fluence of custom can alone reconcile the reader, and which will be held, we trust, in less than half an age hence, to bear as decidedly the stamp of savageism. Within the last few years there have been no fewer than twenty-five gamekeepers murdered in England. The cases were all ascertained cases; coroners' juries sat upon the bodies, and verdicts of wilful murder were returned against certain parties, known or unknown; and these were, of course, but the murders on the one side. We occasionally hear of the death of a poacher; and all our readers must remember a late horrible instance, in which an unfortunate man of this class, captured after a desperate resistance, was found to be so dreadfully injured in the fray, that his bowels protruded through his wounds. But in by far the greater number of cases, the poor wounded wretch has strength enough left to bear him to his miserable home, and the parish hears little more of the matter than that there has been a brief illness and a sudden death. It is quite bad enough that Hawksworth's story of the highwayman should be a not improbable one in the times of the first two Georges; it is still worse that Crabbe's story of the rival brothers who killed each other in a midnight fray, in which the one engaged in the character of a poacher, the other in that of a gamekeeper, should be as little improbable in the times of William and Victoria.

Be it remembered, too, that the peculiar barbarism of the modern period is greatly more a national reproach than that of the ancient. The older enormities were enormities in spite of a good law; the newer enormities are enormities that arise directly out of a bad one. There is sound sense as well as good feeling in the remark of Mrs Saddletree on the law, in Effie Deans's case, as laid down by her learned husband the saddler. "The crime," remarked the wiseacre to his better half, "is rather a favourite of the law, this species of murder being one of its own creating." "Then, if the