. It was reported to me afterwards by those whom we had left behind, that when the long-boat put off from the *Northumberland*, captain Spencer turned round to those about him and said, "I have done my duty, but those poor creatures will never reach the brig in such a sea as this." However, thanks be to God, he was mistaken; we reached the *Jessie*, and we got on board her in this way—the end of a long rope was thrown from the boat to the sailors on the brig, each one of us was fastened round the waist by a loop in the middle of the rope, then cast over the side of the boat into the sea, and then hauled on board the *Jessie*. I believe, without an exception, we all reached the deck of the vessel in an insensible state, and the reader can better imagine our pitiable condition than I can describe it. After several trips on that anxious day, everyone was transferred from the sinking *Northumberland* to the *Jessie*, and even a poor infant of about 9 months old, survived the wet, cold, and hardship to which it was thus early exposed; he was obliged to be thrown from ship to boat and from boat to ship, but was safely caught by the sailors, whose love for children is proverbial. After we had been about three hours on board the *Jessie*, we saw our vessel sink down nearly out of sight, she then gave a lurch and disappeared. Captain Spencer was terribly cut up when he saw the *Northumberland* go down, he fell fainting on the deck. Captain Percy did everything possible

under the circumstance to contribute to the comfort of the wretched sufferers he had saved. The cabin of the *Jessie* was not habitable from the wrecked condition of the stern, but a portion of the hold was cleared, and such shelter afforded, as the limited space would afford, the vessel being only about 140 tons. We were obliged to lie on ropes for several days. Though bound for St. John's, Newfoundland, captain Percy decided, with such a large accession to his crew, a shattered ship, and with a very small proportionate stock of provisions, and particularly water, rendering short allowance to himself and everyone on board absolutely necessary, the allowance to the females was a wine glass of water and a few pieces of dried apple per day, to bear up for Queenstown. We encountered another heavy gale, in which the captain was forced to throw over a great portion of his cargo. It was another terrible night we had to endure, poor captain Percy was washed overboard during the height of the storm, but he had seized the end of a rope, and his sons succeeded in saving his life. When brought on deck it was found that his leg and jaw were broken. We landed at Queenstown on Saturday, December 10th, 1857, and were handed over to the care of Mr. Keenan, the American Consul, who most kindly provided for our necessities.

H. L.

*To the Editor of the "News Magazine."*

SIR,

I send you a short piece of poetry, if indeed I may call it *poetry*. I need hardly tell you that it is *original*, and that it is written somewhat in imitation of Shelley's "Skylark," although the two will not bear comparison.

As it is my first effort in verse, I venture to hope you will give it a place in your excellent periodical.

I am, Sir, Yours very truly,

Peterborough, July 8th, 1865.

T. X. T.

M A R I A N N E .

(AN ORIGINAL POEM.)

Lovely she approaches  
 Like some fairy bright!  
 Spirit with some touches  
 Of artistic light.  
 Angelic as she is, 'tis sacrilege to love her.  
 Still my heart refuses  
 To reject her charm;  
 Since, whene'er it muses,  
 It becomes less calm;  
 For lovely are her features, and her graces heav'nly.  
 For her smile I love her,  
 For her beaming eyes  
 Were I but her lover,  
 Bound by holy ties,  
 What joy I then should feel, before unprecedented!

Wavy ringlets shower  
 O'er her shoulders white,  
 Clothing her with power,  
 Stronger than the light,  
 And unpremeditated graces shine around her.

*She* needs no adornings  
 Artificially ;  
 For she's bright as morning's  
 Tinted rosy sky,  
 Yea, bright and blithe as any strain of winged songster.

Still a spirit shining,  
 Though a mortal clad,  
 Grace and love combining  
 In one being glad,  
 Her blithe light steps, like bounding waves, betokening freedom ;—

Freedom from all troubles,  
 From all guiles and cares,  
 Freedom from such bubbles  
 As inconstant tears,  
 And vows, and transient love. For who dares to deceive *her* ?

Every dainty feature  
 Bathed in beauty lies,  
 Now, with such a *creature*  
 Ever in their eyes,  
 Sure mortals never can gainsay a great *Creator*.

When she sings I listen  
 To her silv'ry voice,  
 See her eyelids glisten  
 With suppressed joys,  
 And contemplate her as some cherub choiring sweetly.

But her sacred duties,  
 Virtue, truth, and love,  
 These enhance her beauties,  
 Make her like a dove,  
 So pure, and meek, and holy, lovable, and gentle.

FAITH in our great Father,  
 Faith in Jesu's name,  
 Daily guides her further  
 From a worldly aim.  
 To fix her heart continually on things eternal.

HOPE in heav'n's bright future,  
 Where is no alloy,  
 Certain hope of nurture  
 In eternal joy,  
 Relieves her mind from anxious fear of coming evil.



CHARITY'S blest labours  
 Her best time employ;  
 And her poorer neighbours  
 Oft with tears of joy,  
 Express their warmest gratitude for frequent favours.

Lovely she approaches  
 Like a seraph bright;  
 Earth feels not the touches  
 Of her footsteps light;  
 A very image of bright thoughts and holy pleasure.

T. X. T.

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### CHERRY RIPE.

One would be inclined to believe that if anything be really English it must be *Cherries*: our memories are so wrapt up with them, from the time when that fraudulent little stick of the neatly-tied half dozen, tempted us to part with our only penny, to the entire neglect of the legitimate penny bun, or the neat little moral penny book; to the more painful reminiscence of that oppressive feeling in the epigastric region, that indescribable "weight of woe" which must be felt to be duly appreciated. Even the old man has his memories of this fruit in the bright eyes and cherry cheeks of the young hopeful, to whom he doles out the luscious little orb, not forgetting the injunction about swallowing the stones. No English fruit is dearer than cherries at first, cheaper at last, and pleasanter at all times, nor do I believe that they are less wholesome than delicious. I would (says an author in the "Complete Gentleman" published in the reign of James I.) have July drawn in a light yellow jacket, eating cherries, with his face and bosom sunburnt.

Yet if we enquire into the history of this fruit, we are told that it derived its name from *Cerasus* a city in Pontus, near the Euxine, from whence the tree was brought into Italy, after the defeat of Mithridates by Lucullus, and introduced into England by the Romans 120 years afterwards, A.D. 55. Cherries were afterwards brought from Flanders and planted in Kent with such success, that an orchard of thirty-two acres produced in 1540, one thousand pounds weight of fruit. Nearly three centuries since we find that cherries were cried about the streets of London, and sold tied upon sticks as at the present day, the couplet "cherry ripe, ripe, ripe cherry, full and fair ones, come and buy," is from Herrick, a writer of that time; the cherry indeed appears to have been one of the most popular fruits in England during the medieval period, and in all the glossaries from the Anglo-Saxon times to the 16th century we find cherries and cherry trees enumerated. In 1238, and again in 1277, the royal records contain purchases of cherries for the king's garden in Westminster, and the Earl of Lincoln had cherry trees in his garden in Holborn, towards the end of the 13th century.

In the reign of James I, it was a favourite amusement in the Kentish gardens to try who could eat the most cherries, and it is stated that one young woman succeeded in swallowing twenty pounds of this fruit, beating her opponent by two pounds; the author needlessly states, "a severe illness was the result." In this neighbourhood, cherry orchards like stage coaches, must almost be classed with the things which were, but in Kent, and Worcester-

shire, cherries are still cultivated in large quantities: the orchards, or holts, are situated chiefly on the borders of the Thames and Medway, creating in spring a lovely scene, when

“ Sweet is the air with the budding haws  
And the valley stretching for miles below,  
Is white with blooming cherry trees,  
As if just covered with whitest snow.”

Our own immediate reminiscence of cherries is in connection with our annual July fair and these cherry fairs, or feasts, have been customary in many parts of England from a very early period. The early poets make frequent allusions to them, associating them closely with popular manners and feelings, and quoting them as emblems of the transitory character of all worldly affairs. In the latter part of the 14th century the poet Gower, speaking of the teachers of religion and morality, says

“ They prechen us in audience,  
That no man shall his soul empeyre,  
For alle is but a cherye-fayre.”

So again in 1411 Occleve in a poem says, “ Thy lyfe my sone, is but a chery-feire.” These writers, however, who thus allude to cherry-fairs as brief moments of gaiety and enjoyment, would possibly have altered their opinions had they chanced to reside at the present time in Broad Bridge Street, where the booming of falling wood, and the noisy idiosyncrasy of those employed in its arrangement, would not inaptly suggest these cherry-fairs as emblems of life, from the constant tumult and annoyance, to which they subject that portion of humanity who dwell in the locality where they are held.

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### MATRIMONIAL HINTS.

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1. When courting your mistress, never miscall her by the name of angel or goddess, lest she mistake it for truth, and forget that she is a woman.

2. When *putting the question* (as it is termed) be careful not to allow her to suppose that your happiness, or even comfort, depends on her assent: recollect that you are making a proposal, not begging a boon.

3. Teach her beforehand, that the marriage ceremony is not a mere matter of form; and explain fully the meaning of the word *obey*.

4. Be careful, at church, that she repeats every word distinctly after the clergyman, that she may afterwards have no excuse for acting in opposition.

5. When you take her home, tell her that she is to command your servants, but that you are to command her.

6. Be not imperious, but decided, and always speak as if it were a matter of course to be obeyed.

7. Be not backward to blame, lest she attribute it to fear: if once she knows that you are afraid of her, your authority is at an end, and you become a poor, degraded, dependent, miserable creature.

8. If pleasure or business takes you from home, expect cheerful looks on your return; the surest way to secure them is to give them.

9. If she be of an obstinate or sulky temper, do not proceed to extremities, lest you fail, but shew her that you do not mind it.

*To be continued.*

## LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 236.)*

## CHAPTER X.

Leo Myron goes to London to seek his fortune.

Leo Myron is in London. His first care is to seek out the lodgings of his only friend in that great Babylon, Arthur Bladen. His purse contained but a few sovereigns, which had been the careful savings of presents he had received. His hopes of success were built on his tale, and a single letter of introduction to a sub-editor of a Magazine, which had been given him by the editor of the newspaper in which his first novel had appeared. His friend's lodgings were in Pimlico, and on arriving there, Leo quickly mounted to the second floor, where his apartments were situated.

In a comfortable parlour he found his friend, in company with a gentleman who was a lodger in the same house, and occupied the adjoining room, smoking cigars and drinking negus. Shortly after Leo's arrival, the gentleman, whose name was Curber, and a musical performer at some of the principal places of entertainment, rose, and apologizing for his abrupt departure on account of his having some letters of consequence to write, wished them good evening. As soon as he was gone Arthur rang the bell, which was answered by the landlady's daughter. He desired her to send her mother to him.

Mrs. Bottomless appeared. Her person was such as immediately to convey the full ironical meaning of her name as relating to her appearance, she being a stout, broad, healthy looking woman. She was a widow, fifty years old, and the mother of three children, of whom Emma (Arthur's attendant) was the eldest; a boy, named William, was the second; and another girl called Susannah, after herself, the youngest. She was supposed to be a member of the Church of England, but she never went to a Church, or any other place of worship, and the supposition rests entirely on the fact that she was married by a clergyman of that church, and that "her dear Billy, a straight for'ard, good man as ever lived," rested, bodily, in a piece of consecrated ground which surrounded the church where they were married.

Arthur enquired of Mrs. Bottomless whether she could accommodate his friend Mr. Myron with a bed-room, and it was arranged that he should have, in a week, a room which would then be vacant, and until such time, Leo was to become the bedfellow of Arthur. It was a late hour before the friends retired to rest, having

much to communicate to each other and many enquiries to make.

After breakfast the next morning, Bladen left Leo to pass the time until five o'clock in the afternoon in any way he preferred, for his employment in the City would occupy him during that portion of the day. Now that he was alone, Leo seriously considered within himself what would be the most suitable way for him to proceed. At last he came to the resolution of calling on one or two publishers with his MS., and see if he could do business. With this intention, he sallied forth with a small parcel under his arm, tied up with peculiar neatness, containing the veritable manuscript.

The first bookselling firm he called upon was that of Messrs. Peggem and Co., and on stating his business, he was shown into a small dingy room, the window, which had once been frosted, looking out upon bare, black walls. Here he was desired to wait. He was not allowed to remain long undisturbed—a crabbed looking old man with silver spectacles on his huge nose, entered the room. The upper part of this old gentleman's head was bald and highly polished, while on the sides were two bunches of short iron-grey bristles. He wore a very commodious snuff-coloured cloth coat, which being partly buttoned over in front, allowed only a small portion of a dirty narrow-striped linen waistcoat to be seen. Green inexpressibles, or rather such they were at one time, blue worsted stockings and buckled shoes completed his costume. This personage was the head of the well-known firm of Peggem & Co., and he stood staring at Leo through his spectacles the moment he caught sight of him, retaining the handle of the door in his hand. Leo rose and politely saluted the bookseller, which was unnoticed by him, and Leo felt somewhat embarrassed at being the object of such close scrutiny.

"And what do you want?" at length enquired the bookseller. Leo acquainted him with the purpose of his visit, and untying the parcel, displayed the MS. before him. He looked at two or three of the sheets, and when he had scanned them through uttered a very significant "umph!" He was then silent for several minutes; his eyes being alternately cast on Leo and then on the written papers, which lay on a small mahogany table supported by a straight slender looking leg at each of its four corners.

"Shouldn't think the thing would suit me—very immature; and it must be something above par now-a-days; but you can leave it if you like, and call again in the course of a few days, not that I could give



you more, should it suit me, than a share of the profits after the whole of the publishing expenses were deducted. What d'ye say young man?"

"That I must decline leaving it, that being perfectly useless, as I should not publish it on the terms you propose."

"Very well, sir; very well," replied the old tradesman with asperity, and he motioned to Leo that he could now take his departure. The parcel was soon retied, and the young author again in the street.

He was now quickly threading his way amongst the foot passengers to a bookseller's in Fleet Street. He at last arrived there, and luckily found the person he desired to see disengaged. Leo informed him of the object of his call, and the bookseller became excessively polite, and enquired if Leo desired it to appear in a Miscellany?

"The manner of publication will rest entirely with yourself."

"And would you allow me the sight of it?"

The parcel was again unfastened, and the publisher ran through several pages. "The style was pungent and concise; the thoughts were delightfully poetical," he remarked. Leo's brain began to reel, as the golden future he had so long looked for seemed now about to be realized.

"And what sum would you be inclined to give me for the MS.?" enquired Leo, with a fluttering heart. The bookseller stared at him—thought he had misunderstood what Leo had said, and finally begged him to repeat his question.

"Give for it!" exclaimed the bookseller when he fully comprehended that Leo had made that enquiry. "We never think of offering more than thanks and a few copies neatly bound. But we have only to do, you see, with gentlemen authors, who write for fame—the gold, they leave to the sordid class of writers, to which, I presume, you have the honour to belong, sir." The conclusion of this speech was accompanied with a low bow.

"The labour of my brain will surely bring me bread, equally with the mechanical labour of the hands," replied Leo.

"Umph! oh yes, for that matter; but I am an exclusive publisher; my books are only circulated among readers of the first class, and of course, I supposed you wished your tale to appear in my Miscellany, as it would then be read by all the aristocracy, and gentry, throughout the country,"

Leo would have rejoiced for his tale to be printed in the Miscellany; but he could not entertain the idea of having his golden dream dashed thus hastily from his courting imagination. He, therefore, regretted that he was not in a position to afford to

part with his MS. without pecuniary remuneration, and bade the tradesman, "good morning." Leo felt as though his hopes were blighted; but the letter of introduction he had not yet used, and he now hastened away in the direction of the place indicated by the address—luckily it lay not in a very indirect route to Arthur Bladen's lodgings. With some difficulty he found it in a densely populated locality, and in a shabby-looking house.

He enquired of a shabbily dressed little girl, who had a large cracked jug in her hand, which were Mr. Boucher's apartments, and was informed by her that it was upstairs. Upstairs Leo hastened, and on the first landing he again enquired for Mr. Boucher's room. "Higher, yet," was the reply he received. On he went, and he re-enquired, and was re-informed that it was "higher, yet."

Leo had now arrived on the next landing, and he knocked at a small door. It was quickly opened, when the smell of fried bacon rolled forth in a hugh volume. "Yes, this is Mr. Boucher's room," was the answer returned to Leo's enquiry, by a pale, haggard looking young man, apparently about seven and twenty years old.

Leo entered the room, and the young man who had opened the door proved to be Mr. Boucher himself. He was slovenly dressed, in an entire suit of rusty black. His neckerchief tied loosely, and the ends hanging down over his chest. His beard was allowed to grow on his chin and upper lip. Leo presented his letter of introduction, and during the short period that Mr. Boucher was engaged in reading it, he surveyed the room, and in a dark corner, near the fire-place, beheld for the first time, seated on a broken chair, a gentlemanly looking middle-aged individual with light hair and fair complexion—he had in his hand a roll of paper. Behind him stood a small round table bearing an empty dish and a plate, together with a knife and fork, all appearing to have been very lately in use.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Boucher to Leo, when he had finished reading the letter, at the same time cordially shaking Leo's hand. "Anything I can do for you, I will, most happily."

Leo thanked him for his kind offer, when Mr. Boucher introduced the light-haired gentleman to him as the celebrated Mr. Jerkin, Editor of the "Honest Man's Magazine." The Editor rose from his chair, and performed a low bow to Leo, which was returned with equal gravity.

Mr. Boucher was now made acquainted more particularly with the purpose of Leo's visit; and the manuscript was once more untied, and he and Mr. Jerken began

scanning over the sheets. The former was delighted, enraptured, could proceed no further; it would at once place Myron on a pinnacle of eminence. The Editor said not a word, for his entire attention was given to the manuscript, until at last he was so disturbed at the loudly repeated praises of Boucher, that he gave up the attempt of continuing it, and laid it on the table.

"And in what way, sir, do you wish, or intend publishing it?" enquired Mr. Jerken, with some degree of seriousness in his tone.

"I wish, sir, to receive something for the copy, and then I'll resign all intentions respecting it," returned Leo.

"Ah! I see; but I suppose you would have no objection for it to appear in a popular Magazine."

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Yes, but I mean the honor of its insertion would be considered as a sufficient return, would it not?"

"I understand you now, sir," said Leo; "but the honor is not sufficient; my pecuniary circumstances do not admit of its being so; had it been otherwise, I should gladly have accepted an offer made me this morning by a bookseller in Fleet Street."

"It has marks of juvenility in almost every page; but to give you encouragement—for I think some day you will do very well—I'll give you two guineas a sheet for the copy, let it make as much as it will."

"A sheet, a sheet?" exclaimed Leo, in some doubt as to what quantity was thereby meant; but he was soon informed that it was sixteen octavo printed pages. Leo accepted this offer, thinking he could not do better, judging from the sample of his morning's experience, and was then paid four guineas, for which he gave a receipt. The remainder of the money he was to receive as the tale appeared. Leo soon took his departure, leaving the entire manuscript in Mr. Jerken's possession, and arrived at his lodgings completely exhausted.

His friend came in soon after, and a dish of mutton chops was brought in, on which they both commenced a vigorous attack. After their meal, Myron entertained Arthur with an account of his interviews with the booksellers, and the Editor of the "Honest Man's Magazine." An hour and a half was agreeably passed between lively conversation and a cigar, when Bladen proposed that they should go to one of the Theatres. Leo was nothing loath to this arrangement.

A few days after, just as Leo and Arthur were about to commence dinner, Mr. Boucher was announced as being in the

lobby, and wishing to see Mr. Myron. Leo desired the servant to show him in, but that was rendered quite unnecessary for he stood already in the doorway, pouring forth a torrent of apologies for his intrusion. He was invited to take a seat at the table and assist in disposing of the viands thereon, which offer he declined; but on being further pressed to do so he became seated, and soon proved himself to be the superior workman, in his capabilities of consumption, of the trio, which was the more creditable, as he had only just before, such he declared, dined.

Mr. Boucher not only proved himself to be a good trencherman, but likewise a most jovial companion. His acquaintance with political economy and several of the arts and sciences was extensive, and his talents were above mediocrity, and varied. Arthur Bladen was as much pleased as Leo with Boucher's company and varied information, and they separated with regret.

A few weeks elapsed; Leo called on Viner, a bookseller to whom Boucher had introduced him, and received from him a trifle for some humorous sketches, which were the latest productions of his pen. The first instalment of his tale had appeared in the "Honest Man's Magazine," and he was much gratified by the expressions of satisfaction it had elicited. He was engaged to write several articles for Viner, and likewise for Jerken. They were shortly completed, and the manuscripts placed in the hands of those worthies. In the meantime, Leo's funds were beginning to fall short—having been more extravagant than his circumstances warranted. Not a farthing could he get from Jerken since he had received the four guineas—and Viner was as bad, continually putting him off with fair promises. Occasionally he received small sums for newspaper articles, and a few guineas for some pieces of poetry for annuals; and in this miserable way did six months pass.

His spirits were broken, and a deep gloom and despondency took possession of him. For some time he would not even acquaint Bladen with his pecuniary distress, and was too proud to apply to his relatives for assistance. His board and lodging bill, amounting to five pounds, it now became necessary to discharge, and had it not been for the friendship of Bladen, it is extremely doubtful whether his landlady would have allowed it to accumulate even to that amount. He determined to acquaint his friend with his embarrassment, and ask of him that assistance which he knew he would most readily give if he had it in his power. Arthur was no sooner made acquainted with the circum-

stance, than he not only promised to satisfy Mrs. Bottomless' present demands, but likewise to become guarantee for his friend's future payments.

We must now return to other characters in our story, leaving Leo Myron endeavouring to support himself by his pen, but chiefly dependent on the resources of his friend, who having been for some years in the receipt of a salary, which he had carefully economised, would for a time be enabled to render that assistance to which friendship prompted him.

## CHAPTER XI.

In which strange things occur.

On the town of Liverpool a burning sun had shone for upwards of twelve hours; no breeze was stirring; and the atmosphere was hot and disagreeable from the heat and smoke. Among the foot passengers who thronged Dale Street, and were passing to and fro, hustling each other as they met, were two men of shabby appearance. One of them was tall, having a broad well-knit frame, and about fifty years of age. His countenance was partially hid by a broad-brimmed straw hat, which had seen much service, being slouched low over his face. He wore a long loose frock, rent and repaired in many places, and in his right hand he carried a huge walking stick. His companion was shorter and of lighter build, with a round smooth face, but marked with the lines of a dissipated life. He wore an old black hat, gallantly inclined on one side, and a coat not unlike a variegated piece of patchwork. His hands were thrust into the pockets of a ragged pair of trousers, and under one of his arms he carried a short stout stick. As he sauntered along, he kept up a continued whistle, until he allowed himself an interval of cessation by addressing his companion.

"Art dry, Bill?" was the enquiry he made.

"Aye! a dram'd go down well enough," was the reply.

"Hast got any rhino about thee?"

"A tanner or so; and here's a place'll do."

They halted before a gin-shop, and after glancing at the exterior, entered. They called for a couple of drams of gin, and seated themselves apart from some few individuals who were in the bar.

"'Twill be rather a longish walk to Lunnun, Dick; but I'll do it to ferret her out."

"Aye! ben't she a beauty, to live in 'fluence and let her husband starve aught she knows 'tother side the water?"

"And what d'ye say her trade is?" asked Bill.

"Oh! flowers she do sell—but they ben't real uns. But what do cap 't all is,

to say thee be dead, Bill; and just as when I left they did say some feller that had a mint of rhino did pay court to her."

"An I warn't as how she nabbed him then. My limbs be terrible stiff wee lying about in thick ship I coom'd across in."

"Well Bill, ha' another dram?"

"Aye, aye!"

"Couple more then, missus, here!" spake Dick in a loud rough tone. When the drams were supplied, he continued, "Twere lucky I met with thee, Bill, so as to put thee in a way to make summ't, for thou best in such bad tog as I be. I war'nt as how she'll give thee a 'lowance to keep off, and if she do, I s'pose I shall see some yellar boys for the inf'mation—aye?"

"Aye, aye Dick, never fear—if't hadn't been for thee I might ha' beat about the bush for a year or more afore I found the hussy."

"All right! I told thee where she were living, Bill."

"Aye, aye;" was the response.

We will now leave these two worthies in the enjoyment of dram drinking and conversation.

That Mr. and Mrs. Myron had removed from London to Hastings, in Sussex, we mentioned in a former chapter, and they were still residing there. A small picturesque cottage, romantically situated behind the lofty cliff which bears on its summit the ruins of an ancient fortress was their abode. Since they had resided there the house had been considerably improved, together with its approaches, until it harmonized with the taste of Mrs. Myron, for let it be understood that her husband's voice was entirely unheeded by her. She had contracted intimacies with several respectable families in the immediate vicinity, and the principal portion of her time was occupied in paying and receiving visits. Her husband was only her occasional companion when she went abroad; he being necessitated to endure far more of her company at home than he desired, was anxious to avoid it when he could find an excuse. But sometimes his escort she considered necessary to maintain the dignity of her matronly position, and on such occasions he was compelled to swallow his dislikes and go.

A circumstance of this nature soon occurred. Mrs. Myron was desirous of visiting the Haydens, who resided two miles on the other side of Hastings, having been informed by some of her gossiping acquaintance that Mr. Hayden's nephew, a young Collegian, was expected to arrive on a certain day from Oxford. That day Mrs. Myron chose for her visit. She informed her husband she should wish to



go in the pony chaise, to which desire he acquiesced; and that he must accompany her, to which he martyr-like submitted.

*To be continued.*

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### ENOCH ARDEN.

BOILED DOWN.

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden  
Both were "spoons" on Annie Lee;  
Phil did not fulfil her notions,  
She preferred to mate with E.

Him she wedded, and she bore him  
Pretty little children three;  
But, becoming short of rhino,  
Enoch went away to see.

Leaving Mrs. Arden owner  
Of a well-stock'd village shop,  
Selling butter, soap, and treacle,  
Beeswax, whipcord, lollipop.

Ten long years she waited for him,  
But he neither came nor wrote,  
Wherefore, she concluded Enoch  
Could no longer be afloat.

So when Philip came to ask her  
If she would be Mrs. Ray,  
She, believing she was widow'd,  
Could not say her suitor "nay;"

And a second time was married,  
Gave up selling bread and cheese,  
And in due time Philip nursed a  
Little Ray upon his knees.

But alas! the long-lost Enoch  
Turned up unexpectedly,  
And was vastly disconcerted  
By this act of bigamy.

Yet reflecting on the subject,  
He determined to atone  
For his lengthened absence from her  
By just leaving well alone.

Taking to his bed, he dwindled  
Down to something like a shade,  
Settled with his good landlady,  
Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered  
How poor Enoch's life had ended,  
They came out in handsome style, and  
Gave his corpse a funeral splendid.

This is all I know about it,  
If it's not sufficient, write  
By next mail to Alfred Tenny-  
Son, P.L., the Isle of Wight.

*Melbourne Punch.*

### THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

When this great man, at a very advanced age, was called to attend a meeting of the Privy Council, to consider the best mode of defending the kingdom from a threatened invasion, he gave his opinion with his usual firmness and penetration. Afterwards he said, that for above fifty years he had served his country, and should be happy to do so still, but that he was aware his faculties were impaired. At present, he added, he was fully conscious of his deficiency, but he feared the time might soon come when he should be no longer aware of it. He, therefore, made it his earnest request that he might never more be summoned to Council, and that if elsewhere, on any occasion, he expressed an opinion, no importance should be attached or deference paid to it.

It is melancholy to reflect how low became the degradation of that mind, whose decaying powers were equal to such an act of magnanimity. After having had everything to gratify—first, as the finest, gayest man in Europe, then as its greatest general, and afterwards its ablest negotiator and statesman—after all this, in a state of complete imbecility, an absolute driveller, he was actually exhibited by his servants to all who chose to give an additional fee after having stared at all the magnificence of Blenheim. It was sagaciously remarked by the late Mr. Cobden, that great men should rarely be consulted or listened to in advanced age, because their authority increases whilst their mental powers decay.

W.

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### ANECDOTES, &c.

**THE ATTORNEY AND THE TAX COLLECTOR.**  
—A limb of the law in this town was lately waited upon, at rather an early hour in the morning, by a collector of church rates. The lawyer made his appearance at the door minus several of his upper garments, but he very politely invited the collector to walk in and take a seat. He protested that a man who did not pay his taxes must be looked upon with great suspicion, apologized for being out so often when the collector called, and expressed a hope that no one had seen the taxman enter the house. The collector replied that he believed no one had seen him. The assurance appeared for a time to relieve the mind of the lawyer, who retired to an adjoining room. He soon re-appeared with a fine razor and strop in his hand, and continued for some seconds to sharpen the instrument. He seemed a little

nervous, and after a few questions and answers had passed between him and the collector, the lawyer said, "Are you quite sure no one saw you come in?" The collector, who began not to like the looks of the man of legal attainments, replied, "Oh, I'm quite sure no one saw me come in." "Then," said the lawyer, drawing the razor across the strop more savagely, "I'll take care no one sees you go out." The collector became alarmed, and looked out for a way of retreat. "Stop till I get a bucket," said the attorney; "I'll not have any dirt here, but I'll soon put you from going out." As he spoke the lawyer retired, and began to shout to his servant to bring a bucket. The collector was in despair, and as soon as his supposed assailant turned his back, he rushed out of the door, and never again troubled the lawyer for church rates.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

THE FOOLS OF "GLORY."—"Wherefore are you about to gird on the sword? For Fame and Glory? For show, and the admiration of the Fair—eh? And a fig for danger, of course! Pray, simpleton, have you considered what danger means? Have you imagined, booby! the sensations occasioned by a musket ball in the knee-joint? Have you calculated, loggerhead! the results of a cannon shot's impinging on your shin-bone? Dolt! has it ever occurred to you to fancy yourself undergoing amputation? Have you, noodle! ever pictured yourself to yourself, with a shell bursting at your ear; a rocket exploding in your stomach; or your eye poked out with a bayonet? Can you conceive your mangled body, you dullard! lying on the field of battle, with a horse trampling on your crushed limbs, or stamping its hoof in your mouth? Have the delights of a forced march, or a bivouac in the open air, in wet, and cold, and hunger, ever presented themselves to your stupid mind? What amount of glory, worth speaking of, mooncalf! are you, one among thousands, likely to gain? And as to the admiration of the ladies, soft man! what would they think of you with a wooden leg, or a nose flattened with the butt end of a carbine? What, ninny-hammer! is most likely to be the reward of your prowess, after all, but a beggarly half pay? And do you really mean to say, blockhead! that you have no regard for your precious carcase; no desire for comfort and enjoyment; and that you positively cannot find any more pleasant and profitable occupation than the trade of warfare? And you confess do you, you dog! that any idea that Providence had called you to this, never entered your thick and unbelieving head? Why, then, you ass, you goose, you gull, you silly, empty coxcomb, go along with

you, and turn doctor, or parson, or bill discounter, or broker, or banker; and eat, and drink, and sleep jollily, in peace and plenty all the days of your life."

AN ACROSTIC.—The following enigmatical acrostic was composed by a very old inhabitant of Peterborough, with a view of exercising his three sons in classical history. One is no more! one was senior wrangler of his year at Cambridge, and the other took a fair degree at the same University:—

The Queen who toil'd thro' days and nights,  
yet left her task undone,  
The mighty forge where Jove's dread bolts  
were formed by Juno's son,  
The Prince who search'd through earth  
and hell to find his sire's retreat,  
The wife for whose loved sake her spouse  
approached dread Philo's seat.  
That empire matchless once in arms and  
mistress of the world,  
That empire which now homage claims  
whene'er her flag's unfurl'd,  
The place where Jove with lightning crown'd  
'midst thunder told his court,  
The stream where Cæsar paus'd, then  
cross'd, when he an empire sought.  
The Roman Bard who sang the love of  
many an amorous boy,  
The wisest king of all the host combined  
to conquer Troy,  
The knot which Phillip's warlike son with  
daring wit untied,  
The Prince whose corse was twice dragged  
round because Patroclus died.  
The initial letters join'd aright, a city's  
name appears,  
Whose towers, whose spires, whose vaulted  
aisles, have stood a thousand years.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—While Mrs. Butler was playing Juliet at Philadelphia, and just when she had exclaimed, "O, cruel poison!" a tall, lean, gaunt, sandy-haired medical student in the stage box, deeply absorbed in the scene, thrust down his hat on his head with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time, "Keep him up, Juliet! I'll run and fetch the stomach pump."

THIS IS THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.—In the year 1843 eight millions one thousand four hundred and forty-nine pounds one shilling and fourpence was spent by the people of this kingdom in tobacco!—A tolerable round sum to "end in smoke." If the weed had been worked into pig-tail, rather more than half an inch thick, it would have formed a line 99,470 miles long—long enough to go nearly five times round the world!

## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

JUNE 1st. The cottage occupied by Jonathan Morriss, of Empingham, was forcibly entered by the back window, it is supposed sometime between 4 and 6 o'clock in the morning. It appears that Morriss, who lives by himself, and is aged and infirm, was indulging a little too freely at a neighbouring public-house the evening before the robbery. However, it seems pretty certain that he went home semi-intoxicated with the potations he had imbibed. He says he got up about 4 o'clock on this unfortunate morning, and that he left his house quite "snug and safe," and proceeded to milk his cows, which business occupied him until about six o'clock, when he returned to his dwelling, and found to his dismay, his drawers and cupboards open and ransacked, and about 8*l.* in gold and 5*l.* in silver, stolen therefrom; also a roll of bank notes of 100*l.* was taken. In this case, however, the thief would be sadly disappointed, for they bore the signature of "Bellairs," whose bank, at Stamford, stopped payment about 50 years ago! A quantity of silver spoons were lying close by these "shadowy" notes—but so great was the joy of the thief at his extraordinary luck—that he took the luckless notes, and left the spoons. It is expected that some one watched the old man's movements in the morning, and took advantage of his absence to ease him of those riches he was speaking about the night previously. Tipplers—beware!

7th. A grand Choral Service was held at Ely Cathedral on behalf of the "Choir Benevolent Fund," when a full choral service and a selection of anthems were performed by a choir of about 60 voices, selected from her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Ely Cathedral, and the Collegiate Churches of Cambridge and Eton. At the close of the service a good collection was realized. In the evening, a concert, consisting of glees, madrigals, and part songs, was given in the Corn Exchange, which was fitted up for the occasion, and well filled by the clergy and gentry of the city and neighbourhood.

16th. A rather serious accident happened to Miss George, of St. Paul's Street, Stamford. This lady had been walking in Uffington Park, and was crossing, about 7 o'clock, the single-plank bridge which expands the Thicket Dyke, on her return to Stamford, when she slipped and fell a distance of several feet into the water beneath. Fortunately there is not much water at the place where the mishap occurred, or Miss George would inevitably have

been drowned before assistance could have reached her. She was, however, so much hurt and stunned by the fall that she was utterly unable to extricate herself, especially as the banks at this point are almost perpendicular. In this state, exhausted, and nearly insensible, she was found by some men, who were informed of the occurrence whilst fishing near Hudd's Mills. She was at once lifted out of the water, and, a fly having been procured, conveyed home. Though still suffering a good deal from sprains and bruises, we are happy to say Miss George is progressing steadily towards convalescence.

20th. The remains of the late Viscount Cranborne were interred at Hatfield Church. The mourners were the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil (now Viscount Cranborne), Lord Eustace Cecil, Mr. Beresford Hope, &c. [Lord Robert Cecil (M.P. for Stamford), did not hear of his brother's death until he sat down in the House of Commons, after speaking against Mr. Goshen's bill, but the sad event had occurred before he rose.]

27th. A melancholy and fatal accident occurred on the Great Eastern Railway, between Peterborough and March, by which two lives were lost. Miss Vawser, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Vawser, of Walderssea, in Elm, accompanied by the servant girl and boy went down to their farm in West Fen for the purpose of gathering some fruit. As they were returning, the boy went forward and opened the gate of their private crossing over the railway, and they drove on to the rail, not seeing that the passenger train from Peterborough was close upon them. In a moment the horse was killed, the car dashed to pieces, and the poor servant girl instantly killed. Miss Vawser was also thought to be dead. She was, however, still alive, though quite insensible, but she only survived till about two o'clock in the morning of the following day. Information being conveyed to the town caused the greatest excitement. There were a great many persons soon on the spot, but it was some time before they could remove Miss Vawser, which they did at last by placing a bed in a cart, and they conveyed her home. The remains of the poor servant girl were taken to the "Horse and Jockey" public-house, there to wait the inquest. The driver of the train (which of course was at its full speed) stopped it as soon as possible, about 400 yards from the place. The shock was only slightly felt by the passengers in the carriages.



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## A WORD FOR JUSTICE.

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England has long prided herself on her Constitution, her hard-bought, hard-earned liberties; and doubtless, she has good reason to be proud. Yet Englishmen are often negligent of the first and main principle of the very constitution they admire, and rejoice to possess: as an instance, law ordains that every accused person shall be allowed an advocate and a fair hearing; yet, many will condemn others without any hearing, any defence: I do not mean in a formal process of law, but in their hearts. Is not this decidedly unjust? Those of my readers who think so will, perhaps, hear me patiently while I advocate the cause of one who is almost universally condemned as a beast and a tyrant (I could mention many other hard names), viz., Henry VIII. of England. He has not had proper justice; he has wanted the fair hearing usually allowed, and we find few—very few voices raised in his favour.

My readers will perhaps permit me to bring before them something like a regular form of accusation and trial, leaving to them to form their judgment as jurymen in a common cause.

Here is the indictment:—Henry the VIII, king of England, is charged with being cruel, violent, lawless, despotic, gloomy, bloody, revengeful, rapacious, arrogant, bigoted, vain, capricious, licentious; a butcher, a bloated tyrant, a beast, a huge frame enclosing a soul stained to the centre with every crime which can disgrace or desolate humanity;”—with many other hard names, which, for charity's sake to the accusers, we will omit here.

Witnesses for the prosecution, come forward! First comes DAVID HUME, the first historian of the land, a half-infideli, and a notoriously incorrect writer, one whose history became very popular for his inimitably excellent and pure language: it was published in 1759 (*i e.* the part relating to the Tudor period). This great man accuses the king of his country of violence, cruelty, injustice, revenge, vanity, bigotry, caprice, and licentiousness.

Next comes TOBIAS SMOLLET, the former witness's next-door neighbour (so to speak), an indecent, licentious writer, half of whose writings respectable householders are nearly ashamed to possess in their libraries. Tobias' history is generally incorporated with Hume's. It was all written in fourteen months (of course it will be correct), and has been described as a "specimen of literary presumption."

Here is DR. LINGARD, a Roman Catholic, and one of the noblest Englishmen who ever lifted a pen: his history came out in 1819. *En passant* I would mention that he differs from the most of the other standard historians in

maintaining Anne Boleyn's guilt. We can, however, scarcely expect a perfectly impartial view of the reformer, Henry VIII, from a Catholic.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH and SIR HENRY ELLIS come together. The former is a worthy writer, and a careful researcher.

Following these comes HENRY HALLAM, truly a worthy and authentic historian, but one who wrote about thirty years too soon in the world's course: his history came out in 1827, since which time some valuable documents have been found.

Here comes CHARLES KNIGHT, who has written a large history, and a pretty one too, compiled from Burnet's Reformation, Hume, Lingard, Mackintosh, Ellis, Hallam, the published State Papers, the Cotton Library, &c., &c. His work is, of course, impregnated with the views of those from whom he took his information.

Next comes one (I purposely omit his name) who has lately written a large history for cheap literature, and who spends one half of his language in abusing two of the greatest men of this time, viz., Henry VIII, whom he calls beast, bloated mass of disease, lawless despot, &c.; and the noble, yet erring, Cranmer, whom he describes as a time-server, a coward, and everything else that is mean.

I must not omit our fair lady historian, MISS STRICKLAND, who shews a true woman's feeling for her sex, and therefore condemns Henry. She has but a poor opinion of Jane Seymour, whom Lord Herbert describes as "the fairest, the discreetest, and the most meritorious of all Henry VIII's wives." She blames her, and perhaps justly, for permitting Henry to pay his addresses to her while Anne lived, for shewing such want of feeling for her mistress, and for actually making preparations for her wedding (as she must have done), "while the life-blood was yet running warm in the veins of the victim," who was to be removed by a violent death to make room for her.

Passing rapidly over such men as FOX, the martyrologist, BURNET, LORD HERBERT, and others, who hold pretty much the same views as the preceding men, we meet a host of compilers of school histories, &c., following on the heels of the illustrious authors mentioned above, and copying their opinions with the utmost subserviency. We will therefore leave them, regarding them as echoes to the greater men.

All these witnesses agree in giving the culprit king the following redeeming qualities,—vigor of mind, courage, sincerity, gallantry, generosity, affability, an "extraordinary power of acquiring regard," an advantageous and captivating exterior during youth, and a fondness for literature and learning, thereby rendering education fashionable.

So much for the prosecution: the evidence is given, both good and bad: the respective worth of the witnesses is given: and we wait for the defence. Let us begin by criticising the evidence: it may not all be true.

He is called a "huge bloated mass of disease," and a "bloated, sensual despot," because he had six wives, because Banting had not yet arrived in the world, and he could not therefore reduce his corporal bulk, and because he had the misfortune to have ulcerated legs. The last two were, at any rate, things for which he should be pitied, not blamed (that is if a good English rotundity is a detriment to one's personal appearance): and it would not take many arguments, perhaps, to shew that he was unfortunate, not altogether licentious, in his choice of wives; but of this hereafter. He is called unjust, violent, bloody, despotic, a butcher, &c., which qualities he gains the credit of by a few great actions of his life, such as the executions

of Fisher and More, Anne Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, the Countess of Salisbury, Catherine Howard, and the Earl of Surrey, and the passing of various stringent acts, as the Statute of the Six Articles, and the act giving to the king's proclamation the force of law. Let us examine these actions. More resigned the Lord Chancellorship because he saw that there inevitably must be a breach between England and Rome: so far he was conscientious and right. He and Fisher implicated themselves in the conspiracy connected with the Maid of Kent: the acute lawyer escaped, the bishop was attainted with the rest. Shortly after, the act giving the succession to the throne to the issue of Anne Boleyn was passed, with an additional clause providing that any person refusing to swear to the act should be held guilty of misprision of treason. Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More did refuse, and were consequently imprisoned, and attainted (the second time for Fisher). What could be done? A law had been passed by parliament (by parliament, mind, the representatives of the country; not by Henry: it is all very well to talk about the subserviency or servility of parliament; it was composed of English nobles and gentry, who, as a body, were as sensitive of honour then, as now); the men therefore offended against the laws of their country: but, to shew Henry's mercy, their punishment was delayed for some time, giving them sufficient opportunity for reparation. Meanwhile, another act was passed, making the king, the Supreme Head of the Church, and a clause was added, stating that they who refused to swear to this should be held guilty of treason. The obstinate prelate and ex-minister again refused. Pope Paul III, pleased with Fisher's faithful (to himself, the Pope) conduct, made him an untimely present of a cardinal's hat. Here then was a defiant subject about to be rewarded by a foreign power for disobedience to his country's laws and king. Henry indignantly exclaimed that my lord the Bishop of Rochester, should not have a head whereon to wear the new honour. He was therefore tried and condemned of treason, and was beheaded on the 22nd of June, 1535. More suffered the same fate shortly after: but his death roused a thunder of denunciation against Henry, the echoes of which sounded in the remotest corners of Europe. Never, perhaps, did the death of a subject cause so much commotion; for he was a celebrated and influential man.

Anne Boleyn's guilt is questionable. Lingard and Froude maintain it, while Hume, Hallam, and others ignore it. I will leave the matter with these remarks. A woman that could allow a married man to make advances to her, perhaps to seduce her, and marry that man while his wife was, to her knowledge, living, aye, and even occupy the place of that man's wife in public before she was married, can scarcely be called virtuous. Again, her indecent joy at Queen Catherine's death in 1536, shews that she was not that pious saint and holy christian which some would make her. She and her brother were fairly (according to the existing laws) tried, and found guilty, by a jury of English peers, who would, without doubt, uphold English justice and honor, as Englishmen ever have done. Can we then blame Henry?

Poor Cromwell was unfortunate, although meritorious. He was accused of heresy, of issuing unauthorized commissions, of taking bribes, and of treason. Just before he had been created Earl of Essex and K.G., which shews plainly that Henry could not have borne him malice with respect to the marriage with Anne of Cleves. After his attainder, Henry's strict sense of justice would not permit him to listen to the culprit's heart-rending supplications, though he was moved to tears by the cry for "Mercy, Mercy."

For the old Countess of Salisbury's death there does not seem to have been



much need, though she had been corresponding with her son, an outlawed traitor. Cromwell is more to be blamed for her attainder than Henry, and her death was a consequence of her attainder.

Catherine Howard's guilt has never been doubted, and certainly deserved its punishment.

Surrey's guilt has been overlooked in his poetry and gallantry. But the man who was heir-apparent to the premier peer of England, and who talked largely about what he would do, who menaced when Hertford superseded him because he did not do his duty as governor of Boulogne, who aimed at marrying the Princess Mary, hoping thereby to obtain the kingdom at some future time, and who attempted to induce his own sister to offer herself as Henry's mistress, in order to give his family, the Howards, more power, was a man to be suspected and looked after. Henry wished to see Surrey and Norfolk executed before his death. Why? Because they were at loggerheads with the Seymours, and to Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, Henry wished to consign the guardianship of his son. But everything might not go very smoothly if the two Howards lived, and had their liberty. Hence the high handed Surrey was executed, and justly; while his father was only saved by the king's death: yet, the council in the next reign suspected him too much to give him his liberty. So Henry's judgment was wise after all.

Now let us consider him during the several seasons of his life. Up to the agitation of the Divorce Question his character was excellent, and had he died then scarcely a shadow of crime would have been imputed to him. But he was wedded to a woman much his senior, to whom he was indifferent; and he had only one living child, Mary, a delicate girl. His private inclinations called him to marry: his public duty did the same; and he attended to this double call when he married Anne Boleyn, and was divorced from Catherine: but his patience was sorely tried for a long time. Anne was condemned on charge of adultery and incest. Again personal inclination and state duty, urged him to take another wife: but he is to blame for doing this indecently early after Anne's death. He exhibited little sorrow for her: but perhaps, he thought her not worth sorrowing for. Jane Seymour died, and he feelingly mourned for her loss. Then from October 24th, 1537, to January 6th, 1540, he remained a widower, and no one can prove the slightest shadow of lust or licentiousness against him. He married again, but his wife did not suit him—he felt he could not be happy with her: yet, we hear of no brutality, no unkind treatment; only coldness, in his own bluff way, and polite civility. They mutually consented to be divorced. He was fond of his next wife, and heard with overwhelming grief the proof of her guilt. Gaining wisdom by experience, he lastly married a discreet widow, Catherine Parr.

In considering all these marriages we cannot but be struck with one great desire on Henry's part,—he wished to have legitimate issue, especially male issue. It was necessary for the State; for if Henry died without children, the kingdom would be thrown into a state of anarchy, as will be shown by an enumeration of the various probable claimants of the throne: James V., King of Scotland, son of Margaret Tudor, Henry VII's daughter; the Marquis of Exeter, son of the Earl of Devon and Catherine Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV; the Countess of Salisbury, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence; the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Queen Margaret of Scotland, by the Earl of Angus; the Duke of Norfolk, husband to Henry's sister Mary. Each of these had powerful supporters, and would

probably attempt gaining the succession if Henry died without issue, or if his daughter Mary, a sickly girl, died. Hence the king seems to have treated marriage as a political necessity, and a wife as one of the state baubles, which could not very well be dispensed with. Yet he had manliness, sensitiveness, and human nature enough in him to desire at least a good looking wife, to be proud and careful of his boy, and to mourn the death of those wives who died without offence. Thus we find him shedding tears at the last letter which Catherine of Arragon wrote to him, and filled with emotion when presenting his infant, Edward, while Jane was on her deathbed, to the view of the people. As further proofs of his possessing some human feeling and sympathy, we may mention his kind and respectful treatment of Anne of Cleves after her divorce, and the fact that the same author who describes him as a "bloated mass of disease," "beast," "lawless despot," &c., is compelled also to say that when he was convinced of Catherine Howard's guilt, he "appeared completely confounded, and burst into a passion of tears."

Now is it rational to suppose that if lust was Henry's only motive, he would have taken the trouble to wait so long for the Pope's decision, and ultimately to offend the Pope, thereby placing himself and his kingdom under an interdict, when he could, as other sovereigns did, have as many mistresses as he liked. No, he was too honourable, and too much a christian to do that. He had only one mistress, and only one illegitimate child, while his contemporaries on the continent could count theirs, perhaps, by dozens. Henry was vastly superior, in morals at least, to the "Eldest Son of the Church" (the Emperor Charles), and the "Most Christian King," Francis of France: aye, and to the Holy Father the Pope himself, in many cases; look at Alexander VI, with his sons and daughters (who has not heard of Cæsar Borgia?).

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is the only standard writer who supports Henry, the only witness for the defence. This historian writes in a lively, commanding style, and his material is of the highest character for veracity, he having spent almost a lifetime in drudging through manuscripts, &c. When we consider that he has spent all that time in going through a period of only about 73 years, and has published several large volumes, we cannot but think that his authority has more weight than that of any of his predecessors, although his language may not be so excellent as that of such immortalized men as Hume or Macaulay. He gives the great king these qualities;—vigor of purpose, intelligence, love of study, industry, regularity, good nature. He says, "he lived for 36 years almost without blame... We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions..... Not many would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity..... Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will."

To conclude, then, he was, doubtless, a most able statesman, and carried England through the trying times of the Reformation with great success, but necessarily with great severity. He furthered the work of reform very considerably, by acting as a check to it: for the more zealous Protestants would have gone to extremes, and thus made their doctrines odious. He stood between the two parties of Catholics and Reformers, and checked them alternately: thus we find him at one time ordering bibles to be set in churches; at another passing the Statute of the Six Articles, &c. These changeable dealings have led people to call him capricious.

Every man has his faults. Henry VIII was imperious, selfwilled, too fond of justice untempered with mercy, and too negligent of his duties as a

husband. So let us leave him, giving those of his actions which admit of a double interpretation the more charitable one. Let us remember too that we live in an age in which we are free from the thralldom of Rome, and we cannot understand what was necessary then for peaceful government, when to be excommunicated was to be abhorred.

ANOMALY.

Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. LIB. I. 28.

[*Instituto nautam inter et Archytæ umbram dialogo, Pythagoreorum hæresin insectatur, et sepulturæ curam commendat.*]

NAUTA.

TE maris et terrae numeroque carentis arenae  
 Mensorem cohibent, Archyta,  
 Pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum  
 Munera : nec quidquam tibi prodest  
 Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
 Percurrisse polum, morituro !

ARCHYTÆ UMBRA.

Occidet et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,  
 Tithonusque remotus in auras,  
 Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque  
 Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco  
 Demissum ; quamvis, clypeo Trojana refixo  
 Tempora testatus, nihil ultra  
 Nervos atque cutem Morti concesserat atrae ;  
 Judice te non sordidus auctor  
 Naturae verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,  
 Et calcanda semel via leti.  
 Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti :  
 Exitio est avidum mare nautis :  
 Mixta senum ac juvenum densentur funera : nullum  
 Saeva caput Proserpina fugit.  
 Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis  
 Illyricis Notus obruit undis.  
 At tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus arenae  
 Ossibus et capiti inhumato  
 Particulam dare : sic, quodcunque minabitur Eurus  
 Fluctibus Hesperii, Venusinae  
 Plectantur silvae, te sospite. multaue merces,  
 Unde potest, tibi defluat aequo  
 Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.  
 Negligis immeritis nocituram  
 Postmodo te natis fraudem committere ? Fors et  
 Debita jura vicesque superbae  
 Te maneant ipsum : precibus non linquar inultis ;  
 Teque piacula nulla resolvent.  
 Quamquam festinas, non est mora longa ; licebit  
 Injecto ter pulvere curras.



## THE TRANSLATION, &amp;c. HORACE. BOOK I. ODE 28.

[*Under the form of a dialogue between a Sailor and the Ghost of Archytas, he ridicules the opinion of the Pythagoreans, and recommends the care of the burial of the dead.*]

In this Ode, probably derived from a Greek source, Archytas is introduced answering a sailor, and telling him that we all alike must die, and begging him not to leave him unburied. The sprinkling of dust on the corpse seems to have prevailed extensively as a substitute for more complete burial. It is at this day a custom among the aborigines of Peru. Is the sprinkling of earth upon the coffin in Christian burial a relic of the Roman custom?

Archytas was a celebrated philosopher of that day, uniting in himself the qualities of a Humboldt and a Herschel,—traveller and astronomer.

Euphorbus is another name for Pythagoras, and the illusion is to the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, taught by Pythagoras, who pretended to prove the truth of it in his own person: asserting that he recognised as his own, the shield of Euphorbus, the son of Pantheus, borne by him in the Trojan war, and then hung up as a trophy in the Temple of Juno, at Argos. Ovid tells the story. Horace remarks that if his soul had reappeared, still he was sent back to Orcus, or Hades, and so was no exception to the rule that death awaits us all.

## NAUTA.

You, who have traversed many seas and lands,  
And deserts passed and all their countless sands,  
Now on the Matine shore, Archytas, lie  
And ask a little dust of passers by.  
In vain you climbed the heavens with daring soul,  
And, soon to die, traced out earth's rounded pole.

## ARCHYTAS.

And Pelops' father, guest of gods, is dead,  
Tithonus' spirit to the skies is fled,  
And Minos, who to share Jove's councils went:  
Euphorbus, too, was back to Orcus sent,  
Though he reclaimed the dedicated shield  
He once had borne upon the Trojan field,  
As proving dusty death could only claim  
His skin and nerves, but left his soul the same.  
Master of Nature and her truths was he,  
And taught her secret, as yourself agree.

One night awaits us all, and all must tread  
Alike the dismal pathway of the dead.  
The Furies make us sport for savage Mars,  
The greedy sea against the sailor wars,  
The graves for mingled young and old must gape,  
And none from cruel Proserpine escape.  
Me, while Orion set the swift south bore  
And cast me drowned upon Illyria's shore.  
But, sailor, be thou kind, and haste to spread  
Sand on my bones and my unburied head:

East winds shall threaten the Italian seas,  
 But leave you safe and tear Venusia's trees :  
 Neptune, who doth his own Tarentum guard,  
 And Jove, the just, shall grant a rich reward.  
 Do you think light of what your sons unborn,  
 All unoffending, may have cause to mourn ?  
 Perhaps yourself, if still deserved the fate,  
 May sentence due and punishment await.  
 My prayers are not unheard, but as for you  
 No pious rite can innocence renew.  
 But yet make haste, it asks no long delay,  
 Thrice strew the dust, and then pursue your way.

C. H.

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### MATRIMONIAL HINTS.

*Continued from page 33.*

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10. If she be passionate and violent, be you cool and collected in proportion: if she irritates you, she has mounted one step of her throne, and you descended one step of yours.

11. If she be fond of reading, let her have no novels: if she must read, give her the memoirs of Roman wives and matrons: if she prefer light reading, put before her the works of the fathers of the church.

12. Be careful that she does not think too well of herself in point of learning, lest she should soon fancy herself your superior.

13. If she be witty, teach her that the best mode of shewing it is to conceal it.

14. If you take her to places of public amusement, make her know that it is the reward of, and not a bribe to, good conduct.

15. Let her be as little as possible alone: if a man, according to the philosopher, is not to be trusted by himself, ought we to have more confidence in a woman?

19. Finally, love her; but do not shew it too much, lest she take advantage of it: as all wives desire power, it should be the business of all husbands to prevent their obtaining it.

In addition to the rules given above it has often struck me, that it would be very practicable, by some legislative enactment, to diminish the number of unhappy unions, both in high, middle, and low life, which we all so much regret; and I wonder that some member of parliament (many of whom have often had cause, in their own persons, to lament the non-existence of such a law) has not before now brought a bill for the purpose into discussion. Were universal suffrage once established, and, as a part of the same scheme, females admitted into the two houses, I doubt not but that some individual would step forward with a measure that might meet with the approbation of both sexes.

Of course, there would be degrees in this as in all other offences, and particular clauses ought to be inserted, to impose particular penalties, greater or less, according to the delinquency of the case. Allow me to offer a few hints.

When a rich, old, decrepit, toothless hunk marries a young blooming

virgin, and quarrels, or infidelity ensues, it ought to be declared *felony*; or, if she were under his *protection*, without the ordinary ceremony, *felony without benefit of clergy*.

Where a desperate, penniless fortune-hunter runs away with a rich heiress from her father's house, as misery must be the consequence, it should be held *burglary*.

Where a young gay fellow marries a rich widow for the sake of her money, it should be considered *grand larceny*; or, if the fortune be small, *petty larceny*.

Where a young man of good expectations throws himself into the arms of an old *belle*, supposed to be wealthy, and finds that she is an Irish heiress (that is to say, with debts to the amount of 5000*l.*), he should be adjudged to be a *felo de se*.

When a couple marry, mutually supposing each other to be rich, but mutually deceived, they should suffer the same punishment as for *picking pockets*.

Where a young single man unites himself to a widow with five or six children, he should be sentenced to the *pillory*.

Where a young officer of family in the army, or in any other situation, without a penny in the world, runs off with a milliner or mantua-maker as poor and as thoughtless as himself, it should be considered *lunacy*, and the parties should be confined for the rest of their lives.

It would be easy to enlarge this list, and to make the proposed measure much more extensive in its provisions, but what I have given above will be a sufficient hint to any person who has philanthropy and industry enough to undertake the formation of a bill.

If it be objected, that such a law would tend to discourage matrimony, my answer is, that if it prevented such marriages as we now daily witness, I should be very well contented: for it is much better that the Queen should have a few less subjects, than that her realm should be constantly exposed to the civil wars and domestic animosities that now disturb the peace of so many families.

PERTINAX SINGLE.

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## PROCLAMATION AGAINST WAX BOSOMS

(By his Majesty the King of Fashion).

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WHEREAS it has been represented to us, that our trusty and well-beloved Lady Dobbs, and the Hon. Miss Dobbs, did appear at the Opera-house lately, with *bosoms made of wax*, these are therefore strictly to enjoin and prohibit all punsters, makers of puns, manufacturers of quibbles, and dealers in *double-entendre*, from meddling with or molesting the said bosoms of wax; either by pun, rebus, conundrum, epigram, or any other article of punning manufacture.

More particularly, it is hereby enjoined, that no person shall say or affirm, that the said ladies begin to *wax* wanton.

No allusions whatever are to be made to the business of the wax-chandler, nor any notice taken of those *melting* moments, which must be more frequent than ever.

Any person who shall consider his sweetheart as more inclined to *seal* the



contract than she was before, shall be considered as a punster, and *punished* accordingly.

Any person who boasts that he has it in his power to *make an impression* on the breast of a lady, whether in initials, or his name at full length, shall incur our high displeasure, and be considered in all time forthcoming as a manufacturer of quibbles.

Any person who shall presume to hint, or insinuate, that a lady of fashion is indebted for her fine shape and *contour* to the refuse of a *bee hive*, shall be considered, &c., as aforesaid.

Any person who shall find fault with a lady for her neglect or indifference, by suggesting that she might have more of the *honey* and less of the *wax*, shall be considered as having a *bee in his head*, and be treated accordingly.

Lastly, any person who shall say and declare openly, and with punning prepense, that whatever might have been a lady's education formerly, they now carry with them what is useful to *letters*, shall be punished by the statute against forced quibbles.

Be it understood, notwithstanding, that nothing in this proclamation shall attach to the poets and wits of the morning papers, as it is not our pleasure to deprive them of the only means they have of subsistence.

Given at our court at the Opera, this 1st day of August, 1865.

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#### THE FIRST EARL FITZWILLIAM.

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This nobleman had made a will, by which he bequeathed a large proportion of his property to Lord Onslow. The designated legatee was once breakfasting with the earl, and, in course of conversation, Lord Onslow touched the lip of the cream-jug with the rim of his cup. Lord Fitzwilliam expressed his anger at this act, which he styled unseemly, as the rim of the cup might have been in contact with Lord Onslow's lips. The younger Lord could not help laughing good humouredly at such fastidiousness; but the laugh was indulged at a costly sacrifice, for Lord Fitzwilliam cancelled his will, and left his property among other legatees.

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#### O U G H .

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THE Count Antonio, a young Italian gentleman, on a visit to England, for the purpose of learning the language, is taking a walk with his friend and tutor, Mr. Beauchamp. Scene, a green lane between meadows.

COUNT ANTONIO. (Speaking with a very slight accent.)—But how beautiful it is, the place. In Italy we have more equal, more hot weather, and less of wet; but I should willingly exchange our dryness for this most beautiful verdure.

MR. BEAUCHAMP.—Upon my honour, John Bull must feel quite proud of such a compliment from the denizen of a climate like yours! But you are right: among your vines, your luscious fruits, under your clear sky and genial sun, I have often longed for a meadow such as this over the hedge. It seemed as if the mere sight of it would quench my thirst.

COUNT.—I can understand. It is very fine.

MR. B.—The great drawback is, that we can never make sure of enjoying it thoroughly; for though there seldom passes an entire day in which one cannot get out of doors at all, yet the frequent rains make the ground wet, and often make one pay the penalty of a rheumatism for rural indulgences.

COUNT.—Ah, I know it well. When I first came to England I had a cow, and kept it a long while.

MR. B.—For the sake of the milk?

COUNT.—Why old Mrs. Johnson prescribed ass's milk to get rid of it.

MR. B.—To get rid of what?

COUNT.—The cow. She said it would settle on my lungs.

MR. B.—Ha! ha! Excuse me, my dear Count; I admire but cannot imitate the politeness of you Italians, who never laugh at verbal blunders. A cow is a female ox. We call your infliction, not a cow, but a *cauf* cough.

COUNT.—A *cauf*! Ah, I shall never learn all your diverse modes of speaking the words.

MR. B.—Do not despair, you have got on wonderfully, you speak almost like a native already, and only want time to learn the irregularities of the language which I must confess are numerous.

COUNT.—It is all irregularity! I do believe, truly, that almost every word is pronounced unlike all the rest.

MR. B.—Come, you exaggerate.

COUNT.—Scarcely! there is hardly any rule that applies to more than half a dozen words; and very often the same characters are pronounced in different modes. Your own name is example, B e a u c h a m p, which you call *Beecham*. What is the use of the *a*, the *u*, and the *p*, in that word? And even this fantastic mode of pronouncing it is not fixed. *E a u* is pronounced all ways. You might say, Little Miss *Beecham* is the *bo*-ideal of infant *beuty*.

MR. B.—Ha! ha! you are a most complimentary philologist.

COUNT. The fact is, the pronunciation is only to be acquired by the study of every individual word. What a labour for a foreigner! A general key to it will never be found, *thauf* soft like a diamond.

MR. B.—Soft like a diamond! I believe a diamond is the hardest substance in nature. Nor do I see how that which you complain of, as hard, can be soft.

COUNT.—Soft? Do you not say?—or *seeked*?

MR. B.—I comprehend,—you mean *sought*. Which reminds me that you should have said though [tho] not *thauf*.

COUNT.—That ough again! It is my *slow* of despond. To conquer the difficulty is a job as *taw* as the sounds are *raw*;—as *raw* as the voice of a *daw* or a *chaw*.

MR. B.—*Chaw*!—You should have said *slou*, by the by, *slough*, not *slow*. By *taw* I suspect you mean *tough*; but what do you mean by being as *raw* as a *chaw*?

COUNT.—*Chaw*—is there not a bird, a Cornish *chaw*; and its *voice* is *raw*, is it not?

MR. B.—A *chuff*, a *chough*; and as you say its voice is *ruff*. The *bird* you may call *raw*, until it is cooked.

COUNT.—Your corrections serve only to mislead me, you see. You may knead the language into as many shapes as easily as *duff*.

MR. B.—Doe, *dough*—

COUNT.—*Dough*,—and therefore you might draw a rule about as easily as you might *plo* a furrow in Low Iron, or Low Swilly, or any other low.

MR. B.—*Plough* you mean; and you should say *Lock* [Lough] Swilly;

and I suppose Lock Iron ; but you seem more learned than I am in British geography.

COUNT.—Enoc! It is hopeless.

MR. B.—*Enoch!*

COUNT.—Basta, basta.

MR. B.—Oh! enough.

COUNT.—I shall never get *thruff* it! *o u g h*. I have *foot dotily* with the difficulty ; but it is *thoraufty* impossible to conquer. I have *socked* for a clue to the labyrinth, as eagerly as a pig at his *true*. All I have gained is *knout*.

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LINES WRITTEN ON THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S  
FAREWELL SERMON.

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The following lines were suggested by the Archbishop of York preaching his farewell sermon, in consequence of his advanced age, being in his 85th year. The venerable prelate's text was, "The night cometh when no man can work." The congregation was very numerous :—

These limbs are failing fast,  
This voice is feeble now,  
And age's hand has cast  
Its snow upon my brow.

Yea let me once again,  
In my accustomed place,  
Tell to the sons of men,  
The message of his grace.

Will it not come with power  
From my pale lips once more—  
"Oh! are ye ready now?  
Your Lord is at the door.

The solemn night comes on  
Wherein no work is done:  
Oh, hear the voice of him  
Whose sands are well nigh run."

So spake the prelate, and, with reverend grace,  
Gently he passed to his accustomed place ;  
Ascended, with slow step, his pulpit stair,  
And bent his feeble knees in silent prayer.  
Then, as ambassador from God to man,  
Set forth, once more, salvation's glorious plan.

I marvel not that numbers crowded there  
To see that old man in the house of prayer ;  
To catch his last, last tones along the aisle,  
And gaze upon his aged form—the while  
He stretched his hands, and, "let them all depart,"  
Their prelate's latest blessing at their heart.

How beautiful is age! when thus is shed  
A crown of glory round the hoary head ;  
When spring and summer time, and autumn past,



On the mild brow pale winter's snows are cast !  
 How beautiful is age ! Almost at home,  
 The chastened spirit dares no longer roam  
 Amid the trifles of our waking night,  
 But plumes her soaring wing for realms of light.

Yet lingers still the pilgrim on his way,  
 Smiles on the infant in its happy play,  
 Lays his kind hand upon the young man's head,  
 And tells him all the way his God has led ;  
 Or greets some aged brother with a smile,  
 " Well, my old friend, press on a little while."

How beautiful is age ! Looks brighter never  
 The kindling eye than ere it shuts for ever ;  
 And never speaks the voice in tone more thrilling,  
 Than when, at length, our being's end fulfilling,  
 The fluttering spirit pants to reach its home.  
 And feebly cries—" I come, O Lord ! I come !"

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#### SIGN OF RAIN.

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One of the " Hundred Mery Tales " teacheth that, ere travellers depart their homes, they should know natural signs ; insomuch that they provide right array, or make sure that they be safely housed against tempest. Our Shakspeare read the said book of tales, which is therefore called " Shakspeare's Jest Book ;" and certain it is, that though he were not skilled in learning of the schoolmen, by reason that he did not know their languages, yet was he well skilled in English, and a right wise observer of things ; wherein, if we be like diligent, we, also, may attain unto his knowledge. Wherefore, learn to take heed against rain, by the tale ensuing.

*Of the herdsman that said " Ride apace, ye shall have rain."*

A certain scholar of Oxford, which had studied the judicials of astronomy, upon a time as he was riding by the way, there came by a herdsman, and he asked this herdsman how far it was to the next town ; " Sir," quoth the herdsman, " it is rather past a mile and a half ;" but sir, quoth he, " ye need to ride apace, for ye shall have a shower of rain ere ye come thither." " What," quoth the scholar, " maketh ye say so ? there is no token of rain, for the clouds be both fair and clear." " By my troth," quoth the herdsman, " but ye shall find it so."

The scholar then rode forth, and it chanced ere he had ridden half a mile further, there fell a good shower of rain, that the scholar was well washed, and wet to the skin. The scholar then turned him back and rode to the herdsman, and desired him to teach him that cunning. " Nay," quoth the herdsman, " I will not teach you my cunning for naught." Then the scholar proffered him eleven shillings to teach him that cunning. The herdsman, after he had received his money, said thus :—" Sir, see you not yonder black ewe with the white face ?" " Yes," quoth the scholar. " Surely," quoth the herdsman, " when she danceth and holdeth up her tail, ye shall have a shower of rain within half an hour after."

## LEO MYRON.

*(Continued from page 38.)*

They were driving through one of the streets of Hastings, and had just arrived opposite the principal hotel, where a coach had an instant before, stopped. The plunging of two post horses, which had been led into the middle of the road to allow the coach to run close to the pavement, obliged Mr. Myron to stop until they were secured and led out of the way. His calls upon the ostler attracted the attention of a gentleman who had just descended from the roof of the coach, who observing that Mr. Myron's pony was likewise becoming restive, at the example afforded him by the post horses, and causing thereby alarm to the lady in the conveyance took him by the head and reassured the lady of her safety. Mrs. Myron, on hearing the stranger's voice, drew her veil partially aside and looked earnestly at him. That she was not deceived in her conjecture, which her look and manner betrayed she entertained, we might well infer from the hastiness with which she again drew over her veil, and the words which, at the same time, she muttered to herself, "It is Moore!"

The post horses were by this time moved away; Mr. Myron wished the gentleman "good day," who lifted his hat to him, and his lady, as he drove away.

In somewhat less than half an hour they arrived at the residence of the Haydens, and during that time, Mrs. Myron had been silent, absorbed in her own reflections, arising from her recognition of Mr. Moore!"

The Haydens were at home. They consisted of a brother and three sisters. Mr. Hayden was a clergyman of the Church of England, but was unable to follow his profession from ill health. Being unmarried, and having a small independency, his three maiden sisters resided with him, who on the death of their parents became, separately, possessed of trifling incomes.

Mr. and Mrs. Myron were received by Mr. Hayden, alone. He apologized for being found in dishabille, but he had wished that morning to complete a sermon he was writing, which had detained him longer than he intended, but he would only trespass on their presence in such a dress until one of his sisters could be with them, which would be shortly. Mr. Hayden had great volubility, and when seated and talking became so restless, that one would almost be inclined to entertain the idea that he was seated on hot chesnuts. "Oh! my dear Mrs. Myron, how very kind it is of you to call, we have been so extremely

dull these two days," said Miss Hayden, on entering the room. Mrs. Myron rose from her chair, and shook Miss Hayden heartily by the hand. "And Mr. Myron too! I am I am sure, as you favor us so very seldom we must regard your being here as quite charitable," and the lady bridled and simpered in her most agreeable manner.

The party were scarcely reseated when the Misses Jane and Caroline Hayden appeared, and the Divine, collecting together the sheets of his manuscript sermon, which were scattered on the table, departed. The two younger sisters were soon gaily engaged in conversation with Mrs. Myron, diversified with frequent tittering; and Miss Hayden was solemnly discussing the "Rights of Woman," with Mr. Myron. Miss Caroline, the youngest, had long since bade adieu to her fortieth birthday, and like her two sisters, had had numerous offers of marriage, a fact we think it right to state, resting uncorroborated on her own assurance, which her free and independent spirit, and dislike to the trammels of matrimony had urged her to treat with disdain. They were tall, large framed women, with good heads of hair—the tongue of scandal whispered they wore wigs—grey eyes of different degrees of color, lank visages, and thick noses, inclined to aquiline. "Dearest! Mrs. Myron won't accept my invitation to dinner, you ask her, she can't resist your entreaties;" spoke Miss Jane to her elder sister, interrupting that lady's eloquent discourse, which was intended to draw sympathetic expressions from Mr. Myron on the unhappy position of woman in the social scale.

"What is it you say, Jane?" snappishly asked Miss Hayden. When the enquiry was answered, she said, "Oh! but I'm sure you must, my dear Mrs. Myron, and I have so much to say to your good husband, that I can't think of letting him go, and you won't leave him behind, I am sure. Besides, we expect Mr. Jarvis here very shortly from Oxford, and we shall be such a nice little party—there you will stay! Caroline will go upstairs with you to take off your things."

Caroline rose from her seat, and Mrs. Myron following her example said, "There, you do with me as you please, Miss Hayden;" and left the room with her.

Dinner was announced as being waiting. Mr. Jarvis entered the room, and introduced Mr. Moore to the company as his friend. Mrs. Myron was covered with confusion for a moment, when she beheld Mr. Moore, but that gentleman's politeness somewhat reassured her, particularly when she observed he regarded her as though he had never seen her before, and for sometime

she was doubtful whether he recognized her or not. Mr. Hayden advanced, and offered his arm to conduct her to the dining room, and they were followed by the rest of the company.

Mrs. Myron was seated at the table between Mr. Hayden and Mr. Moore, the last place she would willingly have chosen. The latter, shortly after they were seated, enquired of her in a low tone, whether she was not the lady he had seen in the chaise that morning in Hastings, and was so alarmed at the restiveness of her pony. With her most winning smile, she informed him that she was, and thanked him for the kind assistance he had rendered her, and her husband.

"Doubtless you recognize me now as the person who seized your pony by the head? And then," here Mr. Moore reduced his voice to a whisper; "and then, you may next remember my dear Mrs. Myron, that I have before this occasion basked in the sunshine of your smile."

"Yes, Moore," she softly returned, "I knew you this morning, but now I rely on your honor as a man, and—there you will be secret, won't you?"

"Depend on me Jane; but, is that man I was introduced to as your husband, really married to you, or—"

"Yes, he's legally married to me," she returned, "we will take an opportunity," said Moore, "of conversing more in private by and by; we may now be observed; and it would cause some surprise to be seen so confidentially conversing after so short an acquaintance." "It would indeed," she whispered; and enquired in a louder voice, "did you not find it extremely unpleasant travelling over such dusty roads?"

"Well, rather so; but there were two females on the coach, with whom Jervis was particularly amused, they were complaining of the dust and heat during the whole journey, and at last they worked themselves into a most desperate passion, so that the perspiration stood upon their faces in large drops, entirely from the effects of it."

"What is that you were saying about me, Moore?" Mr. Jervis quickly enquired.

"You heard me mention your name? well, I'll tell you; I was only relating to Mrs. Myron one of the sins you have committed this morning."

"And are my peccadilloes so interesting as to be worth repeating to the ears of ladies? You must not, however, think worse of me Mrs. Myron, from what he says: did you but know him so well as I do, you would only attribute it to slander," said Mr. Jervis.

"Oh! no; indeed I shall not," an-

swered the lady, "for had I been on the coach, I'm sure I should have laughed as heartily as you did to see two women perspire with passion, because it was dusty."

"I am most satisfactorily relieved," returned Mr. Jervis, bowing graciously.

The dinner was over and the ladies retired, leaving the gentlemen with their wine. Jervis drew near to his friend Moore, and said, "What ever could you be saying to Mrs. Myron, just now? to see you, one would fancy you had been intimate with her these twenty years instead of as many minutes." "Jervis you can be silent?"

"What, a secret? aye, all right!"

"Well, Mrs. Myron is no other than Mrs. Vangir of whom I have told you."

"Impossible!" was the only reply this information elicited from Mr. Jervis.

"She's entirely altered now, being respectably married, and I have no doubt comfortably settled."

"But when you knew her, Moore, she kept an hotel, and was a married woman, but separated from her husband, how did she alter her position, and get introduced to my uncle and aunts? for depend upon it they are quite in the dark respecting her past life."

"I shall hear by and bye all about it, and then I will satisfy your curiosity. We will now join the ladies."

"Uncle, Mr. Myron," said Jervis rising, "will you bear us company? I and Moore can't exist long out of ladies' society." All the gentlemen then left the room, and joined the ladies. During the course of the evening, Mr. Moore availed himself of an opportunity of following Mrs. Myron into the garden, and of having a quarter of an hour's conversation with her, as he thought, privately and unobserved, but the eye of her husband had detected the significant glance she gave Moore previous to her leaving the room. Mr. Myron followed Moore, and although he was not absent from the room but little more than five minutes, he saw and overheard sufficient to convince him of the worthlessness of the woman who was his wife. For the present, however, he determined to act with circumspection, and allow nothing in his conduct to transpire which could raise a suspicion in her mind as to his knowledge of her true character. During the interview between Mrs. Myron and Moore, she acquainted him with the circumstances which had led to her marriage, hence her present position. She likewise again obtained from him a promise, that he would maintain secrecy respecting his knowledge of her past life. With her mind set at rest concerning her meeting with Moore, which before it had taken



place, she would have given anything to have avoided, and satisfied as to the safety of the secrets she had entrusted to his keeping, she returned home with her husband in the pony chaise.

Mr. Myron now felt troubled at the misunderstanding which had so long existed between him and his son, and anguish rent his heart, at the thought, that he had allowed an unprincipled woman to prejudice his mind against his children, so far as to make them seek homes amongst strangers. Several days had elapsed since the visit to the Haydens. Mr. Myron left his residence one morning before his wife had descended from her bedroom, intending to walk into Hastings, to post a letter of conciliation, which he had written to Miss Hendon. He had not proceeded any great distance, when a man that he met enquired of him, "Whether a person of the name of Myron, did not live in the neighbourhood?"

Mr. Myron avoided giving a direct reply, and eyed the man closely. He was tall and shabbily dressed, and dusty with travel.

"There is a Mr. Myron who resides near here," he however, soon informed the traveller.

"May be, you do know 'un, sir?" said the man.

"I do; yes, he is an acquaintance of mine."

"I suppose he's a married man, sir?"

"Yes, he is;" and when Mr. Myron uttered the words he sorely regretted that they were so true.

"And I do hear his wife is a very charitable lady, sir; so, I do wish to become one of her pensioners."

"You speak rather confidently my man, what is your name?" This interrogative was accompanied by a half-a-crown. "Thankee, sir; sure this is a very good beginning in this part. My name is William Vangir."

"Vangir, did you say?"

"Yes, sir, that's my name;" returned the man.

"I have heard that was Mrs. Myron's name before she married her present husband, are you any distant relation of hers?"

"Well I think I could say as how I do know 'twas her name, and you do guess near the mark, sir, but I be somewhat nearer related to her than you do think. Perhaps you will be kind enough, sir, to point out to me near about where she do live?"

"My good man, you say your name is Vangir?"

"Yes, sir, there's no mistake about that!"

"My name is Myron, and the lady of

whom you have been speaking is my wife. Now tell me candidly the nature of your relationship to her, and I promise that your sincerity shall not go unrewarded."

"I 'spose you be attached to the lady, sir?" said the man, as if wishing to avoid a direct reply.

"Answer my question my good man, and I will fulfill my promise to the utmost of your desire," said Myron, now beginning to entertain a suspicion that there was some mystery connected with this man's visit to his wife; of what nature he could not as yet conceive, but which it behoved him if possible to unravel.

"Well, I will be candid with you sir; I be the husband of Mrs. Myron, or better, Mrs. Vangir, but a trifling sum, sir, will keep me quiet. I don't want to take her out of your possession."

"Your great kindness deserves an adequate return, but what proof have I that you are not deceiving me?"

"The best possible proof, sir, if the lady will own me herself," returned Vangir.

"Now attend to what I say. I will point out to you the house; a half an hour hence call there and ask to see Mrs. Myron. When the servant goes to acquaint her mistress that you wish to see her, follow her into the parlor where Mrs. Myron will be sitting. I will be near and shall hear all that passes between you and her, and whether she acknowledges you as her lawful husband. Here is a sovereign in earnest of my promise." The piece of gold was immediately in the hands of Vangir, who said, "Aye, aye, sir; thankee, some of these yellar boys will pass 'tween us yet." He now accompanied Mr. Myron within sight of the cottage, and then left him. It was an object of importance towards the complete success of the scheme, that Mr. Myron should enter his own house without being observed and conceal himself. This object he was luckily able to accomplish, and found the parlor yet empty, where Mrs. Myron was accustomed to take her breakfast, which was all prepared for her, and on the table, when she should arrive.

He entered the next room by opening one of the large folding doors, which served to separate them, leaving it slightly ajar.

He had not remained there long, before Mrs. Myron entered the next room. She almost immediately commenced her breakfast. The time to Mr. Myron crept away slowly, indeed; every movement of his wife filled him with anxiety, lest she should discover his close proximity. At last the anxiously waited moment arrived, the servant entered Mrs. Myron's presence, and informed her that a man at the door

desired to speak with her. Her message was scarcely delivered, when Vangir himself pushed by her as she stood holding the door-handle, and entering the room said, "Yes, ma'am, I do wish to say a few words t'ye; and this young woman had better, perhaps, close the door and leave us alone."

Mrs. Myron almost fell off her chair when she saw Vangir, and the servant greatly alarmed at the fainting and distressed state of her mistress, ran towards her to prevent her, as she thought, from falling to the ground. But her assistance was unnecessary, she felt better now, it was but a passing spasm Mrs. Myron informed her, and recovering her self-command by a strong effort, desired her to leave the room and close the door. The servant retired, and left Vangir alone with his wife. "What want you with me?" enquired the lady, accompanying the words with as much dignity of manner as she could command.

"Aye! my dear, is this how you receive me after so many years absence, leaving you in comfort and the enjoyment of another husband? You recognized me then the moment you saw me, didn't you my love?" Here he seated himself on a chair.

"Yes, I recognized you the moment you appeared. What is the object of your visit, to expose me, or to extort money?" "Why, I would take a cup of coffee before entering into particulars with your permission." Mrs. Myron rinsed out her own cup, and filling it with coffee, presented it to Vangir.

"Thankee, sure, my dear; you be much more attentive now than you used to be. But I 'spose 'tis a little of the old love reviving at the sight of me after so many years absence: there, 'tis nat'ral that, I speak from my own feelings;" and he gave a chuckling laugh and cast a leering look on her.

"Spare me, I pray you all this nonsense, tell me what you want, my husband may return and find you here."

"Your husband! your paramour you mean. But I don't want to take you from him if you have a mind to stay."

"Well, well, say on!" said the lady hastily.

"What, you don't understand me?" he replied, as he placed the empty cup and saucer on the table.

"You know it would be to your own interest to maintain secrecy concerning our connexion," resumed Mrs. Myron. "Should you divulge it, you drag me from a position where I may be of service to you, into your own helpless state. You now see the advantage of allowing me to

remain as I am. I promise you fifty pounds a year certain, and should you conduct yourself agreeably to my wishes, why you may look for an increased stipend." "Now you do reason well my dear, and—" Here the entrance of Mr. Myron into the apartment interrupted Vangir, and elicited a scream from the lady.

"You need not trouble yourself Mrs. Vangir," said Mr. Myron, with well assumed composure, "with making any promises to your husband. I am the party he will now treat with."

"Oh God! oh God! discovered at last! But you will not cast me from you as a mistress," said Mrs. Vangir in accents of tender appeal, and throwing herself at Mr. Myron's feet, "we have lived together, and you have loved me as your wife."

"And you have forfeited my love by the deception you have practised;" he returned. "My roof is no longer a home for you, not even for another night. At the Haydens' the other day I was not blind, and old love, which had grown into disregard, revives sometimes after a long separation."

Mrs. Vangir's anger was roused at these taunting expressions, and she rose from her humiliating position, seeing from Mr. Myron's coldness of manner that he had already determined on a course of action which she believed he would undeviatingly pursue.

"And would you turn me into the road and let me rest under a hedge, you old villain, after the professions of love you have made me? By my life! you shall repent such treatment of me."

"Cease I pray you these mad ravings," said Mr. Myron, with mildness. At the same time Vangir scowled upon her, and uttered a threat in a deep, low tone, at the sound of which she seemed to quail. The effect was electrical, she held her peace.

"You, Vangir," resumed Myron, "will take away your wife from this house. I shall give you fifty pounds, and your wife the like sum. Are you satisfied?"

"Thankee, sure sir, I needn't say I be very well pleased, for my actions would soon shew it, if I warn't. And now, my dear, "addressing his wife," you had better hasten and put on your bonnet and things, for I do want to be going now—that is, when Mr. Myron—"Yes, yes I understand," said that gentleman, and he left the room, but again returned in a few minutes. He then placed in Vangir's hand a banknote for Fifty Pounds. "And here is a Note for Fifty Pounds, madam, for you," he said, holding it out to her, at the same time in his hand. She took it from him without speaking a word, and thrust it into her bosom. A servant was

then desired to bring her late mistress' bonnet and shawl. This order was executed and Mrs. Vangir arrayed herself.

Before she left the house, Mr. Myron told Vangir that in the course of two hours, he might send a cart for his wife's personal effects, which in the meantime he would have collected together.

It required some most determined looks and threats from Vangir, to prevent his wife from giving vent to those passions, which so violently agitated her. But she seemed, through fear, utterly subjected to her husband, even wincing at the sound of his voice. Vangir thanked Mr. Myron, and wished him good morning; and taking his wife by the hand led her away with him.

A cart arrived at the time appointed, and carried away the late Mrs. Myron's effects. None of her boxes had been opened, and all her loose effects were carefully packed in others, and two bank notes for £20 each, were placed in one of them, where they would scarcely fail to attract her notice. The day after this event occurred, Mr. Myron left his house in charge of his servants, and hastened to Peterborough, being anxious to embrace his daughter, and make peace with his son.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### A Reconciliation and a Marriage.

Leo Myron, whose once fondly cherished hopes were now crushed, was driven to the verge of despair. His pride of independence waged a cruel conflict in his breast, at receiving pecuniary assistance from his friend Arthur Bladen, although given with a cheerfulness which in the minds of most men, would have raised so lively a gratitude as to have blunted the feelings of dependence, however proud and sensitive the nature. But Leo's heart was big with the gratitude it felt, and perhaps his despondence may principally be attributed to the division in his family, caused by his father's second marriage, the unconcern that parent exhibited towards his children, and the signal failure of his own aspirations. It is impossible to say to what extreme measures he might have resorted, had he not received a communication from his father, acquainting him with his separation from Mrs. Vangir, and entreating him to hasten to Peterborough with all speed, and in the sunrise of a happy future, forget the gloomy night which had now passed. Before Leo had finished reading his father's letter, tears rose in his eyes and deep sobs burst from his swelling breast.

A happy parting was it between the two friends on the following morning, when Leo took his departure from the metropolis.

The journey to Peterborough was wearisome and long to the young traveller; there were no Great Northern expresses in those days. He watched with anxious gaze the tardy course of the sun down the arch of the horizon; and at last he shed beams of a yellower hue, and they speedily became mellowed and then deepened into a purple gold. Before the twinkling stars were visible, Leo had been folded in the loving and ardent embraces of his father and his sister.

To the past, none of the now happily reunited family recurred; all their hearts were too full of their present joy, thus wantonly to bid the slightest pang to arise and embitter it.

Again did Leo bask in the sunshine of Sarah Bladen's love; and their mutual affection became known to the families of either party. None were more rejoiced at it than Mr. Myron, and none were more eager, with the exception of the young people themselves, for the marriage to be hastened.

The happy, happy day was appointed, and with throbbing hearts and excited brains was its approach contemplated. The cold misty morn at last broke, and soon ushered in bright gay rays of sunshine to gild with auspicious promise the sacred day.

The marriage ceremony was performed within the noble Cathedral Church of Peterborough, by the Very Rev. the Dean, assisted by the Cathedral clergy. Arthur had arrived from London on the previous evening to be present at the ceremony, and give away his sister. A numerous company of friends were likewise present on the occasion, and marked with eager attention and interest the beautiful bride, her cheeks wet with tears, given unto the care of her future husband.

In the evening, as the family party were in the height of their hilarity, a note, curiously folded, was placed in Arthur Bladen's hands by a servant. He opened it and found within the following:—

##### *Lines on the Marriage celebrated to-day in Peterborough Cathedral.*

###### BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The day is come, the marriage knot is tied,  
And that fair cheek while blushing with delight,  
Betrayed the happiness of Leo's bride,  
To those who gazed upon the nuptial sight.  
E'en when the sacred "Yes" escaped those lips,  
Its gentle murmur reached the list'ning ears,  
Like as the rippling streamlet onward flits,  
All sweetly placid, and as void of tears.  
And that blue eye, so dark and lustrous bright,  
Shone with a tender, loving, speaking gaze;  
But even then, a tear rose o'er the sight,  
And for a moment dimmed its beaming rays.  
Down o'er her cheek there rolled the pearly drop,  
And on her beating bosom dried away,  
As if the passion Love fixed in that spot,  
Absorbed the feelings, tears, of human clay.



The pang I felt is gone, the moments fly,  
And round thee, on thee, are fresh blessings cast,  
But yet, methought I heard escape a sigh!  
Oh, let us pray, thy happiness will last.

He read the verses through, and then hastened to the side of Mary Myron, and gave them into her hands.

"What pretty lines," she said, when she had read them, "I wish Leo and Sarah were here; but they shall have them before two days are over."

Arthur was anxious to discover the poet, and with that object he sought the servant who had given him the note. She could tell no more than that she answered a knock at the street door, and instantly on her opening it, a little boy thrust the note into her hand, which, on seeing the address, she immediately brought to him. The clue to the writer of the verses being thus broken, Arthur at once gave up the design of striving any further to penetrate the secret.

The honeymoon of the newly married couple was like all honeymoons; that is, a period of felicity worthy of the seventh heaven: therefore gentle reader we will not disturb its hallowedness, believing that if you have not already participated in its joys, it is unworthy of us novices to attempt realizing it in an ideal form, before that climax in our existence shall arrive, when we may hope to enjoy the reality.

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#### ANECDOTES, &c.

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MISS CUSHMAN AND THE STAGE.—The manner in which she obtained her first engagement in London, is so characteristic of the spirit and pluck of the woman, that I cannot resist telling it, as it was related to me by Maddox, the manager of the Princess's Theatre (1845). On her first introduction to him, Miss Cushman's personal gifts did not strike him as exactly those which go to make up a stage heroine, and he declined engaging her. Charlotte had certainly no great pretensions to beauty; but she had perseverance and energy, and knew that there was the right metal in her; so she went to Paris, with a view to finding an engagement there, with an English company. She failed, too, in that, and returned to England, more resolute than ever, bent on finding employment there; because it was now more than ever necessary to her. It was a matter of life and death, almost. She armed herself, therefore, with letters (so Maddox told me) from persons who were likely to

have weight with him, and again presented herself at the Princess's; but the little Hebrew was obdurate as Shylock, and still declined her proffered services. Repulsed but not conquered, she rose to depart; but, as she reached the door, she turned and exclaimed: "I know I have enemies in this country; but—(and here she cast herself on her knees, raising her clenched hand aloft) so help me—! I'll defeat them!" She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth, and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. "Helho?" said Maddox to himself, "s'help me! she's got de shtuff in her!" and he gave her an appearance, and afterwards an engagement in his theatre. She opened there with Mr. Forrest, in "Macbeth;" and carried away the honours of the night. It was on this occasion that those marks of disapprobation were showered on the great American actor, which so highly incensed him, and which were attributed by him with great injustice, I believe, to Mr. Macready's influence, and were so fatally revenged in 1849, at the Astor Place Opera House; when Mr. Macready was driven from that stage, and compelled to fly, probably, for his life. Innocent victims fell outside the theatre on that dreadful night who had no hand or part in the quarrel, perhaps scarcely a knowledge of its cause.—*Mr. George Vandenhoff's Experiences.*

HOW TUTORS ARE PAID.—Lately there appeared an advertisement requiring a tutor for a family in Yorkshire, to attend to eight or nine boys. This was answered, says a correspondent, by a friend of mine (who obtained high honours in his University), offering to teach the classics, mathematics, and the usual course of a gentleman's education. You may judge of my surprise when I saw the answer my friend received, which was as follows:—"Dear Sir,—In answers to yours of the 30th of March, respecting your application for the tutorship advertised in *The Times*. 1. You would be treated as one of my own family in every respect, with the exception of the washing. 2. You would decidedly have the control over your pupils. 3. I am a member of the Church of England, and the stipend which I offer is £20 per annum." To which my friend very properly answered as follows:—"Mr.— presents his compliments to Mr.—, and begs to say that he cannot help thinking the stipend offered is intended as a joke, believing it impossible that any gentleman would willingly offer so great an insult to another. Mr.— would recommend Mr.— to avail himself of the services of one of his own farm labourers, as that would in all probability (if not too expensive) answer the purpose he has in view."

## THE CHRONICLE—1865.

JULY 5th. The annual Meeting of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Society was held at Peterborough, in conjunction with the Peterborough Society. This being the first year the society has held its meetings at this place, very great interest was manifested in the event, and every effort was made on the part of the Peterborough Society, and the inhabitants generally, to make the occasion as attractive as possible, and certainly their exertions met with well-deserved success, for the exhibition was in every respect one of the best the society has ever produced. The agricultural competition was not, however, the only attraction for the visitors, there being added a Flower Show, a grand fancy bazaar, and a cricket match with the United All England Eleven. The city was also profusely decorated with flags, banners, and devices in evergreens, and in some parts of the town triumphal arches spanned the streets, bearing appropriate mottoes. The arch erected by Mr. Royce, in Broad Street, was really an elaborate affair, and reflected the greatest credit upon that gentleman's taste. The appearance of the illuminated star in the centre of the arch viewed from the Golden Lion, produced an effect of the most pleasing kind. In walking from the Bridge to the bottom of Long-causeway, we counted more than 200 flags! Nearly every house was decorated, and it will be a long time before this display of bunting will be forgotten. In the evening an exhibition of fireworks took place, the pyrotechnist being an inhabitant of Peterborough.

12th. Peterborough Election. "After a most severe struggle this contest resulted in the re-election of the late members, Messrs. Hankey and Whalley. The other candidate was Mr. W. Wells, a gentleman residing at Holme, about six miles from Peterborough, well known and very popular among the leading tradesmen of that city. At the commencement of the day Mr. Wells headed the poll, and continued to do so till about 1 o'clock, when the numbers stood (according to Mr. Whalley's committee)—Whalley, 275; Hankey, 271; Wells, 270. This majority in favour of Whalley and Hankey kept steadily increasing, and at the close of the poll at 4 o'clock the numbers were—Whalley, 340; Hankey, 320; Wells, 303. Mr. Wells, though a Liberal, received the support of many of the Conservatives, and much disappointment is felt among the more influential of the electors at the unexpected result of the election. It is said, though of course it is very difficult to bring home any case to individuals connected with

Mr. Whalley's committee, that a great deal of undue influence has been used, particularly by the non-electors, and the 'No Popery' cry has been made use of to the utmost extent." *The Times*, July 13, 1865.

20th. The Thorney annual School Festival was held in the park-like grounds adjoining the residence of Wm. Whitting, Esq., kindly lent by him for the occasion; and it would have been difficult to have found a more lovely spot for many miles round. The position added much to the success of the day. At 11 o'clock the children, numbering about 300, headed by the Abbey choir, formed on the green, near the Abbey, and commenced singing the "Processional hymn," composed for the occasion by Mr. Thacker, the organist, the effect of which was very fine as they moved slowly into the church. The service was choral throughout, and the sermon, preached by the Rev. Herman Douglas, Rector of Newboro', from the Revelation, was a most eloquent discourse. The festivities commenced with a public luncheon on the grounds at 1 o'clock, at which about 50 persons assembled. The children arrived in the ground during the afternoon, and enjoyed a substantial tea at 4 o'clock, their wants being attended to by several teachers and other ladies, after which the parents and friends of the children were regaled with a similar repast, free. The visitors, numbering about 800, sat down to tea in a large tent at 5 o'clock, during which some exquisite operatic and other music was performed by the band. The sports and games for the children and adults were not so successful. The excellent management of previous years did not appear to be carried out with such minuteness and regularity. This is to be regretted, as many persons expressed their disappointment at not being able to enjoy this part of the entertainment as formerly. The whole of the provision department was under the management of Mr. Southam, and was very satisfactorily carried out by him. Mr. Aitken's large tents were used on the occasion. The day's amusements were terminated, after three cheers were given for Mr. Whitting, with a display of rockets and the ascent of a fire balloon.

THE WIMBLEDON PRIZE MEETING.—The late candidate for this city, as member of Parliament, W. Wells, Esq., of Holme, has, we perceive, secured the first prize 50*l.* for the best shot at 200 yards at the Swiss Carton Targets; also 2nd prize of 10*l.* for the greatest number of cartons, Mr. Wells having made 94. At 600 yards he secured the 4th prize of 5*l.* having made 24 cartons.

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