RIGHTS, WRONGS, AND REMEDIES;

OR,

THE LOT OF LABOUR.

A TALE FOR THE PEOPLE.

CHAPTER IX.

A WORKMAN'S HOME.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of kindness. *Bailey.*
Be thy own palace, or the world's thy gaol. *Donne.*

I AM not going to blink the fact that a working-man in London, who has the skill to do his work fairly, character to do it honestly, and the negative virtues of sobriety and punctuality, without which he could not be relied on, can generally secure for himself the comforts of a home, and the moderate means of domestic enjoyment. Still, to do that thoroughly and effectually, he must be prudent and self-denying—he must never lie on a sick bed—and must religiously make provision when work is plentiful for those seasons, which will be sure to arrive, when it is scarce or altogether wanting. In his capacity as a workman Brill Morgan was such a man—and something more. He had been for five-and-twenty years attached to the bindery, and by his faithful service had contributed, as far as it lay within the power of an individual workman so to do, to its gradual growth and prosperity. There had been a time when the conscience within him slumbered a dead sleep, when he cared nothing for his neighbour and all for himself, and the sturdy energies of his unconquerable spirit and muscular frame found vent and action in riotous rollicking pleasures and animal gratifications. But there had come an hour and a word or two, from some printed page or soul-stirring voice, that had startled the slumbering monitor from its dull trance, fifteen years ago, had changed the whole current of the man's existence, had made him a new being, and launched him upon a new life. For the jeers and ridicule which the change brought down upon his back, he cared no more than he did for the wind, or the dust of the street—not half so much. He held on his way—returning good for evil, kindness and courtesy for scorn, and forced that respect for the fruits of his religion which was denied to the thing itself. From that hour Brill had foresworn Sunday work, and in consideration of his character and long service had been allowed to have his way. He would have seen the establishment razed to the ground before he would touch a tool on the Sabbath; but he calmly announced his resolution in a respectful tone, on conscientious grounds, and his scruples were respected.

Brill rents a large, roomy, cupboardy, wainscoted, old-fashioned house in a remote, out-of-the-way part of the district of Old St. Pancras. This rather creaky tenement he lets out in apartments at a moderate rent, chiefly to working men and boys, admitting to his hospitality those only who will conform to the rules of the domicile, which enforce sobriety and regularity. From those who can pay, he exacts a fair rent, but he does not turn the penniless debtor from his door; and in the garret he has a dormitory for a squad of boys, several of them working at the bindery, who can pay but a nominal tariff, and whom he has rescued from the contaminating influence of their filthy homes and indiscriminate intercourse. The domestic management is under the charge of Brill's wife, a well-chosen mate for such a man, about his own age, quiet but perseverant, thrifty, homely, and profoundly reverent of her lord.

When Brill reached home on the Saturday night described in the last chapter, his wife, who had been long listening for his foot-fall, hastened to throw open the door, relieve him from his ample overcoat (Brill did not believe in umbrellas), and lead him to the cheerful fireside, where bootjack and slippers lay on the hearth, and a hot, savoury supper simmered on the hob.

The thoughtful, almost stolid features of the earnest man relaxed into a smile of satisfaction as he sunk into a monster chair as big as a patent cab, and looked around on the snow-white walls and flickering fire-shadows.

"Are they all in, Goody?"

"All but Mr. Standish."

"Mark will be here in a minute or two; set the supper—he'll be glad to see it smoking; it's a hungry night, dame."

"That it is. I ought to know, for I've had company to supper with me already to-night."

"Indeed! it's an odd night for friends to supper."

"I didn't say friends, Brill."

"Well, Goody, you know I'm not good at guessing—strangers, then."

"Strangers, to be sure. I've let the second-floor front to a couple of young gentlemen, and as they were strangers to London, and were wet and weary with walking and driving about, I asked them to take a bit of supper."

"Quite right, my dear. But what makes you think they are gentlemen? Gentlemen, so called, don't often come this way."

"See here," said the good woman, "this is their luggage—leathern mails, and a big brass-bound box; I promised they should be carried up to their door before morning; but they were too heavy for me or Nance, or both of us."

"Ha—heavy enough," said Brill, giving one of the portmanteaus a lift—"'Weston, Passenger, London'—Young lads, did you say?"

"Yes, and quite well-mannered and grammatical like. I'm sure they come of a good stock, they are so well bred."

"Ha, you women are sure to find out that. Well, I must have a look at them in the morning—if they stand in need of a friend, we must not make strangers of them, Goody. But here comes Mark; I hear his quick step. Let's see what you have got for us, dame."

Brill stalked to the door, and Mark, emerging on the threshold from a dripping Mackintosh, entered the room as the goodwife was in the act of dishing a spicy mess of stewed chops, potatoes and onions, whose fragrance filled the apartment.

"Goody," said Mark, "you are a conjuror; who told you this was the very thing I had set my heart upon?"

"Oh," said the dame, "rain, hail, and snow told me that—and the east wind that will blow before the morning."

Brill rose, with a serious face, and gently lifted his hand—the voices and the clatter of dishes, knives and forks ceased, while he solemnly invoked a blessing on the repast.

There was not much talking for the next quarter of an hour—the men had eaten nothing since the dinner at one o'clock, and both were in most excellent cue for doing justice to the business before them. When Mark's appetite began to flag—

"What did you think," he said to Brill, "of Blight's *dodge to night? ingenious*, was'nt it?"

"I don't like to think of it; and I don't want to think of it now. Do you go to shop to-morrow?"

"I have bargained for the half-day. I could'nt well escape; though it is none of my work, you know."

"I think you might have made a stand; but there, I have no right to dictate."

"Oh, if I had your scruples I should stand as you say, fast enough, you may be sure."

Brill drew a long breath that was almost a sigh.

Dame Morgan began putting away the things. In a very short time she had cleared the supper-table, placed a couple of bed-room candles upon it, and poked out the best part of the fire. "Too late for talk, you know, to-night, boys—to bed and to sleep at once; and Mr. Standish, I want you to help the master upstairs with this luggage as far as your floor. You have got a couple of new neighbours to-night."

"Good night, then, dame. Come, bear a hand, governor," and shouldering one trunk and lugging at another, supported by Brill in the rear, Mark mounted the stairs to his room, the good woman lighting them on the route.

Mark was snugly curled up in his bed, and gliding insensibly into dreamland, while yet the deep voice of Brill in the room over his head, murmured in tones of deliberate monotonous supplication in his ear.

Robert, Harry, and Mary Weston had arrived in London about noon on that miserable December Saturday, when the city lay lapped in a cloud of fog and wet mist, the precursors of that delectable state of weather already described. Their first care had been to proceed with Mary to the residence of Madame Richaud, the modiste, in —— Street, where, in pursuance of the treaty negotiated by Mrs. Dalton, she was that day expected. If the brothers had reckoned upon the good offices of their sister's patroness, or upon the receipt of hospitality in any shape in that quarter, they must have been egregiously disappointed. They found the house in a whirl of business, and every soul in it distracted with the pressure of affairs. It is true that Madame showed herself immediatel upon the announcement of their arrival, and rushed down to the entrance-hall to receive her new protégée, amidst a congregation of wicker sarcophagi, shrouded in sack-cloth, and a bevy of steaming messengers waiting for orders; but it is true also that she stared at the brothers with a puzzled and mortified air, which told them too plainly that their immediate departure would be the greatest favour they could confer upon her. By way of getting rid of them, she invited them to call and see their sister on the following week—and then, pleading the extremest pressure of business, bowed them, after a hurried leave-taking, into the street. She permitted them, however, to leave their luggage in the hall while they went in search of a lodging—and that was something.

Through the dreary drizzle of that wretched day the two lads had been hunting over the sodden streets for a house. At first they made fun of the matter, and could at least pretend to enjoy the sport; but when the searching sleet had drenched them to the skin the fun leaked out of the adventure, and they grew heartily sick of it. Fifty staircases they climbed, and fifty horrible dens they refused, even in the face of the angry elements without, wondering how human creatures could live in holes where birds and beasts would pine in gloom and perish with suffocation. It was a mere chance that led them at last, late in the evening, to Mrs. Morgan's, where they resolved to search no further, and whence, having hired a single chamber, they returned for their luggage to —— Street, and arrived with it at their new quarters just in time for the supper to which the kind-hearted dame had invited them.

The brothers Weston slept soundly after the fatigues of the day.

"Are you awake, Harry?" asked Robert, about six in the morning.

"I am thinking whether I am or no," was the reply.

"Because there is somebody knocking at the door."

"Is there? it is some one with the luggage, then. Come in."

The huge figure of Brill Morgan glided into the room. Brill had risen early by candle-light, had mown the stubble from his ample face, performed a bountiful ablution, and arrayed himself in his Sunday garb. The light in his hand revealed his stalwart figure and broad placid features—the blue chin reposing in the voluminous folds of a neck-tye which would have been snowy white had it not been slightly jaundiced by the inevitable atmosphere of St. Pancras—and his brawny limbs enveloped in rather loose habiliments of glossy black.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said, "here is your luggage," and he swung the boxes into the room. "I understand," he went on, "that you are strangers from the country; we must entertain strangers, you know; you will do me the favour to join our table to-day, and consider yourselves at home. Breakfast in the room under this at half-past eight—dinner at half-past one."

"You are very kind," said Robert, "and really we should be silly to refuse your hospitality."

"Then that is settled," said Brill; "I shall see you at the breakfast-table; do not be in a hurry to get up—it will not be light this hour—good morning."

And Brill slipped away with the light, descending with solid, plodding foot-fall to the street door, whose chain rattled, bolts shot back, and double-lock turned, and then the heavy portal slammed after him as he shut himself out. Mark, who was waiting for him below, went out with him, and took the route to the workshop. If we follow Brill, we must traverse a different route, and must pull up with him, after a walk of half a mile, at a stable-door from which a flight of moveable wooden steps leads to the loft above, lighted by half a pound of dips stuck against the bare brick walls, and furnished with a row of rough wooden benches raised in front of a platform of old planks channelled with wheelbarrow tracks, and having a rude rostrum in the centre. There were twenty to two dozen men in the dreary chamber, where the cold east wind blows through a hundred crannies—for a hard black frost has followed the rain and snowy sleet—and they are met to commence *their* Sunday work by a united assault, shouted, stormed, groaned, and wailed into the ear of the Eternal in a manner exceedingly violent, and not at all in harmony with good taste. Remonstrate with them on the subject of this noisy fervour, and they will tell you the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm. Do you call them poor, blundering fanatics? I call them men, every mother's son of them—real, earnest men—and that is something, let me tell you, in this age of shams. Blundering! yes, very likely—most certainly, I should say—blundering most abominably in a thousand ways and things, but right, too, in one way and one thing, if you know anything about that. You are not so sure of that? I thought so. Then, if you please, we won't stay here. Brill is got to his knees, and he'll pray for full fifteen minutes, good, at least, and there will be a chorus of groans and "grant-it-good-Lord's" that will not amuse you in the slightest degree, my friend and criticaster—so, if you like, we'll get back to the house.

"What do you think of that for an apparition?" said Harry, after the brothers were again left in the dark, "it's better than King Priam's curtain visitor, is'nt it?"

"We seem to have tumbled into good quarters at last," said Robert; "I like the look of the landlord; but what can he want out of doors in such a dress at this hour of the morning?"

"Oh! we shall find that out before long."

When the dim dawn began to make objects visible in the chamber, the brothers rose, dressed, and descended to the first floor. A cheerful fire was burning, a kettle singing on the hob, and a silent, pale-faced girl was quietly arranging the materials for breakfast. The room was large, and was plainly furnished with a score of chairs, a couple of large tables, and a series of shelves running round the walls, on which were a well-thumbed stock of books, some slates, a few periodical publications, newspapers, and the implements for writing.

A few minutes before the time specified, Mrs. Morgan made her appearance with a face and words of welcome, and commenced preparations for the meal. At half-past eight Brill was in his chair by the fireside. A chapter in the Bible and a short prayer preceded the repast, which was partaken at once by the good man and his guests, and the pale-faced servant-girl, and a couple of boys, to whose wants she administered at a little side-table.

"You would like to attend some place of worship this morning?" said Brill to his new guests.

Robert answered that they had made up their minds to get to St. Paul's, if possible.

"Then you must start from here at a quarter past nine; it is a good half-hour's walking, and the service begins at a quarter to ten. Jones (to one of the boys), you will have no objection to show these gentlemen the way?"

Jones, as was evident from the sparkle of his eye, had not the slightest objection.

Brill had no sooner eaten his breakfast than he was off again, accompanied by the other boy, Jones's companion. Follow him this time, and you will trace him to the school-room of the "Ebenezer" chapel, a gabled brick edifice in Aspen-road, about a couple of furlongs from his dwelling. There he opens the Sunday-school with prayer, superintends its practical duties, instructs a Bible class, and closes the proceedings with a brief address. But when all is done and the children are marched into the little gallery of the chapel, Brill, instead of joining his wife and the pale-faced servant and boys in his own pew, walks out of the building, and betakes himself at a strapping pace towards the outlying suburbs. He would like nothing better than to sit quietly down and hear the Rev. Mr. Thresher expose Papal abominations and the iniquitous mysteries of the Babylonian harlot—but then, who is to feed those wandering and wilful sheep in the wilderness who are perishing for lack of knowledge? So Brill is on the trail of the strayed sheep—and this bitter cold morning, when the ground is tesselated with ice-covered pools and a ribbed network of frosty patterns, he knows well enough where to find a shepherdless flock. The flock, in this instance, is a band of builders' labourers, who, shut out from church by respectability, from the public-house by the law, and from home by discomfort and squalor, have assembled under the lee of those monstrous piles of bricks in the waste brick-fields, which are yet warm with the kiln-fires of a month or two ago, and are beguiling the weary, do-nothing hours by a game at pitch-and-toss. Beggarly, worthless, depraved vagabonds they must be, as you say, to think of such a thing—but then "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" you know—you can't get over that, anyhow—and so Brill drops in among them like a burly vision of something out of the clouds, and stills their clatter about "heads and tails" and "best two in three," interlarded with fierce oaths and wrangling—by the very whiff and wind of him. Another moment or two, and they are listening in orderly silence to what he has to say to them, and he, with his pocket-bible in his hands, is just delivering that message with which his breast is brimming over, and labouring with all his might to get the sense of it into their thick heads and the love of it into their hearts. Will he succeed? Can't say. If he had not been a blundering fanatic, of course, he would'nt be there making the attempt. Sound orthodoxy and smug ecclesiasticism turns up its regulation nose at such a spectacle, and very right too—or else the right reverends are all in the wrong.

As the brothers went their way to St. Paul's, Harry Weston pumped Billy Jones on the subject of Mr. Morgan, and got from the boy some particulars which the reader already knows. The service at the cathedral was over early, and they were the first to return to the breakfast-room, where the cloth was now laid for dinner, and the fire, banked up, burst into a blaze at the instigation of the poker.

"Is there nobody at home?" Robert asked—"the house seems to be empty."

"Likely there ain't," said the boy, who had let them in with a latch key—"Ebenezer ain't hover yet."

"What do you mean by Ebenezer?"

"Chapel, yer know, where they all goes—Missis, Master, Nance, an' all."

"What, the servant, too! then you send the dinner to the baker's?"

"'Spects you don't," said Jones, "you don't ketch the guvnor employin' of no bakers of a Sunday, I reckon."

"Oh, then it is a cold dinner on Sundays?"

"It's a hot jint if it's anythink, an' beautiful done too—bless yer, the dinner cooks itself—meat, pudd'n, wedgables an' all."

The pale-faced servant came in at this crisis, and threw open the door of the kitchen, whence the unmistakable odour of roast mutton ascended and filled the house. It was true, as the boy had said; the dinner cooked itself by means of an apparatus contrived by Brill, who could not reconcile it to his conscience to keep a fellow-sinner at work while she might be worshipping on the Sunday.

The worthy man headed his own table at dinner, and set a good example to his guests by making a cheerful and plentiful meal. Mark came in at the nick of time, and was introduced to the stranger youths. He had done with the workshop for the day, and would not return thither. The meal was not long ended when Brill, evidently resisting the inclination to a short nap, and fortifying himself with a huge draught of water, his only stimulant, quitted the room and the house. The house-mother disappeared into the lower regions, and Mark and the brothers were left alone at the fireside.

To follow Morgan this time would only be to get into a dirty crowd in very dirty quarters. He knows that this afternoon there will be an infidel apostle thundering among the pens in Smithfield, and his tyrannical conscience will not allow him to rest while the bane and the poison are being disseminated, where perhaps no man is present with the antidote. This is why he spurns the comfort of his fireside, and is off to set up the standard of truth in the same field with that of error and falsehood: he does not anticipate a collision, and a consequent discussion; he will not court that; if it comes unsought, he is ready, and will fight for the faith that is in him with a manfulness and persistency not to be shaken; but he knows the difficulty of finding any common ground for argument in such trials of skill, and has besides a secret conviction that it is not by victory in such contests that the triumph of truth is to be won.

Mark replenished the fire, drew seats round its cheering blaze, and motioned the guests to the warmest corner. He had detected himself once or twice staring involuntarily at the lads in a way not warranted by strict etiquette, and was wondering to himself why he did it, when Robert pulled a small volume from his pocket.

"Pardon me," said Mark, "that is a copy of Bacon's Essays."

"True, it is," said Robert, "but how should you know that?"

"I recognise my own work," said Mark, "the book was bound at Timmins's, at Midport, about a year ago, and passed through my hands."

"Then you are from Midport?"

"Yes—and yourselves? I surely must have seen you there?"

"It may be so; we lived in the neighbourhood."

"At Runscombe or Sedgebury?"

"Neither—at the Leas, in the Lodge, about six miles from Midport."

Mark reflected for a moment—"The Lodge," he said, "stands near the the road, behind a screen of evergreens, larches and birches—there is a carriage-way to a mansion in the distance, barred by a gate kept locked, and the Lodge is entered by a little wicket and a pathway through the garden."

"You seem to know it well," said both the brothers at once.

"And you have a sister and father living there?"

The lads looked sorrowfully at each other.

"*Forgive me,*" said Mark, "I have pained you, I see—but accident made me acquainted for one brief hour with your sister, in the month of June last, when I sought her aid in behalf of a miserable vagabond who might have perished without it."

"I remember the circumstance," said Robert, "on that same night we lost our father; he never entered the lodge alive after you left."

Mark did not reply to the faltering voice; but soon Robert broke the silence and in a few words detailed the facts, already known to the reader, of the father's death, of the absence of any provision for his family, and the consequent necessity they were under of seeking employment as the means of subsistence.

"Well," said Mark, "if I read you aright, you will not turn your back on hard work."

"Show me," said the other, "how the smallest pittance is to be won—you shall not see me shrink."

"Nor me, either," said Harry, somewhat fiercely, in spite of the big drops brimming in his eyes.

"That's the right spirit, young gentlemen. Come, we shall do very well, I see: but what do you think of trying?"

Robert mentioned his experience as clerk under Flinders, and produced from his pocket-book letters of recommendation which the lawyer had given him. Mark took them in his hand.

"Brindle, Solicitor, B—— street; Tagg and Fogget, Lincoln's-inn; Albert Coates, Esq., Fig Tree-court, Temple; Mr. C. Copple, Cook's-court. H'm! I know something of these geniuses; shall I enlighten you a little?"

"I shall be grateful for any information."

"First, then, as to Brindle: I know him well, and a clever fellow he is, very; but not the man for you, I think—but judge for yourself. He has a good City practice, which brings him in 2,500*l.* a year, but it does not bring him to town from his residence on Blackheath oftener than three times a week for a couple of hours at a time. His economy is the most perfect I know. His managing-clerk takes the entire responsibility and control, and does it without salary for the sake of the practice, which is a valuable school: the second clerk works on the same terms, and will step into the first one's place when that is vacant. The remaining clerks are all the sons of country agents, young sucking attorneys, paying a bonus for instruction as well as working for nothing; and the only man who gets any wages at all is a copying-clerk who stands between Brindle's office and the law stationers—and he is an acquaintance of mine, a Midport man, who is under an obligation to do his eighty folios a day, for which he receives all the salary paid in the establishment—to wit, five and twenty shillings a week."

"I thought the law was a liberal profession," said Harry.

"Intensely liberal to lawyers, as you see. Now for Messrs. Tagg and Fogget: you really may earn money with them if you don't mind doing dirty work for it—knowing, as you say, some of the practical details of the business; but you will hardly go there when I tell you they are two of the greatest scoundrels in the profession; they are to a whole gang of commercial swindlers what his quills are to the porcupine; they share in the profits of most of the monster villanies of the day, by transforming the law, which was intended to punish crime and protect the citizen, into the scoundrel's stronghold and defence, and the torturer of the innocent. Then comes Mr. Coates, of the Temple: there is no reason that I know of why you should not apply to him, save the one reason that the man has no legal employment for himself, and is not likely to want your services. Coates is one of those unlucky limbs of the law into which the vital sap that swells the trunk so bravely has never found its way. His elevated attic in the Temple is the resort, not of clients and professional brethren, but of publishers' hacks and printers' devils. He is editor of the "Sledgehammer," a penny weekly, started three months ago, with the express intention of crushing all existing institutions by way of clearing its own course—but is not succeeding in that desirable object, I should say. Before that he managed the "Exterminator," and before that the "Thunderbolt"—a man of tremendous antecedents, you see, but you needn't be afraid to call upon him, if you like, for, out of print, he is only five feet one, with a beardless, child's face, and a voice of shrill treble. Let me see—here is one more letter, and one which may really be of use to you: this is addressed to Mr. Copple, of Cook's-court, whom I know only by report as a law-stationer doing a large business, and who will probably be glad enough to employ a punctual, painstaking hand for his own sake. I should advise you to apply to him at once, and not waste your time on the others."

"I shall take your advice," said Robert. "Can you think of anything for my brother?"

"Your brother has, doubtless, a plan of his own; perhaps he will name it."

"I have thought," said Harry, "of an usher's place in a school."

"Not till you have tried everything else in vain, I hope," said Mark. "I speak with the presumption that you are not a first-rate mathematician or classic."

"Nothing of the kind; Xenophon and Virgil are the extent of my classics, and for mathematics I have no turn."

"Then don't think of being an usher; that is the one vocation to which society has agreed to award neither credit nor ready money: if you were sure to rise rapidly out of it, it would be useful to have undergone the routine; but whoever is condemned to it for years is a doomed man—doomed to every human annoyance and mortification. Be in no hurry; you are young and strong; London is a boundless field, and something better will offer. We will talk the matter over again. May I take the liberty to inquire after your sister?"

"Surely," said Robert; "she has accepted an engagement with Madame Richaud, in —— Street. We left her there yesterday, and shall of course call in a day or two to see her."

Mark mentally made a memorandum of the address, which on the first occasion he transferred to his pocket-book.

The level sun shone into the room out of a clear sky, and Harry proposed a walk. Mark took them a short round till tea-time. When they returned, Brill was waiting tea for them, and the three announced their intention of attending the evening service at the Ebenezer. It was the only service of the day which Brill allowed himself the luxury of attending. If, that night, he felt a little pride as he glanced at his well-filled pew, it was but a momentary weakness; the voice of the Reverend Thresher recalled him to the solemnities of the hour, and he hung upon the lips of the preacher with a motionless fixity of look, steadfast almost as the sculptured stone, and drank in the words of sound doctrine as the thirsty soul drinks in the dew of heaven, in breathless silence.

While the parting hymn was singing, according to the custom of the Ebenezer, Brill suddenly vanished—and we must follow him once more if we are to witness the finishing stroke of this strange worker's Sunday work. Again he follows the route which leads to the loft over the stable, which is again lighted up with the remnants of the dips of the morning—only this time we find, instead of a dozen or two of earnest men, some hundred and fifty of the lowest class crowding the room to suffocation. Brill elbows through them, and, mounting the rostrum, gives out a temperance hymn; that is rather roughly sung; a chapter is read; and a short prayer follows. Then Brill commences a lecture on the Christian obligation of total abstinence from spirits and stimulants of all kinds, with the understanding, well known among the audience, that any person present is at liberty to state his opinions, and advocate the other side of the question, if he chooses. It happens to-night that a sturdy bricklayer comes forward as the champion of moderation. The man is sincere, and fiery hot; he cannot see the sense of renouncing the gifts of Providence himself because other people abuse them; he is proud of his self-control, and, not getting drunk himself, spurns the notion of putting on a strait-waistcoat because other people are mad. "Them's my sentiments," he says; "you show me where they wrong my neighbour, and I'll disown 'em." Brill replies in a quiet way, that if he renounces the pots of beer, which he calls gifts of Providence, the money spent in said pots will bring him gifts of Providence of far greater value—and he makes that pretty plain to him in a homely way. Then, as to his being able to drink without excess, he is reminded that all indulgence of the appetite, which is not necessary, is foolish, and that he has no right to parade his virtues of self-control and moderation before his weaker brother, who is capable of neither. And, lastly, as to the strait-waistcoat, Brill tells him that all self-restraint is a strait-waistcoat—that whenever he feels inclined to take another pot, and does'nt—to swear an angry oath, and does'nt—to knock down a policeman, and does'nt—or to do anything violent which second thoughts prevent him from doing, he does in fact put the strait-waistcoat on himself. "Now," says Brill, "it only remains to decide whether it is better to put the thing on oneself or to have it put on by another." The bricklayer is posed by this aspect of the case, besides being considerably cooled by the quietness of his antagonist; so he scratches his head, and will take time to consider of it. One or two other objectors are dealt with in their turn—and at a quarter past nine, by which time the dips are spluttering in their sockets, the meeting is dismissed with the doxology and a solemn benediction.

The solid, heavy, earnest man presides at the supper table, and supper done, calls for the big Bible, and reads the chapter and prays the evening prayer; and then with cheerful talk beguiles a quiet hour by the winter fire—and so to bed and soundest slumber.

The brothers Weston are roused out of their first sleep, about half-past one, by the clumping and clattering of weary feet up the stairs. It is a company of the Sunday workers returned from the bindery after their labour of seventeen hours. That day the Archbishop of Canterbury had been preaching at St. George's, Hanover-square, to a hundred or two of "miserable sinners" in diamonds, ermine and satin, for whose especial delectation a hundred or two of other "miserable sinners" in shirt sleeves and dirty aprons, and in cotton gowns, were toiling, moiling, and agonizing in the final birth-throes of a fashionable novel.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ITALY.

MURDER OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

A ruffianly attack was recently made in Naples on Mr. Blandford, an English gentleman, who was taking a stroll by moonlight, and he has since died from the effects of the injuries received. During his illness he was unable to make any deposition, but his friends at intervals gathered some details. It appears that he had arrived from Rome on the Friday, the 24th ult. On the evening of the following Wednesday, the 29th, it being moonlight, he left his hotel to take a stroll down the Riviera di Chiaja. He seems to have kept on the side opposite the houses, which is solitary, and partially overshadowed with trees. He had arrived just opposite the Church of St. Giuseppe, when he was overtaken by a man who, having passed him, knocked off his own cap, as if by some preconcerted signal, and then endeavoured to seize Mr. Blandford by the throat. Mr. Blandford instantly drew back, and struck the man severely in the face with his cane, which compelled his assailant to retreat, but almost at the same moment he received from one of two ruffians who were closely following him a blow on his head from some blunt instrument, either a stick or the back of a knife, which prostrated him, and it is believed that they then jumped upon him or kicked him, causing severe internal injury in the abdomen. As it was moonlight, he was enabled to perceive that there were three men, and that the one who first attacked him was a short man and wore a jacket and a peaked cap. His consciousness was momentarily lost; but his cries and his struggles alarmed the villains, and they failed in carrying off anything but his hat and his stick, and must then have fled. After a short time, Mr. Blandford, though very weak from loss of blood, reeled across the street towards a *café*, at the door of which a knot of men were standing, not one of whom, however, would move to assist him. It was with great difficulty that he proceeded as far as the house of Mrs. Corby, an Englishwoman long resident in Naples, when he was placed in a carriage and conveyed to his hotel. From the consequence of the wound in the head he very nearly recovered; but from the injury he received in the abdomen he could obtain no relief, and on Sunday, the 4th, it was found that violent inflammation had set in, which terminated his life on Thursday, the 7th. "It is difficult," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "to exaggerate the deep sentiment of grief and indignation which this melancholy event has created amongst English residents and visitors. Under any circumstances, it must have awakened a deep sensation, the more so that it has happened in a city where spies, if not a respectable police, are omnipresent, and where words, if not property and person, are well looked after. The only way which was open to Mr. Blandford's countrymen of expressing their feelings was adopted. On Friday, the 8th instant, his remains were removed to the English Cemetery, where they will be left till sent to England for burial. The funeral *cortège* consisted of from between twenty and thirty carriages; and upwards of forty persons, amongst whom were several ladies, assembled on the occasion. As Mr. Blandford was personally unknown to the majority of those who attended, the demonstration was not one of private friendship so much as of the respect and regret of Englishmen for a countryman dying in a foreign land under such painful circumstances; but those who knew him speak of his great private worth, of his amiable and gentlemanly qualities, and of the Christian resignation which he displayed throughout his last moments. Mr. Blandford was only twenty-four years of age, had been attached to the medical staff at Malta during the war in the Crimea, and was connected with a family who reside near Ilchester. Mr. Barber, our acting consul, has entered very warmly into the case, and was with Signor Blandini, the director of police, as late as eleven o'clock on Friday night. His object was to ascertain what the authorities had done, and what they intended to do. The strongest desire was manifested to comply with the wishes of Mr. Barber, and to bring the criminals to justice. Upwards of forty persons have been arrested on suspicion as being capable of such an act of brutality, and the case has been put under the care of the celebrated, or infamous, De Spagnuolis, who has the reputation of being the best discoverer of truth in the kingdom. It is reported that a clue has already been found which will lead to the discovery of the villains. Though desirous of being moderate, I cannot forbear from saying that by the 'thieves' amnesty' there received indulgence, according to a police authority, 3,000 persons of damaged or bad character. A more moderate statement makes the number 1,000 and upwards, and to this I am more inclined to adhere."

THE POPE'S TOUR.

A letter from Bologna, of the 12th inst., states that the tour which the Pope is making in his States continues to excite much interest. On the morning of the 11th his Holiness set out for Camerino. Great preparations were making at Sinigaglia, his native town, to receive him. The Pope will take up his residence in the old mansion of his family, the Mastaï, but, in order that the honour shall be shared by the municipality, a temporary bridge is being constructed between that mansion and the Town-house, which is at the other side of the small stream, the Cesano or Sena. According to all accounts, he will be warmly welcomed. He will then proceed to Ravenna, and from Ravenna to Bologna. From the preparations going on at Bologna, offices and apartments being got ready for carrying on the business of the Government, it would look as if the Pope really contemplated passing some time there. Indeed, private letters say that he will not return to Rome before the end of September. The people of the provinces seem convinced that the object of his journey is to examine in person their condition, and ascertain their wants and wishes, with the view of decreeing at Bologna the reforms which he may consider the most urgent. The consequence is, that his Holiness is well received throughout. It is, however, still asserted that there are others who believe the Pope apprehends that an outbreak is not impossible at Naples, that it would be followed up at Rome, and, in the uncertainty as to how the French army would act, he is anxious to get as near the Austrians as possible. All this, however, is as yet but mere conjecture. At Bologna his Holiness will be visited by the Princes of the smaller States, and the representatives of the King of Piedmont, and, perhaps, of Naples; and it is not improbable that the state of the Italian Peninsula will be considered by them. From the unusual circumstances of the "Holy Father" leaving his capital at this time of the year it is imagined that the cause must be more than an ordinary one.

THE STUDENTS OF PADUA.

An affair has within these few days occurred at Padua which is exciting great commotion in the Venetian States. In 1848 the number of students at the Padua University was very great. The Austrians that year, in a brutal manner, fired on these unarmed men, and that circumstance has never been forgotten. Since then, the Austrian authorities have very much restricted the number of the students, and the discipline of the University is very severe. However, these youths lately got permission to form a musical club, on condition that they were only to practise within the premises of the University or out of town. The club spent a day in a neighbouring village, and marched home to the sound of music until they reached the gates of the city, and there the music ceased. However, they put their handkerchiefs on their sticks, and entered the town cheering and singing out "Viva," but they left it to be understood what was to follow "Viva." The Austrian officer in command of the guard abused them, calling them the most opprobrious names, and ordered them to be silent. This they refused. He directed the guard to charge, and two were bayoneted, one of whom is wounded most dangerously. Many others of the young gentlemen were put into prison.

FRANCE.

VISITORS AT COURT.

The *Moniteur* announces the arrival of the King of Bavaria, at Fontainebleau, on Sunday evening. He was received by the Emperor and the Empress, and a presentation of the members of the Court took place afterwards.

A despatch from Tours of Monday afternoon says: The Grand-Duke Constantine arrived on Sunday morning at Creuzot, and visited the whole of the Imperial establishments there. The population of the Department of the Saone and Loire gave him a hearty reception. The duke then returned to Paris and started by the Orleans Railway, arriving at Sennecy at eight o'clock. After being present at a banquet, his Imperial Highness set out for Bordeaux, where he arrived on Monday evening.

The project of a marriage between Prince Napoleon and Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern-Seigmaringen, on which doubt was thrown by some German journals, seems now more than a rumour, as the *Constitutionnel* has been permitted to give insertion to the first notice of it, which was contained in the *Augsburg Gazette*. The visit paid by the Prince to the Saxon capital is explained by the presence there of his intended bride.

Lord Cowley, the English ambassador, visited Fontainebleau on Sunday, and was admitted to present to their Majesties the Emperor and Empress the letters of notification which had been addressed to them by the Queen of Great Britain upon the occasion of the birth of a princess.

DEATH OF M. VIEILLARD.

M. Vieillard, the Emperor's personal friend, died at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Emperor came to Paris from Fontainebleau again on Monday on purpose to see him. M. Vieillard was tutor to the Emperor's brother, Napoleon Bonaparte, who was killed under the walls of Ancona in 1831; but he was not, as has been erroneously stated, tutor to the Emperor. During the early part of Louis Philippe's reign, M. Vieillard was an enthusiastic St. Simonian, and he then habitually wore the peculiar costume of that sect. In 1842 he was elected a deputy, and sat on the left of the chamber. He voted with M. Havin, his colleague for the department of the Manche, and M. Dupont de l'Eure against the famous Pritchard indemnity. At a later period he supported M. de Remusat's bill for parliamentary reform, and voted against the fortifications of Paris. He was known in the chamber by his fine head of white hair, his broad-brimmed hat, his tall upright figure, his habit of interrupting continually, and his excessive timidity. Some time before the termination of his parliamentary career he broke down so badly in attempting to deliver a short speech, which he had learnt by heart, that he never had the courage to mount the tribune again. When elected a member of the Constituent Assembly after the revolution of 1848, he voted at first with the Republicans, but soon began to gravitate towards the Elysée, and after the *coup d'etat* he was one of the first senators created. It has often been affirmed that when the present Emperor first came to power, the peasantry, who had never thoroughly believed in the death of Napoleon I., thought in some confused way that Napoleon III. was the same man. When it was reported in the provinces that a Vieillard was constantly by the Emperor's side, aiding him with counsel, the name (signifying in French old man) was mistaken for old Napoleon (General Mal-mort, as he was sometimes called), and very many of the ignorant million thought the uncle was personally guiding the nephew.

THE NAPOLEON DOCKS.

The Cour Impériale, after a long deliberation, delivered its judgment in the affair of the Napoleon Docks on Tuesday morning. The sentence of imprisonment against MM. Cusin, Legendre, Duchesne de Vere, and Berryer, as pronounced by the Tribunal of Première Instance, is maintained; but the fines to which they were condemned are reduced to 3,000f. for Cusin and Legendre, to 2,000f. for Arthur Berryer, and to 1,000f. for Duchesne de Vere. M. Orsi, formerly private secretary to Louis Napoleon, when he lived in London, who was acquitted on the former trial, has been declared guilty of complicity on account of his participation in the treaty with Fox and Henderson, and has been condemned to three months' imprisonment and 100f. fine, and, moreover, to restore 4,400 dock shares. The prisoners are condemned to the costs in different proportions.

SPAIN.

THE CORTES.

At the sitting of the Cortes on Saturday, General Calonge moved an amendment to the projected reply to the speech from the throne. The amendment disapproved of the conduct of O'Donnell and the other Vicalvarist Generals. The President of the Council, Marshal Narvaez, declared that it was the settled intention of the Queen that conciliation and oblivion of the past should prevail. He added that such was likewise the policy of the Cabinet. The amendment was unanimously rejected.

The Spanish squadron, destined for the West Indies, and eventually for Mexico, which was hitherto moored at Cadiz, has re-entered that port after a cruise of some days.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

The King of Prussia renounces of his own accord, and without condition, his claim to the sum of one million francs, allotted to him by the arbitration of the Neufchatel Conference, as an indemnity for the domains of the Principality of Neufchatel. The remainder of the arrangements, connected with the transfer of the sovereignty, have been accepted by the King, as they are. As a matter of course, the revenue of the confiscated Church property must be applied to its former purposes.

A despatch from Berne of the 16th, states that in reply to a formal question from the Federal Council, the Government of the canton of Neufchatel declares that it cannot make further concessions in reference to the confiscated property of the Church. Otherwise, it approves of the project of treaty transmitted to Berne on the part of the Conference.

AUSTRIA.

THE EMPEROR IN HUNGARY.

The Emperor's tour through Hungary seems likely to be shortened by the serious illness of the imperial children. An address, bearing the signatures of some 200 Hungarian nobles and notables, has been presented to the Emperor by the Primate of Hungary. In a short speech which his Majesty addressed to the nobility on the day of his arrival at Buda, he observed, that he had come "to inquire into the wishes and necessities of the Hungarians." The words gave great pleasure to the nobles, and they on the following day resolved to draw up a "loyal" address, in which should be specified the principal wishes and wants of the nation. The Hungarians are well aware that the Emperor neither can nor will restore Hungary to its former semi-independent position, and consequently no mention is made of self-government in the address. At present all matters of high political importance are left in abeyance, and the Emperor is simply petitioned to prohibit any further attempt to introduce the German instead of the Hungarian language into the schools, public courts, and lower Government offices, and to make those changes in the provincial administration which

"India." People, 23 May 1857, p. 2. Nineteenth Century Collections Online, tinyurl.galegroup.com/tinyurl/5MTkv5. Accessed 21 Oct. 2017.