

fort as of physical exertion, they were indebted for the *prestige* of their fame to the impression of strength, which the world is apt to associate with large dimensions.

By Billikens they were admired, for he appeared to believe that courage and corpulence were synonymous terms, and the senior watchman on the other hand was regarded by them with favour as being the visible embodiment of that wisdom and prudence, without which their more elaborate physical outline would have proved unavailing and valueless.

It was therefore with silent acquiescence that they listened to Zachary, when he advised them to prepare for active duty that evening, and from the circle which their tongues described around the outer edge of their lips, they instinctively understood that those important preliminaries embraced an additional pot of porter and an extra supply of "bacca." They quitted the senior Charley, in order that they might equip themselves for the perilous service which awaited them.

The approach of danger operates differently upon different constitutions; some are depressed, others are paralyzed by its proximity; some brave the storm and dispute its power; others shelter themselves for security and find protection; and there are those who, being alike devoid of the sense to inspire caution, or the energy to provoke courage, become from pure weakness or indecision of character the victims of their fears, and the prey of the power which they have not the firmness to encounter or the wisdom to elude. But Billikens was a man of far different mould; his noble soul expanded towards the face of danger, and at the approach of peril he was calm, collected and dignified.

How serene and self-possessed was his command when he desired Dick to put another coat of grease upon his boots—and though all the energies of his mind were supposed to be absorbed in the consideration of the coming contest, he was nevertheless mindful of those minute details, upon which the success of great enterprises has so often been made subservient. Influenced by prudent considerations he inquired for his warm stockings, and for the thickest bandage wherewith to protect his crippled leg. Betty his daughter was instructed to bring his cosiest night-cap and his longest comforter. And his faithful spouse procured for him the requisite "beer and bacca," without which no Charley could hope to be efficient. The rattle was personally inspected, and its lungs were tried, to the terror and consternation of the neighbours, who knew by its notes that Zachary was providing against the worst. The ancient

sabre, supposed to have belonged to a Roundhead in Cromwell's army, was inspected, and its blade, after having been sharpened upon the pavement, was oiled and restored to the scabbard with a clang, which, had its notes been heard by the parties for whose benefit its edge was sharpened, would have disturbed their sacrilegious project, and occasioned dismay and confusion amongst an army of body snatchers. His lantern also was looked to and its candle more securely fastened in the socket, whilst a sheet of whity-brown paper being carefully stuck to the frame with cobbler's wax, was placed over a space which had in more peaceable times been filled by a pane of glass. A bran new hay-band was carefully tied around his well-worn hat—his shoes we have said were greased, but we did not say that their soles were made of wood, to shew that whilst justice was compelled for the sake of her character to move with grave and solemn step towards the object by whom she had been offended, she was not obliged, by the reverend step she was enforced to adopt, to get her feet wet, and thus become confined to the house from the effects of a severe cold or a sore throat.

But how shall we describe the mantle of office which was wont to enfold the fair proportions of the redoubtable Charley—how can we delineate with the pen, what could scarcely be faithfully portrayed with a pencil; the features might perhaps be represented on canvas by a painter, but it cannot be adequately represented by a printer, nor truthfully described by a poet. A watchman's coat! Tell me, ye who remember a watchman's coat, after what design it was fashioned, by what colour it was distinguished, whether it most resembled a Spanish mantle or a Petersham dreadnought—the smock frock of the English peasant or the blouse of the German boor—a cape or a Chesterfield—the driving dress of a liveried coachman or the fustian frock of a victuallers' porter. Stultz or Willis would be sorely put to it to reproduce a *fac simile* of the great original, and we feel satisfied that if we were called upon to personate a watchman of that school we should be compelled to furbish up a costume by subsidizing a coachman for his drab capes, and appropriating our friend's Chesterfield for a foundation, whilst we plagiarised the cut in some respects of all the vestments in which the "human form divine" was ever enfolded.

But if the caste of the garment is difficult of description the colour is not to be depicted. Originally it may have been a sort of invisible drab, but the custom of the youth of that age had imprinted in indelible confusion upon its