

raiment) into the very jaws of the law! I think the Old Bailey is a very charming place. We were introduced to a live Lord Mayor, and I sat between two sheriffs. The Common Sergeant talked to me familiarly, and I am not sure that the Governor of Newgate did not call me "Nelly." As for the Rev. Mr. Carver (the ordinary), if the inherent vanity of my sex does not mislead me, I think I have made a deep impression there. Altogether, my Old Bailey recollections are of the most pleasing and gratifying nature. It is true I have only got three pairs and a half of stockings, one gown, and two shawls; but that is but a trifling consideration in studying the glorious institutions of our country. We were treated with the greatest respect and ham sandwiches, and the two magistrates handed us down to our carriage.

HAMPTON COURT, October 22nd.

My mother and I have returned to this place for a few days in order to make an ineffectual grasp at any remaining property. Of course, you have heard that we were robbed and murdered the other night by a certain soft-spoken cook, who headed a storming party of banditti through my mother's kitchen window; if not, you will see the full, true, and dreadful particulars in the papers, as we are to be "had up" at the Old Bailey on Monday next for the trial. We have seen a good deal of life and learned a good deal of the criminal law of England this week—knowledge cheaply purchased at the cost of all my wardrobe and all my mother's plate. We have gone through two examinations in court; they were very hurrying and agitating affairs, and I had to kiss either the Bible or the magistrate, I don't know which, but it smelt of thumbs.

I find that the idea of personal property is a fascinating illusion, for our goods belong, in fact, to our country and not to us; and that the petticoats and stockings which I fondly imagined mine are really the petticoats of Great Britain and Ireland. I am now and then indulged with a distant glimpse of my most necessary garments in the hands of different policemen; but "in this stage of the proceedings" may do no more than wistfully recognize them. Even on such occasions the words of justice are: "Policeman B 25, produce your gowns"; "Letter A 26, identify your lace"; "Letter C, tie up your stockings." All this is harrowing to the feelings, but one cannot have everything in this life. We have obtained justice, and can easily wait for a change of linen. Hopes are held out to us that at some vague period in the lapse of time we may be allowed to wear all our raiment—at least so much of it as may have resisted the wear and tear of justice; and my poor mother looks confidently forward to being restored to the bosom of her silver teapot. But I don't know. I begin to look on all property with a philosophic eye as unstable in its nature; moreover, the police and I have had my clothes so in common that I shall never feel at home in them again. To a virtuous mind the idea that "Inspector Dawsett" examined into all one's hooks and eyes, tapes and buttons, is inexpressibly painful. But I cannot pursue that view of the subject.—*The Green Bag.*