THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1867.

CHRISTMAS STORY FOR 1867. THOROUGHFARE. NO

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS

THE OVERTURE.

Day of the month and year, November the thirdeth, one thousand eight hundred and thirdethe, London Time by the great clock of Saint Paul's, ten at night. All the lesser London churches strain their metallic throats. Some slippantly begin before the heavy bell of the great cathedral; some tardity begin three, four, half a dozen strokes behind it; all are in sur ficiently near accord to leave a resonance in the air, as if the winged father who devours his children had made a sounding sweep with his

Bigantic soythe in flying over the city. What is this clock lower than most of the rest, and nearer to the ear, that lags so far behind tonight as to strike into the vibration alone? This is the clock of the Hospital for Foundling Children. Time was when the Foundlings were received without question in a cradle at the gate. Time is when inquiries are made respecting them, and they are taken as by favor from the mothers who relinquish all natural know-ledge of them and claim to them forevermore.

The moon is at the full, and the night is fair, with light clouds. The day has been otherwise than fair, for slush and mud, thickened with the droppings of heavy log, he black in the streets. The veiled lady who fluiters up and down near the postern-gate of the Hospital for Founding Children has need to be well shod to night.

She flutters to and fro, avoiding the stand of hackney coaches, and often pausing in the shadow of the western end of the great quadrangle wall, with her face turned towards the gate. As above her there is the purity of the moonlit sky, and below her there are the delie-ments of the pavement, so may she, haply, be divided in her mind between two vistas of redection or experience. As her footprints, crossing and recrossing one another, have made a laby rinth in the mire, so may her track in hie have involved inself in an intricate and unravelable tangle.

The postern-gate of the Hospital for Foundling Children opens, and a young woman comes out. The lady stands aside, observes closely, sees that the cate is quietly closed again from within, and follows the young woman. Two or three streets have been traversed in

silence before she, following close behind the object of her attention, stretches out her hand and touches her. Then the young woman stops and looks round, startled.

"You touched me last night, and, when I turned my head, you would not speak. Why do you follow me like a silent ghost ?"

"It was not," returned the lady, in a low nice, "that I would not speak, but that I could voice,

not when I tried." "What do you want of me? I have never done you any harm."

"Do I know you ?"

"No."

"Then what can you want of me?"

"Here are two gameas in this paper. Take my poor little present, and I will tell you," luto the young woman's face, which is honest

and comely, comes a lash as she replies: "There is neither grown person nor child, in all the large establishment that I belong to, who hasn't a good word for Sally. I am Sally. Could I be so well thought of, if I was to be bought?" "I do not mean to bay you; I mean only to reward you very slightly." Sally formly but not meantly closes and mate

Sally firmly, but not ungently, closes and puts back the offering hand. . "It there is anything I can do for you, ma'am, that I will not do for its own sake, you are much mistaken in me if you think that I will do it for money. What is it you want ?" you want ?"

"You are one of the nurses or attendants at the Hospital; I saw you leave to-night and last night.

"res, I am. I am Sally." "There is a pleasant patience in your face which makes me believe that very young chil-dren would take readily to you." "God bless 'em ! So they do." The lady lifts her yell, and shows a face no older than the nurse's. A face far more refined and capable than hers, but wild and worn with

There are numerous lookers-on at the dinner, There are two or three gov-lies from the congregation, and the custom is. The custom is, The custom is a set of the custom ernors, whole families from the conditionation, smaller groups of both seares, individual strag-glers of various degrees. The bright automnal sun strikes treshly into the wards; and the heavy-tramed windows through which it shines, the panelled walls on which it strikes, are windows and such walls as pervade Hegarit's pictures. The girls' refectory (includ-ing that of the younger caldren) is the princi-pal jauraction. Neat attendants silently glide about the orderly and silent tables; the lookerson move or stop as the fancy takes them; conments in whispers on face such a number from such a window are not unfrequent: many of the faces are of a character to fix attention. of the visitors from the outside public are accustomed visitors. They have established a speaking acquaintance with the occupants of particu-lar scats at the table, and built at tabse points It is no

to be d down and say a word or two. It is no disparagement to their kindness that those points are generally points where personal attractions are. The monotony of the long spacious rooms and the double lines of faces is agreeably relieved by these incidents, although so slight.

meb.

A veiled lady, who has no companion, goes among the company. It would seem that curi-osity and opportunity have never brought her here before. She has the air of being a little troubled by the sight, and as she goes the length of the tables, it is with a hesitating step and an unessy manner. At leugth she comes to the re-fectory of the boys They are so much less popular than the girls that it is bare of visitors

when she looks in at the doorway. But just within the doorway chances to stand, inspecting, an elderly female attendant—some order of mation or housekeeper. To whom the hady addresses natural questions, as, How many boys ? At what age are they usually pat out in life? Do they often take a fancy to the sea? So, lower and lower in tone, until the lady puts the question, "Which is Walter Wilding?"

Attendant's heal shaken. Against the rules, "You know which is Walter Wilding?"

So keenly does the attendant feel the close-ness with which the lady's eyes examine her face, that she keeps her own eyes fast upon the floor, lest by wandering in the right direction they should betray her.

"I know which is Walter Wilding, but it is not my place, ma'am, to tell names to visitors." But you can show me without te ling me."

The lady's hand moves quietly to the atten-dant's hand. Fause and silence. "I am going to pass round the tables," says the lady's interlocutor, without seeming to

address her. "Follow me with your eyes. The boy that I stop at and speak to will not matter to you. But the boy that I touch will be Walter Wilding. Say nothing more to me, and move a little away.

Quickly acting on the hint, the lady passes on into the room, and looks about her. After a few moments, the attendant, in a stald official way, walks down outside the line of tables commencing on her left hand. She goes the whole length of the line, turns, and comes back on the inside. Very slightly glaucing in the lady's direction, she stops, bends forward, and speaks. The boy whom she addresses lifts his head and replies. Good humoredly and easily, as she listens to what he says, she lays her haud upon the shoulder of the next boy on his right. That the action may be well noted, she keeps her hand on the shoulder while speaking in return, and pats it twice or thrice before moving away. She completes her tour of the tables, touching no one else, and passes out by a door at the op-

posite end of the long room. Dinner is done, and the lady, too, walks down outside the line of tables commencing on her left hand, goes the whole length of the line, turns, and comes back on the inside. Other people have strolled in, fortunately for her, and, stopping at the touched boy, asks how old he is. "I am twelve, ma'am," he answers, with his bright eyes fixed on hers.

"Are you well and happy?" "Yes, ma'am."

"May you take these sweetmeats from my hand ?"

"If you please to give them to me."

In stooping low for the purpose, the lady touches the boy's face with her forehead and with her hair. Then, lowering her veil again, she passes on, and passes out without looking back.

ACT I.

"Thank you, s'r," said Mr. Bintrey. "It's out excellent." He mughed again, as he held up his giass and oghd it, at the highly lumerous idea of giving

away such winc, "And now," said Willing, with a childish enjoyment in the discussion of adairs, "I think e have got everything straight, Mr. Bintrey. "Everything straight," said Bintrey.

"A partner secured..." "Partner secured," said Bintrey.

Tower Str by-the-by. Street, from ten to twelve'-to morrow,

"And all charges paid," said Bintrey, with a chuckle; probably occasioned by the droll circumstance that they had been paid without a hagele.

"The mention of my late dear mother." Mr. Wilding continued, his eyes illing with tears, and his pocket-handkerchief drying them, "unmans me still, Mr. Bintrey. You know how I loved her; you (her lawyer) know how she loved me. The utmost love of mother and child was cherished between us, and we never ex-perienced one moment's division or unhappiness from the time when she took me under her care. Thirteen years in all. Thirteen years under my late dear mother's cure, Mr. Bintrey, and eight of them her confidentially acknow-ledged son 1 You know the story, Mr. Bintrey; who but you, sir !" Mr. Wilding sobbed, and dried his eyes, without attempt at concealment,

Mr. Bintrey enjoyed his comical port,4 and said, after rolling it in his mouth: "I know the

my late dear mother's lips were forever sealed. By whom deceived, or under what circum-My late dear

trey, sgain turning his wine on his palate. "and she could hold her peace." An amused twinkle in his cycs pietty platuly added, "A devilish deal better than you ever will !"

quoted from the Commandiments, "thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." When I was in the Foundling, Mr. Bintrey, I was at such a loss how to do it that I appreached my duys would be short in the land. But I afterwards came to honor my mather deeply, profoundly. And I honor and revere her memory. For seven happy years, Mr. Bintrey," pursued Wilding, still with the same innocent catching of his breath, and the same unabashed tours, "did my excellent mother article me to my predecessors in this business, Pebbleson Nephew. Her affectionate business, reported in representation of the forethought likewise apprenticed me to the Vintners' Company, and made main time a Free Vintner, and - and - everything else that the best of mothers could desire. When I came best of mothers could desire. When I came of age, she bestowed her inberited share in this business upon me; it was her money that afterwards bought out Peppleson Nephew, and wards bought out Pebbleson Nephew, and painted in Wilding & Co.; it was she who left me everything she possessed but the mourning ring you wear. And yet, Mr. Bintrey," with a fresh burst of honest affection, "she is no more. It is little over half a year since she came into the Corner to read ou that doorpost, with her own eyes, Wilding & Co., Wine Merchants. And yet, she is no more !"

"So now, Mr. Bintrey," pursued Wilding, put-ting away his pocket handkerchief, and smooth-ing his cyclids with his fingers, "now that I can no longer show my love and honor for the dear parent to whom my heart was mysteriously parent to whom my heart was mysteriously turned by nature when she first spoke to me, a strange lady, I sitting at our Sunday dinner-table in the Foundling, I can at least show that I am not ashamed of having been a Foundling, and that I, wto never knew a father of my own, wish to be a father to all in my employment. Therefore," continued Wilding, becoming enthu-siastic in his loquacity, "therefore, I want a thoroughly good housekeeper to undertake this dwelling-house of Wilding & Co., Wine Mer-chants, Cripple Corner, so that I may restore in it some of the old relations betwirt employer it some of the old relations betwixt employer and employed! So that I may live in it on the spot where my money is made! So that I may daily sit at the head of the table at which the people in my employment eat together, and may eat of the same roust and boiled, and drink of the same beer! So that the people in my em-ployment may lodge under the same roof with me! So that we may one and all - I beg your pardon, Mr. Bintrey, but that old singing in my bend has suddenly come on, and I shall feel obliged if you will lead me to the pume."

"All good be with it!" exclaimed Binirey, rising. "May it prosper I is Joey Ladle to take a share in Handel, Mozari, Haydu, Kent, Purcell, Doctor Arne, Greene, and Mendel sohn ? "I hope so."

"I wish them all well out of it," returned Bintrey, with much heartiness. "Good by, sir." They shock hands and parted. Then (first knocking with his knuckles for leave) entered to Mr. Wilding, from a door of communication between his private counting-house and that in which his clerks sat, the Head Cellarman of the cellars of Wilding & Co., Wine Merchauts, and erst Head Cellarman of the cellars of Pebbleson Nephew. The Jory Ladle in question. A slow and ponderous man, of the drayman order of human architecture, dressed in a corrugated suit and bibbed apron, apparently a composite "Respecting this same boarding and lodging,

Young Master Wilding," said he. "Yes, Joey ?"

"Speaking for myself, Young Matter Wilding -and 1 never did speak and 1 never do speak for no one else-I don's want no posrding nor yet no lodging. But if you wish to board me and to lodge me, take me, I can peck as well as most men. Where I peck ain't so high a object with me as What I peck. Nor even so high a object with me as How much I peck. Is all to live in the house, Young Master Wilding? The two other cellarmen, the three porters, the two 'prentices, and the odd men ?" "Yes. I hope we shall all be an united family,

"Ah !" said Joey. "I hope they may be."

"An 1" said Joey. "I hope they may be." "They? Rather say we, Joey." Joey Ladle shock his head. "Don't look to me to make we on it. Young Master Wilding, not at my time of life and under the circum-stances which has formed my disposition. I have said to Pebbleson Nephew many a time, a ban her have said to me "Put a liveller tack." when they have said to me, 'Put a liveller face upon it, Joey'-I have said to them, 'Gentlemen, it is all wery well for you, that has been accustomed to take your wine into your systems by the conwivial channel of your throtiles, to put a lively face upon it; but,' I says, 'I have been accustomed to take my wine in at the pores of the skin, and, took that way, it acts different. It acts depressing. It's one thing, gentlemen.' 1 says to Pebbleson Nephew, 'to charge your glasses in a dining-room with a Hip Hurrah and a Jolly Companions Every One, and it's another thing to be charged yourself, through the pores, in a low, dark cellar and a mouloy atmosphere. It makes all the difference betwixt bubbles and wapers,' I tells Pebbleson Nephew. And so it do. I've been a cellar man my life through, with my mind fully given to the business. What's the consequence? I'm as muddled a man as lives-you won't find a muddleder man than me-nor yet you won't find my equal in molloncolly. Sing of Filling the bumper fair, Every drop you sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths away a wrinkle? Yes. Piraps so. But try filing yourself through the pores, underground, when you don't want to it i' "I am sorry to hear this, Joey. I had even thought that you might join a singing-class in the house.

"Me, sir? No, no, Young Master Wilding, you won't catch Joey Ladle muddling the Armony. A pecking-machine, sir, is all that I am capable of proving myself, out of my cellars; but that you're welcome to, if you think it's worth your while to keep such a thing on your

premises. 'I do, Joey." "Say no more, sir. The Business' word is my

And you're a going to take Young nw. Master George Vendale partner into the old Business ? "I am, Joey."

"More changes, you see ! But don't change the name of the Firm again. Don't do it, Young Master Wilding. It was had luck enough to make it Yourself & Co. Better by far have left it Pebbleson Nephew that good luck always stuck to. You should never change luck when it's good, sir." "At all events, I have no intention of changing

the name of the house again, Joey."

"Glad to hear it, and wish you good day, Young Master Wilding. But you had better by half," muttered Joey Ladle, inaudibly, as he closed the door and shook his head, "have let the name alone from the first. You had better by half have followed the luck instead of crossing it."

To be continued.]

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This brings the line to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and it is expected that the track will be haid thirty miles further, to Evans Pass, the highest point on the road, by January. The maximum grade from the foot of the mountains to the summit is but eighty feet to the mile, while that of many Eastern roads is over one hundred, Work in the rock-cuttings on the western slope will continue through the winter, and there is now no reason to doubt that the entire grand line to the Paclfic will be open for business in 1870,

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"Wound up," said Bintrey, "And all charges paid."

lating these remarks.

story "My late dear mother, Mr. Bintrey," pursued the wine merchant, "had been deeply deceived, and had cruelly suffered. But on that subject

stances, Heaven only knows. My late dear mother never betrayed her betrayer." "She had made up her mind," said Mr. Bin-

"Honor," said Mr. Wilding, sobbing, as he

"sad. But the common lot, Mr. Wilding," ob-served Bintrey. "At some time or other we must all be no more." He placed the forty-fiveyear-old port wine in the universal condition, with a relishing sigh.

SOTTOW. "I am the miserable mother of a baby lately received under your care. I have a prayer to

make to you." Instinctively respecting the confidence which has drawn aside the yell, Sally-whose ways are an ways of simplicity and spontancity-replaces

att ways i it, and begins to cry: "You will listen to my prayer?" the lady urges. "Yon will not be deaf to the agonized entreaty of such a broken suppliant as I an?" "O dear, dear, dear !" cries Sally. "What shall I say, or can I say? Don't talk of prayers. Prayers are to be put up to the good Father of all, and not to nurses and such. And there I I am only to hold my place for half a wear longer. till another young woman can be year longer, till another young woman can be traized up to it. I am going to be married, shouldn't have been out last night, and

ahouldn't have been out to-night, but that my Dick (he is the young man I am going to be married to) lies ill, and I help his mother sister to watch him. Don't take on so, don't take on so.

"O good Sally, dear Sally," moans the lady, catching at her dress cutreatingly. "As you are hopeful and I am hopeless-as a fair way in life is before you, which can never, never be before me -as you can aspire to become a re-spected wife, and as you can aspire to become a proud mother-as you are a living, loving woman, and must die-for God's sake hear my distracted petition !"

Deary, deary, deary me !" cries Sally, her desperation culminating in the provoun. "what am I ever to do? And there! See how you what turn my own words back upon me. I tell you I am going to be married on purpose to it clearer to you I am going to leave, and there-fore couldn't help you if I would, Poor Thing, and you make it seem to my own self as if I was cruch in going to be married and not helping you. It ain't kind. Now, is it kind, Poor Thing?"

Poor Thing ?" "Sally! Hear me, my dear. My entreaty is for no help in the future. It applies to what is past. It is to be told in two words."

There! This is worse and worse," cries Sully, "supposing that I understand what two words you mean,"

'You do understand. What are the names "You do understand, what are the pro-they have given my poor baby? I ask no more than that. I have read of the customs of the place. He had been christened in the chapel, and registered by some surname in the book. He was received has Monday evening. What have they called him?" have they called him ?"

Down upon her knees in the foul mud of the by-way into which they have strayed - an empty street without a thoroughtare, giaing on the dark gardens of the Hospital-the lady would drop in her passionate entreaty, but that Sally

"Don't! Don't! You make me feel as if I "Don't! Don't! You make me feel as if I was setting misell up to be good. Let me look in your pretty face again. Put your two hands in mine. Now, promise. You will never ask me anything more than the two words?" Never !!! Never!

"You will never put them to a bad use, if I say them?

'Never! Never!"

"Walter Wilding."

The lady lays her face upon the nurse's breast, draws her close in her embrace with both arms, inurmurs a blessing and the words, "Kiss him for me !" and 19 gone

Day of the month and year, the first Sunday In October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven. London time by the great clock of Saint Paul's, half past one in the afternoon. The clock of the Hospital for Foundling Chil-dren is well up with the cathedral to-day. Ser-Service in the chapel is over, and the Foundling shildren are at dinner.

THE CURTAIN BISES.

In a court yard in the city of London, which was No Thoroughfare either for vehicles or foot passengers - a court'yard diverging from a steep, a slippery, and a winding street connecting lower street with the Middlesex shore of the Thames-stood the place of business of Wilding & Co., wine merchants. Probably as a jocose acknowledgement of the obstructive character of this main approach, the point nearest its base at which she could take the river (if so inodorously minded) bore the appellation Break-Nick Stairs. The court yard itself had likewise been descriptively entitled, in old time, Cripple Cotner.

Years before the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, people had left off taking boat at Break-Neck Stairs, and watermen had ceased to ply there. The slimy little causeway had dropped into the river by a slow process of sulcide, and two or three sumps of piles and a rusty iron mooring ring were all that remained of the departed Break Neck glories. Sometimes, indeed, a laden coal barge would bump itself into the place, and certain laborious heavers, seemingly mud-engendered, would arise, deliver the cargo in the neighborhood, shove off, and vanish; but at most times the only commerce of Break-Neck-Stairs arose out of the conveyance of break-Neck-Stairs arose out of the conveyance of casks and bottles, both full and empty, both to and from the cellars of Wilding & Co., wine merchants. Even that commerce was but occasional, and through three-fourths of its rising tides the indecorous drab of a river would come dirty. colliarily cozing and inpping at the rusty ring, as if it had heard of the Doge and the Adriatic, and wanted to be married to the great conservor of its filthiness, the right honorable the Loid Mayor.

Some two hundred and fifty yards on the right up the opposite hill (approaching it from the low ground of Break-Neck-Stairs), was Cripple Corner, There was a pump in Cripple Corner; there was a tree in Cripple Corner. All Cripple Corner belonged to Wilding & Co., wine mer-chants. Their cellers burrowed under it, their mansion towered over it. It really had mansion in the days when merchants inhabited the city, and had a commodious shelter to the doorway without visible support, like the sounding board over an old pulpit. It had also a number of long, narrow strips of window, so disposed in its grave brick front as to render it symmetrically ugly. It had also on its roof a cupola with a bell in it.

"When a man at five-and twenty can put his hat on, and can say, 'That hat covers the owner of this property, and of the business which is transacted on this property,' I consider, Mr. Bintrey, that, without being boastful, he may be allowed to be deeply thankful. I don't know how it may appear to you, but so it appears

Thus Mr. Walter Wilding to his man of law in his own counting-house,-taking his hat down from the peg to suit the action to the word, and hanging it up when he had done so, not to overep the modesty of nature.

An innocent, open-speaking, unused-looking nap. Mr. Walter Wilding, with a remarkably pink and white complexion, and a figure much o bulky for so young a man, though of a good stature, with crispy, curling brown hair, and amiable, bright blue eyes. An extremely com-municative man-a man with whom loquacity was the prestrainable outpouring of content-ment and gratitude. Mr. Bintrey, on the other hand, a caurious man, with twinkling beads for cycz, in a large, overhanging baid head, who in-wardly bat intensely enjoyed the comicality of openness of speech, or hand, or heart, "Yes," said Mr. Bentrey. 'Yes. Ha, ha!" A decanter, two wincglasses, and a plate of

biscuits stood on the desk. "You like this forty-five-year-old port wine?" said Mr. Wilding.

"Like it !" repeated Mr. Bintrey. "Rather, sir!

"It's from the best corner of our best forty-five-year-old bin," said Mr. Wilding.

Alarmed by the excessive pinkness of his client, Mr. Bintrey lost not a moment in leading him forth into the court-yard. I was easily done, for the counting house in which they talked together opened on to it, at one side of the dwelling-house. There the attorney pumped with a will, obedient to a sign from the client, and the client laved bis head and face with both hands, and took a bearty drink. After these remedies, he declared himself much better.

"Den't let your good feelings excite you," said Bintrey, as they returned to the counting-house, and Mr. Wilding dried himself on a jack-towel

behind an inner door. "No, no, I won't," he returned, looking out of the towel. "I won't. I have not been con-fused, have 1?"

"Till take care, Till take care. The singing

in my head came on at where, Mr. Bintrey I" "At roast, and bolled, and beer," answered the lawyer, prompting—"lodging under the same roof—and one and all—"

together-

"No occasion, no occasion. All right, Mr. family at the same time to do my duty to those depenknow how it may appear to you, Mr. Bintrey, but so it appears to me."

portance.

really would not ex-"

"Ham not going to. Then there's Handel." "There's who?" asked Bintrey. "Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Kent, Purcell, Doc-tor Aine, Greene, Mcudelseohn. I know the choruses to those anthems by heart. Foundling

yer, rather short'y. "Emplorer and employed."

"Ay, ay !" returned Bintrey, mollified; as if he had half expected the answer to be, Lawyer and client. "That's another thing."

"Not another thing, Mr. Butrey! The same thing. A part of the bold among us. We will form a choir in some quiet church near the Corner here, and, having sung together of a Sunday with a relish, we will come home and take an early dinner together with a relish. The object that I have at heart now is to get this system well in action without delay, so that my new partner may find it founded when he enters on his partnership."

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"Not at all. Perfectly clear." "Where did I leave off, Mr. Bintrey?" "Well, you left off-. But I wouldn't excite myself, if I was you, by taking it up again just

"Ah! And one and all singing in the head

"Do you know, I really would not let my good feelings excite me, it I was you," hinted the lawyer again, anxiously. "Try some more pump.

Bintrey. And one and all forming a kind of You see, Mr. Bintrey, I was not used in my childhood to that sort of individual existence which most individuals have led, more or less, in their childhood. After that time I became absorbed in my late dear mother. Having lost her, I find that I am more fit for being one of a body than one by myself. To be that, and dent on me, and attach them to me, has a patriarchal and pleasant air about it. I don't

"It is not I who am all important in the case, but you," returned Bintrey. "Consequently but you," returned Bintrey. "Consequently, how it may appear to me is of very small im-

"It appears to me," said Mr. Wilding, in a glow, "hopeful, usetul, de lightful !" "Do you know," hinted the lawyer, again, "I

Chapel Collection .- Why shouldn't we learn

them together !" "Who learn them together ?" asked the law-

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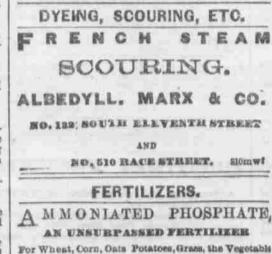
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