

would be found in the eagerness manifested by the partisans of the Romish Church to shield the criminals from the hands of justice. Through the influence of the Cardinals of Trent and Augsburg, to whom they appealed, the trial was suspended; when again resumed, it was prohibited by an order from the emperor; and the issue was, that the murderers were allowed to escape uncondemned and with impunity! With regard to the guilt of the parties, and the veracity of the whole story, no room has been left for doubt or suspicion. Besides the narrative drawn up by Claude Senarclé, which is supported by the testimony of Bucer, the facts were sufficiently attested during the trial while it lasted. But, indeed, so far were the Roman Catholics from denying the facts, that many of them, and especially the countrymen of Diaz, justified and applauded the deed. Even those of their historians who feel obliged to condemn the murder, manifest how little abhorrence they felt at it. It only remains to be stated, as the climax of a story which, for the credit of human nature, stands almost alone in the annals of crime, that the callous fratricide appeared publicly at Trent, along with his bloody accomplice, where he openly boasted of his crime, without exciting a shudder in the breasts of the holy fathers there assembled; that he was welcomed back to Rome; and, finally, that he returned to his own country, where he was admitted to the society of men of rank and education, who listened to him while he coolly related the circumstances of his sanctified crime! Sepulveda, one of the most elegant writers of Spain, took down the facts as we have now related them from the lips of the murderer himself, whom, in the true spirit of Romish fanaticism, he invests with all the attributes of a hero. Altogether, it is hardly possible to conceive a more striking exemplification of our Lord's prediction, "The brother shall deliver up the brother to death;" or to point to a more lamentable proof of the length to which fanatical zeal may go in quenching the best affections of the human breast, and stimulating to crimes the most atrocious and unnatural.

A VILLAGE SHOP.

WHEN the city housewife goes about that weighty business which forms one of the principal excitements of her life, namely, when she goes a-shopping, in order to provide for domestic necessities or personal whims and vanities, she generally has a journey of some length and variety before her. The city shop prides itself upon its individuality, and usually holds fast by its individual staple, scorning to meddle with all others, or in any way to interfere with the specialities of its neighbours; and therefore the housewife has to travel from one to another—from baker to grocer, from stationer to jeweller, from tinman to furniture-broker, from draper to butcher—and so on and on, till all her wants are supplied. But in thousands of the quiet hamlets and straggling villages which dot the retired and uncommercial tracks of this broad England of ours, the case, as it regards shops and shopping, is

widely different. In multitudes of pleasant little places which figure on the map and even sometimes send petitions to Parliament, the *grand business* of shopping has all to be transacted under a single roof. There is many a village where, if you were to inquire for the chemist, the hosier, the stationer, etc., the aboriginal inhabitants would hardly know what you were talking about, and would have to find out your meaning by cross-questioning; and when they had discovered it, they would refer you at once to THE SHOP.

Now, on being referred to The Shop, you, with your city notions, naturally expect to find it situated in the most conspicuous part of the village or hamlet, and glorying in the exhibition of a double-glazed front, where all that pass by may stop and gaze their fill, and test the strength of their prudence against the temptations to expenditure. But in this you may happen to be mistaken. Perhaps, instead of a double-glazed front, you shall find a little six-paned window not bigger than that of an attic in the city, revealing only a few small packages, with perhaps a single pattern of printed calico; and it may be that, instead of finding it in the main street or thoroughfare, you shall find it away in the rear of the road, or standing in the outskirts of the place, quite alone. You see, *the shop* being the *only shop*, is defiant of competition, or altogether careless of it, and, to a far greater extent than usual among shopkeepers, is heedless of making a show to attract customers; for The Shop knows well enough that all the spending-money of the circuit which it has to supply will come (like so much grist to the mill) to its counter sooner or later, and it does not see the policy of taking any trouble to tempt its patrons to spend to-day what they will be obliged to spend to-morrow.

Some time ago it was our fortune to stumble upon a model shop of this useful class in a retired village not far from the mouth of the Severn; and we shall set down some few of its physiological features for the benefit of such of our readers as may feel interested in the predicaments of rural retail commerce. We had passed through the village on a fine sunshiny afternoon, fancying that we had left it, with all its little cares, behind, when we suddenly came upon *the shop* of Mr. Potter, which stood in the centre of a pleasant flower garden, through which a broad roughly gravelled walk led to the open doors. On each side of the walk, piled on boards laid for their reception, or on garden-seats, were huge rolls of blankets, of carpetings, of druggets, of oil-cloth, of mattings. The window at the left of the door was the depository of a stock of modest linen-drapery, where spriggy prints of Manchester contrasted with the woollen textures of Paisley, and were edged off with ribbons of brightest hues; while pieces of silk, and ditto of calico and towelling, filled the background. The right-hand window displayed a substantial stock of groceries, mingled with oils and pickles, potted meats and confections, wax-lights and gingerbread-nuts. The long double counter extended more than twenty feet to a couple of smaller windows on the other side of the house, and which looked out upon an orchard, where the trees were loaded with fruit, a good por-

tion of which had been gathered for sale, and lay heaped on shelves and packed in baskets in various places. One of the back windows was filled with labourers' tools and agricultural implements, including everything, from the plough which occupied the show-board along its whole length, to the pruning-knife and the pocket bread-and-cheese "excaliber" of the plough-boy. From the ceiling of this part of the shop, which was cool and airy, hung several quarters of country pork, lately slaughtered for consumption, in company with joints of mutton, and ditto of plump roasting beef; while on rafters above them lay the broad fitches of bacon in reserve for fresh demands after others which were "in cut" should have been sliced away. In a kind of supplemental shop, entered through a gap in the counter on the right, was an assortment of household furniture—chairs, tables, chests of drawers, sofas, bedsteads, mirrors, etc.—everything, in short, that could be desiderated in a dwelling-house; and in one corner of this apartment stood a small cabinet stocked with drugs, medicaments, patent medicines, and all the recognised specifics of the pharmacopœia. Mr. Potter, a cheery benevolent looking personage of middle age, happened to be engaged in this department when we caught sight of him, and we gathered from his operations that he was not only chemist and druggist as well as everything else to the neighbourhood, but that, to a round number of patients, he was medical adviser as well; and we saw him administer to a patient, complaining of nausea and pain in the side, both bolus and draught ("in your own bottles" of course) for the remunerating fee, advice included, of twopence.

In another angle of the same room, and occupying a much larger space, was a collection of books and stationery, both being of the most useful sort, but neither wanting in variety. Among the books were some three or four hundred to lend for circulation, as well as some crowded shelves of popular works, in gay coloured cloth and gold, for sale. Here sat Miss Betsey Potter, Potter's only daughter, in the act of writing a letter from the dictation of a red-cloaked old woman to her sailor son in the Mediterranean. Betsey is very patient and obliging, and puts down the old dame's affectionate wishes, good advice, and family news, in a very neat and simple way, and then reads it over to her amidst a shower of admiring commendations. The letter finished, directed and stamped, is dropped into the post-box there and then, for Potter is post-office keeper and money-office keeper to boot, and even does, by self or deputy, the duty of village postman. This duty, so far as it concerns the humbler class of inhabitants, is rather characteristically performed—the letters of the good people of the village, which is a long and straggling one, being for the most part handed to them over the counter when they come to the shop for goods: if they don't come in a reasonable time, say in the course of the week, they are sure to learn from a neighbour that a letter awaits them, and will go for it at the latest on Saturday night; but it will happen sometimes that the owner of the letter is lost sight of, and then the letter itself is exhibited in a little side-window allotted for the

purpose, and gets talked about, till at last the person addressed hears of it, and then he comes to claim it, perhaps from a distance of a dozen miles.

You might reasonably imagine that with all the above branches of trade to attend to, Mr. Potter, with his wife and daughter, had quite enough work on their hands; but indeed we have not catalogued his business yet. Turn to the left hand instead of the right when you are in the main shop, and you will find your way into the oil and colour department, where paints of all hues are weighed out to customers, either dry or already mixed in pots, with brushes ready for gratuitous use, to be returned when done with. Along with the paints are no end of rolls of ornamental paper for papering rooms, with barrels of size, ditto of whiting—in short, all that can be thought of for renovating either the interior or the exterior of a house. Upstairs, over the drapery department, is the slop or ready-made clothes warehouse, overflowing with jackets, smock-frocks, pantaloons, leather leggings, boots, shoes, bluchers, clogs, hats, caps, wide-awakes, and coats of all materials, from coarsest frieze to glossiest broadcloth. Add to all these stores a fair stock of cutlery, a lot of grindstones, every description of household hardware, from a kitchen-fender and fire-irons down to nutmeg-graters, brads, and tin-tacks; a gallant collection of china and glass, and all varieties of domestic earthenware, and you have some notion of the comprehensive functions of the village shop. Still, if you look about you, there is more that may be set down in the list: there are eggs and butter, for instance; and if you look in on a Saturday forenoon, you shall find a choice of ducks and fowls ready for the spit, with a pipkin or two of green peas to accompany them on the table; and at Michaelmas or Christmas time, neither goose nor turkey shall be wanting, nor tender delicately-tinted sucking-pig. Moreover, out there in the garden, under the long shed, there is a famous assortment of baskets, hampers, fish-creels, lobster-traps, and wicker-work of all kinds, not forgetting cradles; then there is a handy reserve of corks and trimmers, painted buoys and boat-kedges, spare sculls and oars, and sea fishing-tackle for the benefit of the fishermen dwelling down at the river's mouth. We may wind up the list, though it is by no means yet complete, by alluding to the rope and line and twine department, which is usually coiled up under the counters, and does not challenge observation.

Seeing that Mr. Potter is such a tremendous monopolist, one might imagine him a kind of village ogre, devouring all and sundry that came in his way, and fattening upon the spoils of his fellows. Never was a greater mistake than that would be. Of course, the proprietor of the village shop takes care of himself, but it is generally the fact that he does business at a smaller profit than his rival in the city, and with infinitely more regard to the welfare of his customers; and he can act thus liberally for more reasons than one: he has no plate-glass and brass expenses; he is at no charge for puffing and advertising; he maintains neither walking sandwiches nor travelling van, neither touters nor trumpeters; all of which provocations

to business in the city have to be paid by the purchasers of goods. Then, again, the dealers of Mr. Potter's class live at a low rent in a humble way; they are their own shopmen, their own buyers, and if they keep a trap and ride out, it is for the delivery of goods, and not for purposes of pleasure. They sell everything because they must do so; but they are not always the proprietors of what they sell: that plump porker, for instance, hanging by the heels to the cherry-tree in front of Potter's shop was never Potter's pig. Piggy, when alive, was the pet and property of old Tom Blunt, who lives in Lane Cottage. Tom reared him to pay the rent, and was obliged to kill him for that purpose; and, in order to bring the matter to a successful conclusion, he consults Potter. Potter, in turn, consults his customers, and, by recommending the pork, which he knows he can do conscientiously, gets all the joints, down to the very chops, bespoken and down in his order-book, to be delivered on a certain day, while the unsuspecting piggy is yet alive and wallowing; the animal, in fact, is sold piecemeal before he is killed. Now this would hardly happen without Potter's intervention in the business; and yet the probability is, that out of regard for Tom Blunt, who is an old customer, he will not accept a penny for his pains. In some way analogous to this, he has got temporary possession of the eggs and butter, and fowls, and perhaps a pan of cream besides; he has received them from some customer, in order to be turned into money for the customer's behoof. Nothing is more common than this in the commerce of the remote village, and it is found to be beneficial to all parties.

In the long-run, the master of the village shop is pretty sure to grow rich, unless he succumbs to the temptation, which is always assailing him, of speculating beyond the requirements of his market. We have observed that the majority of those that fail of making a fortune do so from this cause, but even of them the number is very few. By the time that Potter is verging on threescore, we may expect to find him a man of substance, residing in a pretty cottage overlooking the Channel, and once a day, at least, bustling down to the old shop, which he has delegated to his son-in-law, the husband of the obliging Betsey, and where he likes to cast a superintending eye now and then, and to see that things are going on in their old train. We must not grudge the old man his competence and independence, for nothing is more certain than that he has worked hard to win them.

TWO INVITATIONS.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE, BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

My dear pious mother—and what a mercy it is to have such a one!—had laboured to instil into me a due reverence for the Lord's day. When, however, I became a man, it sat somewhat too lightly upon me, and an invitation out to dinner on that day was a snare I was too weak always to resist.

One day—I remember it was a Friday—I had occasion to call upon a family at Hendon, and as my horse was a little lame, I asked a friend, the father of the poet Keats, to lend me one; he did so, with a caution to be careful, for the creature had been turned out of the London Cavalry

Troop as incurably vicious. At that time I was a fearless and a tolerable good rider, so it was to me rather a recommendation. The horse carried me grandly, and as we rode along I felt highly elated, for he was so fine a figure that he attracted the notice of all on the road, and riders are apt to fancy such admiration to be shared by themselves. We arrived at Hendon without any particular exhibition of temper, and with much pleasure I handed him over to a groom. During my short visit I was much pressed to join a party there on the following Sunday to dinner, and as my friend Keats was to be one, I rather easily consented.

On taking my departure, the horse was brought to the door, and the groom incautiously throwing the rein upon his neck, he started off on a gallop, and it took a run of half an hour to catch him. When he arrived, the brute was in a highly excited state, and on my mounting, he commenced a series of furious antics; he had had his off, and now refused to take me off. There was a house hard by, having a flight of stone steps to the front door, and over these he obstinately backed, in spite of whip and spur, and then fell over with great violence. I saw the danger, and was prepared, by releasing my feet from the stirrups. As the brute rose, he made a violent kick, but most providentially only struck the rim of my hat, severing it, however, from the sides: it was a most merciful miss of my head, which might have been fatal. Somehow, vicious animals seldom hurt themselves, and on inspection it was found that he had only a few scratches.

My friends, who had witnessed all this, would not allow me to ride him home, and indeed I was a little nervous myself; so they sent him up by one of their men, and a most troublesome job he declared it to have been.

The next day (Saturday) I made an arrangement with Mr. Keats, after relating to him my misadventure, at which he only laughed, to meet him on the road to Hendon on Sunday, for my conscience was not disturbed by even this event; and as my mother's residence lay on the road, I sent her notice that I should ride over to breakfast with her in the morning. This was very like an undutiful bravo! I rode my own horse there, and found she had prepared an unusually fine set out (I was very fond, she knew, of a good breakfast), and she received me most lovingly and cheerfully. I was prepared for a snub, and did not know what to make of it. After some kind and judicious observations, she said in her own peculiarly firm but kindly manner: "Now, my dear son, if you had received two nice invitations for one day, which would you accept?" I saw the drift of this question, and replied, "As a general rule, the first to hand." "Very proper," said she, "and it would be very offensive to the first in hand, if it was known that you preferred the second." "Certainly," was my reply. "Then, my dear son, God has given you the first invitation for this his day; can you refuse it for the second at Hendon, and not expect his displeasure, especially when that refusal is accompanied by the breach of a law both conventional and divine?" These words I never could forget. God's invitation was accepted, and I accompanied my dear mother to his house both morning and evening.

This decision was rendered awfully impressive to me by what occurred that day, probably at the very time those words were spoken; for my companion that was to have been, Mr. Keats, was riding the vicious beast of my overthrow on Friday, and had only proceeded a short distance towards Hendon, when the brute threw him in the City Road, and he was killed on the spot—a lesson to me never to be forgotten.

THE RED SEA.—The red colour with which the sea is tinged, round the shores of Ceylon, during a part of the S.W. monsoon, is due to the *Proto-coccus nivalis*, or the *Himatta-coccus*, which presents different colours at different periods of the year—giving us the seas of milk as well as those of blood. The coloured water at times is to be seen all along the coast north to Kurrachee, and far out, and of a much more intense tint in the Arabian Sea. The frequency of its appearance in the Red Sea has conferred on it its name.—*Dr. Buist of Bombay.*