

Morson's knowledge to make him a juror in the chemical sections. Mr. Morson, at this period, had an European reputation as a scientific manufacturing chemist, and his character in this respect, together with his acquaintance with many of the scientific celebrities of the Continent, as well as his familiarity with the French language, enabled him to render great service to the Pharmaceutical Society, in the development of which he took a lively interest.

Distinguished foreigners, attracted by the proceedings of English pharmacists, were generally entertained by Mr. Morson. French was almost as freely spoken as English, not only by Mr. Morson himself, but by the members of his family, who had received much of their education in France; and here, therefore, might be found, when they were staying in London, those scientific foreigners who took an interest in pharmacy. Guibourt, Cap, Liebig, Mitscherlich, Rose, and many others of similar stamp, have been guests at various times at Southampton Row, Queen Square, or Hornsey, and have been indebted to Mr. Morson for an intimate acquaintance with the Pharmaceutical Society, its provisions and proceedings.

Such are the leading matters with which the object of our memoir has been identified. Each of our readers may point the moral for himself—may judge for himself how much of a successful career to attribute to self-reliance, to early attention to scientific subjects, to the selection of intellectual associates, to perseverance and diligence in business; but if he finds no lesson in what we have written, he is beyond our help.

Mr. Morson retired from the Council of the Pharmaceutical Society in 1870, but his interest in the objects and operations of the Society remained undiminished, and up to the time at which his last severe illness commenced, he was almost a daily visitor at 17 Bloomsbury Square. His health, however, had sensibly failed for many months before his death, and he often expressed himself as sensible that his end was approaching. In the early part of January he had an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered. Although he did not live to extreme old age, yet we may say of him that the work he was enabled to accomplish has entitled him to be classed among the most distinguished chemists of the day.

In closing this memoir, we cannot but join in the opinion expressed by the English scientific world, that the mantle of Mr. T. Morson has fallen upon his son; for, as Robert Stevenson, with the aid of the training he received at the hands of his father, George Stevenson, as an engineer, was able to continue the great and lasting works his father had begun, so has Mr. Thomas Morson, Jun., by his long scientific training been able to take up his father's work. He is already known to science as the discoverer of efficient tests against the adulteration of Kreosote, and other chemical discoveries, and the largest manufacturer in England of the newly discovered remedy for weak digestion, Pepsine. The house of Morson & Son, as has been above stated, is one of the few European firms which can be relied upon as manufacturing chemicals of the purest kind, which will bear all the stringent tests laid down in the British and all foreign Pharmacopias.

ADMIRER ALEXIS.

It has been left for a Virginia City, Nevada, paper to give the following story to the world, the materials having been supplied, it is stated, by Alexis himself to a well-known gentleman whom he met in Japan: "No sooner had the Grand Duke landed in the United States than he was flooded with all sorts of letters from all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects. Embraced in the epistolary hurricane were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of letters from females. All classes seemed to participate in this folly—women without reputation, as well as ladies of wealth and respectability. Many of those letters were glanced over merely and destroyed; but a large number were, with pardonable vanity in the young Grand Duke, retained for future examination after he had finished his travels. These letters, embraced in no less than five packages, were intrusted to an orderly for conveyance to St. Petersburg, while the Grand Duke continued his journey westward. In due time Alexis received a letter from his august father, announcing, among other matters, that four sealed packages had been received from him, but the messenger was missing. Alexis at once surmised that one of the packages had been stolen by the orderly, whose purpose was to make them public. Unwilling to have ladies of respectability compromised through his carelessness, Alexis promptly telegraphed to the Emperor to arrest the orderly at any cost and seize the missing letters. All the police appliances of the Russian Empire were at once invoked, but the orderly could not be found within the vast dominion of the Czar. He was at length discovered in a town in Belgium, where he was serenely engaged in making up the letters in an attractive volume of 300 or 400 pages, and the book was on the point of being issued, for the fellow had made good use of his time. It was finally ascertained that he was printing his book without the usual license, and he was promptly taken into custody. With his unfinished volume and stolen letters he was hurried across the Belgian line into Prussia, where the agents of the Russian Government were ready to receive him. The next letter from the Emperor informed Alexis that his missing letters, partially printed, had been recovered, and the young gentleman was admonished to be a little more careful of his love missives in the future.

"A Glimpse of Seventy-Six," in *Harper* for July, is a remarkably useful and entertaining paper, appropriately illustrated. The "Work of the U. S. Fish Commission" is also profusely illustrated. We call attention to the article on "Marblehead" and "Our Nearest Neighbour."

The autograph MS. of Burns's famous ballad of "Scots wha hae wae Wallace Bled," was sold lately at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge's rooms for £25. On the same occasion a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon fetched £21; one by James Boswell (biographer of Dr. Johnson), £17; one by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (assassinated by Felton), £17 10s.; a letter by Lord Byron, £18; one by Kitty Clive, the actress, to "My dear Popy" (Pope), £11; one by William Cobbett, £9 5s.; two by S. T. Coleridge, £23; one by Charles I., £10. A letter of Charles II. only realised 35s., whilst one by Bradshaw, "the regicide" (an order appointing "Monday next" for the fleet "to seek the Lorde" and "Thursday month for the whole nation") only fetched 19s.

TWO LIVES.

They met in fair sunlight, in shadow they parted,
Sad doubts and reproachings their love came between;
Yet they strove in their grief each to seem careless-hearted,
And pride held a barrier that else had not been.

So the years slowly passed till, by chance again meeting,
Mid scenes blent with charms as the bowers of their youth,
Two lives held their hope in the tone of a greeting—
As to which should prevail, sullen pride or sweet truth.

Shy glance of sad eyes, and a heart's yearning flutter,
Firm clasp of a hand, and a voice touched to pain;
Yet a few commonplaces are all they can utter—
Pride strengthens the bar—they are strangers again!

Thus they drift on their way, with no hope that may lighten
The burning despair and the solitude lone;
Mid such anguish the only faint gleam that can brighten
Is the tear that is shed when the other is gone!

And the vision of years that yet sees no to-morrow
Beholds the dark cloud of an endless unrest;
For the heart that has lost its loved mate broods in sorrow,
Like a bird that's forsaken or robbed of her nest.

PAUL MICHEL.

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK THE FOURTH TELLEMARCH.

"Very well," said the marquis; "march on," and took a step in the direction of the farm.

The man seized his arm. "Do not go there."

"Where do you wish me to go?"

"Home with me."

The marquis looked steadily at the mendicant.

"Listen, my lord marquis. My house is not fine; but it is safe. A cabin lower than a cave. For flooring a bed of seaweed, for ceiling a roof of branches and grass. Come. At the farm you will be shot. In my house you may go to sleep. You must be tired; and to-morrow morning the Blues will march on, and you can go where you please."

The marquis studied this man. "Which side are you on?" he asked. "Are you republican? Are you royalist?"

"I am a beggar."

"Neither royalist nor republican?"

"I believe not."

"Are you for or against the king?"

"I have no time for that sort of thing."

"What do think of what is passing?"

"I have nothing to live on."

"Still you come to my assistance?"

"Because I saw you were outlawed. What is the law? So one can be beyond its pale. I do not comprehend. Am I inside the law? Am I outside the law? I don't in the least know. To die of hunger—is that being within the law?"

"How long have you been dying of hunger?"

"All my life."

"And you save me?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I said to myself—'There is one poorer than I. I have the right to breathe; he has not.'"

"That is true. And you save me?"

"Of course; we are brothers, monseigneur. I ask for bread—you ask for life. We are a pair of beggars."

"But do you know there is a price on my head?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"I read the placard."

"You know how to read?"

"Yes; and to write too. Why should I be a brute?"

"Then since you can read, and since you have seen the notice, you know that a man would earn sixty thousand francs by giving me up?"

"I know it."

"Not in assignats."

"Yes, I know; in gold."

"Sixty thousand francs—do you know it is a fortune?"

"Yes."

"And that anybody apprehending me would make his fortune?"

"Very well—what next?"

"His fortune!"

"That is exactly what I thought. When I saw you, I said: 'Just to think that anybody by giving up that man yonder would gain sixty thousand francs, and make his fortune! Let us hasten to hide him.'"

The marquis followed the beggar.

They entered a thicket; the mendicant's den was there. It was a sort of chamber which a great old oak had allowed the man to take possession of within its heart; it was dug down among its roots, and covered by its branches. It was dark, low, hidden, invisible. There was room for two persons.

"I foresaw that I might have a guest," said the mendicant. This species of underground lodging, less rare in Brittany than people fancy, is called in the peasant dialect a *carnichot*. The name is also applied to hiding-places contrived in thick walls.

It was furnished with a few jugs, a pallet of straw or dried wrack, with a thick covering of kersey; some tallow-dips, a flint and steel, and a bundle of furze twigs for tinder.

They stooped low, crept rather, penetrated into the chamber which the great roots of the tree divided into fantastic compartments, and seated themselves on the heap of dry seaweed which served as a bed. The space between two of the roots, which made the doorway, allowed a little light to enter. Night had come on, but the eye adapts itself to the darkness, and one always finds at last a little day among the shadows. A reflection from the moon's rays dimly silvered the entrance. In a corner was a jug of water, a loaf of buckwheat bread, and some chestnuts.

"Let us sup," said the beggar.

They divided the chestnuts; the marquis contributed his morsel of biscuit; they bit into the same black loaf, and drank out of the jug, one after the other.

They conversed. The marquis began to question this man.

"So, no matter whether anything or nothing happens, it is all the same to you?"

"Pretty much. You are the lords, you others. Those are your affairs."

"But after all, present events?"

"Pass away up out of my reach."

The beggar added presently, "Then there are things that go on still higher up: the sun that rises, the moon that increases or diminishes; those are the matters I occupy myself about."

He took a sip from the jug, and said, "The good fresh water!"

Then he asked, "How do you find the water, monseigneur?"

"What is your name?" inquired the marquis.

"My name is Tellemarch; but I am called the *Caimand*."

"I understand. *Caimand* is a word of the district."

"Which means beggar. I am also nicknamed *le Vieux*. I have been called the old man these forty years."

"Forty years! But you were a young man then."

"I never was young. You remain so always, on the contrary, my lord marquis. You have the legs of a boy of twenty; you can climb the great dune; as for me, I begin to find it difficult to walk; at the end of a quarter of a league I am tired. Nevertheless, our age is the same. But the rich they have an advantage over us—they eat every day. Eating is a preservative."

After a silence the mendicant resumed. "Poverty, riches—that makes a terrible business. That is what brings on the catastrophes. At least, I have that idea. The poor want to be rich; the rich are not willing to be poor. I think that is about what it is at the bottom. I do not mix myself up with matters. The events are the events. I am neither for the creditor nor for the debtor. I know there is a debt, and that it is being paid. That is all. I would rather they had not killed the king; but it would be difficult for me to say why. After that, somebody will answer, 'But remember how they used to hang poor fellows on trees for nothing at all.' See; just for a miserable gunshot fired at one of the king's roebucks, I myself saw a man hung who had a wife and seven children. There is much to say on both sides."

Again he was silent for a little. Then—"I am a little of a bone-setter, a little of a doctor; I know the herbs, I study plants; the peasants see me absent—pre-occupied—and that makes me pass for a sorcerer. Because I dream, they think I must be wise."

"You belong to the neighbourhood?" asked the marquis.

"I never was out of it."

"You know me?"

"Of course. The last time I saw you was when you passed through here two years ago. You went from here to England. A little while since I saw a man on the top of the dune—a very tall man. Tall men are rare; Brittany is a country of small men. I looked close; I had read the notice; I said to myself, 'Ah ha!' and when you came down there was moonlight, and I recognised you."

"And yet I do not know you."

"You have seen me, but you never looked at me."

And Tellemarch the *Caimand* added—"I looked at you, though. The giver and the beggar do not look with the same eyes."

"Had I encountered you formally?"

"Often—I am your beggar. I was the mendicant at the foot of the road from your castle. You have given me alms, but he who gives does not notice; he who receives examines and observes. When you say mendicant, you say spy. But as for me, though I am often sad I try not to be a malicious spy. I used to hold out my hand; you only saw the hand, and you threw into it the charity I needed in the morning in order that I might not die in the evening. I have often been twenty-four hours without eating. Sometimes a penny is life. I owe you my life—I pay the debt."

"That is true; you save me."

"Yes, I save you, monseigneur."

And Tellemarch's grew solemn, as he added—"On one condition."

"And that?"

"That you are not come here to do harm."

"I come here to do good," said the marquis.

"Let us sleep," said the beggar.

They lay down side by side on the sea-weed bed. The mendicant fell asleep immediately. The marquis, although very tired, remained thinking deeply for a few moments,—he gazed fixedly at the beggar in the shadow and then lay back. To lie on that bed was to lie on the ground; he projected by this to put his ear to the earth and listen. He could hear a strange buzzing underground. We know that sound stretches down into the depths: he could hear the noise of the bells. The *tocsin* was still sounding.

The marquis fell asleep.

V.—SIGNED GAUVAIN.

It was delightful when he woke. The mendicant was standing up—not in the den, for he could not hold himself erect there—but without, on the sill. He was leaning on his stick. The sun shone upon his face.

"Monseigneur," said Tellemarch, "four o'clock has just sounded from the belfry of Tanis. I could count the strokes. Therefore, the wind has changed; it is the land breeze; I can hear no other sound, so the *tocsin* has ceased. Everything is tranquil about the farm and hamlet of Herbe-en-Pail. The Blues are asleep, or gone. The worst of the danger is over; it will be wise for us to separate. It is my hour for setting out."

He indicated a point in the horizon. "I am going that way."

He pointed in the opposite direction. "Go you this way."

The beggar made the marquis a gesture of salute. He pointed to the remains of the supper. "Take the chestnuts with you if you are hungry."

A moment after he disappeared among the trees.

The marquis rose and departed in the direction which Tellemarch had indicated.

It was that charming hour called in the old Norman peasant dialect "the song-sparrow of the day." The finches and the hedge-sparrows flew chirping about. The marquis followed the path by which they had come on the previous night. He passed out of the thicket and found himself at the fork of the road, marked by the stone cross. The placard was still there, looking white, fairly gay, in the rising sun. He remembered that there was something at the bottom of the placard which