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AN OPIUM DEN IN LONDON.

A Frenchman, M. Albert Wolff, has despatched to the Paris Figaro his experiences in London. Among his sketches he follows portraying a scene in Whitechapel:

"Whisked before one of these hovels; the police officer pushed open the door, the manager.

"Who's there?" demanded some one in the

"Don't be frightened, Jack; it's only the regular one Hercules. Whereupon we enter a small room, a strange, nauseous odor pervades the apartment, and we

"Take a retreat.

"Wait awhile," says the policeman; "it's coming."

In the flickering light of the fire burning in the grate I perceive the individual addressed as Jack. It is a Chinese who keeps this crowded hole, where one can get intoxicated for a few coppers. The room we are in is so low that we are unable to stand upright. Lying pell-mell on the mattress and on the ground are Chinamen, Lascars and a few English blackguards who have imbibed a taste for opium. Some are stretched at full length abandon themselves to the fumes of intoxication in different stages, while others are only beginning to light their pipes at a flickering lamp, which is placed by the side of each smoker.

The proprietor of the house, jabbers a few words of English. He inquires of us it we wish to smoke, and points to some pipes, which he offers by the thousand courteous smile, and which he will be happy to lend us, lying on a table between a pile of opium and a few bits of charcoal. The policeman explains to this devil's tapster that we have come simply to look on.

"Do you want to go up stairs?" inquires he.

"Is there a woman."

"Yes, there is one woman."

"Is there any other woman upstairs?" asked I, looking around. "Why there is no stairs."

And he takes a little ladder from the wall and leans it against the wall, where we see rat skins are hanging; he places a few steps, and pointing to a hole in the ceiling, says, "Here."

"There is not room for us all up there."

"Then the police officer, "You follow Hercules, and I'll wait for you here."

One by one we climb the ladder and pass through the opening. Seated on a mat in a room lighted by a dim lamp is a old woman with dishevelled hair, thin face, and dull-looking eyes. Through a cloud of smoke and cough-ing she looks at us and then like a person in the last stage of consumption. She casts a stupid gaze upon us, then throws herself back on cushions to puff away at her opium.

"Look where she is is a small loft, crowded with a multitude of objects, among which the excellent Jack, but beyond the door which the old sorceress in the corner, there is not a single piece of furniture. The atmosphere is so tainted with opium as to bring on the point of suffocation. The only window pane, through which a ray of light is penetrating. The fresh air of the room, mingling up the sorceress, causes her to utter a volley of complaints in an unintelligible jargon. A shivering on the unclean couch moll-ing, a young woman, who opens her eyes to the light by a superhuman effort. Her look falls on the old woman with her long bony face and contemplates it with delight. The smoke of coughing more formidable to the former seems to tear her lungs as it passes through the little hole and the ladder steps.

"Do you want to smoke?" offers the old woman.

"Thanks, no," I reply.

"Do you want to write for the newspapers?"

"No, we do not look personal interviews, but we will see for yourself sought. Do you mean that your composition will be entertaining?

"Yes, because they are not burdened with facts; suppress rhetoric; and try to have the public with opinions.

"Well, I will do so."

"Very good, Mr Fields, that publishes the Journal of advise to those who are am-

"Yes, I write for the newspapers:—

"Do not look personal interviews, but will see for yourself sought.

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