and curious, but as a living testimony of the fusion and the equality established between France and her African colony."

The Parisians are essentially novelty-loving people, and the arrival of the Turcos was to them an exciting and piquant event. Being encamped in the vicinity of the capital, the Turcos had facilities to enter it almost daily, and, in turn, they were visited at their quarters by thousands of curious observers. The half-civilized, half-savage child of the desert, with the prestige of his terrible services fresh and undiminished, had only to show his bronzed visage in street or café to become instantly the "observed of all observers." It is said that the Turco permits himself to be an object of curiosity and of admiration with a tolerably good grace, but with a somewhat disdainful air; for he himself, albeit secretly astonished and amazed by all the marvels of European civilization and science surrounding him at Paris, does not permit his feelings to be so openly manifested. "The Arab is naturally haughty; although aware of his relative inferiority in point of civilization, he would not have it perceived by his own bearing, and therefore often conceals his curiosity under an affectation of indifference. Thus, for example," says a French writer, "in Africa, a mountain Arab, a half-savage, passed by the side of one of our military bands at the moment that it executed airs which ought to have stirred his warlike spirit; he did not stop, he did not appear to regard or listen; on the contrary, he passed proudly, in a tattered burnous, singing to himself a mountain air."

At Paris, the Turcos managed to make themselves understood by the help of the famous language, or rather jargon, called "Sabir," which is a singular mixture of French, Maltese, Italian, Spanish, and Arabian. The celebrated article of the Koran, forbidding Mahommedans to drink wine or intoxicants, is not very rigorously observed by them; and when a remark is made concerning this disobedience, the Turcos gravely reply, that they will soon leave Paris, and that, whilst they *are* there, they wish to enjoy a "fantasia," or whim.

Incurious as they affect to be, the Turcos go everywhere, and see all they are permitted to see. The Bourse, or Exchange, at Paris, is said to have astonished many of them very greatly; "but," says an eye-witness, "nothing has been more singular to see and to study, than the manner of the Turcos when visiting the Jardin de Plantes. Stopping before the Algerian lions, they contemplated with a most singular air those animals, the terror of the mountain and of the plain, which in their native country the Arabs are habituated only to see from afar, majestically at liberty, or terrible in the midst of the flock, choosing and carrying away the prey they wish to devour, or stretched along the earth during the heat of the day, enjoying their *siesta* under the shade of a bush. 'Not dead!' cried the Turcos, after a silent examination of some moments. 'He is not dead, and we are close to him!' and they appeared as though they could hardly believe their eyes. 'Macach bono!' (that one is good for nought) said a Turco, designating a young lion, bandy-legged as a terrier dog, and which captivity had reduced to a miserable condition."

A droll story is related of a Turco. A large crowd assembled on the boulevard, near the Rue Richelieu, in consequence of a novel misunderstanding which had arisen between a "cocher" (coachman or driver) and a Turco. Cocher had, it appeared, driven Turco a long circuit in his carriage, and naturally enough required payment for the excursion. But this was a thing which Turco could not, or would not, understand at all. So Cocher bawled and declaimed, and Turco vociferated yet louder. "He invited me himself to ride in his voiture!" explained Turco, as well as he could, in the "Sabir" dialect; and it appeared to be the fact that Turco, having seen Cocher make a signal for a fare, readily construed it into a personal invitation to take a ride, and accepted it with great pleasure and eagerness. This explanation, however, was not satisfactory to Cocher, who would have consigned unfortunate Turco to the nearest police station, had not a generous passer-by paid the demand, and Turco stalked away, happy enough to escape from the dilemma without being deprived of his solitary tuft of hair at the top of his head, which the Turcos, like all others of their creed, wear in accordance with a well-known Mahommedan law or tradition.

In Algeria itself, the Turcos only wear their uniform when on actual service, or upon an expedition; and when free from active or immediate military service, they re-assume the burnous, and stalk about with naked legs and feet, like other natives. They are said to be very much attached to their French officers, who are, and always have been, picked men, thoroughly inclined to command, organize, and discipline the wild "fighting animals" intrusted to their care and government. "The officers are cherished by their soldiers, and discipline becomes easy between men united by the bond of danger. A Turco regards his colonel as a father. Speak to them of Marshal Bosquet, their oldest chief, and they never cease praising him. Speak to them of M. Laure, their last colonel, and you will make tears spring in their eyes."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BELL FAMILY.

WHATEVER may be the merits or defects of this family, the distinction certainly belongs to it of being very widely spread, and very well known, in every quarter of the globe. Members of it are found in all civilized countries: in cities, towns, and villages; in palaces and prisons; in churches, hotels, and all respectable dwellings; and on board of every ship that cuts the ocean wave. Like the human species generally, they vary in stature, bulk, and speech. There are dwarfs among them—puny little things, with tinkling voices; and there are also giants—huge corpulent fellows, twenty feet high, and forty or fifty round, speaking with tremendous tones, perfectly dinning to the ear, unless distance modifies the sound. Their employments are very multifarious. They minister in the service of religion; proclaim the march of time;

officiate merrily at marriages; act the part of mourners at funerals; announce the victory; sound the alarm of revolt; summon passengers to railway trains; declare the arrival of visitors; and often furiously express the impatience of masters and mistresses to their menials. The antiquity of the family cannot be precisely ascertained. But it long antedated the most ancient of our noble houses, and was in existence, making a noise in the world too, before Greeks or Romans were heard of, even in the days of old Assyria, and at the time when Israel was wandering in the desert. Some, indeed, have gravely referred its original paternity to the great artificer in brass and iron before the flood, Tubal Cain; and upon the same authority we have it, that Noah employed the first of the progeny while building the ark, to summon his ship-carpenters to their work.

Bells, to drop the metaphor, are first heard of in the book of Exodus. They were made of gold, and of course diminutive, as appears from their use, as well as the material, being appended to the blue vestment of the high priest, in which he was robed during the performance of religious ceremonies. In a similar way, they were attached to the royal costume among the ancient Persians. Bronze bells were found by Mr. Layard in a chamber of the palace of Nimroud, apparently intended for horse and chariot furniture; and upon the metal being analysed, it was found to contain one part of tin to ten parts of copper. It is curious to reflect that if the tin, as is probable, came from Phœnicia, it may have been exported from Britain, so that Cornish metal, perchance, jingled in the streets of Nineveh. Small bells of this kind, rung by hand, sounded in the markets, temples, and camps of the ancients; summoned guests to feasts, and preceded funeral processions. The Romans had them at their doors, with porters to respond to the call; the night-watch carried them to give the alarm when occasion required; and they were employed to announce the hour when the vast public baths were opened. Their flocks and teams likewise were "*belled*"—a usage which was recently almost universal both in our own country and on the continent, and still lingers. It is said to have been originally designed to keep off beasts of prey, and enable the owners to trace the animals when astray. It was useful, also, by night, when the roads were narrow, as it warned waggoners of each other's approach, and put them on their guard against collision.

From a passage in "Macbeth," it may be inferred that in the sixteenth century something larger than the domestic hand-bell was in use at houses of the nobles, though even then, the horn hung outside the gate of many a country squire:—

> " Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
> She *strike* upon the bell."

It was not till the present century that the simple practice of ringing a bell in a horizontal direction, by means of a crank and a piece of wire, became at all common, and that bell-hanging, in the same way, was introduced into the rooms of dwellings. But these are the pigmies of the race. Very different are church bells, with here and there a secular neighbour, ponderous and far-sounding, upon which the hours are struck.

> " O, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
> Reading great sermons with its iron tongue!"

In ages of persecution, when the faithful worshipped in nooks and corners of cities, or in dens and caves of the earth, no sound invited them to the solemn meeting, lest it should betray their hiding-place to the foe. But as altered circumstances allowed of special buildings being erected for their accommodation, they were gradually provided with the bell's loud voice, summoning the prayerful to the house of God; and it is a probable idea that the towers of churches were suggested by it, with the view of carrying the sound more widely over hill and valley, moor and meadow. The practice rapidly spread after it arose, perhaps in Italy, in the fifth century. Bells were first used in English churches towards the close of the seventh century, but were adopted in Scotland in the sixth.

Some examples may be singled out from the list of those of great magnitude, ecclesiastical and secular, proceeding from the smaller to the *larger*. The youngest of the group, born in the past year, is the Victoria Bell, at the Leeds Town Hall, a magnificent building, which has recently tolled mournfully for Lord Macaulay and Mr. Baines. It is 6 feet 2 inches wide, 6 inches thick, and weighs exactly 4 tons 1 cwt. It is hung for ringing in full swing, and is the largest bell in England rung in that manner. No other tower, perhaps, would bear the operation with such a weight, though it is well known that the tone is then finer and less monotonous than from any stationary striking. It sounds the note B natural.

The great bell of St. Paul's, in the south tower, struck hourly by the hammer of the clock, is 9 feet wide, and weighs 5 tons 2 cwt. It bears the inscription, "Richard Phelps made me, 1716." The clapper weighs 180 lbs. It lies idle, except on the occasion of the death of a member of the royal family, a bishop of the diocese, a dean of the cathedral, or a lord mayor of London. The sound of the bell is overpowered, at a very moderate distance, by the din of the streets. It is said, by critical ears, to have no distinct note, but a double one compounded of A and a third above.

Tom of Lincoln, re-cast in 1835, considered a good bell, is an inch wider than St. Paul's, weighs 5 tons 8 cwt. and hangs in one of the solemn towers of the cathedral. His namesake, Tom of Oxford, in the gate-tower of Christchurch, is 6 feet 9 inches high, 7 feet 1 inch wide, weighs 7 tons 11 cwt., and every evening at nine tolls 101 times, in commemoration of the number of scholarships with which the college is endowed. This bell had originally a female name, Mary, in honour of the bloody queen, bestowed by Tresham, the vice-chancellor, at the commencement of her reign. "O, delicate and sweet harmony!" he exclaimed, when it first summoned him to mass; "O, beautiful Mary, how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!" But the musical voice faltered, and upon the bell being re-cast, in 1680, its note became masculine. It is now as

inharmonious as can well be imagined, giving rise to the suspicion that Tom is somewhere cracked. The two "Toms" are said to have received that appellation from the circumstance of their giving out a sound which resembled the name.

Peter of York, in the minster, quite juvenile in age, having been cast in 1845, is 7 feet 2 inches in height, 8 feet 4 inches wide, and weighs 10 tons 15 cwt. Seventeen tons of metal were melted for it, and were run into the mould in seven minutes and a half. It took fourteen days in cooling before the clay mould was removed from it. The clapper, made at one of the Yorkshire foundries, weighs 4 cwt. and is beautifully worked in wrought iron. The oaken stock in which the bell is fixed, with its bolts, weighs 3 tons. It is said to require fifteen men to ring the bell. The total cost amounted to £2000, which was subscribed by the citizens of York. But, alas for civic liberality and ambition! the Great Peter, for a few years the monarch of our bells, is a notorious failure, and is almost disused.

Big Ben of Westminster, ensconced in the highest and stateliest clock-tower in the world, connected with the Houses of Parliament, weighs 13½ tons, has a hammer of 7½ cwt., and spoke for the first time during the last summer. This was a reproduction. The fate of the first of the name is by no means uncommon both in this country and abroad. Born in the picturesque village of Norton, near Stockton-upon-Tees, the bell had scarcely reached its destination, and uttered a few notes, when it cracked; and, as a hopelessly disabled horse is at once despatched, nothing remained but to deal summary destruction upon the metallic production. It was laid on one side in the corner of Palace Yard, and suffered execution by means of an iron ball, weighing 24 cwt., raised to the height of thirty feet, and then suffered to fall upon the victim. Two pieces, one of about a ton, and the other of about half a ton, like huge ribs, were struck out at the first blow; and incontinently, with a crazy bellow, poor Ben gave up the ghost. When finally reduced to fragments, they were carted away to Messrs. Mears's foundry, Whitechapel, and the remains enter into the composition of the second bell. But this new production has similarly given way, to the sad discomfiture of Mr. John Bull, who will have to pay for a remanufacture. We may repeat, therefore, by way of consolation, that such incidents are of frequent occurrence. The great bell of Notre Dame, at Paris, was cast three times in about six years, before a satisfactory result was obtained.

But the great bells of the world are in foreign countries. Thus, one at Vienna, cast in 1711, by order of the emperor Joseph, from the cannon left by the Turks when they raised the siege of the city, is 10 feet high, 31 feet round, has a clapper of 1100 lbs., and weighs 17 tons 14 cwt. Nankin in China has one weighing 22 tons, and Pekin one of 53 tons. Still, the grand examples are in Russia, where a taste for large metal castings is characteristic of the people, and has existed for ages. At Moscow, the bell in the tower of St. Ivan's church is 21 feet high, 54 feet round, and weighs 57 tons. It has a clapper of 4200 lbs., which requires three men to sway it from side to side; for all the Russian bells are immovable, and only the clappers are swung to and fro. Its mighty voice, heard three times a-year, subdues the noise of the city, and seems like the rolling of distant thunder. But the king of bells, the largest in the world, is in the Kremlin, 21 feet high, 67 feet round, nearly 2 feet thick at the greatest, and has the enormous weight of 198 tons! It was cast by order of the empress Anne, in 1734, from the metal of a huge predecessor, but is now silent and fractured. According to tradition, it fell from the beam to which it was fixed, and was broken by the fall, while deeply buried in the ground by its own weight. In 1837 it was raised by the emperor Nicholas, placed on a low circular wall, and consecrated as a chapel, of which the bell itself is the dome.

The transition is easy and natural from bells to their founders and foundries. In the middle ages, the Mearses and Warners of the present day were represented by monastic brotherhoods, lord-abbots, and occasionally bishops, while the casting was performed in the religious houses. The whole process was conducted with sacred rites. Psalms were chanted, prayers were said, and a blessing invoked, as the metal melted in the furnaces or was poured into the moulds. The product was formally baptized at the font, in the presence of godfathers and godmothers, and received a specific name, generally that of some saint to whom it was dedicated. A white robe was then thrown around it, as an emblem of innocence—a usage belonging to the Roman Catholic performance of the rite in the case of children. We condemn this piece of superstition as not more silly than profane. But equal reprehension is due to a practice not far remote from our own times—that of greeting the arrival of a new bell at church by setting it bottom upwards, pouring in a punch-like compound of rum and beer, and singing convivial songs. The profane superstition lingers: the indecent dedication has been entirely abandoned.

After bell-founding had become a secular calling, it was specially followed in this country, in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, where the Rudals of Gloucester, the Wallises and Purdues of Salisbury, were master makers of renown, originating some of the most famous peals in the west of England. Through rather more than a century, ending in March, 1784, the Rudal family alone had executed the enormous number of 3594 bells. Their establishment came into the hands of the Messrs. Mears, who have also one upon an immense scale in London, and are said to have frequently thirty tons of molten metal in their furnace. Owing to the great multiplication of churches in recent times, the bell-founders have been subject to a constant and extraordinary demand for the article, "England's sweetest melody." Some founders seem to have been men of few words, however great their deeds, at least if we may judge of them by inscriptions on their handicraft, as, "Hope well," "Give alms," "Manners maketh man." Others, instead of attempting the moral vein, took special pains to commemorate themselves, as, "Michael

Darbie made me," "Henry Knight, of Reading, made me."

> "Samuel Knight made this ring,
> In Binstead steeple for to ding. 1695."

> "Thomas Eyre and John Winslade did contrive
> To cast from four bells this peal of five."

Not a few were content to flatter benefactors

> "I'm given here to make a peal,
> And sound the praise of Mary Neale."

> "At proper times my voice I'll raise,
> And sound to my subscribers' praise."

> "All you of Bath that hear me sound,
> Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

Churchwardens, ambitious of having their names handed down to remote posterity, are sometimes gratified. The following execrable rhyme is on the tenor at St. Benet's, Cambridge:—

> "John Draper made me in 1618, as plainly doth appeare;
> This bell was broake and cast againe, wich tyme churchwardens were
> Edward Dixon for the one whoe stode close to his tacklin,
> And he that was his partner then was Alexander Tacklyn."

The most loquacious of the fraternity is in Glasgow Cathedral, speaking as follows:—"In the year of grace 1583, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the Reformed Religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom—'Ye who hear me, come to learn of holy doctrine;' and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. One hundred and ninety-five years had I sounded these awful warnings when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskilful men. In the year 1790, I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader, thou also shalt know a resurrection—may it be unto eternal life. Thomas Mears fecit, London, 1790."

Some years ago it was computed, but probably on doubtful data, that there are in England 50 peals of ten bells, 360 peals of eight bells, 500 peals of six bells, and 250 peals of five bells. The heaviest peal, that of Exeter Cathedral, is of ten bells. St. Saviour's, Southwark, and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, have fine peals of twelve bells. But eight bells, according to Mr. Gatty, which form the octave or diatonic scale, make the most perfect peal. He shows, by the following arrangement of numbers, how three bells can ring six *changes;* for every time a peal is rung round, a change can be made in the order of some one bell, thereby causing a change in the succession of the notes.

1	2	3
1	3	2
2	1	3
2	3	1
3	1	2
3	2	1

The changes increase enormously with the number of the bells. Thus, a peal of four will ring four times as many as three, or twenty-four; one of five, five times as many as four, or 120; and the progression advances at such a tremendous rate, that twelve bells will give 479,001,600 changes. Southey calculated that these would take ninety-one years to ring, at the rate of two strokes to a second or ten rounds to a minute. "The changes upon fourteen bells," he remarked, "could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years; and upon four-and-twenty bells they would require more than 117,000 billions of years. But bells are rung more than twice as quickly as Southey supposed, so that his estimates of time must be reduced more than one-half. It is on record as a feat, that eight youths of Birmingham managed to get through 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes, when they were too exhausted to proceed.

Belfries have a literature from which some curious extracts might be made, of ancient and modern date. In the church of North Parret, Somersetshire, there is suspended a code of laws in rhyme, to be observed by the ringers:—

> "He that in ringing takes delight,
> And to this place draws near,
> These articles set in his sight
> Must keep, if he rings here.

> "The first he must observe with care;
> Who comes within the door,
> Must if he chance to curse or swear,
> Pay sixpence to the poor.

> "And whosoe'er a noise does make,
> Or idle story tells,
> Must sixpence to the ringers take
> For mending of the bells.

> "He that his hat on's head does keep,
> Within this sacred place,
> Must pay his sixpence ere he sleep,
> Or turn out with disgrace.

> "If any one with spurs to's heels
> Rings here at any time,
> He must for breaking articles
> Pay sixpence for his crime."

In spite of laws, rhythmical or otherwise, bell-ringers are a somewhat disorderly class, though not so much so now as formerly. Perhaps the public are to some extent answerable for this, by being thoughtlessly prodigal at marriages, births, and other joyous events; sometimes, in the last century rewarding their services handsomely on very discreditable occasions, such as the winning of a cock-fight. It was formerly the custom at Bath to ring a peal from the Abbey, on the arrival of visitors, of course with a gratuity in view. So says Anstey, in his "Bath Guide:"—

> "No city, dear mother, this city excels
> In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.
> I thought like a fool that they only would ring
> For a wedding, a judge, or the birth of a king;
> But I found 'twas for me that the good-natured people
> Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down the steeple;
> So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
> And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey."

A bequest made at Bath, in 1813, is doubtless unique. Though joyous peals might proclaim the wedding of Thomas Nash, yet, in domestic life things were very far from going on with him "merry as a marriage bell." Hence he bequeathed £50 a year to the ringers of the Abbey Church, to which certain conditions were attached. On every 14th of May, "being the anniversary of my wedding day," they were to ring "on the whole peal of bells, with clappers *muffled*, various *solemn* and *doleful* changes;" and on the anniversary of his decease,

they were to ring "a grand bob major, and *many mirthful peals*, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

It is easy to convert into language the notes of belfries. Thus, the twelve bells of Bow Church seemed to utter the twelve syllables to the poor runaway apprentice,—

"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

The songster says :—

"Hark! the bonny Christchurch bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six;
They sound so woundy great, so wondrous sweet,
And they trowl so merrily, merrily.

"Hark! the first and second bell,
That every day at four
And ten, cries, 'Come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs;'
And the verger troops before the dean."

But interpretations of this kind may be dangerous when the mind and heart are under prejudice. An old anecdote relates how a lady of high degree fell in love with her valet, and went to the priest to consult him on an occasion of so much interest. He told her to listen to the bells and be guided by them. She did so; and to her delighted ear they distinctly enunciated, "Marry your valet—marry your valet—marry your valet." But, alas! she had soon reason to repent of the step matrimonial, and again went to the priest, complaining of having been cruelly misled by the bells. "It is you," said he, "that have misunderstood them; go and listen again." This time they poured forth the strain in full chorus, with unmistakeable precision, "Don't marry your valet—don't marry your valet—don't marry your valet."

Grateful to the young is the sound of bells; and "many a tale their music tells" to the old, reviving the memory of by-gone days, of joyous or mournful incidents in the battle of life. There is an affecting tradition connected with the fine peal of Limerick Cathedral, originally brought from Italy. The bells were cast by a young native, and purchased by the prior of a convent. Proud of his work, the founder, having acquired a competency, established himself in the neighbourhood, and spent many years in the bosom of domestic happiness, daily hearing the chime of his beloved bells. But in a political convulsion the convent was razed to the ground, the bells were removed to another country, the Italian lost his all, and he became a fugitive. His hair whitened, and his heart withered; and after various wanderings, he resolved to seek the place to which the treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, reached the Shannon, anchored in the pool of Limerick, and obtained a boat for the purpose of landing. The evening was so calm and beautiful as to remind him of his native skies, while the noble river was smooth as a mirror. Suddenly the bells tolled from the cathedral tower. He looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home, happiness, early recollections, friends and family, all were in the sound. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face turned to the cathedral, but his eyes were closed. He was sleeping the sleep of death.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF LOST PROPERTY.

There was, and still is, a highly respectable family in Cornwall to which I shall give the name of Robinson. They had property also in Devonshire, but their residence was in Cornwall. The father had two sons—William the eldest, Nicholas the younger—and two daughters. He settled his landed property upon William and his issue male—failing these, on Nicholas and his issue male—and then on the two daughters equally. William was to be the Squire, and Nicholas was placed with an eminent attorney at St. Austell as a clerk, and with some hope of being admitted into partnership ultimately. The five years of clerkship were drawing to an end in the summer of 1782. He had conducted himself well, was a respectable, intelligent young man, and his master—who was an old friend of the family—was much attached to him. The harmony between the two, and between Nicholas and his family, was broken by the discovery that he had become attached to a young woman at St. Austell—a milliner or a milliner's apprentice. It was the subject of much dispute and distress. The Robinsons set their faces decidedly against the marriage. The master interposed, told him that if he formed that connection he must not hope to form any with him, and finally succeeded in procuring something like a promise from him that he would break off the engagement. He would be of standing to be admitted as an attorney in November, 1782, and the family, glad to get him out of the way, he was sent to London in August, to the London agent of the Cornish family. There he stayed and wrote letters—unhappy letters—from time to time, to his friends, and among others to his old master. In November he was admitted attorney of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, and thenceforward he was no more seen or heard of by any member of his family, or by any former friend. All search failed. No trace of him could be made out. Even love died out in the young milliner's breast, and she married the master of a trading vessel. In the course of time old Mr. Robinson died. William succeeded to the property, never married, and died in May, 1802. I mentioned that there were two sisters; their names, I think, were Elizabeth and Mary Ann. At the time of William's death they were both married to very respectable clergymen in Devonshire. Twenty years had nearly elapsed since anything had been heard of Nicholas, who was now entitled to the property, if alive. They took possession, and for nearly twenty years more no claim whatever was made to disturb their enjoyment.

But early in 1783 a young man, whose look and manner were above his means and station, made his appearance as a stranger at Liverpool. He called himself "Nathaniel Richardson." (You will observe the initials.) He procured a carriage and a pair of horses, and plied in the streets as a hackney coachman. He was civil and sober, prudent and prosperous. His hackney coach, after a short time was converted into a diligence, which went to London, he horsing and driving it during certain stages