

twilight, the hour when he elected to pass the defile of Balaguer. The better to try conclusions, Pepe desired his companions, (for there were many in his train,) to remain some distance in the rear, concealed in a turn of the path, whilst he passed on; telling them that, on hearing the report of a gun, they should quickly pass to the spot. Merrily Pepe trotted along, a fine-looking fellow enough, thanks to the cabeza. Step by step the spot fatal to so many was reached. Crack! is heard the discharge of a carbine. Up goes Pepe's hand to the cabeza; off he falls, in true artistic style, just like a man killed outright. Pepe was not killed, however, but tightly grasping a knife under his capa.

Very wide awake, though you might not have thought it, Pepe looked about him, and perceived, as the herdsman had before perceived, somebody clambering down the rocks—with these variations however: the clamberer was not monstrous in size, nor was he enveloped in flame. He was simply a man, not particularly ill-looking.

He approaches stealthily, he lays hold of Pepe's leg, and, much quicker than I can recite it to you, Pepe jerks away his wooden head, casts aside his cloak, and cuts with his knife right and left at the stranger.

The latter screamed with vigour. He did not get much wounded, and Pepe was a little man; but the Señor Don Juan (for it was no less than he) was so astounded at the mystery of the case, that he made no attempt at resistance. By this time Pepe's companions came to the rescue, bound the stranger hand and foot, delivered him over to the nearest alcalde, and in due course of time the Señor Don Juan de la Vega was garrotted.

This villain, it transpired, had been a familiar or servant of the Inquisition. The servant of those whose professed object it was to make people repent, had a very poor notion of repentance for his own sins. To the last he protested he had nothing to repent of. "The taking of a man's life is in itself a small matter," he would say, "provided you see to the welfare of his soul. I have taken many a life, but I always gave the soul a passport to heaven, by praying over the corpse, and decking it with a crucifix."

Well now, reader, you perhaps consider this a mere tale to while away a leisure hour. I do not. I believe it to be true. It passes for true on the spot, and has been more than once published in all its leading particulars, as I have told them.

NEWGATE MARKET.

ABOUT midway on the south side of Newgate Street, and compressed into a small quadrangle formed by Ivy Lane on the east, Paternoster Row on the south, Warwick Lane on the west, and Rose Lane on the north, stands Newgate Market—a retreat seldom visited, I should imagine, by any but those who have a vital interest in its concerns, since it offers but little of novelty to attract the curious idler, and is decidedly one of those mysteries which the timid or fastidious would not care to penetrate. Under these circumstances, I think that a few

descriptive words in connection with it may not be amiss.

Newgate Market, established for the sale of dead meat, game, poultry, and vegetables, had its standing originally in Blow-bladder Street; but, being destroyed by the great fire of London, Sir Christopher Wren, during his superintendence of the restorations and improvements in the city of London, rebuilt it on its present site; and the Green Market, formerly consolidated with it, was at the same time removed to Farringdon Street, where it now stands. From that date (1670) Newgate Market has been held by the Corporation of the City, under a lease of forty years, renewable for ever, at a rent of £4 per annum, granted by the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, to whom the site belongs.

The market is of an oblong form, extending east and west 195 feet, and 149 feet from north to south. It has a commodious market-house, a clock and bell turret in the centre, and capacious vaults and cellarage below; the shops or stalls (whichever you may please to call them) forming the boundary of the market, and the various suffocating little avenues that conduct into Newgate Street, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, and Warwick Lane, being occupied by a vociferous class of men in greasy blue frocks, who are the salesmen, and whom you may see—if you have the curiosity to loiter for a moment and bring your eye to bear upon any one of the said avenues—swarming there at all hours of the day, like so many blue-bottles round a sugar-jar. These shops or stalls (sixty-eight in number) are rented by the week; and I am told by the intelligent clerk of the market, to whom I have gone for information, that, were there five times as many, occupants would be found for them all. He makes this revelation to me at eleven o'clock on a certain morning, when we are sitting in a species of stout sentry-box, which forms his official retreat, discussing the heads of the present paper. He is a stout healthy looking man, this clerk, of about forty; pleasantly garrulous upon what is evidently his pet topic—the market; and displaying, moreover, a respectable amount of information of a general character.

His house looks out upon what is called the "Market Square," an open space where the carts of the wholesale buyers—for the most part metropolitan butchers and poulterers—congregate as early as four o'clock in the morning on Mondays and Saturdays, which are the busiest days of the week. The wholesale trade is usually over by two o'clock in the afternoon; but there is no fixed time for closing the market, the retail business continuing till a late hour.

I ask my friend the clerk how the dead meat, etc. consigned to the market is brought there. He replies: "Well, sir, some of it reaches us by road-waggon direct, some by railway and thence by van, and some by water and thence by van, according, you see, to where it comes from. We get the chief part of our English beef, for instance, from Norfolk, our mutton from Lincolnshire, and our pork and bacon from Berkshire and Hampshire: that comes by railway. Then, again, a considerable quantity of beef is consigned to us from Spain; while the beef and mutton, which come from Scotland (espe-

cially Aberdeen) and France, are of course brought by water. The principal counties sending both live and dead meat to London, are Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire."

"What weight of dead meat should you think reaches you by railway per week, speaking in round numbers?"

"Well, sir, it's quite impossible to say. Why, Mr. Moseley, (the traffic manager of the Eastern Counties Railway,) when he was examined in January, 1850, before the City Commissioners, in reference to the proposed removal of the live cattle market at Smithfield, made a statement respecting the weekly amount of meat pitched by that company alone, which was all but incredible. He said that this mode of consignment was rapidly increasing; that, since 1845, it had increased so much indeed that, whereas in that year the quantity of meat carried by them per week did not amount to more than 100 tons, it was then (in 1850, the date of his examination) upwards of 600 tons; and that, in the Christmas of the same year, they pitched (I should explain to you, sir, that the word 'pitch' means 'to unload') no fewer than 1000 tons of dead meat, game, and poultry."

"Now," I asked, "is the amount of this kind of business done by the Eastern Counties Railway a fair example of the traffic on the other lines?"

"Oh, dear no!" was the brisk reply. "I should think that the meat traffic on the Great Northern line would pretty near double that on the Eastern Counties."

"I suppose," said I, "that the largest consignments are made about Christmas time."

"Yes, sir. We reckon the busiest time of the year to be from the beginning of December to the end of February. We are no ways slack at the worst of times, but during those three months the market is in what I may call a 'skurry.'"

I next interrogate him concerning the average price which the different meats fetch in the market. To this he is unable to make answer. "You see," he says, in explanation of his difficulty, "nothing varies so much as the price of meat. Good beef may sometimes be had for as little as fivepence a pound, and I've known it to be as much as a shilling for the pound. I am speaking now of first class meat. But there are three kinds sold here; namely, the best, which is bought up by the large butchers and retailers; the second class, which meets with purchasers amongst the smaller tradesmen, sausage makers, and so on; and the third, or worst class, which finds its way to the cheap dining-rooms, and to the tables of those who, not being blest with too much money, prefer to have meat of an inferior quality rather than none at all. But you must understand that the meat is wholesome enough, and has been killed in the regular way. Bad or diseased meat is not allowed to be sold. And in order to prevent this, the market has its Inspector, whose duty it is to examine all meats exposed there for sale, to see that they are fit for human food, and generally to watch that no bad meat is sold. In co-operation with him we have besides the General Inspector, who visits the market periodically, and who is also the Inspector of Slaughter-houses.

"I suppose," I slyly hinted, "that those lamentable foibles which are occasionally observable in the rest of the trading community, are not without their parallels here, and that you have *sometimes* to call in the assistance of the inspector of weights and measures?"

"Just that, sir. We find the inspector of weights and measures for the east of London, a good deal of employment one way and another. No later ago than yesterday a man brought a piece of meat to me which he had just bought in the market, and which he was told weighed over one pound seven ounces. I weighed it, and found it to be two ounces short of a pound. The man didn't want to make a row about it, he said, so he took the meat back to the salesman, who made up the short weight and apologized for what he was pleased to call a 'mistake.' And he was right, sir. He'd have found that little deficiency of nine ounces one of the greatest mistakes he ever made in his life, if our inspector of weights and measures had been in the way."

"What other officials are employed in the market?" I inquired.

"Three, sir. Your humble servant, (who lives on the spot,) a beadle, and an assistant beadle."

"The business of the first of the two last-named officials being, as I suppose, to adjust any little differences that may arise between the gentlemen in the blue frocks; and of the latter, to assist in removing them if the said difference should assume a belligerent aspect?"

"Come, that's a funny way of putting it, however," rejoined my friend the clerk, with a chuckle. "But it's true enough, too. Take us altogether, we're a rough lot, sir; there's no denying that."

"Now there are some parts of beasts which cannot be used for food; such as the hides, for instance. What becomes of them?"

I had touched my companion on his weak point—general information; he rushed into a complication of facts, extending into an harangue of some half-an-hour's duration, which I may briefly put as follows:—

"When a beast has been killed, the hide or skin (as it may happen to be, for the two things are very different) is removed from the carcass with the horns and hoofs attached; if a skin, it is taken to the skin-market at Bermondsey, or if a hide, to the Leadenhall hide-market; the purchase and sale (wholesale) of the hides and skins being a private speculation between the carcass-dealer and the hide or skin-salesman, and preliminary, you understand, to the meat being sent to this market. Now there is just *this difference between a hide and a skin*. A hide is what I may call the outer peeling that is removed from the carcass of a bull, an ox, or a cow; the skin, that which is obtained from the flaying of calves, sheep, and goats. From this skin, which, being thin and fine in grain, is best suited to the purpose, parchment is made, as, I dare say, the lawyers don't require to be told. And it is made in this way, for I've often seen it done. When the hair or wool is removed from the skin, it is placed in a lime-pit for a while, and then stretched on a square wooden frame drawn

tight by pegs. It is then scraped on the flesh side with a blunt iron, then wetted with a bit of moist rag covered with powdered chalk, and rubbed well with pumice stone. Then it is let be, for a spell; and then the same thing over again, two or three times. When it is dry, the skinner takes it out of the frame and sends it to the parchment maker, who lays it on a sort of sack stuffed with flocks and scrapes it with a sharp tool till it is pretty even all over, and not thicker in one part than another. Then he trims it up round the edges, and—there you have your parchment.

“The hide, which is too thick and coarse to be used for this purpose, is however equally useful in many other ways. For instance, we have it on the covers of our books, on the outside of our trunks, in the inside of our hats, on our feet, round our legs (leastwise we rough ‘jokers’ do), in our hands as a whip, and about our horses as harness; we have it also in the buckets of our fire-engines, in the hose, and it would be difficult to say in how many other forms. But previous to this, it has to undergo a process called ‘tanning,’ which is the turning of hides into leather by the application of a sort of vegetable extract called ‘tannin.’ The horns and hoofs being first removed, the hides are placed in a tan-pit (filled with water) between layers of oak-bark, and remain there for three or four months; by that time the bark (or tannin) is exhausted, because the hides have absorbed it through their pores, which the water has opened, and have become slightly coloured by it. Fresh bark is then added, with a similar result, and so on, the process varying from one to four years, according to the thickness of the hides and their quickness of absorption. They are then removed, and hung in an open shed to dry, and while drying are occasionally made hot and rubbed, or passed between rollers to make them firm and close. You may see lots of these hides, sir, as you leave London by the Brighton line, hanging in rows to dry in the different tan yards. And you may smell ‘em too, sir, for the matter of that, for tanning is not what you may call an agreeable trade.

“There is also an after process which some thin hides have to go through, called currying; about which I have not time to tell you now, and which is employed for the purpose of giving an extra smoothness and suppleness to the leather.”

I asked my courteous informant to what use the horns and hoofs of a beast were put when detached from the hide.

“That’s more than I can tell you, of my own knowledge,” he rejoined, after a pause. “From the hoofs, as well as from some portion of the horn, both glue and ammonia are obtained; and the horns are made into combs, knife and umbrella-handles, the tops of whips, buttons, snuff-boxes, drawer-knobs, and heaps of things.”

Perceiving, by this time, that I had pretty well exhausted my friend’s stock of general information, if not his patience also, I thanked him for the information he had given me, and wished him a good day. It was now two o’clock, P.M., and the last of the butchers’ carts, with its load of meat for retail sale, was leaving the market square, home-

ward bound. Threading my way through the bawling, bustling, helter-skelter multitude of blue-frocked men, who may be found there any day of the week save Sunday, when the market appears an undisturbed solitude of ruinous old sheds, I followed in the wake of the last butcher’s cart, and bent my steps towards home.

INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR IN GERMANY.

DURING Napoleon’s wars in Germany, a French regiment, on its march through the country, was quartered on the inhabitants of a certain village. Among the soldiers was one of a remarkably fierce and savage aspect, with a black beard, surmounted by an immense quantity of bristly hair, who, in his gestures and whole demeanour, affected to personify the wild man of the woods. The farmer upon whom he happened to be billeted was terrified at the sight of his guest, and told the officer that he would agree to take, in the place of such a savage, two of a less ferocious appearance. The officer agreed, and took the soldier to other houses; but, receiving the same answer, he turned him into the street to find a lodging for himself. This happened on an evening when the few members of the society (Moravian) met for edification in the hall of one of their number, who acted as their leader and kept them together. He was standing at his door, and saw the poor man passing by more than once. At length he asked him on whom he was quartered. The soldier answered, that no one would take him in. The Brother, though somewhat alarmed by his fierce looks, on being assured that he would behave decently, feeling pity for him, showed him into his house. On seeing the benches placed in order, and a little organ in the hall, he asked if it were a church, and was answered, that he would soon see the use to which these things were applied. He sat down in astonishment. The company assembled, a hymn was sung, a portion of Scripture read and a prayer offered up. The poor man was deeply affected, and exclaimed: “You are a happy people. Would God I were like you! But I hear none of these things. I am a poor wretch, and shall be shot in the next battle.” The Brethren spoke kindly to him, and directed him to that Saviour who will cast none out, not even the worst. By the kindness of his charitable host, he now got a good supper and a night’s lodging.

In the morning early he went out and sought the farmer who had first thrust him away, whom he demanded to see, and then informed, how and where he had found much more comfortable quarters. The farmer laughed him to scorn; and, being a great enemy of the Brethren, replied that he was very welcome to join those wretched pietists, but as for himself, he would never enter their house. “But you shall, though,” cried the rough soldier, enraged at hearing his hospitable friends abused: “you shall attend this very day at their evening worship, and I will come and fetch you, and take no denial.” He was as good as his word. At the proper time he appeared at the farmer’s door, who, terrified by his determined manner, accompanied him, and, to the surprise of all present, was found seated next to his conductor, who fairly mounted guard over him. But now the Lord’s time was come. The wrath and fright of the poor farmer vanished; and, touched by a Divine power, he sought and found forgiveness of sin through the atoning blood of Jesus. He went home in a very different state of mind from that in which he entered the house, and by his testimony his wife and family were awakened to a sense of their lost estate by nature, and with prayer and supplication sought and obtained the same mercy. The conversion of this man and his family created a great sensation in the village, and proved the means, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the conversion of many souls. We are not told what became of the poor soldier, but we will hope that what he heard and felt was not lost upon him, and perhaps, in the day of battle, was brought home to his soul.—*La Trobe’s “Letters.”*