

dripping, drop by drop, in crystal spirit. But the two great agencies of Mr. Bighorne's success—for he was the head of the firm in more senses than one—were advertising and agency. The world was nearly as full of the attractions of Bighorne's gin as of Holloway's pills; and there was not a district in the metropolis or in any great town, where Mr. Bighorne's agent, in the shape of a publican ensconced in a gorgeous gin-shop, did not dispense the two seductive cordials. Let the truth come out, and let these gentlemen bear the responsibility of it. They are not mere wholesale producers who sell their wares, and can fairly say they are not concerned whether these go to heal at the hospital, or to destroy in the public-house. The exigencies of a trade in which competition is so keen oblige brewer and distiller, for their lives, to create and push the business. The ordinary laws of supply and demand are not regarded. The trade is forced. For example, were it not for the capital of these vast firms, whose agents are always on the look-out for a chance to acquire a new vested interest in the demoralization of society, who will believe that Regent Street, Westminster, or Whitechapel Road, would be filled with the expensive establishments which make them so brilliant and so damned at night? And what are our magistrates about that they permit their brother magistrates, in the horrible rivalry of this destructive trade, to overwhelm neighborhoods like these with poverty, crime, and sorrow? The £4,000, £5,000, or £10,000 which starts a public-house, is rarely found by the creature who stands behind the bar; it comes out of the same pockets as the £1,000 subscriptions to restorations of cathedrals, new churches, and to the conversion of the Dyak, the Carib, or the Iroquois, from naked savagery to the English Bible, the English coat and hat, and English fire-water.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

When breakfast was over, Mr. Henry Bighorne, whose uneasiness had throughout excited the sharp attention of Emily, signalled to her to follow him, and led the way to his own room at the top of the house. There she found everything in confusion, as if he were about to pack up for a journey, and she noticed that he had not used the bed.

"Henry," she said, "what's the matter? You are dreadfully ill. Something has happened. I never saw you like this."

"Something *has* happened," replied he gloomily, "and I am going away."

"Going away! Where?"

"Oh! anywhere. I am not certain just now. But if they ask you, you had better say I have gone down for a week's hunting with Constoun."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. Tell me what all this means."

"Emily," he said, putting his arm round her waist and resting his hot cheek against hers, so delightfully cool and smooth, "don't ask me,

love, for it is impossible to tell you. But I've got into a scrape, and there's a bigger man concerned in it, and for his sake, I must be off, at all events for a time. No one must know where I am; so I shan't tell you, because you wouldn't tell a lie for anybody, and they might put you on your oath, you know."

The relations between this sister and brother were of a peculiar kind. It is hard to say it; but it is true, and is, I fear, not the only case of the sort—that although Mr. Henry Bighorne was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bighorne, there was little sympathy between him and his progenitors. Emily had a good deal of the force and resolve of her father, and of the common-sense of her mother; and the affinity of temper had fostered a deep affection between them. But Henry was one of those irregulars who sometimes appear in families, and are said by physiologists to recall some forgotten type of ancestry. Indeed, I have been gravely assured by an eminent ontologist that he knows—in English families who can trace their lineage for long generations—of cases in which some unremembered Chinese or Malayan of the line has inconveniently turned up again in a living son or daughter. In Henry's case the anterior ancestor must have been a mild, beautiful, well-intentioned, bright, and capable person, but deficient in the firmness which gives all qualities their coherence and force. He was a young man of fine culture. His Greek and Latin verses at Eton were said to have shown much more than mechanical power. When he went to Oxford, he was conspicuous for his love of the "humanities," his precocious judgment, his mastery of literature, not merely in the dead but in living languages. Knowing what he is now, you may be amazed to hear that his life at the University was singularly pure and quiet. Emily was his constant correspondent, and such a correspondent was like an "anchor within the veil." One would hardly be prepared to credit the fact that in three fatal years this harmless and even promising boy had been changed into a debased and morbid *roué*; but it is as true as Gospel, and you can, if you please, have a sight of the genie that worked the transformation.

When Henry Bighorne came home from Oxford to his cold, calculating, brisk, and ambitious father, his practical mother, and fashionable society, he emerged from a sort of Garden of Eden, in which he had been walking and talking with divinities, and found himself in an unexpectedly rude world. He shrank towards Emily, who loved and admired him. But Mr. Bighorne, after watching the young gentleman for six months, and finding him to be a shy, rather indolent student, began to think that the career he desired for this his son and heir was in peril of coming to nought. He meant that Henry should push on the fortunes of the family; and should he himself fail in reaching his determined goal, the House of Lords, this cultivated young man was by talent and wealth to accomplish it. He, therefore resolved to break into Master Henry's gentle life, and "stir it up a bit." I can repeat the conversation,