

The Princess of Wales, the mayoress thought, might at least have saluted her, but that strong-minded woman, Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from her. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing.

"Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say," remarks a writer in the *Athenæum*, "stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet, then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one privilege she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed—bawling, as ladies mayoresses and women generally should never do—bawling on her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused princess herself.

"The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the irate lady's nerves, and, unable or unwilling when dinner was announced to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of, 'Boy, take my bucket!' In her view of things the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The king was as much amused as the princess had been amazed; and a well-inspired wag at the Court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayoress whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either, and the same party when they withdrew from the festive scene were all of one mind, that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman."

Some curious particulars of the costume of a Lady Mayoress about a century ago are given by Sir James Sunderson, Mayor in 1792-3, who left a minute account of the expenses of his year of office for the edification of his successors:—

"Lady Mayoress, November 30th.—A hoop, £2 16s.; point ruffles, £12 12s.; treble blonde ditto, £7 7s.; a fan, £3 3s.; a cap and lappets,

£7 7s.; a cloak and sundries, £26 17s.; hair ornaments, £34; a cap, £7 18s.; sundries, £37 9s.

"1793. January 26th.—A silk for 9th November, 3½ guineas per yard, £41 6s.; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), £35 3s. 6d.; a gold chain, £57 15s.; silver silk, £13; clouded silk, £5 10s.; a petticoat for Easter, £29 1s.; millinery for ditto, £27 17s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £13 2s. 3d. July 6th.—A petticoat, £6 16s. 8d.; millinery, £7 8s. 8d.; mantua-maker, in full, £13 14s. 6d.; milliner, in full, £12 6s. 6d. Total, £416 2s."

The worst of being Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is that their reign is so short. The return to private life must seem to them both for all the world like merely waking from a dream of grandeur and importance. Theodore Hook has wittily described the sensations of a Lord Mayor at the end of his brief season of dignity on going back to his old residence in Budge-row.

"Never in the world," he says, "did pickled herrings or turpentine smell so powerfully as on the night when we re-entered the house. . . . The passage looked so narrow; the drawing-room looked so small; the staircase seemed so dark; our apartments appeared so low.

"In the morning we assembled at breakfast. A note lay upon the table, addressed 'Mrs. Scropps, Budge-row.' The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again.

"A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance. What were his first words? 'How are you, Scropps? Done up, eh?'"

"'Scropps!' No obsequiousness, no deference, no respect. No 'My lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night, and how is her ladyship, and her amiable daughter?' Not a bit of it; 'How's Mrs. S. and the gals?'"

"This was quite natural. All as it had been. But how unlike what it was only the day before! The very servants—who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lackeys of the Mansion House, transferred with the tables and chairs from one Lord Mayor to another, dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own—strutted about the house and banged the doors, and spoke of their 'missis' as if she had been an old apple-woman."

The Royal Exchange was founded by the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, a princely merchant of the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was opened in 1570 by Queen Bess, who was infinitely pleased with it, and commanded her heralds by sound of trumpet to name it the Royal Exchange, "so to be called perpetually and no otherwise."

On this occasion the queen dined at Gresham's house, and there is a romantic tradition connected with the banquet given by the great merchant. Healths went round, and Sir Thomas drank to Her Majesty in rich wine, into which a precious pearl, previously ground to powder, had been thrown. In reference to this, one of the characters in a play of the period says, in not very elegant verse—

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one slap goes!

Instead of sugar Gresham drinks this pearl

Unto his Queen and Mistress. Pledge it, Lords."

The pearl, it is said, was one which, solely on account of its value, had been refused by several persons of high rank. The story, however, though in harmony with the wild gallantry of those days, is not at all in keeping with Gresham's steady-going character. He knew many a better use to make of fifteen hundred pounds.

Gresham's Royal Exchange was destroyed in the Great Fire. It was replaced by a building on a larger scale, but on a similar plan. This building was also burned—the fire occurred on the 10th of January, 1838—and in its stead was erected the present stately structure, which was opened by Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844.

When the fire consumed the second Exchange in 1838, an odd thing happened, of which we are told in a letter, written on the following day by a lady who witnessed the conflagration, to Lady Morgan, the well-known Irish authoress. She says, "that the bells chimed their last in the midst of the fire, and strange to say, the last tune they chimed was at twelve o'clock, and that tune was, 'There's nae luck about the house.' It quite affected me," she adds, "to hear it, and it had a choking effect upon us all, for the bells literally dropped one by one as they were playing the tune."

(To be continued.)

SMUGGLING BY DOGS BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

OF all the uses to which man for his own profit has adapted the sagacity of the dog, smuggling is probably the most lucrative. As I think that the extent to which this profession is carried on between Switzerland and Italy, and the mode of it, is not much known, a few particulars which I have gathered entirely from the inhabitants of the district to which I am about to call attention may not be unwelcome to such of your readers as take an interest in dogs and their doings.

The frontier line north of Como constitutes the chief field of the tobacco and cigar smuggler's operations. Notwithstanding the cordon of preventive men stationed at short intervals along the whole line of this hilly and broken country, the work of conveying tobacco and cigars from Switzerland into Italy is pretty evenly divided between dog and man. It may be taken for granted that the peasants of this extensive district are each and all smugglers, more or less, and when once the goods are safely conveyed into the country, they are disposed of in small quantities and dispersed far and wide, in a great measure by the women.

In training the dog to this perilous profession, the first step is to teach him so great an abhorrence of the douanier as to make him flee as for his life at the sight of the uniform. This is achieved in a few lessons by dressing a confederate up in a similar uniform. This man thrashes the poor dog every time he sees him. The animal, having acquired a mortal dread of the aspect of a douanier, while his master, living on the Italian side, endears the dog to himself by good living and caresses, is taken over to see the Swiss friend whose tobacco or cigars he will have to convey across the frontier to his own master. Here he is left in durance vile for some days without food; he is then packed round the body with a belt, resembling a swimming belt, divided into pockets filled with the merchandise, the door is opened, and he is hunted out with threats and menaces. He rushes off, and, guided by instinct, hunger, and love for his master, he flees at an incredible speed by tracks known only to himself, and where the human foot could scarcely follow. It may take him an hour to reach his home, where he

finds his master waiting, and is at once unloaded, fed, and petted for his pains.

The douaniers, if they catch sight of him at all during his transit, never capture him, and rarely succeed in hitting him with a bullet; for the hour chosen for this business is after dusk, and the dogs know their danger, and on occasions at the sight of the douanier have been known to keep in hiding till the coast was clear. These dogs know the boundary line perfectly well, and leap over it like hares.

It is sad, however, to have to relate that occasionally the preventive men take advantage of a weakness that costs the poor canine smuggler his liberty, if not his life. They rely on the influence of the female sex, and employ a Chloé or a Dulcinea to decoy him from the path of duty and to cast discipline to the winds. Thus demoralised, the dog will allow himself to be led inside the very door of the guardhouse, and, his pack being unfastened and confiscated, he may think himself lucky if he is mercifully sent adrift with his life and the chance of resuming his contraband career.

M. H. C.