

"Ever with me," he whispered to himself sorrowfully,

"— present with me day and night—  
Spectres of days, and months, and years misspent;  
Of talents wasted—hopes which I have murdered!  
\* \* \* \* \* Peace gone,

And hope, and self-esteem, and that calm joy,  
The fruit of virtuous days and tranquil nights!  
My friends, the early and the kind, are lost;  
My wasted life has tarnished a good name;  
My thriftless cost has ruined a fair fortune;  
My sinful course has shattered a strong frame.  
Oh, that I were again a happy boy!"

"Strange," continued the poor clerk, in self-communing, "how these lines (where can I have picked them up, I wonder?) have jingled in my thoughts all day. There are more of them; but it does not matter. There are better thoughts and more cheering anticipations, and most blessed assurances here;" and he halted suddenly before the well-used Bible on his table, and turned over its leaves, until his eye lighted on what he sought, and then it brightened up into rapture, pleasant to behold, if any had been there to witness it; while a joyous smile played for a moment on his lips. And then he broke out into a livelier, happier strain:—

"I do believe, despair is ending,  
Thy soul's bewildered chaos gone;  
The dove of heavenly peace descending,  
There broods alone.

"I cannot speak the rapture dawning  
On more than midnight's deepest gloom;  
I mount upon the wings of morning,  
Beyond the tomb.

"At thy decrees no longer railing,  
Patience, O Lord! I ask alone;  
And humbly cry, my guilt bewailing,  
Thy will be done!"

### SEABORNE FRUIT FOR LONDON.

PUDDING LANE, at no time remarkable for its tranquillity, is in a state of unusual excitement this morning. The "Elinor," the "Euthelra," the "Sardinia," the "Seaton," the "Iberia," the "Sultan," the "Helen," and other fruit-laden vessels besides, have arrived in the river, from the Mediterranean, the Spanish coast, the West Indies, and from other quarters; and they, or their tenders, are now lying off Fresh Wharf, unloading their cargoes, which it is imperative should be turned into cash as fast as possible.

It is one of the few warm days in early August, and the lane, crammed almost to obstruction, presents not only a characteristic spectacle, but regales the nostrils of a stranger with a characteristic odour. Heavily laden waggons block the narrow roadway, and their contents, consisting of bulky bags, of orange boxes, of rough deal cases or crates stuffed with little fruit boxes, and of ponderous wicker baskets, are flying off into the air by means of cranes and pulleys suspended from the yawning warehouses aloft. Meanwhile, a constant succession of Atlantean porters, each with a prodigious package upon his shoulders, file up from the river side, and, forcing their way through the crowd, plunge into one or other of the open doors to the left, and vanish. Said crowd consists of a rather grotesque assemblage

of London roughs, clad in all manner of costumes—in fustian, in leather, in velveteen and frieze, with slouch wide-awakes, battered beavers, rimless caps, with cut-down smocks, sleeveless jackets, and thick unctuous wrappers; with bluchers down at heel, hob-nailed clogs, and by-gone ventilating boots, good for airing the toes. A majority of them are indulging in the luxury of a short pipe, which they seem to enjoy at their ease while lounging on the door-steps or sitting on the kerb, among the sleek-fed draught horses, who, with their huge heads buried in their nose-bags, are taking their lunch with an air of perfect contentment. The odours which emanate from all sides are not of a very describable kind. In the lane itself, there is the delicate fragrance of wall-fruit striving against the fumes of tobacco and something more than the suspicion of the aroma of periwinkles; and at its estuary into Thames Street below, there are the mingled exhalations of Covent Garden and Billingsgate, of the far-off tropics and the pickling-tub, under your nose. If the scents are manifold and diversified, the sights are not less so, and afford some delightful contrasts to the lover of the picturesque and antithetical, for the contents of the shops in the lane and its embouchure present the most charming jumble that can be conceived. There are oranges and lemons, and green bottles of cod-liver oil; heaps of dried peel, and bungs for barrels, along with peaches and greengages, whelks and red-herrings, fraternising with hot-house grapes, black Hamburgs and muscats from Jersey; crawfish and sawn-asunder lobsters framed in Spanish nuts and Dutch melons, young French apples couchant with dried Finnan haddocks and smoked salmon, and punnets of tempting strawberries fringing the tubs of live oysters. All this heterogeneous grouping, multitudinous and puzzling as it appears to a stranger, is but a mere fractional type of the various business which is here carried on by wholesale from day to day, on a scale truly gigantic.

At this particular crisis, the simultaneous arrival of so many fruit vessels with perishable cargoes has necessitated three several sales in one day. Of the mass of this merchandise, which has to be suddenly disposed of, the reader may form some idea when he learns that among other items too numerous to be set down here, the several catalogues of this morning's sales set forth eleven thousand pine-apples, about a thousand chests of the huge onions that figure in the grocers' windows, several hundreds of boxes of lemons and chests of oranges, a hundred or two barrels of nuts from Spain and Brazil, besides a large miscellaneous collection of choicest fruit from France and the Channel Islands.

We will now enter one of the warehouses, where the goods are on view previous to the sale. It is a singular sort of building, such, we should imagine, as has not its counterpart elsewhere. The sale-room is on the ground floor, at the right hand of the entrance; to the left is the counting-house, and beyond them in front is a broad stout double ladder, instead of a staircase, leading to the warehouses above. These are severally numbered, and the con-

tents of each are set down in the catalogue, for the convenience of buyers. Following a brawny porter, with some two hundred weight at least on his *shoulders*, we mount the stout ladder, and, turning to the left, find ourselves in a large loft-like chamber, literally running over with pine apples and wall-fruit. Some twenty pairs of busy hands are engaged in opening the heavy boxes as fast as they arrive, and arranging them in lots according to the catalogue, which, contrary to the custom in other cases, has been printed and circulated ere the arrival of the goods. Most of the pines require stripping of their offshoots, which is summarily accomplished by the lotters, and the floor is covered almost knee-deep with the green exuvia. The pines are disposed in lots of twenty each, with no space between them, there being no room for separation. The peaches, nectarines, "cots," (the commercial diminutive of apricots,) grapes, and other choice fruits, are packed in small rough deal boxes containing but a few pounds each, and the valuable fruit is so well cared for by its foreign owners, that it arrives at the market without the slightest scathe or blemish, and as pure in its native bloom as though just gathered from a nobleman's hot-house. The smell of so vast a quantity of fruit, which would be overpowering, and to some people unbearable, is abated and rendered agreeable by the thorough ventilation which everywhere prevails, the walls being rather railings than solid divisions, and the air permeating the whole building in every part.

We find no essential difference in any of the warehouses, the only variation being in the description of goods; here it is pines, in another place it is onions, in a third nuts, in a fourth apples and pears, in a fifth wall-fruit, and in a sixth potatoes, and so on; but in all, the buyers are conning over the lots, and ticking their catalogues, or making calculations for the impending sale.

Now it might be imagined that, as there are three sales to come off to-day, and nearly all the buyers in London are attracted to the spot, each of the agents or consignees having goods to dispose of, would be anxious to get the start of the other, and would strive his utmost to make his own market. Not so. The consignees of Pudding Lane are wiser in their generation, and have too much regard for the interests of their principals, and their own, to do anything of the kind. Please to observe that they do business, not on the competitive, but on the co-operative principle: instead of devising how to cut one another's throats, as the phrase goes, they combine to fill one another's pockets; they do not attempt to gain popularity by knocking down cheap lots, but give each other the opportunity of realizing as much as possible for the goods committed to their charge. The sales go on in rotation: agent A, we will suppose, begins at one o'clock, and gets done before three; agent B will begin at three and get done by half-past four; and soon afterwards agent C will commence, and have the rest of the day to himself. The effect of this system is, that each gets all the buyers present at his sale-room, which you may be quite sure is roomy enough to contain them all.

And a veritable bear-garden the sale-room is, as the reader may readily conceive, looking to the class of rough customers already described. These gentry appear to be for the most part the stall-keepers, or the peripatetic dealers who travel with their hand carts the streets of the metropolis; but though they cut the most prominent figure in Pudding Lane, and make the greatest noise in the sale-room, they are by no means the largest purchasers. The choicest of the stock is bought up by a comparatively few quiet individuals, with whom the auctioneer is well acquainted, and who effect important purchases by nods and signals scarcely noticeable by a casual spectator. The rapidity of the transactions is something striking. We note that in five minutes' time thirteen lots have been disposed of; and even this rate is sometimes exceeded, as, in spite of some noisy disputes and delays, nearly three hundred lots are knocked down in a couple of hours. This summary despatch does not, however, prevent the constant exchange of coarse jokes, the roughest kind of railery, and some rather doubtful witticisms, to which a ready reply is never wanting. Much amusement is excited by the knocking down of half-a-dozen damaged Dutch melons to a young Jew bidder, for twopence, and the demand which is immediately made by his Gentile opponents for the exaction of a deposit. Not a single article is produced in the sale-room, nor is there any description of the lots given in the catalogue—the mere number alone sufficing for all purposes of business. We notice that some few of the lots fetch extraordinary prices, considerably above the amounts bid for others of precisely the same description. On inquiry, we are informed that these are lots which private individuals, not dealers, have selected from the stock in view, with the understanding that they will pay for them whatever sum they may be knocked down at. This mode of buying, the genus dealer always resents, and punishes if he can. Thus, if he knows the lots thus privately selected, he will run them up far beyond their value, knowing that, being already gone, they cannot be adjudged to him, and must be paid for by the forestaller, however exorbitant the sum at which the hammer falls. We were assured that instances have been known where persons thus anticipating the sale have been mulcted to the tune of a hundred pounds and more.

Another noticeable feature of the sale is the fact that the auctioneer is not obliged to take the highest bidding and knock down the lot, if the bidding be not up to the mark which he has determined upon, or which has been indicated by the owner of the goods. This discretion of his is, however, necessarily limited: where, as in the case of the wall fruit and melons, etc., the goods are rapidly perishable, he sells for what he can get at the first opportunity; but when the wares are potatoes, onions, nuts, or lemons, all of which will keep a considerable time, he is in a condition to hold on until a more brisk demand may insure him his price.

Notwithstanding the want of ceremony and the rather free licence which prevails, the sales are all conducted with a degree of practical order and most

effectual despatch, so that all is done while daylight enough yet remains for the delivery of the goods, and even for their partial distribution through the highways and byways of this great city.

Comparatively speaking, the enormous trade which has its nucleus in Pudding Lane is almost a novelty in the commerce of London. It is true that the traffic in oranges, lemons, and Spanish nuts is of sufficiently ancient standing; but the traffic in West India pines is quite of recent date, since it was but a few years ago that the first samples of them made their appearance in the shops of the fruiterers and grocers of London. It may interest our readers to know that this trade, which has now increased to such enormous dimensions, had its origin among the emancipated negroes of the West Indies. The first pines imported from the western isles were grown by the negroes on their own lands, and were intended for their own consumption: an unexpected glut of them led to the experimental speculation of exporting them to England, and they were sent out as ballast at the minimum cost for freight. In London they were warmly welcomed, and fetched a far higher price than was anticipated, and year by year the demand for them has increased, until they have become a regular and valuable staple of West India produce. They are produced with very little labour, and this fact, perhaps more than anything else, has led to their cultivation on a large scale upon estates where labour is not easily obtained. The trade in French fruit has likewise increased enormously within the last few years, and bids fair to increase as much more, as it is a fact that the growth of fruit in our own country bears nothing like the proportion to our population which it did thirty years ago. Since that time, we have nearly doubled our numbers, while, according to some accounts, the amount of fruit we have raised—of those species at least which are accessible to the masses—has actually diminished. This being the case, we who are fond of fresh fruit may be thankful that our brethren, black and white, and our friends in Pudding Lane, have come to the rescue.

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### UP GLENCOE.

AT six o'clock in the summer's morning, the neat steamer "Pioneer" lay hissing alongside the pier at Oban, evidently longing to be off with its cargo of passengers for Glencoe and Fort William. This pier is in itself a curiosity, being the hull of a wrecked American barque affixed to the stone wharf. When we became as wide-awake as usual, we found ourselves steaming away through the bay northwards, disturbing the deep glassy reflections of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage, among many islets; along Lismore, with its white limestone furrows rifling its verdant pastoral slopes; and gradually nearing a vision of grand misty mountains congregated beyond. We are on Loch Linnhe, the commencement of that chain of inland lakes linked by the Caledonian Canal; to the right the heights of Lorn and Appin, cast into a thousand

shapes; to the left, the blue hills of Ossian's Morven. There is Tirefoor Castle on an eminence, as we pass the mouth of Loch Creran—a tower apparently constructed of dry stones without cement, at some very remote age of masonry. By-and-by we come to a low grey ruin on a promontory—Castle-Stalker, built for James IV. Entering the narrow sound of Shuna, we sail immediately beneath splendid shore-heights, greened from brow to base, furrowed with innumerable seams, ragged fleecy cloudlets drifting across the midst; the gull's flight is far above our masts, but does not reach half-way to the top of these.

Now the dappled sky decides in favour of fine weather: the sun looks out over a ridge of mist, which forthwith begins to glide away to recesses among the hills; what gleams of green and gold illuminate the land! Small white houses, looking insignificant as quartz pebbles, dot the shore in some places. The ragged cloud fleeces have lifted partially, and curl over the topmost edge of the crags; higher they lift, they break; chasms and precipices are revealed in mountains within and afar. Loch Eil and Loch Leven divide at the point of Onich, which is a promontory of Inverness-shire. Here we might see Ben Nevis, if the sky were clear; but not a trace of his mountain majesty is visible this morning.

Our steamer turns eastward into Loch Leven. Above Ballahulish Ferry rise the twin blasted peaks of the "Hill of the Thunderbolt;" masses of rock line the shore, bearing marks which tell the geologist that glacier-action has grooved and polished their surfaces. He sees with scientific eye that these Highland ravines were once filled with ice, which, gliding downwards ever, as the Alpine Mer-de-Glace is still doing, has left unmistakable records of its presence in the scratched and grooved surfaces of the schistose and slaty strata. Clay deposits near by contain shells now only extant in the arctic oceans.

Further eastward still, through shadows of mountains, which are piled grandly in front, crested by the conical Pass of Glencoe. At the slate quarries of Ballahulish—which look dark and glossy as if under perpetual showers—we landed, and after much strife of tongues, procured seats on a very tumble-down omnibus. Our suspicions of the sorry steeds which drew the vehicle were ere long justified, for after passing through the hamlet of Invercoe—the houses of which are built of all sorts of stones put together irregularly, layers of clay-slate among boulders of granite and gneiss—we came to the little river Coe, naming the glen; a bridge with rather a steep back-bone crosses it. Our horses made a wretched effort to climb this, but recoiled heavily against the parapet; nor was it till the passengers alighted with one accord, that their straining was successful. Two better appointed coaches passed us in triumph, but a third rosinante added to our equipment enabled us to follow at a cautious pace.

Just near the bridge, on the edge of the loch, stands the gable of the house of MacIan, chief of the clan MacDonald when the celebrated massacre was perpetrated here. A few fine ash and plane