

Volunnia received her cousin's greeting with great friendliness, 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 *rinfrascante*, and would stay all day in bed. These particulars having elicited great sympathy from the assembled friends, she next playfully tapped the knight of Malta on the lower part of his waistcoat, remarking: 'Ah Checchino mio, cominci 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, who evidently piqued himself upon his figure, bore the laugh this sally elicited with tolerably good grace, but revenged himself by telling Volunnia 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 her sufficiently punished, with the tact that is almost instinctive to an Italian, he brought back the conversation to the Conte Muzio's nephew, on whom the good uncle's hopes and affection were evidently centered.

'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, no doubt: the Piedmontese are soldiers!'

'My friend,' said Muzio, 'they are also sailors and engineers, and manufacturers and politicians—in a word, they are *MEN*. I would sooner my nephew had chosen another than the military profession: to some honourable employment I had always destined him; for I resolved at any cost to emancipate him from the life of coffee and theatres, which foreigners say is the sole aim of an Italian's existence, but that, more truly speaking, he is driven to by the peculiarities of his social position; and it would have suited better with our limited fortune had the boy made a different selection. But the bias was too strong: it would have been cruel to resist it.'

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

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

'*Per appunto*,' 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 ludicrous form. For years he has been employed in the construction of thousands of little pasteboard figures, which he paints and equips with the utmost care, according to the uniform of different nations. To place these in line of battle, to repeat manœuvres he sees the Austrians practise while out exercising, to go through the routine of drill, parade, and bivouac, 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 army, all equipped for the winter campaign. 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 cloak 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 Nobile, the pope's guard, at Rome, limited to a small number of the sons of the old nobility, it is impossible to gratify the yearning for military life so common to 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 insult that can be passed upon him. No career, except the church, is therefore open to the patrician youth. And yet it is in presence of these abuses, this palsy-ing idleness, 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!'

'*Carissimo dottore*,' said Checchino, taking up his hat, 'one must be just after all. Trees 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 Gaeta, and the short-lived republic at Rome, signorina), I don't imagine we should ever entertain very amiable sentiments towards the system whose advocates indulged in such questionable pleasantries.'

'Those were exceptions, not the rule,' cried the marchesa. '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 endeavour 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 not a tooth in its head. Two days afterwards, however, it cut its two lower teeth, and it was exactly a month more before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt its age may be speculated on 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 new baby, it is not to be supposed that it cuts its teeth 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 and a half long; but then, as it has very short legs, 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 me think it must 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 on 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, without making it appear less pleasing and pretty than it really is; but the attempt must be made. 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 exhibiting in London. Its arms, as before mentioned, are very large; 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 for want of 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 has no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eating its soft rice, you would scorn the insinuation 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 of 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 workings 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 in health. 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 it 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, I inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasps

hold of my whiskers as if it would tear them out by the roots; and when, after some difficulty, and many twinges, I have made my escape, it generally sets up a scream, which can only be stopped by immediately administering a mouthful of rice.

Another thing that would lead one to think it must have come of decent parents, is its love of being clean. If I hear a scream at any time other than eating-time, I am sure the poor creature is dirty, and wants to be washed. And how it enjoys its washing, and being rubbed dry, and having its hair brushed! It never screams or kicks, as do many naughty children under the wholesome operation, but lies perfectly still, however long it may take, and seems rather sorry when it is over.

In my bachelor establishment, I was, of course, put to some shifts to provide for such an unexpected visitor. I contrived a pap-bottle with a wide-mouthed phial, till I found the baby would eat out of a spoon. A small box did duty for a cradle; but as I was obliged to be out a good deal in the day, and the nights were rather chilly, I purchased a little monkey, to be a companion to my abnormal infant, and to keep it warm at night. It might not have been quite proper, but necessity has no law, and I am glad to say the baby was much pleased with little Jacko, and they became excellent friends. The baby, however, was a little exacting, and would try to keep Jacko always with it, seizing hold of his hair and grasping his tail; and when all was of no avail, and the monkey, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping, screaming violently with rage. Still, however, they got on very well together; and after the baby had been fed, Jacko would always come and sit upon its stomach, and pick off any little bits of rice that were left about its mouth, or even put in his hand and pull out whatever baby had not quite swallowed.

But, alas! milk was not to be procured, and a diet of rice and water was not sufficiently nourishing for so small an infant. It pined away, and suffered from a complication of diseases—from diarrhoea or dropey. I once gave it a little castor-oil, after which it recovered for a time; but a relapse again occurred, and, after lingering some weeks, death terminated its sufferings.

I had indulged hopes of sending this infant prodigy to England, where it might have rivalled in popularity the ape-like Aztecs, and the public would have been enabled to judge of the accuracy of my statements. Such hopes, however, being now entirely frustrated, and it being highly probable that neither I nor any one else will ever look upon its like again, I shall simply narrate the circumstances of its discovery, and leave every one to form his own opinion.

I was walking in search of game in one of those vast primeval forests which clothe so large a portion of the tropics; no human habitation or sign of culture was near; parasitical plants swarmed upon the trees, and twisted climbers hung in festoons from their loftiest branches, or, trailing on the ground, helped, with prickly canes, to form impenetrable barriers. All was sombre and silent. No birds fluttered on the branches, and but rarely an insect's wing glittered in a stray gleam of sunshine. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the topmost branches of a lofty tree. I gazed upward, and for some time could not discover its cause; but after moving right and left, so as to see in succession every part of the tree, I discovered a large red animal walking along a branch, in a semi-erect posture. Without losing a moment, I fired a ball, which apparently only served to make the creature move more rapidly. It passed along till the branch became so slender as to bend beneath its weight, when its long arms enabled it to seize the adjacent bough of another tree. This with great strength it pulled towards it, till it had hold of a portion sufficiently thick to bear its weight, when it swung itself across with surprising

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 what was my surprise, before I could reach it, to see it rise from the ground, and grasping with its large hands a small tree close to it, begin 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-stifled 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 been already 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 'mias,' but the Malays say it is an 'orang-outang,' which means 'man of the forest.'

STUDY OF WORDS—HISTORY IN NAMES.

We feel very much indebted to Mr Trench for his works, *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 Tooke's *Diversions 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. He possesses, in a high degree, the ability to seize on and work out or expand suggestions or undeveloped thoughts. The power is one of no secondary order, nor is it widely diffused. It was the power which gave renown to Bishop Butler, Paley, Chalmers, Whately; and if we go back chronologically, and pass without the bound of theological writers, we shall find that to it, in great measure, Shakspeare and Milton owe their fame. No greater praise could be bestowed on any one, than to associate him with such unforgettable worthies.

There is one charge, 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 reading the *Study of Words*, we have had repeated occasions to consult the *Diversions 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 explanation 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 *Diversions of Purley*, octavo 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 to the reader of the *Study of Words*. Horne Tooke, 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 authors whom we had 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, Horne 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 land, our 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 *Doncaster* stood here, and another named *Cirencester* 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 legions must have been here, fighting battles, committing havoc, and gaining honours. He is on the right track, and, with a little perseverance, will make other equally interesting and instructive etymological and historical discoveries.

Or if you rebel against the idea of our fine towns and large towns becoming heaps of ruins, and our descendants sinking into barbarism, we will suggest something more probable. A student of history wants to know where the different invaders settled in Britain, and to what extent they possessed themselves of the land. For want of better means of informing himself, he has recourse to the map of England. As he knows the derivation of the names of our towns and cities, he passes on from place to place, marking the route taken by each band of invaders, and the extent to which they made themselves masters of the soil. Although our fancied student-friend cannot attain to certainty, a high degree of probability would mark such a course, if carefully pursued. The number of villages or towns in a district would, according to the names of the places, be a pretty good indication of the numerical strength of Romans, Saxons, or Danes. Widely spread remains would imply early or lengthened possession. A few illustrations will shew what is meant. There are a great many towns and cities having *caster*, *cester*, or *chester*, as part of their names. The word refers us to Latin *castra* = camp. The remains of Roman military stations are found in or near such towns and cities. This points out conquest and military rule.

We find *coln*, as in Lincoln = Latin *colonia*. 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 *stratum* = a place or road marked out and laid down. We all know that those old Romans had a wonderfully practical nature, and that they were almost passionately fond of constructing roads. Let any one take up a *plan* of ancient Rome, and he will see *Via Flaminia*, *Via Campana*, *Via Sacra*, *Via Appia*, and heaps of other *viz.* If, now, he looks at a map of Britain during the Roman period, he will see exactly the same thing, with only a change of name, for now,