It was a rainy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night; and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now, I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate, was lay clammy; and the marsh-mist was so thick, that the wooden finger every rail and gate, wet lay clammy; and the on the post directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Bulks.

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marsh, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly: as could be, "A boy with Somebody-else's pork pie! Stop him!"

One black ox, with a white cravat on—who even had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air—fixed me so obstinately with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I blubbered out to him, "I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

All this time, I was getting towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down that way often with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was "prentice to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there!" However, in the con- fusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stales that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all despatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding heavy with sleep.

I thought he would be more glad if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man! And yet this man was dressed in coarse gray, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat broad-brimmed low-crowned felt hat on. All this, I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in; he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked him down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran into the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

"It's the young man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man—lugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off lugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he hadn't seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemen down his throat in the most curious manner—more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while, so violently, that it was quite as
much he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off. "I think you have got the sage," said I. "You must of your opinion, boy," said he. "You had most keen," I told him. "You've been lying out on the marshes, and they're dreadful full of ammunic, too," I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'll do that, if I was going to be strong enough to take his gallopes as there is over there, directly afterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you. He was gobbling mincemeat, meat-bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie, all at once; staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some sound upon the river or breathing of breath upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he suddenly said, "You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?" "No, sir! No sir!" "Nor girl no one the office to follow you?" "No sir!

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young bound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched wamish, hunted as near death and dranghill as this poor wretched wamish is!"

Something clicked in his throat, as if he had works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he snapped his ragged rough snore over his eyes.

Pitying his demons, and watching him as he breathing up and down upon the mist, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it." "Did you speak?"

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

"Thanko, my boy, I do."

I watched a large dog of curs eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction, of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unselfish in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very much like the dog.

"I am afraid you won't leave any of it for me," said I, timidly, after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of mentioning the fact.

"There's no more nor less, nor what came from thee. It was the necessity of this fact that impelled me to offer thee the half."

"Leave any for him? Who's his?" said my father, holding in his cruising of pie-crust.

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was him with you."

"Oh aha!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Hiim? Yes, you! He don't want me with him!"

"He thought he looked as if he did," said I. The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the keenest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

"Looked? When?"

"Just now."

"Where!"

"Vender," I said, imploring; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you." We shut the other door, and lay down upon the pie, I hunted no more, but closing order, to make ready! Present! Cover him steady, man! and sit hands on—and there's notice! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—coming up in color, Daum, with, their trumpet, trumpet—I see a hundred. And so to firing! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, after it was broad day. But this man," I had said all the rest, as if he had forgotten my being there; "did you notice anything in him?"

"I had a badly bruised face," I replied, recalling what I partly knew I know.

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek mercilessly, with the flat of his hand.

"Yes! There!"

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his grey jacket.

"Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhounds. Ours that iron on my very leg! Give me hold of the slip, boy!"

I indicated in what direction the mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, firing at his iron like a madman, and not noticing me or missing his own leg, which had an old staff upon it and was bloody, but which heInsuaded as roughly it as if he had no more feeling in it than he had stuck up by the hunchy corn afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, said I was like-wisely very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I
could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee, and he was working hard at his toiler, muttering impatient imprecations at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the midst to listen, and the file was still going.

CHAPTER IV.

I FULLY expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was profusely busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dustpan—a thing into which his destiny always led him sooner or later, when my sister was vigorously opening the doors of her establishment.

"And where the devil's he gone be?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience bowed ourselves at her knee. I said I had been down to hear the Carol's.

"Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might be done worse." Not a doubt of it, I thought.

"Perhaps if you wasn't a blacksmith's wife, and who's the deuce hit there?" I heard as I went up in the pantry—yes, it was all the better.

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a log of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mince-meat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be out of Christmas morning in respect of breakfast; "for I can't," said Mrs. Joe, "I can't going to have no formal cumbunging and washing and brushing now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

So, we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march instead of a man and a boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic compliments, from a jug on the dresser. In the mean time, Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and stacked a new flowered-rounonce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little slate parlor across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which even extended to the four little waste crockery vases on the mantel-

ALL THE YEAR ROUND. [December 8, 1859. 195
The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Arments tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overheard; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B. I was not allowed to call him uncle, under the severest penalties.

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook: a large head-breathing middle-aged slow man, with mouth like a Bah, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but clicked, and had that moment come to: I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine—and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine.

Every Christmas Day be presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumbbells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, De Pum—why, chuck! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's more than your merits. And now are you all bobbish, and how's Sixpence of halibut?" meaning me.

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlour; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in any other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little curly sharp-edged person in sky-blue, who held a conventionally juvenile position, because she had married Mr. Hubble. I don't know at what remote period when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough high-shouldered stooping old man, of a sawdusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart: so that in my short days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

Among this good company, I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at an acute angle of the tablecloth, with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regarded with the asky tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little ball in a Spanish arena, I got so smartly touched up by these moral goads.

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation—as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful.

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by their hands.

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This moral mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr. Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally wrotoix." Everybody then murmured, "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

Joe's station and influence were something feebler (if possible) when there was company, than when there was none. But he always sided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so dim-dim-dime by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy to-day, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated—in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open"—what kind of sermon he would have given them. After favouring them with some hints of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily, ill chosen; which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about." "True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject, if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, "Look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork.

"True, sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to tug me in, before he said it; "might be deduced from that text.

"You listen to this, in a serious manner," observed Mr. Wopsle, "you've been some time at this fancy business, you've played with the company; I've seen you guilty of serious and sample to the young." I well in him he had been for being so jump and: tasteable as he was more "Of girl, suggested. "Of course, or girl," Mr. Wopsle, rather irritable, proposed.

"Well, but I mean a mid Mr. Pumblechook; said, Mr. sharp on m, "think grateful for. If you'd be "He ran, ever a ever emphatically.

I gave him some more. "Well, but I mean a mid Mr. Pumblechook; said, would you have partial.

"This is that to adding towards the! "But I don't mean a mid Mr. Pumblechook being acquainted with his child and self with their conceit lap of luxury. "So No, he wouldn't. A your destination to would have been daytags according to a article, and Jemima comes up to you as you would have whipped and with his right he struck to a peknock pocket, and he would have your life. No INot a bit of it!" Joe allowed me to aboard take.

"He was a world of mid Mrs. Hubble, comma Trouble? echoed I And then entered on a the illness I had been of sleeplessness I lie the high place I had turn to places I had tumbled and were I had done myself, a wished me in a great many to go there that the Romans are a wonder very much, with healthy because the restleiet is insomnious. Anyhow, he was a great many, during mindfulness, that I should it until he was. But, all at this line, watching in o
"You listen to this," said my sister to me, "in a severe parenthesis.

Joe gave me some more grue.

"Swine," pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork of his blushes, as if he were mentioning my Christian name; "Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is put before us, as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been prancing up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is defensible in a pig, is more defensible in a boy.

"Or girls," suggested Mr. Hablot.

"Of course, or girl, Mr. Hablot," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably, "but there is no girl present.

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharply on me, "think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been born Squeeker—"

"He was, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

"Joe gave me some more grue.

"Well, but I mean a four-footed Squeeker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you.

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding towards the chair.

"But I don't mean in that form, sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean, enjoying yourself with your sister and sisters, and improving yourself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination? turning me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Dunstable the butcher would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tuck'd up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have slit your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then.

Not a bit of it!"

Joe offered me more grue, which I was afraid to take.

"He was a world of trouble to you, ma'am," said Mr. Hablot, considering my sister.

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?"

And then entered on a fat catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the accidents I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave and I had communioously refused to go there.

I think the Romans must have aggravated one another very much, with their noses. Perhaps, they became the restless people they were, in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanours, that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But, all I had entered up to this time, was nothing in comparison with the awful feelings that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause everybody had looked at me (as I felt painfully conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as bloody—is rich, too; ain't it?"

"Have a little brandy, uncle," said my sister.

O heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table under the cloth, with both hands, and awaited my fate.

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out: no one else taking any. The wretch man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time, Mrs. Joe and Joe were briskly clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature fling his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off: instantly afterwards, the company were seized with an unaccountable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expostulating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I clidn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow. In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and, surveying the company all round as if they had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be more by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the Day, by the vigour of my wrist and shoulder, and the industry of my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature fling his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off.

But, Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear of the subject, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water. My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot-water, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time at least, I was saved. I still held on the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervor of gratitude.

By degrees, I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding. The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of gin-and-water. I began to think I
should get over the day, when my sister said to me, "Good evening—cold." I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "you must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

"Must they? Let them not hope to taste it!"

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie; a savoury pork pie."

The company murmured their compliments. Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, said—quite visibly, all things considered—"Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavours; let us have a cut at this same pie."

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw reawakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savoury pie would lay stop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip."

I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

But, I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets: one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying: "Here you are, lock sharp, come in!"

WAITING FOR CAPUA.

THREE-YEAR days, and little Capua is still coquetting with her persevering, if not too pressuring, suitors; now affecting to sleep, but ever keeping open one bright vigilant eye; now closing her lips for days, only to startle the echoes of the Campagna Felice with accounts that would outsold Xanthippe; keeping us the besiegers (to be plain) in a state of excitement and watchfulness that goes near to render the siege, which had seemed to me like a pleasure, a scarcely mitigated bore. What does the little vixen mean? Well she knows that her intrepid lover, Giuseppe of the victorious band, is, indeed, the soldier of humanity, and that, though one hour's wooing with his witts might bring her to his feet, she is safe from that stern summons.

Waiting for something to fall, that must fall, whether it be tree, or city, or considerable landed estate, has the irrevocable effect of clogging the wisecrack of time; it accordingly seems about two years since Capua, one fine October morning, adventured a sortie, and threw Capua herself into a flutter: when Giuseppe Garibaldi appeared, and paid, with his own hand, fixing her back, clipping her tail feathers as she flew.

Since that memorable epoch, we have been gradually fortifying against such another little alarm, which caused a most wanton sacrifice of tricolored flags and nascent opinions of freedom, and beguiled persons of worthy leaning into indirect prophecies not justified by the event. I think it must have been about fourteen months ago, that we placed another twelve-pounder in position. It appears to have been many weeks subsequent to this, that a new battery was marked out, though not absolutely begun. Within more recent recollection, two boats, out of the twenty required to bridge the Volturno, were noticed in a backward state of unpreparedness. And at last—quite lately—indeed—of a Piedmontese soldier was clearly distinguishable on the slopes of distant Tenea. Things are coming to a crisis. It will be well to take up a position near the front, say at Santa Maria, and with an occasional glance at Naples when there is nothing doing, hold ourselves in readiness for anything that may occur. And, judging from our own notebook, we are in excellent season.

Oct. 10. The enemy did a little firing at our silent batteries, but could not draw them into argument. They fixed with great precision, but our people being under shelter, one only was touched—shot through the arm. The enemy sharply massed troops on the right and left, their patrols and videttes being plainly visible. A traitor on our side, last night, found means to plant a long rod or wand in rear of Dowling's guns, concealed on the road at St. Sito, so that their position might be visible to the enemy on the opposite hill. A quantity of ammunition was also scattered in the ditch. St. Dash's report of the day informs the general that "appearances in general indicate an attack."

Oct. 14. The long-expected English battalion arrived in two steamers, after a protracted voyage, seven hundred and eighty strong; but were not permitted to land, either because nothing was ready for them, or (politer explanation) that the authorities desired to afford time for the people to get up an ovation.

Oct. 15. Last night the enemy walked off with an entire picket, an officer and sixteen men. Very early in the morning, two battles of ride men came out, and attacked a position near St. Angelo, lightherto occupied by the division Medici. These had, however, been withdrawn, and the enemy found himself in contact with the flower of the Piedmontese army—the Bersagliers—who speedily drove them off, taking twenty prisoners.

Our friend St. Dash had a narrow escape today. He had stopped to speak to General Court, and was in the act of turning away, when a large fragment of shell struck the general's horse on the head. The poor animal's jaw hung down, and he span, wildly round and round, upsetting the riders—who was happily untouched. Had the conversation lasted a moment longer, St. Dash could hardly have escaped.

The English battalion disembarked to-day, half-stunned with applause, and half-suffocated.