

# MORNING STAR

DEVOTED TO CYCLES, MATURE ROMANCE &

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1872. TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 43.

## For the Heathstone. KIND WORDS.

BY HENRY DUNBAR.

As the breath of the dew on the tender flower,  
They gently with a softly falling shower,  
Refresh the heart and dispelling all woe,  
And filling our souls with a soft loving glow.

Bright spots are they in the desert of life,  
When weary and fainting with worldly strife,  
Like the voices of angels in pity and love,  
Sent down by our Father to us from above.

Though fierce raging passions inhabit our breast,  
Yet, like oil on the waters, they soothe us to rest,  
Allying all storms by a single kind word,  
Which "deep in the heart strikes the tenderest chord."

In long after years the low liquid strains remain,  
Still dear to the heart in remembrance remain,  
Dispersing all clouds and dispelling all gloom,  
And smoothing our pathway down to the tomb.

## A LEGEND OF EXETER CHANGE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Who built it? Why did he build it? And after building it, was he sorry? I mean Exeter Change.

"Lying," according to Mr. Carlyle, "is not permitted by the Eternal." That may be the case, in the long run; but it seems, nevertheless, beyond doubt, that, for inscrutable purposes, the Eternal, do tolerate and permit a good many years, too, the existence of the most impudent falsehood. Nay, a lie often flourishes like a green holly-tree, while poor little Truth withers away unregarded, like a box of mignonette on a window-sill, which a broker's man, who has seized a working man's "sticks," has disinclined to put into his inventory. However, the lie, we are entitled to hope, is sure to be hunted down some day, and exposed and branded with the contemptuous ignominy it deserves. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," said another philosopher, many hundred years older than Mr. Carlyle, "but they grind to powder." It was a long time before Nemesis came to Exeter Change, but she came at last, with the Eumenides to back her, and left not one stone of the place standing on the other. You see that it had been founded on falsehood, and the Eternal could not allow that sort of thing to continue. The site of these now extinct premises wasn't Exeter Change at all. The real Exeter Change, where Judeoek and Cross had their wild-beast show, stood much further out in the Strand, and nearer Waterloo Bridge. It is odd, however, to mark how strongly early associations cling to particular localities. The zoological element still asserts itself at the corner of Wellington Street, in the office of the *Field* newspaper, where there is generally a stuffed hippopotamus or a roaring buffalo of the prairies, or a do-do and a pair of ostriches, in the window. The spirits of Buffon and Cuvier still hover around the purlieus of Exeter Change; and, sometimes, peering the Strand in the night season, I have seemed to hear the howling of Edecock's jacks, and the infernal merriment of Cross's hyena, and, however, revealed to the harmonic revelry of a party of choleric spirits just turned out of the "Red-Lion," and singing "Champagne Charlie," in chorus. One moonlight night, I could have sworn that I saw the ghost of Chumee, the mad elephant, devouring buns full of arsenic and calomel, and laughing at those vain attempts to destroy him; and, at last, majestically confronting a platoon of the Guards, who were sent for from the Savoy, to shoot him. Poor Chumee! He only went mad through inflammation at the root of one of his tusks. Given the toothache, or a soft corn, and down topples the Colossus of Rhodes.

Your little boy, aged eight years, and now home for his midsummer holidays, dear madam, has never seen the gloomy arcade, full of untenanted shops, which went by the name of Exeter Change, any more than you or I, madam—for we are both, of course, on the sunny side of forty—have seen the old original Change, when the wild beasts roared and howled, and the elephant went mad. In lieu of the arcade and the shops, your younger, or cognizant only of a heavy, clumsy building, half-Saxon and half-Bizantine in architecture, whose cumbersome porches and ill-placed windows are visible, on one side, from the Strand; on another, from Catherine Street; and on the third, from Wellington Street. It is hemmed in by the *Morning Post*, the *Field*, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and other newspaper offices. This place was the Strand Music Hall. Ill luck clung to it during its brief career, notwithstanding the vocal exertions of the Great Cock Robin, the Jolly Water-wagtail, and other eminent comic singers. But your little girl, dear madam, aged two and a half—bloss her little heart!—will preserve no remembrance, even of the shut-up Strand Music Hall. In its place she is to see a new and splendid theatre, on the American, on the French, on I know not what system; but it is to be a very grand affair, indeed. We shall all see what we shall see. Stacks of bricks and forests of scaffold-poles are already being conveyed into the area, which is to be metamorphosed. I hope this last speculation in Exeter Change will be luckier than its fore-runners. The Exeter Change to which this legend refers—and, believe me, it is going to be one of the most terrible of Terrible Tales—is was the gloomy arcade, with the untenanted shops. They were not always untenanted. Sanguine, or inexperienced, or eccentric persons sometimes "went in" for a shop in the Change; but they speedily came out again, with their fingers burnt to the stumps, sadder and wiser men. I can remember a lawyer who had offices there, but he didn't stop long. Spiders built their webs in the light,



MR. BUPPS MAKES A GLORIOUS DISCOVERY.

where there are flies; blackbeetles, and not bluebeetles, affect black kitchens. A lawyer should live where there are people to sue. There was a gentleman who undertook to sell coals; and another who made bets "on commission;" but back as was the coal business, and "dark" the horses on which the sporting gentleman betted, they derived no benefit from the congenial dinginess of Exeter Change. A scientific person in spectacles set up an establishment for the sale of the bones of extinct animals, and hideous surgical preparations in glass bottles; and looked for remunerative patronage from King's College Hospital. He didn't get it; and he went away. This was the case, too, with the adventurous bibliophile, who started a stall in the Change. Black-letter volumes they might have been, indeed, for none of the customers could see to read even the title of the wares on sale. The "Hand-in-your-Pocket General Life and Fire Assurance Loan, Discount, and Investment Company, Unlimited," had offices here; but they found the Change too dull for them—who didn't?—and took larger premises in Little Probert Street, Thurlill's Road. The rashest of all the "commercial parties" who tried their luck in this ill-omened place was a pretty little milliner, who opened a shop for the sale of bonnets after the late Paris fashions. Bonnets! She had better have tried to sell coal-scuttles. But she didn't sell anything; and I believe, at last, in sheer despair, married the gentleman, who tried to make bets on commission, but couldn't, and emigrated to Tasmania. Perhaps you will ask how I have come to know so much about Exeter Change? Bless you! I used to live there. It was the only address I ever managed to keep profoundly secret; for not one of my friends, acquaintances, employers, or creditors would ever have believed that I was mad enough to live in Exeter Change.

A bundle used to take charge of this Cave of Despair. He was the gorgeous guardian of the Burlington Arcade as the Captain of a penny steamer is to the captain of an ironclad man-of-war. They tried to make the little Exeter Change bundle sumptuous with gold lace and a brass-knobby stick, but he soon grew fazed and moody. They never stayed long, those bundles; and they were all, in different degrees, as mad as Chumee. At all events, if they entered on their office in a state of sanity, the desolate solitude of Exeter Change very soon made cords and whips of their brains. It was not raving madness that affected the headmen of this benighted spot, but a rather harmless and babbling amenity, prompting them to crawl up and down this Change, whistling as they went for want of thought; to stand now on one leg, and now on the other, and to stare vacantly at the small boys out of Drury Lane, who "challenged" them with impunity. One of the bundles had a dog, and he was mad, too, wakening the lugubrious echoes of the Change with unearthly howls, and gyrating in weird pirouettes, like the demon poodle in "Faust." In quest of the stump of a tail, this mad dog didn't bite anybody—that good would the act have done him, seeing that everybody who had business in Exeter Change was as mad as he, and that people who had no business were not so mad as to come there?

Stay; from time to time, some unsophisticated stranger, some raw clothopper from the rural districts, some ingenious Jack-tar just home from sea, some foreigner who had lost himself in the great world of London, would stumble, through inadvertence or misadventure, into the Change. Strange things are said to have happened to the unwary who strayed into that obscure of arcades. Fearful stories are narrated of guiltless lambs who fell into that pit. Here is one of the darkest legends that I can recollect about Exeter Change.

It was Easter Monday—Easter about fifteen years back—and Mr. Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, junior clerk in the firm of Bag, Loaf, and

Box, Sugar brokers, of Mincing Lane, City, had a whole day's holiday from his office. City clerks don't always get a holiday on Easter Monday. In fact, many elderly employers of staid habits regard Easter as a very perilous season for gay and volatile youth, and one during which they should be kept with extra duros chained to their desks and office-stools. They may remember that Greenwhich fair used to be held on Easter Monday, and that, as a rule, and for the convenience of holiday makers, the British Government contrived to have two or three criminals languish at a Old Bailey at eight a.m., as a pleasant and lively manner of beginning the festival day. But Bag, Loaf and Box were very liberal sugar-brokers, indeed, who were always glad to see their young men enjoy themselves; and, to tell truth, there was not much doing in the way of muscovados or "best refined" at Easter time. Old Mr. Bag, the senior partner, who was somewhat of a disciplinarian, was ill, and seldom came to Mincing Lane. Young Loaf, the next, and working partner, was a sprightly gentleman, who liked his holiday, and his Crystal Palace, and his pigeon shooting, as well as most folks did; and when he gave his clerks a holiday, always took care to enjoy one himself. As for Mr. Box, he couldn't interfere in the business, seeing that he had been dead ten years; but Loaf thought that a triple firm sounded better than a double one, so his name was left on the brass plate on the door of the Mincing Lane counting-house. To keep up appearances, however, on Easter Monday, Grindley, the cashier, was left in charge. He was the senior employ of the house; but he didn't want any holidays—not he! Whenever his principals could persuade him to "take a day," Grindley, it was reported, used to pass it in the great hall of the Bank of England, watching the customers exchanging notes for gold, and gold for notes, and listening to the chinking of the sovereigns and the rattling of the crisp paper, until the detectives imagined that he was meditating over a scheme to rob the Bank and ordered him to move on. Grindley was quite happy at being left alone in Mincing Lane on Easter Monday. He had his dinner sent him from a chop-house, and read the *Prices Current* and the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* until it was time to shut up the office, and go home to Islington, where, much to the discomfort of his family, he spent his evenings teaching compound fractions and tare and tret to his three boys.

Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, then, had a holiday; two, rather, since Easter Sunday had also necessarily been at his disposal; so, between the closing of the office on Saturday, and the commencement of business on the evening Tuesday morning, a matter of sixty hours were at this fortunate youth's entire and unrestricted command—for, indeed, Rudolphus Gustavus was a bachelor, and as free as air. His parents were dead, and he had no friends to speak of, save an old aunt, who lived down in Westmoreland, who was very wealthy, but half deaf, half blind, and wholly eccentric. There is a good deal of holiday-making to be done in sixty hours. Rudolphus Gustavus might have run over to Paris and back again twice over, and have yet had the best part of a day to devote to the gay capital of France. He might have gone to Edinburgh, to Glasgow, or to his ancient relative's farmhouse among the Westmoreland fells. If he elected to remain within the metropolitan district, were there not the Crystal Palace and Cremorne, Richmond, Greenwhich, or Hampton Court; Fulham, with its water boats; Hornsey Wood House, and a score of theatres, with Easter entertainments at all of them? In fact, there was no limit to the prospect of innocent recreations to be indulged in by a young fellow in good health, with a keen appetite for enjoyment, and with money in his pocket. But, as "one little thing" is said to have prevented the late Colonel Guido Faux from crossing Vaux-

hall Bridge to accomplish his full design of blowing up the Houses of Lords and Commons—the fact, namely, that in the reign of King James I, Vauxhall Bridge wasn't built—so did "one little thing" interfere to preclude Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps from partaking of the hilarious reveries of Eastertide. The fortunate youth was, for the nonce, the unluckiest dog in the three kingdoms. He hadn't any money in his pocket. The salary of R. G. Bupps was eighty pounds a year, which was handed to him in monthly instalments by his employers. Now, eighty pounds a year is no very splendid remuneration for sitting eight hours a day on a high stool, covered with hard leather, in a counting-house in Mincing Lane, filling up charter-parties and bills of lading. Still, Rudolphus's salary was a rising one, and he had begun commercial life as an office-boy at twelve shillings a week. Now he had over thirty; and I can't help fancying that young men were not so extravagant fifteen years ago as they are now. At all events, Rudolphus Gustavus had not found it very difficult to jog along upon eighty pounds per annum, hoping for the better days when his garrison would rise to ninety or a hundred. Think of this, ye evil servants of Pall Mall and Scamerset House, grumbling over your five or six pounds a-week, paid to you by a condescending country for reading the *Times* and poking the fire from ten till four, and with eight weeks' leave, even, in every year, from those not very exhausting labours. Young Bupps lived in cheap lodgings at Cannon Town; breakfasted at a coffee-shop; dined at a luncheon-bar in Bishopsgate Street; digestion is said to be easier when you stand to your repast—and did his best to get invited out to dinner on Sundays. His libations were moderate, never rising beyond an occasional glass of pale ale, or two pennyworth of Old Tom, cold. If he smoked cigars, his fondness for the weed never emboldened him to adventure on anything more expensive than a penny peckwick; and at home, with the aid of "retains," he sedulously colored a cabinet of pipeclay soaked in oil, which he fondly believed was a real mercurium. He subscribed to a literary and scientific Institution, and his literature was of the cheapest. He might have been quite happy and contented, but for three weaknesses by which he had been beset since his entrance into the great world. The foibles in question were gloves, scarves, and pins. The fatuous youth was passionately fond of light gloves, and of brilliant hues in the way of cravats. Cheap articles in that line are not very durable. Rudolphus could not afford to purchase Roubaix, or Thresher and Gentry; yet I dare say he contrived to spend as much upon eighteen-penny "kids," which split so soon as they were put on, and the "last thing" in scarves of which the tints were as unstable as woman's likings and dislikings, as many a poor gentleman does who can yet stroll along Pall Mall with the quiet consciousness of being suitably attired. As with his gloves and his neckties, so was it with my hero's pins. He boasted that he never gave more than three and sixpence for any one of those ornaments. They were of all designs, of the rudest (imitation) gold, and adorned with (gham) coral, malachite, lapis-lazuli, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. Yet the heads of those pins were always coming off. The coral beads dropped out; the (glass) diamonds unaccountably disappeared; the lapis-lazuli turned green, and the malachite turned white. One single gold pin would have saved Rudolphus Gustavus a very heavy outlay on worthless rubbish.

Still, those petty extravagances went no further than to infringe on the youth's pocket-money, and cause him devoutly to wish, about the fifteenth of every month, that it was the first of the next one. A disaster much more serious had made him penniless at the particular Easter-time of which I speak. It was the old, old story. It was all about a little bill. Rudolphus Gustavus had a friend; who but Jack

Farcy, indeed, the fastest young veterinary surgeon in all Camden Town. A chum, a drinking partner, between the two at the "Hoek and Spilts"—that well-known house of call for "vets"—soon ripened into a close alliance. It chanced that Jack Farcy had a heavy account with his hay and corn dealer to settle. He was just short twenty pounds, and little Mr. Jehoshaphat, the tobacconist of Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, was just the obliging soul to "do" that little bill at two months, at a moderate rate of discount. Would Rudolphus Gustavus help a friend in a pinch? Jack didn't want him to accept the bill. Not a bit of it. That formally would be performed by Whoobank. You know Whoobank, my boy; great cab proprietor of Shore-ditch—eighty hunsoms—no end of horses in his yard. Safe as the bank, Jack Farcy only required Rudolphus Gustavus to "jump up behind"—that is to say, to endorse the little bill. The credulous Bupps duly inscribed his autograph on the back of the fatal document, and he had never had any peace since. It chanced to happen before the expiration of the two months, that rattling Jack Farcy was appointed riding-master and veterinary surgeon to the Rajah of Swindolpoor. At all events, he vacated from his lodgings, leaving "The Mews, Swindolpoor," as an address, and Camden Town and his creditors were left to lament him. About the same time, Whoobank went away, and neglected to come back. He had been insolvent for years, and there were bills of sale on all his hunsoms and all his horses. "The unhappy Bupps" was called upon to "take up" the little bill, which could just as easily have taken up the Monument and held it in the hollow of his hand. So Mr. Jehoshaphat, through the intermediation of his solicitor, Mr. Melphioseth, of Synmonds Inn, sued him. It was three times three—that is to say, writs at three guineas a-piece, and all the honours. Poor Bupps was distracted. He rushed to Mr. Jehoshaphat, and entreated time. The tobacconist was not at all averse to ten forenoon. He didn't wish to arrest Mr. Bupps. He didn't wish to be the cause of his losing his situation. He would renew the bill if Mr. Bupps would pay the costs, and five pounds for the renewal, and find some other friend who would also "jump up behind," to make things regular. Bupps persuaded his landlady to get her husband, a decent journeyman cabinet-maker, to come to his assistance. So Mr. Jehoshaphat drew the new bill, and Rudolphus Gustavus accepted it, and the decent journeyman cabinet-maker jumped up behind. Mr. Melphioseth was paid his costs; and I promise you, R. G. Bupps didn't purchase any fresh gloves, scarves, or pins during the next two months. To raise the five pounds for the renewal, he pawned the old-fashioned gold watch which his old aunt dived in Westmoreland, in one of her transient fits of generosity, had sent him. These generous fits occurred very rarely. The last time she had taken notice of him, he had received, per London and North-Western Railways, twelve guineas, a copy of Hark's Sermons, and a quarter cask of sherry—the first and last of which strangely assorted articles he forthwith sold to a friend, in the office of a ship-builder in Lower Thames Street.

When the new bill came due, Rudolphus Gustavus was as unable as he had been on the previous occasion; but Mr. Jehoshaphat was still willing to listen to reason. The bill was renewed again and again. On one occasion, Rudolphus Gustavus being unable to pay the five pounds renewed, Mr. Jehoshaphat instructed Mr. Melphioseth to issue writs against Bupps and the journeyman cabinet-maker into the bargain. The obliging tobacconist finally consented to compromise matters by adding the costs and the five pounds to the original amount of the bill. This merry little game had been going on for eighteen months; and Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps, who had certainly already paid in hard cash the twenty pounds for which he had become responsible on Jack Farcy's account, to say nothing of at least fifteen pounds disbursed to Mr. Melphioseth as costs, found that he was the acceptor of a bill for thirty-seven pounds ten, which was due, and on which Mr. Jehoshaphat threatened, if the entire amount was not paid to him by Tuesday in Easter week, to sue without mercy. He was no longer recommending. He would no longer listen to reason. He would have his rights, said Mr. Jehoshaphat.

Now, perhaps you will be able to discern the reason why Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps did not feel very strongly inclined to enjoy himself on that particular Easter Monday, fifteen years ago. He had pawned or sold nearly all his small possessions. He owed six weeks' rent, and his landlady began to look reproachfully on him. Even the journeyman cabinet-maker, ordinarily the most pliable of men, asked "when this here business about the bill was to end?"—and as he spoke, his brow darkened and he clenched his fist. Out of his last month's salary, Rudolphus Gustavus found himself on Easter Monday morning in possession of precisely three shillings and sevenpence half-penny; and on Easter Tuesday morning the infernal performances of Messrs. Jehoshaphat and Melphioseth would, he knew, commence.

"Upon my word," said Rudolphus Gustavus Bupps to himself, clenching his fist as he spoke, but in a manner much more vindictive than that displayed by the journeyman cabinet-maker—"if I had Jack Farcy, how I'd do for him!"

But no Jack Farcy was at hand to be done for. The ruthless destroyer of R. G. Bupps' happiness was by this time busy in prescribing for the Arab steeds of the Rajah of Swindolpoor; at all events, he might have been in Upper or Lower Bengal, or at the North or the South Pole, for any good he would do to R. G. Bupps. I am afraid that the conviction that he could not do for Jack began to produce in the unhappy young man's mind an idea that the next best course to pursue would be to do for himself. He had written to his aunt in Westmoreland, telling her the whole truth