

ed inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The sunset shed its parting glow,
O'er hill and valley fair ;
And sweetly in its radiant beams,
An English home stood there.

They fell upon a loving child,
Whose waving locks so bright
Were tinged by them with paly gold,
As of a seraph's light !

He bounded onwards, till at length
All silently he stood ;
What is there in that picture boy,
To change thy gladsome mood ?

See, see, the sunny smile has flown,
The bright young head is bowed ;
What o'er thy spirit's joyousness,
Has cast so dark a cloud ?

All gazed in silence on the boy,
In the bright sunlight there ;
And hush'd each breath to catch the words
That fell from one so fair.

The rosy lips were parted—
Yet, no sound from them was heard,
Till the full spirit pour'd its love
Into one thrilling word.

That word was—Mother ! and the name
In touching accents fell
From the young heart, whose deep, deep tone,
That Mother knew so well.

He thought him of his happy home,
Far on that western shore
His Mother, dear—his brother, fair—
Should he not see them more ?

E'en there, amid the loved ones there,
And in her early home,
A shade was o'er his spirit cast—
He felt himself alone.

Alone, without her loving smile,
Which ever yet had shone
As a bright halo round his path,
And with his growth had grown.

O, ever in thy memory be
Treasured her care, sweet boy ;
Fond love and watchfulness unchang'd,
Alike through tears and joy.

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

AN OPIUM FACTORY

At Ghazee-pore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazee-pore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and *oderiferous bazar*, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the store-house is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down ; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels ; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels ; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, *eager as canibals*, all crowded round a desk at which their victim, the gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate tests presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk ; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken to be carried off into another room. Into