

to make haste down to tea, for we sha'n't stand on the ceremony of waiting. What, Halford my dear fellow! How do? Always glad to see you. No need to introduce you to Millicent Tyrrell—you know who she is.

'But I shall feel obliged if you will let Miss Tyrrell know who I am,' said Mr Halford smiling, in order to mollify the roughness of the other's speech.

Mrs Rivington introduced him. Millicent who had not condescended to notice her uncle's insult, bowed in a stately, unconscious way, and still holding Lilly's hand, followed Augusta to a bedroom.

There was no fire in the spacious, cheerless apartment, they had had a long journey, and the child was benumbed with the cold.—Millicent hesitated what to do, and fixed a keen asking gaze on Augusta's face; her cousin had offered her service in a careless way, and they had been declined: she now leaned restlessly over the mantel-piece, but the attitude alone was languid—she was watching every movement of Millicent's with intense interest.

'I can't, no I can't stop to complain and ask a favour from her,' thought Millicent. 'Lilly, I could better die than beg for you.'

She took off the heavy cloak and bonnet, smoothed the fair hair, and then kneeling down before the little one, began to chafe her frozen feet between her hands. On looking up into her face, she perceived Lilly was crying—not in a childish, fretful way; her tears fell quietly but large and fast. It was the one thing Millicent was not proof against: pride failed her, crushed under the rush of the restrained agonies and emotions of the day. She clasped the child in her arms with a cry of passion that startled Augusta to her very soul; and throwing herself upon her knees, still folding Lilly in her sweet embrace, burst into such an agony of weeping, that at length her cousin was moved.

'Millicent, don't cry like that. You will be very happy with us; we will all be very kind to you.'

Millicent's bonnet had fallen off, and her dark hair in massive curls swept over cheek and throat; her face was raised as if in appeal against her fate—how beautiful she was in spite of tears and pallor! Augusta had been bending over her, her hand resting on her shoulder; but she suddenly drew back from the caressing posture. Had she been less beautiful, I would have loved her. A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

'Calm yourself,' she said coldly; 'and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?'

Millicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. 'The last time,' she said, rising and drying her tears, 'that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately.'

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Millicent's late emotion. Mr Rivington looked up from his meal. 'Come, girls,' he said graciously; 'come to the table: I am sure you are half starved. And now, one word, Millicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agree with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman: but in my own, remember, I am master. For the rest, to end the subject for ever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion.'

Millicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during the speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self complacency, she said quietly:

'I am sorry I cannot be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor.'

Mr Rivington turned pale with hate and anger. A confused murmur of indignation rose from his wife and daughters. The former could not find adequate words to express his feelings. A woman's wrath is more facile.

'I suppose, Miss Tyrrell,' said Mrs Rivington with a sneer, 'you and your sister have a choice of asylums, as you risk ours so soon?'

Millicent was rising up. At that moment she was reckless of her fate: wild thoughts of seeking some refuge from her present degradation, however abject, and labouring at some employment, however menial, that would preserve bare life to both, possessed her mind. She threw a mental glance into the field of strife—the huge city that was roaring outside the windows. It was appalling; still, she was equal to it!—A restraining hand pressed her arm; she shook it off impatiently; then her eyes fell on Lilly.

Mr Halford's mind was prompt. He interposed quickly:

'The poor little one yonder gets nothing to eat, and she is too cold and tired to enjoy it if she did. Mine is a warm seat. Miss Lilly, and I have a stalwart knee, if you are not too big to sit upon it.'

It produced its effect; for herself, no hardship but would be preferable to her present position; but it might kill her sister. Millicent sat down in silence. 'God give me strength to bear!' she cried mentally, 'for no slave is bound more surely.'

## NEW WORKS.

From the London Train for April.  
WARM RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.

Respectable people of the higher order generally reside in the Panoras-cum-Bloomsbury district, Keppel and Gower streets being good specimens of the class. The head of the family being a lawyer in good practice, or a retired tradesman even. The neighbourhoods above mentioned abound with respectable men—blue-coated and brass-buttoned, with broad brimmed hats, and black trousers with watch ribbons and seals pendant from the fob, for all the world like East Indian colonels in farces. They are apoplectic and choleric, bully their servants and tradespeople, back their bills at their clubs, and are always on the look-out for policemen to give beggars in charge. They never relieve a beggar, be it a wretched child or a shivering, pallid, thin clad woman; but mention the Mendicity Society, the protective forces, and the word "humbug" in a loud voice. They have dull solemn, private dinner parties during the season, with massive plate and expensive viands, and priceless wine, and no conversation; they believe in the roast beef of Old England, and call French dishes kickshaws; they hate all foreigners, imagining their entire food to be composed of frogs, oil, garlic, and their entire occupation to consist in dancing and playing the fiddle. Sometimes the respectable man of the higher order is a stockbroker, and then his behaviour is even more charming. He talks of nothing but bulls and bears, par, ninety-two and an eight, and other topics of general interest; he is always referring to an apocryphal personage, a kind of Mrs Harris, whom he speaks of as "a gentleman in the city." The respectable man has a wife who having risen to respectability with her husband was originally something not too ladylike.—She is generally short and fat, addicted to low robes and black fronts; she is also given to gorgeous robes and a profusion of jewellery. She has a dash of the regal Cole in her nature and would be a jolly old soul, but she dare not—"she must keep up her position." Poor mistaken old lady! Five minutes in her company, and her appearance, voice, and manner, at once let you into the secret. The daughters of the house seldom marry well, for they are generally plain and old maidish, and all un-moneyed suitors are scared by the reception they meet with from the papa. So the girls linger on until the father dies, getting up a feeble passion for the assistant to the family doctor, or the new curate of the parish, and after the father's death they settle down to keep house for their unmarried brother, and are called "the girls" until the latest hour of a prolonged existence. This class of persons are, in their way, great patrons of literature, for they buy every new book which they hear spoken of, and though they never read them, they have them gorgeously bound to ornament their drawing-room tables or their plate-glass bookcase.—They take in a good many periodicals, too, *Punch* among the rest, and pronounce it "a humorous publication, though rather low in its tone." They are no great at poetry, but they like Mr Martin Tupper. These are the persons who used to go to the Ancient Concerts, and who still attend the Old Philharmonic, and Oratorios at Exeter Hall, and Mrs Fanny Grumble's dramatic readings. These are the people that tell you literary men are "so odd;" who believe that authors are seedy men, in napless hats, in threadbare coats residing in garrets in Grub-street, and never without a large roll of paper sticking out of their pockets.—These are the people who look upon actors as a different race of beings, and who, whenever they by chance see any theatrical persons in the street watch their movements closely, and are much disappointed at not perceiving and eccentricity in their walk or manner, hoping, perhaps, that after a few steps the actor will invert himself, and proceed for the rest of the journey on his hands or that upon calling a cab he will spring in head foremost through the window and be seen no more.

The sons of the family are either slow and serious, or fast and dissipated. I have known men of the former description, who, at forty years of age, keep rabbits and pigeons, knew where the best brown bred in the neighbourhood was to be procured, were innocent of latch keys, guileless of tobacco, and looked upon greg as a feudal institution. I have known men of the latter class, the coarsest, most vulgar, purse-proud debauchees, it has ever been my misfortune to meet; Brummagem dandies, fifteenth-rate copyists of all the most qualities of the most raffish West-end men upon town.

From the Great World of London.  
HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

The habitual criminals are a distinct body of people. Such classes appertain to even the rudest nations, they being, as it were, the human parasites of every civilised and barbarous community. The Hottentots have their 'Sonquas,' and the Kaffirs their 'Fingoes,' as we have our 'prigs' and cadgers. Those who object to labour for the food they consume appear to be part and parcel of every State—an essential element of the social fabric. Go

where you will—to what corner of the earth you please—search out or propound what new fangled or obsolete form of society you may—you will be sure to find some members of it more apathetic than the rest, who will object to work; even as there will be some more infirm than others, who are unable, though willing to earn their own living; and some, again more thrifty, who from their prudence and their savings, will have no need to labour for their subsistence.

These several forms are but the necessary consequences of specific differences in the constitution of different beings. Circumstances may tend to give an unnatural development to either one or the other of the classes. The criminal class, the pauper class, or the wealthy class may be in excess in one form of society as compared with another, or they may be repressed by certain social arrangements—nevertheless, to a greater or less degree, there they will, and, we believe, must ever be.

Since, then, there is an essentially distinct class of persons who have an innate aversion to any settled industry, and since work is a necessary condition of the human organisation, the question becomes, 'How do such people live?' There is but one answer—if they will not labour to procure their own food, of course they must live on the food procured by the labour of others.

The means by which the criminal classes obtain their living constitute the essential points of difference among them, and form, indeed, the methods of distinction among themselves. The 'Rampsmen,' the 'Drummers,' the 'Mobsmen,' the 'Sneaksmen,' and the 'Shofulmen,' which are the terms by which the thieves themselves designate the several branches of the 'profession,' are but so many expressions indicating the several modes of obtaining the property of which they become possessed.

The 'Rampsmen,' or 'Cracksmen,' plunder by force—as the burglar, footpad, &c.

The 'Drummer' plunders by stupefaction—as the 'hoccusser.'

The 'Mobsmen' plunders by manual dexterity—as the pickpocket.

The 'Sneaksmen' plunders by stealth—as the petty-larceny boy. And

The 'Shofulmen' plunders by counterfeits—as the coiner.

Now, each and all of these are a distinct species of the criminal genus, having little or no connection with the others. The 'cracksmen,' or housebreaker, would no more think of associating with the 'sneaksmen' than a barrister would dream of sitting down to dinner with an attorney. The perils braved by the housebreaker, or the footpad, make the cowardice of the sneaksmen contemptible to him; and the one is distinguished by a kind of bull-dog insensibility to danger, while the other is marked by a low, cat-like cunning.

The 'Mobsmen,' on the other hand, is more of a handicraftsman than either, and is comparatively refined, by the society he is obliged to keep. He usually dresses in the same elaborate style of fashion as a Jew on a Saturday (in which case he is more particularly described by the prefix 'swell') and 'mixes' generally in the 'best of company,' frequenting, for the purposes of business, all the places of public entertainment, and often being a regular attendant at church, and the more elegant chapels—especially during charity sermons. The mobsmen takes his name from the gregarious habits of the class to which he belongs, it being necessary for the successful picking of pockets that the work be done in small gangs or mobs, so as to 'cover' the operator.

Among the sneaksmen, again, the purloiners of animals (such as the horse-stealers, the sheep-stealers, &c.) all—with the exception of the dog-stealers—belong to particular tribes; these are agricultural thieves: whereas the mobsmen are generally of a more civic character.

The shofulmen, or coiners, moreover, constitute another species; and upon them, like the others, is impressed the stamp of the peculiar line of roguery they may chance to follow as a means of subsistence.

Such are the more salient features of that portion of the habitually dishonest classes who live by taking what they want from others. The other moiety of the same class, who live by getting what they want given to them, are equally peculiar. These consist of the 'Flat-catchers,' the 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers,' the 'Bouncers,' and 'Besters,' the 'Cadgers,' and the 'Vagrants.'

The 'Flat-catchers,' obtain their means by false pretences—as swindlers, duffers, ring-droppers, and cheats of all kinds.

The 'Hunters,' and 'Charley Pitchers' live by low gaming—as thimble-ig-men.

The 'Bouncers' and 'Besters,' by betting, intimidating, or talking people out of their property.

The 'Cadgers' by begging and exciting false sympathy.

The 'Vagrants,' by declaring on the casual word of the parish workhouse.

Each of these, again, are unmistakably distinguished from the rest. The Flat-catchers, are generally remarkable for great abrewdness, especially in the knowledge of human character, and ingenuity in designing and carrying out

their several schemes. The 'Charley Pitchers' appertain more to the conjuring or sleight-of-hand and black-leg class. The 'Cadgers,' on the other hand, are to the class of cheats what the 'Sneaksmen' is to the thieves—the lowest of all—being the least distinguished for those characteristics which mark the other members of the same body. As the 'Sneaksmen' is the least daring and expert of all the 'prigs' so is the 'Cadger' the least intellectual and cunning of all the cheats. A 'Shallow-cove'—that is to say, one who exhibits himself half-naked in the streets, as a means of obtaining his living—is looked upon as the most despicable of all creatures, since the act requires neither courage, intellect, nor dexterity for the execution of it. Lastly, the 'Vagrants' are the wanderers—the English Bedouins—those who, in their own words, 'love to shake a free-leg'—the thoughtless and careless vagabonds of our race.

Such, then, are the characters of the habitual criminals, or professionally dishonest classes—the vagrants, beggars, cheats, and thieves—each order expressing some different mode of existence adopted by those who hate working for their living. The vagrants, who love a roving life, exist principally by declaring on the parish funds for the time being; the beggars, as deficient in courage and intellect as in pride, prefer to live by soliciting alms from the public; the cheats, possessed of considerable cunning and ingenuity, choose rather to subsist by fraud and deception; the thieves, distinguished generally by a hardihood and comparative disregard of danger, find greater delight in risking their liberty and taking what they want, instead of waiting to have it given to them.

From Rise of the Dutch Republic.

## A BATTLE AT NIGHT.

At times they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants. Standing breast high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zealanders, however, did not assail them with firearms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boat-hooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails. Many were the mortal duels thus fought in the darkness, and, as it were, in the bottom of the sea; many were the deeds of audacity which no eye was to mark save those by whom they were achieved. Still, in spite of all impediments and losses, the Spaniards steadily advanced. If other arms proved less available, they were attacked by the fierce taunts and invectives of their often invisible foes, who reviled them as water dogs, fetching and carrying for a master who despised them; as mercenaries who coined their blood for gold, and were employed by tyrants for the basest uses. If, stung by these mocking voices, they turned in the darkness to chastise their unseen tormentors, they were certain to be trampled upon by their comrades, and to be pushed from their narrow pathway into the depths of the sea. Thus many perished.

From Huck's Chinese Empire.

## DIFFUSION OF LITERATURE IN CHINA.

In China there are not, as in Europe, public libraries and reading rooms; but those who have a taste for reading, and a desire to instruct themselves, can satisfy their inclination very easily, as books are sold here at a lower price than in any other country. Besides, the Chinese find everywhere something to read; they can scarcely take a step without seeing some of the characters of which they are so proud. One may say in fact, that all China is an immense library: for inscriptions, sentences, moral precepts, are found in every corner written in letters of all colours and all sizes. The facades and the tribunals, the pagodas, the public monuments, the signs of the shops, the doors of the houses, the interior of the apartments, the corridors, are all full of fine quotations from the best authors. Tea cups, plates, vases, fans, are so many selections of poems, often chosen with much taste and prettily printed. A Chinese has no need to give himself much trouble in order to enjoy the finest productions of his country's literature. He need only take his pipe and walk out, with his nose in the air, through the principal streets of the first town he comes to. Let him enter the poorest house in the most wretched village; the destitution will often be complete, things the most necessary will be wanting; but he is sure of finding some fine maxims written out on strips of red paper. Thus, if those grand large characters, which look so terrific in our eyes, though they delight the Chinese, are really so difficult to learn, at least the people have the most ample opportunities of studying them, almost in play, and of impressing them ineffaceably on their memories.

From the London Punch.

A HEALTHY REFORMER.—Whilst Government was squandering our resources, and the lives of our men in the Crimea, Miss Nightingale was nursing them.