

and speak when you're spoken to?" she demanded tartly.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly."
"Then let's have a specimen of it. As I was saying, Mrs. Mickleberry—Job, go down-stairs, and look in the big-handled basket on top of the trunk in the hall, and get me my handkerchief and the camphor-bottle with the little wicker-case round it—as I was saying, that sort of thing is just about played out, so far as I am concerned. Job hasn't no more wit than a yellow dog when he's left to himself—you know you haven't, Job, so you may just as well leave off opening and shutting your mouth like a newly-landed fish—and I mean to be master myself, Job."

"Yes, dear."
"Bring me the easy-chair—now move the screen so the fire won't shine in my eyes. And get in a cab early to-morrow morning, and see that I have money furnished, I want to do a little shopping!"

"Yes, my dear," said Job Partanbridge.
"And be ready to go with me at eleven to the Suffrage Society. I must render the Report of the Sedleyville Branch."

"Yes, dear," assented the husband.
At this stage Mrs. Mickleberry interrupted the orders of the commanding officer of the Partanbridge division by a tray containing tea, toast, and other feminine refreshments. Mrs. Partanbridge received them with a contemptuous sniff.

"My good lady," said she, "I daresay you mean well, but I don't feed off such slops. Job."

"Yes, Druzilla."
"Go round to the nearest place and get me a pint of ale, and a dish of stewed tripe! You'll excuse me, ma'am," to Mrs. Mickleberry, "but we all have our little ways, and this is mine."

Away went Job Partanbridge like an arrow from the bow, and presently returned with the required dainties, off which "my wife" supped sumptuously.

"Take my things up-stairs, Job," said Mrs. Partanbridge when she had satisfied the cravings of nature. I've had a long day of travel, and I guess I'll go to bed early."

If ever mortal man looked cowed, wretched, and dismal, Job Partanbridge did, the next morning, when he made his appearance at the breakfast-table. Mrs. Mickleberry could not resist one little mischievous hit.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Partanbridge," she said, "upon the excellent manner in which you have developed your theories as to conjugal discipline."

Mr. Partanbridge choked convulsively over his coffee.

"Hush!" he cried. "Hush—she is coming!"

"Who is coming?"

"My wife!"

But ah, how differently he pronounced the low magic words from the tone in which he had spoken them twenty-four hours ago!

Mr. and Mrs. Job Partanbridge left the Mickleberry roof that very day for a loquacious handier to the "Woman's Suffrage Society," and that was the last Mary and her husband ever heard of "my wife" or her humble slave, the devoted Job.

AN EVENING IN CALCUTTA.

About six o'clock every evening the beau monde of Calcutta begins to take the air on the Course, a very pleasant drive which runs along the bank of the river. It is usually crowded with carriages, but it must be confessed that none of them would be likely to excite the envy of an owner of a fashionable turn-out at home, unless indeed it might be now and then for the sake of the occupants.

Long before the Course begins to thin it is almost dark, and then, if the poor loungee is "unattached," and is sharing his buggy with a friend as unfortunate as himself, the general effect of the scene before him is the most interesting object for his gaze. The carriages continue to whirl past, but one hardly sees more of them than their lamps. The river glides, cold and shining, a long silvery light under the opposite bank, while trees and masts and rigging relieve themselves against the golden bars of the distant sky. But the band ceases to play, and every one goes home to dress.

If the traveler chooses, he may find many an amusing drive in the native parts of the town. Tall Sikhs, whose hair and beards have never known scissors or razor, and who stride along with a swagger and high-caste dignity; effeminate Cingalese; Hindoo clerks, smirking, coquetted and dandified too, according to their own notions; almost naked palkee-bearers, who nevertheless, if there is the slightest shower, put up an umbrella to protect their shaven crowns; up country girls with rings in their noses and rings on their toes; little Bengalese beauties; Parsees, Chinese, Greeks, Jews and Armenians, in every variety of costume, are to be seen bargaining on the quays, chaffering in the bazaars, loading and unloading the ships, trotting along under their water-skins, driving their bullock-carts, smoking their hookahs or squatting in the shade.

We have had the good fortune, thanks to our interest in native manners and customs, to make the acquaintance of a Hindoo merchant, a millionaire and a bon vivant, on whom his religion sits somewhat lightly. We might, if we had not been otherwise engaged, have dined with him this evening. He would have been delighted to receive us, and would have treated us with abundant hospitality and kindness. The dinner would have been of a composite character, partly European, partly native. A sort of rissole of chicken would certainly have been one of the dishes, and with equal certainty would have met with your approval; the curry, too, would

have satisfied you, even if you had just come from Madras or Singapore. There would have been knives and forks for us; our convives would not have made much use of the latter, and some of the dishes on which they would have exercised their fingers would hardly have tempted us. The champagne and c'aret are excellent, and our host, Hindoo as he is, is not sparing in his libations; and at the same time he and his countrymen would have been vociferous in pressing us to eat and drink, filling our glasses the moment they were empty, and heaping our plates with the choicest morsels.

After all, however, perhaps we have had no great loss in missing the dinner. We shall enjoy the pleasant drive, and by being a little late shall escape the not very delightful sound of various stringed instruments being tuned. Arrived, we leave our horse and buggy to the care of some most out-throat-looking individuals, who crowd round with much noise and gesticulation, wondering who and what we are, while the noise brings out a sort of majordomo, who recognizes us as friends of the master and soon clears a way for us across the courtyard, takes us up a flight of steps, and ushers us into a long and tolerably well-lighted room. Our host comes forward with outstretched hands, and with great cordiality welcomes and presents us to his friends. We can't understand all he says, for his English at the best is not always intelligible, and he is now particularly talkative and jolly: it is evident he has dined. There is a great noise; every one is talking and laughing; and the talking is loud, for it has to overcome the sounds made by sundry musicians seated at the other end of the room, who are striking their tom-toms and singing a most doleful chant. The baboo bustles about, and makes vacant for us two sofas, the places of honor. Little marble tables are before them, on which are placed wine, brandy and soda-water. The other guests resume their seats along the two sides of the room on our right and left. There are eight or ten men and two or three ladies; the ladies are very handsomely dressed. Lower down are several young girls in light drapery, laughing, talking, and smoking their hookahs. The fair sex look rather scared and shy at the foreigners, but some of the men are evidently trying to reassure them. Order being at length restored, our cheroots lighted and ouriced brandy-pawnee made ready, the performance recommences. The corps de ballet are not hired for the occasion, but form part of the establishment of our friend the baboo. One of the girls seated near the musician advances slowly, in time with the music, to within a few feet of one of our sofas, and she is followed by another, who places herself opposite the other sofa. Others in the same way prepare to dance before the other guests. They all stand for a moment in a languid and graceful attitude, the music strikes up a fresh air, and each nautch-girl assumes the first position of her dance. She stands with outstretched arm and hand, quivering them, and allowing her body very slightly to partake of the same movement. Her feet mark the time of the music, not by being raised, but by merely pressing the floor with the toes. The action and movement thus seem to run like a wave through the body, greatest where it begins in the hand, and gradually diminishing as it dies away in the foot. With a change of time in the accompaniment the girl drops her arm, advances a step or two nearer the person before whom she is dancing, and leans back, supporting her whole weight on one foot, with the other put forward and pressing against the floor the border of her drapery.

In her hands she holds a little scarf, which serves to give motive to the action of the arms and head. The movement in this figure, which admits of great variety, no two performances being alike at all in it, is somewhat stronger than in the first. The undulation, too, instead of dying away gradually from its commencement, runs with equal force, like the line of an S, through the body. Without any pause in the music the dancer sometimes glides imperceptibly into, sometimes begins with startling suddenness, the next moment. The general position remains what it was before, but to describe how its principle of life and motion seems concentrated below the dancer's waist, and from thence flows in undulating streams, to flash from or to dull, according to her organization, the eyes, and to crisp the child-like feet with which she grasps the carpet, is for me impossible. A Gavarni might draw what would recall this wonderful pantomime to the brain of one who had seen it, but nothing but his own imagination could suggest it to him who had not. One of these girls is a perfect actress; numberless shades of expression pass over her delicate features, but the prevailing one is a beseeching, supplicating look. We administer to her, as the custom is, some rupees in token of our admiration, and with an arch smile the no longer supplicating damsel passes on.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

On the 25th of May, in the year 1823, a citizen of the ancient town of Nuremberg, standing at his own door drinking in the pure evening air through a long tobacco pipe, beheld advancing towards him a youth of singular aspect. The object of the citizen's regard was attired in pantaloons of grey cloth, a waistcoat of a spotted red material much the worse for wear, and a jacket which had plainly seen service as the upper portion of a frock coat. Round the youth's neck was a black silk neckcloth, his head was roofed by a coarse felt hat, and the toes of his

stockingless feet peeped forth from a pair of heavy boots, which, like each of the other articles of his motley attire, had never been designed for the use of the present wearer. More singular than his medley of clothing were his motions, which, though not those of a drunken man, resembled them, inasmuch that though the youth's spirits were evidently willing to gain the other end of the street, his flesh truly was weak, and as to the legs altogether ungovernable. The citizen noticed with amazement that they gave way alternately as the weight of the youth's body rested upon them in turns in his painful endeavor to progress, and that they showed a disposition to disperse in any direction save that in which the owner desired to proceed. The youth's progress being under these circumstances necessarily slow, the citizen advanced, and giving him greeting, inquired if he might in any way aid him. The youth answered in ill-pronounced German, "I would be a rider as my father was," and held out a letter which he carried in his hand, and which was addressed "To his Honor the Captain of the 4th Esqatarm of the Shwoltzhaz Regiment, Nuremberg." The good citizen offered to guide him to the captain's quarters, and would have beguiled the way with conversation. But to all his observations the strange youth answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was;" and his interlocutor, presently arriving at the conclusion that the youth with the weak legs must be a foreigner, desisted from further attempts at conversation. Arrived at the captain's house, the youth presented the letter to the servant, and piteously pointing to his swollen feet moaned his moan, "I would be a rider as my father was." The servant failing, as the citizen had failed, to get any further speech from him, admitted him to the kitchen pending his master's return and being touched by his sorrowful condition placed meat and beer before him. The youth eagerly seized a piece of the meat and thrust into his mouth; but scarcely had it touched his lips than he shook from head to foot, the muscles of his face became horribly convulsed, and he spat out the morsel with every token of disgust. Similar symptoms following upon his tasting the beer, the captain's servant, not feeling altogether at home in the company of so singular a youth, cautiously conducted him to the stable, where he lay down upon the straw and instantly fell asleep.

On the captain's return the letter was handed to him, with an account of the bearer's conduct, which lost nothing of its singularity in the reporting. The missive, on being opened, was found to be dated with some indefiniteness, "From a place near the Bavarian frontier which shall be nameless, 1823." The letter proceeded to set forth that the bearer was left in the house of the writer on the 7th of October, 1812, and that he had never been able to discover who the wail's mother was. The writer added that he himself was a poor day laborer, having ten children and very little wherewith to maintain them; that he had never permitted the lad to take a step out of the house, and that he was thus in total ignorance of its locality, and so "good Mr. Captain need not try to find it out." The letter concluded by commending the bearer to the captain's care, but adding that if he did not desire to keep the boy he might "kill him or hang him up in the chimney." This mysterious epistle was written in German characters, but enclosed was a note written in Latin, enjoining the captain to send the boy when he was seventeen years of age to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Horse, "for there his father also was." Here was a delicate and a dangerous position for a captain of Light Horse, and a married man withal, to be placed in! But the captain of the 4th Esqatarm was a man of action, and straightway proceeded to the stable, determined to get at the bottom of what was most probably the weak invention of some female enemy. In this intention he was, however, hopelessly baffled. Whenever he paused for a reply to his volley of question his guest answered only, "I would be a rider as my father was," words of whose meaning he seemed to have no more intelligent conception than had Poe's raven of the "Evermore" it was wont to croak from its position on the pallid bust of Pallas just above the poet's chamber door. Unwilling to be saddled with the charge of so uncanny a guest, and not caring to adopt either of the mild methods of disposing of him suggested by the letter of introduction, the captain handed the stranger over to the police, two of whom led him away, informing him on the road that it was of no use his trying to "come the old soldier" over them, and that the sooner he told who he was and whence he came the better it would be for him. On his arrival at the police station the officials gravely proceeded to put to him the several questions enjoined by law, to each of which he wearily wailed "I would be a rider as my father was."

Like the citizen, the captain's servant, and the captain himself, the guardians of the peace of Nuremberg were utterly at a loss to make anything of the singular apparition which had dropped down or sprung up upon their streets, and they were not in any wise assisted by the magistrates who were summoned to the council. The youth showed just such signs of intelligence as might be expected from a baby recently relieved of the incumbrance of long clothes and not quite comfortable in its mind by reason of the change. He stared with lack-lustre eyes at the furniture of the room, visibly brightening up when he beheld the gold lace on the uniforms of the officers present, and showing a strong desire to handle it. After spending several hours in attempts to elicit something from him, the burgomaster in a happy moment

placed pen, ink, and paper before him, and bade him write a detailed account of himself. With a childish laugh, as if he recognised an old paying thing, the stranger seized the pen, and in a legible hand wrote the words "Kasper Hauser," and with a repetition of this name he gleefully covered the sheet. But it speedily became apparent that as his power of speech was limited to the phrase touching his father the rider, so was his ability to write exhausted in the production of the name "Kasper Hauser." This was, however, a point gained, and Kasper was remanded on suspicion of being a rogue and a vagabond, and accommodated with a cell accordingly. Being offered by his gaoler the prison ration of bread and water he devoured it greedily, and then, lying back on his straw, fell into a peaceful sleep.

On the following morning he was again brought up for examination, but with no fresh result; and as the days went by the conviction of his genuineness forced itself on the minds of those who had him in charge, and instead of being regarded as an object of suspicion, who ought at least to be made to "move on," this strange being, whose cheeks were covered with the down of approaching manhood while his mental powers were, without natural defect, as undeveloped as those of a two-year-old baby, became an object of the deepest interest and the most affectionate regard. Little by little the broad outline of the story of his life leaked out, and the whole German nation read with growing excitement that somewhere in their midst, and for reasons which could only be conjectured, this lad, now in his sixteenth year, had since his birth been immured in a room less than six feet square; that till a few days before he entered Nuremberg he had never beheld the light of heaven, the face of Nature, or the likeness of man; that he had never stood upon his feet, never heard the human voice, never eaten anything but bread, and never drunk anything but water. Here was a feast for a philosophical and imaginative nation—a people who could evolve camels from their inner consciousness, and who were ever on the look out for some fresh glimpse of that Wonderland with whose dark glades and sunlit hills they had been familiar ever since the hour of strangely mingled pain and pleasure when they had smoked their first pipe. The citizens of Nuremberg flocked in crowds to visit Kasper, and as his story spread travellers from a distance, among whom were distinguished scholars, nobles, and even princes of the blood, made journeys to his little court until his *loaves* became so crowded that they grew out of all proportion to the accommodation that Nuremberg could provide, and the order went forth for their discontinuance. The burgomaster issued a formal notice in which the world was given to understand that Kasper Hauser had been adopted by the city of Nuremberg, and in its name committed to the charge of an instructor, and thenceforward poor Kasper, with his ludicrously disobeisant limbs, his wondering, wandering eyes, his baby prattle, and his adolescent form ceased to be on public view.

Of the learned men in whose minds this new and startling phenomenon created a deep interest was Anselm von Feuerbach, a distinguished judge in Bavaria, who devoted much time to the study of Kasper's bodily and mental condition, and embodied the result of his observations in a book, one of many which were published having "the child of Nuremberg" as a theme. Here we find a full description of Kasper and minute details of his daily life, which, as forming an altogether new chapter in the study of man, possess an interest apart from the mere vulgar one attached to the mystery of the lad's origin. Kasper was, when the learned Judge first visited him, sixteen or seventeen years of age and four feet nine inches in height. He was strongly and symmetrically made, but so ignorant was he of the use of his limbs that his hands were rather in his way than otherwise, and he had acquired a nervous habit of stretching out three fingers on either hand by way of feelers, his forefinger and thumb being meanwhile joined at the tips in the form of a circle. His method of walking was precisely that of an infant, and he tottered across the room from chair to chair with both arms held out to balance himself. Woe to him if a bit of stick or a book lay in his path. It was sure to bring him flat on his face, where he would lie content to sprawl till some one lifted him up and gave him another start. To all description of food and drink save bread and water he showed the same signs of decided aversion which had terrified the captain's servant. The presence of any article of food except the two mentioned he could instantly detect by the smell, and a drop of wine, coffee, beer, or milk mixed with his water, or a morsel of meat, butter, or cheese placed in his mouth, caused him to become violently ill. His perfect innocence cast out fear from his mind, and he would stand looking on with childish delight while a naked sabre was flashed within a foot of his nose, and once when a pistol was fired at him he objected to the experiment only on the score of the noise it created. His sense of smelling was peculiarly keen, but for some time his senses of sight and hearing appeared to be in a state of torpor—not that he was either blind or deaf, for his eyes were so strong that he could see as well in the dark as in the light, and his hearing lacked nothing in the power of distinguishing sounds to which his attention was specially directed. But it was a natural consequence of the undeveloped condition of his being that he should behold things without seeing them and hear without noticing, and hence he stared vacantly at the objects of daily life and heard its sounds without receiving any impression therefrom. One exception must be made