Volumnia received her cousin's greeting with great cordiality, reciprocating his compliments on the pleasure of meeting, but assured him her health was far from good, and announced that she purposed taking some cream of tartar the next morning as a rinfrescante, and would stay all day in bed. These particulars had been directly given, probably from the assembled friends, for she next playfully tapped the knight of Malta on the lower part of his waistcoat, remarking: 'Ah Checchino mio, comminci a metterti un po' di pancia,' which delicately translated, signifies, 'You are growing rather corpulent,' a proceeding I could not help looking upon as singular, especially after her strictures on English propriety.

Checchino, evidently piqued himself upon his figure, and the laugh this sally elicited with tolerably good grace, but revenged himself by telling Volumnia of the marriages of two or three young ladies in Rome, whose mothers, he well knew, had been her contemporaries; and asked with tender interest after her sisters and their children, which last topic always irritated her extremely.

Then, when he thought she sufficiently punished, with the tact that is almost instinctive to an Italian, he brought back to the conversation to the Conte Muzio's nephew, on whom the good uncle's hopes and affection were evidently resting after all.

'So he passed his examinations well on entering? That must have been a great consolation to you, after all the sacrifices you made, and the difficulties you had to overcome beforehand. Ah, it is a fine service, the Piedmontese escadrons!'

'Yes, my friend,' said Muzio, 'they are also sailors and engineers, and manufacturers of ordnance—in a word, they are men. I would sooner my nephew had followed in the footsteps of brother than in the path of the Piedmontese escadrons!'

'And yet,' said Checchino, 'there was something very amiable in the way in which our friends were entertained at the great house. It was a splendid affair; and the marchese is a man of taste, both in art and in pleasure.'

'Those were exceptions, not the rule,' cried the marchese. 'Who can be answerable for the excesses of a faction? It is not fair to bring up the assassinations of Ancona to the signorina.'

'If he had not had you for his uncle,' cried the marchese, 'he would have turned out a second Paolo Pagano with his toy-soldiers.'

'Who his uncle?' I asked. 'Is not Pagano the name of the old gentleman who went away with the Marchese Testaferrata?'

'Yes,' she answered, 'he is his father; but you do not hear so much of poor Paolo, though he is more than thirty years old, as of the blessing of having disposed of all his daughters. He wanted to be a soldier too, but it was not to be thought of; so his military tendencies, denied their natural vent, have displayed themselves in a most licentious manner. For years he has been employed in the construction of thousands of little pasteboard figures, which he paints and clothes with the utmost care, according to the uniform of different nations. To place these in line of battle, to repeat manoeuvres he sees the Austrians practise while exercising, to go through the routine of drill, parade, and dress, constitutes the occupation and enjoyment of his life.'

'But you should see the order in which he keeps them,' said Checchino; 'the last time I was here, I got a sight of the whole army, lined up and paraded for the march. You must know, it is believed, that being perplexed as to the means of providing for so large a body, he once appropriated the ample coffer of his uncle, a canon, and cut it up into wrappings for his soldiers.'

'We laugh at this,' broke out the young doctor, rather fiercely; 'but we have more need to weep at the reflections it calls up on the condition of our country. Even the desire for distinction in arms is not permitted to stir the dull waters of the young noble's existence! With the exception of the Guardia Nobili, the pope's guard, at Rome, limited to a small number of the sons of the old nobility, it is impossible to grapple with the yearnings for military life so common among young men, unless by following the example of Conte Muzio, and in addition to great personal sacrifice, incur the suspicion and resentment of the government—which there are few ready, like him, to brave. Here, in our States, to be a soldier is synonymous with disgrace! The few miserable regiments which compose the pope's army are mostly recruited from the dregs of the population—galley-slaves, whose term of incarceration has nearly expired, and so forth; so that to say a man is only fit to become a Papalino soldier, is almost the grossest inuit that can be passed upon him. No career, except the church, is therefore open to the patriotic youth.

Yet it is in presence of these abuses, this paling kindliness, that you find men of good faith, like Testaferrata and Pagano, whimpering after the good old times, which means, if possible a greater state of slavery than the present, and anathematizing every prospect of reform!'

Corisiano dottore,' said Checchino, taking up his hat, 'one must be just after all. The spirit of liberty bearing bullets and poniards, do not tend to enlarge the understanding, or give a taste for another season of such fruits and foliage. We laugh at Testaferrata, and those who think like him; but, upon my conscience, if you or I had been stabbed and shot at in the open daylight, as both he and Pagano were in Ancona in 1849, simply because it was known we did not coincide with the party which had got the uppermost (it was during the pope's absence at Rome, and the short-lived republic at Ancona, signorina,) I don't imagine we should ever entertain very amiable sentiments towards the system whose advocates indulged in such questionable pleasures.'

'These were exceptions, not the rule,' cried the marchese. 'Who can be answerable for the excesses of a faction? It is not fair to bring up the assassinations of Ancona to the signorina.'

'I am just, I am just,' he answered laughing; 'it is but right to shew the reverse of the medal. You were having it all your own way, if I had not put in a word on the other side. You have enough left to make out a very good case, my friends: console yourselves with that. As for me, I do not expect to see better times, whatever our excellent Muzio may say to the contrary; so I do not kill myself with care and consideration to make the best of what we have, laugh and amuse myself, and keep out of politics.—Signori miei, good-night.'

A NEW KIND OF BABY.

Nor a newly-born infant, but a really new baby, or, to speak as a naturalist, a new species of baby. How this strange phenomenon came into my possession, I shall presently relate: I now wish to give the public, and particularly the better-half of it, some account of the baby itself, its appearance and habits. I know not the little innocent's age: it may have been a few days, or a few weeks, or even months old when I first obtained it. The only guide to its age is, that it had cut its two lower teeth, and was exactly a month before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt its age may be stated by those learned in such matters; but, as I am a bachelor, and am not a doctor, I have not myself the most remote conception. It must always
be remembered, too, that as this is a newly born baby, it is not to be supposed that it will be able to speak for itself at the same time, and in the same manner, as common babies.

For the same reason, its size can be no proof of age—
I have a suspicion, however, that it is a baby of the smallest size, being not quite a foot long; and a half a year, but then, as it is very short, its body is larger in proportion, and its arms are as much too long as its legs are too short. In colour, it is a dirty brown—something of the colour one may imagine to be produced by a mixture of all the races existing upon the earth, which makes it seem to be a descendant of some very primitive people. Its hands and feet, and mouth and eyes, are, however, much paler, and very much like those of any other baby; but its greatest peculiarity is its long red hair, remarkably long for so young an infant, which has a propensity to stand out and end like that of an electrified doll, making the little creature look always frightened, which I am sure it is not, as it is a sweet-tempered baby, and very seldom cries but when it wants to be cleaned or fed. I hardly know how to describe the personal appearance of the infant prodigy, so as to give a proper idea of its numerous peculiarities, which, without seeing it, appear less pleasing and respectable than they really are. I am afraid I am quite unable to make the general appearance of its head is very much the same as that of other infants, except the red hair, which is certainly a rare phenomenon. Its face, however, is remarkable for a very large mouth and a very small nose, rather more depressed than in the little children of the Earthmen tribe now existing in London. Its ears, as before mentioned, are very large; and as are also its fingers, which, however, in other respects, present nothing peculiar. Its little short legs have a strange facility of motion; they are either held aloft in the air, or bent back against the sides of the body, or its toes are put into its mouth with ease. Something else to suck; but I believe other infants besides this do the same thing. Its feet, however, are most remarkable in having very long toes, and a little thumb to them instead of a great toe. The skin of its neck, breast, and stomach is quite smooth; but, strange to say, all its back and the outside of its arms and legs are covered with long soft red hair. 'Why,' exclaims the reader, 'the creature must be a monkey!' But I beg leave entirely to repudiate the suggestion. The baby in question had no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eating its soft rice, you would scorn the inquisition as much as I do.

Another peculiarity which this interesting infant possesses, is an appearance of extreme old age. To look at it, you can hardly believe that it is only just cutting its teeth, and is quite incapable of going alone, or eating anything but what is put into its mouth by other people. The little wrinkles about its mouth and eyes give it an air of precocious wisdom, and the wrinkling of its countenance express so many feelings and passions, as seem quite incompatible with a state of helpless infancy. Still more extraordinary in its possession alike of strength and weakness to an unparalleled degree. It cannot turn itself over on the ground; it is incapable of moving an inch; and yet the most active sailor could not hold on to a rope with so much tenacity, and for so long a time. It will sometimes hang so for an hour together, and seem quite contented; and I generally give it some exercise of this sort once a day to keep it healthy. Its little, long fingers are bent at the ends, and even its nails turn inwards, as if formed expressly for hanging on to something, which is always wanting to do. It sleeps with its hands tight clutched, or sometimes grasping its own hair. There is nothing; in fact, it likes to catch hold of so much as hair. It has a very passion for hair; and if, while feeding it, inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasp...
agility, and continued its journey to the opposite branches, where it succeeded in passing on to a third tree in the same manner. I now fired again, and with decisive effect, for in a sudden attempt to escape more rapidly, it lost its hold, and fell with a crash to the earth. I of course imagined that it was dead; but, to my intense surprise, before I could reach it, to see if it were dead, it was running on the ground, and gathering its large hands a small tree close to it, began to ascend again with great rapidity. It had reached a considerable height before I could fire again, when it again fell to the ground, this time mortally wounded, and soon breathed its last. It was then that I discovered, close to where it had first fallen, the singular infant whose eventful history I have here recorded, lying half buried in a sand-hole, to which my attention was drawn by a half-strangled little scream. Some water being near, I washed the mud out of its mouth and eyes, and discovered a marvellously baby-like and innocent-looking little creature, apparently quite unhurt by its fall, and which clung to me with a most amazing tenacity. I had killed the mother; so I determined, if possible, to save her offspring; with what success has already been seen.

Some natives of the country brought the dead body to the place where I was living. It was three feet six inches high, and its outstretched arms were six feet across. The natives called it a 'miss,' but the Malay say it is an 'orang-utang,' which means 'man of the forest.'

STUDY OF WORDS—HISTORY IN NAMES.

We feel very much indebted to Mr Trench for his work, Study of Words, and English Past and Present. It is not so much on account of the new matter those books place before us, as the freshness and interest they impart to facts previously, if not generally known. Mr Trench has popularised Horne Tocker's Divisions of Purley, and expanded hints and thoughts supplied by Richardson's dictionary. In doing this, he has conferred a great obligation on the student of the English language. His possession, in a high degree, the ability to seize on and work out or expand suggestions or undeveloped thoughts. The power is one of secondary order, nor is it widely diffused. It is in the power which gave birth to Bishop Butler, Paley, Chalmers, Whatever; and if we go back chronologically, and pass without the bound of theological writers, we shall find that to it, in great measure, Shakespeare and Milton owe their fame. No greater praise could be bestowed on any one, than to associate him with such unforgettable worths.

There is one claim, however, to which Mr Trench has laid himself open, especially in the Study of Words: we think he has not sufficiently acknowledged his obligations to others. He has drawn largely on Richardson's dictionary, yet only in one sentence does he allude, and then in a rather off-hand manner, to this invaluable work. Since writing the Study of Words, he has had repeated occasions to consult the Divisions of Purley, and scarcely ever have we done so, without coming across some hint which may have served as the groundwork of Mr Trench's pleasant and instructive elaborations. Every one who has read the Study of Words will remember the exposition of the variety of senses in which the word post is used. If the reader would turn to the same word in Richardson's dictionary, or Dictionaries of Purley, or any edition, second volume, page 28, he will see whence Mr Trench has taken his ideas. Tribulation, as used in the New Testament, is another word which will be very expressive of the ideas of Study of Words. Horne, the looker after his usual manner, has supplied the formula which Mr Trench has so beautifully worked out.

After all, we accept Mr Trench's books very thankfully; inasmuch as they help us in obtaining a knowledge of the history, and of the vast rich store of thought treasured up in the English language. They have reminded the student of a large field of study; they have enabled us to employ profitably many a half-hour, and have led us to read and look overlooked or neglected. The result of some of these half-hours we wish now to present to the reader. It will be apparent, as we proceed, that we have not derived any direct assistance from Mr Trench; he started us on the search, others have supplied the material. We have drawn principally upon Camden, Hone, Tooke, and Sir F. Palgrave's History of the Anglo-Saxons.

Now, we will suppose some one unacquainted with the history of England, to visit it in the age when London will be in ruins, and St Paul's a skeleton of its former self. In passing through the town, the traveller would frequently meet with the debris of what must have been important places. He betakes himself, for information respecting these ruins, to the rebarbarised inhabitants, and is told that a town called London stood there, and another named Cenwacester stood there. This man has some knowledge of Latin, is somewhat inquisitive, and fond of etymological studies. He repeats the names of the places to himself as if they were familiar, but fails to recall the associations. At last he finds a Latin element in the words; this solves the difficulty; it explains the dim impression as to previous acquaintance, and gives him the first lesson in the history of the country. He guesses that the hardy, undaunted Roman legionaries must have been here, fighting battles, committing havoc, and guiding pioneers. He is on the right track, and, with a little perseverance, will make other equally interesting and instructive etymological and historical discoveries.

On the other hand, the hardy, undaunted Roman legionaries must have been here, fighting battles, committing havoc, and guiding pioneers. He is on the right track, and, with a little perseverance, will make other equally interesting and instructive etymological and historical discoveries.

We find ourselves in Lincoln = Lincolnia. This word marks a subsequent period, when Roman privileges and policy were being introduced into the country. Two other words of this, and what we shall call secondary period, are found in a few instances among our names of villages. Street = Latin strateum = a place or road marked out and laid down. We all know that the old Romans had a wonderfully practical nature, and that they were the most perfect road-makers of the ancient world. Let any one take up a plan of ancient Rome, and he will see Via Flaminia, Via Campania, Via Scaena, Via Appia, and heaps of others. If, hence, the looker after his usual manner, has supplied the formula which Mr Trench has so beautifully worked out.