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**CHAMBERS'  
EDINBURGH JOURNAL**

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**TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.**

**VOYAGE TO COPENHAGEN.**

EVER since the end of a very pleasant excursion in Rhineland and Switzerland in 1848, I had set apart the summer of the present year for a more extended tour, which should embrace the principal German cities and Italy. When the time came, however, those parts of the continent

were in such a volcanic state, that unless I had had a decided taste for walking over hot cinders and lava (*'incedere per ignes'*), there was no chance of getting along with any degree of comfort. In these circumstances, I turned my thoughts to a part of Europe which is not perhaps possessed of so many attractions, but which at least had the merit of being sufficiently cool for the foot of the English traveller—namely, the group of countries which rank under the general appellation of Scandinavia. In England these countries are generally regarded as only too cool—which is not altogether true either—and they are accordingly little visited. But here, again, lay a reconciling consideration; for, if neglected, they were just so much the more *recherchés* to the person who should make his way into them. I also reflected on the singular social condition of Norway as a curious study for such a wanderer as myself: it would, I thought, be deeply interesting to try and ascertain if a democratic constitution, and the absence of a law of primogeniture, really did render that country the paradise which it appears to be in the pages of Samuel Laing. Then there were some curious geological and archæological studies to be pursued in Scandinavia. One large lump of it is supposed to be playing a sort of game of see-saw, to the great inconvenience of mariners in the adjacent seas; while another, though now steady, appears to have at some former period been engaged in the same strange procedure. According to some philosophers, there had been a time when a sheet of ice had passed athwart the whole country, rubbing away every asperity from its craggy surface, excepting only the peaks of the highest mountains. Its wild fiords were still as curious for their natural phenomena as for the lonely grandeur of their aspect. And the remains of the early inhabitants of these remote regions, whether in the form of literature, or that of their arms, personal ornaments, and domestic utensils, were, I knew, a treasure of the richest kind to any one taking the least interest in the past history of his species.

Having, for these reasons, determined on a tour through Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, I left Edinburgh in the latter part of June. The readiest course for one proposing such a tour is, in general, either by the steamers which leave London, Hull, and Leith for Hamburg, or those which proceed from the two first of these ports to Copenhagen. At the time of my proposed journey, the Elbe was under blockade by the Danish navy, in consequence of the Sleswig-Holstein war. Copenhagen was therefore the only access. It is much to be regretted that there is no steamer direct from England to any port of Sweden and Norway. There was one to Gottenburg a few years ago; it was discontinued because it did not pay. According to Swedish report, an endeavour to revive it has been obstructed by a demand of the English government that only English steamers shall be employed; apparently a most unreasonable demand, and one not characteristic of the present policy. It would surely be much to be lamented if anything so advantageous to the two countries as a direct intercourse be really prevented by such petty difficulties. Let us hope that not another summer shall elapse without the revival of the Gottenburg steamer.

A railway train conducted me from Edinburgh to Hull in the interval between breakfast and supper, allowing me three hours of pause at York, which I employed in a visit to the Minster. The consequences of the second conflagration of this superb building are now repaired, and the edifice is probably in a state of completeness, both as to building and decoration, which it never knew in Catholic times. I was led to reflect how strange it was that so much zeal had been expended in the reconstruction of this theatre of an extinct drama—for the Gothic church of the middle ages was strictly a theatre in which to present daily to mankind, under suitably impressive circumstances, the spectacle of a divine sacrifice which had been made for them. Under modern Christianity, this object exists no longer. The ancient church, accordingly, when too large to be rendered into an ordinary place of worship—as is the case with the English cathedrals—becomes, over and above the corner devoted to the reading of a liturgy, a mere antiquarian curiosity. It is strange that what was done in the twelfth century under the impulse of a powerful religious feeling, can now be done, and done more promptly and quickly, under a feeling almost purely romantic. We must of course rejoice that so beautiful a building as York Minster has been redeemed from the ruin into which it was accidentally thrown, and once more made worthy of the homage of the highest taste. Yet we cannot well forget that such works amongst us can only be something simulative or imitative—what the Eglintoune tournament was to real chivalry. The paroxysm of public feeling in which such noble structures originated was a true thing, and one of the finest true things of its era. It is past—it can never be reproduced. The feelings and energies which took that direction are now expended on totally different objects. It is from a different and secondary source that Gothic renovations proceed.

At this time there were in Hull 8000 people out of employment, in consequence of the interruption to the Hamburg trade, and it was said that much misery existed in the town. One would have expected, in such circumstances, that any little job to one of the hangers-on of the streets would have been keenly relished, and the remuneration, if decent in amount, thankfully received. Nevertheless, when I handed a shilling to two men who had, at one turn of three minutes, carried my few packages from the cab on the quay into the vessel, it was contemptuously rejected, and only accepted after it became clear that I would not accede to their demand of half-a-crown. What would a foreigner, in such circumstances, have thought of the state of things which had been described to him as appertaining to Hull? He could scarcely have resisted a supposition that bad times in England are something better than the best times on the continent.

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Usually, the passport grievance does not commence till one has set his foot on a foreign soil. On this occasion it began before I left the harbour. At the earnest solicitation of the owners of the steamer, I went to the Danish consul to have my passport *visé*, for the sake of establishing that I had come from a district unaffected by cholera. For this a fee of five shillings was exacted from myself and some other passengers. It was hoped, by such means, that no interruption would occur in the landing of passengers at Copenhagen, and the subsequent proceeding of the vessel

to St Petersburg. It will be found that in this object we were disappointed, and that the exaction was to us virtually an act of spoliation. When will states be above the meanness of imposing these petty taxes on travellers, whom one might suppose they would see it to be for their interest to encourage, by every possible act of civility and generosity, to visit their lands?

On rising early next morning, I found the vessel ploughing its way out of the Humber, with the new works of Great Grimsby on the right. This is designed as a new port for the east of England, in connection with certain lines of railway. It is to enclose a hundred and thirty-five acres of the sea-beach, and within this space there will be an entrance basin, accessible at all times to every kind of vessel, besides large docks, piers, and wharfs. The scheme is a magnificent example of English enterprise, and promises to be attended with success. In this event, Hull must fall into a secondary place among British ports. If I am rightly informed—but I only speak upon report—those privileges which have hitherto appeared as her strength will have had no small concern in bringing about the result.

A sea-voyage seems as if it could never be a comfortable thing. The sickness from the motion of the vessel is the first and greatest drawback; but the lesser evils of straitened accommodations, imperfect ventilation, the odious smell inherent in the vessel, and the monotony of the daily life, are scarcely less felt. Prostrated under a sense of nausea, afraid to rise, and afraid or unable to eat, unable to exert the mind in reading or discourse, one sinks down into a state of mere stupid endurance, almost the most hapless in which one can well be in the course of ordinary existence.

After suffering thus for four-and-twenty hours, I ventured upon deck, and, finding the weather not unpleasant, walked about for an hour or two. Here the want of objects on which to exert the mind beset me, and I became surprised at the interest which the slightest change of circumstances or sights occasioned. We eagerly scanned the dim horizon for vessels, and reckoned them up with the greatest care. We marked every variation in the direction of the wind, and in the ship's course. But all was insufficient to give an agreeable stimulus to the craving mind, and passiveness always appeared, after all, as the best resource. Seeing two vessels at a distance, sailing different ways under one wind, I amused myself by comparing them to two speculative philosophers driving to opposite conclusions from one set of facts.

On the third morning there were some symptoms of our coming near the land, though it was still beyond the ken of vision. One of these symptoms was a couple of small boats. Finding afterwards that we sailed seven hours, or as much as seventy miles, without approaching the land, I wondered that two small boats should be met so far out at sea. Supposing they were fishing-boats, it was the more surprising that it was on a Sunday morning, though this, a passenger explained, might be from an anxiety to make as much as possible of the short season during which fishing can be carried on in these seas. As we approached the opening of the Sound, vessels became more frequent, and at length one happy passenger was able to announce that he saw the 'loom of the land.' It was, as expected, a portion of the north of Jutland, a low tract of sandy downs, presenting scarcely an object for many miles besides a lighthouse and a solitary country church. We soon passed the Skaw Point, amidst a crowd of vessels of all sizes, calling for almost as much care in steering as is necessary in conducting a drosky through the Strand. Then the young moon appeared setting in a cloudless summer sky, and it became delightful to walk along the elevated deck, watching her slow descent into the gleaming wave, interchanging a word of remark now and then with a companion, and mentally speculating on the new scenes which must meet our eyes under the next sun. We were all by this time fully restored to our usual healthy sensations, and each meal, as it came upon the board, was heartily done justice to.

I was awakened next morning at five with the intelligence that we were just about to pass through the Sound. I ascended to the deck in a provisional dress, and soon saw that assemblage of objects which has been made so generally familiar by means of pictures—a low point, fronted with mounds bristling with cannon, and an old pinnacled palace starting up from within a few yards of the water's edge, while the narrow sea in front bears a crowd of vessels of all sizes. We had now an opportunity of examining the coast on either hand, but found nothing worthy of special observation, beyond the smiling character imparted to the landscape by pleasant woods, cottages, and gardens, such as one sees on the coast of England. Behind Elsinore, however, there is a lofty bank, of which I shall afterwards take some notice.

After passing a few miles of the low coast of Sealand—for such is the name of this insulated part of the kingdom of Denmark—we were told that the vessel was near Copenhagen, which, however, shows itself in this direction only by a few traces of steeples and dock-yards, with a screen of green mounds serving as batteries in front. We were quickly brought to a pause in the mouth of the harbour. Every passenger had prepared for immediate landing. The offer of breakfast by the steward was treated disdainfully, as visions of the *Hôtel Royal* rose before us. The captain had gone ashore with our passports, and his return with permission for our landing was instantly expected; when a rumour began to spread that we were to be detained a couple of days in quarantine. It proved to be too true, the government having received intelligence of the revival of cholera in London, which had determined it to subject all vessels coming from England to a quarantine which should interpose five full days between their leaving port and their landing passengers and goods in Denmark. Then all was dismay, though at first we could scarcely perceive or believe in the extent of our misfortune. The magical five-shillings affidavit of the consul at Hull was reverted to. We had paid our money for being certified clear of infection, and clear of infection we must be: otherwise, what were we to think of that transaction? Our chafing was of course unavailing. The Danish government is unusually tenacious and pedantic about quarantine regulations, to which it sapiently attributes the remarkable fact, that Denmark has never yet had a visit of the Asiatic scourge. There was no chance that it would relent on the

present occasion. Slowly, and with a bad grace, did we address ourselves to the formerly-despised breakfast. Our friend the steward no doubt viewed the case in a light peculiar to himself.

Two days were spent in perfect inaction, and consequently with much tedium and dissatisfaction. For my part there is something which makes me placid under such troubles. It is perhaps a negative satisfaction in considering that I cannot be blamed for *this* evil, as I must be for most others which befall me. I grieved to think that there must be two days of tame, unvaried life, before I could step into the new city before me; but meanwhile the circumstances were not positively uncomfortable in any great degree; the company was not marred by any bad element in itself; there were books to read and memoranda to arrange: finally, it could not be helped. I therefore submitted with tolerable cheerfulness.

After all, we were comparatively well dealt with, for we heard of many persons who were obliged to lie for longer periods in quarantine, and to spend their time of duration at a station arranged for the purpose on a part of the coast a few miles off, where life was very much that of a prison. Persons coming from Germany would have to stay there five days. If I am not mistaken, travellers from England by the continental route had at this time to pass a previous quarantine at Hamburg, so that a journey to Denmark by that route could not occupy less than a fortnight. I have since heard of a Scottish merchant having lost a vessel on the south coast of Sweden, and going out there, by way of Copenhagen, to see after his property. From the exigencies of business at home, he had only twelve days in all to give to the excursion. On reaching Copenhagen, he would not be allowed to land till that time had nearly expired, and he would consequently be obliged to return to Scotland without accomplishing his object.

By way of a favour, a party of our passengers (in which I was included) was allowed to go in a boat to bathe at a place in front of one of the batteries, an emissary of the quarantine station hovering near us as a watch, lest we should break rules. Two boys, returning from an English school to St Petersburg for the holidays, were full of frolic. We soon had a riotous scene of ducking and splashing, accompanied by shouts of (I must say) very foolish merriment, and thus would probably help in no small degree to confirm our guard in an impression which is said to be very prevalent in Denmark regarding the English—that they are all a little mad. A companion remarked to me, that certainly men will condescend in some circumstances to a surprising degree of puerility, or rather childishness of conduct: here, for instance, said he, there is scarcely the least difference to be observed between the conduct of the schoolboys and their seniors. Take away the pressure of our ordinary immediate circumstances, and how all our usual habits are dissolved! But this is a theme as trite as it is tempting, and I must cut it short. A lunch after the bath was attended by jocularly nearly as outrageous, and we did not return to the ship till near the dinner hour.

Our company was small, but it was sufficiently various. There were two specimens of the idle English gentleman, if such a term may be applied to the character. They were men in the prime of life, unmarried, handsome, moustached, with an air of high society, yet perfectly affable, and even agreeable, in their intercourse with their fellow-travellers. I hesitate in applying the term idle to these men, as they appear to be far from exemplifying true inactivity. They speak of having travelled and sported in many parts of the world. One is as familiar with the granitic wilds of Finland as with Donegal and Inverness. He spends whole summers of wild hardy life in the deserts near the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, shooting bears and hunting deer, lost to wheaten bread and every luxury for weeks at a time. His frame is sinewy and firmly knit; his habits in eating and drinking are as simple as possible. The other gentleman has been with his ship through every sea in the East and West. He has left England at the height of the gay season, to perform a journey of four months, commencing with Copenhagen, St Petersburg, and Stockholm, to terminate on the coasts of the Levant. Another of our party is a New Englander, with an air of quiet confidence as remarkable as that of the Englishmen, yet of a totally different character. He is a little of a humorist, and not at all offensive. A fourth is an elderly Lincolnshire farmer, homely, simple, good-natured, full of quaint remark, and not unwilling to be smiled at by his companions on account of his little peculiarities of manners and discourse. We have also a young English student, evidently not of the university caste, delicate in figure, of gentle manners, and possessed of considerable intelligence. Of females we have few, only one being of the genus *lady*, the sister of our bear-hunting friend; the rest are more practical in their character. One is a mother with a charge of young children, whom she is sadly ill-qualified for regulating or keeping in order. Incessantly these juveniles are chattering about something, or else crying and squalling. The mother goes about with a broken-hearted air, and a voice worn down to its lowest and saddest tones, either taking her children's querulousness resignedly, or chiding them crossly for what is chiefly her own blame. To attend even thus imperfectly to the group of little ones, takes the whole time and energy of this poor mother, and of an equally broken-spirited maid; for never does a minute pass when there is not something to be done for them, either in the way of attending to their personal necessities, or preventing them from clapperclawing each other, and saving them from the effects of their own recklessness. The thought occurred to me twenty times a day—verily the *storge* is a most marvellous endowment of the mother's heart, enabling her, as it does, to submit placidly to what every other person would feel to be intolerable misery.

We received a great alarm on the second day of our enforced leisure. A party had gone off in a boat to row about and bathe, without the attendance of a quarantine officer. No harm was meant, but it was imprudent. By and by it was whispered that word had come that, owing to this breach of regulations, we should all be detained a week longer, or else have to pay a heavy fine—perhaps both. This was dire intelligence to our good-natured captain, and not less so to a mercantile

person, who had sixteen first-class English horses on board, which he was taking out on speculation to Russia. These animals had to stand in cribs on deck during the whole voyage from Hull to St Petersburg. While the vessel was sailing, it was comparatively well with them, for the motion gave them a certain amount of exercise: but the unexpected stoppage of two days told sorely upon them: it was already remarked that their legs were beginning to swell. The owner declared that a week more of inaction would utterly ruin them. While we were gloomily speculating on all the evils we had to dread, the peccant boat-party returned, and relieved us so far, by declaring that they had scrupulously abstained from approaching the shore or any other vessel. They immediately despatched an assurance to this effect to the quarantine station. Notwithstanding a defying tone on the part of some of the defaulters, we passed the evening in a state of serious apprehension, no one knowing what extent of penalty might be imposed by an authority notoriously ruled by any considerations rather than those of rationality. It was thought, on the strength of former instances, not impossible that each of the grown gentlemen of the party might have to pay twenty or five-and-twenty pounds. One more confident than the rest offered four sovereigns to another as an insurance to cover his own risk, or, as an alternative, proposed to undertake that gentleman's risk for three; and the latter arrangement was actually entered into. Early next morning, when we were all on the *qui vive* to learn our fate, a boat came up, and the magical term so well understood in England, 'All right,' soon spread a general smile over the company. The authorities, by an amazing stretch of generosity and common sense, had agreed to overlook the delinquency, on condition that certain expenses should be paid, amounting to something less than two pounds. The passengers for Copenhagen were therefore permitted to land immediately with their luggage, and the vessel was allowed to commence discharge of cargo, preparatory to proceeding to St Petersburg.

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R. C.

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## THE RETURN OF THE COMPAGNON.

### A SWISS TALE.

THE early darkness of a winter twilight had already set in, the wind was blowing boisterously, and the snow rapidly descending, when Herman the carpenter reached his cottage after a hard day's toil, there to receive the fond caresses of his children. His wife exchanged his wet clothes for such as were warm and dry, and little Catherine drew his arm-chair to the side of the fire, while the boys, anxious to do their part, brought his large pipe.

'Now, father,' said little Frank, when he saw a column of smoke issuing forth, 'you are happy and comfortable; what shall we do while mother gets supper ready? Tell us a tale.'

'Yes, tell us a story,' repeated the other children with delight.

They were on the point of clustering round, when something passing caught little Catherine's eye. 'Oh,' said the child, 'here is such a poor man in the street, all covered with snow, and who does not seem to know where to go!'

'He is a *compagnon* (journeyman), said Frank—'a whitesmith; I see his tools in his bag. Why does he stop in the street in such weather?'

'He plainly knows not his way,' Catherine replied. 'Shall I go and ask him what he wants?'

'Do so, my child; and give him this small coin, for perhaps he is poor, as I have been, and it will serve to pay for his bed, and something to warm him. Show him the *Compagnon's Inn* at the end of the street.'

When the child had returned, the clamour was again raised for the story.

'What shall it be?'

'Daniel?'

'No.'

'Perhaps the Black Hunter?'

'Neither of these to-night, my children. I will tell you about the "Return of the *Compagnon*."'

The children gladly drew round their father to hear his new story, which was as follows:—

It was a beautiful spring morning: the sun had begun to show his radiant face on the summits of the mountains; the little birds cried for their food; the insects of every kind, shaking their wings, began humming among the foliage; the sheep, penned up, were bleating; and the labourers were preparing to resume their toil. A young man, laden with a heavy bag, walked gaily along the road leading to one of the little towns of Switzerland, his dusty feet showing that he had come from afar, and his sunburnt face exhibiting the effects of more southern climes. He was a *compagnon* carpenter returning to his country after years of absence, and impatient to see his home again. He had walked all night, and now a brilliant sun embellished each successive object that offered itself to his anxious view. He had already seen the steeple of the church of his beloved town, and his true Swiss heart bounded with joy. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, 'how beautiful is the country where we have lived from childhood to manhood! How clear and limpid its waters, how pure its air, how smiling its meadows! My feet have trodden the soil of France, where grows the grape, and Italy,

the land of figs and oranges: I have rested under groves of roses, and the sweet lemon-tree has bent over my head, laden with its golden fruits and perfumed flowers: I have, at the sound of the guitar and the castanet, joined at night in the dance with people for whom the middle of the day is the time for repose, and the absence of the sun the signal for labour or pleasure—people whose life flows on in cheerful contentment, because light work suffices for their wants under so warm a sky, and possessed of a soil that nature has covered with her choicest gifts, and does not desolate with the north winds, frosts, and snows. Yes, the poor Swiss compaignon has seen all these things, and has admired them, but never has he wished to live and die among them. He has always sighed for the pale rays of his northern sun, the steep rocks of his mountains, the uniform colour of his dark pines, and the pointed roof of his cottage, where he still hopes to receive his mother's blessing.'

While these thoughts, and many like them, were crowding into the mind of the young workman, his steps became more and more rapid, and his tired feet seemed to recover their swiftness. All on a sudden, a turn of the road showed him the roofs of his native village, from which curled some clouds of smoke. There was the old church wall, there was the steeple stretching towards heaven. At the sight of this the young traveller stopped short; the tears trickled down his cheek; he exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, 'I thank thee, my God, for permitting my eyes once more to see these things.' He pursued his walk, devouring with his eyes all he saw. 'Ah, here,' said he, 'is the white wall marking the terrace of the public walk where I used to play so joyfully! ah, there is the arch of the little bridge where we have so often fished! Now I can see the head of the old lime-tree which shades the church: only twenty paces farther is the cottage in which I was born, where I grew up, where I lost my poor father, and where I hope to see my dear mother. It is not in vain I have laboured so long: I have that with me which will comfort her old age.' As he spoke, a small flower attracted his attention: it was a daisy. He stooped down and gathered it, and commenced plucking its leaflets away one after the other. 'It was thus,' he said smiling, 'the day before my departure, that Gertrude gathered a daisy from the bank of the river, and bending her pretty face over the flower to conceal the emotion my departure occasioned, she pulled out the leaflets in silence, and arriving at the last one, she said to me in a low voice, "Adieu, Herman, I shall never marry till you return;" and so saying, fled away, as if she feared having said too much. Soon shall I see her little window with the blue curtain! Oh that I may see my Gertrude there as I used, her eyes rejoicing at my return! Happy the moment when I shall say to her, "Gertrude, here is Herman returned, faithful to his promises, as you have been to yours. Come and share the little wealth I have acquired: come and aid me in rendering my aged mother happy."' "

Under the influence of these thoughts the young workman rapidly approached his native town. As he advanced, he interrogated the countenances of those he met, hoping to meet with friendly looks, a recollection of the past, or a few words of welcome, but in vain. At last, as he passed the gates, he saw a man walking gravely to and fro as he smoked his pipe: it was the toll-keeper. Herman, looking at him closely, easily recognised Rodolphe, his playfellow, his earliest friend. He was on the point of rushing into his arms, and exclaiming, 'Here I am again!'—but the tollman looked coldly at him as he passed, and left a cloud of tobacco-smoke behind him. Poor compaignon! the sun of the south has shone too long on thy face; he has made thee a stranger even to those who loved thee: thy best friend knows thee not. Herman's heart sank within him, and he resumed his journey with a sigh. A little farther on he saw a new building in course of erection. An aged man was directing the carpenters in their work, and at the sight of him Herman's heart again rejoiced: it was his old master, whose advice and kindness had made him an honest man and skilful mechanic. To him he chiefly owed his success in life, and he was, moreover, Gertrude's father. 'Ha,' said he, 'if Rodolphe so soon forgets the faces of his friends, my old master will recollect me;' and so saying, he approached him respectfully, hat in hand, and inquired whether he could obtain work for him. The old man looked at him a while before replying; and Herman's heart beat so quickly, that he could scarce conceal his feelings. 'Come to me to-morrow,' at last said the old man; 'I will then examine your certificates: work is not scarce for good hands;' and turning towards his men, resumed his occupations. 'What!' exclaimed the poor compaignon to himself as he turned away, 'am I so changed that my features are not recognised by my old master? What if Gertrude herself— But no, that is impossible! She who could distinguish me in a crowd a hundred paces off, will surely know her Herman again, in spite of his sunburnt face: besides, if her eyes failed her, her heart would prompt her of my presence!' So thinking, he rapidly traversed the little town. There was the old lime-tree, with the rustic seat beneath it; there the fountain, where many women were washing; and there stood the neat little cottage, upon which the young man's eyes now became rivetted. The blue curtain and pots of carnations were there, as they ever had been; and oh, joy, there sat a young woman spinning! Herman's heart bounded with joy; he rushed forward, and then stopped opposite the window, a few steps only separating him from Gertrude. He remained immovable, so powerful were his emotions, and admired the ripening of her charms which had taken place during his absence: no longer the slender girl of fifteen, but a young woman in all the fulness of her beauty; her whole appearance denoting strength, health, and freshness. 'How beautiful she is!' exclaimed Herman in a low voice. Gertrude did not catch the words, but the voice struck her ear; and seeing a traveller but poorly clad with his eyes fixed on her, said to herself with a sigh, 'Poor fellow, he looks in want;' and throwing him a coin with Heaven's blessing, she shut the window, and disappeared. Alas! the sun of the south has too long shone on the face of the compaignon; his best friends know him not, and his beloved regards him as a stranger! Had she remained at the window, Gertrude must have remarked the expression of the poignant grief Herman endured; and her heart would have divined, that under those toilworn clothes and sunburnt face was concealed him for whose advent she had so often prayed. After long remaining on the same spot,

as if his feet were rivetted to the ground, the compaignon tore himself away, and turned towards his home. But how changed in appearance! That buoyant step which, a few moments before, had trod the ground so lightly, was now slow and heavy; excessive fatigue overcame him. The weight of the bag he carried—not felt before—now seemed excessive; his head hung down on his chest, his hopes seemed blasted, and that native land which, a few hours since, he saluted with such joy, now seemed indifferent to him. In vain did the old lime-tree, with its majestic foliage, meet his eyes; in vain did the antique fountain, with its grotesque figures, that should have called to his mind so many childish recollections, stand before him. He saw nothing; his wounded heart felt nothing but sorrow. However, he still advanced towards his home, and a few steps only separated him from the old churchyard wall, near which he had passed so many happy days of boyhood, when he saw an aged woman come tottering down the steps of the portico of the church, supported by a stick. It was his mother returning from offering her daily prayer for his return. 'Oh, how altered is she!' he sorrowfully exclaimed: 'how can I hope her feeble eyes should know her child, when mine can scarcely recognise her timeworn frame!' But no sooner had she approached him, and raised her head, than she fell into his arms, sobbing through her tears, 'My son, my beloved son!' Herman pressed her closely to his breast, and falteringly exclaimed, 'My mother, thou at least hast not forgotten me. Years of absence, the scorching sun, and toilsome labour, conceal me not from you!'

Yes, if the sun of the south had rendered the face of the compaignon a stranger to his dearest friends and his beloved, but one look sufficed to make his mother exclaim, 'My son—my Herman! God be praised that he has restored him to me!'

The narrator here seemed to have concluded his story, and remained lost in the emotion he had depicted. Such a conclusion, however, did not satisfy his listeners.

'But what became of the compaignon?' they demanded.

'Oh,' said the father, recollecting himself, 'he went home with his mother, and said to her, "Here, mother, take what I have earned, and live happily the rest of your days with your child," and to the last breath the old woman blessed the return of her only son.' So saying, he sorrowfully cast his eyes towards the corner of the room where hung a distaff, surmounted by a crown of everlasting flowers. The children followed their father's eyes, and long maintained a respectful silence.

'So,' Frank at last suddenly exclaimed, 'Gertrude did not love the beautiful things he brought for her?'

'Why did she shut the window then?' said another child.

'Perhaps,' added Catherine, 'she opened it again?'

'Yes, my Catherine,' said the carpenter smiling, 'she did open it again: and it was with the compaignon and his Gertrude that their old mother passed her days, blessing them both until she left this world for a better.' At this moment his wife Gertrude, still in the prime of life, entered with their homely supper.

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## THE ALBATROSS.

OF all the interesting objects which present themselves to the eye of the voyager in the southern hemisphere, the albatross is among the most noteworthy. Apart from its relieving the monotony of the watery expanse, this bird, by its extraordinary characteristics, seldom fails of exciting a lively degree of astonishment in the spectator—for what can be thought of a bird which apparently requires neither rest nor sleep? It is perhaps owing to this peculiarity that sailors and others have regarded the albatross with mingled feelings of awe and wonder: its presence was an omen, but rather of good than evil. The weary crew of Bartholomew Diaz doubtless looked on the swift air-cleaving creature as an appropriate scout from the Cape of Storms, while Vasco de Gama may have hailed it as the herald of his hope and success. Coleridge has very happily availed himself of these different aspects in his 'Ancient Mariner,' where he makes the aged seaman, with 'long gray beard and glittering eye,' relate how, from out the dismal mists—

'At length did cross an albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,  
And round and round it flew;  
\* \* \* \*

And a good south wind sprung up behind,  
The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariner's hollo!'

And then the disasters which ensued when

— 'With his cross-bow

He shot the albatross.'

Whatever delight might be experienced in contemplating the bird under the mysterious point of view suggested by the poet, would be rather heightened than diminished by a knowledge of its real natural character; and this we may obtain from that valuable and highly-meritorious work, 'The Birds of Australia,' by Mr Gould. According to this enterprising naturalist—

'The *Diomedea exulans* (wandering albatross) is by far the largest and most powerful species of its tribe; and, from its great strength and ferocious disposition, is held in terror by every other bird with which it is surrounded. It is even said that it will fearlessly attack and tear out the eyes of a drowning man, a feat, from what I have observed of it, I can readily imagine it would attempt. It is most abundant between the 30th and 60th degrees of south latitude, and appears to be equally numerous in all parts of the ocean bounded by those degrees; and I feel assured that it is confined to no one part, but is constantly engaged in making a circuit of the globe in that particular zone allotted by nature for its habitation. The open sea is in fact its natural home; and this it never leaves, except for the purpose of breeding, when it usually resorts to rocky islands the most difficult of access.

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'The powers of flight of the wandering albatross are much greater than those of any other bird that has come under my observation. Although, during calm or moderate weather, it sometimes rests on the surface of the water, it is almost constantly on the wing, and is equally at ease while passing over the glassy surface during the stillest calm, or sweeping, with arrow-like swiftness, before the most furious gale; and the way in which it just tops the raging billows, and sweeps between the gulfy waves, has a hundred times called forth my wonder and admiration. Although a vessel running before the wind frequently sails more than 200 miles in the twenty-four hours, and that for days together, still the albatross has not the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the ship, but also performs circles of many miles in extent, returning again to hunt up the wake of the vessel for any substances thrown overboard.

'Like the other species of the genus, it is nocturnal as well as diurnal, and no bird with which I am acquainted takes so little repose. It appears to be perpetually on the wing, scanning the surface of the ocean for molluscs and medusæ, and the other marine animals that constitute its food. So frequently does the boldness of this species cost it its life, that hundreds are annually killed, without, however, its numbers being apparently in any degree lessened. It readily seizes a hook baited with fat of any kind; and if a boat be lowered, its attention is immediately attracted, and while flying round, it is easily shot.' It is not surprising that a poetical imagination should have been excited by such a subject, and Coleridge is not the only bard who has shaped it into verse. Another writes—

'Now upon Australian seas,  
Wafted by the tropic breeze,  
We salute the southern cross,  
Watch the wondrous albatross—  
Circling round in orbits vast,  
Pausing now above the mast,  
Laving now his snowy breast  
Where the billows sleeping rest.

Now he skims the surface o'er,  
Rising, falling evermore:  
Floating high on stillest wing,  
Now he seems a guardian thing,  
Now a messenger of wrath,  
Cleaving swift his airy path;  
Bearing o'er the liquid plain  
Warning of the hurricane.'

Mr Gould's description of the *Diomedea melanophrys*, black-eyebrowed albatross, exhibits other characteristics:—'Of all the species,' he observes, 'with which I am acquainted, this is the most fearless of man, and it often approaches many yards nearer the vessel than any other. I have even observed it approach so near, that the tips of its pinions were not more than two arms' length from the taffarel. It is very easily captured with a hook and line; and as this operation gives not the least pain to the bird, the point of the hook merely taking hold in the horny and insensible tip of the bill, I frequently amused myself in capturing it in this way, and after detaining it sufficiently long to afford me an opportunity for investigating any particular point respecting which I wished to satisfy myself, setting it at liberty again. I also caught numerous examples, marked, and gave them their liberty, in order to ascertain whether the individuals which were flying round the ship at nightfall were the same that were similarly engaged at daylight in the morning, after a night's run of 120 miles, and which, in nearly every instance, proved to be the case.'

Angling for albatrosses is no modern art, as appears from the narrative of Sir Richard Hawkins' voyage to the South Sea in 1593, in which it is pretty certain that these birds are spoken of. 'Certaine great fowles,' says the narrator, 'as bigge as swannes, soared about us, and the winde calming, settled themselves in the sea, and fed upon the sweepings of our ship; which I perceiving, and desirous to see of them, because they seemed farre greater than in truth they were, I caused a hooke and line to be brought me, and with a piece of pilchard I bated the hooke,



and a foot from it tied a piece of corke, that it might not sinke deepe, and threw it into the sea, which, our ship driving with the sea, in a little time was a good space from us, and one of the fowles beeing hungry, presently seized upon it, and the hooke in his upper beake. It is like to a falcon's bill, but that the point is more crooked, in that manner, as by no meanes hee could cleere himselfe, except that the line brake, or the hooke righted: plucking him towards the ship, with the waving of his wings he eased the weight of his body, and being brought to the sterne of our ship, two of our company went downe by the ladder of the poope, and seized on his neck and wings; but such were the blows he gave them with his pinnions, as both left their hand-fast, beeing beaten blacke and blue; we cast a snare about his necke, and so triced him into the ship. By the same manner of fishing we caught so many of them, as refreshed and recreated all my people for that day. Their bodies were great, but of little flesh and tender; in taste answerable to the food whereon they feed. They were of two colours—some white, some gray; they had three joyntes in each wing; and from the pointe of one wing to the pointe of the other, both stretched out, was above two fathoms.'

Similar instances are recorded, though not in language quaint and tedious as the above, in Cook's Voyages. The great circumnavigator's crew were glad to regale themselves on albatross roast and boiled, after having been many weeks at sea, and confined to salt food. Sir James Ross, too, after stating that when off the Aguilhas bank, 'the gigantic albatross was seen in great numbers, and many of them taken by means of a fishing-line,' remarks—'these birds added a degree of cheerfulness to our solitary wanderings, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region.'

Most marvellous accounts have been given of the spread of wing of the albatross, rivalling the wonderful roc of the 'Arabian Nights.' Mr Gould took pains to verify the facts. The largest specimen seen by him measured 10 feet 1 inch from tip to tip of the outspread wings, and weighed 17 pounds. But Dr M'Cormick, surgeon of the 'Erebus,' in the Antarctic exploring voyage met with one weighing 20 pounds, and 12 feet stretch of wing. The Auckland Islands, about to become the head-quarters of our southern whale-fishery, are a much-frequented breeding-place for the birds; the others as yet known to naturalists are the Campbell Island—some lonely rocks off the southernmost extremity of Van Diemen's Land—and the islands of Tristan d'Acunha. While at the Aucklands, Dr M'Cormick made himself acquainted with what may be called the bird's domestic habits:—'The albatross,' he writes, 'during the period of incubation, is frequently found asleep with its head under its wings: its beautiful white head and neck appearing above the grass, betray its situation at a considerable distance off. On the approach of an intruder, it resolutely defends its egg, refusing to quit the nest until forced off, when it slowly waddles away in an awkward manner to a short distance, without attempting to take wing. Its greatest enemy is a fierce species of *Lestris*, always on the watch for the albatross quitting its nest, when the rapacious pirate instantly pounces down and devours the egg. So well is the poor bird aware of the propensity of its foe, that it snaps the mandibles of its beak violently together whenever it observes the lestris flying overhead.'

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Mr Earle, whose observations were made on the almost inaccessible heights of Tristan d'Acunha, remarks:—'The huge albatross here appeared to dread no interloper or enemy, for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. They lay but one egg, on the ground, where they make a kind of nest by scraping the earth around it: the young is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached, they snapped their beaks with a very quick motion, making a great noise: this, and the throwing up of the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence which they seem to possess.' It was at one time believed that the head of the female became of a scarlet colour while she was sitting, and afterwards resumed its original hue. Be this as it may, the male is very attentive to her during the time she keeps the nest, and is constantly on the wing in search of food, which, as before observed, consists of small marine animals, mucilaginous zoophytes, and the spawn of fish. When opportunity offers, however, they attack more solid fare. Commander Kempthorne relates, that while on a voyage in 1836, in search of the lost crew of the 'Charles Eaton,' he fell in with the half-putrid carcase of a whale, surrounded by a host of fishes and birds, albatrosses among the latter; 'and so occupied were they, that even the approach of our boat did not disturb them, or put them to flight: many albatrosses allowed us to attack them with our oars and the boat-hooks, and several were consequently knocked down and killed.' The egg of the albatross is about 4 inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end: although good to eat, the albumen or white does not solidify in the boiling. The penguin is said to take possession of the nests when vacated. The albatross is a constant attendant on fishing parties, and if in low condition from scarcity of food or other causes, soon regains its flesh and fat, so voraciously does it devour. It is no uncommon occurrence for one of these birds to take a fish of several pounds' weight into its mouth, and having swallowed one extremity, to wait, like the boa-constrictor, digesting and gulping until the whole is consumed. Towards the end of June, in anticipation of the fishing season, albatrosses arrive in thousands on the coasts of Kamtchatka, and are captured in great numbers, for food and other purposes, by the natives. With the hollow bones of the wing they make pipe-stems, sheaths, needle-cases, and combs, the latter being used in the preparation of flax: they also make use of the inflated intestines as floats for their nets.

Notwithstanding its large size, the albatross does not appear to be a quarrelsome bird; and when attacked by its enemy the skua gull, it endeavours to save itself by flight. Captain Cook once saw a contest between two of these gulls and an albatross; the sole object of the latter appeared to be to defend its breast and the softer portions of its body from the fierce assaults of its antagonists: loss of liberty, however, is said to irritate the bird greatly. Its voice, according to Sonini, resembles that of the pelican, with a cry approaching the bray of an ass. This author further

observes with regard to the flight of the albatross:—"The manner of these birds' flying is very astonishing; the beating of their wings is perceived only at the moment of taking wing, and often they make use at the same time of their feet, which, being webbed, enable them to rise by striking the water. This impulse once given, they have no longer need to beat their wings; they keep them widely extended, and seek their prey, balancing themselves alternately from right to left, skimming with rapid flight the surface of the sea. This balancing serves doubtless to accelerate their course, but it would seem scarcely sufficient to support them in the air. Perhaps an imperceptible fluttering; of their feathers is the principal cause of this extraordinary movement. In this respect they would require to have muscles especially adapted, and for this reason I consider that the anatomy of these birds merits the greatest attention.'

By the Germans the albatross is named 'der wandernde schiffsvogel' (the wandering ship-bird); the Dutch term it 'Jean de Jenten;' English sailors, looking to its bulky appearance, call it 'the Cape sheep;' and with them also the sooty albatross is 'the Quaker-bird.' There are seven species particularised by naturalists: the technical description, however, of the *Diomedea exulans*, given by Mr Gould, will apply in general terms to the whole. 'The wandering albatross,' he observes, 'varies much in colour at different ages: very old birds are entirely white, with the exception of the pinions, which are black; and they are to be met with in every stage, from pure white, white freckled, and barred with dark-brown, to dark chocolate-brown approaching to black, the latter colouring being always accompanied by a white face, which in some specimens is washed with buff; beneath the true feathers they are abundantly supplied with a fine white down; the bill is delicate pinky-white, inclining to yellow at the tip; irides very dark-brown; eyelash bare, fleshy, and of a pale-green; legs, feet, and webs, pinky-white. The young are at first clothed in a pure white down, which gives place to the dark-brown colouring.' The 'cautious albatross,' as its name indicates, is very shy, seldom approaches the land, and is not easily captured: the yellow-billed species, when in pursuit of its prey, will dive and swim for several yards under water.

Mr Bennet, in his 'Wanderings,' has some interesting passages on the subject of the albatross. 'It is pleasing,' he writes, 'to observe this superb bird sailing in the air in graceful and elegant movements, seemingly excited by some invisible power, for there is scarcely any movement of the wings seen after the first and frequent impulses are given, when the creature elevates itself in the air; rising and falling as if some concealed power guided its various motions, without any muscular exertion of its own, and then descending, sweeps the air close to the stern of the ship, with an independence of manner, as if it were "monarch of all it surveyed." It is from the very little muscular exertion used by these birds that they are capable of sustaining such long flights without repose.... When seizing on an object floating on the water, they gradually descend with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight, and float like a duck on the water, while devouring their food; then they again soar in mid-air, and recommence their erratic flights. It is interesting to view them during boisterous weather, flying with, and even against the wind, seeming the "gayest of the gay" in the midst of the howling and foaming waves.' In another passage, the author makes some further remarks as to this bird's powers of flight. 'I remarked,' he says, 'that the albatross would lower himself even to the water's edge, and elevate himself again without any apparent impulse; nor could I observe any percussion of the wings when the flight was directed against the wind, but then, of course, its progress was tardy. Many, however, have differed with me in considering that the birds never fly "dead against the wind," but in that manner which sailors term "close to the wind," and thus make progress, aided by, when seemingly flying against, the wind. This bird is evidently aided by its long wings, as well as tail, in directing its flight; it is never seen to soar to any great height, and is often observed to change its course by turning the wings and body in a lateral direction, and oftentimes, when raising itself, to bend the last joint of the wings downwards.'

From our extracts it is evident that for those who possess the 'art of seeing,' a voyage across the wide ocean is not necessarily a scene of monotonous weariness: there is food for instruction and inspiration everywhere; and here, with some further lines from the poem already quoted, we may appropriately bring our article to a close:—

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'Oh thou wild and wondrous bird,  
Viewing thee, my thought is stirred.  
Round and round the world thou goest,  
Ocean solitude thou knowest—  
Into trackless wastes hast flown,  
Which no eye save thine hath known:  
Ever tireless—day or night;  
Calm or tempest—ceaseless flight.

Albatross, I envy thee  
Oft thy soaring pinions free;  
For we deem the realms of air  
Too ethereal for care.  
Gladness as of endless springs  
Seems to me is born with wings.  
Thou canst rise and see the sun,  
When his course to us is done:  
A moral here may us engross,  
Thou the teacher—albatross!'

# THE PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

THE Elysée National, which has been appropriated as the residence of Louis Napoleon, is an edifice which has gone through many changes of masters. Situated in the Rue Fauxbourg St Honoré, with a façade behind towards the far-famed Champs-Élysées, it enjoys one of the most agreeable localities in Paris. Externally it makes no great appearance, being shut in by a lofty wall in front; but in internal arrangements the house is elegant, with suites of grand apartments, common to the palaces of France. The builder and first proprietor of the Elysée was the wealthy Count d'Evreux, in the era of the Regent, Philip of Orleans, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. After this it became crown property, but for no long time.

One day, in the year 1743, Madame de Pompadour entered Louis XV.'s apartments, complaining of a dreadful headache. The king had made her a marchioness and a lady-in-waiting; he had laden her with honours and wealth. But this did not satisfy her, for unworthy favourites are never content: they were the revolutionists of those days.

'Is anything the matter with you, madame?' inquired the king anxiously, observing her downcast looks.

'Alas! I have no hôtel!' replied Madame de Pompadour.

'Is that all?' exclaimed the sovereign; and the same day the Hôtel d'Evreux was purchased for her: it need hardly be added, at the king's cost. A little while after, Madame de Pompadour was again severely incommoded by a distracting headache. Like questions from the monarch, and new complaints from the favourite.

'My hôtel is but a citizen's dwelling in comparison with Choisy and Trianon. Its interior is so antique and formal! I really seem to exist among the ghosts of a past century. In short, I am dying there of languor and ennui.'

'Live, fair lady! and let your abode be the temple of fashion.'

This was quite enough for La Pompadour, who, being a connoisseur in painting, sent next day for Boucher and Vanloo, and installed them in the Hôtel d'Evreux. The ceilings and panels were quickly peopled with rosy Cupids playing amid shepherds and shepherdesses: the gilt cornices were wreathed in flowers. The talents of the architect, L'Assurance, were also put into requisition, and the building greatly enlarged. Once more the king's purse was obliged to meet all the consequent demands for these improvements. L'Assurance, being his controller, took care to exercise no control whatever over the whims of the favourite. From thenceforth Madame de Pompadour held her court at the Hôtel d'Evreux. Courtly equipages began to crowd around it: balls and *petits-soupers* enlivened its halls.

On one occasion the queen of the place assumed the part of an actress, and after rehearsing her part with the Dukes de Chartres and Duras, and Madames de Brancas and d'Estrades, in her own saloon, they all set off in great style, and performed a little piece in the king's cabinet of medals. Another day, Crébillon, Voltaire, and all those *beaux-esprits* who sported on the brink of a volcano, were gathered around the marquise, to whom they addressed epigrams and madrigals. Voltaire, whose paw of velvet concealed a tearing claw, combined the madrigal and the epigram in the following verses:—

Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes;  
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis.  
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis  
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

Madame de Pompadour felt only the velvet; but the king felt the claw; and Voltaire became an exile, and lost his office of gentleman of the bedchamber. From that day forth the cat-like genius of Voltaire scratched those whom he had hitherto caressed: so easy is the transition from a flatterer to a foe!

But who is this other original who appears at the Hôtel d'Evreux? He is young and handsome, or at least he appears to be so, for his age is a problem. He pretends to have existed during the days of the *Fronde*, which would make him a centenarian. His friends declare that he has found the Philosopher's Stone; that he can renew his youth when he pleases; that he can read the past, the present, and the future. The fact is, that his origin is unknown; and so is his fortune. His wealth seems to be unbounded and exhaustless: his prodigality is carried to excess: he speaks every language, understands every science, cultivates every art: his wit is so lively, his eloquence so full of captivation, that he is able to make falsehood assume the air of truth: his whole life is, in fact, but a fable in action. Some people regard him as a demi-god, some take him for a devil; one affirms that he is a sorcerer, another that he is a magnetiser. It may easily be conceived that he becomes an idol in the frivolous and wonder-loving court of Louis XV.; nor is it less to be expected that La Pompadour should attract him to her magic circle. There he creates as great a sensation as at Versailles. One day the king comes purposely for the sake of having a private conversation with him. He interrogates him closely, hoping to win from him his secret: but all in vain. The Proteus escapes through a thousand windings, and charms Louis XV. without betraying himself to him. This wonderful, this inexplicable man, was the famous Count de St Germain.

Another day the favourite expresses her suspicion that the diamonds he wears are all false. Just at that moment he enters her saloon, sparkling from head to foot. His lace ruffles are fastened with rubies; his fingers are covered with rings; his shoe-buckles are valued at 200,000 livres.

Madame de Pompadour, quite dazzled by this sparkling magnificence, asks if he is not afraid of risking so much wealth by wearing it about his person. St Germain guesses the suspicion, and answers it by taking out of his pocket a box. This box is full of jewels. The count intreats of Madame du Hausset (the favourite's *dame de compagnie*) to accept a small diamond cross. At length she is prevailed on to do so. It is immediately shown to the court jeweller, who values it at a hundred louis. Soon afterwards this strange personage disappears. His exit from the fashionable world is as mysterious as had been his *entrée* into it.

On Madame de Pompadour's death, the Hôtel d'Evreux reverted to Louis XV., and became first the residence of ambassadors extraordinary, and was afterwards used as the wardrobe of the crown, until in 1773, when it was purchased by Monsieur de Beaujon. M. de Beaujon was the Cræsus of that time, but a Cræsus who devoted his wealth to the encouragement of art, and to the succour of the indigent. The Hôtel d'Evreux became in his hands a depository of all that was choice and beautiful in the fine-arts. The marbles of Tassant, of Guyard, of Pajou; the tapestries of the Gobelins; the paintings of Vanloo, of Rubens, Teniers, Poussin, Guido, Murillo, &c. besides innumerable articles of *virtù*, were to be found in his saloons; and in one of the alcoves was placed a large mirror, so situated as to reflect the Champs-Élysées as in a beautiful landscape.

M. de Beaujon died in peace at his charming hôtel; but he had previously sold it to Louis XVI. This prince parted with it to Madame de Bourbon, the Princess de Lamballe's friend. Brief, however, was this lady's enjoyment of her charming residence. The Revolution approached, and she fled from France: so it passed into the hands of a certain Sieur Hovyn, who made it a place of public amusement, and all Paris danced, and played, and sang within its precincts, as they did at a later time at Tivoli. {281}

One day these noisy gaieties were disturbed by sounds of a sadder and yet ruder nature. On the Place Louis XV., now become the Place de la Révolution, large bodies of troops were assembled; cries of savage fury echoed on every side; one voice of peace alone uttered its gentle tones, 'Son of St Louis, ascend to Heaven!' Then came shouts of 'Vive la République!' It was Louis XVI., who had been immolated on the altar of Terror. Unhappily, for a time such scenes were but too common in Paris: every heart was filled with either rage or terror, and the voice of joy was no longer heard among the people. There was neither music nor dancing at the Hôtel d'Evreux.

After Thermidor, however, it was re-opened to the public by some speculators, who had purchased it of the nation. In the time of the Directory and Consulate, the waltz and the quadrille flourished within its princely walls. Every victory of Bonaparte's was celebrated at the hamlet of Chantilly, for so was the newly-opened garden now called. But the Empire approaches, raising up some crowns, and creating others. In 1805, a handsome hussar becomes the purchaser of L'Elysée. He enters it on horseback, orders it to be repaired and richly decorated; and beneath the influence of his magic wand it quickly becomes once more a palace. That wand, unfortunately, is a sabre, and it is not swayed by the hand of taste. Luxury reappears, without elegance: the graceful fancies of Pompadour and of Beaujon are replaced by the heavy splendour of the Empire: the grand saloon alone is spared by the new master. This new master is Joachim Murat.

Madame Murat—the beautiful Marie Bonaparte—celebrated the victories of her husband and her brother by brilliant fêtes at the Elysée. It was there that she received the bulletins of Austerlitz and Jena; it was there she received the tidings of her being the queen of Naples. She resigned herself to her fate, and without a sigh, abandoned her Parisian hôtel for the Neapolitan throne.

L'Elysée, now restored to the domain of the crown, soon saw beneath its roof a little spare man, of lively disposition, and yet brusque and pensive by nature. With booted spurs, and his hand wrapped within his gray *capote*, he paced up and down its shady walks. This little man was the Emperor Napoleon. L'Elysée was a favourite residence of his, and he often dwelt there. There was but one thing he regretted in the garden—a straight and well-covered avenue, where he could walk on, engrossed in his own thoughts, without looking before him. These were some of his happiest days. He had still his guardian angel by his side—his Josephine. L'Elysée was for a long while their paradise. But a day came in which Josephine entered it alone bathed in tears. She was no longer empress, but it was not for this she wept: it was for the lost love of her husband, who cast her off with the hope of obtaining from another consort the long-desired heir to his vast dominions. In her retreat at L'Elysée, Josephine was consoled by the tender affection of her daughter, the Queen Hortense, and a few friends who clung to her in the hour of her adverse fortune.

In 1814, Napoleon quitted both L'Elysée and France. Another emperor, victorious in his turn, entered his cabinet, and exclaimed aloud, 'How many gigantic enterprises have been conceived in this unpretending apartment! And how wonderful was that intellect which could at once direct so many plans!' This emperor was Alexander of Russia. The following year Napoleon reappeared for a moment at L'Elysée. It was there that, on the 22d of June 1815, the Eagle, wounded at Waterloo, received its deathblow. It was seized by England, in the name of all Europe, and, by a stern necessity, cast upon the far-off rock of St Helena.

Inhabited under the Restoration by the Duke de Berri until his murder by Louvel, then by the Infant Don Miguel, and by the king of Naples: appropriated during Louis-Philippe's reign to the use of divers illustrious visitors, amongst whom were Ibrahim Pacha, the Bey of Tunis, and the Infanta of Spain, L'Elysée Bourbon was at length reserved as a dowry-palace for the Queen Marie-Amelia, in the contemplated possibility of her widowhood; but its future hostess having been obliged, like some of its former owners, to fly from her country, its portals were opened to a new master in December 1848, when, under the name of L'Elysée National, it became the

residence of the President of the Republic—of a nephew of that Emperor who had said on leaving that very palace thirty-three years before, 'It is only with *my name* that France can hope to become free, happy, and independent.' Such have been the fortunes of L'Elysée National! Who can presume to say what destiny may yet be in store for it?

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## JUVENILE CRIME AND DESTITUTION.

THE increase of juvenile delinquency has become alarming. The criminal statistics of the country show that one-eighth of the offences which occupy our courts of justice are committed by mere children, and one-fourth by transgressors under twenty years of age. The depredations daily and daringly committed, especially in towns, and the destitution continually exhibited by crowds of young persons, have, during the current year, caused the public to manifest a very general anxiety to inquire into causes of so great and augmenting an evil. The inquiry cannot proceed far without eliciting the mournful fact, that the mode of dealing with crime in its earlier stages is not only seriously defective, but tends to foster and increase rather than to diminish it. Not hundreds, but thousands, of children are daily seen in London, and in every other large town, without the means of moral or intellectual culture, except that which has recently been provided by private benevolence. Abandoned by their parents, unrestrained, uncared-for by the law; hungry, and without food; cold, without clothing; weary, and without whereon to lay their heads; existing amidst every kind of suffering, and consequently influenced by the strongest temptations, they embrace crime as the only means of escape from want. Then, and not till then, does the law condescend to notice them; not to succour or reform, but to punish.

In this respect we are immeasurably behind the legislatures of other countries, not only modern, but ancient. The laws of Greece placed children of tender years in a state of pupilage, and made their teachers and pastors responsible for their conduct. Orphans who had no natural protectors were apportioned to 'patrons,' who were charged with, and made accountable for, their wellbeing. In modern France, and in other continental countries, children under sixteen years of age are not held responsible for the crimes they may commit, but their parents are; and if they have no parents, the state provides for them in its own fashion. The sixty-sixth article of the French penal code stands in English thus:—

'When the accused shall be under sixteen years of age, if it has been decided that he has acted without discernment, he shall be acquitted; but he must be, according to circumstances, returned to his parents, or sent to a House of Correction, there to be "brought up" (*élevé*), and detained during such a number of years as the judgment shall specify, and which in no case must extend beyond the time when the accused shall have attained his twentieth year.'

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By another article of the same code (the 67th), all children found by the authorities who have neither parents nor homes are taken to the House of Correction: nor is this plan confined to France. The boldly-benevolent sheriff of Aberdeen, imitating this law, formed his most efficient school, by causing all the destitute and friendless children in the bounds of his jurisdiction to be 'taken up' and housed in his miscellaneous but admirable academy. The law of France, by this sort of procedure, exercises a protective influence over the friendless and forlorn. The law of England, on the contrary, only condescends to notice children when they have become criminals. Here the 'eye of the law' is shut against neglected and wretched outcasts from tainted homes, or the offspring of vicious parents; but opens them wide, and darts its fiery glare, to bring these young victims to punishment, when they have committed crimes for which, as we shall presently prove, they ought scarcely to be held accountable. The sternest moralist will not deny that in a majority of cases offenders under, say fourteen years of age, ought not to be deemed criminals in the ordinary sense of the term—that is to say, as offenders who, having acquired a knowledge of the duties of civilised life, have violated them: the fact being, that the very possibility of acquiring such knowledge the law denies; whilst, on the other hand, every incentive and temptation to dishonesty is working within them. These wretched young creatures are either homeless orphans, committing petty thefts to keep life in them, or the offspring of infamous parents, who urge them to pilfer, as a means of support in their own profligacy, or are hired and taught by practised ruffian employers to plunder for their benefit. How, then, can a child of tender years, for whom the legislature has provided no means of instruction, religious or moral, who has been sent out by his parents to beg or steal—caressed when successful, and punished when unlucky; or, more frequently, a being who has been cast loose upon the world, without a friend in it—form any just notion of his duties to society? Yet, because he has not done so, the law, when it detects him in the consequences of such ignorance, sends him to the treadmill or to jail. And even there our criminal code affords no means of reformation, nor always of employment;<sup>[1]</sup> while, on the contrary, every sort of instruction in depravity, and every means of acquiring proficiency in thieving, are supplied by his prison associates. 'Prisons,' says the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison in the last report from that establishment, 'as they are throughout the country, generally speaking, are schools in which everything wicked, deceitful, impious, and abominable is practised, taught, and propagated at a great expense of public money and public morals.'

To illustrate vividly the condition of the juvenile criminal, the bearing the law has upon his career and ultimate destiny, and, finally, to render intelligible the best remedies it is in the power of the country to apply to this worst of social diseases, it is only necessary to trace the private history of at least one-half of the unfortunate young beings who now infest our streets.

Before us lie two documents, from which it is easy to glean the birth and parentage of a vast number of these wretched young creatures. The first is the Report of the Parkhurst Prison, and the second that of the Philanthropic Institution for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders; both for the year 1848. Against the lists of 'admissions' into the latter establishment are placed short notes of the antecedents of the boys admitted during the year. The most frequently-recurring entries against the initials of those inmates who have been convicted more than once are such as:—'Father dead; mother remarried; deserted by his friends.' 'Turned out of doors by a stepfather.' 'Illegitimate; father unknown.' 'Father of dissolute habits; deserted his wife.' 'An orphan, both parents dead;' or 'Parents unknown,' occurs frequently. 'Mother dead, father remarried, and turned out of doors,' and 'Utterly friendless,' are also repeated in several instances. 'Mother separated from her husband: she is of drunken habits: the boy led into evil by discomforts of home:' 'Father of drunken habits,' are occasional entries. Those boys who were admitted into the school upon one conviction only, seem, in a majority of instances, to have been led away by evil companions. We select the following from this category as examples:—'The parents poor; father in bad health.' 'Father dead; mother respectable.' 'Enticed to theft by bad companions,' &c.

Imagine the life of a young outcast belonging to the first class of the cases above cited. His earliest endeavours may be towards honest employment. This he seeks far and near—day after day—till, worn out with fruitless solicitation, and nearly starved, he takes to begging. With any charity-money he may obtain he abates the pangs of hunger. In the casual wards of workhouses, to which the young wanderer is often driven for a night's rest, he has to associate with practised depredators;<sup>[2]</sup> but when more successful, his sleeping companions in the low lodging-houses we have previously adverted to in this Journal are chiefly young thieves, whose occasional affluence he envies. He does not see their more frequent privations, because at these places of meeting no one can appear who has not been able to get money, the prompt payment of the admission fee being indispensable. He has no moral principles to fortify him against the jaunty, clever, convincing persuasions of his new friends. They seem, so far as he can judge, happy, and even joyous, which, to his perceptions, speak not only of sufficient for subsistence, but of superfluity. He contrasts his own condition and hopeless despondency with their evanescent happiness, and longs to acquire such depraved knowledge as will enable him to increase his quantum of food, and put him on a par with his neighbours. In short, he soon becomes a thief—not an occasional depredator, driven to dishonesty by the urgent demands of nature, but a regular, practised, professional pilferer. Fraud is his trade; and as it is by no means an easy one, he takes very great pains, and runs great risks, to learn it. When he has been 'lucky,' his gains are to him great, and he spends them in a way which debauches him still more, but which, for the time, affords him a sort of enjoyment. There are, however, long intervals between these saturnalia; and the want and misery he experiences meantime are sharp and severe. But they teach him no lesson, for with him it is 'either a hunger or a burst;' and when plenty comes, past privation is drowned in present enjoyment.

But this is a bright view of a juvenile outcast's career. A specimen of the miseries he has to endure was afforded by Lord Ashley in his speech on the reformation of juvenile offenders in the House of Commons towards the end of last session. His lordship was anxious to ascertain from personal inspection what was the actual condition of those persons; and he therefore, in company with two or three others, perambulated the city of London. He found these persons lying under dry arches, on the steps of doors, and in outhouses; but by far the majority of them lying in the dry arches of houses in course of erection. Those arches were quite inaccessible in any ordinary way, being blocked up with masonry; and the only mode of ascertaining whether any one was inside, was by thrusting in a lantern. When lanterns were thrust in, however, a great many were discovered, of whom he caused 33 to undergo an examination. Their ages varied from twelve to eighteen. Of those, 24 had no parents, 6 had one parent, and 3 had stepmothers; 9 had no shoes; 12 had been once in prison, 3 four times, 1 eight times; and 1, only fourteen years of age, had been twelve times in prison! The physical condition of those children was melancholy beyond belief. The whole of them, without exception, were the prey of vermin, a large proportion were covered with itch, a few of them were suffering sickness, and in two or three days afterwards died from exhaustion. Of these 33 he had himself privately examined some eight or ten; and from the way in which their answers were given, he was certain that they told the truth. He asked them how often they had slept in a bed during the last three years. One of them said, 'Perhaps as many as twelve times in the three years;' another, three times; and another said that he could not remember that he had ever slept in a bed. He then asked them how they passed the time in winter, and whether they did not suffer from the cold. They replied that they lay eight or ten together in these cellars, in order to keep themselves warm. They fairly confessed that they had no other means of subsistence than begging or stealing, and that the only mode by which they could 'turn a penny,' as they termed it, in a legitimate way, was by picking up bones, and selling them to marine-store dealers. Let it be observed that a large proportion of those young persons were at the most dangerous age for society; many of them were from sixteen to two or three-and-twenty, which was by far the most perilous age for every purpose of fraud, and certainly of violence.

A well-authenticated anecdote gives an even more powerful illustration of the excessive wretchedness to which young persons without friends or protectors are, in thousands and tens of thousands, reduced. The master of a Ragged School having occasion to lecture a boy of this class, pointed out to him the consequences of a perseverance in the career of crime he was pursuing; and to enforce his precepts the stronger, painted in strong colours the punishments he was earning in this life, and the torments in that to come. 'Well,' said the boy, 'I don't think it can be worse than the torments in this life.'

It is melancholy to know that it is chiefly the novices in crime who have to endure the sharpest privations and miseries. As youths grow more dexterous in their illicit calling, they have, as a matter of course, better success. In lodging-houses and casual wards they learn the elements of their illicit vocation; and it is not till they have passed a few months in one of our prisons that their education in crime is complete. Despite the 'silent-system,' and the palatial accommodation of our modern prisons, detention in them is still productive of the worst results. Although, by a recent act, the power of summary conviction has been much extended to police magistrates, so as to obviate the evil of long detention, other and greater evils, which need not be specified here, have sprung up. To show what efficient instruction in infamy those already prepared to receive its lessons is afforded in prisons, we need only instance a fact, related in the Pentonville Prison Report by the chaplain, relative to a child of decent parentage, and not, as one may suppose, so open as many to bad impressions:—'A very young boy, seven years of age, was brought in, charged, in company with other two boys somewhat older, with stealing some iron-piping from the street. The little fellow—it was the first time he had ever been in such a place—cried bitterly all the afternoon of the Saturday; but by the Monday morning, the exhortations of his companions, and their sneers at his softness, had reconciled him to his situation; and the eldest of the three was teaching him to pick pockets, practising his skill on almost all the other prisoners. His mother came to see him in the forenoon, and the boy was again overwhelmed with grief. Again his companions jeered him, calling him by certain opprobrious epithets in use amongst such characters, and in a short time the boy was pacified, and romping merrily with his associates.'

In the same report we find the following account given by a thoroughly-reformed prisoner, who spoke from what he had himself witnessed:—'In the assize-yard there was a considerable number of what are called first-offenders, nine or ten including myself, the remainder forming an overwhelming majority; two of them murderers, both of whom were subsequently condemned to death. I cannot reflect without pain on the reckless conduct of these two unhappy men during the few weeks I was with them. As regarded themselves, they appeared indifferent to the probable result of their coming trial. They even went so far as to have a mock trial in the day-room, when, one of the prisoners sitting as judge, some others acting as witnesses, and others as counsel, all the proceedings of the court of justice were gone through, the sentence pronounced, and mockingly carried into execution. I shall not soon forget that day when one of these murderers was placed in the cell amongst us, beneath the assize-court, a few moments after the doom of death had been passed upon him. Prisoners on these occasions eagerly inquire, "What is the sentence?" Coolly pointing the forefinger of his right hand to his neck, he said, "I am to hang." He then broke into a fit of cursing the judge, and mimicked the manner in which he had delivered the sentence. The length of his trial was then discussed: all the circumstances that had been elicited during its progress were detailed and dwelt upon: the crowded state of the court, the eagerness of the individuals present to get a sight of him, the grand speech of his counsel—all were elements that seemed to have greatly gratified his vanity, and to have drugged him into a forgetfulness of the bitterness of his doom. He then dwelt upon the speech he should make on the scaffold; was sure there would be an immense concourse of people at his execution, as it was a holiday-week; and from these and numerous other considerations, drew nourishment to that vanity and love of distinction which had in no small degree determined perhaps the commission of his crime. To minds in the depths of ignorance, and already contaminated by vicious and criminal courses of life, such a man becomes an object of admiration. They obtain from him some slight memorial—such as a lock of his hair, or some small part of his dress—which they cherish with a sentiment for which veneration is the most appropriate term; while the notoriety he has obtained may incite them to the perpetration of some act equally atrocious.'

Mr Cloy of the Manchester Jail also reports that there the prisoners form themselves into regular judge-and-jury societies, and go through the whole form of a trial and conviction. They also practise stealing from one another—less for the misappropriation of the articles stolen, than for acquiring proficiency in the art of picking pockets, and other degrading and immoral arts.

A constant supply of masters in the arts of dishonesty is kept up by the system of short imprisonment. The author of 'Old-Bailey Experience' says that thieves regard not imprisonment if it be only for a short time. Indeed, in the winter-time, they rather prefer it to liberty; for in jail they can insure protection from the inclemencies of that season: but even at other times, so ductile is nature to circumstances, that these men think themselves fortunate if, out of twelve, they can have four mouths 'run,' as they call it. 'I have no hesitation in affirming,' says the above-quoted author, 'that they would continue to go the same round of imprisonment and crime for an unlimited period if the duration of life and their sentences afforded them the opportunity. I knew one man who was allowed a course of seventeen imprisonments and other punishments before his career of crime was stopped by transportation.' In each of these imprisonments, this practised ruffian mixed with the youngest prisoners, and doubtless imparted to them lessons in crime which made them ten times worse after they had left than before they entered the prison.

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Although numbers of these unfriended *pariahs* of both sexes die in their probation, yet some, by dint of depredation and subsistence at the public expense in jail, grow up to adolescence. Let us hear, in concluding this miserable history, Lord Ashley's experience of the grown-up thief:—'Last year he received a paper signed by 150 of the most notorious thieves in London, asking him to meet them at some place in the Minories, and to give them the best counsel he could as to the mode in which they should extricate themselves from their difficult position. Lord Ashley went to their appointment, and instead of 150, he found 250 thieves assembled. They made no secret of their mode of life. A number of addresses were delivered, and he proceeded to examine them. They said, "We are tired to death of the life we lead—we are beset by every misery—our lives are

a burthen to us, for we never know from sunrise to sunset whether we shall have a full meal or any meal at all: can you give us any counsel as to how we may extricate ourselves from our present difficulties?" He told them that that was a most difficult question to determine under any circumstances in the present day, when competition was so great, and when no situation became vacant but there were at least three applicants for it; more especially was it difficult to determine when men whose characters were tainted came in competition with others upon whose character there was no stain. To that they replied, "What you say is most true: we have tried to get honest employment, but we cannot—we find that our tainted character meets us everywhere." In their efforts to escape from their miserable condition, these poor creatures were constantly foiled, and driven back to their old courses.'

Thus it is that an action and reaction are continually kept up; and from this short sketch it may be readily seen how crime, and especially that of young persons, increases, and will increase, until some comprehensive remedy is earnestly applied. We repeat, that in our present official system no machinery exists for helping the helpless: the iron hand of the law does not hold out the tip of its little finger to aid the orphan out of the gulf of ignorance and crime which yawns for him at the very threshold of his existence. This is the root of the evil—the radical defect in our system; for it has been ascertained that not one in fifty ever becomes a depredator after the age of twenty. Crime, therefore, can only be checked by removing pollution from its source.

Before we take a glance at the beneficial efforts towards this result which have been made by private benevolence, by means of Ragged Schools, and other reformatory establishments, we must point out one more trait of the infirmity of the law, by showing the enormous expense to which the country is put by keeping the cumbrous and clumsy legal machinery in operation.

A child indicted for a petty theft is often honoured with as lengthy an indictment, occupies as much of the time of a grand jury, and when brought into court, has as great an array of witnesses brought against him—all involving draughts on the county rates—as a capital offender. A petition was presented to parliament last year by the Liverpool magistrates on this subject, in which Mr Rushton gave the criminal biography of fourteen lads, whose career of wickedness and misery had cost, in their innumerable trials and convictions, about L.100 a-piece. This is only a single instance; but a more comprehensive calculation shows that the total amount we pay for punishing, or, more correctly, for fostering crime, is two millions per annum; and it has been computed that from two to three millions more are lost in plunder. In the year 1846, the cost of each prisoner in England and Wales averaged L.26, 17s. 7¼d.

Laying aside the higher aspects in which the duties of the community towards their misguided and neglected fellow-beings may be seen, and lowering our view to the merely fiscal expediency of the question, it is easily shown that prevention—and reformation when prevention is past hope—would be much cheaper than the mischievous cure which is now attempted. At from one penny to twopence a week, nearly 10,000 children are at this time being taught reading and writing in the Ragged Schools: and although reading and writing are by no means of themselves preventives to crime, yet the moral instruction which is given along with them to a certain extent is. Then as to reformation, the Philanthropic School reforms juvenile offenders at L.16 per head; and even if we add this sum to the L.26 odds which the conviction of each prisoner is said to cost (for reformation can only be complete after punishment), there would be a great saving to the country; for the reformed youth would be withdrawn from the ranks of depredators, and cease to be a burthen on the country.

In endeavouring, however, to provide for destitute criminal juvenality, the danger presents itself of placing them in a better position than the offspring of poor but honest parents, who have no such advantages for their children. From the absolute necessity of the case we could get over this: but there is another and more peremptory objection. Anything like a wholesale sweeping-up of juvenile vagrants, and providing for them, no matter how, would most probably tend to a demoralisation of the lower class of parents, who would be only too thankful to get rid of their offspring on any terms. Plans of this nature must inevitably be accompanied by an enforcement of parental responsibility. The wretch who neglects his child, must be taught, even if by the whip to his back, that he has no right or title to turn over his duties to the philanthropist or to the public.

Another difficulty presents itself even after the reformation of the more hardened offenders has been effected. How are they to find employment? The 250 depredators who told Lord Ashley that they could not get honest employment, only mentioned the ease of every one of their crime-fellows. Some manage to obtain an honest livelihood by concealing their past history, but even in such a case the 'authorities' do not always leave them alone. One young man told Lord Ashley that he had contrived to get a good situation, and after some trial, his employer was as well pleased with him as he was with his employer. One day, however, there came a policeman, who said to his master, 'Are you aware that you are employing a convicted felon?' The master, upon ascertaining that such was the case, turned the young man at once out of his service, and he had no alternative but starvation or a recurrence to the evil courses from which he had so nearly extricated himself.

In such cases emigration meets the difficulty, and has hitherto succeeded. Several batches of reformed juvenile criminals have already been sent out from Parkhurst Prison, from the Philanthropic School, and other reformatories, and the emigrants have, upon the whole, given satisfaction to the employers.

We have laid the evil bare before our readers, and hinted at remedies, not more for the importance of the facts set forth, than to prepare them for a description we shall next attempt of the interesting experiment now being tried by the Philanthropic Society at their Farm-School at



Red Hill in Surrey. Its object has been to see how far a modification of the Mettray system is likely to answer in this country. The results which have arisen up to this time are of the most encouraging nature. What we saw during our visit has led us to hope that at least a beginning has been made towards removing much of the stigma which rests upon Great Britain for suffering the existence, and allowing the increase, of more crime and destitution among persons of tender years than exists in any other country.

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### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] No less than 26 per cent. of our prisoners are unemployed, according to the last Report of the Inspectors of Prisons.
- [2] Lord Ashley stated in the House of Commons, that of 150 thieves he once met, 42 confessed that it was to casual wards that they traced the commencement of their crimes.

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## THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

LETTERS of introduction are like lottery-tickets, turning out sometimes a blank, and sometimes a prize, just as accident directs. It has frequently happened, however, that those presented at the wrong address have been the most fortunate. We know of at least one instance in which a gentleman came by a wife in consequence of a blunder of this kind; and another occurred recently in the place in which we write, 'killing two birds with one stone'—that is, the letter-bearer making two acquaintances instead of one—by a series of odd and perplexing *contres-temps*.

The missive in question was given to an English gentleman in London, who was about to indulge his wife and himself with a trip to Edinburgh. The writer was the brother-in-law of the individual to whom it was addressed—Mr Archibald; and the fortunate possessor was a certain Mr Smith, of the Smiths of Middlesex.

Soon after Mr Smith reached Edinburgh, where he had not a single acquaintance, he set out to deliver his letter of introduction. He found his way to Drummond Place easily enough, and then inquired for the street he was in search of—Duncan Street; but the native he applied to could not well make out his southron tongue, and directed him instead to Dublin Street, which all men know is at the opposite angle of the Place. When our letter-bearer reached his number, he was surprised to find, instead of the respectable 'main-door' he had been taught to expect—a green-grocer's shop. He was puzzled: but after comparing carefully the number of the house and of the note, he concluded that his London friend had made a mistake; and in this idea he was confirmed by the green-grocer, to whom he applied.

'Hoot, sir,' said the man of cabbages, 'it's nae mistake to speak o'—it's just ae side of the street for the ither;' and pointing to a house almost immediately opposite, he informed him that there Mr Archibald resided. Mr Smith crossed over to the number indicated, and finding no knocker—for we do not like noise in Edinburgh—pulled the bell.

'Is Mr Archibald at home?' demanded he of the serving-maiden who came to the door.

'Yes, sir.'

'Can I see him?'

'He's no in, sir.'

'No in! Will you direct me to his office?'

'He has nae office.'

'No! What does he do? Where does he go?'

'He aye gangs to the kirk.'

'To the kirk! What is he?'

'He's a minister.'

Mr Smith was puzzled again. He had a strong impression that his man was a merchant—nay, he had even some floating idea that he was a wine-merchant: but still—here were the street and the name, and not a particularly common name—a conjunction which formed a stubborn fact. He asked if he could see Mrs Archibald, and was at once shown into that lady's presence. Mrs Archibald received him with the ease and politeness of one accustomed to the visits of strangers, and on being told that he had a letter of introduction for her husband, entered freely into conversation.

'I saw Mr Archibald's last communication to my friend in London,' said Mr Smith, determined to feel his way: 'it was on the subject of schools.'

'That is a subject in which Mr Archibald is much interested, and so likewise am I.'

'He mentioned, more especially, Mrs So-and-so's school in George Street.'

'Doubtless.'

'Then you are more nearly concerned in that school than in any other.'

'It is natural that we should be so, for our children are there.'

'I thought so!'

There was now no longer any doubt that Mr Smith had hit upon the right Mr Archibald; and taking the letter of introduction from his pocket, he handed it to the lady, politely extricating it, before doing so, from its envelop. Mrs Archibald read the letter calmly, and then laid it upon the table without remark. This disturbed in some degree the good opinion the stranger had been rapidly forming of the lady; and the odd circumstance of her omitting to inquire after her own nearest blood-relations threw him into a train of philosophical reflections. Mr Smith—like all the rest of the Smiths—kept a journal; and a vision of a 'mem.' flitted before him: 'Curious National Characteristic—Scotch women civil, polite, kindly—especially clergymen's wives—but calm, cold, reserved; never by any chance ask strangers about their family, even when distant hundreds of miles.'

Mr Smith, however, was an agreeable good-humoured man. He spoke both well and fluently, and Mrs Archibald both listened and talked; and the end of it was, that they were mutually pleased, and that when Mr Smith was at length obliged to get up to take his leave, she invited him, with the simple hospitality of a minister's wife, to return to tea, to meet her husband. Mr Smith was much obliged, would be very happy; but—the fact was, his wife was in town with him. So much the better! Mrs Archibald would be delighted to be introduced to Mrs Smith; he must do her the favour to waive ceremony, and bring her in the evening exactly at seven. And so it was settled.

When the evening came, the weather had changed. It was bitterly cold; the wind blew as the wind only blows in Edinburgh; and it rained—to speak technically, it rained dogs and cats! Mr and Mrs Smith differed in opinion as to the necessity of keeping the engagement on such an evening. Mrs Smith was decidedly adverse to the idea of encountering the Scotch elements on a dark, cold, wet, tempestuous night, and all for the purpose of drinking an unpremeditated cup of tea. Mr Smith, on the other hand, considered that an engagement was an engagement; that the Archibalds were an excellent family to be acquainted with; and that, by keeping their word, in spite of difficulties, they would set out by commanding their respect. Mr Smith had the best of the argument; and he prevailed. A cab was ordered; and shivering and shrinking, they picked their steps across the *trottoir*, and commenced their journey. This time, however, Mr Smith's southron tongue was understood; and he was driven, not to Dublin Street, where he had been in the morning, but to Duncan Street, where he had desired to go—although of course he took care to give the coachman the corrected number this time, as it was not his intention to drink tea with the green-grocer.

When they arrived at the house, the coachman dismounted and rung the bell; and Mr Smith, seeing the door open, let down the window of the coach, although half-choked with the wind and rain that entered, and prepared to make a rush with his wife across the tempest-swept *trottoir*.

'Nae Mr Archibald at number so-and-so!' bawled the coachman.

'I say he is there,' cried Mr Smith in a rage: 'the servant has deceived you—ring again!'

'It's nae use ringing,' said the coachman, speaking against the storm; 'there's nae Mr Archibald there—I ken myself!'

'Is it possible that I can have made a mistake in the number? Hark ye, friend, try somewhere else. I know of my own knowledge that Mr Archibald is in this street, and you must find him!'—and he shut down the window exhausted.

It was not difficult to find Mr Archibald, for his house was almost directly opposite; and the tea-drinkers at length, to their great satisfaction, found themselves on a landing-place, with an open door before them. {286}

As Mr Smith paused for an instant on the threshold, he threw a strange searching glance round the hall, and then, turning to the servant, asked her if she had actually said that Mr Archibald lived there? The girl repeated the statement.

'Then come along, my dear,' said he to his wife; 'places look so different in the gaslight!' And striding through the hall, the servant in surprise walking backwards before them, they went into the drawing-room at the further end. The girl had opened the door of the room for them by the instinct of habit; but no sooner did she see them seated, than she ran at full speed to her mistress.

'Come ben, mem,' said she; 'come ben, I tell you, this moment! There are twa strange folks wha ha'e marched in, out o' the street into the very drawing-room, without either with your leave or by your leave, and suttin themselves doon on the sophy, as if the house was their ain!' Mrs Archibald got up in surprise, and even some little trepidation.

'Did they not mention who they were, or what was their pleasure?'

'Not a word, mem: they didna even speer if the maister or you was at hame, but tramped in the moment they saw the door open.'

Mrs Archibald, who was a newly-married lady, wondered who such visitors could be on such a night, and wished her husband was at home; but telling the girl to keep close behind her, she at length set forth to encounter them.

Mr and Mrs Smith in the meantime were speculating in a low voice, in the fashion of man and wife, on their adventure.

'This is doubtless the drawing-room, my dear,' said Mr Smith, looking round: 'it must have been the dining-room I saw in the forenoon.'

'I wish we saw a fire in the meantime, my dear,' replied Mrs Smith—'that I do! Do these people think it is not cold enough for one? And such a night!—wind, rain, and utter darkness! A clergyman forsooth! and a clergyman's wife!'

'It is a great neglect, I admit—for it is really cold; but we must consider that the natives of a country are not so sensible of the rigour of their climate as strangers. Mr and Mrs Archibald, you know, are Scotch.'

'Yes, Scotch,' said Mrs Smith with a sardonic smile—'excessively Scotch!' And drawing her shawl over her chin, she sat, looking like an incarnation of Discomfort, till Mrs Archibald entered the room.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said Mr Smith, getting up and shaking hands. 'You see I have brought my wife to drink tea with you. My dear, let me introduce you to Mrs Archibald—Mrs Archibald, Mrs Smith. The two ladies exchanged bows, the one sulkily, the other stiffly; and even Mr Smith, though not a particularly observant man, thought their hostess did not look so pleasant as in the forenoon.'

'How is Mr Archibald?' said he after a pause.

'My husband is pretty well, sir.'

'Not at church again, eh?'

'Sir!' Here Mrs Archibald looked anxiously to the half-open door, where the girl was waiting concealed in the shadow, in readiness to reinforce her mistress in case of necessity.

'A very windy, dismal evening—and cold. Don't you find it cold, ma'am?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps we have come too soon?'

'Really, sir—I hope you will not think it ill-bred—but I have been expecting to hear why you have come at all!'

'Mrs Archibald! Is it possible that you have forgotten me already?'

'I must confess you have the advantage of me.'

'You do not remember seeing me this forenoon, when your husband was at church?'

'I really have no recollection of any such circumstance; nor am I aware of anything that could take my husband to church to-day.'

'And you cannot call to mind that you asked me to tea, and intreated me to bring my wife with me?'

'Surely not, since I was ignorant, till a few minutes ago, that such individuals were in existence.'

'Mrs Archibald! I of course cannot, as a gentleman, refuse to credit those assertions; but I take leave to tell you that I by no means admire the *memory* of the wives of the Scottish clergy! Come, my dear. Our friend will be surprised to hear of the hospitable reception obtained for us by his letter of introduction; although perhaps Mrs Archibald'—and here Mr Smith wheeled round as he reached the door, and fixed his eye upon the culprit—'although perhaps Mrs Archibald is not disposed to admit having received Mr —'s letter at all!'

'Oh, that is my brother-in-law!' cried Mrs Archibald: 'do you come from him? How is my dear sister? Pray, sit down!' A few words sufficed to clear the whole *imbroglio*; and the true Mr Archibald making his appearance immediately after, threw still more light upon the subject by explaining that a namesake of his, a clergyman, lived in the street at the opposite angle of the Place. They learnt afterwards from this gentleman, that on seeing the letter of introduction, he perceived at once it was not intended for him, and went to call on Mr Smith to explain the mistake. The Fates, however, were determined that the *contre-temps* should run its course, for Mrs Archibald had taken down the wrong number!

In another room the party found a cheerful fire, and the much-desiderated tea; and before separating that night, Mr Archibald placed collateral evidence of a highly-satisfactory nature upon the table that Mr Smith's original conjecture was correct, and that he was indeed no minister—but a Wine-merchant.

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## JOTTINGS ON BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

'THE history of books,' it has often been said, 'is as curious and instructive as that of men: it is therein that we have to seek for the moral life of a people.' This remark has very much the character of a truism, and more especially at the present period. The ever-circling course of time brings phenomena in literature as well as astronomy: from the no-book era the world passed into the too-many-book era; from that of reading nothing but what pleased a few, to that in which everybody read what they pleased; from that of being punished for reading, to that in which the punishment was for not reading. Nodier says, 'Printed books have existed but little more than

four hundred years, and yet, in certain countries, they have already accumulated to such a degree as to peril the old equilibrium of the globe. Civilisation has reached the most unexpected of its periods—the Age of Paper.'

We have had the Golden Age, and the Age of Brass, and of Iron; but the Age of Paper!—was such a wonder ever dreamt of by philosophy? What does it bode? Is it synonymous with *flimsy* age? Do the centuries degenerate? According to M. Victor Hugo they do not. In his reception-speech made to the Académie in 1840, he declared, 'Nothing has degenerated; France is always the torch of nations. The epoch is great—great by its science, its eloquence, its industry, great by its poetry and its art. At the present hour, there is but one enlightened and living literature in the whole universe—and it is the literature of France.' It is not easy to account for differences of opinion, but only three short years earlier—namely, in 1837—Monsieur Guizot affirmed, in addressing another learned academy, 'The true and disinterested worship of science has worn itself out among us; we seek for noise or for profit, for a prompt satisfaction of self-love, or for a material advantage.'

Contrast this with the period when pen, ink, and fingers did the work now done by type and power-presses—the no-book era. Not the least noteworthy among patient transcribers were the Benedictines. 'Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher—as a missionary while seated at his desk—using each finger as a tongue—inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line—and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium* some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal.'

We read of Claude Estiennot, who was procurator of the Benedictines at Rome during the papacy of Innocent XI., that 'within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom le Cerf, "réflexions très sensées et judicieuses"—"very sensible and judicious reflections." Forty-five volumes in eleven years! Perhaps this was a commendable result in the eighth century, but the old-fashioned hand-press in the village of Dumdrudge would beat it now-a-days, barring probably the 'judicious reflections.' We have before us a statement of the books and pamphlets printed in France in fifteen years—1830-1845—including reprints, but omitting periodicals, the number was 5862 annually, or a total of 87,930. Estimating each work as two volumes and a-half, they amount to 220,000; and reckoning 1200 copies of each work (a moderate calculation), the grand total is 264,000,000 of volumes.

Nodier might well say the earth's equilibrium is imperilled: and if we add to the above the typographical labours of other countries! In the matter of Bibles alone, the British Societies have distributed 20,000,000 copies since 1827. A house in Paris published the Scriptures in three quarto volumes, price seventy-five francs, in twelve years—1824-1836: by dint of canvassing, and offering the work from house to house, they sold 65,000 copies, value 4,875,000 francs. Nor are we without monuments of individual effort: Daniel Kieffer, a celebrated Protestant and learned Orientalist of Strasburg, translated the Old Testament into Turkish; and in one year, 1832, distributed at his sole charge 160,000 of the volumes. The best Bohemian dictionary yet published is the work of a M. Jungmann, who prepared and brought it out at his own cost, and sold a vineyard to defray the expense. According to Mr Kohl, Bibles are smuggled into Bohemia, Scripture is contraband, and yet, contradictory as it may seem, Bibles may be sold in that country, although they may not be printed there or imported. The copies which do find an entrance are sent mostly from Berlin and England. A few years since, two wagon-loads fell into the hands of customhouse officers, who have ever since kept the prize safely under lock and key. In the public library at Linz, the above-named traveller saw an old edition of Luther's works thickly coated with dust, and was informed by the attendant that the volumes had not once been disturbed for thirty years.

Even in the days when oligarchs prescribed the popular reading, Pasquin dared to say what he thought of their proceedings. Father Germain, who accompanied Mabillon to Rome in 1685, relates an incident:—'He found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the galleys, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals; while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin, why are you leaving Rome? and answers, "He who speaks is sent to the galleys; he who writes is hanged; he who remains quiet goes to the Holy Office." Marforio had good cause for his heresy; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) "broke the priest's neck" was merely his having said that the "mare had knocked the snail out of its shell," in allusion to the fact of the Pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. The rogues continue to repeat the jest notwithstanding, observes the reverend looker-on.'

'Many men, many minds;' so runs the adage. About the year 1839, a work, 'Le mariage au point de vue chrétien' was published by Madame Gasparin. The French Academy awarded a prize to

the authoress for her book, but at the very same time it was inscribed by the church in the Index Expurgatorius as a prohibited treatise: such being one among the innumerable instances of difference of opinion. The disappointment of writers, too, would fill a long catalogue: there are extravagant expectations in literature as well as in mines and railways. In 1836, one M. Châtel published the 'Code de l'humanité,' which was to regenerate society. He announced himself as Primate of the Gauls, drew around him a few disciples, who remained faithful during fifteen years, when the delusion came suddenly to an end—the primate had become a postmaster.

Some books, like human beings, come into the world with fortune for their nurse, others encounter difficulties at the very outset, and barely escape strangulation. According to Pliny, several thousand men were placed at the service of Aristotle during the time that his great work was in preparation, to furnish him with information and observations on all sorts of natural objects—men whose business it was to take care of cattle, fishing-grounds, and apiaries. The monarch under whose auspices it was composed gave him 800 talents (L.79,000) towards the expenses. Was ever a book brought out under more favourable circumstances?

When Amari wrote his history of Sicily, he submitted it to the censorship at Palermo, and obtained leave to publish. The permission from some cause was, however, revoked before the work appeared, and the author received orders to send the whole of the copies to the police. Unwilling to make such a sacrifice, he packed the books in a case, and shipped them on board a French vessel, and at the same time sent a similar case to the authorities filled with vegetables and rubbish. He then, with a false passport, sailed for Marseilles, and eventually published his book at Paris with the imprint 'Palermo' on the title-page. It has since gone through a second edition.

Some writers have said the inventing of a title, or composing of a preface, cost them more trouble or thought than any other part of their work; it might not be unfair to suppose that the subject-matter was very indifferent, or the preface very good. True it is, however, that many books do exhibit strange freaks of invention on the part of their authors, as a few specimens will exemplify. In 'The Arte of Vulgar Arithmeticke,' published in 1600 by Thomas Hylles, we find 'the partition of a shilling into his aliquot parts' thus exhibited:—

'A farthing first findes fortie-eight,  
 An halfepeny hopes for twentie-foure,  
 Three farthings seekes out 16 streight,  
 A peny puls a dozen lower:  
 Dicke dandiprat drewe 8 out deade,  
 Two-pence tooke 6 and went his way,  
 Tom trip and goe with 4 is fled,  
 But goodman grote on 3 doth stay;  
 A testerne only 2 doth take,  
 Moe parts a shilling cannot make.'

Schoolboys of the present day often chant a quatrain without a suspicion that young scholars vented their discontent in the same doggerel in the days when the invincible Armada was approaching our shores. Professor De Morgan mentions a manuscript, date 1570, in which these lines occur:—

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'Multiplication is mie vexation,  
 And Division is quite as bad,  
 The Golden Rule is mie stumbling-stule,  
 And Practice drives me mad.'

In 1688, a teacher of arithmetic, W. Leybourn, doubtless thought he had made a hit by his title-page, which is thus fancifully arranged:—

A  
 Platform } for { Purchasers.  
 Guide } } Builders.  
 Mate } } Measurers.

Another, of the same date, thought he had discovered an original method for obtaining the square and cube roots, and says—

'Now Logarithms lowre your sail,  
 And Algebra give place,  
 For here is found, that ne'er doth fail,  
 A nearer way to your disgrace.'

There was a struggle to live even a hundred years ago; we do not find that being a century nearer to the Golden Age than we are made much essential difference in men's characters:—The author of 'Arithmetick in Epitome,' published in 1740, entertains a professional jealousy of interlopers, for he observes, 'When a man has tried all Shifts, and still failed, if he can but scratch out anything like a fair *Character*, though never so stiff and unnatural, and has got but *Arithmetick* enough in his Head to compute the Minutes in a Year, or the Inches in a Mile, he makes his last Recourse to a Garret, and, with the Painter's Help, sets up for a Teacher of *Writing* and *Arithmetick*; where, by the Bait of low Prices, he perhaps gathers a Number of Scholars.'

Another, named Chappell, indulges in a little political illustration in his book, published in 1798—was he a disappointed place-hunter? He tells us in his versified tables—

'So 5 times 8 were 40 Scots,  
Who came from Aberdeen,  
And 5 times 9 were 45,  
Which gave them all the spleen.'

The latter being an allusion to Wilkes' notorious No. 45 of the North Briton.

Some curious facts with respect to old systems of arithmetic were published at a meeting of the Schlesische Gesellschaft in Breslau in 1846. On that occasion Herr Lösckke gave an account to the learned assembly of an old arithmetical work, 'Rechnen auf der Linie,' by the 'old Reckon-master,' Adam Rise. Adam was born about 1492; of his education nothing is known; he lived at Annaberg, and had three sons, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. His first 'Reckon-book,' in which he explained his peculiar method, appeared in 1518. It was somewhat on the principle of the calculating frame of the Chinese; a series of lines were drawn across a sheet of paper, on which, by the position of counters, numbers could be reckoned up to hundreds of thousands. The first line of the series was for units, the second for tens, the third for hundreds, the fourth for thousands, the fifth for ten thousands, and so on. It is remarkable that the highest counting-limit at that time was a thousand. The word 'million' was as yet unknown to the great body of calculators. Every number was counted, specified, and limited by thousands. The numeration of large numbers was thus expressed: the sum was divided into threes from right to left; a dot was placed over the first, and a second dot over the third of the following three, and so continued along the whole, until at last a dot stood over every fourth figure from the right. For example,

· · · · ·  
6432798642102791527462,

which were read, six thousand thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 432 thousand thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 798 thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 642 thousand thousand thousand times thousand, 102 thousand thousand times thousand, 791 thousand times thousand, 527 thousand and 462. With this curiosity of arithmetic we close our Jottings for the present.

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## THE LITTLE WOODLAND GLEANER.

'ART thou weary, Dove Annette—say, hast thou been roaming far?  
Seeking flowers fresh and wild, watching for the evening star?  
Heavily thy basket weighs; 'tis a cruel load for thee;  
Shades of night are stealing o'er; thou at home, fair child, shouldst be.'

Dove Annette laughed merrily as she ope'd her basket lid;  
There no hyacinthine bell or sweet eglantine was hid:  
Pine cones, and fallen leaves, and slender twigs were gathered there;  
Far more precious these to her than the woodland treasures fair.

'My old grandam she is cold, for the autumn nights are chill;  
So I search the golden woods over dale and over hill;  
Sticks, leaves, and cones together, make a warm and blazing fire;  
Shame 'twould be if Dove Annette on this errand e'er could tire!

'My old grandam she is blind, but our scholars are a score;  
And she tells them how to spell, and the blessed Bible lore;  
At A B C I toil all day—alas, they are not quick to learn!  
Little 'tis that we are paid—poor the living thus we earn.

'Forest glades are dusk and drear, save when pretty deer skip by;  
Evening stars I cannot see, trees arch overhead so high;  
Safely sleep the birds around: He who numbers them each one  
Cares, I know, for Dove Annette in the wild wood all alone.

'So I fill my basket full—sure it is a heavy load;  
But I sing a pleasant song all along my homeward road:  
And within our cabin walls, gleaming with the ruddy blaze,  
Grandam teaches Dove Annette hymns of thankfulness and praise.'

C. A. M. W.

It is well known that the great monarch Brian Boroihme was killed at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. He left his son Donagh his harp; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father. These regalia were kept in the Vatican till Pope Clement sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came by a lady of the De Burgh family into that of M'Mahon of Glenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Counsellor Macnamara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. William Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is 32 inches high, and of good workmanship—the sounding-board is of oak, the arms of red sally—the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

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