

gloomily to speculate and wonder over Baioccho's disappearance. It was in vain that they interrogated Giuseppe. That individual glared at them from his corner like a coil of ropes with a pair of large eyes hidden somewhere in it, but would condescend to no reply. And so the hours passed, as they gloomily watched for the day.

Weary with speculation, and heart-sore enough with pondering over the fate of old Baioccho, Gustave, as the small hours wore on, could no longer resist his inclination to invoke the genius of Pancorno to disperse the sad thoughts that hung like black clouds around him and Tommatoo; so he sat down to that mysteriously constructed instrument, and poured forth those wild improvisations that seemed to interpret some love-passion in the history of young Eolus. And when the sun broke faintly over the dreary stone-yard, and its first rays fell on the livid face of the Italian lying bound in the corner, it floated upward through the sky, buoyed by those harmonies that seemed to seek their native heaven.

IV.

THE PEAN OF THE PANCORNO.

The ———th Ward Station-House. It was the early hour of the morning, before the over-night prisoners had departed to be judged by the immaculate justices presiding in the neighbouring district police court, and the poor, sleepless-looking, blue-eyed people were emerging from the "lock-up" in the basement, still heavy with the poison of bad liquor and spotted all over the face with the bites of mosquitoes that abound in all police stations. Along the walls of the general room hung rows of glazed fire-caps and locust-wood clubs, while, stretched in rank and file on the floor beneath, one saw a quantity of India-rubber overshoes, splashed with the mud gathered in the weary night-tramp on the heels of crime. What stories of city vice spoke in those dirty, flexible shoes! One saw the burglar at work with file and centre-bit, and accomplice keeping watch with pricked-up ears. The file grates and the centre-bit cuts, and the confederate strains his hearing as the grasshopper leaps from the wall; but none sees the dark shadows creeping round the corner, and the pavement yields no echo to the muffled feet; and the silent overshoes steal on until, with one quick leap and one heavy blow with the club, the burglar and confederate lie overless on the ground.

The ———th Ward Station-House was a dreary-looking establishment. The police captain in plain clothes, with a presentation watch in his pocket, attached to a presentation chain, and a presentation diamond ring on his finger, and a presentation pin in his shirt front, which having buttons did not seem to require it, sat on a high chair behind a high counter on which he measured out justice by the yard. Two or three sly-looking men, in plain clothes also, with a furtive glance in the eyes, and an air of always seeming to be looking round a corner that bespoke the detective, or "shadow," lounging on the stout chairs, picking their teeth and watching everybody, even the police captain, as if they were ready at any moment to detect anybody in something illegal. A pleasant-looking chain of handcuffs hung on the wall, some ten or twelve pair linked together,—cold, brutal-looking loops of iron that seemed to regret it was wrists and not necks that it was their duty to clasp. Sitting on the sill of the deep window, which opened into the street, were two little children crying lustily. They had been lost or had run away, and in the face of the boy, a large-eyed French lad, some six years old, one could see the determination working that made him preserve, when questioned, a sullen silence as to his name and home. The other, a little girl,—thanks to the philoprogenitive organ of one of the police,—was munching a jam tart amidst all her grief, and slobbering the unwholesome pastry with her tears.

But the chief of all the figures in that melancholy room were three persons who had, in the charge of a policeman, arrived at early dawn. Deep in one corner, the farthest from the door, sat Giuseppe, now carefully uncoiled but still scowling out of his cloak, as if he might dart poisoned poniards out of his eyes; while before the high counter on which the prize captain measured out his two-pennyworth of justice, stood Gustave and Tommatoo, who was weeping bitterly.

"You say that you left your father but for a few moments, and on your return he had disappeared?" inquired the prize captain, solemnly.

"Yes, sir!" sobbed Tommatoo. "My dear, dear father! What has become of him? O, that bad man!"—a wicked glance at Giuseppe in the corner.

"And when you returned you found the prisoner in the room where you had left your father?"

"Yes, sir; and I know that he knows where my father is—I see it in his eyes. O, sir, make him tell,—make him tell. Pinch him until he tells,—beat him until he tells!"

The prize captain smiled, condescendingly. "Lieutenant!" he said, "telegraph a description of this Baioccho to the chief's office, with inquiries."

Immediately a thin policeman commenced working the telegraph that lay in one corner of the room, but the monotonous click of the instrument was but little consolation to the aching bosom of Tommatoo.

A half-hour passed—an hour—during which Tommatoo related over and over again the details of her little story to the prize captain. The subordinates of the office began to take an interest in her, and gathered round her as she sat nestling close to Gustave, who was completely amazed by the novelty of the situation, and each had a kind word for the little maiden.

An hour passed. Ah, how dreary! dreary to Giuseppe scowling in his cloak, carefully watched by two stalwart policemen: dreary to Gustave, who wondered how policemen could live without music; dreary to little Tommatoo, who, with swollen eyes, and heavy, sad heart, sorrowed for the old musician.

Presently there was a bustle. A carriage drove up to the door with policemen on the box, and Tommatoo's heart fluttered. The door of the vehicle opened, and out tottered Baioccho, feebly singing, crowing, dancing, with his old eyes twinkling with cognac, and a suit of gigantic clothes on, out of which he seemed to be endeavouring to scramble. In another instant Tommatoo was in his arms.

"Ah, mon enfant, ma fille bien aimée! the old father has brought himself back. *Per baccho!* brought himself back with the joy in his heart. The assassin failed in his work. Ha!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden rush for the door which Giuseppe had made the moment the old musician appeared. His attempt at escape was vain, however, for before he had made two steps he was collared, and a pair of handcuffs magically slipped over his wrists. He sat down again sullenly, but with a face white with terror.

"Ha! serpent that thou art!" cried Baioccho, placing himself before Giuseppe and shaking his withered old fist at him. "Thy time has arrived. Thou wilt hang for this. So you thought to drown the poor old maestro who never harmed you? But no! the God above is good, and when waves lifted themselves up to engulf me, and the boat of the passage came to knock me on the head, a heaven-descended rope put itself into my hand, and a blessed sailor pulled me up to the deck. O, no! I am not dead yet, and the sweet dove that you covet will find some other nest than thine!"

Then turning to the prize captain, the old man, still with one arm round his daughter, poured forth his voluble tale;—how Giuseppe had flung him into the river; how he was floating out to sea when the ferry-boat had come down on him; and how, just in the nick of time, some one on board had discerned him in the water and flung him a rope;—all this mixed up in his extraordinary English, and interlarded with French and Italian imprecations on the head of Giuseppe, so that the prize captain was entirely bewildered, and all that he could do was to order the assassin into the lock-up, and bind over the old maestro to appear in evidence. This done, he and Gustave and Tommatoo, now chirping like a bird, went home together.

I would not like to count all the *petits verres de cognac* that the old musician took that night; but I know that Baioccho on that occasion danced the most singular dances, and sang the most eccentric songs, and told Tommatoo and Gustave at least fifty times the wondrous story of his adventures, and how his brother was, he believed, dead, and had left him all his wealth; and so the night closed on jubilation in the old house by the stone-yard.

Strange to say, Baioccho's brother was dead and had left him his heir. This, it was supposed, Giuseppe had learned in Italy, and had hastened home with the intention of profiting by an information of which he was the earliest recipient. Chance, however, frustrated his plans, and after a trial, in which Baioccho's eccentric evidence was a feature, the gates of the state prison closed over the assassin.

In time Baioccho realized his inheritance and bid farewell to the kitchen. The Pancorno was brought before the public, and every one remembers the sensation it created that winter at the Antique Concerts given at Niblo's. Women, while listening to its wonderful strains, could not help noticing how handsome was the young Frenchman who played on it; yet none saw the lovely face that every night gazed from the front row on the performer; but I know that Gustave Beaumont played all the better because he knew that Tommatoo, otherwise Madame Beaumont, was looking at him. Madame Beaumont! Tommatoo as a madame! Can you realize it? I can't.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A NEW game is to be introduced. It is called eye peeping, and the fun consists in trying to guess the unknown owner of an eye which is shown to the spectators through a hole in the curtain.

THE attempt to found the Covent Garden Opera Company has not succeeded. The money subscribed has been returned, and the scheme is off, at all events for the present.

THE newspaper enterprise of America is gently probing its way into England. The *Detroit Free Press* has established a publishing office in London, and now a weekly edition of that paper is issued simultaneously in Detroit, New York, and London. This feat is unprecedented in the annals of American or European journalism.

A BOOKSELLER in the Strand has hit upon a novel expedient. He sells Bibles, and in a prominent place in his window he has placed an open copy of the Greek Testament with a label attached on which is written: "Make your own revision." The volume proves a great attraction to telegraph boys and other youths engaged in urgent business who chance to pass by.

A SOUVENIR of the recent visit to Brighton of the Prince and Princess of Wales has been provided by the proprietors of the *Brighton Gazette*. It consists of the Special Royal Edition of that paper, containing the complete description of the visit and festivities, including an engraving of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children. The whole of the paper—eight pages—is printed in gold throughout, and presents a very novel and pleasing appearance.

THE practice of keeping up an incessant chatter while *artistes* are performing at private entertainments received a striking rebuke a few evenings since. Madame Sembrich was executing one of her most delicious *morceaux* before a private audience, when, finding that the interruptions from conversation had exceeded legitimate bounds, she stopped, and the following day returned the fee she had received from her patron. This high-spirited example might often be advantageously imitated.

IT is a sad fact that Christ's Hospital, in common with other institutions, has suffered, and is likely to suffer, from the general depression; but such is the case. The exhibitions—to the list of which the friends of the school always turn with keenest interest—have hitherto been of the value of 90*l.* each per annum for five years, but, on account of the depressed state of landed property, in which these funds are invested, it has been necessary to reduce the amount, payable to each of the Grecians now leaving the schools for the Universities, to 80*l.* a year. It is, moreover, feared that with a continuance of agricultural depression the reduction may become permanent, unless additional support be received from external sources.

THE doctors who have come from all quarters of the world to the Medical Congress have arrived at a somewhat inopportune moment, just as the London Season has got to its dregs; but, for all that, they are receiving a very cordial welcome at the hands of such representatives of society as are now left with us. They are being fêted and lavished all round. All the show places are open to them, and after the conclusion of their labours, they take care to visit them in large numbers. Canon Liddon comes into residence at St. Paul's this month, and there will, of course, be a tremendous rush thither on Sunday afternoon, when he will preach his first sermon. The Cathedral authorities, however, have placed all their reserved seats at the disposal of the doctors.

A FRIEND of the late Dean Stanley has just received by post from New York a packet of manuscript with a curious request. The manuscript contains an article written by Dean Stanley shortly before his death for one of the great American magazines. As soon as the cable conveyed the news of the Dean's death, the proprietors of the magazine congratulated themselves on their good luck, and put the manuscript in the printer's hands, proposing to make the article the prominent feature of the forthcoming number. But their purpose was met by an extraordinary difficulty. The printers could not read the Dean's handwriting. They struggled at it from morn till eve, having the assistance of skilled readers and of the full intelligence of the editorial department. The combined force wrested the meaning of about ten out of every dozen words; but it was admitted that without the other two the article would be fatally incomplete. The only thing to be done was to take the course now adopted. The manuscript was posted to London to an intimate friend of the Dean's, familiar with his extraordinary calligraphy, and this friend has undertaken to rewrite the manuscript, which will appear in due course in *Scribner's*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE last novelty on the Paris boulevards is the *Journal des Gourmets*, which is really the revival of a paper well known to the last generation.

IT is announced that Alexandre Dumas has determined to give up writing for the stage, and that henceforward he will communicate his ideas and paradoxes to the world by means of pamphlets.

SOMETHING in favour of the electric light is proved by the fact that it is to be introduced into the *foyer* of the opera house in Paris, owing to the destructive effects of gas on the pictures of M. Baudry.

A CURIOUS, or as some would say, a piquant case, will shortly come before the Tribunal of the Seine. A Spanish lady, nearly related to General Martinez Campos, will bring a suit for nullity of marriage, on the ground that in marrying she supposed that she was being united to a person of a different sex from her own.

THIS is a neat puff indirect. The editor of the *Ruppel* writes that the cabman who drove him to a dinner party at Victor Hugo's house, requested him to contribute the fare as his mite towards the fund for erecting a monument to the illustrious poet. Accordingly the subscription list records, "The coachman of 2,289, two francs and a-half."

IN a duel recently, just after the principals had crossed swords, a voice was heard, "Stop a moment, gentlemen." They lowered their weapons, rather hoping that the seconds had agreed on some plan of healing their wounded honour without the necessity of fighting. But, alas! it was only the surgeon who, being one of the advanced school, carefully took from his pocket a bottle containing a solution of carbolic acid and wet the points of the swords with it. Then, with the air of a man who had done his whole duty, he said, "Now, gentlemen, proceed; you may kill each other, but you run no risk of blood-poisoning."

A CURIOUS personage died last week at the age of seventy-two, the Count Napoleon Bertrand, son of the companion of Napoleon I. at Saint-Helena. The count was a very eccentric man, and every year he used to hire a room in a hotel, and go bed for three months, after having given orders for food to be brought to him once a day and not a word to be spoken by the servant. He was asleep during the siege of Paris. One day the bread was so abominable that he flew into a rage and forced the waiter to tell him that the reason was that the city was besieged by the Prussians. The Count Bertrand was stupefied for a moment. At last he got up and wandered about the hotel for a time, saying to himself: "Paris besieged! besieged! what ought a Bertrand to do?" And after a few minutes' reflection he said: "I will go to bed." And he went to bed and slept out the siege. He was an assiduous attendant at the Bonapartist masses.

HEARTH AND HOME.

IT might be thought that people would show wisdom in respect to health. No school of scepticism is possible on this point. No critic arises to tell people that care for one's health is altogether a baseless tradition. The laws of nature are, no doubt, very benign; but if you manage to run your head against them, so much the worse for you. Nature may be our mother, but she is also quite capable of showing herself a step-mother. The laws of health work in the same calm, persistent, inexorable manner as the laws of the seasons and the orbits of the heavenly bodies. No doubt the conditions of health are better understood than formerly. Still there are people who live in the utmost defiance of all the laws of nature—people who will gobble, though they know that they are digging their own graves with their own teeth; who will drink unwholesome beverages, though they might well fear gout and gravel; who will work hard long after the tripod of life—brain, heart, lungs—has shown symptoms of weakness and distress in one direction or another. But men will not abandon their darling pursuits, trusting to the chapter of accidents or the vigour of their constitutions. In matters of health there is no such thing as a chapter of accidents, except, indeed, of unfavourable accidents; and if men live long with a good constitution under unfavourable conditions, they would live still longer under favourable conditions. It is in vain that you tell a man in the full tide of business that he is working inordinately, and that he will break up. He continues to work inordinately, and, as a matter of fact, he does break up. Generally speaking, a man has dense ignorance of the laws of nature, and if he knows sometimes about them, he will sin against his lights. If you would live long and be happy, remember the old distich,

"Don Juan Fernando
Can't do more than he can do."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. CHARLES GRUNEISEN's private letters and valuable autographs are shortly to be sold.

MR. F. H. COWEN has remodelled his opera *Pauline* for representation by the Carl Rosa Company.

MR. THOMAS BROADWOOD, the piano manufacturer, has left a personality to the value of £22,924.

MR. FRED GODFREY, many years bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, is seriously ill.

AT the late competition, Miss Florence F. Brooker won the scholarship in music at the Crystal Palace School of Art.

MR. HOWARD PAUL will pay a visit to the United States in August. He goes in search of attractions for the Alhambra Theatre.

WIESBADEN will gather, at its singing contest, to be held at the end of this month, twenty-two associations, chiefly recruited from North and South Germany.

A NEW theatre on the east side of Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross, is about to be commenced. This latest addition to the list of London playhouses is to be known as the "Avenue Theatre."

MR. BOUCICAULT being unable to appear recently at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, his place was taken by his eldest son, familiarly known as "Dot." Young Boucicault had a heavy task to undertake, Andy Blake and Cou in the *Shaughraun*, but was fully equal to it, and fairly won the acknowledgments of the house. Considering that he is not yet out of his teens he should have a brilliant career before him.