

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

LORD HARDINGE, AND THE RECENT VICTORIES IN INDIA.

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WITH A PORTRAIT, FROM A PICTURE BY ROSS.

HENRY, Viscount Hardinge, one of the most distinguished of the companions of the immortal Wellington, is the grandson of Nicholas Hardinge, long the chief clerk to the House of Commons, and eminently distinguished for his attainments in constitutional law. His father was the late Rev. Henry Hardinge, rector of Stanhope, Durham, a clergyman highly respected for his unaffected piety and benevolence. As Henry was a younger son advantage was taken of his family connections to obtain him a commission in the army at a very early age. But, notwithstanding the temptations that beset youth under such circumstances, he devoted himself earnestly to learn the duties of his profession; and acquired such proficiency that he soon attracted the favourable notice of his superiors. His name was first brought prominently before the public in connection with that of the lamented General Sir John Moore, on whose staff he served during the memorable campaign which ended in the disastrous retreat to Corunna, and the glorious victory which threw a gleam of brilliancy over the close of a period of loss and suffering. Captain Hardinge was standing near Sir John Moore when that general was struck by a cannon-shot. It was to Hardinge, who attempted to remove his sword, that the dying hero addressed the energetic words, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" to the same gentleman, and to Col. Anderson, Sir John Moore expressed his satisfaction at falling as became a soldier on the field of victory, and his pathetic hopes that his country would do him justice.

After the death of Sir John Moore, Captain Hardinge became still more intimately connected with Sir Arthur Wellesley—the immortal Wellington. He served under him during the whole of the peninsular war, and at the battle of Waterloo, where Sir Henry Hardinge, who had received the order of the Bath for his meritorious career in Spain, had the misfortune to lose an arm. To write the history of this portion of Sir Henry Hardinge's military career, would be merely to repeat the narrative of campaigns which are or ought to be familiar to every Englishman. During the entire period Sir Henry was so identified with his illustrious chief that it is scarcely possible to dissever his achievements from those of Wellington.

Soon after the conclusion of the war (Nov. 1821), Sir Henry Hardinge married Lady Emily Vane, daughter of Robert, the first Marquis of Londonderry, and relict of John James, Esq. About the same time he entered into political life, and was known as the sincere friend rather than the partizan of the Duke of Wellington.

He has held the offices of clerk of the ordnance and secretary-at-war, he was also during a brief but a very troubled and important period, secretary for Ireland. In this last-named post he displayed administrative talents of the highest order; uniting to firmness of purpose the most conciliatory habits and demeanour, so that he won not merely the respect but the regard of his most inveterate political opponents. It was for these qualities that he was selected to fill the high office of governor-general of India at probably the most critical period in the history of our empire in that country which has occurred since the days of Warren Hastings.

So very little of the real state of India is known to the general public, and particularly of the relations between the British government and the independent native powers, that it will probably be no unacceptable service if we briefly state the rise and progress of the Sikhs from their first appearance as a sect to the time when they ventured to compete with the British for supremacy over India.

The Sikhs first appeared about the middle of the seventeenth century as a sect professing principles of peace and submission, not unlike those of the people called quakers; their tenets were a mixture of Hindooism and Mohammedanism, and exposed them to the persecutions of the bigots of both these creeds. In the later age of the empire of Delhi these persecutions were so severe that the patience of the Sikhs was worn out; they took up arms in their own defence, and very soon rivalled their oppressors themselves in violence and cruelty. As the great Mogul empire crumbled to pieces, the parts of which it had been composed began to assume the various forms of barbarous independence; the Sikhs grouped under many different leaders, formed a confederation of chieftaincies called *Misuls* in the country, which, from being watered by the five branches of the Indus, bears the name of the *Punj-áb* or "land of five waters;" some other *Misuls* were established on the east side of the Sutlej, who were sometimes in alliance with the chiefs of the *Punj-áb*, but who also sometimes formed a confederacy of their own.

About the commencement of the present century the Sikhs of the *Punj-áb* were united into one monarchy by Runjeet Singh, one of the most able and enlightened despots who has appeared in modern Asia. His monarchy was called the kingdom of Lahore, from the name of its capital, but it also retained its geographical name of the *Punj-áb*. Having established his power firmly at the west side of the Sutlej, Runjeet Singh cast a covetous eye on the possessions of the Sikhs at the eastern side of the river; but these had in the meantime been taken under the protection of the British, and Runjeet could only gratify his ambition at the hazard of a perilous war. The recent overthrow of the great Mahratta powers by the English arms quite daunted him, and he entered into a treaty with the British authorities on terms mutually advantageous to both parties.

One of the most common calumnies against the British administration in India is that ambition has ever been its chief motive, and that it has sought by secret, and not very honourable means, to sap and weaken the strength of native states in order to render them easy of conquest. The course of policy pursued towards Runjeet Singh is a triumphant refutation of this libel. Every possible aid was given him in consolidating and strengthening his kingdom at Lahore; he was encouraged to introduce discipline into his army,

and order into his government. It was the object of the English to raise up a strong native state on the north-western frontier, which in past ages had been the high-road for the plunderers and conquerors of Hindostan.

Runjeet Singh had acuteness to discover the vast superiority which troops derived from European discipline; he, therefore, engaged in his service several officers whom the downfall of Napoleon had left destitute of employment; several of these were soldiers of great merit, and, under their training, the Sikhs became if not equal to our sepoy regiments, infinitely superior to the rude militia of the native powers.

Restricted by his dread of British power from seeking an extension of dominion eastwards, Runjeet Singh turned his arms northwards and westwards, taking advantage of the distracted condition of Afghanistan to wrest from that monarchy some of its fairest provinces, including the beautiful vale of Cashmere, whose name is so celebrated in oriental poetry.

We do not believe that Runjeet Singh ever entertained a hope of a time arriving when his armies would be sufficiently organized to meet a British force in the field, and enable him to contend for supremacy in India; but there is no doubt that such romantic visions floated before the imagination of some of his numerous sons, many of his nobles, and the greater part of his army. Such men as Allard, Ventura, Aventabile, and the Europeans of high character, who had entered his service, laughed such dreams to scorn; but they were encouraged by less scrupulous adventurers, who brought with them to Asia that vulgar spite with which the memory of Waterloo has filled certain classes of Frenchmen, and sufficient evidence has oozed out to show that Runjeet Singh's friendship for the English—the sincerity of which there is no reason to doubt—was not shared by all the members of his court.

Our space does not allow us to enter into any detail on the campaigns of Afghanistan; we can only say that in this war the Sikhs acted as allies of the English, but that, with the single exception of the Maha-rajah Runjeet Singh, there was hardly one of the Sikh authorities sincerely disposed to afford us honest co-operation. The disasters of Cabul followed; they were calamitous in themselves, but they were infinitely worse in their moral effect by weakening the belief in the irresistible prowess of the British, which had spread throughout Asia.

The death of Runjeet Singh let loose all the bad passions and jealousies of the Sikhs, which his iron rule had repressed; but fortunately the distractions of a doubtful succession prevented hatred of the English from becoming a predominant passion, until the heroes of Jelallabad had been relieved, and ample vengeance taken for the injuries received at Cabul.

We believe that the hesitation for which Lord Ellenborough has been too severely censured, arose from a well-grounded fear, that, if General Pollock too speedily advanced to relieve Sir Robert Sale, the doubtful allies in his rear and on his flank might prove to be dangerous enemies.

Lord Ellenborough's administration in India was marked by the conquest of Scinde, an achievement of doubtful policy and an acquisition of very questionable value. This, however, was not the only

point at issue between his lordship and the Court of Directors. It was believed in Leadenhall Street that Lord Ellenborough had been seized with an expensive passion for military glory, and the proprietors, with great unanimity, urged that he should be recalled. A civilian had been found anxious to provoke war; and this seems to have suggested the opinion that a warrior of established fame would be the best suited to support with firmness the policy of peace.

Few appointments have been generally more satisfactory than that of Sir Henry Hardinge to the government of India in 1845. It was approved unanimously by the Court of Directors, and it was not less loudly praised by the journals in opposition than by those which were supposed to be under the influence of the ministry. His character as a statesman was as well established as his fame as a soldier. Though a conservative in politics, he was known to be a friend to the progressive improvement of humanity, and particularly to the extension of sound education and the diffusion of useful knowledge. At the time of his appointment, no one believed that there was the slightest danger of renewed hostilities in India. The Affghans were believed, and with truth, to have received too impressive a lesson to provoke British vengeance too hastily; Scinde, if not a profitable, seemed a very secure possession; and there seemed to be almost perfect tranquillity from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Sir Henry Hardinge was not the dupe of these delusive appearances. Though immediately after his landing he had devoted his attention to the introduction of several valuable administrative reforms, and more especially to establishing such a system of education as might train the natives of Hindostan in a knowledge of their rights and duties as British subjects, his provident glance foresaw elements of coming danger in the disorganized condition of the court of Lahore, and while almost everybody else appeared confident of calm, he made vigorous preparations to meet a coming storm.

After a series of sanguinary but uninteresting revolutions, the crown of Lahore had devolved on Dhuleep Singh, a feeble boy, whose claims from legitimacy were said to be a little doubtful. The supreme power, however, such as it was, belonged to the queen-dowager, or ranee, a woman of the most profligate habits, and whose first element of policy was to obtain facilities for the indulgence of her own depraved appetites. To learn accurately the course likely to be taken by such an administration was quite impossible, for the simple reason that no definite course would be adopted by persons who were not of the same mind for an hour together. Hence the account which news-writers gave of the perplexities and confusion at Lahore, made many experienced men come to the conclusion that no danger was to be dreaded from such distraction. Sir Henry Hardinge, however, rightly divined that the distraction itself was the danger.

The court of Lahore was utterly helpless; but, because it was so helpless, it could neither control nor satisfy the army; and this army consisted of more than one hundred thousand men, well-armed, tolerably disciplined, and supplied with a formidable train of artillery, amounting to more than two hundred guns. The soldiers also entertained the most exaggerated notions of their own prowess: because they had been disciplined like Europeans, they believed themselves fully equal to English soldiers, and far superior to the sepoy. Their

religious passions were stimulated by a set of fanatics called Akalees, who promised them divine aid against unbelievers; and there were European adventurers amongst them, who had not forgotten the love of plunder which they had acquired in the service of Napoleon. The leaders of these bands were inspired by the hope of carving out independent principalities, as had been frequently done before by usurping generals in India; and if any superior officer had offered the counsels of prudence, he would in all probability have either been assassinated by his colleagues, or torn to pieces by the multitude.

It is not easy to conceive how the court of Lahore could ever have kept this disorganized army in order and obedience. That the court sanctioned the invasion of the British dominions has not been proved, but neither is there evidence that any effort was made to prevent the movement. It is probable that the ranee and her ministers were not anxious to impede an enterprize from which in any event they were sure to be gainers. If the Sikhs were defeated, they would be relieved from the terror of an army which they were at once unable to support, and afraid to disband; if the invasion succeeded, they might not unreasonably hope for a share of the spoil.

Sir Henry Hardinge, having made himself thoroughly acquainted with all these facts, saw that the danger of an irruption was imminent; and not satisfied with issuing orders for proper measures of precaution, he quitted Calcutta for the upper provinces, and arrived at Umballa on the 2nd of December. Here he received information that the protected Sikhs on the east side of the Sutlej were not unlikely to countenance and aid the invaders,—a circumstance which proved that the danger was more imminent and more extensive than had previously been imagined.

Sir Henry Hardinge probably expected that the Sikh army would have broken into marauding detachments, and assailed the frontier at different points. No one could have anticipated the simultaneous movement of the entire mass; and it has been plausibly asserted that the movement itself was not the result of any deliberate plan, but was produced by one of those sudden impulses by which multitudes are so often propelled to a course of action so united as to have every appearance of laboured concert.

The precautions taken by Sir Henry Hardinge, although made under the disadvantage of utter uncertainty of the enemy's movements, were the best calculated to meet the crisis which actually arrived. Sir John Littler was stationed with a strong division at Ferozepore, in a position sufficiently strong to enable him to resist the Sikhs until the main army could be brought up to his relief, should they cross the river in overwhelming force; or to cut off their straggling detachments, if the enemy only appeared in marauding parties. In the meantime, the main army, under Sir Hugh Gough, was assembled at Umballa, ready to march, in whole or in part, whenever its services were required.

That the march of the Sikhs was an unpremeditated movement, seems probable, from the information transmitted to head-quarters by the political assistant, Major Broadfoot. He sent word that they had no intention of moving, at the very moment they were about to commence their march. It has, indeed, been said that Major Broadfoot was deceived, and much blame has been imputed to the

news-department, for not obtaining accurate information. But Mouton, a French adventurer then in the Sikh service, declares that the march was unpremeditated, inconsiderate, and hurried forward against the wishes and opinions of most of the officers.

The Sikhs crossed the Sutlej on the 13th of December, and formed an intrenched camp at Ferozeshah. Mouton, who is not, however, a very trustworthy authority, intimates that this position was taken to facilitate a junction with some discontented *misuls* of Sikhs on the east bank of the Sutlej; he adds, rather as an ascertained fact than a random conjecture, that large masses of the native population, from the Sutlej down to the very walls of Calcutta, were prepared to join the Sikhs, should they succeed in penetrating into the country.

Although the French writer has greatly exaggerated the amount of the general disaffection, there can be little doubt that the events of the Afghan war had produced a deep impression on the Mohammedan races throughout India, and that many even among those subject to our sway had hailed the disasters of Cabul as a triumph of the crescent over the cross. No Mohammedan has ever forgotten that the supremacy of India once belonged to his creed, and many of them believe that Islám is yet destined to achieve another triumph, and establish an empire more powerful than that of Delhi in its most glorious days.

Much exasperation, too, had been caused by Lord Ellenborough's bombastic and most imprudent proclamation respecting the gates of Somnâth. Mahmood of Ghuzni is revered as a saint by the Mussulmans of India; he is considered as the greatest of their ghazees, or heroes, whose lives were devoted to the extirpation of idolatry, and the propagation of the true faith. The removal of one of his proudest trophies from his tomb, and the proclamation of the deed as an achievement of which the British Government ought to be proud, was regarded as a triumph unnecessarily conceded to idolatrous Hindooism, and an insult wantonly offered to the purer faith of the Prophet of Mecca. Sir Henry Hardinge's judicious and successful efforts to allay these feelings of irritation, are not less creditable to his character as a statesman, than the management of the campaign, to his talents as a military commander. Mouton is probably correct in his assertion, that the Sikhs expected a general insurrection of the Mohammedans throughout India, as soon as they appeared beyond the Sutlej; but he is unquestionably wrong in his assertion, that the disaffection on which they relied generally existed. Whatever discontent Lord Ellenborough's imitation of Ossian may have produced, had been long since allayed by the discreet and conciliatory course of policy which Sir Henry Hardinge had adopted, and carried out with success.

So soon as the news of the passing of the Sutlej reached headquarters, Sir Hugh Gough was directed to advance from Umballa, and effect a junction with Sir John Littler, at Ferozepore. At Moodkee there was an unexpected battle; the Sikhs had advanced to prevent the junction of the two divisions of the British forces, and Sir Hugh Gough, with his usual gallantry, no sooner found himself in the presence of the enemy, than he made instant preparations for battle.

Some of the Anglo-Indian journals have blamed Sir Hugh Gough

as imprudent in ordering this attack, as the Sikhs were comparatively fresh, while the British forces were wearied from their long march. But it has been properly replied, that under all the circumstances it was a great advantage to become the assailants. Independently of the great enthusiasm which attack inspires, and the chilling tendencies of mere defence, Sir Hugh Gough's bold resolution had all the effects on the Sikhs of a complete surprise; they could hardly believe their senses when they saw the lines of a wearied march promptly formed into ardent columns of attack.

The battle of Moodkee was sanguinary and well contested; among the brave who fell was Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jelallabad, whose loss was bitterly lamented not only by the army but by the nation. After a terrific strife, victory declared for the English; but the fatigue of the soldiers, and the shades of night which closed rapidly round, prevented the success from being so decisive as it otherwise would have been; seventeen pieces of cannon, however, remained in the possession of the conquerors.

Mouton informs us that the Sikhs were not intimidated by the result of the battle of Moodkee, and he even insinuates that the event would have been different had not the English bribed some unnamed commander to desert his post. Sir Henry Hardinge was not elated with the victory; he saw that danger could only be averted by success the most complete, and conquest the most decisive; and though he did not interfere with the strategy of the commander-in-chief, he aided in directing the movements which effected a junction with Sir John Littler, preparatory to a decisive attack on the entrenched camp of the enemy at Ferozepore. Laying aside his dignity as governor-general, he volunteered to serve under Sir Hugh Gough, and took the command of the left wing on the memorable 21st of December. Mouton informs us that the Sikh position was far stronger than the English had supposed; its enormous park of artillery was directed by skilful European officers; it was of the heaviest calibre, and the English could only oppose it with a few light guns. He also states the number of the Sikhs higher than any of the English authorities, bringing it pretty nearly to the proportion immortalized by the cleverest of recent puns, "they were six (Sikhs) and we one (won)." The battle began in the evening; the English, after a desperate struggle, effected a lodgment in the hostile fortifications, but their tenure of it was uncertain, and the issue more than doubtful, when a tropical night, coming with more than usual rapidity, suspended the combat. If Mouton is to be believed, the Sikhs lay down to sleep that night in full assurance of a decisive victory on the following morning; and so far as we can comprehend expressions designed to be ambiguous, he and the other Europeans shared the same confidence.

"Victory," said one of the successors of Alexander, under nearly similar circumstances, "belongs to those who sleep not." That night was spent by Sir Henry Hardinge, Sir Hugh Gough, and the greater part of the English staff, in visiting the different posts, going round to the soldiers in their bivouac, and preparing them for the tremendous issue staked on the result of the following morning. We have heard on excellent authority, which we regret that we are not at liberty to name, that Sir Henry Hardinge, on his perilous tour of inspection during this memorable night, was accompanied

by his gallant son, and that in many moments of danger there was a generous contest between father and son, each anxious to shield the precious life of the other at the risk of his own. Shakspeare has preserved a similar instance of paternal and filial affection in the gallant Talbots.

The complete annihilation of the Sikh army which terminated this contest, can only be described by military historians, because it was the triumph of strategy and tactics over unregulated force. Let us be just to a fallen enemy; the Sikhs exhibited as much individual bravery as in the old days of chivalrous warfare must have ensured success; they were defeated by generalship rather than by soldiery; even Mouton confesses that the unhesitating confidence which the sepoy placed in their leaders, and the want of faith in their generals felt by the Sikhs, was the chief determining cause of the final and glorious issue.

The result of the campaign on the Sutlej was more than a victory or even a conquest,—it was an utter annihilation of the enemy. That mighty army which threatened to change the destinies of Asia, ceased to exist. What Runjeet Singh had so often predicted when urged to make war on the English, was fully accomplished—the Punjáb lay at the mercy of the conquerors. At this crisis Sir Henry Hardinge nobly, though unconsciously, refuted the French maligners of England; while foreign journals were endeavouring to raise a popular clamour against the new acquisitions of territory about to be added to our empire, Sir Henry Hardinge was providing for the independence of Lahore, and exerting himself to secure the future prosperity of the Punjáb under the rule of native sovereigns.

So far as we have been able to learn, the policy adopted by England in the Punjáb has been more successful than could have been anticipated from the character of those Sikhs to whom a large share in the administration has been necessarily delegated. The agriculture and the commerce of the country were never in so flourishing a condition, and in concluding this rapid sketch, we cannot avoid expressing our gratification that the successor of the warrior and statesman whose brilliant career we have so imperfectly delineated, is a nobleman who, as President of the Board of Trade, exerted himself strenuously to establish the two great principles, that industry is the only true source of prosperity to a people, and commerce the best bond of union between nations.

Before closing this brief sketch of the brilliant career of the gallant chief, whose return to his native land, crowned with victory, is hourly expected, it is not altogether irrelevant to draw attention to a volume of drawings entitled "Recollections of India," by the noble viscount's eldest son, the Hon. Charles Stewart Hardinge. It is one of the most picturesque series of drawings of perhaps the most picturesque countries in the world, and will be prized not merely by all Anglo-Indians, but by all who can appreciate subjects so magnificent, treated with such admirable taste.

THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

A TRUTH.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

FAIR truth the ancient sages tell,
 Lies at the bottom of a well.
 That truth's not truth, the reason why
 Is, that no truth can ever lie.
 A sage, quite anxious after truth,
 Who'd lied tremendously in youth,
 Resolved to take his staff and see
 Whether such a thing could be.
 He turned his searching eyes around,
 And soon a prattling nurse he found,
 With swaddled infant on her knee—
 Here, surely, no deceit could be!
 But lies on lies she told by score
 To please herself, and nothing more;
 For babyhood knew not one word
 Of all the fairy trash it heard.
 He turned disgusted from her side
 And, sitting on a bank, espied
 A little boy, with book in hand
 Of wondrous tales of fairy land.
 All lies again, but yet the youth
 Read and received them all as truth.
 As near a copse he chanced to pass,
 He saw a shepherd and his lass;
 He crept behind a neighbouring tree
 To listen to his rhapsody,
 But only listened to deplore
 And hear love's lies he'd lied of yore.
 For how can love of any kind
 See the truth when it is blind?
 He sought the mansions of the great,
 The doors were thronged with liveried state,
 Expressly kept, to his surprise,
 To help their masters with their lies.
 He entered where th' ennobled sat,
 But all unprofitable, flat.
 There fair ones kissed, and smirked, and smiled,
 But each the other still beguiled
 With flattery and friendly sneers,
 All being still such loves and dears.
 He blushed for truth, and felt ashamed
 For here he never heard him named.
 There noble lords, in whispering knots,
 Political in all their plots,
 Looked on each other but as tools,
 And left sincerity to fools.
 He left, and sought a hovel door
 Of one most desolately poor,

And as he stooped to lift the latch
 A loaf was hidden in the thatch ;
 The pauper then with canting moan
 Bewail'd his fate to starve alone.
 No bread, he said, his lips had passed
 Since the day before the last :
 The sage upraised his hand and took
 The loaf from out its hidden nook
 And held it out before his eye
 A silent prover of the lie.
 Invectives deep the beggar swore,
 And thrust him from his hovel door.
 He bit his lip and took his way,
 For yet of truth he 'd seen no ray.
 He sought stern Justice with her scales ;
 To find the truth she never fails.
 Wise men were there to find out lies ;
 Alas ! the scales were on her eyes,
 And all their tricks she could not see,
 Lying for hire—a paltry fee,
 To free great rogues who made a flaw,
 And could not lie to please the law.
 A patriot passed with cheering mob,
 He saw 'twas an election job ;
 And yet the patriot promised all
 To stand with them, or with them fall.
 Knowing that he was bought and sold
 To party, for some trifling gold,
 He fled the town in sheer disgust,
 And losing all his former trust
 He lay upon a bank to rest,
 Resolved to give up further quest,
 When o'er the little sparkling brook
 A brown young boy, with shepherd's crook
 Approached, and standing by his side,
 With mouth and eyes both open wide,
 Stared out his fill, then grinned a grin
 To see the taking he was in.
 Here 's one imbued with truth, no doubt,
 I think I here have found it out.
 So thought the sage, his heart was glad,
 So, smiling on the rustic lad,
 He spoke, and said, " Come here, my man ;
 Pray answer me, I think you can ;
 Do you know truth, and what it is ?"
 The youth looked sly, he feared a quiz,
 He gnawed his thumb and scratch'd his ear,
 Then, with a most uncommon leer,
 He said—the young ingenuous youth—
 "*You are a fool, and that's the truth !*"
 The sage got up and seized his staff,
 The boy had fled with hearty laugh.
 He said, when reaching home that night,
 " Upon my soul, that boy was right !"

THE COUNTRY TOWNS AND INNS OF FRANCE.

BY J. MARVEL.

GAZETTEERS.—INNS AND CAFES OF LYONS.—SHOWS OF LYONS.—THE
MESSAGERIES GENERALES.—FRENCH ROADSIDE.—LIMOGES.

I ALWAYS felt a strong curiosity to learn something about those great inland cities of France which maintain a somewhat doubtful and precarious existence in the public mind, by being set down in the books of geographers. I had been whipped to learn in my old school a long paragraph about Lyons, I dare say, ten times over; and yet, when bowling down the mountains in a crazy diligence, at midnight, between Geneva and the city of silks, I could not tell a syllable about it.

I had half a memory of its having been the scene of dreadful murders in the time of the Revolution, and shuddered at thought of its bloody and dark streets; I knew the richest silks of the West came from Lyons, and so thought it must be full of silk-shops and factories; I remembered how Tristram Shandy had broke down his chaise, and gone "higgledy-piggledy" in a cart into Lyons, and so I thought the roads must be very rough around the city; my old tutor, in his explication of the text of Tacitus,* had given me the idea that Lyons was a cold city, far away to the north; and as for the tourists, if I had undertaken to entertain upon the midnight in question one half of the contradictory notions which they had put in my mind from time to time, my thoughts about Lyons would have been more "higgledy-piggledy" than poor Sterne's post-chaise, and worse twisted than his papers in the curls of the chaise-vamper's wife.

I had predetermined to disregard all that the tourists had written, and to find things (a very needless resolve), quite the opposite of what they had been described to be.

I nudged F——, who was dozing in the corner under the lantern, and took his Pocket Gazetteer, and turning to the place where we were going, read, "Lyons is the second city of France: it is situated on the Rhone, near its junction with the Saone; it has large silk manufactories, and a venerable old cathedral." We shall see, thought I. What a help to the digestion of previously acquired information, is the simple secing for one's self!

The whole budget of history and of fiction, whether of travel-writers or romancers, and of geographers, fades into insignificance in comparison with one glance of an actual observer. Particular positions and events may be vivid to the mind, but they can tell no story of noise and presence, of rivers rushing, wheels rolling, sun shining, voices talking. And why can not these all be so pictured that a man might wake up in a far off city as if it were an old story? Simply because each observer has his individualities, which it is as impossible to convey to the mind of another by writing, as it would have been for me to have kept awake that night in the diligence, after reading so sleepy a paragraph as that in the Gazetteer.

* Cohortem duodevicesimam Lugduni, solitis sibi hybernis, relinqui placuit.—TACITUS, lib. i. cap. 64.

I dreamed of silk cravats, and gaping cut-throats, until F— nudged me in his turn at two in the morning, and said we had got to Lyons.

“Hôtel du Nord,” I say to the porter who has my luggage on his back, and away I follow through the dim and silent streets to where, opposite the Grand Theatre, with its arcades running round it, our *facteur* stops, and tinkles a bell at the heavy doors opening into the court of the Hôtel du Nord. At first sight, it seems not unlike some of the larger and more substantial inns which may be met with in some of our inland towns, but in a street narrower and dimmer by half than are American streets. Up four pair of stairs the waiter conducts me, in his shirt sleeves, to a snug bedroom, where in ten minutes I am fast asleep. The porter goes off satisfied with a third of his demand, and I have just fallen to dreaming again the old diligence dreams, when the noise of the rising world, and the roll of cars over the heavy stone pavement below, shakes me into broad wakefulness.

A fat lady in the office does the honours of the house. Various companies are seated about the salon, which in most of the provincial hotels serves also as breakfast-room. Yet, altogether, the house has a city air, and might be—saving the language, with its *mon Dieus*, up the five pair of stairs, and the waxen brick floors, and the open court, a New-York hotel, dropped down within stone’s throw of the bounding Rhone.

White-aproned waiters, like cats, are stealing over the stone staircases, and a fox-eyed valet is on the look-out for you at the door. There are very few towns in France in which the stranger is not detected, and made game of. But what, pray, is there worth seeing, that an eye, though undirected, cannot see even in so great a city as Lyons?

Besides, there was always to me an infinite deal of satisfaction in strolling through a strange place, led only by my own vagaries; in threading long labyrinths of lanes, to break on a sudden upon some strange sight; in losing myself, as in the old woods at home, in the bewilderment that my curiosity and ignorance always led me into.

What on earth matters it, if you do not see this queer bit of mechanism, or some old fragment of armour, or some rich mercer’s shop, that your valet would lead you to?—do you not get a better idea of the city, its houses, noise, habits, position, and extent, in tramping off with your map and guide-book, as you would tramp over fields at home, lost in your own dreams of comparison and analysis?

You know, for instance, there are bridges over the river worth the seeing, and with no guide but the roar of the water, you push your way down toward the long, stately quay. The heavy, old arches of stone walling out of the stream, contrast strongly with the graceful curves of the long bridge of iron. Steamers and barges breast to breast, three deep, lie along the margin of the river, and huge piles of merchandise are packed upon the quay.

The stately line of the great hospital, the Hôtel Dieu, stretches near half a mile, with heavy stone front along the river. Opposite is a busy suburb, which has won itself a name, and numbers population enough for a city, were it not in the shadow of the greater one of Lyons.

You would have hardly looked—if you had no more correct notions than I—for such tall, substantial warehouses, along such a noisy quay

deep in the country, after so many days of hard and heavy diligence-riding. Yet here are customs-men, with their swords hung to their belts, marching along the walks, as if they were veritable coast-guard, and wore the insignia of government, instead of the authority of the city—and were in search of smugglers, instead of levying the *octroi* dues upon the corn and wine of the Saone and the olives of Provence. Soldiers, too, are visible at every turn, for the people of Lyons have ever been disposed to question earliest the rights of the constituted authorities, and the liberal government of the charter reckon nothing better preventive of the ill effects of this prying disposition, than a full supply of the small men in crimson breeches, who wear straight, sharp swords upon their thigh, and man the great fortification upon the hill above the city, which points its guns into every alley and street.

There is more earnestness in faces in this town of Lyons, than one sees upon the Boulevards, as if there was something in the world to do beside searching for amusement. There is a half-English, business-look grafted upon a careless French habit of life; and blouse and broadcloth both push by you in the street, as if each was earning the dinner of the day. But the blouse has not the grace of the Paris blouse; nor has the broadcloth the grace of the Paris broadcloth. Both have a second-rate air; and they seem to wear a consciousness about them of being second-rate; whereas your Parisian, whether he be boot-black to a coal seller of the Faubourg St. Denis, or tailor in ordinary to the Count de Paris, feels quite assured that nothing can possibly be finer in its way than his blouse or his coat. Even the porter cannot shoulder a trunk like the Paris porter, the waiter cannot receive you with half the grace of a Paris waiter; and the *soi-disant* grisettes, who are stirring in the streets, are as much inferior to those of the Rue Vivienne, in carriage and air, as Vulcan would have been inferior to Ganymede as cup-bearer to Jove. Even the horses in the cabs have a dog-trot sort of jog, that would not at all be countenanced in the Rue de la Paix; and carters shout to their mules in such villainous *patois Lyonnais*, as would shock the ear of the cavalry grooms at the School Militaire.

Yet all these have the good sense to perceive their short-comings; and nothing is more the object of their ambition than to approach near as may be, to the forms and characteristics of the beautiful City. If a carman upon the quay of the Rhone, or the Saone,—which romps through the other side of the city, could crack his whip with the air and gesture of the Paris postman, he would be very sure to achieve all the honours of his profession. And if a Lyonnaise milliner woman could hang her shawl, or arrange it in her window, like those of the *Place Vendôme*, or Lucy Hoquet, her bonnets would be the rage of all the daughters of all the silk mercers in Lyons.

They have Paris *cafés* at Lyons,—not, indeed, arranged with all the splendour of the best of the capital; but out of it, you will find no better, except perhaps at Marseilles. Here you will find the same general features that characterize the Paris *café*; in matters of commercial transaction, perhaps the exchange overrules the *café*; and in military affairs, probably the *junto* of the *Caserne* would supersede the discussions at breakfast; but yet, I am quite assured, that the most earnest thinking here, as in nearly every town of France, is done at the *café*.

The society of the Lyons *cafés* is not so homogenous as in their types of Paris. Here, blouses mingle more with the red ribbon of the

legion of honour; and a couple of workmen may be luxuriating at one table over a bottle of Strasburg beer, while at another a young merchant may be treating his military friend in the blue frock coat, and everlasting crimson pantaloons, to a pint of sparkling St. Peray.

The café, too, does not preserve so strictly its generic character, and half merges into the restaurant. At any rate, I remember seeing the marble slabs covered with napkins at five, and stout men with towels under their chins, eating stewed duck and peas. And later in the evening, when I have dropped into the bright-lighted café, just on the quay from which the Pepin steamer takes its departure for Avignon, I have seen strong meat on half the tables.

As there is more work done in a provincial city, so we may safely presume there is more eating done: my own observation confirms the truth. So it is that the breakfast comes earlier, and those who loiter till twelve in a Lyons café, are either strangers or playactors, or lieutenants taking a dose of absinthe, or workmen dropped in for a cup of beer, or some of those youngsters who may be found in every town of France, who sustain a large reputation with tailors and shop-girls, by following, closely as their means will allow, the very worst of Paris habits.

The coffee itself is short, as every where else, of Paris excellence; but the nice mutton chops are done to a charm, and there is so much of broad country about you,—to say nothing of the smell of the great land-watering Rhone at the door, that you feel sure of eating the healthy growth of the earth.

The chief of the Paris journals may be found, too, in the Lyons café; and what aliment are they to poor provincials! It were as well to deprive them of the fresh air of heaven, as to deny them such food;—even the garçons would pine under the bereavement. The spiritless provincial journals are but faint echoes of detached paragraphs from the capital; they aid the digestion of the others, not from a stimulus supplied, but rather as a diluent of the exciting topics of the city. Nothing but local accidents, and the yearly report of the mulberry crop could ever give interest to a journal of Lyons. In consequence they are few and read rarely. Still the provincial editor is always one of the great men of the town; but newspaper editing is on a very different footing, as regards public estimation, in France, from that in America. And in passing, I may remark further, that while our institutions are such, from their liberality, as ought to render the public journal one of the most powerful means of influencing the popular mind, and as such, worthy of the highest consideration, in view of the opinions promulgated, and the character of the writers, yet there seems to be no country in which men are less willing to give it praise for high conduct, or reproach for what is base.

The restaurants of such a city are not far behind those of Paris, except in size and arrangements. Lyons, like Paris, has its aristocratic dinner-places, and its two-franc tables, and its ten-sou chop-houses. In none, however, is anything seen illustrative of French habitude, but is seen better at Paris.

As in the cafés, so you will find larger eaters in the restaurants of the provinces; and the preponderance of stewed fillets and roast meats, over fries and comfīts, is greater than at even the Grand Vatel. You will find, too, that many of the Paris dishes, which appear upon the bill

of the day, are unfortunately consumed; but if you order them, you will be sure of the compassionate regards of the old widow lady sitting next table to you with three blooming daughters; for if a stranger but smack of Paris in ever so slight a degree, he is looked upon in every corner of France as one of the fortunate beings of the earth.

It is presumed—nay, it is never even questioned,—by a thorough-souled Frenchman, especially such as have never journeyed up to Paris, that whoever has visited *la belle ville* has reached the acme of all worldly pleasures;—that every other city, and the language of every other, are barbarous in the comparison. A Paris lover would break as many hearts in the provinces, as a Paris advocate would write codicils, or a Paris cobbler make shoes. None harbour the hallucination so entirely as the women of the provinces; hint only that they have the air of Parisians, and you make friends of shrewish landladies, and quizzing shop-girls;—though their friendship, I am sorry to say, is no guarantee against being cheated by both.

It would be very hard if Lyons had not its share of those sights, which draw the great world of lookers-on,—who travel to see the outside and inside of churches and palaces, but who would never think of walking out of their hôtel at dinner-time, to try a meal in such snug restaurants, as may be found on the square by the Hôtel de Ville,—to look the people fairly in the face. And a very quiet and fine old square is that, upon which the rich black tower of the Hôtel de Ville of Lyons throws its shadow. Its pavement is smooth and solid, its buildings firm, tall, and wearing the sober dignity of years. Civil carriage-men hold their stand in the middle, and toward mid-afternoon, loiterers group over the square, and ladies are picking their way before the gay shop-windows at the sides.

The proud old hôtel itself is not a building to be slighted; and the clock that hammers the hours in its dingy, but rich inner court, could tell strange stories, if it would, of the scenes that have transpired under its face, in the cruel days of the Directory. Nowhere was murder more rife in France than at Lyons; and the council that ordered the murders held their sittings in a little chamber of the same Hôtel de Ville, whose windows now look down upon the quiet, gray court. It is still there now; you may see a police officer hanging idly about the doorway, and at the grand entrance is always a corps of soldiers. Two colossal reclining figures, that would make the fortune of any town in America, still show the marks of the thumping times of the Revolution;—it was the old story of the viper and the file, for the statues were of bronze, and guard yet in the vestibule, their fruits and flowers.

The fame of the cathedral will draw the stranger on a hap-hazard chase of half the steeples in the town; nor will he be much disappointed in mistaking the church of Nôtre-Dame for the object of his search. And abundantly will he be rewarded, if his observation has not extended beyond the French Gothic, to wander at length under the high arches of the Cathedral of St. John. Shall I describe it?—then fancy a forest glade—(you, Mary, can do it, for you live in the midst of woods)—a forest glade, I say, with tree-trunks huge as those which fatten on the banks of our streams at home; fancy the gnarled tops of the oaks, and the lithe tops of the elms, all knit together by some giant hand, and the interlacing of the boughs tied over with garlands;—fancy birds humming to your ear in the arbour-wrought branches, and the

gold sunlight streaming through the interstices, upon the flower-spotted turf,—and the whole bearing away in long perspective to an arched spot of blue sky, with streaks of white cloud, that seems the wicket of Elysium. Then fancy the whole,—tree-trunks, branches, garlands, transformed to stone—each leaf perfect, but hard as rock ;—fancy the bird-singing the warbling of an organ—the turf turned to marble, and in place of flowers, the speckles of light coming through stained glass,—in place of the mottled sky at the end of the view, a painted scene of glory warmed by the sunlight streaming through it,—and you have before you the Cathedral of St. John.

In front of the doors, you may climb up the dirty and steep alleys of the working quarter of the town ; and you will hear the shuttle of the silk-weavers plying in the dingy houses, six stories from the ground. The faces one sees at the doors and windows are pale and smuted, and the air of the close filthy streets, reminds one of the old town of Edinburgh. The men, too, wear the same look of desperation in their faces, and scowl at you, as if they thought you had borne a part in the rueful scenes of '94.

The guillotine even did not prove itself equal to the bloody work of that date ; and men and women were tied to long cables, and shot down in file ! A little expiatory chapel stands near the scene of this wholesale slaughter, where old women drop down on their knees at noon, and say prayers for murdered husbands and murdered fathers.

The Rhone borders the city ; the Saone rolls boldly through it and each of its sides are bordered with princely buildings ; and on a fête day the quays and bridges throng with the population turned loose,—the cafés upon the *Place des Celestins* are thronged, and not a spare box of dominoes, or an empty billiard-table, can be found in the city.

The great *Place de Bellecour*, that looked so desolate the morning of my arrival, is bustling with moving people at noon. The great bulk of the Post Office lies along its western edge, and the colossal statue of Louis XIV. is riding his horse in the middle. The poor king was dismounted in the days of *La Liberté*, and an inscription upon the base commemorates what would seem an unpalatable truth, that what popular frenzy destroyed, popular repentance renews ;—not single among the strange evidences one meets with at every turn, of the versatility of the French nation.

Lyons has its humble pretensions to antiquity ; but the *Lugdunensem aram* of Roman date, has come to be spilled over with human blood, instead of ink ; making fourfold true the illustration of Juvenal :—

“ Accipiat, sane mercedem sanguinis et sic
Palleat, ut nudis pressit qui calcibus anguem,
Aut Lugdunensem rhetor dicturus ad aram.”

Juv. Sat. 1, v. 42, et seq.

There is an island in the river, not far from the city where Charlemagne is said to have had a country seat ;—if so, it was honourable to the old gentleman's taste, for the spot is as beautiful as a dream ; and Sundays and fête days, the best of the Lyons population throng under its graceful trees, and linger there to see the sun go down in crimson and gold, across the hills that peep out of the further shore of the Rhone.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

“Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone.” MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER III.

Removal to the Roscena de Nazere.—Curious Monument.—Charming Garden.—Chico.—Variety of Fruits.—Pine-apples and Bananas.—A dreamy Siesta.—First Hunt in the Forest.—An old Ruin.—A Monkey Adventure.

A FEW days after my arrival at Para, as I was promenading the streets one morning, I was suddenly accosted by a familiar voice, and, looking up, whom should I see but an old schoolmate of mine, comfortably seated on the balcony of a large stone house, quietly smoking his fragrant cigar.

It was truly a pleasure thus unexpectedly to meet a *well-known face* in a strange land, especially when *belonging* to so generous a friend, as this young man afterwards proved himself to be.

Shaking me cordially by the hand, he insisted upon taking us in and introducing us to his father, who was one of the richest and most influential men in the city. The old gentleman appeared to be glad to see us, and treated us with a vast deal of politeness. We talked to him about America, and Portugal, and Brazil, and he in return told us quite a number of interesting stories and incidents connected with the province. He was a Portuguese by birth, but had been a resident of Brazil for upwards of twenty years.

As soon as Mr. Darim (for this was the gentleman's name) understood that we had come out to Brazil for the sake of our health, and of pursuing the study of natural history, he very kindly offered us the entire control of a charming country-seat of his, situated within a mile of the city, called “The Roscena de Nazere.” As this estate was just on the borders of the forest, and therefore well located for the collection of birds and other natural curiosities, we of course did not hesitate to accept Mr. Darim's noble offer.

In two or three days, having made all necessary arrangements, bought our provisions, and hired a cook, we took our departure for *Nazere*.

An odd spectacle we presented in walking out to the Roscena. We had chartered ten or twelve blacks to carry out our luggage, each of whom was loaded with some item of provisions or of luggage. One had a sack of beans, another a hamper of potatoes, while a third carried a large basket of farinha poised upon his head. We ourselves marched along in the rear, with our trusty guns mounted on our shoulders and long wood-knives gleaming in our hands.

Scarcely had we proceeded beyond the limits of the city, when we were encompassed by a strange and magnificent vegetation. Groups of palm trees, with their tall stems and feather-like branches, were waving in the distance, while plants of curious form, and bushes teeming with flowers, surrounded us on every side.

The scenery of the *Largo da Polvera* (over which we passed in our route) was very picturesque and fine. A row of low cottages ran along one side, fronted by a narrow walk. These little habitations were tenanted by blacks and Indians, and had quite a neat and pretty appearance. On the opposite side, at the distance of several hundred yards,

the forest commenced, dotted here and there along its margin by handsome little cottages peeping from amid the thick foliage around them.

Having crossed the Largo, we pursued our way through a rich defile of shrubbery, until we finally emerged into another beautiful and extensive clearing, called the "Largo de Nazere."

The first object that arrested our attention was an antique-looking monument built of wood, standing at the very entrance of the Largo. Our curiosity being excited, we inquired of a gentleman who accompanied us for what purpose it was erected. In reply he told us the following anecdote:—Many years ago, a certain president of the province, who was rambling in the woods in quest of game, became lost in the dense mazes of the forest. For three long days he wandered disconsolately about, in vain seeking for some avenue by which he might effect his escape. Nearly famished for want of food, hope had almost deserted him; when, on the morning of the fourth day, a sound like that of the tinkling of a distant bell broke upon his ear. He listened—again he heard that cheerful sound, more clear and strong. Re-animated by the *music* of the bell, he bent his steps in the direction from whence the *melody* seemed to proceed, for melody indeed it was to him. Pressing on, he at last issued from the forest near the spot where the monument now stands; hence its origin.

There was quite a number of native dwellings on the Largo, and near the centre of it a pretty little church, with a kind of portico built out in front. We observed that the natives, whenever they passed this church, were accustomed to render deference to it by falling down on their knees and crossing themselves. To such an extent, and still greater, is superstition rife in this sun-favoured clime.

We at length arrived at the stone-gateway of the Roscencia; a slave opened the iron door and we entered. A long avenue, formed by the overhanging of the trees on either side, was before us, through which we saw the dwelling-house of the garden, almost concealed by the foliage, standing at the distance of seventy-five or a hundred yards from us. The mansion was large, of but one story in height, covered with earthenware tiles, and surrounded by a wide and roof-covered verandah.

Under the commodious verandah we rested ourselves, and regaled our palates with rare fruit plucked fresh from the well-laden trees of the garden. We then began to attend to domestic affairs, and much did we feel the want of a nice little Fayaway to take charge of these important matters for us. Just as we had swung our hammocks, stowed away our provisions, and put our guns and ammunition in readiness for immediate use, our cook rang the bell for dinner.

"Pray, why did she not call you?" methinks I hear some one inquire; well, then, it was because she could not speak English nor we Portuguese, if you must know, curious reader. We were obliged to communicate our ideas to her by pantomime; and it is a great wonder to us, now that we think of it, that we ever got anything to eat at all. Chico—this, I believe, was her name, at least, we called her so,—was an excellent and experienced cook; but she was a slave, and we had hired her from her fair mistress in the city.

Under the tuition of Chico, and the absolute necessity which there was for us either to speak or to starve, we began to acquire the language with amazing rapidity, and in the course of a few weeks we were able to carry on quite a conversation with the pretty Indian damsels, who daily

visited us at the Roscenia. The grounds of the Roscenia were extensive and as enchanting as those of Eden; the garden was well supplied with the choicest fruit-trees and with the most beautiful flowers. The walks were wide and well-gravelled; on either side of them were rows of trees, bending over with the weight of their golden and crimson fruit, thus forming a fairy-like arbour of green throughout the entire avenue.

The variety of fruits seemed infinite. Here was a little grove of orange-trees clustering together; there, a collection of guavaz bacata and ruby-tinged cushew-trees tastefully arranged along the walk.

Delectable pine-apples also grew in the garden. This fine fruit is called by the natives "anana." It arrives at great perfection in the province, and is justly deemed one of the richest of all tropical fruits. Specimens of this fruit have been brought to the Para market weighing near twenty pounds. So delicious is its natural flavour, and such its sweetness when perfectly ripe, that no sugar is required in eating it. It is hardly necessary to state, that it grows by itself on a single stem, surrounded by a bed of large and spear-like leaves.

" Its luscious fruit Anana rears,
Amid a coronet of spears."

Perhaps the most conspicuous vegetable curiosity that grew in the garden was the far-famed banana plant. This shrub has been much extolled by travellers, and is indeed a blessing to all tropical countries. It attains to the height of from ten to twelve feet, and bears large clusters of fruit, oftentimes weighing more than fifty pounds. The bananas are of a yellow colour when fully ripe, and are said to possess more nutriment than any other species of fruit. They are prepared in various modes. Some prefer them roasted; others, again, cut them into slices, and fry them with butter: but we ourselves loved them best in their natural state, with the addition of a little port wine and sugar, as a kind of sauce. Eaten in this manner, they are exceedingly fine.

Having spent a considerable portion of our first afternoon in rambling about the Roseenia, for the purpose of making ourselves acquainted with the extent and products of our *miniature kingdom*, we returned to the house. Supper was soon prepared for us, on a small table under the verandah. It consisted merely of bread, butter, and chocolate; yet our appetites were keen, and we enjoyed the meal as well as if there had been a greater variety. After all, pleasure of every description depends mainly on the condition and desire of the recipient; and, as our desires are often artificial, it necessarily follows that the pleasures which depend upon them are often unnatural and artificial also.

Having concluded our evening meal, and being rather fatigued with the exercise we had undergone, and excitement we had experienced during the day, we threw ourselves in our suspended hammocks, lighted a choice cigar, and took a refreshing *siesta*. Dreamy visions came o'er us. Here we were at last, in the lovely land we had so long desired to see,—sole tenants of an estate, which for beauty and variety surpassed any we had ever seen before. True, we were alone, and on the very borders of a boundless wilderness; but, we soon found sufficient companionship in the natural beauties by which we were surrounded,—in the trees, the plants, the flowers; and, most of all, the joyous, bright-winged birds! They chiefly were our solace and delight. Before and around us, Nature seemed clothed in her fairest charms. Gay flowers bloomed

amid the shrubbery; birds sang and chattered among the trees; a solitary cocoa-nut was shaking its plume-like branches in the sweet-scented breeze, and stood like a sentinel just before the porch. Our thoughts wandered back to our home and friends—far—far away. Could our parents but visit us here, but for one short hour, how truly happy would we be!—with what delight would they enter the iron gateway!—how fascinated would they be with the beauty of the garden!—how like Paradise would everything appear!—and, with what ecstasy would we receive them! All this passed through our minds as we lay swinging in our hammocks, under the tree-shaded verandah of Nazere.

Awaking from the stupor into which we had fallen, we perceived that the sun had just gone down, leaving a delicate tinge of gold along the western horizon; the stars were beginning to gleam in the cloudless sky above, and to illumine with a mellow light the bewitching scenery around us. Silence reigned, giving solemnity to the beautiful scene.

On the following morning we were aroused from our slumbers at least an hour before sunrise by the noisy chattering of the birds in the vicinity of the house. We accoutred ourselves speedily in our shooting costumes, drank a strong cup of coffee, and sallied forth, in company with an Indian guide, on our first hunting expedition in a tropical forest.

We had advanced a considerable distance in the woods, when the sun arose from his golden couch in the east, and shed a flood of light over the sylvan landscape. The dew glittered like jewels on the leaves; insects began to animate the atmosphere, and gorgeous-plumaged birds to fly from tree to tree. The path we had taken was extremely narrow, and so choked up with weeds and running vines, that we were obliged to cut a passage before us with our "tracados," or wood-knives, as we slowly and cautiously proceeded. These long knives are absolutely indispensable to one travelling in a Brazilian forest; in fact, everybody you meet with, blacks, Indians, women, and children, will be found principally to be provided with them.

Stopping now and then for a moment, to shoot a toucan, or other brilliant bird that attracted our notice, we at last arrived at an old and dilapidated estate, literally buried in the wilderness. Here was a vast ruin, of solid stone, which had evidently been once a splendid building, of superior architecture. It was overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and tenanted only by bats and venomous reptiles; yet it was majestic and interesting even in its decay. Concerning the origin of this strange building we were never able to ascertain anything of a satisfactory nature. Some suppose it was the residence of a certain English or Portuguese nobleman, by the name of Cherment; others, that it was a kind of fortification; while many think that it was one of the religious institutions of the Jesuits, who were quite numerous in the province many years ago. But these are nothing more than surmises. The truth is, there is a mystery hanging over it which no one has ever been able to unravel, and which will undoubtedly *remain a mystery* for ever! We spent an hour or more in examining the ruin, and were rewarded for our researches by finding several new and valuable shells, which we carefully preserved.

Leaving this place, we next visited the Pedrara, another estate several miles distant, situated, too, in the midst of the forest. Here we found a thriving garden, and a pleasant-looking farm-house, the inmates of which received us very hospitably. Joaquim, our Indian guide, in con-

versing with the proprietor of the house, took my gun from my hand, for the purpose of pointing out to him its various advantages and virtues. In so doing he carelessly raised the hammer, which immediately slipped from his grasp, and the gun, which was well charged at the time with coarse shot, exploded, lodging its contents in the side of the building,—fortunately, however, no one was injured. Soon after this occurrence, which occasioned but little excitement, our kind host placed before us several kinds of fruit, and a bowl of refreshing beverage prepared from the cocoa fruit, with which we heartily regaled ourselves. We then bade our entertainer and his pretty daughters “adeos,” and proceeded back towards the Roscena.

As we were sauntering along the arched avenues leading through the forest, and listening attentively to the notes of curious birds, we heard a loud chattering in one of the trees over our heads. Looking upwards, we perceived two large monkeys on the very top of a prodigiously tall tree. No sooner did the animals see us than they hid themselves so completely in the thick foliage that it was impossible for us to discern them at all. We fired several shots up into the tree, but without any manifest effect. At last our Indian guide, perceiving that all other means would be useless, came to the deliberate determination of climbing the tree. Encircling the trunk, like the folds of a serpent, was an enormous winding vine, which ran up into the topmost branches. This species of vine has been called by travellers “The monkey’s ladder.” Having stripped to the buff, Joaquim took my double-barreled gun in his hand, and by means of the “ladder” began to ascend the tree with the ease and agility of a squirrel. We watched his progress with the greatest anxiety, for it appeared to us an experiment hazardous in the extreme; but he bravely and nimbly continued his dangerous ascent, and finally waved his hand in triumph from the summit of the lofty tree. New difficulties now beset him,—the branches were so closely matted together that he was severely scratched by their sharp points, and it was some time before he could get himself and gun in manageable order for attacking the garrulous animals. Succeeding in securing a safe position in a notch of the tree, he got a glimpse of the monkeys, away out on the extremity of a long branch, almost hid from view by the thickness of the leaves. Raising his gun, he took steady aim, and two startling reports, quickly succeeding each other, broke suddenly upon the stillness of the forest. The two monkeys fell, with a heavy crash, lifeless to the ground. They were large specimens, of a silvery-grey colour. Having picked them up, we waited until Joaquim had descended from the tree, and then proceeded on our way.

It was mid-day when we reached Nazere. Eagerly we sought the cool shades of the Roscena, and in the evening we refreshed ourselves with a delicious bath in a neighbouring stream.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Vincenti and Maria.—Castigation of a Woman.—Visitors at Nazere.—Our Neighbours.—Feathered Companions.—Tame Macaw.—Depredation of the Ants.—A nocturnal Visit from them.—The Largo by Moonlight.

THERE was a venerable old slave at the Roscena, by the name of Vincenti, who made himself very useful to us, and added considerably to our amusement, by his eccentricities and peculiarities. He had lived on the place for more than thirty years, and was well acquainted with

every variety of bird, insect, and reptile, that was to be found in its vicinity. Scarcely a day passed by without his bringing us several specimens of lizards, beetles, or centipedes. The latter are quite numerous in the garden; and I remember one evening that we caught two of these many-legged "monsters" crawling leisurely about the floor of our sleeping-apartment. They were at least eight inches in length, and as ugly-looking fellows of the kind as I ever saw. We succeeded in capturing them by the aid of a long pair of pinchers, and in putting them alive into a bottle of alcohol for preservation; and we have them to this day in our cabinet, "*spiritual*" mementos of the past.

But, to proceed. It seems that old Vincenti, notwithstanding his age and manifold infirmities, had some of the fire of youth still burning in his veins. Living with him was a very good-looking mulatto woman, by the name of Maria, who could not have lived more than twenty-five years at most, while Vincenti himself had seen above sixty. How the old fellow ever prevailed on her, a free woman, to live with him, will ever remain to us a sealed mystery. Although they had never been married, yet no husband was ever more affectionate than Vincenti, or wife more loving than Maria. The latter was daily accustomed to go to the city for provisions, and sometimes she took her place among the fruit-vendors of the market. In this way she made herself useful to her lord and master, Vincenti. One day, however, she did not return to the Roscenia. Old Vincenti was quite uneasy, and thought something serious must have happened. A week passed by; but still no news from Maria. At length, dreadful suspicions began to flash over the mind of old Vincenti, and fierce jealousy to agitate his mind. One morning, as we were sipping our coffee under the verandah, the shrieks of a woman, as if in distress, fell upon our ears. Suspecting the cause, we rushed immediately to the little dwelling of Vincenti, and there found him, as we had anticipated, beating Maria, his prodigal mistress, in a most unmerciful manner. He was furious with anger; but we expostulated with him, and having prevailed on him to discontinue the castigation, we succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the parties,—and all this with a scanty knowledge of the language, rendered intelligible only by the pantomime with which we accompanied it. In a few hours Vincenti and his buxom consort were again in fellowship with each other, and as happy and contented as in days of yore. Thus do pleasant calms succeed the severest storms!

The visitors to Nazere were numerous, therefore we had no lack of society. At the close of every day our hunters would come in, bringing with them singular animals and beautiful birds, which they had killed in the forest. Frequently they would spend the evening with us, giving us an account of the wonders and curiosities of the surrounding wild woods. On Sundays many persons generally came out from the city, and the military paraded on the Largo in front of the Roscenia. Our neighbours were mostly blacks and Indians. Among the latter, two pretty maids, Mariquinha and Lorena, were our especial favourites. These were young and charming mamelukes, or half-breeds, with dark eyes, luxuriant hair, and light-olive complexions. To tell the truth, I believe we were principally indebted to these lovely damsels for the rapid proficiency which we made in the language.

But I must not forget to mention the feathered companions who shared with us the pleasures of Nazere. These consisted of several do-

mesticated parrots, a pair of roseate spoonbills, and a solitary macaw. The last-named bird was a very gorgeous fellow, with a handsome tail, above two feet in length, beautifully marked with blue and red. During the day he was accustomed to spend many of the hours in rambling through the embowered avenues of the garden, and in climbing successively the different fruit-trees, which were drooping with the weight of their red and yellow fruit. But, whenever he heard our voices calling him, he instantly abandoned the sweetest orange or most delicious guana, to make his appearance before us. He was an awkward bird in his motions, and occasioned us a great deal of merriment. It was enough to disturb the gravity of a confirmed misanthrope to see our macaw perambulating by himself around the piazza of Nazere.

Whenever the bell rang for either breakfast or dinner, Mr. Macaw immediately wended his way to the banquet-table, and having perched himself upon the back of one of the chairs, waited patiently for the arrival of us—his humble servants. In justice to his memory, be it said, that he always conducted himself with perfect decorum while at table, and never on any occasion made any sudden onslaught upon the viands which were laid out in tempting array before him. Finally, our long-tailed companion died; *and for a time* we felt bereaved indeed.

One day an Indian brought us a live coral snake, the fangs of which had been carefully extracted. The reptile was about three feet in length, and was regularly banded with alternate rings of black, scarlet, and yellow. If the idea of "beautiful" can be associated with a snake, then did this one well deserve the qualification, for a more striking combination of colours I think I never saw. For the sake of security, we put the animal in a small wooden box, and placed it in one of the corners of the room where we slept. One night, while we were asleep, the animal forced off the top of the box in which he was confined, and, in travelling about, at last found his way into the cook's room. Aroused by her screams, we hastened to her apartment, and there discovered the cause of her alarm. But the animal had escaped through a crevice in the floor, and we never saw his snakeship again.

We experienced a great deal of annoyance from the ants at Nazere. These insects swarm in myriads in the forest, and may be seen crawling on the ground wherever you may happen to be. They subserve a very useful purpose in the wise economy of nature, by preventing the natural decay and putrefaction of vegetable matter, so particularly dangerous in tropical regions; but, at the same time, they are a serious drawback to the prosecution of agricultural pursuits, and to the cause of civilization in the torrid zone. Flourishing plantations are sometimes entirely destroyed by these insects; and we ourselves have seen a beautiful orange-tree, one day blooming in the greatest luxuriance, and on the next perfectly leafless and bare!

Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf, of the size of a sixpence, in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of

cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching away towards their settlement, laden with the leaves. Verily, wisdom may be learned even from the ants!

Mr. Kidder states that, some years ago, the ants entered one of the convents at Maranham, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor and brought up several small pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, "that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic apostolic church, but were sentenced by the friars to a place of removal, within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth. The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores!"

Concerning the ants, however, we have a story of our own to tell. The occurrence took place at Nazere, and was in this wise. One night, while indulging in delightful dreams, I was suddenly awakened by my amiable companion, who affirmed that something was biting him severely—he knew not what. Being well wrapped up in my hammock, no wonder that I did not feel the bites of which he complained.

In the deep silence of our lonely apartment we heard distinctly a sound like that of a continual dropping of something upon the floor. We were uncertain from what it proceeded, but I more than half suspected the true cause, but said nothing to my companion; on the contrary, I even endeavoured to convince him that the biting of which he complained was only imaginary. The reality, however, of his sufferings made him proof against any such conviction, and he forthwith arose and lighted a lamp. Its glimmering rays shed a feeble light over the apartment, but sufficient to disclose a spectacle such as we never hope to see again. The floor itself was literally black with ants; and our clothes, which were hanging on a line stretched across the room, were alive with them. It was in vain for us to attempt to remove them, so we removed ourselves, and spent the remainder of the night swinging in our hammocks under the verandah! But, we will never forget that night should we live an hundred years!

Green and golden hued lizards were also numerous at the Roscencia, and we frequently saw them in the midst of the walk, basking in the warm sunshine, their glowing tints rivalling in lustre the bright enamel of the flowers. They were innocent creatures, exceedingly timid, and we found it almost impossible to catch them alive.

On one side of the entrance gate of the garden, was a small "summer house," (as it would be called in England or America,) from which an excellent view of the Largo was presented. Nothing could exceed the romantic beauty of this extensive plot of ground by moonlight! A wild forest rises up around; tall palms stand like faithful sentinels watching over the lovely scene! The little church, solitary and alone, seems to fill the mind of the beholder with solemn associations; the low dwellings of the natives, shaded by overhanging trees, add to the strangeness of the landscape; and the "southern cross," gleaming in the clear starry firmament above, brings to mind the immense distance of home, and impresses the wanderer with emotions of love and sublimity, such as no pen can adequately describe!

AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

PASTORAL CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

EDITED BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT.

It is now more than fifty years since,* on a dull rainy morning, and in a mood still duller and gloomier than the weather, I found myself on the shores of the lake of Constance. White vapours were rolling over the heads of the enormous masses of rock that rose like mighty walls round the horizon; the waters of the lake, lashed into fury by the gusts of wind, rushed along at their feet towards the valley of the Rhine, where they seemed to mingle with clouds as black as midnight, against which the clear green colour of the waves in the foreground, with their crests of snowy foam, looked indescribably beautiful.

The whole aspect of nature was strange and new, and affected me with a power I had never before felt from external things: but I had scarcely time to wonder at the change, which with magic suddenness seemed to operate upon my mind, when my carriage rolled over the bridge that connects the island of Lindau with the main land, and the walls of the city soon hid the whole landscape from my sight.

The castle and the wall called the Heiden Mauer, whose strength and thickness bid defiance to time, carried me back in thought to those distant ages when the heavy tramp of the iron men of Rome first broke the stillness of the woods in which the yet unnamed lake lay buried. But it was not solitude, nor the gloom of boundless forests, nor the bellowing of the auer-ox and other mighty brutes by which they were tenanted, nor the cries, scarcely less terrible, of their human inhabitants, nor rocks nor glaciers, nor the ice and snow of a climate that appeared so severe when compared with that of their own glowing land that could turn back the legions from a settled purpose. Under the guidance of Drusus, they found their victorious way along the Rhine, leaving one fortress after another to mark their course, and on the spot which is now Constance, laid the foundations of their Valeria; there they built a number of galleys, with which to traverse these unknown waters, and soon the dark and silent woods that closed it in were echoing to the shouts of the first civilised men whose vessels had rippled its surface since its creation.

Tiberius landed on the island now called Lindau, built a fortress, and prepared here his warlike expeditions against the natives of Rhoetia, in the neighbourhood of the lake, who had often rushed down from their mountains upon the fertile and cultivated lands of their Italian neighbours. He conquered them after a six years' struggle, and thence he opened a way through the forest into the heart of Suabia, where he established his extreme outpost to watch the fierce Allemanni. It was not, however, till the seventh century, that a few

* The lapse of fifty, we might almost say of five hundred years, has made so little change in the mode of life in these pastoral cantons, that we apprehend the date of these recollections will detract little, if anything, from whatever interest may belong to them.

families began to settle on the shores of the lake, with a view to gain a subsistence by cultivating the yet virgin soil.—The people of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and the other pastoral cantons that constitute the very heart and core of Switzerland, sprang originally from a shoot thrown out by the grand old Scandinavian tree. In a parchment preserved at Ober Hasle, in the Canton of Berne, there is a record of this remarkable immigration. A body of six thousand warlike men had been thrown off at a swarm, when there was a great famine, from an ancient kingdom far to the north, in the land of the Swedes. They divided themselves into three troops, each of which made a league among themselves to hold together on the land or on the sea, in good fortune or bad fortune, in joy or sorrow, in all things great or small which God should send them. One of those, under the guidance of one *Schwitzerus*, after many adventures, reached the upper Rhine, “and at length came to a country with high rocks and mountains full of valleys and lakes, which pleased them, for it was like the old country from which they had come.”

Here they settled, calling the country Schwitz, from their leader Schwitzerus, and felled the forest, and built huts, and kept flocks, and tilled the ground, and maintained themselves honourably by the sweat of their brow, and kept faithfully to one another; and their children learned handicrafts, and grew up to be men “great and strong like giants.” Our old friend William Tell and his compeers came then, it appears, of a good family.

The weather cleared up in the afternoon, on the day of my arrival at Lindau, and I crossed the bridge to the Bavarian shore, which looked very attractive with its fruitful hills and gardens and vineyards. My guide led me to the country-seat of a Lindauer patrician, whence, through a telescope, I saw plainly, across the lake, the towers of the ancient abbey of St. Gall, and several pretty little towns set like gems in the opposite shore. The clouds were now floating in a higher region of the atmosphere, and hid none but the loftiest peaks; and at last the sun broke through and I had the pleasure of beholding the mountains of Appenzell, the chief object of my pilgrimage. A tremendous storm appeared however to be raging in that elevated district. Sometimes high ragged peaks would seem to thrust themselves suddenly out from amidst the clouds, and the thick veil would sweep off and show them covered with glittering ice and snow; and then, again, it would close, leaving the imagination perhaps more excited by these stolen glimpses than if the whole of these mighty masses had been visible.

After a long battle between sun and storm, the sun at length obtained the mastery, and, pouring out a flood of light, took possession of the whole vast landscape, turning, as he set, the surface of the lake into a sea of crimson fire. Never had I seen so magnificent a spectacle.

I left Lindau on the following morning but the storm and wind from the west was still raging with such violence over the lake, that it was impossible to go by water to Constance, as I had intended. The beauty of the shore, however, along which the road lay, made me ample amends for this change in my plan. I was going along the German side to Morsburg, now I believe in Baden, from which I could easily cross over to Constance. The road ran sometimes close along the margin, sometimes a little further off, but through corn fields, mea-

dows, gentle hills clothed with vines, avenues of fruit trees, round whose trunks the ivy twined its picturesque garlands; groves of fir, pretty villages, and little towns and castles in endless variety; and on the opposite bank, the bolder forms of the mountains and the distant snowy peaks proclaimed the wonderful land of the Swiss, to which I was bound.

I arrived at Morsburg in due time, but not a man could be found who would put me across the lake, as it would be scarcely possible, they said, to reach Constance in safety with this wind, so that I was fain to amuse myself for the remainder of the day with looking at the Bishop's cabinet of shells; the Bishop of Constance I mean, who has his residence here. It is situated upon a high rocky shore which falls precipitously to the lake,—here many hundred feet deep,—which, while I was engaged with the shells, was dashing furiously against the precipice, and tossing its white foam many fathoms high, while the bosom of the water was of a deep blue black.

From what you know of the enthusiasm with which, at that time of my life, I regarded the form of government and the character of the free pastoral people of Switzerland, you will easily believe I did not pass without emotion the simple wooden bar that marked the frontier of the Canton of Appenzell. Hitherto my road had lain, as I have said, through corn-fields, orchards, and vineyards; now there was a striking change in the character of the landscape. There was no longer the same variety of tint, but hill rose behind hill, in ever bolder outline, but clothed in a uniform green colour, varied occasionally by the dark hues of the fir thickets. Single houses built of wood, but with the utmost care and neatness, lay scattered about upon the hills, and could be reached by pretty winding paths; they had an air of tranquil comfort as they lay there in that still evening, with the beams of the setting sun yet lingering upon them, that corresponded well with my anticipations, and my satisfaction was increased when, on my arrival in the evening twilight at Herisau, the largest and handsomest village in the Canton, I learned, that, in a few days, would take place the general assembly of one of these little states, with which, as you are aware, resides the sovereign power of the country.

The Canton of Appenzell, though regarded as one in the confederacy, does, in fact, consist of two separate and independent republics, called the Outer and Inner Rhodes; this word *rhode* being, it is said, a corruption of the old German *rotte*, meaning troop or tribe. The manner in which this topographical and political separation was effected is, I believe, unique in history, and therefore deserves mention. In the year 1522, Walter Glarer, a parish priest of Appenzell, had begun to preach openly the doctrines of Zuinglius, the Swiss reformer, and had found many zealous supporters; from others, however, he met with a no less decided opposition, and soon, in every little village in this hitherto peaceful land, were kindled the flames of the great spiritual conflagration of the sixteenth century. Instead, however, of cutting each other's throats in the name of the God of love and mercy, as other more civilised nations did, these rude shepherds bethought them of another expedient. As soon as it became evident that their differences of opinion could not be reconciled, and that nothing remained now but civil war, they said, "let us divide the land," and the proposal was at once received. The Catholic communes or parishes, chose the Cantons of Lucerne, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, for arbitra-

tors; the Reformers, Zurich, Glarus, and Schaffhausen. Deputies from these six cantons were sent to Appenzell, and within a month after, the Catholics had taken peaceable possession of the interior districts called Inner Rhodes, their reforming brethren of those which lay nearer to the frontier, and each little republic had held its general assembly, in which the people not only gave their consent to the arrangement, but had even the forethought to introduce a clause, stating that the agreement should not necessarily be binding for ever on their posterity, but should continue only as long as it should be desired by both parties.

The calm rationality and wisdom of this proceeding, at a time when men's minds all over Europe were a prey to the transports of fanaticism, gives these little states, in my opinion, a claim to attention and respect not to be measured by their geographical extent. It may afford also a fact in reply to the often repeated assertion that a pure democracy is uniformly swayed by passion rather than by reason. It was in that same century when the shepherds of Switzerland gave this example of reason and moderation that the English nation had been blown repeatedly backwards and forwards between Catholicism and Protestantism, by the gusts of passion in the mind of a brutal despot.

Rejoicing at the good fortune which had led me to Appenzell at the period of the general assembly of the people, the *Landsgemeine* as it is called, I left Herisau on a fine spring morning to take my way to the appointed place of meeting, the little town of Appenzell, in Inner Rhodes. Light clouds covered the sky, but a soft warm air was blowing, under whose influence all nature seemed bursting into bud and blossom. Far as the eye could reach, hill and valley, and even mountain, were covered with a robe of liveliest green, and, from the peculiar conformation of the country, every step presented the landscape in a new point of view. The hills sometimes flowing into each other, sometimes suddenly parting, created an incessant change of outline, mass, and surface, which kept the attention constantly occupied. To the south rose naked rocks of a greyish black colour, contrasting forcibly with the snowy horns of the Santis. To the east, through breaks in the mountains, occasional enchanting peeps could be obtained, across the bright mirror of the Lake of Constance to the distant fertile fields of Suabia, floating in an atmosphere of tender blue, and on all sides the view was framed in by the sharp bold outline of mountains of every variety of shape.

The road along which I was journeying could only be traversed by passengers on foot or on horseback, but showed on either side manifold traces of the cleanliness, order, industry, and prosperity of the people. From time to time, when I was stopping to admire a pretty wooden house, or a bright crystal spring that came dancing across a green slope, groups of men would pass with hasty steps, some of whom wore a most singular costume, the colour of the right half of every garment being white, and of the left black. The composed demeanour of these men seemed, however, to indicate that this strange attire was no masquerade habit, but had some peculiar significance, and on making enquiry, I learned that they were official personages belonging to Outer Rhodes, who were going to Appenzell to be present at the Inner Rhodes parliament. These are the state colours, the Appenzell arms being a black bear in a white field.

All at once the road, or rather path, made a steep descent into a

ravine, at the bottom of which flowed the clear rapid stream of the Urnasch, which rises in the mountains on the Toggenburg, and rushing along between very high banks, pours itself into the Sitter. Like most mountain streams, it sometimes swells to a torrent, and is continually wearing itself a deeper and deeper bed, which in this part was overhung, when I saw it, with broken masses of sand-stone, fringed with dark pines; and I could not help lingering for some time on the bridge thrown across the narrow valleys to gaze upon its picturesque beauty.

On reaching the right bank, I came in sight of the village of Hundwyl, and, from the small number of whose houses, one could little imagine to be the largest parish of Outer Rhodes; but throughout the Swiss cantons, with very few exceptions, the villages are all small, from its being the custom for families of this pastoral people to live on their own property; and to have their house in the midst of their land, so that the inhabitants of a single parish are sometimes found scattered all over a circle of from ten to twenty miles.

After passing Hundwyl, the way led along the side of mountains, covered with forests, thickets, and meadows, and very soon, without being acquainted with the precise limit between Outer and Inner Rhodes, it was easy for me to perceive that I had passed it. The country, the people, and their occupations remained the same, yet it was impossible to overlook the difference between Protestant and Catholic Appenzell. The fields of the latter were not so neat, the crops were less abundant, the meadows no longer showed that fresh delicious green which enchanted me in the Outer Rhodes; the houses were smaller, poorer, and I missed everywhere those evidences of industry, order, and prosperity so beautifully conspicuous in the little twin republic, and I should sometimes almost have felt the way tedious but for the views which were continually opening to the east, where the mountains were sprinkled over with an incredible number of habitations, giving to the landscape a quite peculiar character.

As I came nearer to the capital of Inner Rhodes, I met a great number of the people going to the general assembly, and on all sides I could distinguish them coming down the slopes of the mountains towards the same point; here a man alone,—there, a father with his sons; from another point a whole troop of old and young, all hastening to Appenzell. Every one carried a sword, for, curiously enough, it is the law that the men shall come armed. Some carried the weapon in the right hand, grasping it by the middle like a stick, and not one made a single step to move out of the way of my horse, so that I had often to stop and wait till I could find room enough to ride by. I noticed this as a little trait, marking the difference of character between these mountaineers, and any country people I had ever seen, who were always ready to take off their hats and stand respectfully aside to make room for a carriage or a gentleman on horseback. In the entire deportment and bearing of these Appenzellers, in their firm step and free erect carriage, there was an expression of manly self-reliance.—The road, as I approached the scene of action, was of course more and more thronged, and as I gazed with interest at the groups of athletic figures which surrounded me, I seemed to see revived their valiant forefathers, when they rose up and burst the chains that had been laid on them, and drove the oppressor from their land.

The open village of Appenzell was swarming with people, and everywhere was a movement, a thronging busy life, a hum like that

of a great fair ; and one of the busiest parts of the whole scene was in the street opposite to the inn where I was to stop.

Old and young, men and women, boys and girls, were all evidently in their Sunday clothes ; but the costume of the men was so peculiar, as to deserve a more exact description. They wore a short jacket and waistcoat, and trowsers reaching to the ankle, but so short above, that a large portion of their linen hung out, and indeed had it not been for their broad braces, there would have been imminent danger of their appearing as true *sans culottes*. Some people, I am told, consider this practice of allowing the shirt to hang out as a mere piece of dandyism, but I have seen it in men so old and steady, that this can hardly be the case.—When I entered the public room of the inn, and saw, sitting with their backs to me, a whole row of figures, apparently in so strange a dishabille, I could hardly preserve my gravity. The room was full of women and girls, but of course no one but myself appeared to regard it as either peculiar or comic ; nay, on the contrary, to my surprise and mortification, I found that the indecorum, or at all events the absurdity, was thought to be on my side. I had often noticed as I rode along that a head had been popped out of a window to look at me, and that immediately there had followed a burst of laughter. Here, as I sat in the apartment of the inn, I perceived several of the women and girls glancing at me and tittering, so that at last I was piqued to enquire the cause of their mirth, to which one of the damsels replied with great naïveté, that it was “because I looked so funny.”

Fashion in Appenzell, it seems, commanded, that, instead of wearing one's indispensables tightly-buttoned above the hips, one should present one's self in a state that will really not bear to be too faithfully described.

This costume is perhaps the more striking from the bright showy colour displayed in its various parts. The waistcoat is generally scarlet, and decorated with many white metal buttons ; the jacket of some other colour, both contrasting strongly with the snow-white shirt and yellow trowsers. Many of the gentlemen wore no jacket, and had their shirt sleeves rolled up above their elbows, displaying to much advantage their fine development of muscle. Some of their stalwart arms hung down, looking like sledge hammers, and it seemed to me that those who were possessed of such advantages, had the same self-complacent consciousness of them, as our young men sometimes have of cravats and mustachios ; and their manner of presenting themselves to the ladies, showed the same easy confidence of pleasing, that I have seen in gilded saloons, on the basis of stars and orders.

The fine snow-white shirt was evidently an article in which they took great pride ; it was only worn, I was told, on high days and holidays, the ordinary one being made of checked linen ; and the fine yellow tint of the trowsers is often enhanced by being rubbed over with the yolks of eggs. Stockings are seldom worn in summer, and even shoes are by no means “*de rigueur*.”

The women wore red petticoats and little closely fitting bodices of dark blue or red, and puffed out sleeves tied with ribbon bows. The majority of the people were fair, but there were some, whose hair and complexion, as well as their dark sparkling eyes spoke of a southern origin, and the whole expression of face and figure was of quickness, activity, and intelligence.

THE LUCKY GROCER.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH.

EVERY one who knows anything of London knows where Barbican is—of course he does. At the end of Barbican is Long Lane, in which street there is a small grocer's shop, with its window well garnished with bunches of candles, red herrings, yellow soap, and tobacco. One evening, Mr. Sims, the proprietor, his wife, son, daughter, and their man Joe, were regaling themselves in their little back parlour upon their daily allowance of tea, when, through their glass window they espied the postman entering the shop.

"There's somebody wanting immediate payment for something," said Mr. Sims, shrugging his shoulders. "They always come when the till is low. See what it is, Joe." Joe returned with a letter. "I'll just finish my cup, and take another slice of bread and butter, before I open it. Them kind of letters take away my appetite."

At length, with slow and unwilling hands, he took up the letter, looked at the direction, and then turned up the seal. "T and M. Yes, a shop seal,—I thought so."

With a long countenance he opened it and began to read. As his eye glanced down the page, his features brightened, and before he came to the bottom of the page, a pleasant smile revealed his inward satisfaction.

"Somebody has ordered a whole ham, and promises to pay ready money?" said his son Sam, offering a guess.

Mr. Sims took no notice of him, but sat thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "Tain't the first of April, is it? No; 'taint dated the first of April either." He then read the letter over again, and a broader grin adorned his countenance. When he had finished it, he then deliberately took his wig off his head, and threw it up to the ceiling, catching it again as it fell.

"It's very easy," said Mrs. Sims, who was not of a very excitable temperament, "to throw your wig up to the ceiling, as it is only seven foot high; but I really do not see the reason for it."

"Read that," said Mr. Sims, throwing her the letter.

Mrs. Sims read the letter, smiled, and only said "My high!" in a tone of astonishment.

"I know what it is," said her daughter Sally: "cousin Bess has got a baby."

"Fiddlestick!" said Mrs. Sims.

"Do you think it can possibly be true?" said Mr. Sims.

"Read the letter, ma," said young Sam.

"Read the letter, ma," said Sally.

"Please to read the letter, ma'am," said Joe.

"Messrs. Tompkins and Muggins beg to inform Mr. Samuel Sims that their correspondent in Calcutta has remitted to them the sum of eighty thousand pounds, on account of Mr. Samuel Sims, grocer, No. 153, Long Lane, London, being the sum to which he is entitled by the will of Mr. Obediah Sims, lately deceased. Messrs. T. and M. would be obliged to Mr. Sims by his calling at their office at his earliest convenience."

"Eighty thousand pounds of what?" asked Sally.

"Tallow, my dear, I dare say," said Sam.

"Money! money! money!" cried Mr. Sims, rubbing his hands with glee, and then snapping his fingers till he made them crack again.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mrs. Sims, putting her feet upon the fender, and sulkily poking the fire. "I wonder they did not send you a draft for the amount upon the pump at Aldgate."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Sims, settling his wig straight upon his head, "perhaps I have been making a fool of myself; but how should any one about here know that I had a cousin called Obediah? If *we* had quite forgotten him, I suppose other people have too."

"Well, if you think you have got a prize," said Mrs. Sims, incredulously, "you had better go and look after it."

"It's worth looking after," said Mr. Sims; "and, though I may be laughed at, I won't lose it for want of asking for it."

Mr. Sims put on his hat, and went to the door of the shop, then stopped as if in doubt. He then returned, hung up his hat, and sat down again.

"No," said he, "I could not stand it. There will be four-and-twenty clerks at their desks all of a row; and when I ask for my money, they will all begin a-laughing, and say, 'Here's Sammy Sims, who sells red herrings, come to ask for eighty thousand pounds!'"

"I wish I was in your shoes," said Joe; "nobody should laugh at me. I would first show them the seal.—'Is that the seal of the firm, eh? If they said 'yes,' I would show them the direction. 'Is that the writing of any of the firm, eh?' If they said 'yes,' I would show them the signature. 'Is that signature correct, eh?' If they said 'yes' again, I would say, 'Then I will trouble you for the small amount.'"

Mr. Sims clapped Joe on the back, and said, "Joe, you are a trump! Come along with me."

They sallied forth together. The seal was correct, the hand-writing correct, the signature all right.

"I will give you a draft for the amount directly," said one of the partners. "It will, however, be necessary that some one should identify you. It's rather a considerable sum."

"A considerable sum!" said Joe. "I should *rather* say it was."

"I can identify him," said one of the clerks: "that's Jemmy Sims. I have often been in his shop, when I was at school. It was a noted house for elicampane."

The partner took a small slip of paper, and wrote something on it, and gave it to Sims, and then turned to his other business, again adding up figures in a huge book.

Mr. Sims stood all astonishment for some time, with his paper in his hand; for he was not aware of the facility with which large sums change owners in the city. At length he said to Joe in a whisper, "It's a rum go."

"Werry rum," said Joe.

Presently one of the clerks, seeing their distress, explained to them that the paper was a draft upon their bankers, who, upon the presentation of the order, would hand them over the money.

"Hand us over the money!" repeated Mr. Sims, with a smile; at the same time he gave Joe a private dig in the ribs with his thumb nail.

They went to the bankers, and presented the check. The banker looked at the check, and said, "How would you like to have it?" If it had been a draft for thirty shillings, he could not have treated it with greater indifference.

Mr. Sims stared at him for a moment, for he almost thought that he was in a dream, and then said, "Gold,—in gold; I would like to take it in gold!"

"Have the goodness to step this way," said the banker.

They followed him up stairs to a little dingy-looking room, with an old table in it and two chairs; and producing a large key, he opened an iron door in the wall which opened into a small vaulted room with chests upon the floor, and some bundles of papers and odd-looking tin boxes upon the shelves round the wall; and taking out another key, he opened an iron chest that stood in the corner.

"Lord have mercy on us!" said Joe, involuntarily, "it's full of sovereigns."

"That's only twenty thousand," said the banker, smiling. "It occupies too much time to count them: we will weigh them out to you," pointing to a copper shovel and a pair of scales.

"Joe took up one handle of the box, and lifted it, to try the weight, shook his head, and looked at Sims. Sims tried a handle, shook his head, and looked at Joe.

"A rum go," said Joe, "to be carrying this home through the streets."

"Anxious furniture for our back-parlour, Joe."

"And, besides," said Joe, "you would be awaking some fine morning with your throat cut. There are fellows in London that can smell out gold through a brick wall."

Sims scratched his head, and looked serious.

"We shall be happy to take charge of it for you," said the banker, "and you can draw for any amount you like whenever it suits you."

"Ah! that would be a prime way of doing it," said Joe, who appeared to be struck by the novelty of the contrivance.

Sims assented, but observed that he would like to take a small sample home to show Missis.

"What think you of fifty pounds?" said Joe; "to take it home all in one lump—Goshins! how it would make them open their eyes."

The banker drew out a draft for Sims to sign, and then counted out the money, which Sims deposited in the pocket of his small clothes, carefully buttoning it up.

"Now, Joe," said Sims, in a whisper, as they emerged into the street, "keep carefully on my money side." And thus they threaded their way homewards, keeping carefully in the centre of the roadway, and avoiding the contact of every foot passenger as if he had the plague.

"I never was afraid of having my pocket picked before this day," said old Sims.

Street after street they passed, Sims looking anxious and serious. At length he broke silence, thus moralizing:

"Joe," said he, "there is a great deal of anxiety attending the possession of money."

When they arrived safely in the back parlour, his affectionate family received them with a shout of laughter. Sims laughed too, for his heart was full of joy.

"Well!" said Mrs. Sims.

"Well!" said old Sims.

"And did you really go to the lawyers?"

"I did," said old Sims.

"And did you show them the seal?" said his son and heir.

"I did," said old Sims; "and they said that it was very like the seal of the firm."

"And what did they say to the signature?"

"They said that it was very like the signature of the firm."

"Well," said Mrs. Sims, her eye brightening up, "what happened next?"

"One of the partners wrote something on a bit of paper, and showed me the door."

"That's just what I expected," said Mrs. Sims; however, she did not laugh. "And so you just put your tail between your legs, and sneaked home."

"No, I didn't," said old Sims: "I just went to the banker whose name was on the paper."

"Well," said Mrs. Sims, again brightening up, "and what did *he* say?"

"He axed me how I would have it," said old Sims.

"What!" said Mrs. Sims, taking her feet from off the fender, and starting up,—“you don't mean to say that there really is any money?"

"Don't I though!" said old Sims, taking out his small canvas bag of money, and pouring it out upon the table.

"Them's the boys," said Joe, as they rolled about in different directions.

"You're a darling of a man!" said Mrs. Sims, as she gave her husband a kiss in the overflowing of her heart.

"We'll not be afraid now of them wholesale fellows bills," said old Sims, thrusting his hands into his pocket.

"I should think not," said Joe.

Here a loud knocking in the shop interrupted the rejoicing family.

"Them's customers waiting in the shop," said Joe.

"D—— the customers," said young Sims, separating his coat-tails before the fire.

Old Sims, however, went to attend them. "Widow Brown, how are you? how is the sick child? What is it to-day?—a pound of bacon, eh?" Old Sims cut off about a pound and a half, and the bacon scale came down on the counter with a whack.

"I can't afford to take more than a pound," said the widow.

"I only call it a pound," said old Sims;—"widow woman—large family, you know—all quite right," as he put a piece of paper round the bacon. The widow turned up her eyes as she thanked him. There was a blessing in her thanks.

"What do you want?"

"A halfpenny candle," said an old woman.

Sims gave her a penny one, and put the halfpenny in the till.

The honest old woman returned with the candle, asking whether it was not a mistake.

"No mistake at all," said Sims. "I thought that you would see better with the penny one, and I can afford the difference."

The old woman raised her withered hand, and prayed that God might prosper him.

Old Sims returned to his back shop with the inward satisfaction of having performed a good action. "Surely," said he, "there is a blessing attending riches. What a life of happiness I have before me!"

Now, Sims's proceedings was much at variance with the customary mode of doing business in Long Lane; and the fame of it got noised abroad in the course of the evening. When the shutters were taken down on the following morning, there was a manifest increase in the number of customers.

"Here's money for a pound of bacon," said one woman; "I've got ten children."

"I want two halfpenny candles," said another; "my mother's older than t'other one."

Another wanted soap, and another herrings. Old Sims, however, not approving of this mode of taking his charity by storm, just served them in the old fashioned way. In return for which he met with abuse. "Why ain't I to get as big a bit of bacon as widow Brown?"

"Why ain't I to get as good a candle, (for my money is as good as other folks) I should like to know?"

Old Sims leaving his customers to the care of Joe, retired into his back shop, moralizing as he went. "Surely," he said, "riches bring with them trouble as well as blessings."

"Why should not we retire from business?" asked Mrs. Sims, as he entered.

"But where shall we retire to?" demanded old Sims, whose knowledge of geography was confined to the neighbourhood of Long Lane.

"However," said young Sims, pulling up his shirt collar, "catch me cutting soap again."

"How nice it would be," said Miss Sims, "to keep a four-wheeled chay, dress fine, and give balls and parties, like old Clark the butcher."

"A note, ma'am," said Joe.

Mrs. Sims opened it. "Mrs. Figgins hopes to see Mr. and Mrs., Master and Miss Sims to tea to-morrow."

"Ho! ho!" said Mrs. Sims, bridding up, "the wholesales would not visit her because she kept a retail shop, and she would not visit us because we were small retail. I won't have none of her nasty tea now that we are rich."

"There's a gentleman come into the shop," said young Sims.

"I see," said Sims, "it's just little six-and-eightpenny Craggs, let him wait a bit, Joe, we ain't afraid of lawyers now."

The little man, however, finding no one in the shop, crept up to the glass-door and opening it a little, popped in his head, "Ha! how do you do, Mr. Sims? I saw such a beautiful bit of bacon in the shop, that I could not help calling in to buy a pound of it. A slice of such bacon as that cut thin and broiled for breakfast, is a great delicacy, Mr. Sims. Pray am I to congratulate you, Mr. Sims, upon your having a large accession of property?"

"Why, yes," said old Sims, "we are pretty snug now."

"It was a very large sum?" said the lawyer, inquiringly.

"I should rayther think it was," said the grocer.

"I presume you have taken the necessary steps to have it safely invested?"

"We left it in Coutts's bank."

"Dear! dear! dear!" said the lawyer, "there really is a risk in leaving such a sum as that at a banker's, the best of them are liable to break at times, and what a loss such a sum as that would be.

"We tried to take it out in gold," said Joe, "but we found that we could not carry it."

"Could not carry it! ha! ha! ha! could not carry it." Very pretty innocents these, thought he to himself.

"You don't think Coutts's bank unsafe, I hope," said old Sims.

"Its credit is good *at present*, certainly, but I must confess that I should not like to leave any large sum of money of my own there."

"I think I shall put it in the funds," said old Sims.

"Oh!—the funds—ha! to be sure the funds are well enough now, if there comes no war or anything of that sort, it may last our time. My dear sir," said the lawyer, taking old Sims by the button, "as long as a country thinks it likely that they may want to borrow more, they pay the interest as regularly as quarter-day comes; but whenever it suits their convenience, they repudiate as the Yankeys do. When you go to ask for your interest, they say 'much obliged to you for lending us the money, but we don't want any more; we're not going to pay any money, only to keep up our credit—credit is a very pretty thing in its way, but it is not worth what we're paying for it.' A friend of mine, Smith, of the firm of Smith, Jones, and Co., who held some Pennsylvania bonds, determined to come to a clear understanding with the head of the firm, so he wrote a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania himself, and explained to him how the money was fairly lent, and payment of capital and interest guaranteed. Now there was plenty of means of paying the money, and yet the interest remained unpaid, and concluded by civilly requesting some explanation upon the subject. Well, and what answer do you suppose he got?"

"I should not wonder if he got rather a short answer," said old Sims.

"A short answer; why it was rather a short answer, ha! ha! It was one sentence."

"Do you happen to remember what that sentence was?"

"Oh, yes, the letter contained just these words, '*Don't you wish you may get it.—Yours Gov. Pen.*'"

"How very ungentee!" said Mrs. Sims.

"It's a very vulgar unbusiness like way of writing," said Sims.

"But you don't suppose that if I was to put my money in the English funds, I should ever get a letter like that from the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Mr. Sims," said the lawyer, taking him by the button again, "you have been in business for some years, I dare say that you have met with customers who run up accounts at your shop, and instead of paying for what they have had before, order more goods, and when you want serve them any longer, they just cut their stick."

Old Sims sighed and shook his head, "I know that too well, sir."

"Now look here, Mr. Sims, England is just one of these; she keeps borrowing and borrowing and never thinks at all about paying. It was only a year or two ago when they borrowed twenty millions to give to West India proprietors; I should like to know how much of that they have paid or thought about paying. I would venture to bet a new hat that if this year or next year they should happen to want six or eight millions more for any odd job, they would just put it down to the account, and never trouble their heads

about any payment. I think, Mr. Sims that no good can come of that kind of dealing."

Mr Sims lifted up the corner of his wig and scratched his head. "Indeed, I can't tell where to put my money."

"I can tell you," said the lawyer.

"Where?"

"Put it in a good railway. Look here, Mr. Sims," holding him tight by the button, "people subscribe to make a railway—hills cut—valleys filled, tunnels made, and rails laid down; there it is (pointing down to the drugget on the floor,) nobody can steal it, run away with it, break it, or injure it. There it is. But when a nation has borrowed your money and spent it, where is it? I say, Mr. Sims, where is it? The chief difference between a nation and an individual, is, that a nation has got no conscience."

"I have a great mind to try a railroad," said old Sims, jingling his sovereigns in his pocket.

"I think it, however, right to state," said the lawyer, "that there is one objection to railways, which is, that the government will not allow the proprietors to get more than ten per cent for their money."

Nevertheless, old Sims became a railway proprietor, and invested his money in the grand Middlesex direct railway company, to which his friend Craggs was solicitor. He also purchased Primrose Hall, about forty miles from London, and thus became a landed proprietor. A carriage was bought upon Craggs's recommendation.

Joey was offered the shop, with the stock in it to set up with, but he would have nothing to do with it. He had been accustomed to do what he was bid, but not to think for himself. The thing that he would like, would be to ride behind Mr. Sims's carriage as footman, in red breeches. So the shop was let for a year, and Joey splendidly arrayed as flunkey.

Craggs was consulted about what arms or crest ought to be put upon the carriage. Mrs. Sims observed, that the thing she fancied was a half lion stuck upright, a-clawing away. She had seen one upon a very genteel carriage, and she admired it at the time. Craggs replied, that the proper arms and crest for the name of Sims could be obtained, rightly emblazoned, at the Heralds' College, and for ten pound he could get the whole properly done for them. So Sims paid his ten pounds, and his crest, a dexter hand carrying a herring gules, was painted upon his carriage panel.

While all this was going on, although Sims had disposed of his business and let his shop for a year, he still quietly occupied his back parlour, and made his appearance in the shop occasionally, so that the neighbours were hardly aware of any real change having taken place.

Neither the carriage, Joe's new livery, nor any of the ladies' grand purchases, were ever exhibited in Long Lane, but were forwarded, as procured, to Primrose Hall, together with Sam's shooting-jacket, top-boots, and double-barrelled gun.

When all things were finally arranged for their migration, the family went down by the rail to the station nearest to the scene of their new magnificence, where their carriage was waiting for them, Joe attending in a light-green livery, with yellow collar and scarlet small clothes.

Joe opened the door, trying to subdue his broad grin into a respectful demeanour, but it was too much for him. Sam pinched Sally's elbow, who set off into a convulsive titter. Sam went off at

once into a horse laugh; Mrs. Sims caught the infection; old Sims tried at first to frown, for the laugh, he knew, would be destructive to his dignity, but he was obliged to give way, and the whole party at length laughed in grand chorus, very much to the astonishment of the railway porters.

At length they arrived at the hall, where Craggs awaited them, and handed Mrs. Sims out of the carriage, with as much deference and ceremony as if she had been the Queen of England. The gardener, the groom, the housemaid, the housekeeper, the cook, and the ladies' maid, bowed and curtsied to the lady of the house as she entered her new mansion. Mrs. Sims pursed up her mouth and bit her lip to prevent her self-satisfied smile from injuring her dignity. Old Sims, however, could not make up his mind to attempt any dignity at all, but, with a broad grin adorning his rosy countenance, he shook hands with his servants all round.

Neither did young Sam, as he emerged from the carriage, attempt to subdue his emotion, for, as his foot touched the ground, he pitched his hat up into the air, and shouted "hurra!" and, as he entered the house, he turned round and said, "one of you fellows, bring in my hat."

Miss Sally emerged, fanning herself with a carved ivory fan, and saying, "Lauk, how nice!"

The drawing-room and its furniture next attracted the attention of the happy family; for, as in the purchase, everything in the house was to be taken in valuation, everything was new to them; indeed, Craggs had negotiated the whole affair, and old Sims had only slipped down once, for a few hours, to see his purchase.

"Look here, Sims," said his lady, "what a nice chair this is. It feels as if it went upon springs. It actually hobbles about under me when I move."

"You are quite right, madam," said Craggs; "it is a spring cushion."

"I say, father, a capital sophy this to cock one's legs up upon," said Sam, suiting the action to the word.

"Oh my!" said Sally, "here is a piany; how I should like to play just one tune upon it; just, 'I'd be a butterfly.'"

Sims heeded not the furniture, but looked out of the window upon the land. He was now a landed proprietor. It was *his* fields, *his* trees, *his* gate, *his* pond, *his* ducks. He swelled out with his own importance as he surveyed his extensive possessions.

The door opened wide, and Joey entered in full costume. He made a low bow, and gave a scrape of his foot behind. "If it please your ladyship, the cook wants to have a bit of talk with you about dinner."

"Joey," said Craggs, "that won't do."

"Teach your granny to suck eggs," said Joey. "How should you know anything about it?"

"Joey," said Mrs. Sims, "I'll go into the kitchen and see about it myself."

"You will excuse me, Mrs. Sims," said Craggs; "the genteel thing is to have the cook up into the parlour, and give her your orders."

"Odds boddikin! Mr. Craggs, mayn't a woman go into her own kitchen and see what's a-doing there?"

Craggs twirled his thumbs, and cast his eyes to the ceiling, as much as to say, catch me ever doing a good-natured thing again.

"I say, Craggs," said Sam, "when you have quite done twirling

your thumbs, perhaps you will come with me to the stable, and shew me the saddle-horse that you bought for me."

"What would you like to have for dinner, Sims?" said his wife.

"A roast leg of mutton."

"What do you say, Sam?"

"A boiled leg of mutton, with turnips."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Sims, "we can afford to have both; we'll have roast leg at top, and boiled at the bottom. What do you say, Sally?"

"Tripe, mamma."

"You shall have it, my dear, and any little pitty patties the cook can think of."

Sam and the attorney now went out to examine the new horse. Sam patted it, and admired it, and then took his friend aside, and said, "There is one thing bothers me very much, I don't know how to ride. Never had a ride but once in my life, that was when I was hoisted on a boy's back at school to be flogged. Awkward, ain't it? now I am grown a gentleman."

"I should strongly recommend you," said Craggs, "to take Tom, the groom, into your confidence, and let him give you lessons."

While they were thus discoursing, the arrival of a visitor was announced, and Sam's presence required in the drawing-room. The visitor was Mr. Jones, the secretary of the county hunt, who had called to see whether any subscription was to be got out of the new comers, and to offer to father and son the privilege of becoming a member of the aforesaid hunt, which would entitle them to ride out in a scarlet coat, with golden fox galloping down its green collar. Old Sam considered the costume to be too fanciful for a man of his time of life, but young Sam was greatly delighted at the proposition, and sent off Tom, the groom, express for the tailor, without farther loss of time.

Soon after this the hunt-ball took place. Sammy appeared in the evening costume of the county hunt; Mrs. Sims in a magnificent turban, with tremendous ostrich feathers, which had the effect of frightening away many who might otherwise have made her acquaintance; Miss Sally was arrayed in brilliant, and not very judiciously contrasted, colours; while old Sims was modestly dressed in a new snuff-coloured coat."

"What is the meaning of that, mamma?" asked Sally, "As we passed through the door, one young lady said to another, 'Did you ever?' and the other answered, 'No, I never.'"

"It's some genteel way of speaking, I suppose," said her mother; "we ought to learn it. Ask Craggs about it."

On the whole, the lucky family were grievously disappointed at not receiving a more hearty welcome in this the country of their adoption.

One of the stewards, it is true, did find a very young gentleman to dance with Sally, and young Sammy danced with a Miss Gorgon, one of a family of many sisters, who were possessed of small personal attractions, youth, or worldly endowments, who had danced away pertinaciously for many a long year in search of a partner for life, but danced in vain.

"Well, Mrs. Sims, what do you think of this here genteel consarn?" asked old Sims, when they had got into their carriage. "I suppose we shall come to it in time."

"The folks don't come to me," said his spouse; "that's the mess of it."

Meanwhile time went on, and Sammy made great progress in his education with Tom. He had learned which side to get upon his horse, to turn in his toes, to walk the horse, to bob up and down in his trot, to canter, to gallop, to leap a small ditch, to hold on behind instead of by the pommel of his saddle, and, last of all, he had ridden repeatedly over a leaping-bar, bound with furze bushes. "Now, master," said Tom, "I think we might venture to shew the red coat out with the hounds."

"Do you really think so, Tom. Oh Tom! I have seen such pictures of five-barred gates, ox fences, and horses leaping over brooks, that it almost makes my blood run cold to look at them."

"Them's only pictures," said Tom, encouragingly. "Most folks only look at them kind of fences, and then rides round and opens a gate."

"There's another thing I want to learn, Tom. How do you cry 'tallyho!'" Tom gave him a specimen.

"And what sort of a thing is a 'view hollar?'"

When he had also given him a specimen of this, Sammy remarked; that he thought he should do.

It was arranged that the next hunting day Tom was to ride Sammy's horse quietly on to cover, and that Sammy was to arrive there in the carriage, in his full hunting costume, accompanied by his father, mother, and sister, who were anxious to see the start. Sam's turn-out at the cover side was unexceptionable, and his gold fox glistened in the sun. As he took the reins out of Tom's hand, however, his courage altogether failed.

"What in the 'varsal world am I to do now, Tom? Could not you contrive to run a little with us on foot?"

"Do you see that elderly thin gentleman there, in a very stained coat, and a bay horse? just follow him, and you will be all right."

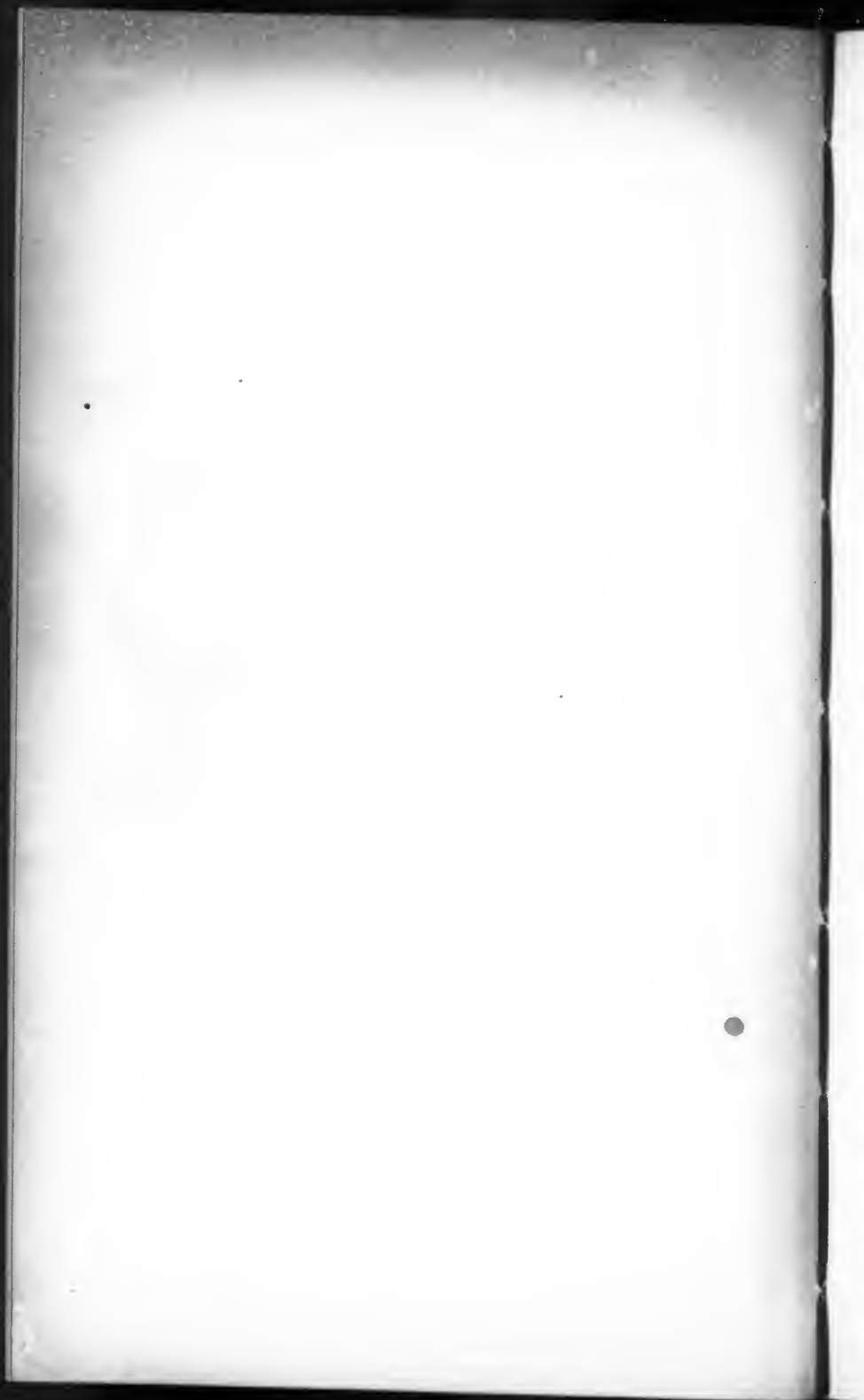
"He's a spoony looking chap, I think, with a werry sleepy horse."

"If you follow him, you will be all right," repeated Tom.

The fox was found; and hounds went away. Sammy stuck to his friend the elderly thin gentleman, who led him first through one gate, through a second, and then through a third, rather to the right of the rest of the field. "I said the fellow was a spoon, and don't know how to leap," thought Sam to himself. Next came a large grass field, divided in the centre by a post and rail. "That chap's blind," thought Sam; "he don't see the rail." The elderly gentleman's horse took in his stride, as a thing not worth noticing, and over went Sammy's nag too, in spite of all his rider could do to restrain him. The horse alighted on his legs, but Sammy alighted on his head. "There's one of the green collars spilt," said a farmer, who rode over the rail near him. Up jumped Sammy, none the worse, and the air resounded with "Stop my horse! stop my horse! Pray, sir, stop my horse!" But the observation about the green collar being spilt, was the only notice that anybody took of him. Sam ran on till he was well blown. At length he saw in the distance a man with a smock frock holding his horse. Now, mounted again, he followed the track of the horses. At length he came within sight of his fellow-sportsmen, now standing, now cantering across half a field, and stopping again. Sam's blood was now up. He passed them all in the full gallop, and rode right in among the hounds, shouting "tallyho!" and giving the "view hollow" in the manner that Tom had instructed.

"Hold hard; hold hard," cried everybody.





"I can ride without holding, you snobs," was Sam's reply.

The master of the hounds now rode up to Sam, and treated him to such a specimen of the English language as surprised him amazingly. In due course of time the fox was killed, and Sam had the fortune to be in at the death. He saw some whispering, and people looking at him. At length one of the green collars approached him,—"I think, sir, this is the first time that you ever was out hunting?"

"It is, sir," said Sam.

Instantly the inside of the fox was rubbed on his face.

Sam swore, and kicked, and rushed after the offending green collar with his hunting whip, but the rest of the sportsmen threw themselves between them, saying, "It's all fair; everybody is blooded to the fox the first time he comes out hunting. We were all blooded ourselves."

Sam rode home, pondering to himself the peculiar language used by masters of hounds, and the singular manner that fox-hunters have of welcoming a new member of their fraternity. When he got home, he threw himself in an arm-chair, saying, "Mother, this genteel society is a werry rum thing. Genteel people swear a good deal more than they do about Barbican, only they uses rather different words." After a pause, he added, "I wonder, mother, whether it would be werry difficult to learn. They have some very nasty tricks among them too." But he made no farther allusion to the initiatory process.

After tea, that evening, a sort of cabinet council was held, which old Sims opened in the following set speech:—

"I am a gentleman. I knows very well that it's not on account of my family or of my education. It's all along of my money, that's what it is. Now I'm thinking, if we were to give these genteel folks a regular good feed, in the money-no-object fashion, these fellers would treat us with more respect and attention, particular when they seed that them as weren't civil would not get no feed. We'll advertize the bill of fare as is to be, in the county paper, a fortnight before the time, same as the Lord Mayor advertizes his'n."

Lawyer Craggs shook his head.

"Well, Mr. Craggs, if it ain't the genteel thing to put it in the paper, Sam can drop hints out hunting about turtle, and venison, and champagne, and peacocks, and guinea fowls, and salmon, and all that sort of thing."

"I'm afraid that your scheme wont succeed," said Mrs. Sims. "When folks hears of the dainties, they'll all be wanting to come, and we shall make more enemies by those we leave out, than we shall make friends, by feeding those that we ax."

Old Sims, however, overruled this objection by observing, "then we'll only have to give them another tuck out."

The landlord of the "Cock and Bottle" was written to to send down a London cook.

Craggs undertook to provide all the delicacies, which he knew how to provide cheaper and better than anybody else.

Letters of invitation were sent to the aristocracy of the county, and in due time the answers came in. "Lord Woodland presents his compliments, and regrets that a previous engagement must prevent his having the honour of waiting," &c.

"Why," said Mrs. Sims, "Sir Henry Heath says the very same words."

"Daresay they dine together," said Sam.

"Mr. and Mrs. Howard are both indisposed. Just the influenza," said Sally.

"Here's a rum 'un. What's the meaning of this: 'Captain Pratt has not the honour of Mr. Sims' acquaintance.'"

"What a silly man," said Mrs. Sims, "we do not want to know about his acquaintance, but whether he will help us to eat our dinner or not. Acquaintance is easy enough made."

"The letter signifies," said Craggs, with a legal air, "that Captain Pratt won't come."

"Here's another letter. I suppose that it is another 'can't come.' No. 'Mrs. Gorgon, Miss Gorgon, and Miss Julia Gorgon, will have the honour of waiting upon Mr. and Mrs. Sims to dinner.'"

Mrs. Sims then threw herself back in her chair, convulsed with laughter. "Waiting upon us! ha! ha! ha! Waiting, ha! wait, ha! ha! why, we wanted her *to eat*."

Craggs had great difficulty in explaining to the grocer's family that Mrs. Gorgon had only adopted the usual form of accepting an invitation.

"My! what a queer thing genteel society is surely."

"What's to be done now, missis?" said old Sims to his wife; "we've nobody coming but that she dragon; we want a whole lot of people to eat such a dinner as I have ordered. We must have some of our Barbican folks down by the rail, that's what it is."

"There's Butcher Swiggins; he'd eat enough for two, and a tolerable genteel-looking man besides, and Brown and Tomkins both genteel-looking people."

"I should like to ask some of my young friends," said Sammy; "just Jack Tippens and Blue Benjamin."

"They'll do nicely," said Mrs. Sims. "We'll just think of one or two more; they can come down by the rail in time for dinner, and those that are obliged to be in shop in the morning may go back by the mail train."

"Madam," said Craggs, respectfully, "I am afraid—but I really don't think that all the friends you have mentioned have got a single pair of silk stockings among them."

"Body of me!" said Mr. Sims, "and is it absolutely impossible to eat a dinner without silk stockings?"

"In genteel society, absolutely impossible."

"Hang me, mother!" said Sammy, "if I do not think that there is nearly as much sour as sweet in this genteel society."

"Stockings or no stockings," said old Sims, "I will ax my party."

And what is more, the party all arrived; and a very nice set Mrs. Gorgon, Miss Gorgon, and Miss Julia Gorgon found upon their arrival. Well, dinner passed off very joyously with the majority of the guests, many of whom when asked to drink wine, preferred gin.

Old Sims and a steady old friend of his, Joe Brown, followed soon after the ladies into the drawing-room. This, however, was only a signal for the others to proceed to business. Gin and punch was generally preferred to wine. Sam produced a box of cigars, with pipes for those that preferred them. They had promised old Sims not to sit long, and they kept their word; but, making the best of their time, they contrived to make themselves royally drunk before they got into the drawing-room, where Mrs. and the Misses Gorgon were very much astonished at the broadness of the jokes that were

sported by Sims's metropolitan friends. As soon as their carriage was announced, Mrs. Gorgon rose to depart.

Swiggins, Sam, and Blue Benjamin insisted on helping them on with their shawls; and, according to the custom of Barbican and Long Lane, each embraced his lady, and gave her a spanking kiss. Miss Julia gave a screech as if the world was coming to an end. Miss Gorgon clawed a piece out of her admirer's cheek, while the old lady hallooed out murder.

"There's a spree for you, old six-and-eightpenny!" said Sammy, clapping Craggs on the bag.

Mrs. Sims expressed to Craggs a fear that they had, in some particular, transgressed the customary usages of genteel society.

Craggs said it was nothing;—folks were always apt to be a little merry after a good dinner. Not so, however, Mrs. Gorgon, who went open-mouthed through the county, complaining of the company that she was asked to meet at Primrose Hall, and the horrid and indelicate treatment that she had met with.

The Simses were in consequence cut by their neighbours, and they saw no visitors but those that came down from Barbican or Long Lane. Meanwhile Old Sims was buying shares in one railway, and selling them in another, according to the direction of Craggs, who told him that he would double his fortune in a few months' time.

At length came the railway crash,—down went shares to nothing. Old Sims was ruined. He wrote to Craggs for an explanation. Craggs in reply sent in his own bill for fifteen hundred pound. All the time he had spent with the Simses he had charged at the highest rate of professional attendance. The mask was of no further use to him, so he threw it down.

Sims then went to another attorney, whose character for integrity stood high, and begged him to look into his accounts.

"I fear you're ruined," said Mr. Vellum, after he had gone through the paper.

"And pray, Mr. Vellum, what do people generally do in my circumstances?"

"They go abroad, sir,—universally go abroad,—generally to Boulogne,—indeed, always go to Boulogne;—very agreeable place, I hear—provisional directors club there, for which you are qualified—very agreeable—view of the sea—billiard-room, and all that sort of thing. Everything is very genteel there."

"I hate and detest all genteel things," said Sims.

Vellum at length wound up the accounts, and found a small residue. Sims had enough left to yield him sixty pounds a year when invested in the funds, besides two hundred pounds to stock his shop with again. Everything he had was sold, except one bottle of champagne that he took with him to town. His shop had been let for a year. When the lease was at an end, Sims purchased the stock of his tenant, and the next day appeared behind the counter; and everything appeared the same as if he had never left it.

When dinner-time came, he opened his bottle of champagne, and all his family drank success to the old shop. When the bottle was empty, he pitched it through his back window, and laughed joyously as he heard it crash upon the pavement.

"There's the last of our genteel life, and *I'm glad of it.*"

"Amen," said his family.

FÊTES AT MADRID.*

THE MONTPENSIER MARRIAGE.

WE have been leading such a life of gaiety and excitement, at Madrid, that I find I have actually allowed forty-eight hours to pass without writing to you, and telling you as usual all that has happened here. These forty-eight hours have passed like a perpetual *mirage*; I can scarcely say that I have seen, yet I believe that I have seen *fêtes*, illuminations, bull-fights and ballets, and a host of other extraordinary things, all succeeding each other with as much rapidity as the scenes of a theatre, which are changed at the whistle of the scene-shifter. When you last heard of us, we were pushing our way along one of those gloomy corridors of that modern tower of Babel called a circus. At the end of this corridor a light burst upon us so suddenly that for a moment we drew back quite dazzled; those who have never lived under the burning skies of Spain cannot imagine how intensely brilliant the light of the sun is here, nor can those who have never heard the tumult of a circus, form any conception of the uproar and disturbance which reign there. Picture to yourself an amphitheatre in the style of the hippodrome, but capable of containing twenty thousand persons, instead of fifteen thousand, who are all disposed upon benches one above another, for which different prices are asked as they are more or less sheltered from the sun.

Spectators who take what are called sun-tickets, are exposed to its full heat during the whole time the bull-fight lasts. Those who can afford to purchase sun and shade tickets, have such a position given them, as that by the daily movement of the earth they must be sheltered part of the time from the burning rays of the sun. The shade-tickets are of course those which are generally sought after, for they ensure complete protection from the heat from the beginning to the end of the spectacle. I need scarcely say that we took care to secure the last description of tickets. It would almost be impossible for you to imagine the extraordinary sensation which we experienced on entering this glittering circus, our first impulse was to start back a step or two, so completely dazzled and bewildered did we find ourselves; never had we seen so many parasols, fans, and pocket-handkerchiefs in agitation at the same moment, never had we heard the hum of so many voices; the scene presented to us was certainly one of the most curious we had ever witnessed. I will endeavour to give you some idea of the appearance of the arena at the precise instant we arrived. We were exactly opposite the *toril*; a boy belonging to the circus, decorated from head to foot with ribbons, had just received from the hands of the *alguazil* the key of this door, which he was preparing to open. The *picadors* already seated in their Arabian saddles, with their lances couched, had placed themselves on the left of the bull, which seemed eager to rush out; the rest of the *quadrille*, that is to say, the *chulos*, the *banderilleros*, and the *torero* stood on the right hand side, dispersed about the arena like pawns upon a chess board. First I must explain to you what the office of the *picador* is, next that of the *chulo*, the *banderillero*, and the *torero*, and, as far as possible, I will bring before your eyes the theatre upon which they were going to perform their different parts. The *picador*, who,

* From the French of Alexander Dumas.

according to my idea, runs the greatest risk of any of the combatants, is mounted on horseback, hearing his lance in his hand ready to receive the bull's attack. This lance is not a regular weapon of war, but merely a sort of spur, the steel point at the end being of only sufficient length to enter the depth of the animal's skin; its use is to increase the bull's fury, in order to expose the piccador to a more fierce attack on account of the agony which the animal endures. The piccador runs a double danger, the chance of being crushed by his horse, or gored by the bull. His lance is his only offensive weapon, and by way of defence, he wears leggings of steel, mounting nearly to the thigh, covered with pantaloons of skin. The office of the chulo is to draw off the animal's attention to himself whenever it is on the point of exhausting its fury upon a fallen horse, or upon an unhorsed piccador. The banderillero takes care that the rage of the bull does not cool, it is his business, when he perceives that the animal is about to shrink from further exertion, worn out by the torment it endures, to drive the banderillas into its shoulders. The banderillas are formed of little rings through which are drawn paper of different colours, cut out in the same form as that which adorns a boy's kite; these rings are driven into the flesh by means of a piece of iron resembling a fish-hook. But the torero is the principal actor in the scene, to him the circus belongs, he is the general who directs the combat, the rest instinctively obey his least gesture, even the bull is subjected to his power; the torero can lead him where he desires, and when the moment arrives for the last struggle between himself and the bull, it is upon the spot that he has chosen, reserving to himself all the advantages of sun or shade, that the exhausted animal receives the death-blow from the fatal spada, and expires at his feet. If the fair mistress of the torero be in the circus, it is always in that part of the arena nearest to his lady-love, that the bull receives his death-blow. There is to every combat two or three more piccadors than are required to take part in the conflict, in case the piccadors are wounded, there are as many banderilleros, and as many chulos. The number of toreros is not fixed; in this bull-fight there were three, Cuchares, Lucas Blanco, and Salamanchino. Piccadors, chulos, banderilleros, and toreros were all richly attired, they wore short jackets of blue, green, or rose-colour, embroidered with gold and silver, waistcoats similarly embroidered of the most brilliant colours, but still blending harmoniously with the rest of their dress, their small-clothes were knitted, and they wore silk stockings and satin shoes; a girdle of the brightest hue, and a little laced black hat completed their elegant costume.

From the actors let us turn our attention to the theatre. Round the arena, which is as magnificent as a circus in the time of Titus or Vespasian, is a partition of thick boards six feet high, forming a circle in which are enclosed all the persons I have been describing, from the piccador to the torero. This partition, called the *olivo*, is painted red in the upper part and black in the lower. These two divisions are of unequal height, and separated by a plank painted white, which forms a projecting edge, and serves as a stirrup to the chulos, banderilleros, and toreros, when pursued by the bull, on this they place their foot, and by the aid of their hands they are able to spring over the barrier. This is called *tomar el olivo*, that is "to take the olive." It is very seldom that the torero has recourse to this shelter, he may turn away from the bull, but he would consider it a disgrace to fly from him. On the other side

of this first partition is a second barrier, this partition and this barrier form a passage; into this passage the chulos and banderilleros jump when pursued by the bull; here the alguazil holds in readiness the three picadors and the cachetero, here too are amateurs who have a free entrance. I have not yet told you what the business of the cachetero is in the combat, he has the cowardly part of the work to perform, his office may almost be considered degrading. When the bull is beaten down by the spada of the torero, but still has life enough left to toss up his foaming and bloody head, the cachetero leaps over the barrier, and steals slyly like the cat or the wolf till he reaches the fallen animal, and then traitorously passing behind him gives him the finishing stroke. This is done with a stiletto in the form of a heart, which generally separates the second vertebra of the neck from the third, and the bull falls as if struck by a thunderbolt. Having accomplished this, the cachetero creeps back to the barrier with the same stealthy step as before, springs over it, and disappears. This first barrier, over which as I have before mentioned, the chulos, the banderilleros, and the cachetero climb, is not always a place of safety, bulls have been known to leap it with as much ease as our race horses spring over a hedge. An engraving of Goya represents the alcalde of Terrassona, miserably gored and trodden under foot by a bull who had sprung over the barrier after him. I have seen a bull leap three successive times from the arena into the passage. The chulos and the banderilleros jump with as much ease from the passage into the arena as they had previously done from the arena into the passage; the boy belonging to the circus opens a door for the bull to pass through, who becomes furious on beholding the little space left to him, and darts back into the lists where his enemies await him. Sometimes the arena is divided into two parts, this is always the case when it is very large. Upon one occasion, at the Place Mayor, where two combats take place at the same time, two bulls sprang together from the lists into the passage, the consequence was, that they literally tore each other to pieces. The outer partition has four doors situated at the four cardinal points, through two of these doors the live bulls enter the arena, and the dead bulls are carried out. Behind the second barrier rises the amphitheatre filled with benches, which are thronged with spectators. The music stand is immediately above the toril, the place in which the bulls are shut up. The bulls intended for the combat are generally taken from the most solitary pastures, brought during the night to Madrid, and conveyed to the toril, where each has its separate stall. To render the bull additionally fierce, no food is given it during the ten or twelve hours that it is shut up in its prison, and just before they let it out into the arena, in order to make it quite mad with rage, they drive a bunch of ribbons into its left shoulder by means of a sort of fish-hook, which I have already described; the colours of the ribbon are generally those of its owner. To obtain this bunch of ribbon is the height of the chulos' and picadors' ambition, it is considered the most charming offering they can possibly make their fair mistress.

I have endeavoured to bring the scene before you, and I shall proceed to give you a description of the bull-fight. We were exactly opposite the toril, as I before mentioned, on our right was the queen's box, and on our left the ayuntamiento, somebody answering to our mayor and the officers of the municipality. We looked on the arena in an agony of suspense, our faces were as white as a sheet, and our eyes

almost started out of our heads with fright. Rocca de Togoress sat on my left side, that elegant poet of whom I spoke to you, and on my right side were Alexandre, Maquet, and Boulanger Girand, and Desbarolles stood on the second bench, dressed in an Andalusian costume. They had seen ten bull-fights before, and looked upon us with that air of sovereign contempt with which the old grumblers of the empire regarded the conscripts.

The boy opened the door of the toril, and drew back behind it; the bull made its appearance, advanced a few steps, then stopped suddenly, dazzled by the light and bewildered by the noise. It was a black bull bearing the colours of Ossuna, and of Veragua (the Duke de Veragua is the last descendant of Christopher Columbus), his mouth was white with foam, and his eyes seemed positively to flash lightning. I honestly confess to you, that my heart beat as if I was going to take part in a duel. "Look, look," said Rocca, "he is a capital bull." Scarcely had Rocca pronounced his opinion when the bull, as if anxious to confirm it, sprang upon the first piccador. Vainly did the piccador try to arrest his progress with the lance, the bull threw himself upon the steel point, and attacking the horse in his chest, drove his horns into the poor animal's heart, and lifted it entirely from the ground, so that its four feet were kicking in the air. The piccador knew that his horse was lost, in an instant he grappled with the edge of the barrier, and, extricating himself from his stirrups, climbed over it just as his horse fell on the other side. The horse tried to raise itself, but the blood flowed through two wounds in its chest as through a waterspout; he struggled a moment and then fell, and the bull vented his rage upon him, wounding him in a dozen other places. "Bravo," cried Rocca; "he is a first-rate bull, and the combat will be a glorious one." I turned towards my companions: Boulanger had borne this spectacle pretty well, but Alexandre was as pale as death, and Maquet wiped the damp from his forehead. The second piccador, perceiving that the bull was exhausting his fury upon the horse in its last agony, left the barrier, and came up to him. Though his horse had its eyes bandaged, it reared up as if it felt instinctively that its master was leading it to certain death.

When the bull beheld his new antagonist, he rushed upon him, and what happened was the work of an instant, the horse was thrown backwards, and fell with all its weight upon the breast of its rider, we could almost declare that we heard his bones crack. An universal huzza burst forth, twenty thousand voices shouted at the same time, "Bravo, toro! bravo, toro!" Rocca joined with the rest, and upon my word I could not help following his example. "Bravo, bravo!" cried I; and certainly at that moment the animal looked magnificent, the whole of its body was jet black, and the blood of its two adversaries streamed over its head, upon its shoulders, like a flowing purple head-dress. "Humph!" said Rocca, "did I not tell you that he was a capital bull? *c'est un taureau collant.*" *Un taureau collant* is one that after having overthrown his victim turns again and vents his fury upon him. This bull not only fell upon the horse, but endeavoured to drag the piccador from underneath it. Cuchares, who was the torero of this conflict made a sign to the chulos and banderilleros, and they immediately surrounded the bull. In the middle of this troop was Lucas Blanco, another torero whom I have already named, a handsome young man about four or five and twenty, who has only been

torero the last two years. For a moment his enthusiasm almost carried him away, he slightly forgot his dignity and mixed with the *chulos*. By waving their cloaks before the bull, the *chulos* at length succeeded in drawing it away from the picador and the horse; it lifted up its head, stared at this fresh party of enemies, and at the gaudy cloaks which they waved, and then sprang upon Lucas Blanco, who was nearest to it. Lucas contented himself with making a slight *pirouette* on his heel, with the most perfect grace, and the utmost composure, and the bull passed by him. The *chulos*, pursued by it, rushed towards the barrier, the last must actually have felt the animal's breath scorching his shoulders, they seemed really to fly over the barrier, for their flowing green, blue, and rose-coloured mantles made them look like birds with their wings spread. The bull drove his horns into the barrier, and completely nailed the last *chulo's* cloak to it, who, on springing over to the other side, threw his mantle over the bull's head. The animal managed to extricate his horns from the planks, but he could not succeed in disembarassing himself of the cloak, which in a few seconds became stained with large purple spots from the blood which flowed over his shoulders; he stamped impatiently on the edge of the cloak, but the centre was pinned by his horns to his head. One moment he turned furiously upon himself, and the next he had rent the mantle into a thousand pieces, one shred of it alone remained fixed to his right horn like a streamer. As soon as he had disengaged himself and could see, he embraced with a sullen and rapid glance the whole arena. The heads of the fugitive *chulos* and *banderilleros* now began to make their appearance above the barrier, they were preparing to leap again into the circus as soon as the bull should have withdrawn himself to some distance. Lucas Blanco and Cuchares stood in the same part of the arena calmly gazing at each other; while three men were removing the wounded picador from underneath the horse, and trying to place him on his feet, he staggered on his legs, which were encumbered with steel, he was as pale as death, and the blood oozed from his lips. Of the two horses, one was quite dead, the other still lived, but by his violent plunging he was evidently in his last agony. The third picador, the only one of them who had kept his position, sat motionless on his horse like a bronze statue. After wavering an instant, the bull seemed to form a sudden resolution; his eye rested upon the group which was carrying off the wounded picador; he scratched up the sand impatiently and spurred it to such height that it reached the benches of the amphitheatre; then lowering his nose to the level of the furrow which he had just made in the sand, he tossed up his head, bellowed loudly and darted upon the group. The three men who were supporting the wounded picador abandoned him, and ran towards the barrier. The picador, though nearly fainting, was still conscious of his danger, he moved forward two steps, struck his hands wildly in the air, and then fell in trying to make another step. The bull rushed towards him, but in its way it met with an obstacle.

The last picador had by this time left his position, and attempted to throw himself between his wounded companion and the furious animal, but the bull bent his lance like a reed, and only gave him a blow with his horns in passing. The horse, however, which was seriously wounded, suddenly wheeled round and started off with his master to the further end of the arena. Now, the bull appeared to hesi-

tate between the horse, which was yet alive, and the piccador who seemed dead. He fell upon the horse, and having trodden him under foot, and wounded him desperately in several places, left the streamer which had decorated his horn, in one of the wounds, and darted upon the wounded man, whom Lucas Blanco was endeavouring to support upon one knee. The circus rang with applause; the cries of "Bravo, toro!" seemed as if they would never cease. The bull sprang upon Lucas Blanco and the piccador; Lucas stepped aside, and spread his mantle between the wounded man and the bull; the bull was deceived, and darted upon the waving cloak. Meanwhile the chulos and banderilleros had leaped into the arena, and the valets of the circus had come to the assistance of the wounded piccador, who, supported by them, managed to reach the barrier. The whole party now surrounded the bull with their floating mantles, but the bull gazed only upon Lucas Blanco; it was plainly a struggle between this man and the furious animal, and no other attack would draw off its attention.

"Back, Lucas! back!" shouted all the chulos and banderilleros at the same moment; "back! back, Lucas!" cried Cuchares. Lucas gazed scornfully at the bull, which was tearing onwards towards him with its head lowered; he placed his foot with the most perfect ease between the two horns, and jumped over its head. The circus actually shook with applause; the spectators did not shout, they roared forth their approbation. "Bravo, Lucas!" cried twenty thousand voices; "Viva, Lucas! viva! viva!" the men threw their hats and petacas into the arena, while the women showered bouquets and fans upon him. Lucas bowed and smiled, as if he were playing with a kid. But these tumultuous shouts did not turn the bull from the object of his vengeance; he kept his eye stedfastly fixed upon Lucas, and none of the streaming mantles could make him forget the pale blue cloak, against which he had before vainly struck. He darted again upon Lucas, but this time he calculated his spring that he might not fail to reach him; Lucas avoided him by a dexterous bound, but the animal was only four paces from him, and he turned upon Lucas without giving him a moment's pause. Lucas threw his cloak over its head, and began stepping backwards towards the barrier. The bull's vision was obscured for an instant, and his adversary gained a few steps in advance; but the cloak was soon torn to ribbons, and the bull darted once more upon his enemy. It was now a question of agility; would Lucas reach the barrier before the bull, or would the bull gain upon Lucas before he could climb the barrier? As ill-luck would have it, Lucas stepped upon a bouquet of flowers and fell: a piercing scream was uttered by all the spectators, and then profound silence succeeded. A cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, but amidst it, I saw a man thrown fifteen feet high; and, the most curious circumstance was, that in spite of the extreme agitation which I felt, I remember perfectly the minutest details of poor Lucas's dress; his little blue jacket, embroidered with silver, his rose-coloured waistcoat with chased buttons, and his white slashed small clothes. He fell flat upon the ground; the bull awaited him, but another adversary also awaited the bull. The first piccador mounted upon a fresh horse reentered the arena, and attacked the animal at the very moment he was about to gore Lucas with his horns. The bull felt himself wounded, and lifted up his head as if he was sure of finding Lucas were he left him, and thus sprang upon the piccador. Scarcely had he released Lucas, before

Lucas raised himself upon his feet and smiled, as he gracefully bowed to the public. By a perfect miracle the horns had not touched his body, it was only the fore part of the animal's head which had tossed him into the air, and by a second miracle, too, he fell to the ground without meeting with the slightest injury. Shouts of joy now burst from the spectators, and everybody seemed able to breathe again.

At this moment a general disturbance arose, the trumpets sounded; announcing some new and unforeseen event. This was the arrival of the queen-mother, that beautiful and elegant woman whom you have seen in Paris. She really looks like the eldest sister of her daughter; and appears to take as much pleasure in the bull-fights as a simple marquise. On this occasion she had contrived to steal away from the fêtes of the day, that she might pass an hour in this agitating scene, which we found so infatuating. Scarcely had the trumpets announced her arrival—scarcely had she made her appearance in the penumbra of her box, when, as if by magic, the whole drama in the circus was suspended. The quadrille left the piccador, the horse, and the bull, to get out of the affair as best they could, and drew themselves up in procession opposite to the toril. Cuhares, Salamanchino, and Lucas Blanco, walked first, and behind them came the three piccadors. The wounded piccador whom we had thought dead, had mounted a fresh horse, and, but for his extreme pallor, we should not have imagined anything had happened to him. The piccador who was attacked by the bull, succeeded in throwing him off, and resumed his proper position in the arena. Behind the piccadors came the four chulos; behind the chulos, the banderilleros, and last of all came the valets of the circus; the cachetero alone did not form part of the cortège. The bull had retired to a corner of the arena near the ayuntamiento, and was gazing on the procession with a bewildered stare; the persons forming the procession seemed to occupy themselves as little about the bull as if he had never existed. They walked slowly forwards in time to the music, till they came in front of the queen's box, and then they gracefully bent their knee. The queen allowed them to remain sometime in this position, by way of shewing that she accepted their homage, and then made a signal for them to rise; they did so immediately, bowing profoundly as they moved away. At a second signal the procession was broken up, and each returned to take his proper part in the combat. The piccadors bent their lances, the chulos waved their mantles, and the banderilleros ran to prepare their banderillas. Meanwhile the bull, in order to lose no time, I suppose, employed himself in wounding a poor horse, which we had believed dead, but had discovered to be alive; he had lifted the poor animal from the ground with his horns, and was walking about with him on his neck. By a last struggle the horse erected his head, and sent forth a deep groan. But when the bull saw his enemies return to the attack, he shook off the horse as he would have done a plume of feathers; the horse fell; but, in a spring of agony, raised himself on his four feet, and staggered forwards towards the toril to fall once again; the bull fixed his eye stedfastly on him as he moved away.

The bull had already killed three horses, and wounded two, so the alguazil made a sign to the piccadors to withdraw themselves; they moved to the extremity of the circus, opposite the toril, all three of them leaned against the olivo with their faces turned towards the

centre of the arena. The chulos played with their cloaks, the bull began to move about again, and the combat went on with as much spirit as before. Three or four times the bull pursued his adversaries as far as the barrier, thus affording us the graceful spectacle of the light movements of these men, who appeared actually to float along with their waving mantles. A banderillero soon entered the arena with a banderilla in each hand; his three companions followed him armed exactly as he was. To drive the banderillas into the bull's shoulders is by no means an agreeable office; they must be planted precisely at the same moment, and the more straightly they can be placed, the more easily is the business accomplished. The chulos directed the bull towards the banderillero, who drove the two darts into his shoulders; from the rebound of each of the darts a flight of five or six little birds, goldfinches, linnets, and canaries, started above the arena; these unfortunate little creatures were so completely bewildered by the shock, as not to be immediately able to fly, and they fell quite flat upon the sand in the circus; five or six persons leaped in consequence from the passage to pick them up, at the imminent risk of being gored to death by the bull. But he was evidently beginning to lose his head; he seemed to have abandoned that desperate plan of attack which renders this animal so formidable: he darted from one chulo to another, giving blows with his horns to all, but allowing himself to be drawn from one enemy to another. A second banderillero made his appearance; the bull became suddenly calm on perceiving him, but this calm was only a proof of his more certain vengeance; he recognised in this man's hands the instruments of torture which he bore in his shoulders, for he sprang upon him without allowing any obstacle to oppose him. The banderillero awaited his attack with the banderillas, but he could only plant one of these in the bull's shoulder; and the next moment a slight scream was heard; the rose-coloured sleeve of the banderillero was instantly stained with purple, and his hand was covered with blood, which streamed through his fingers; the horn had completely pierced the upper part of his arm. He reached the barrier by himself, for he would not accept any support; but when he attempted to spring over it he fainted away; and we saw him lifted into the passage with his head drooping, and in a state of unconsciousness. One bull had done enough mischief, so the trumpet sounded for the death. Each of the combatants withdrew, for the lists now belonged to the torero. Cuchares, who was the torero in this combat, came forward; he appeared to be between thirty-six and forty years of age; he was of ordinary height, thin, with a shrivelled skin and tawny complexion. If he is not one of the most skilful toreros, for I believe the Spaniards prefer Montès and Chiclanero to him, he is certainly one of the most daring and courageous; he performs all sorts of audacious tricks directly in front of the bull, which proves that he has a thorough knowledge of this animal's nature. One day, when he was contesting with Montès, who had carried off the largest share of the public applause, he did not know exactly how to gain a portion of the bravos which were so bountifully bestowed upon his rival; so he knelt down before the infuriated bull. The bull gazed at him a few seconds in astonishment, and then, as if intimidated by such an act of boldness, abandoned him and pursued a chulo.

To return to the combat which I am describing; Cuchares came forward, holding a sword in his left hand, which was concealed

by the muleta, a piece of red cloth set on a little stick, which serves as a shield to the torero; he walked across the circus till he came in front of the queen's box, when he bent one knee to the ground, and taking off his hat, asked permission of its august occupant to kill the bull. Permission was immediately granted him, by a sign and a gracious smile. On retiring he threw his hat away from him, with a certain gesture of pride, which belongs only to a man who knows he is about to struggle with death, and then prepared to meet the bull. The quadrille was now entirely at his disposal; it surrounded him, awaiting his orders; from this time forth nothing is done without the torero's leave. He has chosen the part of the arena upon which he desires the conflict to take place, the exact spot upon which he intends to give the death blow; the business of the whole party, therefore, is to attract the bull towards this point of the circus. The spot chosen on this occasion was just underneath the queen's box, but the chulos were determined to display a little coquetry in directing the bull thither, for they naturally wished to have their triumph. They caused the animal to make a complete circuit, obliging him to pass in front of the ayuntamiento, by the toril, and from thence to the spot where Cuchares awaited him, with sword in one hand, and muleta in the other. In passing the horse which he had lifted on his head, the bull gave him two or three more blows with his horns. When Cuchares saw the bull nearly opposite to him, he made a sign, and everybody moved away; the man and the animal were now face to face. Cuchares had only a long thin sword, and the animal possessed terrific horns, enormous power, and his movements were more rapid than those of the swiftest horse; the man appeared nothing by the side of this tremendous monster; but the light of intelligence shone forth in the man's eyes, while the sole expression in the bull's look was the wild glare of ferocity. It was clear, however, that all the advantage was on the man's side, and that in this seemingly unequal conflict, the strong would be compelled to yield, and the weak would be the conqueror. Cuchares waved his muleta before the bull's eyes; the bull darted upon him, but he turned on his heel and received only a slight graze from one of the horns; but the stroke was magnificently given, and the whole circus rang with applause. The shouts seemed only to increase the bull's fury, for he sprang again upon Cuchares, who this time met him with his sword. The shock was frightful, the sword bent like a hoop, and flew into the air, the point had touched the shoulder bone, but, in rebounding, caused the hilt to quit the torero's hand. The spectators would have hooted Cuchares, but by a dexterous volt he escaped the attack of his enemy. The chulos now advanced and endeavoured to distract the bull's attention; but Cuchares, disarmed as he was, made a signal to them to remain in their place, for he still had his muleta.

Now followed the most astonishing proofs of this man's profound knowledge of the animal, so essential to him in a conflict which lasted full five minutes, during which time his sole weapon was his muleta. He drove the bull wherever he desired, bewildering him so completely as almost to make him lose his instinct. Twenty times the bull sprang upon him, darting from the right side to the left; he grazed him repeatedly with his horn, but never really wounded him. At length Cuchares picked up his sword, wiped it composedly, and presented it, amidst the deafening applause of the spectators: this

time the full length of the blade was buried between the bull's shoulders ; he quivered with agony, and was completely rooted to the spot ; it was very clear that the cold of the steel had struck into his heart, if not the steel itself,—the hilt of the sword alone could be seen above the nape of the neck ; Cuchares did not occupy himself any longer with the bull, but proceeded to offer his homage to the queen. The bull was mortally wounded ; he gazed around him, when his eye lighted suddenly upon the dead horse, and with a trot rendered heavy by the agony he endured, he moved towards it. When the bull reached the dead body of the horse, he fell upon his two knees by the side of it, uttered a faint bellow, lowered his hinder quarters as he had previously bent his head, and laid himself down. The cachetero leaped from the passage, crept softly up to the bull, drew forth his stiletto, and, when he had well taken his aim, gave the final stroke. Lightning could not have taken a more instantaneous effect ; the head dropped without a struggle, and the animal expired without a single groan.

A strain of music announced the death ; a door opened, and four mules drawing a sort of truck entered the arena. The mules were almost hidden by their trappings ; these were covered with brilliant knots of ribbon and tinkling bells ; the dead horses were fastened to the truck, one after the other, and borne away with the rapidity of lightning. Next came the bull's turn, and he soon disappeared like the rest through the door destined for the dead bodies to pass out. The door closed behind him ; four large streaks of blood crimsoned the sand, this was the blood of the dead horses and the bull ; here and there, too, might be discovered a few other red spots, but in less than ten minutes all traces of the last combat had vanished. The valets of the circus brought their rakes and two large baskets full of sand, with which they fresh strewed the arena. The piccadors resumed their position on the left of the toril, and the chulos and banderilleros on the right. Lucas Blanco, who succeeded Cuchares, placed himself a little in the rear. The band announced that the second conflict was about to commence ; the door of the toril burst open, and another bull made his appearance.

But it is really time that I should bid you adieu ; a bull-fight is a thing one never tires of seeing, and when I tell you that I have been eight days successively to all the bull-fights which have taken place in Madrid, you will readily understand what an infatuating scene it is.

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

"Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes."—HALLAM.

No. I.—MARATHON.

"Quibus actus uterque
Europæ atque Asiæ fatis concurrerit orbis."

Two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven years ago, a council of Greek officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them; but on the result of their deliberations depended, not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization.

The ten Athenian generals who, with the Archon entitled the War-Ruler, formed the council, had deep matter for anxiety, though little aware how momentous to mankind were the votes they were about to give, or how the generations to come would read with interest the record of their discussions. They saw before them the invading forces of a mighty power, which had in the last fifty years shattered and enslaved nearly all the kingdoms and principalities of the then known world. They knew that all the resources of their own country were comprised in the little army entrusted to their guidance. They saw before them a chosen host of the Great King, sent to wreak his special wrath on that country, and on the other insolent little Greek community, which had dared to aid his rebels and burn the capital of one of his provinces. That victorious host had already fulfilled half its mission of vengeance. Eretria, the confederate of Athens in the bold march against Sardis nine years before, had fallen in the last few days; and the Athenians could discern from their heights the island, in which the Persians had deposited their Eretrian prisoners, whom they had reserved to be led away captives into Upper Asia, there to hear their doom from the lips of King Darius himself. Moreover, the men of Athens knew that in the camp before them was their own banished tyrant, who was seeking to be reinstated by foreign scymitars in despotic sway over any remnant of his countrymen, that might survive the sack of their town, and might be left behind as too worthless for leading away into Median bondage.

The numerical disparity between the force which the Athenian commanders had under them and that which they were called on to encounter, was hopelessly apparent to some of the council. The historians who wrote nearest to the time of the battle do not pretend to give any detailed statements of the numbers engaged, but there are sufficient data for our making a general estimate. The muster-roll of free Athenian citizens of an age fit for military service never exceeded 30,000, and at this epoch probably did not amount to two-thirds of that number. Moreover, the poorer portion of these were

unprovided with the equipments and untrained to the operations of the regular infantry. Some detachments of the best-armed troops would be required to garrison the city itself, and man the various fortified posts in the territory; so that it is impossible to reckon the fully equipped force that marched from Athens to Marathon, when the news of the Persian landing arrived, at higher than 14,000. The gallant little allied state of Plataea had sent its contingent of 1000 of its best men; so that the Athenian commanders must have had under them about 15,000 fully-armed and disciplined infantry, and probably a larger number of irregular light-armed troops; as, besides the poorer citizens who went to the field armed with javelins, cutlasses, and targets, each regular heavy-armed soldier was attended in the camp by one or more slaves, who were armed like the inferior freemen. Cavalry or archers the Athenians (on this occasion) had none; and the use in the field of military engines was not at that period introduced into ancient warfare.

Contrasted with their own scanty forces, the Greek commanders saw stretched before them, along the shores of the winding bay, the tents and shipping of the varied nations who marched to do the bidding of the king of the eastern world. The difficulty of finding transports and of securing provisions would form the only limit to the numbers of a Persian army. Nor is there any reason to suppose the estimate of Justin exaggerated, who rates at 100,000 the force which on this occasion had sailed, under the Satraps Datis and Artaphernes, from the Cilician shores against the devoted coasts of Eubœa and Attica. And after largely deducting from this total, so as to allow for mere mariners and camp-followers, there must still have remained fearful odds against the national levies of the Athenians. Nor could Greek generals then feel that confidence in the superior quality of their troops, which ever since the battle of Marathon has animated Europeans in conflicts with Asiatics; as, for instance, in the after struggles between Greece and Persia, or when the Roman legions encountered the myriads of Mithridates and Tigranes, or as is the case in the Indian campaigns of our own regiments. On the contrary, up to the day of Marathon the Medes and Persians were reputed invincible. They had more than once met Greek troops in Asia Minor and had invariably beaten them. Nothing can be stronger than the expressions used by the early Greek writers respecting the terror which the name of the Medes inspired, and the prostration of men's spirits before the apparently resistanceless career of the Persian arms.* It is, therefore, little to be wondered at, that five of the ten Athenian generals shrank from the prospect of fighting a pitched battle against an enemy so vastly superior in numbers, and so formidable in military renown. Their own position on the heights was strong, and offered great advantages to a small defending force against assailing masses. They deemed it mere foolhardiness to descend into the plain to be trampled down by the Asiatic horse, overwhelmed with the archery, or cut to pieces by the invincible veterans of Cambyses and Cyrus. Moreover, Sparta, the great war-state of Greece, had been applied to

* Ἀθηναῖοι πρῶτοι ἀνίσχοντο ἰσθῆτα τι Μηδικῆν ὄρειαντις, καὶ τοὺς ἀνδρας ταυτην ἰσθμίουσι: τῶς δε τι τοῖσι Ἕλλησι καὶ το ὄνομα των Μήδων φοβος ἀκουσαι.—HERODOTUS.

Αἱ δὲ γνώμαι διδουλωμηναι ἀπαντων ἀνθρώπων ἦσαν οὕτω πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα καὶ μαχίμα γινῆ καταδουλωμηνῆ ἢ ἧ Περσων ἀρχῆ.—PLATO.

and had promised succour to Athens, though the religious observance which the Dorians paid to certain times and seasons had for the present delayed their march. Was it not wise, at any rate, to wait till the Spartans came up, and to have the help of the best troops in Greece, before they exposed themselves to the shock of the dreaded Medes?

Specious as these reasons might appear, the other five generals were for speedier and bolder operations. And, fortunately for Athens and for the world, one of them was a man, not only of the highest military genius, but also of that energetic character which impresses its own types and ideas upon spirits feebler in conception. Miltiades, and his ancestors before him, besides being of one of the noblest families at Athens, had ruled a large principality in the Thracian Chersonese; and when the Persian empire extended itself in that direction, Miltiades had been obliged, like many other small potentates of the time, to acknowledge the authority of the Great King, and to lead his contingent of men to serve in the Persian armies. He had, however, incurred the enmity of the Persians during their Scythian campaign; his Thracian principality had been seized; and he himself, in his flight to Athens, had narrowly escaped the hot pursuit of the Phœnician galleys in the Persian service, which actually took the vessel in which part of his family sailed, and the first-born of Miltiades was at this moment a captive in the court of King Darius. Practically acquainted with the organization of the Persian armies, Miltiades felt convinced of the superiority of the Greek troops, if properly handled: he saw with the military eye of a great general the advantage which the position of the forces gave him for a sudden attack, and as a profound politician he felt the perils of remaining inactive, and of giving treachery time to ruin the Athenian cause.

One officer in the council of war had not yet voted. This was Callimachus, the War-Ruler. The votes of the generals were five and five, so that the voice of Callimachus would be decisive. On that vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended. Miltiades turned to him, and in simple soldierly eloquence, which we probably read faithfully reported in Herodotus, who may have conversed with the veterans of Marathon, the great Athenian adjured his countryman to vote for giving battle. He told him that it rested with him either to enslave Athens, or to make her the greatest of all the Greek states, and to leave behind him a memory of unrivalled glory among all generations of mankind. He warned him that the banished tyrant had partizans in Athens; and that, if time for intrigue was allowed, the city would be given up to the Medes; but that if the armies fought at once before there was anything rotten in the state of Athens, they were able, if the gods would give them fair play, to beat the Medes.*

The vote of the brave War-Ruler was gained, the council determined to give battle; and such was the ascendancy and acknowledged military eminence of Miltiades, that his brother generals one and all gave up their days of command to him, and cheerfully acted under his orders. Fearful, however, of creating any jealousy, and of so failing to obtain the vigorous co-operation of all parts of his

* Ἦν δὲ συμβαλομένων, πρὶν τι καὶ παθεῖν Ἀθηναίων μετιζήτοισι ἐγγιγνῆσθαι, θεῶν τὰ ἴσα κλονῶντων, οἷοι τι εἶμην περιγινῆσθαι τῆσιν ἐμβαλῆ. — HERODOTUS, Erato, 99.

small army, Miltiades waited till the day when the chief command would have come round to him in regular rotation, before he led the troops against the enemy.

The inaction of the Asiatic commanders during this interval appears strange at first sight; but Hippias was with them, and they and he were aware of their chance of a bloodless conquest through the machinations of his partizans among the Athenians. The nature of the ground also explains in many points the tactics of the opposite generals before the battle, as well as the operations of the troops during the engagement.

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the north-eastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the form of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows towards either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inwards from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees, and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer, and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights.

If we turn to the map of the old world, to test the comparative territorial resources of the two states whose armies were now about to come into conflict, the immense preponderance of the material power of the Persian king over that of the Athenian republic, is more striking than any similar contrast which history can supply. It has been truly remarked, that, in estimating mere areas, Attica, containing on its whole surface only 700 square miles, shrinks into insignificance if compared with many a baronial fief of the middle ages, or many a colonial allotment of modern times. Its antagonist, the Persian empire, comprised the whole of modern Asiatic and much of modern European Turkey, the modern kingdom of Persia, and the countries of modern Georgia, Armenia, Balkh, the Punjab, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, Egypt, and Tripoli.

Nor could an European, in the beginning of the fifth century before our era, look upon this huge accumulation of power beneath the sceptre of a single Asiatic ruler, with the indifference with which we now observe on the map the extensive dominions of modern Oriental sovereigns. For, as has been already remarked, before Marathon was fought, the prestige of success and of supposed superiority

of race was on the side of the Asiatic against the European. Asia was the original seat of human societies, and long before any trace can be found of the inhabitants of the rest of the world having emerged from the rudest barbarism, we can perceive that mighty and brilliant empires flourished in the Asiatic continent. They appear before us through the twilight of primeval history, dim and indistinct, but massive and majestic, like mountains in the early dawn.

Instead, however, of the infinite variety and restless change which has characterised the institutions and fortunes of European states ever since the commencement of the civilization of our continent, a monotonous uniformity pervades the histories of nearly all Oriental empires, from the most ancient down to the most recent times. They are characterized by the rapidity of their early conquests, by the immense extent of the dominions comprised in them, by the establishment of a satrap or pacha system of governing the provinces, by an invariable and speedy degeneracy in the princes of the royal house, the effeminate nurslings of the seraglio succeeding to the warrior-sovereigns reared in the camp, and by the internal anarchy and insurrections which indicate and accelerate the decline and fall of these unwieldy and ill-organized fabrics of power. It is also a striking fact that the governments of all the great Asiatic empires have in all ages been absolute despotisms. And Heeren is right in connecting this with another great fact, which is important from its influence both on the political and the social life of Asiatics. "Among all the considerable nations of Inner Asia the paternal government of every household was corrupted by polygamy: where that custom exists, a good political constitution is impossible. Fathers, being converted into domestic despots, are ready to pay the same abject obedience to their sovereign which they exact from their family and dependants in their domestic economy." We should bear in mind also the inseparable connexion between the state religion and all legislation which has always prevailed in the East, and the constant existence of a powerful sacerdotal body, exercising some check, though precarious and irregular, over the throne itself, grasping at all civil administration, claiming the supreme control of education, stereotyping the lines in which literature and science must move, and limiting the extent to which it shall be lawful for the human mind to promote its enquiries.

With these general characteristics rightly felt and understood, it becomes a comparatively easy task to investigate and appreciate the origin, progress, and principles of Oriental empire in general, as well as of the Persian monarchy in particular. And we are thus better enabled to appreciate the repulse which Greece gave to the arms of the East, and to judge of the probable consequences to human civilization, if the Persians had succeeded in bringing Europe under their yoke, as they had already subjugated the fairest portions of the rest of the then known world.

The Greeks, from their geographical position, formed the natural vanguard of European liberty against Persian ambition; and they pre-eminently displayed the salient points of distinctive national character which have rendered European civilisation so far superior to Asiatic. The nations that dwelt in ancient times around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea, were the first in our continent to

receive from the East the rudiments of art and literature, and the germs of social and political organizations. Of these nations the Greeks, through their vicinity to Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Egypt, were among the very foremost in acquiring the principles and habits of civilized life, and they also at once imparted a new and wholly original stamp on all which they received. Thus, in their religion they received from foreign settlers the names of all their deities and many of their rites, but they discarded the loathsome monstrosities of the Nile, the Orontes, and the Ganges;—they nationalised their creed; and their own poets created their beautiful mythology. No sacerdotal caste ever existed in Greece. So, in their governments, they lived long under kings, but never endured the establishment of absolute monarchy. Their early kings were constitutional rulers, governing with defined prerogatives. And long before the Persian invasion the kingly form of government had given way in almost all the Greek states to republican institutions, presenting infinite varieties of the blending or the alternate predominance of the oligarchical and democratical principles. In literature and science the Greek intellect followed no beaten track, and acknowledged no limitary rules. The Greeks thought their subjects boldly out; and the novelty of a speculation invested it in their minds with interest and not with criminality. Versatile, restless, enterprising and self-confident, the Greeks presented the most striking contrast to the habitual quietude and submissiveness of the Orientals. And, of all the Greeks, the Athenians exhibited these national characteristics in the strongest degree. This spirit of activity and daring, joined to a generous sympathy for the fate of their fellow-Greeks in Asia, had led them to join in the last Ionian war; and now mingling with their abhorrence of an usurping family of their own citizens, which for a period had forcibly seized on and exercised despotic power at Athens, nerved them to defy the wrath of King Darius, and to refuse to receive back at his bidding the tyrant whom they had some years before driven out.

The enterprise and genius of an Englishman have lately confirmed by fresh evidence, and invested with fresh interest, the might of the Persian Monarch who sent his troops to combat at Marathon. Inscriptions in a character termed the arrow-headed, or cuneiform, had long been known to exist on the marble monuments at Persepolis, near the site of the ancient Susa, and on the faces of rocks in other places formerly ruled over by the early Persian kings. But for thousands of years they had been mere unintelligible enigmas to the curious but baffled beholder; and they were often referred to as instances of the folly of human pride, which could indeed write its own praises in the solid rock, but only for the rock to outlive the language as well as the memory of the vainglorious inscribers. The elder Niebuhr, Grotefend, and Lassen had made some guesses at the meaning of the cuneiform letters; but Major Rawlinson, of the East India Company's service, after years of labour, has at last accomplished the glorious achievement of fully revealing the alphabet and the grammar of this long unknown tongue. He has, in particular, fully decyphered and expounded the inscription on the sacred rock of Behistun, on the western frontiers of Media. These records of the Achæmenidæ have at length found their interpreter; and Darius himself speaks to us from the consecrated mountain, and

tells us the names of the nations that obeyed him, the revolts that he suppressed, his victories, his piety, and his glory.*

Kings who thus seek the admiration of posterity are little likely to dim the record of their successes by the mention of their occasional defeats; and it throws no suspicion on the narrative of the Greek historians, that we find these inscriptions silent respecting the defeat of Datis and Artaphernes, as well as respecting the reverses which Darius sustained in person during his Scythian campaigns. But these indisputable monuments of Persian fame confirm, and even increase the opinion with which Herodotus inspires us of the vast power which Cyrus founded, Cambyses increased; which Darius augmented by Indian and Arabian conquests, and seemed likely, when he directed his arms against Europe, to make the predominant monarchy of the world.

With the exception of the Chinese empire, in which, throughout all ages down to the last few years, one-third of the human race has dwelt almost unconnected with the other portions, all the great kingdoms which we know to have existed in ancient Asia, were, in Darius's time, blended into the Persian. The Northern Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Parthians, and the Medes,—all obeyed the sceptre of the Great King: the Medes standing next to the native Persians in honour, and the empire being frequently spoken of as that of the Medes, or as that of the Medes and Persians. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægean were Darius's subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in a field of battle. Darius's Scythian war, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, had brought about the subjugation of Thrace, and the submission of Macedonia. From the Indus to the Peneus, all was his. Greece was to be his next acquisition. His heralds were sent round to the various Greek states to demand the emblem of homage, which all the islanders and many of the dwellers on the continent submitted to give.

Over those who had the apparent rashness to refuse, the Persian authority was to be now enforced by the army that, under Datis, an experienced Median general, and Artaphernes, a young Persian noble, lay encamped by the coast of Marathon.

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked on the arbitrament of one battle not only the fate of Athens, but that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek state except Lacedæmon would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian banner, had it prevailed over Athens.

Nor was there any power to the westward of Greece that could have offered an effectual opposition to Persia, had she once conquered Greece, and made that country a basis for future military opera-

* See the last numbers of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.

tions. Rome was at this time in her season of utmost weakness. Her dynasty of powerful Etruscan kings had been driven out, and her infant commonwealth was reeling under the attacks of the Etruscans and Volscians from without, and the fierce dissensions between the patricians and plebeians within. Etruria, with her Lucumos and serfs was no match for Persia. Samnium had not grown into the might which she afterwards put forth : nor could the Greek colonies in South Italy and Sicily hope to conquer when their parent states had perished. Carthage had escaped the Persian yoke in the time of Cambyses through the reluctance of the Phœnician mariners to serve against their kinsmen. But such forbearance could not long have been relied on, and the future rival of Rome would have become as submissive a minister of the Persian power as were the Phœnician cities themselves. If we turn to Spain, or if we pass the great mountain chain, which, prolonged through the Pyrenees, the Cevennes, the Alps, and the Balkan, divides Northern from Southern Europe, we shall find nothing at that period but mere savage Finns, Celts, and Teutons. Had Persia beat Athens at Marathon, she could have found no obstacle to Darius, the chosen servant of Ormuzd, advancing his sway over all the known Western races of mankind. The infant energies of Europe would have been trodden out beneath the hoof of universal conquest ; and the history of the world, like the history of Asia, have become a mere record of the rise and fall of despotic dynasties, of the incursions of barbarous hordes, and of the mental and political prostration of millions beneath the diadem, the tiara, and the sword.

Great as the preponderance of the Persian over the Athenian power at that crisis seems to have been, it would be unjust to impute wild rashness to the policy of Miltiades, and those who voted with him in the Athenian council of war, or to look on the after-current of events as the mere fortunate result of successful folly. As before has been remarked, Miltiades, whilst prince of the Chersonese, had seen service in the Persian armies ; and he knew by personal observation how many elements of weakness lurked beneath their imposing aspect of strength. He knew that the bulk of their troops no longer consisted of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers from Persia Proper and Kurdistan, who won Cyrus's battles ; but that unwilling contingents from conquered nations now filled up the Persian muster-rolls, fighting more from compulsion than from any zeal in the cause of their masters. He had also the sagacity and the spirit to appreciate the superiority of the Greek armour and organization over the Asiatic, notwithstanding former reverses. Above all, he felt and worthily trusted the enthusiasm of those whom he led. The Athenians under him were republicans who had but a few years before shaken off their tyrants. They were flushed by recent successes in wars against some of the neighbouring states. They knew that the despot whom they had driven out was in the foemen's camp, seeking to be reinstated by foreign arms in his plenitude of oppression. They were zealous champions of the liberty and equality which as citizens they had recently acquired. And Miltiades might be sure, that whatever treachery might lurk among some of the higher-born and wealthier Athenians, the rank and file whom he led were ready to do their utmost in his and their own cause. As for future attacks from Asia, he might reasonably hope that one victory

would inspirit all Greece to combine against the common foe; and that the latent seeds of revolt and disunion in the Persian empire would soon burst forth and paralyze its energies, so as to leave Greek independence secure.

With these hopes and risks, Miltiades, on a September day, 490 B. C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights, which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths, or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who while on earth had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on, and capable of interposing with effect in the fortunes of their still beloved country.

According to old national custom the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbour thus fighting by the side of neighbour, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-Ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Plataëans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves, and shortsword. Thus equipped, the troops usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in an uniform phalanx of about four spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the common-place tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken, and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill, and to his soldiers' discipline, for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory. In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the fifteen thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices, by which the favour of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to shew propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who

fought in both battles, tells us was afterwards heard over the waves of Salamis,—“On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country,—strike for the freedom of your children, your wives,—for the shrines of your fathers’ gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires. All—all are now staked upon the strife.”

Ω παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἰτε
 Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
 Παιδας, γυναίκας, Θεῶν τε πατρῶων εἶδη,
 Θῆκας τε προγόνων. Νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγῶν.*

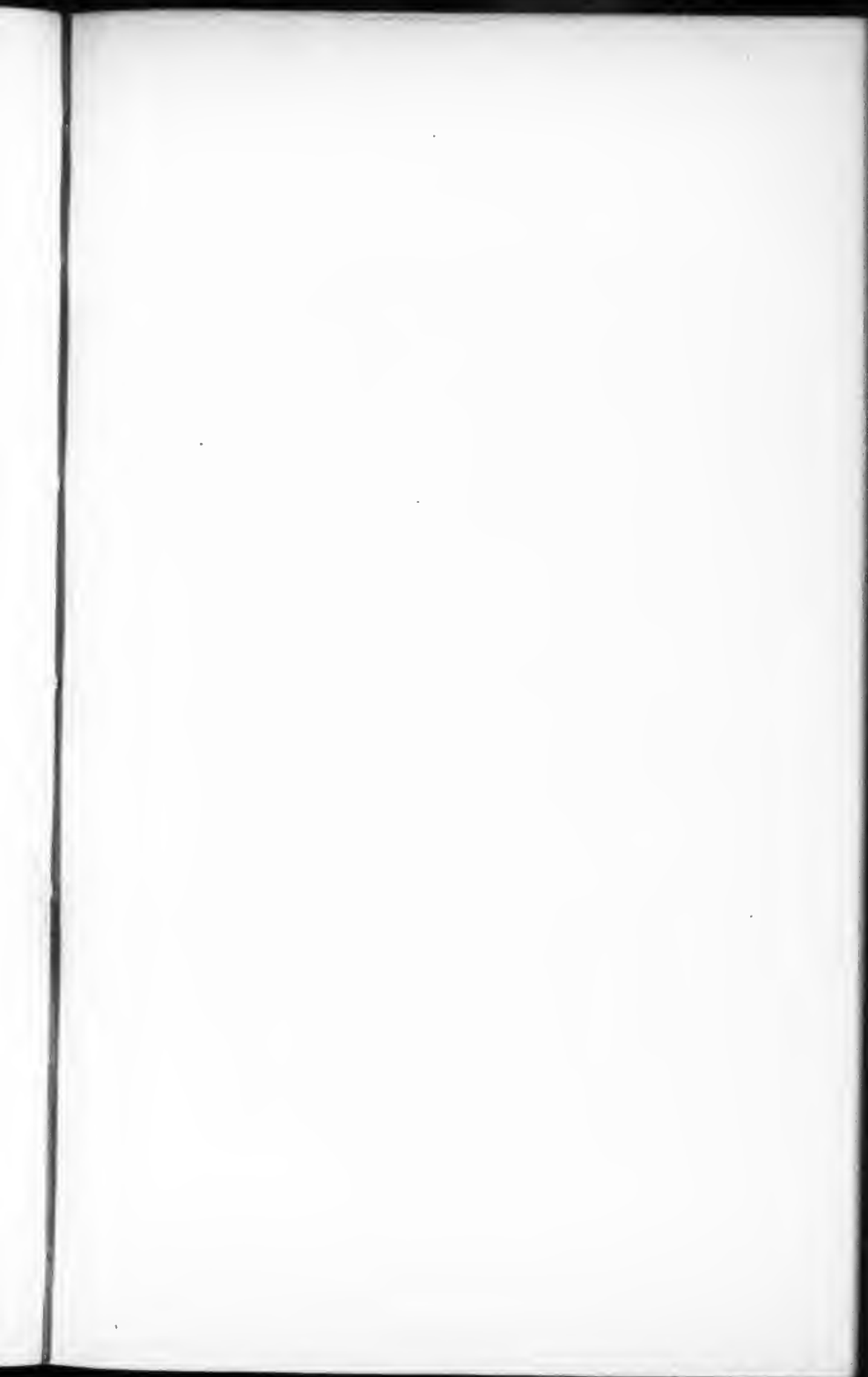
Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercises of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form, and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy’s generals could fairly deploy their masses.

“When the Persians,” says Herodotus, “saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction.” They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates, and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them, except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the light armour, the short lances and sabres of the Orientals offered weak defence. Their front rank must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry, and by the weight of numbers, to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Saccæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley towards the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle: and, meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them, and the Athenian officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and wheel-

* Persæ.

ing round, assailed on each flank the hitherto victorious Persian centre. Aristides and Themistocles charged it again in front with their re-organized troops. The Persians strove hard to keep their ground. Evening came on, and the rays of the setting-sun darted full into the eyes of the Asiatic combatants, while the Greeks fought with increasing advantage with the light at their backs. At last the hitherto unvanquished lords of Asia broke and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to re-embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-Ruler Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of Hippias' partizans. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbour in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

It was not by one defeat, however signal, that the pride of Persia could be broken, and her dreams of universal empire dispelled. Ten years afterwards she renewed her attempts upon Europe on a grander scale of enterprise, and was repulsed by Greece with greater and reiterated loss. Larger forces and heavier slaughter, than had been seen at Marathon, signalised the conflicts of Greeks and Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, and the Eurymedon, and the after triumphs of the Macedonian King at the Granicus, at Issus, and Arbela. But mighty and momentous as these battles were, they rank not with Marathon in importance. They originated no new impulse. They turned back no current of fate. They were merely confirmatory of the already existing bias which Marathon had created. The day of Marathon is the critical epoch in the history of the two nations. It broke for ever the spell of Persian invincibility, which had previously paralyzed men's minds. It generated among the Greeks the spirit which beat back Xerxes, and afterwards led on Xenophon, Agesilaus, and Alexander, in terrible retaliation through their Asiatic campaigns. It secured for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, the growth of free institutions, the liberal enlightenment of the western world, and the gradual ascendancy for many ages of the great principles of European civilization.





View of the Bay of Pagan, Borneo

J. H. Moore del.

1845

VISIT TO HIS HIGHNESS RAJAH BROOKE,
AT SARAWAK.

BY PETER M^cQUHAE,

CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP DEDALUS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE BUNGALOW OF THE RAJAH.

ON the 18th July, 1845, H.M. squadron, consisting of one line-of-battle ship, two frigates, three brigs, and one steamer, under the command of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, got under weigh, formed order of sailing in two columns, and proceeded to beat down the Straits of Malacca. After several days' sailing, a fierce Sumatra squall was encountered, which brought the squadron in two compact lines to an anchor off the Buffalo rocks in very deep water. Some cause prevented the commander-in-chief from approaching nearer to the town of Singapore. Supplies of bread and water having been brought out by an iron steamer, the Pluto,—Mr. Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, and Capt. Bethune, the commissioners for the affairs of Borneo, having embarked in the flag-ship, a brig of war detached to New Zealand—once more the order of sailing was formed, and the force proceeded down the straits of Singapore *en route* for Borneo.

That immense, unexplored, and little-known island has, since the occupation of Singapore by the British, as a natural consequence become of daily increasing importance, and the settlement on that fine and navigable river, the Sarawak, under the rajahship of Mr. Brooke, bids fair to produce results, which, even in his most sanguine moments, he could scarcely have anticipated.

It is hardly possible to speak of this gentleman in terms of sufficient force to convey an idea of what has already been accomplished by his talents, courage, perseverance, judgment, and integrity. It required moral courage of a high order, in the face of difficulties to the minds of most men insurmountable, to bring the wild, piratical, and treacherous Malay, and the still more savage race, the Dyak tribes, not only to listen to the voice of reason, but to become amenable to its laws under his government. His perseverance was great under trials, disappointments, and provocations of a nature to damp the energy of the most enthusiastic philanthropist that ever undertook to ameliorate the condition of his fellow man. His judgment has been rarely excelled in discovering the secret motives of the different chiefs with whom his innumerable negotiations had to be conducted; and in an extraordinary degree he possessed the power of discriminating between the wish to be honest and that to deceive, betray, and plunder. He evinced the most unimpeachable integrity, the most rigid justice in protecting the poor man from the tyranny and exactions of the more powerful chief; and he showed his little kingdom that the administration of law was as inflexible in its operation towards the great men of the country as towards the more humble of his subjects;—and all this he carried into effect by mildness of manner and gentleness of rule.

He has gained the love and affection of many; he has incurred the hatred of some, and is hourly exposed to the sanguinary vengeance of the leaders, whose riches were gathered amidst murder and plunder from the unfortunate crew of some betrayed or shipwrecked vessel, and who have foresight sufficient to perceive that if settlements similar to that on the Sarawak should be extended along the north-west coast of the island, their bloody occupation is gone. They therefore endeavour to hinder, as far as in them lies, the good which is flowing from the noble and brilliant example of his highness the rajah of Sarawak, of whom Great Britain has reason to be proud. It is for the British government to afford that countenance and protection which shall be necessary to prevent the interference of others, who from jealousy may wish by intrigues to interrupt, if not to destroy the great moral lesson now first exhibited amongst these wild people, and in regions hitherto shrouded in the darkest clouds of heathenism and barbarity, amongst a people by whom piracy, murder, and plunder are not considered as crimes, but as the common acts of a profession which their forefathers followed, which they have been taught to look upon from their earliest days as the only true occupation, in which they may rise according to the number and atrocity of their cruelties.

Not long since several wretches were convicted at Singapore, on the clearest evidence, and condemned to death for deeds of the most revolting and sanguinary barbarity. At the foot of the gallows rather a fine-looking young man, a Malay, justified himself on the principles above stated, and died declaring himself an innocent and very ill-used man, since all he had done was in the regular way of his business. It is not to be wondered at then, that, entertaining such doctrines and sentiments, the whole Malay population of the great and numerous islands of the East, have been regarded by the European commercial world and navigators in these seas as a race of treacherous and blood-thirsty miscreants. How admirable, then, in our countryman to have commenced the good work of regeneration amongst many millions of such men, not by the power of the sword, but by demonstrating practically the eternal and immutable rules of equity and truth!

On the arrival of the squadron off the Sarawak, a party accompanied the admiral in the *Pluto* to the house and establishment of Mr. Brooke at Kutching, about eighteen miles above the mouth of the river. The house, although not large, is airy and commodious for the climate, and stands on the left bank of the river on undulating ground of the richest quality, capable of producing in abundance every article common to the tropics; clearance was progressing on both sides of the river, and will doubtless rapidly increase when the perfect security of property which exists is more generally understood and appreciated. Some years ago a small colony of industrious Chinese located themselves on the banks of the river, under the protection of the rajah of the day: their little settlement became flourishing and prosperous, and was rapidly increasing in wealth and importance, when at one fell swoop the villanous Malays seized, plundered, and murdered them; and the more fortunate Chinese who escaped home spread the report of their treatment so widely,

that it will take some time to remove the impression. But I feel convinced that emigration from China under British protection might be carried to any extent, and a race truly agricultural and industrious introduced, to the great benefit of this rich but neglected portion of the world. It may be mentioned as a singular fact, that on no part of this coast was the cocoa-nut, that invariable type of a tropical region, found, having been gradually destroyed by pirates, until introduced by Mr. Brooke, who has used every exertion to extend the planting of trees, by having the seedlings brought in great quantities from Singapore; and by convincing his people that every tree, at the end of a few years, is worth a dollar from the oil it will produce, which meets a ready sale at all times, many thousands have already been planted, and the number is increasing. It is by such small beginnings that the minds of these people must be distracted from the thoughts of robbery and plunder; and it is by practically shewing them that dollars are to be had without the shedding of blood, that the rajah of Sarawak is endeavouring to sow the seeds of industry and of civilization, and step by step to change their ideas, their habits, their hearts. That an all-wise Providence may prosper his undertaking, must be the prayer of those who may have visited his settlement, and who, like myself, have witnessed his disinterested and unceasing thoughts for the peace, happiness, and comfort of the community of which he may truly be designated the "father."

The town of Kutching stands on both sides of the river, here about 200 yards across; the houses are of very slight construction, with open bamboo floors and mat partitions, best adapted for the climate, although those occupied by the Europeans are of a better description,—still of the same material—all raised some feet from the ground to admit a free circulation of air from underneath.

The night passed by the admiral and party was rendered very agreeable by cool refreshing breezes from some high, insulated, granitic mountains at a distance in the interior; and even during the day the heat was not unbearable: thermometer Fahr. about 86°. The canoes on the river are of the slightest construction, and are apparently unsafe; yet the passengers crossing the creeks and the river invariably stand up in them,—but woe to the unpractised or unsteady! Accidents, although rare, do sometimes occur, attended with loss of life.

Mr. Brooke had been absent some six or seven weeks when the admiral accompanied him on his return to the settlement. He was not expected, but the news of his arrival spread with wonderful velocity, and the various chiefs were speedily assembled to greet him with a cordial and hearty welcome. The reunion of the oldest of his swarthy counsellors, as well as of the youngest, who dropped in after dinner had been removed, and took their places on the benches by the sides of the walls, according to their modes, customs, and privileges, together with the naval officers and European civilians, with the rajah in his chair, and two of his most worthy native friends, entitled by birth to the distinction, seated beside him, presented a picture not destitute of interest, certainly of great variety; for some of the Dyaks, with round heads, high cheek bones, and large jaws, remarkably differing from the Malay race, were there to complete the background. All were most attentively listening to the conversation of the rajah with his Malay neighbours, enjoying a cheroot occasionally

given to them by the visitors, and quietly making their own observations. Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, a native of Malacca, who speaks the language as a Malay, had another group around him, eagerly putting questions on the various little subjects interesting to themselves; and without the least approach to obtrusive familiarity, the evening was passed, I dare say, very much to the satisfaction of all parties.

The principal exports, at this period, consist of antimony ore, of great richness, producing 75 per cent. of pure metal. It is found in great quantities, at a distance of ten miles up, in the river and by excavations from the base of some hills, in the manner of washing the mines. It is brought down the river by the natives, carried into a wharf, where it is accurately weighed, and then shipped for Singapore, by the rajah, who pays for the whole brought from the mines a stipulated price per picue to the chiefs, who pay the labourers, boatmen, and all other expenses. In former days, his highness the rajah took the lion's share; but the arrangements of Mr. Brooke are on the most liberal scale, his first and only object being to encourage industry, and to shew how greatly the comfort and happiness of all are promoted by a rigid and just appreciation of the rights of property, and by a faithful and honourable adherence to every agreement and bargain. The result has been a vast increase in the quantity of ore exported, and an extending desire to be interested in the business.

A passing visit does not enable one to speak geologically of a country; and as there is a gentleman of practical science at present making his observations, it would be presumptuous in me to offer a remark on the formations of this great country. But a single glance at the beautifully undulating hills, at the gorgeous verdure, and growth of every branch of the vegetable kingdom, at once points out the inexhaustible capabilities of the soil for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, spices, and every fruit of the tropics, many of which already flourish as specimens in the rajah's garden and grounds, and invite the industrious to avail themselves of such a country and of such a river, and become proprietors on the banks of the Sarawak. British capital and protection and Chinese Coolies, would very soon change the north and north-west coast of Borneo into one of the richest countries in the world.

The admiral proceeded in the morning some short distance up the river to return the visit of the chiefs, and was every where received with the royal salute of three guns; the whole party, accompanied by the rajah and Mr. Williamson, the interpreter, at eleven A. M. re-embarked on board the *Pluto*, which had been in a very hazardous situation during the night, having unfortunately grounded on a ledge of rocks close to the bank, by which she sustained considerable damage; and proceeded down the river to regain the squadron at anchor off Tanjay Po, the western part of the Maratabes branch of the Sarawak; and here it was found that the steamer must be laid on the beach, as it was with difficulty the whole power of the engines applied to the pumps could keep her afloat; she was accordingly placed on the mud flat at the entrance of the river. A frigate and another steamer were left behind to assist in her refit, and the admiral moved onwards towards Borneo Proper, where, in the course of a few days, all were re-assembled, but in consequence of the flag-ship, by

mistaking the channel, having struck the ground on the Moarno shore in going in, the ships were moved outwards some considerable distance. Mr. Brooke, accompanied by an officer from the Agincourt, visited the sultan at the city of Bruni; and, on the following day, the sultan's nephew, heir-presumptive to the throne, with a suite of some twelve or fifteen Pangèran and chiefs of the blood-royal, under the "yellow canopy," came down to return the compliment, and to communicate with the admiral on affairs of state; they were received with every mark of distinction and kindness by the commander-in-chief, and certainly there never was exhibited a more perfect sample of innate nobility and natural good manners, than was presented by Buddruden, to the observation of those who had the pleasure of witnessing his reception on the quarter deck of a British ship of the line by a crowd of officers, and amidst the noise and smoke of a salute; the whole of this party were the intimate friends of Mr. Brooke and firmly attached to British interests. Buddruden, in reply to some question to him as to his ever having seen so large a ship before, said that, although descended from a very ancient and long line of ancestors, he had the proud satisfaction of being the first who had ever embarked on board a vessel of such wonderful magnitude and power, and so much beyond any idea he had formed of a ship of war. The most marked attention was paid by those who accompanied him to the privileges and etiquette of the country; none below a certain rank presuming to sit down in his highness's presence; indeed, only those indisputably of the blood-royal were admitted to that honour; every part of the ship was visited, and the prahu, with the yellow umbrella-shaped canopy, once more received her royal party, who proceeded to render an account of their visit to the sultan in his regal palace at Bruni, accompanied by the Pluto steamer.

On the following morning, the admiral hoisted his flag on board the Vixen, and, accompanied by the Pluto and Nemesis, also steamers, and taking with him a considerable force of seamen and marines, and an armed boat from each ship, proceeded up the river, with the intention of compelling Pangèran Yussuff to return to his obedience and duty to the sultan, and to give an account of himself for being implicated in piratical transactions.

On the arrival of the armament opposite the town, the sultan held a grand levee for the reception, and in honour of the admiral's visit, and the Pangèran was summoned to present himself in submission to the mandate of the sultan. This he refused to do, and had even the hardihood to approach the palace, and when at last threatened to have his house blown about his ears, coolly answered, that the ships might begin to fire whenever they pleased, that he was ready for them; and sure enough, on the Vixen firing a sixty-eight pounder over his house to show the fellow how completely he was at the mercy of the squadron, he fired his guns in return. A few rounds from the steamers drove him from his bamboo fortress. The marines took possession, and his magazine was emptied of its contents of gunpowder, which was started into the river, and all his brass guns were delivered over to the sultan, with the exception of two, which were retained, to be sold for the benefit of two Manilla Spaniards, who had been piratically seized as slaves, and who were now taken on board the squad-

ron to be restored to their home. His house being thrown open to the tender mercies of his countrymen, was speedily gutted of all his ill-gotten wealth, and left in desolation. There were no killed or wounded. Pangèran Yussuff retreated to the interior, continued in rebellion, raised a force with which he attacked the town and Muda Hassim's party, but was defeated, pursued, and killed by Pangèran Buddruden.

The squadron proceeded to Labooan, cut wood with the thermometer at 92°, for the steamers, filled them; and on the morning of the 15th of August, a new order of sailing and battle was given out per "buntin," and the novelty of two frigates towing two steamers, was exhibited to the wondering eyes of those present, called upon to keep their appointed station, work to windward, tack in succession, and perform every evolution with the neatest precision, in spite of light winds, heavy squalls, and most variable weather.

The force intended to attack the stockade and fortified port of that arch-pirate Scherriff Posman on the Malloodoo River, proceeded under the immediate command of the admiral, who took the brigs and steamers with him to the entrance of the river, and here it was found that the iron steamers, which had caused such trouble, were not of the slightest use, there not being water sufficient even for them over the bar. The whole flotilla was placed under the command of Captain Talbot, of the *Vesta*, the senior captain present, who, on the morning of the 19th of August, attacked with great gallantry, and carried the very strong position of the pirates, with the loss of eight killed and thirteen wounded. The iron ordnance was broken, the fortification destroyed, and the town burned to the ground. It was reported the day after the action, that the Arab chief had been mortally wounded, but the squadron quitted the bay before this was confirmed.

I cannot leave Borneo without giving a brief description of the coast from the mouth of the Sarawak to this splendid bay, more particularly as its features are so widely different from those generally attributed to it. From the Sarawak to Tanjong Sirik, the land is low, and for some miles from the beach covered with mangrove jungle, but from that point to Borneo river, undulating ground, moderate hills, and occasionally red-sand cliffs, mark the nature of the country to be dry and susceptible of cultivation; and, as these hills are clothed in perpetual verdure, there is nothing imaginary in the supposition that the soil is salubrious and productive. From Borneo river, north-eastward, a range of hills, of considerable altitude, run the whole length of the coast, the sea, the greater part of the line, washing their base; and immediately inland, in latitude 6°, that most magnificent and striking of all eastern mountains, Keeney Balloo, towers to the heavens to the height of 14,000 feet, cutting the clear grey sky before sunrise with a sharp distinctness never exceeded, and marking the primitive nature of its formation beyond controversy. It may be called an "island mountain," for, with the exception of the range of hills above alluded to, and with which it has no continuity, it rises abruptly from the plain, alone in its glory, and giant of the eastern stars—

"With meteor standard to the breeze unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of squalls o'er half the world."

The Bay of Malloodo is extensive, with safe anchorage everywhere; the coast-range of hills terminates on its western shores, and round to the south-east the land is of moderate height, with a range of greater altitude at some distance inland, and Keeney Balloo bounds the view at about thirty-five miles distance in the south-west. The land on the eastern side is low, but on the whole a more eligible position to plant and protect a settlement is not to be found on the whole coast, and it stands so pre-eminently superior to Labooan or Balambargan, and would so effectually destroy piracy in the neighbouring seas, that the British government ought to have no hesitation in taking possession of this bay, with sufficient breadth of territory to secure supplies and support for a colony. It is quite evident, from the manner in which this pirate Arab has held possession with impunity, and, from his stronghold, had carried on his depredations for years, either that the Sultan of Borneo acted in collusion with him, and was a willing witness to his atrocities, or that he had not the power to clear his territory of such a miscreant. I have no doubt of the former being the case, as much of the property acquired by blood and rapine has frequently been sold publicly in Borneo; perhaps some of it is to be found in the palace of the sultan. There ought to be no delicacy in this matter. Great Britain's claim to the country is scarcely disputed. One well fortified post would, with the presence of a brig-of-war or two, secure the obedience of the whole district. As for Balambargan, it is an arid, sandy island, with scanty supply of water, and an unproductive soil. It has two harbours, both small and intricate, and must always depend upon foreign supply for its sustenance. Labooan may be somewhat better, but its geographical position is not eligible as a station for vessels of war intended to suppress piracy, being too far to leeward in the north-east monsoon, and too distant from the Sooloo seas and adjacent straits, now much frequented by the numerous vessels trading to China, to afford them that protection which a settlement at Malloodo would at once accomplish. Merchant vessels using the Palawan passage from India and the Straits of Malacca, would find in Malloodo Bay, during the strength of the north-east monsoon, a wide and extensive anchorage in which to take temporary shelter, and make any refit which might become necessary from working against the monsoon, as well as easy access, equally convenient for vessels taking the Balabac Straits, coming from thence and Macassar.

Stone may be had in abundance in any part of the bay; excellent stone-cutters from Hong Kong in any numbers might be procured, and Coolies in thousands would be found to accompany them. A week's run thence, in the north-east monsoon, would land a wing of a Madras regiment on the ground, and a few junks would convey all the living and dead material necessary to place them in comfort and security in a very short time. The climate is good, the land is rich, and water abundant; the countless acres would soon attract the industry of the Chinese, when once assured of protection to their lives, and undisturbed possession of their property.

The admiral, accompanied by the Borneo Commissioners, went over on board the Vixen steamer, to the island Balambargan, on the afternoon of the 21st, and the ships of the squadron followed in the course of the night, taking up their anchorage outside the shoals of the south-

ern, whilst the commander-in-chief and his party went to the northern harbours, where the Pluto had preceded them, and at day-dawn on the 22nd, they landed to explore the neighbouring jungle, for the site of the settlement which had been formed by the East India Company in 1773, from which they had been driven by the Sooloo people, but which had been occupied a second time in 1803, and evacuated ultimately as a useless and unprofitable settlement. The British government have always maintained their clear right to this island, ceded to them by the King of Sooloo, on his being liberated from prison at Manilla, when that city was taken by Sir William Draper; and Balambargan is indisputably a British island, and part of the empire.

The position which the town had occupied was clearly traced by the rubbish, and brick, and mortar, scattered over a considerable surface, and the numerous broken scraps of crockery and glass gave sufficient evidence that here had been placed the houses, buildings, and defences erected by the settlers, but all are now silent and forlorn. In this dry season the soil was completely covered with sand, and the bush of a very scanty growth; nor could any indications of water be discovered. A long walk on the beach, in the direction of the southern harbour, led to no farther discovery than that some ridges of clay crossed the island, terminating at the shore in moderate altitude, and covered with trees of considerably larger dimensions than those near the site of the town. A complete *detour* of the harbour was made by the Pluto, from the paddle-boxes of which, the surrounding country being almost level with the sea, could be clearly distinguished as of the same sandy nature, but which, in all probability, is in the rainy season, a lagoon entirely covered with water. It had a poor and uninviting appearance. Several large baboons came to the beach, and, taking up their seat on some fallen trunk of a tree, gazed with great tranquillity at the Pluto as she passed along. Many tracks of the wild hog were seen on the beach, but on the whole, Balambargan is the last island I should select as my "Barataria."

A short visit was made to the adjacent island of Bangney, and a boat went up a river on the south-west quarter, running for several miles through low, flat, mangrove jungle, but descending in clear cascades from the hilly part of the island, which ranges entirely along the north-western division, and terminates at the north point in a very remarkable and beautiful conical peak, 2000 feet high, covered to the apex with evergreen wood. The south-eastern division is flat, and probably of the same mangrove jungle through which the boat ascended the river, after having with difficulty got over a flat bar at its entrance. On this expedition not a living animal was seen, not even a bird, but the elevated part of Bangney presented a far more inviting aspect than anything to be seen in Balambargan. True, there is no harbour, and, with the exception of the river alluded to, it is said to want water. The piratical prahus sometimes rendezvous here, in readiness to pounce on any unwary vessel passing through the Balabac Straits.

Let me express a hope that the British government will speedily alter the face of affairs in these seas, by supporting Mr. Brooke on the Sarawak, and, without loss of time, planting a similar colony on the shores of the bay of Malloodo.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICH RICHTER.

BY H. J. WHITLING.

IT was the last night of the year ; and from his lattice an old man gazed with a look of despair upwards to the bright and blue heaven, and downwards upon the tranquil, white-mantled earth, on which no human being was so joyless and sleepless as he.

His grave seemed to stand near him, covered, not with the green of youth, but with the snow of age. Nothing had he brought with him out of his whole life, nothing save his sins, follies, and diseases, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a heart filled with poison, and an old age of remorse and wretchedness.

And now, like spectres of the past, the beautiful days of his youth passed in review before him, and saddened memory was there, and drew him back again to that bright morning when his father first placed him at the opening paths of life, which, on the right, led by the sun-illumined track of *virtue*, into a pure and peaceful land, full of angels and harmony, of recompense and light,—and on the left, descended by the darkling mole-ways of *vice*, into a black cavern, dropping poison, full of deadly serpents, and of gloomy sultry vapours.

Those serpents were already coiled about his breast,—the poison was on his tongue, and he knew *now* where he was ! Fairy meteors danced before him, extinguishing themselves in the churchyard, and he knew them to be *the days of his folly*.

He saw a star fly from heaven, and fall dimmed and dissolving to the earth. "That," said he, "is myself," and the serpent fangs of remorse pierced still more deeply his bleeding heart.

His excited fancy now showed him sleep-walkers gliding away from house-tops, and the arms of a giant windmill threatened to destroy him. He turned,—he tried to escape,—but a mask from the neighbouring charnel-house lay before him, and gradually assumed his own features.

While in this paroxysm, the music of the opening year flowed down from the steeples—falling upon his ear like distant anthems—his troubled soul was soothed with gentler emotions. He looked at the horizon, and then abroad on the wide world, and he thought on the friends of his youth, who, better and more blest than himself, were now teachers on the earth, parents of families, and *happy men!*

In this dreamy retrospect of the days of his youth, the fantastic features of the mask seemed to change ; it raised itself up in the charnel-house,—and his weeping spirit beheld his former blooming figure placed thus in bitter mockery before him.

He could endure it no longer,—he covered his eyes,—a flood of scalding tears streamed into the snow,—his bosom was relieved, and he sighed softly, unconsciously, inconsolably—"Only come again, youth,—come only *once* again !"

AND IT CAME AGAIN ! for he had only dreamt so fearfully on that new year's night. He was *still* a youth. *His errors alone had been no dream*, and he thanked God that while yet young he could turn from the foul paths of vice into the sun-track which conducts to the pure land of blessedness and peace.

CAREER OF THE HERO OF ACRE.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH was one of those heroes whose impulsive character seems to identify them with romance rather than history. Sent to sea at an unusually early period, he had only received as much education as served to stimulate his feelings without maturing his judgment, and the desultory course of reading he chose for his own instruction, exalted his imagination beyond the due proportion of that attribute to the reasoning powers. He entered the navy in 1775, being then little more than eleven years of age, and was barely fourteen when he was wounded in an action between British and American frigates. Among his companions as a midshipman, was the late William IV; they both served under Sir George Rodney in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, and Smith was a lieutenant in the still more memorable engagement of the 12th of April 1782, when Rodney achieved a conquest, rather than a victory, over Count de Grasse, in the West Indian Seas.

In 1789 Captain Smith, whose promotion had been very rapid, obtained leave of absence for the purpose of making a tour to the northern courts, but he does not appear to have gone farther than Stockholm. Here similarity of disposition procured him the friendship of the chivalrous King of Sweden, Gustavus III., then engaged in a war with Russia, and in a far more dangerous struggle against his own feudal aristocracy. Though unable to obtain permission from his own government to enter into the Swedish service, Captain Smith accompanied Gustavus through the campaign of 1790, acting more as a confidential adviser than a disinterested spectator. He saw the plans which Gustavus had judiciously formed, and which, if acted upon, would have been completely successful, utterly frustrated by the disaffection and incapacity of the Swedish naval officers. Never was there a more signal instance of men allowing the feelings of party to triumph over those of patriotism; adequately supported, Gustavus might have seized St. Petersburg; deserted and betrayed, he had to tremble for Stockholm. Even thus he concluded no inglorious peace, and he shewed his gratitude for the services of Sidney Smith, by sending him the Swedish Order of the Sword, at the close of the war. The English court sanctioned the honour, and the ceremonial of investiture was performed by George III. at St. James's.

Sir Sidney Smith was sent on a special mission to Constantinople, apparently to examine the adequacy of the Turkish power to resist a Russian invasion. He was summoned home in consequence of the breaking out of the war with revolutionary France; and observing at Smyrna a number of British seamen wandering about, he engaged them as volunteers, and having purchased a small vessel, hastened to join Lord Hood, who had just taken possession of Toulon. The unhappy result of that occupation is known to history; it is only necessary to state that the burning of the ships, stores, and arsenal, which had unaccountably been neglected to the latest moment, was the work of Sir Sidney Smith, who volunteered it under the disadvantage of there being no previous preparation for it whatever. As he was at this time an officer on half-

pay, the French pretended to regard his interference as an act of piracy, and this laid the foundation of the personal hatred with which he was regarded by Napoleon.

The service to which he was next appointed was one calculated to increase the hatred of the French against Sir Sidney personally. He was sent in command of the *Diamond* frigate, to clear the channel of French privateers and cruisers, and to keep in alarm by repeated attacks the various points and ports of the coast. After having performed several dashing exploits, he was unfortunately captured off the port of Havre in a lugger, and instead of being treated as a prisoner of war, he was sent as a state criminal to Paris, and confined in the Temple. After two years of close, but not very severe captivity, he succeeded in making his escape, and returned safely to England.

Napoleon soon after sailed with an immense armament for Egypt; and Sir Sidney Smith, who had been appointed to the command of the *Tigre*, was sent to join the Mediterranean fleet, then under the command of Earl St. Vincent; but he also received a commission appointing him joint minister plenipotentiary with his brother, at the court of Constantinople; and as this commission was distinct from any orders of the Board of Admiralty, it seemed to give him an independence of his superiors in command, which was very offensive to Earl St. Vincent and Admiral Nelson. Fortunately his diplomatic mission enabled him to reach St. Jean d'Acre two days before Buonaparte arrived before that town, which, though wretchedly provided with the means of defence, was the key of Syria, and perhaps of the Ottoman Empire. The little British squadron infused such courage into the Turks, both by their presence and example, that Napoleon was stopped in the full career of victory. The siege lasted sixty days, and there was hardly one of those days in which the seamen and marines of the three British ships, led by their gallant commander, did not perform some brilliant and dashing achievement. His own graphic but modest record of his services, published in Mr. Barrow's volumes, is one of the most interesting narratives of war to be found in any language.

We shall not attempt to abridge it; our readers will be far more grateful to us if they take our advice and read the story in the hero's inimitable words. Among the numerous tributes of honour paid him by a grateful country not the least pleasing to his feelings, was a warm letter of congratulation from Nelson, which showed that the great admiral forgot all personal feelings of jealousy when the glory of his country was concerned.

After the departure of Buonaparte from his army, Kleber, who succeeded to the command, was anxious to make a convention with the English and Turkish authorities for the evacuation of Egypt. The British government disapproved of the terms which Sir Sidney Smith was disposed to grant, and this involved him in some painful discussions with the Earl of Elgin, who had superseded him in the embassy to Constantinople. A cry was raised that Sir Sidney Smith was too much disposed to favour the French; and though Sir Ralph Abercrombie cheerfully availed himself of his assistance in landing the British expedition at Alexandria; yet, on the death of that general, Lord Hutchinson, who succeeded to the command, removed Sir Sidney Smith from the command of the gun-boats attached to the army, a slight which was felt very keenly. Admiral Lord Keith

soothed Sir Sidney's feelings by sending him home with the despatches announcing the victorious progress of the British arms in Egypt. He was received at home with rapturous enthusiasm; congratulatory addresses poured in upon him from all sides, and he was elected to parliament for the city.

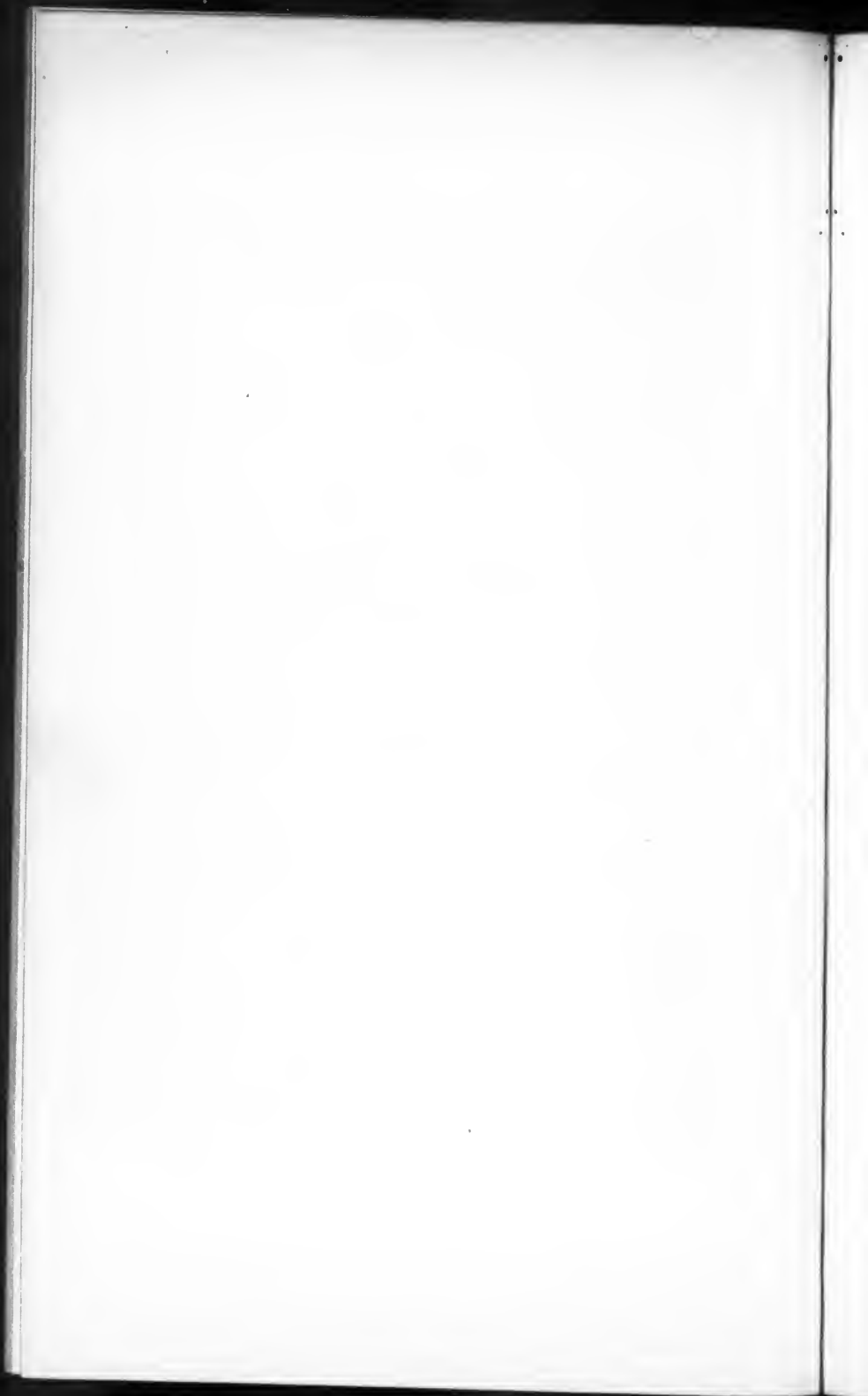
The treaty of Amiens was a suspension of arms rather than a peace. Soon after the renewal of hostilities, Sir Sidney Smith was appointed to the command of a small squadron in the north seas, with the rank of commodore. Repeated vexations induced him to resign, but towards the close of 1805, he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and sent to join Lord Collingwood in the Mediterranean.

The duty which now devolved on Sir Sidney Smith was to protect Sicily and recover the kingdom of Naples from the French. As the latter object was soon found unattainable, he was ordered to join Sir John Duckworth in the memorable and unfortunate expedition to the Dardanelles. We deem it fortunate that our limited space precludes the possibility of our criticising an expedition badly planned and worse executed; and we have just as little regret at being compelled to pass over the employment of such a hero as Sir Sidney Smith in escorting the Prince Regent of Portugal to the Brazils. It is useless to disguise the fact that the name of Sir Sidney Smith had appeared in what was called the "Delicate Investigation" into the conduct of the Princess of Wales, and that thenceforth, he was doomed to feel the coldness and almost hostility of the cabinet. After a harassing and thankless service in the Mediterranean, he returned to England in 1814, and hauled down his flag which was never again hoisted.

Impatient of idleness, Sir Sidney Smith devoted his energies to the formation of a general society for the abolition of Christian Slavery, carried on by the Barbary States; he contrived to interest the Congress of European Sovereigns assembled at Vienna, in this project, and formed a society of knights and liberators. The brilliant exploits of Lord Exmouth, at Algiers, soon rendered the association useless, and its objects were always too limited to allow of its acquiring general interest.

Until the publication of Mr. Barrow's book, we were not aware that Sir Sidney Smith was actually present at the battle of Waterloo. He was at Brussels with his family when intelligence of the probability of an engagement arrived; his love of adventure induced him to hasten to the field, but merely as a spectator. When, however, "the red field was won," he honourably exerted himself to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, and spared neither his purse nor his labour in this generous service. It was probably through the exertions of the Duke of Wellington that he was soon after created a Knight Commander of the Bath, an honour tardily and, we believe, reluctantly conceded by the Prince Regent.

Sir Sidney Smith's acceptance of the office of the Regent of the Knights Templars, and his pertinacious efforts to restore that order to something of its ancient dignity are clear proofs that the chivalry of his character had a tendency to degenerate into quixotism; and this was probably the reason why he continued to be neglected after the accession of his old comrade, William IV., to the throne. In 1838, he received from her present Majesty the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He died at Paris, May 26th, 1840, and was followed to the grave by the most distinguished foreign officers then assembled in the French capital.



CAPTAIN SPIKE ;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

The screams of rage, the groan, the strife,
 The blow, the grasp, the horrid cry,
 The panting, throttled prayer for life,
 The dying's heaving sigh,
 The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,
 And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there.

MATTHEW LEE.

CHAPTER XV.

It was high time that Capt. Spike should arrive when his foot touched the bottom of the yawl. The men were getting impatient and anxious to the last degree, and the power of Señor Montefalderon to control them, was lessening each instant. They heard the rending of timber, and the grinding on the coral, even more distinctly than the captain himself, and feared that the brig would break up while they lay alongside of her, and crush them amid the ruins. Then the spray of the seas that broke over the weather-side of the brig, fell like rain upon them; and every body in the boat was already as wet as if exposed to a violent shower. It was well, therefore, for Spike, that he descended into the boat as he did, for another minute's delay might have brought about his own destruction.

Spike felt a chill at his heart when he looked about him and saw the condition of the yawl. So crowded were the stern-sheets into which he had descended, that it was with difficulty he found room to place his feet; it being his intention to steer, Jack was ordered to get into the eyes of the boat, in order to give him a seat. The thwarts were crowded, and three or four of the people had placed themselves in the very bottom of the little craft, in order to be as much as possible out of the way, as well as in readiness to bale out water. So seriously, indeed, were all the seamen impressed with the gravity of this last duty, that nearly every man had taken with him some vessel fit for such a purpose. Rowing was entirely out of the question, there being no space for the movement of the arms. The yawl was too low in the water, moreover, for such an operation in so heavy a sea. In all, eighteen persons were squeezed into a little craft that would have been sufficiently loaded, for moderate weather at sea, with its four oarsmen and as many sitters in the stern-sheets, with, perhaps, one in the eyes to bring her more on an even keel. In other words, she had just twice the weight in her, in living freight, that it would have been thought prudent to receive in so small a craft, in an ordinary time, in or out of a port. In addition to the human beings enumerated, there was a good deal of baggage, nearly every individual having had the forethought to provide a few clothes for a change. The food and water did not amount to much, no more having been provided than enough for the purposes of the captain, together with the four men with whom it had been his intention to abandon the brig. The effect of all this cargo was to bring the yawl quite low in the water; and

every seafaring man in her had the greatest apprehensions about her being able to float at all when she got out from under the lee of the Swash, or into the troubled water. Try it she must, however, and Spike, in a reluctant and hesitating manner, gave the final order to "shove off!"

The yawl carried a lugg, as is usually the case with boats at sea, and the first blast of the breeze upon it satisfied Spike that his present enterprise was one of the most dangerous of any in which he had ever been engaged. The puffs of wind were quite as much as the boat would bear; but this he did not mind, as he was running off before it, and there was little danger of the yawl capsizing with such a weight in her. It was also an advantage to have swift way on, to prevent the combing waves from shooting into the boat, though the wind itself scarce outstrips the send of the sea in a stiff blow. As the yawl cleared the brig and began to feel the united power of the wind and waves, the following short dialogue occurred between the boatswain and Spike.

"I dare not keep my eyes off the breakers ahead," the captain commenced, "and must trust to you, Strand, to report what is going on among the man-of-war's men. What is the ship about?"

"Reefing her top-sails just now, sir. All three are on the caps, and the vessel is laying-to, in a manner."

"And her boats?"

"I see none, sir—ay, ay, there they come from alongside of her in a little fleet! There are four of them, sir, and all are coming down before the wind, wing and wing, carrying their luggs reefed."

"Ours ought to be reefed by rights, too, but we dare not stop to do it; and these infernal combing seas seem ready to glance aboard us with all the way we can gather. Stand by to bale, men; we must pass through a strip of white water—there is no help for it. God send that we go clear of the rocks!"

All this was fearfully true. The adventurers were not yet more than a cable's length from the brig, and they found themselves so completely environed with the breakers, as to be compelled to go through them. No man in his senses would ever have come into such a place at all, except in the most unavoidable circumstances; and it was with a species of despair that the seamen of the yawl now saw their little craft go plunging into the foam.

But Spike neglected no precaution that experience or skill could suggest. He had chosen his spot with coolness and judgment. As the boat rose on the seas, he looked eagerly ahead, and by giving it a timely sheer, he lit a sort of channel, where there was sufficient water to carry them clear of the rock, and where the breakers were less dangerous than in the shoaler places. The passage lasted about a minute; and so serious was it, that scarce an individual breathed until it was effected. No human skill could prevent the water from combing in over the gunwales; and when the danger was passed, the yawl was a third filled with water. There was no time or place to pause, but on the little craft was dragged almost gunwale to, the breeze coming against the lugg in puffs that threatened to take the mast out of her. All hands were baling; and even Bidy used her hands to aid in throwing out the water.

"This is no time to hesitate, men," said Spike, sternly. "Every

thing must go overboard but the food and water. Away with them at once, and with a will."

It was a proof how completely all hands were alarmed by this, the first experiment in the breakers, that not a man stayed his hand a single moment, but each threw into the sea, without an instant of hesitation, every article he had brought with him, and had hoped to save. Bidy parted with the carpet-bag, and Señor Montefalderon, feeling the importance of example, committed to the deep a small writing-desk that he had placed on his knees. The doubloons alone remained safe in a little locker where Spike had deposited them along with his own.

"What news astern, boatswain?" demanded the captain, as soon as this imminent danger was passed, absolutely afraid to turn his eyes off the dangers ahead for a single instant. "How come on the man-of-war's men?"

"They are running down in a body toward the wreck, though one of their boats does seem to be sheering out of the line, as if getting into our wake. It is hard to say, sir, for they are still a good bit to windward of the wreck."

"And the Molly, Strand?"

"Why, sir, the Molly seems to be breaking up fast; as well as I can see, she has broke in two just abaft the fore-chains, and cannot hold together in any shape at all many minutes longer."

This information drew a deep groan from Spike, and the eye of every seaman in the boat was turned in melancholy on the object they were so fast leaving behind them. The yawl could not be said to be sailing very rapidly, considering the power of the wind, which was a little gale, for she was much too deep for that; but she left the wreck so fast as already to render objects on board her indistinct. Everybody saw that, like an overburdened steed, she had more to get along with than she could well bear; and, dependent as seamen usually are on the judgment and orders of their superiors, even in the direst emergencies, the least experienced man in her saw that their chances of final escape from drowning were of the most doubtful nature. The men looked at each other in a way to express their feelings; and the moment seemed favourable to Spike to confer with his confidential sea-dogs in private; but more white water was ahead, and it was necessary to pass through it, since no opening was visible by which to avoid it. He deferred his purpose, consequently, until this danger was escaped.

On this occasion Spike saw but little opportunity to select a place to get through the breakers, though the spot, as a whole, was not of the most dangerous kind. The reader will understand that the preservation of the boat at all, in white water, was owing to the circumstance that the rocks all round it lay so near the surface of the sea, as to prevent the possibility of agitating the element very seriously, and to the fact that she was near the lee side of the reef. Had the breakers been of the magnitude of those which are seen where the deep rolling billows of the ocean first met the weather side of the shoals or rocks, a craft of that size, and so loaded, could not possibly have passed the first line of white water without filling. As it was, however, the breakers she had to contend with were sufficiently formidable, and they brought with them the certainty that the boat

was in imminent danger of striking the bottom at any moment. Places like those in which Mulford had waded on the reef, while it was calm, would now have proved fatal to the strongest frame, since human powers were insufficient long to withstand the force of such waves as did glance over even these shallows.

"Look out!" cried Spike, as the boat again plunged in among the white water. "Keep baling, men—keep baling."

The men did bale, and the danger was over almost as soon as encountered. Something like a cheer burst out of the chest of Spike, when he saw deeper water around him, and fancied he could now trace a channel that would carry him quite beyond the extent of the reef. It was arrested, only half uttered, however, by a communication from the boatswain, who sat on a midship thwart, his arms folded, and his eye on the brig and the boats.

"There goes the Molly's masts, sir! Both have gone together; and as good sticks was they, before them bomb-shells passed through our rigging, as was ever stepped in a keelson."

The cheer was changed to something like a groan, while a murmur of regret passed through the boat.

"What news from the man-of-war's men, boatswain? Do they still stand down on a mere wreck?"

"No, sir; they seem to give it up, and are getting out their oars to pull back to their ship. A pretty time they'll have of it, too. The cutter that gets to windward half a mile in an hour, ag'in such a sea, and such a breeze, must be well pulled and better steered. One chap, however, sir, seems to hold on."

Spike now ventured to look behind him, commanding an experienced hand to take the helm. In order to do this he was obliged to change places with the man he had selected to come aft, which brought him on a thwart alongside of the boatswain and one or two other of his confidants. Here a whispered conference took place, which lasted several minutes, Spike appearing to be giving instructions to the men.

By this time the yawl was more than a mile from the wreck, all the man-of-war boats but one had lowered their sails, and were pulling slowly and with great labour back toward the ship, the cutter that kept on evidently laying her course after the yawl, instead of standing on toward the wreck. The brig was breaking up fast, with every probability that nothing would be left of her in a few more minutes. As for the yawl, while clear of the white water, it got along without receiving many seas aboard, though the men in its bottom were kept baling without intermission. It appeared to Spike that so long as they remained on the reef, and could keep clear of breakers—a most difficult thing, however—they should fare better than if in deeper water, where the swell of the sea, and the combing of the waves, menaced so small and so deep-loaded a craft with serious danger. As it was, two or three men could barely keep the boat clear, working incessantly, and most of the time with a foot or two of water in her.

Josh and Simon had taken their seats, side by side, with that sort of dependence and submission that causes the American black to abstain from mingling with the whites more than might appear seemly. They were squeezed on to one end of the thwart by a couple of ro-

bust old sea-dogs, who were two of the very men with whom Spike had been in consultation. Beneath that very thwart was stowed another confidant, to whom communications had also been made. These men had sailed long in the Swash, and having been picked up in various ports, from time to time, as the brig had wanted hands, they were of nearly as many different nations as they were persons. Spike had obtained a great ascendancy over them by habit and authority, and his suggestions were now received as a sort of law. As soon as the conference was ended, the captain returned to the helm.

A minute more passed, during which the captain was anxiously surveying the reef ahead, and the state of things astern. Ahead was more white water—the last before they should get clear of the reef; and astern it was now settled that the cutter, that held on through the dangers of the place, was in chase of the yawl. That Mulford was in her, Spike made no doubt; and the thought embittered even his present calamities. But the moment had arrived for something decided. The white water ahead was much more formidable than any they had passed; and the boldest seaman there gazed at it with dread. Spike made a sign to the boatswain, and commenced the execution of his dire project.

“I say, you Josh,” called out the captain, in the authoritative tones that are so familiar to all on board a ship, “pull in that fender that is dragging alongside.”

Josh leaned over the gunwale, and reported that there was no fender out. A malediction followed, also so familiar to those acquainted with ships, and the black was told to look again. This time, as had been expected, the negro leaned with his head and body far over the side of the yawl, to look for that which had no existence, when two of the men beneath the thwart shoved his legs after them. Josh screamed, as he found himself going into the water, with a sort of confused consciousness of the truth; and Spike called out to Simon to “catch hold of his brother nigger.” The cook bent forward to obey, when a similar assault on *his* legs from beneath the thwart sent him headlong after Josh. One of the younger seamen, who was not in the secret, sprang up to rescue Simon, who grasped his extended hand, when the too generous fellow was pitched headlong from the boat.

All this occurred in less than ten seconds of time, and so unexpectedly and naturally, that not a soul, beyond those who were in the secret, had the least suspicion it was anything but an accident. Some water was shipped, of necessity, but the boat was soon baled free. As for the victims of this vile conspiracy, they disappeared amid the troubled waters of the reef, struggling with each other. Each and all met the common fate so much the sooner, from the manner in which they impeded their own efforts.

The yawl was now relieved from about five hundred pounds of the weight it had carried—Simon weighing two hundred alone, and the youngish seaman being large and full. So intense does human selfishness get to be, in moments of great emergency, that it is to be feared most of those who remained secretly rejoiced that they were so far benefited by the loss of their fellows. The Señor Montefalderon was seated on the aftermost thwart, with his legs in the stern-sheets, and consequently with his back toward the negroes; and he fully believed that what had happened was purely accidental.

"Let us lower our sail, Don Esteban," he cried, eagerly, "and save the poor fellows."

Something very like a sneer gleamed on the dark countenance of the captain, but it suddenly changed to a look of assent.

"Good!" he said, hastily; "spring forward, Don Wan, and lower the sail—stand by the oars, men!"

Without pausing to reflect, the generous-hearted Mexican stepped on a thwart, and began to walk rapidly forward, steadying himself by placing his hands on the heads of the men. He was suffered to get as far as the second thwart, or past most of the conspirators, when his legs were seized from behind. The truth now flashed on him, and grasping two of the men in his front, who knew nothing of Spike's dire scheme, he endeavoured to save himself by holding to their jackets. Thus assailed, those men seized others with like intent, and an awful struggle filled all that part of the craft. At this dread instant the boat glanced into the white water, shipping so much of the element as nearly to swamp her, and taking so wild a sheer, as nearly to broach-to. This last circumstance probably saved her, fearful as was the danger for the moment. Everybody in the middle of the yawl was rendered desperate by the amount and nature of the danger incurred, and the men from the bottom rose in their might, underneath the combatants, when a common plunge was made by all who stood erect, one dragging overboard another, each a good deal hastened by the assault from beneath, until no less than six were gone. Spike got his helm up, the boat fell off, and away from the spot it flew, clearing the breakers, and reaching the northern wall-like margin of the reef at the next instant. There was now a moment when those who remained could breathe, and dared to look behind them.

The great plunge had been made in water so shoal, that the boat had barely escaped being dashed to pieces on the coral. Had it not been so suddenly relieved from the pressure of near a thousand pounds in weight, it is probable that this calamity would have befallen it, the water received on board contributing so much to weigh it down. The struggle between these victims ceased, however, the moment they went over. Finding bottom for their feet, they released each other, in a desperate hope of prolonging life by wading. Two or three held out their arms, and shouted to Spike to return and pick them up. This dreadful scene lasted but a single instant, for the waves dashed one after another from his feet, continually forcing them all, as they occasionally regained their footing, toward the margin of the reef, and finally washing them off it into deep water. No human power could enable a man to swim back to the rocks, once to leeward of them, in the face of such seas, and so heavy a blow; and the miserable wretches disappeared in succession, as their strength became exhausted, in the depths of the gulf.

Not a word had been uttered while this terrific scene was in the course of occurrence; not a word was uttered for sometime afterward. Gleams of grim satisfaction had been seen on the countenances of the boatswain and his associates, when the success of their nefarious project was first assured; but they soon disappeared in looks of horror as they witnessed the struggles of the drowning men. Nevertheless, human selfishness was strong within them all, and none there was so ignorant as not to perceive how much better were the chances of the yawl now than it had been on quitting the wreck.

The weight of a large ox had been taken from it, counting that of all the eight men drowned; and as for the water shipped, it was soon baled back again into the sea. Not only, therefore, was the yawl in a better condition to resist the waves, but it sailed materially faster than it had done before. Ten persons still remained in it, however, which brought it down in the water below its proper load-line; and the speed of a craft so small was necessarily a good deal lessened by the least deviation from its best sailing or rowing trim. But Spike's projects were not yet completed.

All this time the man-of-war's cutter had been rushing as madly through the breakers, in chase, as the yawl had done in the attempt to escape. Mulford was, in fact, on board it; and his now fast friend, Wallace, was in command. The latter wished to seize a traitor, the former to save the aunt of his weeping bride. Both believed that they might follow wherever Spike dared to lead. This reasoning was more bold than judicious, notwithstanding, since the cutter was much larger, and drew twice as much water as the yawl. On it came, nevertheless, faring much better in the white water than the little craft it pursued, but necessarily running a much more considerable risk of hitting the coral, over which it was glancing almost as swiftly as the waves themselves; still it had thus far escaped—and little did any in it think of the danger. This cutter pulled ten oars, was an excellent sea-boat, had four armed marines in it, in addition to its crew, but carried all through the breakers, scarcely receiving a drop of water on board, on account of the height of its wash-boards, and the general qualities of the craft. It may be well to add here, that the Poughkeepsie had shaken out her reefs, and was betraying the impatience of Capt. Mull to make sail in chase, by firing signal guns to his boats to bear a hand and return. These signals the three boats under their oars were endeavouring to obey, but Wallace had got so far to leeward as now to render the course he was pursuing the wisest.

Mrs. Budd and Biddy had seen the struggle in which the Señor Montefalderon had been lost, in a sort of stupid horror. Both had screamed, as was their wont, though neither probably suspected the truth. But the fell designs of Spike extended to them as well as to those whom he had already destroyed. Now the boat was in deep water, running along the margin of the reef, the waves were much increased in magnitude, and the comb of the sea was far more menacing to the boat. This would not have been the case had the rocks formed a lee; but they did not, running too near the direction of the trades to prevent the billows that got up a mile or so in the offing, from sending their swell quite home to the reef. It was this swell, indeed, which caused the line of white water along the northern margin of the coral, washing on the rocks by a sort of lateral effort, and breaking, as a matter of course. In many places no boat could have lived to pass through it.

Another consideration influenced Spike to persevere. The cutter had been overhauling him, hand over hand; but since the yawl was relieved of the weight of no less than eight men, the difference in the rate of sailing was manifestly diminished. The man-of-war's boat drew nearer, but by no means as fast as it had previously done. A point was now reached in the trim of the yawl, when a very few hundreds in weight might make the most important change in her

favour ; and this change the captain was determined to produce. By this time the cutter was in deep water as well as himself, safe through all the dangers of the reef, and she was less than a quarter of a mile astern. On the whole, she was gaining, though so slowly as to require the most experienced eye to ascertain the fact.

"Madame Budd," said Spike, in a hypocritical tone, "we are in great danger, and I shall have to ask you to change your seat. The boat is too much by the stern, now we've got into deep water, and your weight amidships would be a great relief to us. Just give your hand to the boatswain, and he will help you to step from thwart to thwart, until you reach the right place, when Biddy shall follow."

Now Mrs. Budd had witnessed the tremendous struggle in which so many had gone overboard, but so dull was she of apprehension, and so little disposed to suspect any thing one-half so monstrous as the truth, that she did not hesitate to comply. She was profoundly awed by the horrors of the scene through which she was passing, the raging billows of the gulf, as seen from so small a craft, producing a deep impression on her; still a lingering of her most inveterate affectation was to be found in her air and language, which presented a strange medley of besetting weakness, and strong, natural, womanly affection.

"Certainly, Capt. Spike," she answered, rising. "A craft should never go astern, and I am quite willing to ballast the boat. We have seen such terrible accidents to-day, that all should lend their aid in endeavouring to get under way, and in averting all possible hamper. Only take me to my poor, dear Rosy, Capt. Spike, and every thing shall be forgotten that has passed between us. This is not a moment to bear malice; and I freely pardon you all and every thing. The fate of our unfortunate friend Mr. Montefalderon should teach us charity, and cause us to prepare for untimely ends."

All the time the good widow was making this speech, which she uttered in a solemn and oracular sort of manner, she was moving slowly toward the seat the men had prepared for her, in the middle of the boat, assisted with the greatest care and attention by the boatswain and another of Spike's confidants. When on the second thwart from aft, and about to take her seat, the boatswain cast a look behind him, and Spike put the helm down. The boat luffed and lurched, of course, and Mrs. Budd would probably have gone overboard to leeward, by so sudden and violent a change, had not the impetus thus received been aided by the arms of the men who held her two hands. The plunge she made into the water was deep, for she was a woman of great weight for her stature. Still, she was not immediately gotten rid of. Even at that dread instant, it is probable that the miserable woman did not suspect the truth, for she grasped the hand of the boatswain with the tenacity of a vice, and, thus dragged on the surface of the boiling surges, she screamed aloud for Spike to save her. Of all who had yet been sacrificed to the captain's selfish wish to save himself, this was the first instance in which any had been heard to utter a sound, after falling into the sea. The appeal shocked even the rude beings around her, and Biddy chiming in with a powerful appeal to "save the missus!" added to the piteous nature of the scene.

"Cast off her hand," said Spike reproachfully, "she'll swamp the boat by her struggles—get rid of her at once! Cut her fingers off if she wont let go."

The instant these brutal orders were given, and that in a fierce,

impatient tone, the voice of Biddy was heard no more. The truth forced itself on her dull imagination, and she sat a witness of the terrible scene, in mute despair. The struggle did not last long. The boatswain drew his knife across the wrist of the hand that grasped his own, one shriek was heard, and the boat plunged into the trough of a sea, leaving the form of poor Mrs. Budd struggling with the wave on its summit, and amid the foam of its crest. This was the last that was ever seen of the unfortunate relict.

"The boat has gained a good deal by that last discharge of cargo," said Spike to the boatswain, a minute after they had gotten rid of the struggling woman—"she is much more lively, and is getting nearer to her load-line. If we can bring her to *that*, I shall have no fear of the man-of-war's men; for this yawl is one of the fastest boats that ever floated."

"A very little *now*, sir, would bring us to our true trim."

"Ay, we must get rid of more cargo. Come, good woman," turning to Biddy, with whom he did not think it worth his while to use much circumlocution, "*your* turn is next. It's the maid's duty to follow her mistress."

"I know'd it *must* come," said Biddy, meekly. "If there was no mercy for the missus, little could I look for. But ye'll not take the life of a Christian woman without giving her so much as one minute to say her prayers?"

"Ay, pray away," answered Spike, his throat becoming dry and husky; for, strange to say, the submissive quiet of the Irish woman, so different from the struggle he had anticipated with *her*, rendered him more reluctant to proceed than he had hitherto been in all of that terrible day. As Biddy kneeled in the bottom of the stern-sheets, Spike looked behind him, for the double purpose of escaping the painful spectacle at his feet, and that of ascertaining how his pursuers came on. The last still gained, though very slowly, and doubts began to come over the captain's mind whether he could escape such enemies at all. He was too deeply committed, however, to recede, and it was most desirable to get rid of poor Biddy, if it were for no other motive than to shut her mouth. Spike even fancied that some idea of what had passed was entertained by those in the cutter. There was evidently a stir in that boat, and two forms that he had no difficulty, now, in recognizing as those of Wallace and Mulford, were standing on the grating in the eyes of cutter, or forward of the foresail. The former appeared to have a musket in his hand, and the other a glass. The last circumstance admonished him that all that was now done would be done before dangerous witnesses. It was too late to draw back, however, and the captain turned to look for the Irish woman.

Biddy arose from her knees, just as Spike withdrew his eyes from his pursuers. The boatswain and another confidant were in readiness to cast the poor creature into the sea, the moment their leader gave the signal. The intended victim saw and understood the arrangement, and she spoke earnestly and piteously to her murderers.

"It's not wanting will be violence," said Biddy, in a quiet tone, but with a saddened countenance. "I know it's my turn, and I will save yer souls from a part of the burden of this great sin. God, and His Divine Son, and the Blessed Mother of Jesus have mercy on me if it be wrong; but I would far radder jump into the sea widout having

the rude hands of man on me, than have the dreadful sight of the missus done over ag'in. It's a fearful thing is wather, and sometimes we have too little of it, and sometimes more than we want—"

"Bear a hand, bear a hand, good woman," interrupted the boatswain, impatiently. "We must clear the boat of you, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for all of us."

"Don't grudge a poor morthal half-a-minute of life, at the last moment," answered Biddy. "It's not long that I'll throuble ye, and so no more need be said."

The poor creature then got on the quarter of the boat, without any one's touching her; there she placed herself with her legs outboard, while she sat on the gunwale. She gave one moment to the thought of arranging her clothes with womanly decency, and then she paused to gaze with a fixed eye, and pallid cheek, on the foaming wake that marked the rapid course of the boat. The troughs of the sea seemed less terrible to her than their combing crests, and she waited for the boat to descend into the next.

"God forgive ye all this deed, as I do!" said Biddy, earnestly, and bending her person forward, she fell, as it might be "without hands," into the gulf of eternity. Though all strained their eyes, none of the men, Jack Tier excepted, ever saw more of Biddy Noon. Nor did Jack see much. He got a frightful glimpse of an arm, however, on the summit of a wave, but the motion of the boat was too swift, and the surface of the ocean too troubled, to admit of aught else.

A long pause succeeded this event. Biddy's quiet submission to her fate had produced more impression on her murderers than the desperate, but unavailing, struggles of those who had preceded her. Thus it is ever with men. When opposed, the demon within blinds them to consequences as well as to their duties; but, unresisted, the silent influence of the image of God makes itself felt, and a better spirit begins to prevail. There was not one in that boat who did not, for a brief space, wish that poor Biddy had been spared. With most that feeling, the last of human kindness they ever knew, lingered until the occurrence of the dread catastrophe which, so shortly after, closed the scene of this state of being on their eyes.

"Jack Tier," called out Spike, some five minutes after Biddy was drowned, but not until another observation had made it plainly apparent to him that the man-of-war's men still continued to draw nearer, being now not more than fair musket shot astern.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jack, coming quietly out of his hole, from forward of the mast, and moving aft as if indifferent to the danger, by stepping lightly from thwart to thwart, until he reached the stern-sheets.

"It is your turn, little Jack," said Spike, as if in a sort of sorrowful submission to a necessity that knew no law, "we cannot spare ye the room."

"I have expected this, and am ready. Let me have my own way, and I will cause you no trouble. Poor Biddy has taught me how to die. Before I go, however, Stephen Spike, I must leave you this letter. It is written by myself, and addressed to you. When I am gone, read it, and think well of what it contains. And now, may a merciful God pardon the sins of both, through love for his Divine Son. I forgive you, Stephen; and should you live to escape from those who are now bent on hunting you to the death, let this day cause

you no grief on my account. Give me but a moment of time, and I will cause you no trouble."

Jack now stood upon the seat of the stern-sheets, balancing himself with one foot on the stern of the boat. He waited until the yawl had risen to the summit of a wave, when he looked eagerly for the man-of-war's cutter. At that moment she was lost to view in the trough of the sea. Instead of springing overboard, as all expected, he asked another instant of delay. The yawl sunk into the trough itself, and rose on the succeeding billow. Then he saw the cutter, and Wallace and Mulford standing in its bows. He waved his hat to them, and sprang high into the air, with the intent to make himself seen; when he came down, the boat had shot her length away from the place, leaving him to buffet with the waves. Jack now managed admirably, swimming lightly and easily, but keeping his eyes on the crests of the waves, with a view to meet the cutter. Spike now saw this well planned project to avoid death, and regretted his own remissness in not making sure of Jack. Every body in the yawl was eagerly looking after the form of Tier.

"There he is on the comb of that sea, rolling over like a keg!" cried the boatswain.

"He's through it," answered Spike, "and swimming with great strength and coolness."

Several of the men started up involuntarily and simultaneously to look, hitting their shoulders and bodies together. Distrust was at its most painful height; and bull-dogs do not spring at the ox's muzzle more fiercely than those six men throttled each other. Oaths, curses, and appeals for help succeeded, each man endeavouring, in his frenzied efforts, to throw all the others overboard, as the only means of saving himself. Plunge succeeded plunge; and when that combat of demons ended, no one remained of them all but the boatswain. Spike had taken no share in the struggle, looking on in grim satisfaction, as the Father of Lies may be supposed to regard all human strife, hoping good to himself, let the result be what it might to others. Of the five men who thus went overboard not one escaped. They drowned each other by continuing their maddened conflict in an element unsuited to their natures.

Not so with Jack Tier. His leap had been seen, and a dozen eyes in the cutter watched for his person, as that boat came foaming down before the wind. A shout of "There he is!" from Mulford succeeded; and the little fellow was caught by the hair, secured, and then hauled into the boat by the second lieutenant of the Poughkeepsie and our young mate.

Others in the cutter had noted the incident of the hellish fight. The fact was communicated to Wallace, and Mulford said, "That yawl will outsail this loaded cutter, with only two men in it."

"Then it is time to try what virtue there is in lead," answered Wallace. "Marines, come forward, and give the rascal a volley."

The volley was fired: one ball passed through the head of the boatswain, killing him dead on the spot. Another went through the body of Spike. The captain fell in the stern-sheets, and the boat instantly broached to.

The water that came on board apprized Spike fully of the state in which he was now placed, and, by a desperate effort, he clutched the tiller, and got the yawl again before the wind. This could not last,

however. Little by little his hand relaxed, until his hand relinquished its grasp altogether, and the wounded man sunk into the bottom of the stern-sheets, unable to raise even his head. Again the boat broached-to. Every sea now sent its water aboard, and the yawl would soon have filled, had not the cutter come glancing down past it, and rounding-to under its lee, secured the prize.

MY BIRTH-DAY DREAM.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, LL.B.

THE golden Julian morn was gleaming
o'er me,
The diamond stars were waning one
by one,
When, lo! methought a vision rose be-
fore me,
Two maidens, beauteous as the rising
sun.
On the pale brows of one were towers
shining,
A glory burst like Here's from her
eyes ;
But round the other's forehead I saw
twining
Laurels and roses bright as brightest
skies.
Then, quoth the first, " My name, be-
loved, is Power :
I come to thee, and woo thee for mine
own ;
Wealth, grandeur, titles—these shall be
thy dower,
But thou must seek, court, worship
me alone.
The marble palace glittering in its glory,
The pomp, the power, the attributes
of kings,
These I can give thee, with a name in
story ;—
Canst thou for these put forth thine
eagle wings ?"
Then, quoth the second, " Pomp, and
power, and palace,
And royal wealth and grandeur are
not mine ;
I cannot give thee garden, bower, or
chalice,
Resplendent with its gems, and
crown'd with wine.
Titles I cannot vaunt, sway cannot
proffer,
In sooth, what I can give, I scarce
can name ;
Thy bright soul seeks not gaud, nor
gaudy coffer,—
I know *thee*,—know *it*—what thou
lov'st is Fame.

This I can give thee, on thy temples
wreathing,
Immortal honour, glory ne'er to end ;
Renown, unto all future times bequeath-
ing
A bright example, guiding foe and
friend.
A shining place in history—a splendour
Out-dazzling kings—the sunshine
drowns the star—
A name to which all time its meed shall
render,
Which Change can ne'er destroy, nor
Folly mar."

She ceased, and I was left alone un-
guided,
A little cradled child to choose be-
tween
Power and Fame !—alas! alas! divided,
Why should these golden goddesses
be seen ?
Why should not Fame and Power, like
smiling Graces,
Wander along the earth to woo and
win ?
Why should not he who seeks the soft
embraces
Of Power, gain them but by aid of
Sin ?"

I know not—care not. Virgin Fame
immortal,
To thee, and not to Power I yield
my soul ;
Guide her, oh, guide her through thy
crystal portal,
Blazon her name upon thy bannerol.
What care I for the lures of proud do-
minion ?
Dominion is of earth, and scents of
crime ;
Give me, sweet Fame, to soar, with
heavenly pinion
Above the paltry pride of earth sub-
lime.

* "It very rarely happens," says Machiavelli, "or perhaps, never occurs, that a person exalts himself from a humble station to great dignity without employing either *force* or *fraud*."—*Reflections on Livy*, lib. ii, cap. 13.

GOVERNMENT PLAN FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MANNERS, ETC., OF ANCIENT GREECE."

WE are the only people in the civilized world who, though intent on the accumulation of wealth, neglect all precautions for its defence. We have an army no way proportioned to our political power, or the extent of our dominions; and, if in itself our navy be large, it is so widely scattered over the surface of the globe, that the force we can at a short notice bring to bear on any particular point is much less considerable than might be at first expected. This state of things is traceable to many causes, of which the principal are, our jealous attachment to freedom, and unwillingness to be taxed for the support of great military establishments. But, like all other nations, we must accommodate our practice to the necessities of the times in which we live. There is no political community aiming at greatness, or ambitious of taking a lead in the affairs of the world, which does not train a larger number of its citizens to the use of arms than we have ever done. The United States, though much given, like ourselves, to commerce and industry, have an organized and disciplined militia of nearly one million of men; France has eight hundred thousand of national guards; Austria has likewise her militia; Prussia her land-wehr; and Russia maintains a far more numerous, though less completely disciplined domestic force. Great Britain alone, though standing foremost in the career of civilization, though by far the most powerful, from the energy of her population, the amount of her wealth, the magnitude and number of her colonies and dependencies, is content to rely on the undisciplined valour of her people for protection and security at home. Our army, including the troops of the East India Company, does not exceed four hundred and fifty thousand men, though our empire is now the most widely spread which the world has ever seen; though we have belted round the globe with settlements, and are still actively engaged in founding new colonies, and reducing fresh millions to obedience.

In reviewing the events of these times, history will regard with extreme surprise the extent of our self-reliance, inspired though it be by the traditions of victory and the sentiment of indomitable courage. We persuade ourselves that no enemy will be hardy enough to make a descent on these islands, and attack us in our homes, because the thing has never happened since the conquest. London, indeed, can make a prouder boast than Sparta, and say, that for eight hundred years her women have never beheld the smoke of an enemy's camp. To preserve this traditional glory untarnished is obviously, therefore, one of our chief duties as Englishmen. To say that we have for so many centuries been placed by our virtues beyond the reach of an insult so galling, and a calamity so terrible as invasion, is to put forward the strongest of all arguments for using our utmost exertion to transmit this legacy of glory untarnished to our children.

For some time past the journals of this country, as well as those of France, and, indeed, of most other states in Europe, have been filled

with disquisitions on the practicability of disembarking a hostile army on the coasts of Kent or Sussex, and marching upon and sacking London. The French press, conducted for the most part by young writers of more ardour than knowledge, labours to give currency to the idea that there would be no difficulty whatever in the enterprize. It confidently anticipates the defeat of our fleets at sea, the almost unopposed debarkation of the French army, the utter rout or destruction of the few troops we could oppose to the invaders, the capture and plunder of London, and the commission of all those crimes and excesses, which among our neighbours have always been regarded as the best fruits of victory.

Even in our own country several journalists have written in the same spirit, actuated, no doubt, by the patriotic desire to rouse the nation from its lethargy by showing it the danger in its worst shape. If there has been some exaggeration, the error is less mischievous than unfounded confidence. The best thing, however, is to state, as far as possible, the exact truth, and neither to overrate the power of France, nor to underrate our own. Supposing our military strength to be equal to our population, and the extent of our territories, France would be a mere pigmy in comparison with us. Her population does not exceed thirty-five millions, while our's falls little short of two hundred millions, that is to say, comprises one-fifth of the population of the globe. But no idea of our military strength can be gathered from this view of the matter. Our empire is scattered in patches over both hemispheres, divided by oceans, and impressed in different places with a different character by the combined influences of climate, race, language, and religion. France is one compact unity, or nearly so, for all she possesses external to her own shores is of comparatively little value, and would inevitably be shorn away by the first stroke of the sword of war. Her military establishments, therefore, lie nearly all within a moderate distance of the capital, and may easily be wielded by the central government, whether for offensive or defensive purposes. And what, then, is the real force of France? It has confidently been stated in the newspapers that it amounts to three hundred and fifty thousand men, in the highest state of discipline, animated by the worst feelings of rancour and hatred against this country, and inured to the most merciless cruelty in the wars of Africa. This view of the matter may suggest erroneous conclusions. The French army actually consists of about three hundred and twenty-five thousand men, of which from 110 to 120,000 are required for the pacification and defence of Algeria. Twenty or twenty-five thousand men are distributed through the other French colonies in Western Africa, the Antilles, and the Pacific, so that a large reduction must be made from the formidable round numbers with which our popular speculators have hitherto dealt. Still the force of France is very great, and, in the estimation of military men, more than sufficient to invade England in her present state of comparative defencelessness.

Much stress has, moreover, been very properly laid on the character of the French soldiers. They are not what they were in former days, the representatives of the civilization of the kingdom, but a fierce, immoral, reckless horde, approximating more nearly to savages than any other troops in the world. This has been rendered indubitable by the history of their campaigns in Algeria, where they have been guilty of more and worse crimes against humanity than any other army whose exploits are on record. Burning villages, massacring the inhabitants, shutting men

up in caves, and roasting them there alive, with every other excess which villany can conceive and brutality can execute, have been their habitual achievements. And yet they had nothing to retaliate on the Africans. Neither the Kabyles, nor the Arabs, nor the Moors had humiliated them at Waterloo. Abd-el-Kader had not marched to Paris, or transported Napoleon to St. Helena, and kept him there in imprisonment till his death. Consequently, what they have done in Africa must have proceeded from the natural promptings of their character. It would be altogether different in England. They would here have much to revenge, since they could not fail to discover at every step trophies snatched from them on the field of battle, bitter mementos of defeat, the flags of their ships of war, magnificent pieces of artillery, and statues and monuments erected to celebrate victories over them. In our public records they would find the proofs of a thousand other facts and circumstances calculated to excite their fury. What, therefore, the weak and defenceless portion of the population of this empire might expect to meet with at their hands, can scarcely be imagined even from reflecting on the mysteries of the caves of Dara, or the infamies of Tahiti. Whatever the most degraded passions, lust, cupidity, or revenge, could conceive or perpetrate, would unquestionably be accomplished. On this point there can be no mistake.

The Duke of Wellington is said, in his letter to Sir John Burgoyne, to have demonstrated the practicability of France's landing fifty thousand men on the coast of England in less than a week after the departure of our ambassador from Paris. On such points, his Grace's authority is the greatest that could be adduced. But his letter is not before the public, and the extracts which have found their way to the press, should probably be regarded rather as a weak version of the Duke's language than as the clear and powerful words he has actually employed. At least, there seems good reason to believe that the full force of his expressions is not to be gathered from anything with which the public have yet been made acquainted. Not, however, to insist on this, it appears to be generally admitted that France has now at her disposal an army of one hundred thousand men for offensive purposes, and that she possesses the means of transporting nearly half that force by steam from her own shores to ours in the course of a single night. An officer of the highest rank, who visited the camp at Compiègne, and carefully examined the conditions of the French army, confirms the popular report that it is in the completest possible state of efficiency; that its artillery practice is most exact and admirable, that it is familiar with all our most recent improvements in gunnery, and that, in spite of an external varnish of politeness, the spirit by which it is universally pervaded is that of the most deadly hatred towards this country. For a long time, the French Government has been moving up its forces towards the north, where they are kept in formidable masses, almost within sight as it were of the shores of England, at Cherbourg, St. Malo, Brest, and other ports, where an ample supply of war steamers is in constant readiness to transport them wherever their services may be required.

On the subject of the steam navies of France and England, much too little information is popularly possessed. If collected together, our steamers would no doubt suffice to defend our shores from the attacks of the whole world. But in point of fact, where are they? Scattered

over every ocean and every sea, protecting the tracks of commerce, or overawing the pirate and the slaver. Comparatively few are retained at home, while those of France constructed and maintained purely for purposes of aggression, are kept perpetually within call. Among these, there are sixteen immense steamers, each capable of serving as transport to fifteen hundred soldiers during a short voyage. Other and smaller war steamers, acting as the satellites of these, would divide the remainder of the invading army between them, so that a vast flotilla, with artillery, horses, and men on board, might be pushed over in twelve hours from the coast of France to our own.

When Napoleon, in 1803, meditated the invasion of Great Britain, he accustomed his cavalry horses to exercises which would enable them to dispense, when necessary, with flat-bottomed boats. They were thrown into the sea and taught to swim to the beach. Heavy guns were likewise cast overboard with ropes attached, and afterwards drawn ashore by men. To lure away our fleet, that of France was to have been dispatched ostensibly for the West Indies, with orders to take all our colonies, burn the towns, and commit all practicable ravages in the interior of the islands; but in reality, its orders were to double about in the Atlantic, and return to the channel, in order to facilitate and protect the passage of the army. Similar manœuvres are probably now in contemplation, and will be put in practice should our negligence or avarice ever enable our vindictive neighbours to realise their dreams.

Let the country reflect on the dilemma in which we should be placed, were the French, immediately on the breaking out of a war, to imitate the policy of Napoleon. Unable to reconcile ourselves to the capture or destitution of the British West Indies, and not being certain of the destruction of the enemy, we should be compelled to follow it with our own fleet. If it pursued its course towards the Gulph of Mexico, we might possibly come up with, and destroy it there; but, on the other hand, if it should escape our observation at sea, and make its appearance off our coast at the same time with the steamers; what would be the situation of this country? To abandon our colonies, would be dishonourable enough, but in the endeavour to protect them, to expose our own country to the horrors of invasion, would be something infinitely worse.

At the period to which I have referred above, England, though infinitely less powerful and wealthy than it is now, was animated by an ardour and enthusiasm which we might possibly, under similar circumstances, display again, but like which, there is nothing existing among us at present. The youth of the kingdom might literally be said to rush to arms. At the beginning of the year, we had a hundred and fifty thousand men, before the end of it, six hundred and thirteen thousand, of whom four hundred and thirty thousand were volunteers. Against such a population, Napoleon clearly perceived that nothing was to be effected, and the breaking out of the Austrian war opportunely relieved him from the necessity he would soon have been under, of relinquishing his design of invasion, obviously from the conviction that it was absurd and impossible. As it was events covered his retreat, and he enjoyed the honour of having projected the conquest of England, as we project the reduction of an empire in a dream.

At present this country is pervaded by a very different spirit. Ever since the peace we have sedulously applied ourselves to the arts of commerce and industry, to the improvement of manufactures, to the found-

ing of colonies, to the emancipation of trade, and to the amelioration generally of our civil and political institutions. And these things we, doubtless, should have done; but there are other things which we should not have left undone, and among these must be reckoned a continuous application and study of the arts and processes of war. After the hard lessons we had received from experience, we ought not to have required to be taught that in this world there is no tranquillity or peace for man unless under the shadow of the sword, and that there is and should be no music so grateful to the ear of a civilized man as the roar of artillery proclaiming to all whom it may concern that he is prepared to defend his freedom and independence at the hazard, and, if need be, at the sacrifice of his life.

But war having been the cause to us of much calamity, of an immense national debt, and of great private sorrow and suffering, we hastily and credulously adopted the belief that it was the last of our great trials as a nation, and that we should thenceforward be able to play the epicureans, and indulge in all the fantastic tricks of luxury and effeminacy. Were sailors to reason thus during a calm, they would most assuredly never be prepared to meet the hurricane. The wise course is to enjoy peace and fine weather while they last, but never to be lulled into forgetfulness of the truth, that vicissitude is the great fundamental law of nature, and that tempests are begotten in the bosom of calm and peace, as well in the moral as in the physical world. For want of reflecting on this, we are now taken by surprise at the first mutterings of the storm in the distance. Happily, however, there is still leisure for preparation; and happily, too, we now possess ministers who are fully alive to the danger, and resolved to take every necessary step towards meeting it in a manner becoming the character of this great people, whose honour for the time is committed to their keeping.

I desire it to be distinctly understood, that in what I am about to say I am only offering my own opinion respecting the plan formed by ministers for the defence of the country. That it will be found substantially correct, however, I make no doubt; nor can it prove in any way injurious that the press should anticipate the designs of government, because by developing a wise and moderate scheme of policy, it must inevitably, to a certain extent, predispose the country to receive it favourably when it shall be hereafter announced in parliament. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to believe, what is unquestionably true, that our rulers interpret accurately the signs of the times, and comprehend the whole extent of their duties as ministers of this great empire. From a detached passage of the Duke of Wellington's letter, it might be inferred that Lord John Russel was one of three ministers to whom His Grace had made his prudent representations in vain. But this is not the case. The present cabinet is obviously as fully alive to the necessity of making preparations to meet any assault from without as His Grace himself can be, as the public will be thoroughly convinced, when, after the holidays, the government plan comes to be explained in the House of Commons.

It is reasonable to suppose, that when ministers took this important subject into consideration, they hesitated long before they could determine whether it would be most desirable to make a large addition to the regular army, or to organise an immense militia, or to adopt the middle course of relying partly on the soldiers of the line and partly on what may be strictly denominated a domestic force. After mature deliberation, they would seem to have given the preference to the course last

mentioned. For this many cogent reasons might be assigned. The militia is a constitutional force, the very nature of which tends to strengthen our attachment to the institutions of the country, while it gives us confidence in our ability to defend them. According to the fundamental laws of this realm, every Englishman should not only be permitted the use of arms, but expected to understand it; that, in cases of emergency, he may be able to enroll himself in the list of our national defenders. The mere soldier too frequently learns to look with indifference on the land of his birth, from which, by the vicissitudes of war, he is often kept in almost perpetual estrangement. By passing constantly from place to place, he contracts a contempt for local associations; and by leading the better part of his life abroad, ceases to be actuated by the sympathies and feelings of home. The camp in the long run comes, therefore, to be regarded as his country, and his fellow-soldiers as his only fellow-citizens.

The militia-man lives under totally different influences. He is only a soldier so far as discipline and the defence of the hearth and the altar are concerned. He enlarges his conception of home, without weakening the love of it. His patriotism is not confined to Lancashire, or Cumberland, or Kent, but expanding with his experience, includes in its embrace our whole group of islands. He ceases to be the citizen of one town or county, but becomes a citizen of Great Britain, equally devoted to the whole, having, perhaps, formed for himself personal friends in almost every part of it. This, of course, can be the case only when the militia is so far organised and maintained on the footing of a regular army, that it merely differs from it in never being called upon to serve abroad. In ordinary circumstances the militia is strictly a local force, raised in a distant neighbourhood, constituted chiefly of persons who know each other, and are often knit closely together by the ties of blood and friendship. Such men in the day of difficulty would fight gallantly side by side, knowing, as they must, that defeat would be fatal, not merely to that abstract existence called the state, but also to themselves, their wives and families, and all their hopes and prospects in this world.

Consequently no service could possibly be more popular than that of the militia, when rendered necessary by the exigencies of the times; and these considerations, there is every reason to believe, will induce ministers immediately to organise a force of one hundred and forty thousand men, of whom one hundred thousand will be raised in Great Britain and forty thousand in Ireland. This may jar upon the ears of many as the first note of approaching war; but we have deceived ourselves egregiously if we have been led to imagine, that because there has been a protracted cessation of hostilities, therefore we may be said to have entered on the period in which the swords of mankind are to be converted into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. No such period of halcyon calm is to be expected in our days. Our lot has been cast in the iron age of the world, and it is with iron that we must defend ourselves from the mischiefs with which we are menaced by the unbridled passions and profligate principles of our neighbours.

One of the greatest recommendations of a militia force is the comparatively small cost at which it may be kept up. Experience, I believe, has shown that with the strictest regard to economy a soldier cannot be maintained in this country at a smaller cost than forty pounds sterling per annum, whereas a militia-man may be supported for one-tenth of that sum, or four pounds sterling per annum, I mean when he is

required to do duty only during one month of the year. At the first blush it might seem that the expense should only be one-twelfth, but when we consider that a machine once put in motion is much more easily and cheaply kept going perpetually, than it can with irregular breaks and interruptions be put in action occasionally, we shall be able to account to ourselves for the facts of a calculation which, at first, appears unsatisfactory. Thus, however, it is evident that a hundred thousand militia-men would cost the country no more than ten thousand troops of the line, while in case of invasion we might reckon on them with infinitely greater confidence, the discipline of a militia being quite sufficient to teach them to fall into their places on the field of battle, trusting to their inherent courage to enable them to stand their ground.

Such a force could, moreover, be encamped as it were both in the interior and along the coast in every county in the kingdom. There could be no touching on the shore anywhere without meeting with a military population; and if to the usual regiments of infantry were added a corresponding strength of cavalry and artillery, every mile of our sea-front might be regarded as impregnable. The effect, moreover, of these exercises on the humbler classes would be in all respects beneficial. They would bring them together, teach them to act in concert, lead to the cultivation of friendly feelings among neighbours, excite their appetite for knowledge, and give rise among them to a proper appreciation of foreigners which would lead generally to a rooted repugnance for their character and manners. It may be all very well in a few vagabond philosophers to cultivate cosmopolitan tendencies, and endeavour to break down the limits which separate the several communities of the earth; but it would be absurd to cultivate the same philosophy of indifference among the great masses of the population. Universal empire is an impracticable chimera. It is evidently the destiny of the human race, and very fortunately, as their happiness depends on it, to live in distinct political communities as long as the world endures. This, properly understood, signifies that from time to time there must inevitably be wars, because it is altogether impossible that the interests of different states should not sometimes clash; and if this be the case, it follows that, according to the irresistible laws of nature, the subjects of one state will always entertain certain prejudices against the subjects of every other, and, in reality, should do so to enable them to contend manfully when the hour of strife arrives.

Whoever has lived among the French peasantry must be thoroughly convinced that nothing is less cosmopolitan than their sentiments. They regard with unbounded prejudice, amounting in most cases to a rooted dislike, the inhabitants of all the surrounding countries, while, with respect to the English, this dislike degenerates into a rancorous and unappeasable hatred. If we were constructing an universal Utopia we might stipulate for the eradication of these feelings. But as, after all our speculations, we are compelled to take the world as it stands, our wisest course, apparently, is to make the best of our actual situation and work with the materials we possess till it shall please Providence to supply us with better. Now, by the organization of a militia we should draw forth and give a proper shape and tendency to the hostile feelings of the British population against France. Knowing the cause which forced them from their homes and interfered more or less with the processes of industry in which they are habitually en-

gaged, they would learn to regard that cause with a proper degree of aversion, and, in case of any attempt at invasion, would be animated by the disposition to receive the enemy as he deserved. Popular songs, originating in the circumstances of the hour, would spring into existence and make the circuit of the militia-barracks, rousing the warlike propensity and strengthening the inherent passion of human nature for steel. This, I know, is a doctrine which will be deprecated by many. But it is the doctrine of all patriotic nations, it is the doctrine which has placed us foremost in the rank of civilised communities; which has given us a prodigious empire in Asia, which has rendered us masters of a hundred colonies, and bestowed on us the power, if we knew how to exert it wisely, to regulate the destinies of the world. When we reject it, therefore, and adopt its opposite, farewell to our greatness! We may be very benevolent, very philanthropic, very cosmopolitan, but we shall be subdued and enslaved by the first barbarian who has the courage to land a well-organized and powerful army on our shores, and, with his foot on our necks, shall enjoy ample leisure to regret that we ever suffered ourselves to be turned aside from the path of duty by a frivolous, vain, and maudlin philosophy, engendered by the firesides of dreamers, and fit only to obtain circulation among anchorites and old women.

It will be a proud day for England when she beholds one hundred thousand of her sons drawn out in battle array on her beloved soil, with arms in their hands, ready to protect its inviolability. The music of such a host will be sweet to the ear of freedom, sweet to the ear of peace, sweet to the ear of justice, and honour, and patriotism, and whatever else is venerable in this world. It is consequently to be hoped that, instead of throwing impediments in the way of government when it proceeds to develop the plans which it has formed for the protection of our coasts from invasion, the whole country will enter into its desigus with enthusiasm and compel parliament at once to make the necessary grants for our national defences. Taxation, in itself an evil, will, in these circumstances, be the greatest of blessings. To secure us the possession of what we have we must consent to sacrifice some small portion of it in creating the means of security. Whoever has a home or hearth worth defending, whoever has a beloved family or dear friends, whoever cherishes an attachment for our old hereditary institutions, for the familiar associations of town or country, for our literature, for our religion, will, instead of obstructing ministers in the execution of their wise plans, rather urge upon Parliament the necessity of giving them a wider range and loftier scope, and be ready to make all needful sacrifices for the purpose.

In addition to the ordinary objections against organising a militia in England, a fresh set of arguments may be anticipated against the carrying out of the same plan in Ireland. Persons who know nothing of the Irish character, and are readier to consult their prejudices than their reason, will, probably, contend that it would be highly perilous to entrust forty thousand Irishmen with arms, more especially at a moment like the present, when, as they conceive, disaffection reigns paramount through the island, and the rage for the repeal of the Union is unbounded. It will do honour to the courage and sagacity of ministers if, despising these vulgar apprehensions, they determine, as I trust they will, to confide as frankly in the people of Ireland as in the people of this country. No libel can be more injurious or unjust than that which accuses the Irish generally of disaffection. That they

are far from being content with their condition I admit, and they would be deserving of little respect if they were. Ireland is not in a state to nourish contentment ; for to give existence to this feeling, we must greatly ameliorate the condition of the people, or, which will answer the purpose still better, must enable them to perform this great duty themselves. But between the absence of social contentment and political disaffection there is a wide interval.

Besides, considering the materials of the Irish character, it would be perfectly reasonable to contend that, even if disaffection did extensively prevail to raise a large body of militia in Ireland, and to arm, equip, and discipline it, would be one of the readiest means that could be devised of dissipating that feeling. The Irish are a religious people, who sincerely believe in the sanctity of oaths. Having sworn allegiance, therefore, to the crown, they would feel themselves to be removed, by the very act, out of the category of disaffection, and bound rather to assist the law in eradicating it. That in case of invasion they would favour the enemy, is what no man in his senses believes. The threat was a sort of rhetorical clap-trap in the mouth of Mr. O'Connell, and many of his unfortunate imitators occasionally venture to repeat it, but it is obvious that while doing so they are haunted by the consciousness that they are playing with two edged tools, and that they run quite as much risk of wounding themselves, as of inflicting injury on Great Britain ; in fact, they know very well that the Irish would do no such thing. Ireland and England are, in this respect, like man and wife ; they may quarrel between themselves, and bandy backwards and forwards innumerable menaces and recriminations, but the invader who should step in between them in the very worst paroxysm of their domestic resentments, would be apt to meet with a reception which would scarcely encourage him to repeat the experiment. The Irish are somewhat fond of noise, and take a sort of malicious pleasure in abusing the Saxons, but when circumstances have placed them side by side on the field of battle, they have never been behind the bravest of those Saxons in upholding the honour of old England, and bearing her flag through blood and danger to conquest or victory. I should like to know where the Irish ever turned tail, where or when they deserted their colours, or deserved the name of traitors and cowards. I should be very sorry, in the wildest districts of Tipperary, to make such a charge. The truth is, that the Irish know we are united together by destiny, and, in spite of all the declamations of their mob orators, they love us, because we have fought with them, because they have shared the dangers of our campaigns, because they partake of the glory of our conquests, and of all the prestige which belongs to imperial sway. Give them arms, therefore, and they will not dishonour them. Your musket will be as safe in the Irish hovel as in the Castle of Dublin or in the Tower, when it is guarded by the sanctity of an oath, and by that military enthusiasm with which no men are more deeply imbued than our flourishers of shellalabs over the water.

In addition to the hundred and forty thousand militia which ministers should immediately organise, a small addition to the regular army, say ten thousand men, will be absolutely necessary, partly for the formation of artillery corps, and partly for the strengthening of the cavalry. Experience may now be said to have demonstrated that the possession of a powerful artillery invests even a small state with strength. It was this that gave the Sikhs their renown in Asia, and

rendered them formidable antagonists even to us. The same observation may be applied to the petty Mahratta state of Gwalior. Of what enormous advantage, therefore, would not such a force be in the hands of a people like the English? As it is, we are merely weak because we are negligent. We possess more resources, more materials of power, more means of conquest and self-aggrandisement, than any other people in the world. But we make no account of them, and are so obstinate in our remissness, that we may almost be said to invite the French, or any other half-barbarous people, to make a descent upon our coasts for plunder. Ignorant as they are of foreign countries, they know very well they would find a golden harvest here, which would tempt whole swarms of half-naked vagabonds to slip out of their wooden shoes, and skip over to England, in the hope of clothing themselves, and living respectably for the rest of their lives at our expense.

Why, therefore, are we insensible to the danger we incur? The Roman empire was rendered accessible to the barbarians of the north only through the sloth and inactivity of the provinces. People then, as now, would think of nothing but amassing wealth and addicting themselves to luxury and pleasure, and the empire abounded with pigmy sophists who defended their licentiousness in their declamations against war. Confounding debauchery with humanity, they pretended it was better to revel within the walls of towns, than bear arms amid the snows and swamps of the frontier. They, therefore, incessantly laboured to corrupt the youth, by drawing fearful pictures of the horrors of war. Mars and Bellona were thrust from the temples of Rome, and a dastardly spawn of epicurean divinities installed in their places. We have entered upon the same career; have paralysed the energies of government and parliament by an odious outcry about economy and peace, as though there could exist a doubt in the mind of any man that the only way to ward off hostilities is to be always prepared to enter upon them with vigour at the call of our country.

It is not pusillanimity but prudence that counsels attention at the present moment to our national defences. Properly prepared and armed, we could easily defend these islands against the whole world, and, if need were, conduct retaliatory expeditions against every capital of Europe in succession, and more especially storm Paris, and give the French one lesson more in the process of national humiliation. But if we persist in the neglect of the most obvious duties, what can possibly come of it but disaster? The government is manfully doing its part. In addition to the thirty thousand troops we possess scattered over England and Wales, fifteen thousand pensioners have been organised, together with nine or ten thousand dockyard labourers. But this is not enough. Besides these and the militia, we must create a powerful artillery force, and greatly augment the strength of our navy, especially with steamers of large calibre, capable of playing a prominent part in the next struggle that ensues.

Other precautions must likewise be taken, rendered necessary by the peculiar circumstances of the age. In some sense we have ceased to be islanders, the channel having, as it were, been filled up by steam. Our coasts, therefore, are little less accessible than the frontier of a continental country, so that the necessity of throwing up fortifications on certain points has become unquestionable. Much in this way has already been done. Sheerness, Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, are defended by formidable batteries, and orders have just been issued for strengthening all those

works. But the system must be extended. There are other large towns and cities on the shore which cannot with prudence be left naked, to excite the cupidity of a hungry enemy, proverbially addicted to plunder, as well as to every other excess of vice, cruelty, and brutality. Whatever sums, therefore, ministers may expend in judicious fortifications,—and it is to be hoped they will not in this respect be sparing,—parliament should grant with alacrity, while the public should be ready to applaud the grant. We must be possessed by a feeling of security at home, while we are engaged in developing our design of colonizing and civilizing the world.

One point, however, it seems necessary to insist upon now. If government take the steps which it may at this moment be fairly presumed to meditate, no attempt at invasion will be made; and then certain economists will inquire into the utility of our preparations, ridicule our fears, and triumphantly argue that there was no necessity whatever for apprehension or expenditure. But it is to prevent, not to court invasion that we desire to see a militia organised, our navy augmented, and our coasts fortified. We are not anxious to behold the enemy amongst us, we would much rather he should stay at home, and it is precisely in order to keep him there that we should apply ourselves diligently to the strengthening and multiplying of our national defences. The sums of money will not be ill-spent which may preserve us from the calamities of war. Economy is good, but that is the wisest economy which saves us from the waste of millions by the expenditure of a few hundred thousand pounds. Supposing the issue to be ever so fortunate, supposing we utterly annihilated the invading army, supposing we captured the fleets, seized upon the colonies, and destroyed utterly the commerce of France, as in all likelihood we should, let the economists consider at what prodigious cost we should effect all this, and take likewise into the account that, by a moderate expenditure now we may escape that prodigal waste of the national treasures.

It is upon these views and principles that the whole system of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy has been based. Instead of being as superficial persons have supposed, a warlike minister, his lordship is the most pacific of all statesmen; but, thoroughly understanding human nature as he does, he never dreams of preserving the tranquillity of the world by exposing the wealth and possessions of this empire as a bait to excite the ambition and cupidity of our neighbours. He has caused to be felt throughout Christendom the just influence of Great Britain, but, together with his colleagues, has hitherto failed to excite in the people of this country a proper consciousness of their own weakness. What views he takes of our present position we shall soon learn, and when he has delivered his opinion in Parliament the country will be in possession of all that human prudence and forethought can suggest. Meanwhile it is infinitely satisfactory to observe that public opinion is gradually adjusting itself to square with Lord Palmerston's policy. Rash and ignorant persons prompted by vanity, or under the influence of still worse motives, laboured incessantly a short time ago to excite an universal prejudice against his views and character. The period of that delusion is past. We have now made the discovery that our interests as a nation could be in no safer hands; and, reasoning from the past to the future, it will, in my opinion, be our wisest course to place the fullest confidence in his wisdom and genius.

It is universally admitted, at least here in Great Britain, that his

Grace the Duke of Wellington is, in whatever relates to military affairs, the highest authority to whom we could appeal. The country is already in possession of his opinion. He has stated, in language the most emphatic and solemn that could be employed by man, that our condition at this moment is unsafe, that an invasion would be practicable, and that an enemy's army might even reach and sack the capital. This is the opinion of the greatest military commander now living. Arguing from all the antecedents of Lord Palmerston's life, carefully considering his views and sentiments, and comparing and examining his speeches and his policy, I think I am fully justified in concluding that his judgment entirely coincides with that of his Grace. We have, therefore, the greatest of contemporary statesmen agreeing with the greatest general in recommending us to attend to the defences of the empire. It cannot surely be, that any weight will, after this, be attached to the advice of those who inconsiderately maintain that great reductions are practicable in the army, navy, and ordnance. Every man must have read with pain the declaration made the other day, at Stockport, by Mr. Cobden, to this effect, He did not, as seems to be generally supposed, go the length of contending, that we may dispense at once with all our forces by sea and land, but suggested, that out of the seventeen millions which we now appropriate to the defences of the empire, a considerable portion might be saved.

As Mr. Cobden's opinion was received with applause by his old constituents, and is far too prevalent among the people generally, it may, perhaps, be worth while to point out the untrustworthy foundation on which it is based. During his tour on the continent, he chiefly associated with commercial men and political economists, persons who, in all countries, are addicted to peace, and inclined to attribute to others their own unwarlike predilections. It may be possible, also, to detect in Mr. Cobden's declarations, the vanity of putting forward bold views, which he may suppose to be in advance of the age. Unfortunately, however, there is no novelty in them. Towards the decline of states they have been invariably advanced by all who set a higher value on the accumulation of wealth to preserving the integrity of the national virtue by the predecessors of our political economists, by sophists and declaimers, by all, in short, who prefer ease and luxury to the painful and laborious exertion of energy.

POSTSCRIPT.

A letter on the subject of this article has just appeared from the pen of Lord Ellesmere, pervaded almost throughout by the true old English spirit. I say *almost*, because there is one passage in which his lordship advocates a course which, should our country be invaded, I most earnestly trust we shall never pursue. Should the enemy, taking us by surprise, throw a force of fifty thousand men into England, his lordship thinks that, with the few regular troops at our command, we ought not to hazard a battle; and that if the French were entering London at one end, the guards should march out at the other. The advice is probably ironical, and designed to rouse us to a sense of our danger. But if the event to which he thus alludes should ever occur, I trust the enemy will never be allowed to see the back of an English soldier. Few or many, it will be the duty of our troops to present their breasts to the foe, and to perish to a man, rather than suffer the capital to be entered unopposed.

On nearly all other points it affords me great satisfaction to find that the observations I have ventured to make are supported by the opinion of Lord Ellesmere. He may possibly be led by peculiar circumstances to take at times a too sombre view of our condition. But to err on this side is far better than to run into the opposite extreme. We ought to be awakened, however rudely, out of the slumber into which we have fallen, and shall hereafter confess that we owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who now unite together for the purpose of rousing us. His lordship, in his excellent letter, discusses the question whether it be better to augment the regular army, or to organise a militia force. The demands of government will probably be limited by the disposition of parliament, while this again will depend very much on the state of public opinion. If the nation can be made sensible of its danger, if men of station and influence like Lord Ellesmere will come forward in time, and by their judicious warnings give an impetus to the sentiment of apprehension; if the press view the matter in the proper light, and heartily cooperate in accomplishing the good work, whatever is wanting will be done; the navy will be strengthened, the army increased, a new artillery force will be created, and an immense body of militia will be called out. The question of expense may be easily disposed of. War with France, sooner or later, is inevitable, invasion is highly probable; and should it take place, no one can be so stupid as to doubt the enormous expenditure of blood and treasure which it would occasion, not to hint at anything worse. By being armed in time, we may escape this. It is no matter of speculation, but an undoubted fact, that we possess the means of defending ourselves against the whole world, provided we will only make up our minds to use them. No one denies this; our worst enemies are better aware of it than ourselves. They would never dream of assailing us, if they saw us on our guard. They merely hope to be able to take advantage of our sloth or heedlessness, to land on our shores by surprise, while we are thinking of money-making, of railway shares, of bills and discount, of invoices and ledgers. They have felt how heavy our hand is when we think proper to use it. But coming now they would find us asleep, and might easily seize and bind us in fetters which we could not speedily shake off.

Lord Ellesmere seems to doubt the prudence of the writer in the "Morning Chronicle" who first drew attention to this subject; but I applaud his frankness, and think the country deeply indebted to him for the startling disclosures he made. We are much too apt to oppose a sort of *vis inertiae* to the exertions of Government in our behalf, and to fancy that all is well, because, immersed in other pursuits, we do not perceive the dangers which are visible to them. Our attention has now been directed to the peril in which we are placed, and if we persist in being indifferent to it, we may fancy ourselves wise and magnanimous if we please, but posterity will pass a very different judgment on our proceedings, and be apt to stigmatize us as a base and slothful race, who would not devote a small portion of our wealth to preserve our country from invasion, our wives and daughters from violence, and ourselves from that infamy which everlastingly clings to those who prefer mere worldly considerations to the preservation of their honour.

A VISIT TO THE "HAUNT" OF A POETESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDIANA," ETC.

I HAVE rather a leaning to old times and customs, in spite of their inconveniences: the very rubs "that make the rough road long" are not without their charm, and from devouring the way to Gloucester by the Great Western express at fifty miles an hour, I take very kindly to nibbling on to Ross upon the Mazeppa, at the rate of seven. And the comfort is, that this Mazeppa is little likely to be run away with. The Hereford Hetman is horsed with a style of cattle quite different from him of the Ukraine,—is, indeed, altogether a slower coach, as well as far more respectable; but, as chatty and pleasant a conveyance as any one would desire to be connected with.

"On we dash!—
Torrents less rapid and less rash,"

is not the way to describe his progress at all; and, if the word "head-long" be used with reference to him, it must be understood to apply to the possible proneness of the leader.

The reader at once convicts me of a fellow-feeling for slow coaches, —and I admit it. I love the gossip of the road, and the private history that travels about in parcels; trace out my rural Apicius by his London oysters; and muse over "double-barrelled dilettantism" over a hamper of pheasants. I watch, not obtrusively, the flirtations of the coachman,—his imparted and received confidences,—his mysteries with the turnpike-man or woman,—his oracular nods, and jerks, and winks, and the eloquence of his elbow. I see into his tricks, too; his passenger set down short of the town,—his little breast-pocket parcels delivered with his own hand,—his haggling with the seedy ones, and his basket of glass with a hare's fur sticking through the wicker. He is best without a guard; for when his own guard, he is off his guard, and you see deeper through the millstone of his Chesterfield. Then, his judgment of character is a thing to study. His banter is irrespective of dress; chains, and breastpins, flaming waistcoats, and flaunting bonnets have no weight with him. His eye penetrates to the gentleman through the oldest boat-cloak, and he recognises respectability under a sixpenny cotton. To say that,

"The *beau idéal* which the mind supposes,
Is one who dresses in the clothes of Moses,"

may go down very well in the Minorities; but will never do with him. He dreams of something deeper in his clothes philosophy.

"Nice day, sir,"—"for the time of year,—very nice day." "A little wet wouldn't do us no harm."—"We wants rain very bad up our way." (This from a farmer who must throw in his protest: Dissident, because a fine season brings good crops, and good crops promise no drawback, so he practises croaking all the year, to be perfect on rent-day.)

How should we ever establish our little casual acquaintances without an atmosphere? and how on earth—or rather on moon—do they

manage in the neighbouring planet? How entirely obstructed they must be in their little intercourse by having all nice days, a fortnight long. No "growing day for the turnips,"—no thinking "as we shall have a shower" long after it has begun,—no "roughish day for them as be obliged to be out in it,"—no "what dreadful changeable weather, sure-ly! nothing but rain, rain, rain!"—no "moistish, ain't it?" (when we are quite wet through.) Of what use is it for a man in the moon to "look out for squalls," or "to have an eye to windward," or to "keep his weather-eye open," when he has neither wind nor weather (so to speak); and how helpless for a man of fashion to have no clouds to look up to when he meets a country friend in a lunar Pall Mall.

We make but an indifferent start of it, for there is rather a deficiency of legs amongst the team, and a strong disposition to keep as many as possible off the ground; and the road into the city might be improved with a little corduroying. We stop for a gossip at "The Bell," (slightly altered since Tom Jones and Partridge ate their beef and greens in the bar with the landlady,) get a summit to the mountain of luggage, and, finding it is "a nice day," from another passenger, bowl on to the Boothall.

"Here's a young 'ooman for ye, mister," observes an elderly labouring man, in his Sunday clothes, proffering in the kindest manner a chubby girl and her box to the coachman.

"Going far, my dear?"

"If you please, sir, I'm going to Mrs. Jenkins's of the Close."

"Ay, ay; her'll tell you all about it."

"Well, jump up. Nice day, ain't it? Here, sit in the middle."

"You'll be sure, if you please, to put me down at Mrs. Jenkins's, at the Close, by Longhope, you know, at the corner of the lane. There'll be one as will meet me there, I expect. You'll be sure not to please to forget."

"I know. You live at Mrs. Jenkins's?"

"I'm in a situation there. Mother lives at Painswick. Father brought me to Gloucester. Mother have been a'most dead with the influenzy; was obliged to have the doctor, however, for above a fortnight; but a's better now."

Soh! she's determined not to be lost for want of a label. She has read in some railway-bill, "Passengers are requested to have their *trunks* properly directed, as the company cannot, otherwise, be answerable," &c.,—an admirable bit of caution, when people's trunks are difficult to identify after a smash; but surely unnecessary in the case of a living young woman, knowing the road, and able to stop the coachman herself. But she can't trust to herself, with her thoughts far away at the old cottage at Painswick,—or, perhaps, with Bill. She is, no doubt, set in for a reverie.

What a fine old street is that down by the Boothall, in spite of the modern smug brick-houses thrusting themselves amongst the old staggers. Poor old fellows! they are getting rather shaky, and some of them seem to have dropped off into a dose, and are leaning their heads on their neighbours' shoulders, and almost dropping their chins upon the passengers. I can't bear the thoughts of parting with them, notwithstanding, or to think of their crazy insides being rummaged by impertinent commissioners, and their poor old drains bored into, and

poked about; and themselves, perhaps, sacrificed to some sanitary humbug. I can't, unmoved, look at the wooden old faces that one knew in the glorious days of peashooters and post-chaises, when we saved up our pocket-money to add leaders to the team; and rattled down amongst them after the drunken postboys, as if the very stones were mad, and their old heads shook with the palsy. I can identify the old doors with the wondering faces that came out to see the flags from the chaise-windows, and the ribbons in the postboys' hats, and doubting whether it was a wedding or an express. Nay, I recognise the very window where sat in mellow summer radiance the fat, red-faced old lady, attracted a little forward by the row, and who received on her inflamed features such a shower of hard marrow-fats that she yelled with rage and pain. And remember well how, looking from the small window behind, we saw her excited form protruding into the street, with shaking fists and cap awry; furnishing merriment for the whole half-year, and giving rise to the most anxious wishes that we might renew the acquaintance at the next trip. And who that saw him can ever forget the well-mounted gentleman farmer,—surly with excess of dignity,—rich, no question,—a little lord in his village,—hit in the very eyes, and bending down with the smart; then galloping furiously after the chaise, and lashing at the windows till his horse, unable to face the punishment, bolts with his rider, and we see him tearing up the street at full speed, in spite of every effort to pull him up.

And associated with this old street was that extraordinary porter,—built upon the most conflicting principles,—whose legs, without their owner's leave, straddled, like Apollyon, "across the whole breadth of the way;" and whose eyes were of such peculiar construction, that, wishing to identify a parcel on the ground, he was obliged to raise his face towards the sky. Such a fixture was this fellow for thirty years or so, that one can hardly believe in the possibility of his being extinct. Coming from the ends of this earth, this man never failed us; looking, it would seem, towards the roof of the coach, while his eyes were rolling about amongst the packages at his feet.

In such old musings we come out upon the causeway, and see a young railway—offspring of the Great Western—just started on his travels towards South Wales. He sets out bravely enough, like many another young fellow; coming over the flats with an imposing air at first, but soon sticking fast in the mud, and ending in a long score that we see no limit to. It would be wise in his parent to stop him before he gets into further mischief.

We stop a moment at the turnpike.—

"Nice day, missis."

"Iss, 'tis."

"You haven't heard no more o' that paasle, have ye?"

"No."

"Didn't a call?"

"No."

"Never said nothing to me."

"Well to be sure."

"Ah."

"Hum."

"Well."

"A' got the fish, did a'."

"Iss."

"Well."

"Hum."

"Wish ye good day, missis."

"Wish ye good day, sir."

Then on by the great square red house, that was said to have as many windows as days in the year; and presently old May Hill is before us, with his scalp unshaved as of yore. The legs are all down now, and we make up for lost time across the common. At Huntley we change horses.

"Nice day, ain't it?"

"How's the mare?"

"Don't see no difference in her."

"Have him seen her?"

"Iss,—see her last night."

"What did a' say?"

"Didn't say nothing."

"What did a' do?"

"Didn't do nothing."

"What did a' think?"

"Didn't seem to think as a was much difference in her."

"Did a' have a mash?"

"No,"

"Well, you give her a mash, and"—(*whispers*).

The deuce is in the mares. I never travelled any road in my life that there wasn't a mare ill. "Him" has generally seen her. Sometimes "a's getting on nicely;" but nine times in ten "a' don't see no difference in her." "Him" keeps his own counsel as to the treatment, and the consultation ends in a mash and a whisper.

"The old man didn't say nothing to you about sending down no oats with you?"

"No, a' didn't."

"We be shocking bad off for 'em."

This is the way with all the old men: they never do send down no oats. Why persist in keeping these worthless old fellows, instead of putting young stuff in their place?

A window opens. "Won't you please to have something to take, Mr. Williams?"

"No, ma'am, thank ye, nothing to-day."

"Think you'd better, Mr. Williams. Won't you please to walk in?"

"No, I'm obleeged to ye, ma'am. I must be going."

"Better please to take a glass of ale, Mr. Williams."

"Not to-day, ma'am, I thank *you*."

"Well, *would* you just step this way, Mr. Williams? I won't detain you a moment."

How's the reverie getting on, I wonder? She looks awake.

"You are almost at your journey's end, now?"

"Very near now, sir."

"And so you are not in your reverie, after all?"

"No, sir; mother said as it was such a very nice day, sir, she thought as I shouldn't want it, sir."

"Oh! and so you left it behind?"

"Oh, no, sir; I brought it along with me in my box."

"Well, that was right; but I suppose you showed it first to your sweetheart at Painswick?"

"Well, sir, I wore it o' Sunday; but I haven't got no sweetheart, sir. I don't think o' such things as them, sir."

"That's right—stick to that."

"What did you please to say, sir?"

"I didn't think you could have got such a thing in Painswick."

"Oh, there's very good drapers in Painswick, sir: Willis and Morgan have as good a shop as any I see in Gloucester, however; and they have all the new things down from London, regular. All the gentlefolks comes to them, sir, for miles and miles. Mother lived in service with old Mr. Morgan, sir, before a' died—"

"Not afterwards, I suppose."

"What did you please to say, sir?"

"I suppose your mother got it cheaper on that account?"

"No, sir, a' didn't,—not a farthing. They never makes two prices to nobody; and what they has marked in their window, they always gives, if you insist upon it,—that's the best o' them. They do have beautiful things down as ever you see in your life; not a bit dearer than Jones's, and twice the choice. Mother got a bonnet there, and I'm sure, if you was to go all over Gloucester, you couldn't find nothing better nor cheaper, nor so cheap neither. Oh, no, there ben't no better shops nowhere than Willis and Morgan's."

The coachman comes out with a short cough, and wiping his lips, and stuffs a paper parcel into his breast pocket.

"You 'll be sure to please not to forget the whoats?"

"I'll bring 'em down to-morrow, Jem. Now then, sir, if you please."

Just beyond Huntley we pass the little dull red house in which used to live a Catholic family, which, in those old days, before emancipation bills were thought possible, or so much as dreamed of in the wildest fancy, gave an air of mystery to the place. You expected to see stately forms counting beads as they walked about the garden, and cowed monks and friars stealing through the laurestinus, with a whiff of incense coming out of the chimney. Then we get towards a wild and Welshy country, and presently pull up at a corner, where stands a man with a smiling face, and his hand held up, that the coachman may stop in time.

"Well, Thomas!"

"Well, Sally!"

"How *be* you?"

"How *be you*?" And the owner of the reverie prepares to dismount.

"Thank ye, sir; don't you trouble yourself. I can lean upon this young man, sir."

(Perhaps it is Thomas at Longhope, not Bill at Painswick.)

"Well, Sally, you've had a nice day for travelling."

"Iss, 'tis. Be you pooty well? You don't look but poorly."

(Really, very probably Thomas.)

"You havn't nothing but this here box, have you, miss?"

"Only that, sir."

"Here, just you slip it down a bit, and I'll take it."

"Now, don't you go a straining of yourself. Him 'll give it down."
(Clearly Thomas.)

"Ah! take care of that, Thomas; there's a reverie in that."

"Don't you be afear'd, sir; I'll take care on it."

"Let it come on the wheel, can't ye, and I'll help you down with it."

(Positively Thomas.)

"Now you be all right, miss. Thank you, miss."

"Wish you good day, sir. Wish *you* a good day, sir. Now, you shan't do it all yourself, I'll be hanged if you shall! So you put it down, now, will ye, and give me hold of the handle."

(Happy Thomas!)

Some floundering and puffing to get over the hill. A little way down is the place where the young railway is to quit his tunnel,—marked out by flags and sticks; and then we plunge into the deep despondency of the Lee. Do people survive to middle age in this dreary village? There are always two men standing outside the public house, but they never speak. It is not even a nice day in the Lee—they have not the heart to say it. No sound is ever heard there but the clank of the blacksmith's hammer, which never ceases. Oh, for some flaxen-headed ploughboy to whistle over such a Lee as this! We soon pass the church, and turning to the right, a tall solitary Scotch fir-tree, more like a palm, comes in view. Up this branchless trunk, seventy feet long without a knot, it was once proposed by a sweet poetess that I should swarm in nankeens. But I anticipate.

A few yards beyond this palm-like fir is the house of Castle-End; a modest, quiet, substantial edifice of grey stone, standing a little retired from the road, a small lawn interposing, with flower-beds, evergreens, and a paling. On the left is a kitchen-garden and more shrubbery; and behind, a farm-house, and barn, and outbuildings, and a dirty fold full of pigs, and cows, and poultry. Dull, many people would think it; but it is better than the Lee; for here you have a view of the Bailey (not the Old Bailey, though with hanging woods enough,) and the road is the great thoroughfare into South Wales.

In this house, about this lawn and kitchen-garden and fold, and under this old fir-tree, I passed one long summer-day with L.E.L., not then a poetess, but a romping, black-eyed girl, in the earliest dawn of womanhood: she was comely, rather than handsome, but with a play of intelligence upon her features more attractive than beauty.

This was the residence of her aunt, a hospitable, kind-hearted maiden lady; and associated with her was another maiden lady of singular eccentricity,—if not mad, certainly next door to it; and the partition that separated the premises of the craziest scantling. Miss C. was perfectly harmless; and this fact being well known to visitors as well as inmates, she was admitted to the family circle, notwithstanding her odd ways. One of her peculiarities was a way of breaking in upon the conversation with a most rapid repetition of the words, "My lords and my ladies—my lords and my ladies—my lords and my ladies," continued for minutes together; and then she varied with another strain of "Cabbage and carrots and cabbage and carrots and cabbage and carrots"—for an equally indefinite period. Any allusions to garden-stuff or the aristocracy was sure to set her off; a

single word would do it. The grace at dinner was framed with a view to this peculiarity, for it was said that on one occasion a clergyman, not previously cautioned, was taken up very shortly at the word "Lord" by Miss C. with "Make us truly thankful, my lords and my ladies," &c. Another strange way she had of stealing quietly about the room, under pretence of examining books, or other articles upon the tables, till she could arrive unnoticed behind a stranger's chair. This feat she usually contrived with consummate skill, tacking about as if she was waiting for a slant of wind; and when the victim was earnestly engaged in conversation or otherwise, she ran silently down upon him, and commenced operations. Drawing an imaginary carving-knife and fork, she proceeded to cut up the *piece de resistance*; and, as her lips were moving all the time, no doubt she was helping a large party of my lords and my ladies to your primest-cuts. Seated opposite to a mirror, it was not unpleasant to watch this process, and see the impartiality with which you were helped to the company; first a slice or two of lean, then a bit of fat, with a just proportion of stuffing and gravy. You were even disposed to assist her researches with the light of your own local knowledge; as, for example, "My dear madam, allow me to suggest that you are now in the wrong place for fat; and the seasoning, I am disposed to think, is not thereabouts. Perhaps you will permit me to express a hope that you will cut me handsome, in case I should come up cold another day. I hope his lordship finds me done brown; but, if I should be a little raw in places, have no scruple in sending out a slice of me to be grilled. I trust her ladyship relished the part you sent her, and may be induced to come again. There are parts of me tender enough; but, upon the whole, I am disposed to think I might be improved by a little hanging. I have a fancy that sweet sauce would go well with me. At any rate, I must protest against being served up *à la Tartarre*." The poor lady would get quite hot in the process, and more off her guard every moment; so that I am convinced, with a little management she might have been led into an amicable conversation with the joint she was carving; but any attempt of this kind was discountenanced.

Under the old fir-tree. "You see that bunch of hay and feathers in the fork of the branches?"

"Yes; a sparrow's nest, no doubt."

"Oh! I should so like a young sparrow. Dear little thing! I should pet it so much. Everybody has canaries and goldfinches screaming and giving one the headache. I want a bird that does not sing. I should so like a young sparrow. I should teach him all sorts of tricks. I hardly know how to ask such a thing, but—if you would just climb up, and bring me a young sparrow, I should feel so much obliged."

"I fear that you really must excuse me. Not anticipating a pleasure of this kind, I perhaps am not so well equipped. You perceive that this tree is entirely without branches, except at the top. This would be a trifling consideration under other circumstances—to the country boy, for instance; but I rather fear that I am not exactly dressed for this," feeling the sharp edges of the flakes of bark which it was apparent would be most inimical to the Indian fabric.

"I do assure you it's not rough; it is not, indeed;—look here, how very smooth it is all the way up;—there's a kind of knot, you

see, about half way, where you could rest as long as you please; and you could put the sparrow (dear little thing!) in your hat, and rest there again as you came down; but coming down would be nothing!"

"Oh dear no, less than nothing, I am afraid. But here is a boy, perhaps we can persuade him."

"Oh yes! he'll go, I'm sure. Here, young man; would you step here a moment. You see that round thing of hay up there?"

"Iss; that's a sparrow's nest. I see the old 'un a going in."

"Well, what I want you to do is,—I'm sure you'll do it,—don't you call it swarming up a tree? Well, I'm sure you know how to swarm, and what nice thick boots you have. If I was a young man, I should be so proud if I could swarm up a tree. Tell me how you do it."

"Do it? why, I takes hold o' the tree a this 'n, and I grips him with my knees, and turns my right foot back'ards a that 'n, and then I shoves myself up; that's the way I does it."

"What a capital way! How long do you think it would take you to go up this tree? I dare say not more than a minute?"

"Should n't oonder. And what d'ye want when I gets there?"

"Do you know I've set my heart upon having a young sparrow. I should so much like to have one, if you would have the kindness to go up and bring me one,—a cock if you please,—dear little thing! You can drop it if you like, and we'll hold the handkerchief. I'm sure you will, won't you?"

"A young sparra!! Hoo, hoo, hoo! (walking off and turning again). A' wants a cock sparra!! Hoo, hoo, hoo! (ten yards further). A' wants a— hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo!"

Presently another boy came. "Young man, did you ever climb up a tree?"

"Iss, many on 'em."

"Do you think you could climb up this one?"

"Iss, think I could."

"So you say, but I think you are afraid to try."

"No, I bean't, not a bit on it. I ha' got up harder than that 'un."

"Well, if you are not afraid, I wish you would go up and bring me down a young bird out of that nest. But you are sure you would not fall and hurt yourself?"

"I bean't afeard o' that. I could bring down nest and all if I liked."

"Then go up, if you are not afraid."

But he was a calculating boy, and began by measuring the trunk carefully with his eye, before committing himself. Then he got out his mental scales, and weighed the matter carefully. On the one side was a probable small gratuity, and a feather weight of fame; on the other, labour, risk, abraded leathers, and a possible walloping for wearing out the stockings.

"No, I'll be dazz'd if I do!" said the boy, walking smartly down the road.

Still we must have a sparrow. "In the ricks, perhaps, under the thatch? that will be the place, of course! There's a ladder in the shed. You go and get the ladder, and I'll beat round the ricks with

this long stick. The old one will be sure to fly out. Never mind the gate. I'll come and help you to carry the ladder if you can't do it yourself."

"Well, as I'm a living sinner, if somebody haven't been and left the rick-yard gate open, and all the pigs be got out, and they 're at Micheldean by this time, I'll lay a guinea! Jack! Jack! there's Jem a-been and left the rick-yard gate open, and all the pigs be got out! Do 'ee run down the road and see if you can see anything on 'em. Od rot 'un! if I could catch 'un I'd thump 'un well!"

I never saw her but this once, and as she then appeared, so does my recollection follow her through life, even to the last scene in that damp, hot, steaming house at Cape Coast, from whose mysteries the veil will never be lifted.

Castle End is now to be let, as I see by a small modest announcement upon the palings. It appears sadly shrunk and gone down in the world from what it used to be, as all old places do when we revisit them. But excepting that the garden and the evergreens look a little rougher than formerly, for want of a tenant to look after them, there is very little difference in the place. The house, to be sure, will never again witness such jolly doings with my lords and my ladies, but the garden, in reality, may contain about the same quantity of cabbage and carrots as it did in Miss C.'s time, and the old fir tree seems to have about as large a head for the wind to wheeze and moan through, as it had when the cajolery failed upon the climbing boys. Landlord! spare that tree; for with it you would cut down some pleasant associations, not unmixed with serious and sad thoughts. Our reveries must, in the nature of things, partake of this piebald character; and yet, notwithstanding, I should be sorry to pack up mine in a box, like Mrs. Jenkins's maid of The Close.

THE REVERIE OF LOVE.

" Like a dream
Of what our soul has loved, and lost for ever,
Thy vision dwells with me."

MRS. BUTLER.

Oh! that such bliss were mine! By thy dear side
To pass one live-long summer's day of love;
To know that thou wert mine—to call thee bride,
And feel that word was ratified above!
How would I look into thy dark blue eyes
And read the very secrets of thy soul,
And watch the light of love that in them lies,
Which proudly brooks nor thralldom nor control.
How would I hold thee in a grasp of bliss,
Around thy neck how lovingly entwine,
And press thy darling lips, and kiss—and kiss,
And sip to madness their ambrosial wine,
'Till drowsily I sank to blissful rest
Upon the soft, white pillow of thy bridal breast!

A RAMBLE ALONG THE OLD KENTISH ROAD FROM CANTERBURY TO LONDON:

ITS CURIOSITIES AND ANTIQUITIES.

BY HENRY CURLING.

“ Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civil’st place of all this isle:—
Sweet is the country, because full of riches.”—*Henry VI.*

IN the present time, and under the present system, when all men rush through the country by rail-road, a perambulation or a quiet ride along the old beaten highway, is almost as rare a circumstance as an excursion through the centre of Africa.

The old road from Canterbury to London was, in former days, a well-known route, and so full of interest, from its various associations, that every stage was classic ground. A man could no more pass through the woodland scenery on the London side of Rochester, without thinking of Gadshill and his minions of the moon lurking about in the gloaming, and listening for the tread of travellers, than he could stop at one of the Chaucer-like hostels at Canterbury without being reminded of pilgrims, fat-paunched abbots, lusty bachelors, and merry-eyed wives of Bath.

In such scenes, divested as they are of the pestiferous vapour and the squalor of the mining and manufacturing districts, the spectator, as he gazes over the undulating woodland, with here and there some old square flint tower of a village church peeping out, and the road seen winding over each wooded ascent,—might almost imagine himself looking upon England when tuck of drum startled the hamlets around, and the York and Lancastrian factions beat up for men to feed their ranks. Nay, the old English landscape becomes peopled with the peasantry of those Shaksperian days, clad in one sort of rural costume—the broad high-crowned castor, the leathern doublet, or the loose smock gathered in with the broad belt at the waist.

As I lay one fine morning in an old, rickety, square-topped, red-curtained bed, in a venerable room of one of the antique hostels at Canterbury, whilst the morning sun streamed through the casement upon the uneven flooring, and shone brightly upon the oak panels of the wainscot, it struck me that, instead being whisked up to London by train, I should like to box the road, and observe its varieties, and look up its points of interest *en route*. After breakfast, therefore, I hired a rough and ready pony, and, with the bridle under my arm, commenced my pilgrimage along the once well-known and well-frequented high road towards Sittingbourne.

The first place I made a short halt at, after clearing the suburbs and ascending the hill without the city, was the ancient village of Harbledown. In this small place, and in the hospital built by Lanfranc in the year 1084, a precious relic was formerly deposited, which was kept there as a sort of preparatory initiation to the worshipful, on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket,—the relic being neither more nor less than Thomas’s old slipper, which “all pilgrims, poor devils, and wayfarers were enjoined and

expected to kiss, previous to their visit to the veritable tomb of the saint himself."*

From this point the traveller continues to ascend through a beautifully wooded country, till he reaches Boughton Hill. This hill and the track of ground just traversed, for about four miles, was in ancient days a thick and almost impenetrable forest, in which the boar, the grisly bear, and many other animals of the chase, were to be found. And here the knightly and the noble, with their attendant trains, were wont to pursue their sport, with hound and horn and spear, in a somewhat more rude and dangerous fashion than the hunt is at present conducted.

After passing the long street of Boughton, on the rising ground somewhat to the right of the road, and standing in a fine green paddock or park, an antiquated-looking mansion or manor-house may be observed. The appearance of this house, and its magnificent stabling and offices,—its dilapidated look, and its desolate and deserted state, had often, in former years, interested me.

Passing on, I now saw Faversham on my right, and stopped for a moment to glance at the chapel of Davington, formerly a Benedictine priory, consisting of twenty-six nuns and their superior,—called, from the poverty of their revenue, "the poor nuns of Davington." A short walk further, and the pleasant village of Ospringe was gained, a stream of clear water running across it. On the north side are yet to be seen the remains of the once famous *Maison Dieu* founded by Lucas de Viennes for the Templars; whilst on the opposite side was the hospital for lepers, part of which may also be observed.

A mile or two further on, and we come to another long village, of one street, called Green Street. Here formerly the famous knight, Apuldorf, kept his state, amongst his numerous vassals and men-at-arms. He was the friend and *bon camarado* of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. They were *fratres jurati*,—and the very name of Apuldorf, like that of his royal companion, was terrible to the ears of the Saracen. Castle Grove, as it is still called, has even yet some green mounds, to point out the site of the stronghold where he kept was-sail. The armour of this Kentish champion formerly hung in Leynham Church.

Passing Green Street, the eye now traverses a charming country, —woodland and meadow on the left, and to the right the Thames and Medway are seen emptying themselves into the main of waters.

A short walk further brought me to Tong. Here I found the remains of a very ancient fortress, built (saith tradition) by Hengist and Horsa in 450. A large moat would seem to have surrounded the stronghold; but a mill has choked up a portion of it for upwards of two hundred years. The miller, I was informed, whilst digging within the castle, discovered a brass helmet, and a number of small urns.

As I prepared to mount my pony in order to pursue my way, it struck me that he looked hungry. Perhaps some slight feeling of the sort which I began to experience myself might have been father to the thought. I therefore resolved to look up a quaint hostel in the

* It was this slipper which Erasmus the learned squinted upon with contempt and derision, on occasion of his visit, describing it as neither more nor less than the upper leather of an old shoe, garnished with one or two crystals set in copper.

first town or village I came to, and make a halt there for the important purpose of dining. A mile further, and Sittingbourne appeared before me.

Sittingbourne, like all the stages on this road, a few years back, and before railroads monopolized all travel, was a lively village. How well do we remember it in the palmy days of posting. Its inn-yards all live, and merry as the painting which describes the stable-yard of the hostel in the days of Chaucer. What queer-looking hangers on, knowing postboys, pimple-faced hostlers, and rapscaillon helpers lounged about the livelong day, in waiting for the numerous first-turns and stages that came tiring on. What shoutings for *first-turn boys up*, and first and second turns *down* we used to *hear*! What crackings of whips and startings of teams, and what knowing four-in-hand coaches we used to *see* in those days. Then, what brilliant equipages, trunked and imperialed, and radiant with female loveliness, came whirling up to the inn doors every hour of the day. What sprightly waiters flew about, napkin in hand, in attendance upon the various dinners, and what blooming chambermaids hurried hither and thither, their rooms filled with guests for the night, and hardly knowing where to accommodate fresh arrivals continually coming up.

Alas for Sittingbourne! Like all the old towns on this and every other road, thy glory hath departed from thee,—thy hostlers are “trade fallen,”—thy inns shut up,—thy landlords have slunk away, and peaked and pined for lack of guests. The very helpers and jolly dogs, who used to hang on, and take their life and being from the reflected grandeur of the portly coachman who drove the teams they tended, are no more. The hostlers have wandered away no one knows *where*, to die of grief and chagrin no one knows *how*. The stalls of the numerous stables have long been tenantless. The signs before the inn-doors no longer promise good entertainment for man or beast, and the railroad and the station have superseded Sittingbourne.

About a mile from Milton church, which is the next place the traveller comes to, is a good-sized field called Campsley Down. This is the spot on which the Danes encamped under Hastings. The remains of a moat point out the place where these robbers erected a stronghold.

King Alfred had a palace at Milton, which caused it to be called “The royal town of Milton.”

A short walk further, and we come to a slight ascent called Caicol-Hill. On this spot the Kentish Britons were encountered by Caius Trebonius, who had been detached by Cæsar with three legions and all his cavalry for forage, on which occasion the Britons were beaten.

Passing over Standard Hill, we come to the ancient town of Newington. Here are the very slight remains of the nunnery of Newington. By whom it was founded no record remains. Tradition, however, gives its Gothic walls and cloistered seclusion an evil repute. The nuns of Newington strangled their prioress in her bed, and, to hide the deed, cast her body into a deep pit. The crime was, however discovered, and Henry the Third delivered the unscrupulous sisterhood who were guilty over to the secular power, to be dealt with according to their deserts. After this he filled their cloister with seven secular canons. This fraternity, however, seem to have

been as bad a lot as the sisterhood they succeeded, for four of the shavelings, very soon after their admission, murdered one of their own brother canons, and they were ousted and executed in turn. So much for the nunnery of Newington.

We now left this neighbourhood of monkish misdeed, and, girding up our loins, proceeded through the village of Rainham, passed over the old Roman road, the famous Watling Street, and stood upon Chatham Hill. Here we reined up for a time; and, as we paused to regard the magnificent specimen of castellated grandeur which is here first seen towering over the neighbouring town, we reflected, for a moment, upon the fierce contentions of the Norman period, during which this old road must have been the constant witness of battle and slaughter, flight and pursuit.

Descending the chalky hill, we come to Chatham, a town well known to the united services. Here the traveller quickly forgets the "overtaken past" in the bustle and stir of objects of present interest. In the crowded streets of Chatham we fall in, at every step, with the soldiers of the latest fields in which the British flag has been unfurled. Every fourth man one meets in Chatham wears the uniform of the unwearied, indefatigable infantry of the line. As we passed into Rochester, a regiment just disembarked was marching into the town. Their medals told of the last-fought fields in India, and they came on in all the delight of again reaching home, absolutely dancing and singing through the streets.

THE WATER-LILY.

"She that purifies the light,
The virgin Lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame."

HOOD.

THE earth lay dreaming in a golden light,
The tall trees cast their shadows in the pool
Where lay the water-lily gleaming bright
Amid the sedgy umbrage dun and cool,
All clad in fairest white like saintly nun,
Or, like some veiled bride* in nuptial dress,
Who feels another's heart in her's is wound,
Another life of duty is begun,
And trembles in her love and loveliness,—
Amid its shining leaves it lay at rest
Reclined upon the water's throbbing breast,
Answering its ev'ry motion, ev'ry bound,
As though some mystic love to them was given:
The Vestal of the Wave, it lay and look'd to heaven!

Univ. Coll. Durham.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

* *Nymphaea* (νυμφη "a bride") *alba* is its botanical name.





Glückw. den Beckhoren.

MEMOIR OF BEETHOVEN.

BY MISS THOMASINA ROSS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.*

An eminent composer of the sixteenth century, Claudio Monteverde of Cremona, was the first who ventured to break through the orthodox rules of counterpoint, which before his time had been regarded as sacred and inviolable. Throwing aside the fetters imposed on him by the composers of earlier days, Monteverde boldly struck out a path for himself. In like manner did Beethoven daringly break through pre-established rules, and, the consequence was, that in the early part of his career he was exposed to the same sort of censure which two centuries previously had assailed the contrapuntist of Cremona. His innovations far outstripped those of Haydn and Mozart, who, in their turn had deviated from the still more rigid laws observed by Handel and Sebastian Bach. But Beethoven was happily endowed with an independence of mind which enabled him to pursue his course heedless of critical reproof, and the mighty power of his genius soon triumphed over all opposition. At the commencement of the present century Beethoven's grand orchestral compositions would scarcely have been listened to anywhere but in Germany; and now no composer can be said to enjoy more universal admiration. He disdained to copy his predecessors in the most distant manner, and, by his bold, energetic, and original style, he carried off the prize of musical Olympus.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn. His father was a singer attached to the Electoral Chapel, and his grandfather, who is said to have been a native of Maestricht,† was music-director at Bonn in the time of the Elector Clemens. It has been alleged that Beethoven was a natural son of Frederick the Great. This story, which is entirely devoid of foundation, occasioned great annoyance to Beethoven, who, however, satisfactorily refuted it. In a letter on the subject, addressed to his friend, Dr. Wegcler, dated 1826, he, very much to his honour, requests the doctor "will make known to the world the unblemished character of his mother."

Beethoven received elementary instruction at a public school, whilst his father taught him music at home, where he studied the pianoforte and violin. When practising the latter instrument, he was accustomed to retire to a closet in a remote part of the house; and it is related, that, as soon as he began to play, a spider used to let itself down from the ceiling, and alight upon the instrument. The young musician became interested in watching this spider, and in endeavouring to discover how its movements might be influenced by music. One day his mother happened to enter the closet when the spider had settled itself on the violin. Casting her eye on what she supposed to be an unpleasant intruder, she whisked it away with her handkerchief, and killed it. This incident is said to have produced a most powerful effect on the sensitive mind of Beethoven, and it was

* The annexed portrait, engraved by permission of Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., is considered by Mr. Charles Czerny to be the most correct likeness of the celebrated composer.

† The preposition *van* attached to Beethoven's name denotes his Flemish descent.

some time before he recovered from the melancholy into which it plunged him.

At the age of 15, Beethoven having attained great proficiency on the organ, was appointed organist to the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, and the emperor, Joseph II., settled upon him a small pension. Being desirous of profiting by the instruction of Haydn, he obtained the elector's permission to reside in Vienna for a few years; and in 1792 he left Bonn for that purpose. All the talent of musical Germany was at that time congregated in the Austrian capital, and Beethoven, then in his twenty-second year, was so charmed with the congenial society by which he found himself surrounded, that he resolved to make Vienna his permanent place of abode. "Here will I stay," said he to himself, "even though the emperor should cut off my pension." He carried this resolution into effect, and, with the exception of one or two visits to Leipsic and Berlin, he spent the remainder of his life in or near Vienna. But he did not long continue the pupil of Haydn, with whom he soon became dissatisfied. Even at that early period of his life his temper was marked by caprice and singularity, and a determined resolution to follow his own taste and opinions in all questions relating to composition and scoring, rendered him a most refractory and wayward pupil.* He would not acknowledge himself to have been the pupil of Haydn, because, as he affirmed, he had never learned anything from him.† When Haydn left Vienna on his second visit to England, Beethoven rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded for their separation. He then began to take lessons from the celebrated Albrechtsberger, who, like Haydn, found him thoroughly untractable.

Among the many distinguished acquaintance formed by Beethoven soon after his arrival in Vienna, may be numbered the princely family of Lichnowsky. Prince Karl Lichnowsky, who had been a pupil of Mozart, was the Mæcenas of the musical professors then in Vienna. The prince assigned to Beethoven a yearly pension of six hundred florins, and he became the paternal friend of the young composer. The princess, also a most accomplished musician, extended to him the affection of a mother. The attentions lavished on him by this illustrious couple were almost ludicrous; and, truly, the eccentricities, and the strange temper of their *protégé*, must frequently have taxed their indulgence to the utmost. Taking a retrospect of this period of his life, he observes, in a letter to a friend: "The

* His unwillingness to conform to rules is exemplified in the following anecdote related by Ries, in his "*Notizen ueber Bethoven.*" "One day, during a walk, I was talking to him of two consecutive-fifths which occur in one of his earliest violin quartets in C minor, and which, to my surprise, sound most harmoniously. Beethoven did not know what I meant, and would not believe the intervals could be fifths. He soon produced the piece of music paper which he was in the habit of carrying about with him, and I wrote down the passage with its four parts. When I had thus proved myself to be right, he said, 'Well, and who forbids them?' Not knowing what to make of this question, I was silent, and he repeated it several times, until I at length replied, 'Why, it is one of the very first rules.' He, however, still repeated his question, and I answered, 'Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs, &c.—in fact, all our theorists.' 'Well, then, I permit them,' was his final answer."

† At this ungracious treatment, Haydn very naturally felt offended; but however true it might be that he had *learned* nothing from his master, yet traces of Haydn's classic elegance of style are clearly discernible in some of Beethoven's early works.

princess treated me with *grandmotherly* fondness, and sometimes I could well-nigh have persuaded myself that she would have a glass shade put over me, lest I should be touched or breathed on by persons whom she deemed unworthy to approach me."

In this brightest interval of the great composer's existence, whilst he was mingling in the gayest and most intellectual circles of Viennese society, he conceived an ardent and romantic attachment for a lady of noble family. This affair is alluded to by some of his biographers, but in a manner sufficiently vague to warrant the inference that it was clouded in mystery. Beethoven's correspondence contains several letters to this lady. They are addressed to "Julia," and from their tenor it is obvious that an obstacle more formidable than difference of rank rendered a union with the object of his affections impossible. A paper, in his own handwriting, contains the following passage, evidently referring to this subject:

"Love—love alone is capable of conferring on me a happier state of existence. Oh, heaven! let me at length find her,—she who may strengthen me in virtue—who may *lawfully* be mine."

But, whatever may be the facts connected with this unfortunate attachment, it furnished inspiration for one of Beethoven's most exquisite productions, viz. the Sonata Op. 27. This composition is known throughout Austria by the name of the "Moonlight Sonata"—a name intended merely to indicate the tender and romantic colouring with which it is imbued. In the published copies, the title and dedication differ, from the style in which they appear in the composer's MS., where the following words are written at the head of the composition: "Sonata quasi Fantasia dedicata alla Madama-zella Contessa Giulietta di Guicciardi."

During an interval of ten or twelve years, the first performances of all Beethoven's works regularly took place at Prince Lichnowsky's musical parties. On the occasion on which the celebrated Razumovsky Quartett was first played, the performers were, Schuppinzigh (first violin), Sina (second), Weiss (viola), and Kraft alternately with Linke (violoncello). In the frequent rehearsals of the quartett, Beethoven seemed to have infused into the souls of the performers some portion of his own sublime spirit, and the result was a degree of perfection which enraptured the assembled *cognoscenti*.

Beethoven's quartett music, which may be said to have opened a new world of art full of sublime conceptions and revelations, found worthy interpreters in the four great instrumentalists above named, over the purity of whose performance the composer watched with unceasing anxiety. In 1825, when one of his last difficult quartetts was to be performed before a very select audience, he sent to Schuppenzigh, Sina, Weiss, and Linke, the parts respectively allotted to them, accompanied by the following droll letter:

"My dear Friends,

"Herewith each of you will receive what belongs to him, and you are hereby engaged to play, on condition that each binds himself upon his honour to do his best to distinguish himself, and to surpass the rest. This paper must be signed by each of those who have to cooperate in the performance in question. "BEETHOVEN."

In the year 1800, the grand oratorio of the "Mount of Olives" was commenced, and whilst engaged on that work, the composer expe-

rienced the first symptoms of the deafness which subsequently became so fatal. He wrote the "Mount of Olives" during a summer sojourn at Hetzendorf, a village contiguous to the gardens of the imperial palace of Schönbrunn. At that place he spent several summers in complete seclusion, and there he composed his "Fidelio," in the year 1805. Beethoven used to relate that he wrote these two great works in the thickest part of the wood in the park of Schönbrunn, seated between two branches of an oak, which shot out near the ground from the trunk of the tree. Schindler mentions that, in the year 1823, he visited that part of the park in company with Beethoven. and that he then saw the tree which conjured up many interesting reminiscences.

A lingering fit of illness, accompanied by increasing deafness, disabled him, for the space of two or three years, from proceeding with a work which he had long previously planned out. This was the *Sinfonia Eroica*, intended as an homage to Napoleon, then First Consul of the French republic.* A copy of the sinfonia, with a dedication to the conqueror of Marengo, was on the point of being despatched to Paris, through the French embassy at Vienna, when intelligence was received that Napoleon had caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the French. On hearing this, Beethoven tore off the title leaf of the symphony, and flung the work itself on the floor, with a torrent of execration against the "new tyrant." So great was Beethoven's vexation at this event, that it was long ere he could be persuaded to present his composition to the world. When it subsequently appeared, the words "*Per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un grand'uomo*" were appended to the title.

The next great labour of the composer was his opera of "Fidelio," which was first performed under the title of "Leonora," at the Theater an der Wien. To this opera, Beethoven composed no less than four overtures, and rejected them all by turns. The splendid overture in E (that now performed with the opera), was not written till the year 1815.

In 1809, the appointment of kapell-meister to the King of Westphalia was offered to Beethoven with a salary of 600 ducats. However it was considered discreditable to Austria to suffer the great composer, whom she proudly called her own, to be transferred to any other country. Accordingly the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Kinsky, and Prince Lobkowitz, offered to settle upon him an annuity of 4000 florins, on condition that he would not quit Austria—a condition to which Beethoven readily acceded.

All persons of intelligence and taste, who visited Vienna, eagerly sought an introduction to Beethoven; the consequence was that he was beset by visitors from all parts of the world, who approached him with the deference they would have rendered to a sovereign. Among the eminent persons introduced to the great composer in the year 1810, was Bettina Brentano, better known as Madame Von Arnim. This celebrated lady has described her interviews with the composer in her letters to Göthe, contained in the well-known publication entitled, "Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde." Bettina paved the way to a personal acquaintance between Göthe and Beethoven; and these two eminent men met for the first time in the summer of 1812 at Tœplitz.

* The idea is said to have been suggested to the composer by Bernadotte, at that time French Ambassador in Vienna.

Whilst struggling with declining health and constantly increasing deafness, Beethoven produced many of his immortal works; among others the symphony in A major, and the "Battle Symphony." The latter was composed in commemoration of the battle of Vittoria. It is a magnificent specimen of that style of composition called by the Germans *tonmalerei* (musical-painting), and it portrays with graphic powers, through the medium of sounds, the horrors of war, and the triumph of victory. There is one passage in the piece, which though trifling in itself, is indicative of the master-mind of the composer. At the opening of the symphony, the air of "Marlbrook" is introduced as the national march played by the French troops whilst advancing. But as the battle proceeds, it becomes evident to the hearer that the French are giving way, and that they are falling in numbers before the British army. At length the band, which at the commencement of the conflict was spiritedly playing "Marlbrook," is gradually dispersed, and only *one* fifer is heard attempting to keep up the fast-fleeting valour of his countrymen by the inspiring strain of the favourite march. But the solitary musician is wearied and dispirited, and he now plays "Marlbrook" in the minor key, slowly and sorrowfully, and in broad contrast with the gay allegro which marked its commencement. This is a true touch of nature.

The first performance of the "Battle Symphony" took place in the Hall of the University of Vienna, in December 1812, and the proceeds of the performance were destined for the benefit of the Austrian and Bavarian soldiers disabled at the battle of Hanau. On this occasion the leading musicians of Germany took the most subordinate parts in the orchestra, all feelings of professional importance being merged in sentiments of charity and patriotism. In a letter of thanks addressed to the orchestral performers, Beethoven observes:—"On me devolved the task of conducting the whole, because the music was my composition; but had it been by any one else, I should have taken my place at the great drum just as cheerfully as Hummel did, for we were all actuated solely by the pure feeling of patriotism, and a willingness to exert our abilities for those who had sacrificed so much for us."

The cantata, entitled *Die glorreiche Augenblick*, was composed in honour of the Congress of Vienna, during which the allied sovereigns shewed marked attention to Beethoven, and the Emperor Alexander repeatedly visited him.

From the year 1815 Beethoven's life was overclouded by an accumulation of unfortunate circumstances, which rendered him deplorably unhappy. The loss of a portion of the pension settled on him in 1809 had greatly diminished his pecuniary resources. Added to this, a nephew, who was under his guardianship, whom he tenderly loved, and for whom he had made great sacrifices, deeply afflicted him by his misconduct.

His deafness speedily increased so much as to deprive him almost totally of the sense of hearing, and consequently, to unfit him for conducting an orchestra. A touching instance of this unfitness is related by Schindler. It occurred when Beethoven was invited to conduct his "Fidelio" at the court opera house in Vienna. He took the *tempi* either much too quick, or much too slow, to the great embarrassment of the singers and the orchestra. "For some time," says Schindler, "the efforts of Kapell-Meister

Umlauf, kept the performers together, but, it was soon found impossible to proceed, and it was necessary to say to poor Beethoven, 'This will not do.' But no one had the courage to utter these words, and when Beethoven perceived a certain embarrassment in every countenance, he motioned me to write down for him what it meant. In a few words I stated the cause, at the same time entreating him to desist, on which he immediately left the orchestra. The melancholy which seized him after this painful incident was not dispelled the whole day, and during dinner he uttered not a single word."

Having completed his ninth symphony, he planned two great works. One was an oratorio, to be entitled "The Victory of the Cross:" the other, which he proposed making the grand effort of his life,—the conclusion of his artistical exertions,—was to set Göthe's "Faust" to music. But these works, together with a projected requiem, were all laid aside, for the purpose of proceeding with some quartetts, which the Russian Prince Nicolas Galitzin had commissioned him to compose. For these quartetts, the Prince agreed to pay the sum of 125 ducats, but Beethoven never received a fraction of the money. On these quartetts he was occupied for several years, his progress being repeatedly interrupted by ill health. The first work produced after his partial recovery from a protracted indisposition, was the quartett, (No. 12) with the remarkable adagio, having affixed to it the words: "Canzone di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla Divinita da un guarito." But the convalescence thus beautifully commemorated was not of long duration. The composer was soon seized with inflammation of the lungs, accompanied by symptoms of dropsy, which confined him to his bed, and utterly disabled him from writing. It is melancholy to reflect that in this sad condition, Beethoven was painfully pressed by pecuniary difficulties. To the disgrace of the Viennese, who were then in the delirium of what was not inaptly termed the *Rossini fever*, their own great musician was neglected and forgotten. But for a donation of 100*l.* sent to Beethoven by the Philharmonic Society, who had previously, on two occasions, invited him to London, he must have wanted comforts and even necessities. After lingering for some time in a hopeless condition, symptoms of a speedy termination to his sufferings appeared, and he breathed his last on the 26th of March, 1827.

The character of Beethoven affords a curious subject of speculation to the observer of the phenomena of the human mind; and it must not be supposed that the materials collected by the industry and curiosity of his various biographers are exhausted in the above brief memoir of this extraordinary man. The struggle between the conscious authority of the lofty mind, and the internal conviction of defective personal qualifications (a struggle forcibly marked on the character of Beethoven), remains yet to be portrayed. His aspiration for the beautiful—unattainable even by his mastery over the resources of art,—his honourable contempt of vulgar ambition and sordid meanness—his blighted affections,—the gradual decay and final loss of that faculty regarded by the multitude as the one on which his very existence and claim to attention must depend,—(for who would before have believed in the possibility of a deaf musician?)—all these circumstances have yet to be traced in their operation until the dreary end closes upon the great Beethoven; dead, even before death, to the glory which was expanding round his name.

A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MRS. PERCY SINNET.

As I have not the enviable power possessed by the lady in Tancred, who could "describe in a sentence, and personify in a phrase," I must devote several lines to the locality before attempting to give an account of the diplomatic fête of Sultan Abd-ul-Meschid, to which I had lately the honour of being invited.

The Haider Pascha, the great grassy plain on which it took place, is situated on the hilly shore of the Asiatic Bosphorus, in the rear of the towns of Chalcedon and Scutari, which as you know pass for suburbs of Constantinople. It lies to the left, behind the hill of Scutari, and has a prospect not directly upon the landing-place, but in a slanting direction towards the sea near the Prince's Islands.

On the appointed day, a whole army of green tents was arranged in the most beautiful order, with the opening towards the Bosphorus, for sake of the cool breezes. The Hill of Scutari, open on three sides, was especially appropriated for the discharge of rockets and firing; and on the verdant level was to be the place of the Sultan's kiosk, and that of the famous table tent, which cost Sultan Mahmud a million and a half piastres, and may be looked on as the ark of the covenant between Islam and Christendom.

Whoever seeks the favour of the Christians must of course, before all things, give them plenty to eat and drink, and the feast of the circumcision of the sultan's two elder sons, offered a favourable opportunity for drawing closer the bonds of friendship in good occidental fashion. As the father of the great Sesostris caused all the boys in Egypt born on the same day as his son to be reared at the royal cost, so all sons of Mussulman parents born within the last ten years in the neighbourhood of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and who had not yet received sacrament of Islam, were now to do so at the charge of the sultan. Eight thousand boys were inscribed and accommodated in a new and well-arranged wooden building, furnished with nine hundred beds; and, in addition to the necessary expenses, and a daily allowance of two hundred piastres, each boy was presented with a new robe as a baptismal gift. Five steam vessels were employed from morning to evening, in bringing over the public, all at the imperial charge, and with a care of which we in Europe have no idea, other boats made the round from San Stefano to the Black Sea, to collect the boys with their parents or relations, and carry them back again laden with the royal gifts. Three times a day there were discharges of artillery, and at sunset began the fiery rain of many coloured rockets, and countless lamps glittered on the Haider Pascha and along the shores of the tepid Bosphorus as far as Bujukdere. The whole body of officials, from the Grand Vizier to the lowest servant in a public office, became, for the time, dwellers in tents and the sultan's guests. Including the immediate servants of the sultan, and the guard on duty, not less, it is said, than one hundred thousand men were entertained by the imperial host. "Ad quid perditio hæc?" What upon earth was the use of all this waste of rockets, powder, rice, and flour, asks some

finance Iscariot of the West? Thirty millions of piastres (seven and a half millions of francs). What a horrible waste cries some Western child of Mammon, devouring with greedy glance all this oriental magnificence.

On the 23rd Sept., at two o'clock, the whole diplomatic corps, with their secretaries and interpreters, were invited to an imperial banquet, and "by particular desire, all in full puff." All that vanity has invented from Lisbon to Teheran, to disguise the poverty of the inside by the splendour of the out, was put in requisition by the different representatives of western majesty. Thirty of the highest Turkish dignitaries, resplendent in diamonds and gold embroidery, accompanied them. What a constellation of glories—how their diamonds flashed back the radiance of the sun! As ill luck would have it, in the midst of all this splendour, a tremendous storm burst over the Pontus at midnight; its violence was most unusual even on the Bosphorus. As for the dinner, it was not to be thought of, although so many of the guests had arrived; the tents were flooded, the viands completely spoiled, and the plain of Haider Pascha became an impassable swamp. In the hope of better fortune, a second day, the 28th, was appointed. Four steam vessels, a Russian, an English, and an Austrian Lloyd's started together from Bujukdere. To revenge the former disappointment, Messieurs, the diplomatists, were more magnificent than ever. The rivalry between the House of Bourbon and the House of Hapsburg dates, as is well-known, from above three hundred years ago, and although now, in more peaceful fashion than of yore, the old spirit is ready to break out on every occasion. The French had an engine of two hundred horse-power stronger than the Austrian, and had set off full ten minutes sooner; luckily, the Imperatore in which we had embarked, was one of the best of Lloyd's sailers in the Mediterranean, and the captain a picked man. We passed our panting rival triumphantly, and reached the anchoring-place considerably before her. But alas! it was a barren victory! We lay off the shore and beheld the long array of green tents, the wooden amphitheatre, the plane-trees, and the curious crowd waiting to feast their eyes on the glory of the West. The officer appointed to introduce the ambassadors, was waiting to receive us, and carriages and horses in superfluity were ready for our conveyance.

"But the gods," says Herodotus, "are envious of the happiness of mortals." The wicked clouds were in waiting also. The landing began with the strictest order and etiquette. The internuncio's boat, with its ten gondoliers in scarlet and white, had landed its first cargo, and our turn was coming,—when, crash! down came the tempest from the Balkan, with a howl and a roar, the thunder booming heavily, the lightnings flashing vividly on Chalcedon, and the clouds emptying a second deluge on the glittering diplomatists. How the crowd scampered! and how the bestarred and be-ordered gentry scrambled into the carriages! Some Turkish women lost their veils in their flight, and white and black-plumed diplomatic hats were the sport of the pitiless wind; some axletrees broke, some of the riders tumbled, and—tell it not in Gath—more than one representative of a Lord's anointed kissed the slimy plain of Haider Pascha in their white kerseymere pantaloons. An occasional watery gleam of sunshine awakened our hopes only to mock them; and the lengthened faces and forlorn toi-

lettres that at last presented themselves where the Turkish grandezza awaited them in solemn tranquillity may be better imagined than described.

The meadow on which stood the sultan's kiosk, the theatre for the chief actors in the ceremony, and the great table-tent was enclosed on three sides. On the fourth the entrance was guarded by a lieutenant-general and his battalion in battle array. The long corridor, leading to the hall of audience, supported on columns, and in which was placed the orchestra, was well covered with matting and carpets; the temporary audience-chamber itself abundantly provided with tables, sofas, chairs, and divans; and on either side of the entrance stood a file of the palace guards, flaming in scarlet and gold, with their scarlet tchakos adorned, in addition to their gold edging, by a long green plume resembling a palm branch, and holding long gilded halberts in their hands.

Nearly an hour was spent in mutual compliments and fine speeches, before the thunder of the artillery announced the approach of the sultan. At last the heavily embroidered, silver-fringed, blue silk curtain was raised. At the foot of the steps, Chusun Pascha, little, old, fat, and blue-eyed, was seated on a chair, to await his clients till the audience was over. Chusun Pascha, full of riches and honours as of years (he is full eighty), has a smile for every one; and if his hair and beard were not grey, might serve as a model for the head of Antinous. He has no longer strength enough to mount steps, or to stand for any length of time; yet he never fails to be present at a grand ceremonial, and is the only Turkish grandee who has the right of sitting in the sultan's palace, or, as some say, even in the imperial presence.

Since the reforms began under Mahmud II., the sultan stands when he gives audience; and, with the exception of some arabesques on the walls, and blue silk hangings to the window, there was no furniture whatever in the room. A semicircle was formed, stretching from one side to the other, by the diplomatic corps and the Turkish dignitaries. The sultan entered from a side cabinet, and stood still before part of the circle formed by his own subjects; and Ali Effendi, minister for foreign affairs, interpreted, with every sign of the deepest reverence, the words that fell from the royal lips to the dean of the diplomatic body, this time the French ambassador. No doubt his majesty had his answer ready to the stereotyped civilities of the West, and has probably repeated it scores of times. The double mishap of the weather necessitated a few civil phrases in addition to the usual form. In spite of the formality of the expressions, we were all most anxious to hear the sound of the sultan's voice. Unluckily, this was no easy matter. While in the Persian imperial audience-chamber people bawl at the shah, at ten paces' distance, in Stamboul sovereign and servant spoke in so low a tone, that they were scarcely audible at three. To make amends, our western curiosity was gratified by a most satisfactory stare at the eastern potentate.

Abd-ul-Meschid is above the middle height, broad-shouldered and finely shaped, with the youthful luxuriance and fulness of form on which the Asiatic eye is so well pleased to rest; and his natural advantages were further set off by the elegant simplicity of a close-fitting dark blue surtout, embroidered on the seams with gold, white

pantaloon, and polished European *chaussure*. Notwithstanding some traces of the small-pox, his face has much manly beauty, with its high forehead, finely arched brows, small mouth, and straight, well-formed nose. The sultan has nothing of the look of premature decay so often spoken of in Europe; but in spite of his Caucasian blood by the mother's side, Abd-ul-Meschied has the olive-tinted skin of his Turcoman ancestors. His profile is very handsome; the moustache is short and thick, and his whiskers and beard kept within due bounds. His *solitaire* was a large diamond as big as a pigeon's egg. Sultan Abd-ul-Meschied is twenty-three years old, and, though not disinclined to pleasure, capable of severe labour, and is undeniably one of the best-intentioned princes of our time. At the end of the ceremony, Baron Bourgueney and Count Sturmer presented some strangers accidentally at Constantinople, and who had also received invitations through the minister of foreign affairs.*

In private audiences the sultan speaks to individuals, a condescension not permitted by Turkish etiquette on public occasions. Without saying a word, his majesty fixes his eyes on the person presented, and that is a sultan's greeting, and, according to Asiatic notions, a signal favour.

On dismissing us, the sultan and some of his great men remained standing and motionless, till the last of the glittering throng had vanished.

* Le Ministre des affaires étrangères, par ordre de Sa Majesté Imperiale le Sultan, prie Mon. — de vouloir bien assister au dîner, qui aura lieu Jeudi prochain, 23 Septembre, à Haider Pascha, à huit heures à la Turquie.

LOVE'S DESERTION.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LOVE was born one joyous evening,
In a glance from Julia's eye,
And I found myself ere morning,
Doomed her willing slave to sigh.

Darkening clouds fell o'er each moment
Not enlivened by her smile,
Or that graceful fairy figure,
Stealing all my peace the while.

Angelic, pure, ethereal!
Heavens! she was all divine,
Yet I dared—a common mortal—
Hope, kind fate, and she was mine.

Life was changed, for all was golden,
Her halo shed its lustre round;
This indeed was pure elysium,
Happiness on earth was found.

Love lay down upon our threshold,
Smiling all the livelong day,
In a love-knot tied his pinions,
Resolved to never fly away.

But, fatal truth, one morning early,
Love had lost some little grace,
He frowned and sulked, and slyly pointed
To my charmer's dirty face.

Next day I found Love very poorly
With a horrid touch of vapours,
For he'd seen my lovely angel
Come down, in her hair-curl papers.

Incensed, he packed his bow and arrows,
And left the place without a sigh,
For she breakfasted next morning,
Without stays, and cap awry!

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

“Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.”—HALLAM.

No. II.—DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

“The Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole Western world, were involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens in the harbour of Syracuse. Had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East; Greece and not Rome might have conquered Carthage; Greek instead of Latin might have been at this day the principal element of the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens, rather than of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilised world.”—ARNOLD.

Few cities have undergone more memorable sieges during ancient and mediæval times than has the city of Syracuse. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Saracen, and Norman, have in turns beleaguered her walls; and the resistance which she successfully opposed to some of her early assailants, was of the deepest importance, not only to the fortunes of the generations then in being, but to all the subsequent current of human events. To adopt the eloquent expressions of Arnold respecting the check which she gave to the Carthaginian arms, “Syracuse was a breakwater, which God’s providence raised up to protect the yet immature strength of Rome.” And her triumphant repulse of the great Athenian expedition against her was of even more wide-spread and enduring importance. It forms a decisive epoch in the strife for universal empire, in which all the great states of antiquity successively engaged and failed.

The present city of Syracuse is a place of little or no military strength; as the fire of artillery from the neighbouring heights would almost completely command it. But in ancient warfare its position, and the care bestowed on its walls, rendered it formidably strong against the means of offence which then were employed by besieging armies.

The ancient city, in its most prosperous times, was chiefly built on the knob of land which projects into the sea on the eastern coast of Sicily, between two bays; one of which, to the north, was called the Bay of Thapsus, while the southern one formed the great harbour of the city of Syracuse itself. A small island, or peninsular (for such it soon was rendered,) lies at the south-eastern extremity of this knob of land, stretching almost entirely across the mouth of the great harbour, and rendering it nearly land-locked. This island comprised the original settlement of the first Greek colonists from Corinth, who founded Syracuse 2500 years ago; and the modern city has shrunk again into these primary limits. But, in the fifth century before our era, the growing wealth and population of the Syracusans had led them to occupy and include within their city-walls portion after portion of the mainland lying next to the little isle, so that at the time of the Athenian expedition the seaward part

of the knob of land recently spoken of was built over, and fortified from bay to bay, and constituted the larger part of Syracuse.

The landward wall, therefore, of this district of the city, traversed this knob of land, which continues to slope upwards from the sea, and which to the west of the old fortifications, (that is, towards the interior of Sicily,) rises rapidly for a mile or two, but diminishes in width, and finally terminates in a long narrow ridge, between which and Mount Hybla a succession of chasms and uneven low ground extends. On each flank of this ridge the descent is steep and precipitous from its summits to the strips of level land that lie immediately below it, both to the south-west and north-west.

The usual mode of assailing fortified towns in the time of the Peloponnesian war was to build a double-wall round them, sufficiently strong to check any sally of the garrison from within, or any attack of a relieving force from without. The interval within the two walls of the circumvallation was roofed over, and formed barracks, in which the besiegers posted themselves, and awaited the effects of want or treachery among the besieged in producing a surrender. And, in every Greek city of those days, as in every Italian republic of the middle ages, the rage of domestic sedition between aristocrats and democrats ran high. Rancorous refugees swarmed in the camp of every invading enemy; and every blockaded city was sure to contain within its walls a body of intriguing malcontents, who were eager to purchase a party-triumph at the expense of a national disaster. Famine and faction were the allies on whom besiegers relied. The generals of that time trusted to the operation of these sure confederates as soon as they could establish a complete blockade. They rarely ventured on the attempt to storm any fortified post. For, the military engines of antiquity were feeble in breaching masonry, before the improvements which the first Dionysius effected in the mechanics of destruction; and the lives of the boldest and most highly-trained spearmen would, of course, have been idly squandered in charges against unshattered walls.

A city built upon the sea, like Syracuse was impregnable, save by the combined operations of a superior hostile fleet, and a superior hostile army. And Syracuse, from her size, her population, and her military and naval resources, not unnaturally thought herself secure from finding in another Greek city a foe capable of sending a sufficient armament against her to menace her with capture and subjection. But, in the spring of 414 B.C. the Athenian navy was mistress of her harbour, and the adjacent seas; an Athenian army had defeated her troops, and cooped them within the town; and from bay to bay a blockading-wall was being rapidly carried across the strips of level ground and the high ridge outside the city (then termed *Epipolæ*), which, if completed, would have cut the Syracusans off from all succour from the interior of Sicily, and have left them at the mercy of the Athenian generals. The besiegers' works were indeed, unfinished; but every day the unfortified interval in their lines grew narrower, and with it diminished all apparent hope of safety for the beleaguered town.

Athens was now staking the flower of her forces, and the accumulated fruits of seventy years of glory, on one bold throw for the dominion of the Western world. As Napoleon from Mount Cœur de Lion pointed to St. Jean d'Acre, and told his staff that the cap-

ture of that town would decide his destiny, and would change the face of the world; so, the Athenian officers, from the heights of Epipolæ, must have looked on Syracuse, and felt that with its fall all the known powers of the earth would fall beneath them. They must have felt, also, that Athens, if repulsed there, must pause for ever from her career of conquest, and sink from an imperial republic into a ruined and subservient community.

At Marathon, the first in date of the Great Battles of the World, we beheld Athens struggling for self-preservation against the invading armies of the East. At Syracuse she appears as the ambitious and oppressive invader of others. In her, as in other republics of old and of modern times, the same energy that had inspired the most heroic efforts in defence of the national independence, soon learned to employ itself in daring and unscrupulous schemes of self-aggrandizement at the expense of neighbouring nations. In the interval between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars she had rapidly grown into a conquering and dominant state, the chief of a thousand tributary cities, and the mistress of the largest and best-manned navy that the Mediterranean had yet beheld. The occupations of her territory by Xerxes and Mardonius, in the second Persian war, had forced her whole population to become mariners; and the glorious results of that struggle confirmed them in their zeal for their country's service at sea. The voluntary suffrage of the Greek cities of the coasts and islands of the Ægean first placed Athens at the head of the confederation formed for the further prosecution of the war against Persia. But this titular ascendancy was soon converted by her into practical and arbitrary dominion. She protected them from the Persian power, which soon fell into decrepitude and decay, but she exacted in return implicit obedience to herself. She claimed and enforced a prerogative of taxing them at her discretion; and proudly refused to be accountable for her mode of expending their supplies. Remonstrance against her assessments was treated as factious disloyalty; and refusal to pay was promptly punished as revolt. Permitting and encouraging her subject allies to furnish all their contingents in money, instead of part consisting of ships and men, the sovereign republic gained the double object of training her own citizens by constant and well-paid service in her fleets, and of seeing her confederates lose their skill and discipline by inaction, and become more and more passive and powerless under her yoke. Their towns were generally dismantled, while the imperial city herself was fortified with the greatest care and sumptuousness: the accumulated revenues from her tributaries serving to strengthen and adorn to the utmost her havens, her docks, her arsenals, her theatres, and her shrines; and to array her in that plenitude of architectural magnificence, the ruins of which still attest the intellectual grandeur of the age and people, which produced a Pericles to plan, and a Phidias to perform.

All republics that acquire supremacy over other nations rule them selfishly and oppressively. There is no exception to this in either ancient or modern times. Carthage, Rome, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Holland, and Republican France, all tyrannized over every province and subject state, where they gained authority. But none of them openly avowed their system of doing so upon principle with the candour which the Athenian republicans dis-

played, when any remonstrance was made against the severe exactions which they imposed upon their vassal allies. They avowed that their empire was a tyranny, and frankly stated that they solely trusted to force and terror to uphold it. They appealed to what they called "the eternal law of nature, that the weak should be coerced by the strong."* Sometimes they stated, and not without some truth, that the unjust hatred of Sparta against themselves forced them to be unjust to others in self-defence. To be safe, they must be powerful; and to be powerful, they must plunder and coerce their neighbours. They never dreamed of communicating any franchise, or share in office, to their dependents; but jealously monopolized every post of command, and all political and judicial power; exposing themselves to every risk with unflinching gallantry; embarking readily in every ambitious scheme; and never suffering difficulty or disaster to shake their tenacity of purpose; in the hope of acquiring unbounded empire for their country, and the means of maintaining each of the 30,000 citizens, who made up the sovereign republic, in exclusive devotion to military occupations, or to those brilliant sciences and arts in which Athens already had reached the meridian of intellectual splendour.

She had hitherto safely defied the hatred and hostility of Sparta, and of Corinth, Thebes, and the other Greek states that still adhered to Lacedæmon as the natural head of Greece; and though entangled in a desperate war at home, which was scarcely suspended for a time by a hollow truce, Athens now had despatched "the noblest armament ever yet sent out by a free and civilised commonwealth," to win her fresh conquests in the Western seas. With the capture of Syracuse all Sicily, it was hoped, would be secured. Carthage and Italy were next to be attacked. With large levies of Iberian mercenaries she then meant to overwhelm her Peloponnesian enemies. The Persian monarchy lay in hopeless imbecility, inviting Greek invasion; nor did the known world contain the power that seemed capable of checking the growing might of Athens, if Syracuse once could be hers.

The national historian of Rome has left us, as an episode of his great work, a disquisition on the probable effects that would have followed if Alexander the Great had invaded Italy. Posterity has generally regarded that disquisition as proving Livy's patriotism more strongly than his impartiality or acuteness. Yet, right or wrong, the speculations of the Roman writer were directed to the consideration of a very remote possibility. To whatever age Alexander's life might have been prolonged, the East would have furnished full occupation for his martial ambition, as well as for those schemes of commercial grandeur and imperial amalgamation of nations, in which the truly great qualities of his mind loved to display themselves. With his death the dismemberment of his empire among his generals was certain, even as the dismemberment of Napoleon's empire among his marshals would certainly have ensued, if he had been cut off in the zenith of his power. Rome, also, was far weaker when the Athenians were in Sicily, than she was a century afterwards in Alexander's time. There can be little doubt but that Rome would have been blotted out from the independent powers of the

* *Ἄν καθευτῶτες τὸν ἥσσον ἰσὺς δυνατωτέρους κατεργασθῶσι*, THUC. I. 77.

West, had she been attacked at the end of the fifth century, B. C., by an Athenian army, largely aided by Spanish mercenaries, and flushed with triumphs over Sicily and Africa; instead of the collision between her and Greece having been deferred until the latter had sunk into decrepitude, and the Roman Mars had acquired the full vigour of manhood.

The Syracusans themselves, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, were a bold and turbulent democracy, tyrannizing over the weaker Greek cities in Sicily, and trying to gain in that island the same arbitrary supremacy which Athens maintained along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. In numbers and in spirit they were fully equal to the Athenians, but far inferior to them in military and naval discipline. When the probability of an Athenian invasion was first publicly discussed at Syracuse, and efforts made by some of the wiser citizens to improve the state of the National Defences, and prepare for the impending danger, the rumours of coming war, and the proposals for preparation were received by the mass of the Syracusans with scornful incredulity. The speech of one of their popular orators is preserved to us in Thucydides,* and many of its topics might, by a slight alteration of names and details, serve admirably for the party among ourselves at present, which opposes the augmentation of our forces, and derides the idea of our being in any peril from the sudden attack of a French expedition. The Syracusan orator told his countrymen to dismiss with scorn the visionary terrors which a set of designing men among themselves strove to excite, in order to get power and influence thrown into their own hands. He told them that Athens knew her own interest too well to think of wantonly provoking their hostility: "*Even if the enemies were to come,*" said he, "*so distant from their resources, and opposed to such a power as ours, their destruction would be easy and inevitable. Their ships will have enough to do to get to our island at all, and to carry such stores of all sorts as will be needed. They cannot, therefore, carry besides an army large enough to cope with such a population as ours. They will have no fortified place from which to commence their operations, but must rest them on no better base than a set of wretched tents and such means as the necessities of the moment will allow them. But in truth I do not believe that they would even be able to effect a disembarkation. Let us, therefore, set at nought these reports as altogether of home-manufacture; and be sure that if any enemy does come, the state will know how to defend itself, in a manner worthy of the national honour.*"

Such assertions pleased the Syracusan assembly; and their counterparts find favour now among some portion of the English public. But the invaders of Syracuse came; made good their landing in Sicily; and, if they had promptly attacked the city itself, the Syracusans must have paid the penalty of their self-sufficient carelessness in submission to the Athenian yoke. But, of the three generals who led the Athenian expedition, two only were men of ability, and one was most weak and incompetent. Fortunately for Syracuse, the most skilful of the three was soon deposed from his

* Lib. vi. Sec. 36, *et seq.* Arnold's edition. I have almost literally transcribed some of the marginal epitomes of the original speech.

command by a factious and fanatic vote of his fellow-countrymen, and the other competent one, Lamachus, fell early in a skirmish : while, more fortunately still for her, the feeble and vacillating Nicias remained unrecalled and unhurt, to assume the undivided leadership of the Athenian army and fleet, and to mar by alternate over-caution and over-carelessness, every chance of success which the early part of the operations offered. Still, even under him, the Athenians nearly won the town. They defeated the raw levies of the Syracusans, cooped them within the walls, and, as before-mentioned, almost effected a continuous fortification from bay to bay over Epipolæ, the completion of which would certainly have been followed by a capitulation.

An assembly of the Syracusans had actually been convened to discuss the propriety of opening negotiations with the besiegers, when the first galley arrived of a squadron of succour which the Peloponnesians had despatched to Syracuse, and which the culpable negligence of Nicias had not even endeavoured to intercept. The bulk of the relieving force, under the able guidance of the Spartan Gylippus landed at some distance from Syracuse, received considerable reinforcements from the other Siciliots, and turned the Athenian position by occupying the high ground in the extreme rear of Epipolæ. Gylippus marched through the unfortified interval of Nicias's lines into the besieged town ; and joining his troops with the Syracusan forces, after some engagements with varying success, gained the mastery over Nicias, drove the Athenians from Epipolæ, and hemmed them into a disadvantageous position in the low grounds near the great harbour.

The attention of all Greece was now fixed on Syracuse ; and every enemy of Athens felt the importance of the opportunity now offered of checking her ambition, and, perhaps, of striking a deadly blow at her power. Large reinforcements from Corinth, Thebes, and other cities, now reached the Syracusans ; while the baffled and dispirited Athenian general earnestly besought his countrymen to recall him, and represented the further prosecution of the siege as hopeless.

But Athens had made it a maxim never to let difficulty or disaster drive her back from any enterprise once undertaken, so long as she possessed the means of making any effort, however desperate, for its accomplishment. With indomitable pertinacity she now decreed instead of recalling her first armament from before Syracuse, to send out a second, though her enemies near home had now renewed open warfare against her, and by occupying a permanent fortification in her territory, had severely distressed her population, and were pressing her with almost all the hardships of an actual siege. She still was mistress of the sea, and she sent forth another fleet of seventy galleys, and another army, which seemed to drain almost the last reserves of her military population, to try if Syracuse could not yet be won, and the honour of the Athenian arms be preserved from the stigma of a retreat. Hers was, indeed, a spirit that might be broken but never would bend. At the head of this second expedition, she wisely placed her best general, Demosthenes, one of the most distinguished officers that the long Peloponnesian war had produced, and who, if he had originally held the Sicilian command, would soon have brought Syracuse to submission. His arrival before that city restored the superiority to the Athenians for a time by land and by sea, on both of

which elements the Syracusans had now been victorious over the dispirited soldiers and mariners who served under Nicias.

With the intuitive decision of a great commander, Demosthenes at once saw that the possession of Epipolæ was the key to the possession of Syracuse, and he resolved to make a prompt and vigorous attempt to recover that position while his force was unimpaired, and the consternation which its arrival had produced among the besieged remained unabated. The Syracusans and their allies had run out an outwork along Epipolæ from the city walls, intersecting the fortified lines of circumvallation which Nicias had commenced, but from which he had been driven by Gylippus. Could Demosthenes succeed in storming this outwork, and in re-establishing the Athenian troops on the high ground, he might fairly hope to be able to resume the circumvallation of the city, and become the conqueror of Syracuse.

An easily-repelled attack was first made on the outwork in the day-time, probably more with the view of blinding the besieged to the nature of the main operations, than with any expectation of succeeding in an open assault, with every disadvantage of the ground to contend against. But, when the darkness had set in, Demosthenes formed his men in columns, each soldier taking with him five days' provisions, and the engineers and workmen of the camp following the troops with their tools, and all portable implements of fortification, so as at once to secure any advantage of ground that the army might gain. Thus equipped and prepared, he led his men along by the foot of the southern flank of Epipolæ, in a direction towards the interior of the island, till he came immediately below the narrow ridge that forms the extremity of the high ground looking westward. He then wheeled his vanguard to the right, sent them rapidly up the paths that wind along the face of the cliff, and succeeded in completely surprising the Syracusan outposts, and in placing his troops fairly on the extreme summit of the all-important Epipolæ. Thence the Athenians marched eagerly down the slope towards the town, routing some Syracusan detachments that were quartered in their way, and vigorously assailing the unprotected side of the outwork. All at first favoured them. The outwork was abandoned by its garrison, and the Athenian engineers began to dismantle it. In vain Gylippus brought up fresh troops to check the assault; the Athenians broke and drove them back, and continued to press hotly forward, in the full confidence of victory. But, amid the general consternation of the Syracusans and their confederates, one body of infantry stood firm. This was a brigade of their Bœotian allies, which was posted low down the slope of Epipolæ outside the city walls. Coolly and steadily the Bœotian infantry formed their line, and, undismayed by the current of flight around them, advanced against the advancing Athenians. This was the crisis of the battle. But the Athenian van was disorganised by its own previous successes; and, yielding to the unexpected charge thus made on it by troops in perfect order, and of the most obstinate courage, it was driven back in confusion upon the other divisions of the army, that still continued to press forward. When once the tide was thus turned, the Syracusans passed rapidly from the extreme of panic to the extreme of vengeful daring, and with all their forces they now fiercely assailed the embarrassed and receding Athenians. In vain did the officers of the latter strive to reform their line. Amid the din and the

shouting of the fight, and the confusion inseparable upon a night engagement, especially one where many thousand combatants were pent and whirled together in a narrow and uneven area, the necessary manœuvres were impracticable; and though many companies still fought on desperately, wherever the moonlight shewed them the semblance of a foe, they fought without concert or subordination; and not unfrequently, amid the deadly chaos, Athenian troops assailed each other. Keeping their ranks close, the Syracusans and their allies prest on against the disorganized masses of the besiegers, and at length drove them, with heavy slaughter, over the cliffs, which an hour or two before they had scaled full of hope, and apparently certain of success.

This defeat was decisive of the event of the siege. The Athenians afterwards struggled only to protect themselves from the vengeance which the Syracusans sought to wreak in the complete destruction of their invaders. Never, however, was vengeance more complete and terrible. A series of sea-fights followed, in which the Athenian galleys were utterly destroyed or captured. The mariners and soldiers who escaped death in disastrous engagements, and a vain attempt to force a retreat into the interior of the island, became prisoners of war; and either perished miserably in the Syracusan dungeons, or were sold into slavery to the very men whom in their pride of power they had crossed the seas to enslave.

All danger from Athens to the independent nations of the West was now for ever at an end. She, indeed, continued to struggle against her combined enemies and revolted allies with unparalleled gallantry; and many more years of varying warfare passed away before she surrendered to their arms. But no success in subsequent contests could ever have restored her to the pre-eminence in enterprise, resources, and maritime skill, which she had acquired before her fatal reverses in Sicily. Nor among the rival Greek republics, whom her own rashness aided to crush her, was there any capable of reorganizing her empire, or resuming her schemes of conquest. The dominion of Western Europe was left for Rome and Carthage to dispute two centuries later, in conflicts still more terrible, and with even higher displays of military daring and genius, than Athens had witnessed either in her rise, her meridian, or her fall.

SONG.

By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice,
By the sparkling blue eyes of the maid of my choice,
By thy bright sunny ringlets, were I on a throne,
And thou what thou art, I should make thee my own.

By the smile on thy lip—by the bloom on thy cheek—
By thy looks of affection—the words thou dost speak—
By the heart warm with love in that bosom of snow,
I love thee much more than thou ever can'st know.

I love thee—I love thee—what can I say more,
Than tell what I've told thee so often before;
While others may court thee, may flatter, and praise,
Forget not our younger and happier days.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POET GRAY.

BY E. JESSE.

“ And ye that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way :

“ Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !”

EVERY thing in the neighbourhood of Windsor is redolent of Gray. Here his joys began, and his sorrows ended, but his poetry still breathes its inspirations in all we see around.

Perhaps there have been very few scenes more flattering to the genius of a poet than the one exhibited at the sale of Gray's manuscripts, at Evans's auction-room in Bond Street, in the winter of 1845. Every scrap of his writing was eagerly bought up. His *Elegy*, on one sheet of paper, was purchased for one hundred pounds; and his *Odes* for one hundred guineas. A letter sold for eleven guineas; and almost every thing else in proportion. But what struck me more than anything else at the sale of these numerous and interesting manuscripts, was the fact that, from nearly his earliest boyhood to the latest period of his life, everything had been written with an extreme neatness, very characteristic of the poet. Indeed there was a degree of elegance in all he did, and all he wrote, which, perhaps, has never been surpassed. One of his favourite studies was Natural History, and this is shewn by the marginal notes which he wrote in his copy of Linnæus, and in Hudson's *Flora Anglica*. He also interleaved, and almost entirely filled the tenth edition of the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus with notes and observations. He appears to have read Aristotle's treatise on Zoology, and explained some difficult passages in it, in consequence of his own observations.

It was evident, also, that he understood all the rich varieties of Gothic architecture, which he probably studied in his youth when he was abroad. He also acquired a considerable knowledge of heraldry, and left behind him many genealogical papers which prove him to have become master of the subject.

His notes in the catalogue of the pictures at Wilton, show that he had a fine taste for painting, and his sketches not only in the *Systema Naturæ*, of the heads of birds, and of insects, both in their natural size and magnified, with some other drawings, prove that he was no mean proficient in the art of drawing. Nor was he ignorant of music, if we may judge by what had belonged to him, and which was sold with his books and manuscripts.

Gardening would appear to have been a favourite amusement of Gray's, but especially floriculture; and in his pocket journals, some of which were sold, he noticed the opening of leaves and flowers, as

well as of the birds, insects, &c., seen by him at different periods, and much of his time must have been passed in these studies.

But on much smaller matters he bestowed attention. A friend of mine purchased at the sale of his library, a book of cookery, in which he had entered observations on the dishes of Mons. St. Clouet and Mr. W. Verral, and which the poet has altered and amended. The fly-leaves are filled with recipes for savory stews and hashes, and he remarks that he had tried one and found it bad.

Such is a short sketch of some of the acquirements of Gray. But it is in his poetry that we trace his talents and genius: and how much of it is connected with this neighbourhood in which he lived, and how much has he added to its interest? His Churchyard, as Dr. Johnson observed, "abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." It may also be said of Gray, that he was one of those few persons in the annals of literature, who did not write for the sake of profit; he evidently shunned the idea of being thought an author by profession. Whether this was owing to a certain degree of pride, to his high sense of honour, or to his good breeding, may remain a doubt, but he certainly did not seek for advantage from his literary pursuits.

While he was staying with his relations at Stoke, Gray wrote and sent to his friend West, that beautiful Ode on Spring, which begins—

" Lo! where the rosy bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!" &c.

This ode he sent, as soon as he had written it, to Mr. West, but he was dead before the letter which enclosed it had arrived. It was returned to him unopened. This Ode contains a kind of presentiment of the death of one so much beloved, and the lines, so well-known to the admirers of Gray, are extremely pathetic and beautiful.

Mr. West died in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and this circumstance adds a double interest to this beautiful ode.

The Ode to Adversity, and that on a distant prospect of Eton, were both of them written within three months after the death of Mr. West. His sorrow, also, for this event, was shown in a very affectionate sonnet, which concludes thus—

" I fruitless mourn for him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain."

But it was as a lover of nature—of these little incidents in rural life—of facts and circumstances in what he saw around him, whether the varied scenery of Stoke, the "beetle with its drowsy hum," and "droning flight," or the complaint of the "moping owl," that Gray's genius pleases most, and has done so much to immortalize his memory. That he studied nature, and wooed her charms in the delightful neighbourhood of Stoke, as well as in the wilder scenery of Italy, cannot be doubted. In fact, his mind appeared to be peculiarly adapted to enjoy rural scenes and rural objects, tinctured as it was with a dislike to the more bustling scenes of life, and this induced

a voluntary seclusion from the world. Under such circumstances, nature opened to him resources of which he eagerly availed himself, and which probably tended more than any thing else to dispel that dejection of spirits and mental uneasiness of which he complains in several of his letters. It is, indeed, sad to think that a man of such talents as Gray, with so many acquirements, with such virtues and such humanity, blameless in his life, and disinterested in all his pursuits, should have suffered in the way he describes himself to have done. He appears, however, to have met death with great tranquillity.

In one of his note-books, there is a slight sketch in verse of his own character. It was written in 1761.

“ Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
 He had not the method of making a fortune ;
 Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd ;
 No very great wit, he believed in a God.
 A post or a pension he did not desire,
 So left church and state to Charles Townshend and squire.”

The cause of Gray's quarrel with Horace Walpole has never been satisfactorily explained. Various causes have been assigned for it ; but I recently heard one mentioned, which is sufficient to account for the silence of Gray's biographer during the life-time of Walpole, when the memoirs of Gray were written, and, also, for the unwillingness the former evinced to enter into the subject, except by charging himself with the chief blame. The fact, I have been assured, was, that Gray had threatened to acquaint Sir Robert Walpole with his son's extravagance and dissipation when they were travelling together in Italy, and that Walpole, hearing he would do this, had opened some of Gray's letters. Gray very properly resented this as a most unjustifiable act, and parted from his companion. This will account for a passage in the manuscript of the Rev. W. Cole, who lived in terms of intimacy with Gray during the latter part of his life. “ When matters,” he remarks, “ were made up between Gray and Walpole, and the latter asked Gray to Strawberry Hill, when he came, he, without any ceremony, told Walpole that he came to wait on him as civility required, but by no means would he ever be there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled.”

Mr. Mitford has observed, that this account does not seem at all inconsistent with the independence and manly freedom which always accompanied the actions and opinions of Gray.

I am aware how very defective this short notice of him is ; but, residing in the neighbourhood where he lived, and constantly frequenting the spot where his remains were deposited, I could not refrain from adding mine to the many accounts of a poet so greatly admired. It has been said of him, that he joins to the sublimity of Milton, the elegance and harmony of Pope, and that nothing was wanting to render him, perhaps, the first poet in the English language, but to have written a little more.

ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF BLUE BEARD.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D.

It is a very common, but a very erroneous opinion that the legend of Blue Beard was devised by the Roman Catholics, as a satire on Henry VIII., and that its object was to strengthen the indignation with which his cruelty to his wives was viewed throughout Europe. There is nothing in the legend which can afford the slightest support to such a theory; the manners which the story portrays, describe a state of society long anterior to the age of the Tudors; they belong to a time when the murder of wives needed not to shelter itself under the form of law, the hero is not a king feeling something of the control which nascent public opinion imposes upon despotism; he is a castellan of the darkest period of the middle ages, when the only check on the tyranny of the lords of castles was the chance of their being called to account by some adventurous knight errant, who undertook to redress grievances by the point of his lance, and the edge of his sword. The most telling incident in the story, the look out of Sister Anne from the tower of the castle, evidently fixes the date in the age of knight errantry; Blue Beard is clearly one of those terrible burgraves whom Victor Hugo has so vividly delineated, or, as seems to be probable, he is

“ Knight of the shire, and represents them all.”

In fact, there are few countries in western Europe which do not claim the equivocal honour of having produced a Blue Beard, and we may regard the tale as a kind of concentrated essence of several legends and traditions relating to outrages perpetrated by feudal lords during the feeble stage of monarchy, when, to use the expressive language of the sacred historian, it might be said of almost every country in Western Europe, “at this time, there was no king in Israel; every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes.”

In the recent development of provincial literature in France, several strange and interesting local legends have been brought to light, which throw some gleams of explanation on the tales that have become current in European tradition. Several of these relate to a supposed prototype of Blue Beard, and it will not be uninteresting to glance at the real history of some of these personages as illustrative of the state of society in that age of chivalry, the disappearance of which is so deeply lamented by certain writers of sentimental romances.

The Angevin Legend has the first claim on our attention, for its advocates can point out a castle on the banks of the river between Angers and Nantes, which bears the name of *Le Château de Barbe Bleue*, and the position of which quite accords with the incidents of the legend. The true name of the ruin, is the Castle of Champtoîé; it is situated on the brow of a hill which is nearly covered with the fragments of the ancient pile. Its appearance seems strongly confirmatory of the tale told by the peasantry, that it was destroyed by a thunderbolt, and that its gigantic ruins ought to be regarded as a

permanent monument of divine vengeance. The tower which Sister Anne is supposed to have ascended, is cloven from summit to base; but some adventurous climbers who have ascended the ruins, declare that it commands a wide extent of prospect, and that from it they can see the gates of Angers, which are nine or ten miles distant.

In the fifteenth century, this fortified palace, for such, from its extent, it appears to have been, belonged to Gilles de Retz, Marshal of France, and one of the firmest adherents of Charles VII. The chronicles give a long list of the lordships and manors which were united in his domain; they assert that his income exceeded one hundred thousand crowns of gold annually, independent of the large booty he collected from various marauding expeditions against the supporters of the Plantagenets.

Not only large profits, but certain feudal honours were attached to these manors—honours which, in our day, would be regarded almost as menial services. The lords of four manors had the right of bearing the litter of every new bishop of Angers, when he made his solemn entry into his diocese. With curious minuteness, it was ordained that the Lord of Buollay should hold the right pole in, and the Lord of Chemillé the left: the Lord of Gateeuisse was to hold the left pole in the rear, having for assistant on his right, the Lord of Blou. Now, two of those manors, Gateeuisse and Buollay, belonged to the Lord of Retz, and we have not been able to discover how he contrived to perform the double obligation imposed on him. Our researches have, however, shown that great importance was attached to the obligation, for we find it recorded in one of the chronicles, that at the installation into his bishopric of William Lemaire, in 1290, Almeric de Craon, son of the Lord of Buollay, claimed to carry the pole of the litter in place of his father, who was confined to his bed by some dangerous illness. After a solemn investigation, such as the importance of the question required, it was decided that this sacred and honourable service was purely personal, and that as the Lord of Buollay could not render it, his right devolved to the Lord of Mathefelon. This decision was the cause of much grief to Almeric de Craon; he not only protested against it, but when the procession came near, he mounted on the shoulders of a stout archer, and in this singular guise, assisted to support the episcopal litter into Angers.

Gilles de Retz had barely attained his majority, when he entered on his rich inheritance of a castle almost as extensive as a town, numerous lordships and manors, a princely income, and the right to number two poles of an episcopal litter. He was, of course, surrounded by flatterers and parasites, who stimulated his passions, and encouraged him in every kind of extravagance, from which they were sure to derive some profit. One historian, said to be a descendant of this potent lord, informs us that the most sumptuous part of his establishment was his chapel and chantry, in which no less than twenty-three chaplains, choristers, and clerks were engaged, and which was furnished with two portable organs, requiring six men to carry them. The service in this chapel was conducted with all the splendour and forms used in cathedrals, and the Lord de Retz sent a deputation to the Pope, requesting that his chaplains should be allowed to wear

mitres like the canons in the cathedral of Lyons. He was, also, a great patron of miracle-plays, and collected actors, morris-dancers and singers from distant provinces, to act the Mysteries which he exhibited daily from Ascension-day to Whitsunday.

But all this splendour of religious worship was mere theatrical display, which Gilles de Retz regarded with no deeper feeling than the mimes and farces which his dramatic corps acted when not engaged in the celebration of Mysteries. The brilliant solemnities of the Chapel were eclipsed by extravagant orgies in which debauched invention was tasked to the utmost to discover new excesses and varieties of vice. Every day young maidens were taken by force from the cottages of their parents and carried to the castle, from whence none of them was ever known to return.

Such excesses were sufficient to break down the most ample fortune. Gilles de Retz began to feel the want of means to support the state to which he had been accustomed; some of his manors were sold, others were mortgaged to the merchants of Angers, and a great reduction was made in the number and the salary of the chaplains. To replace his fortune, the castellan devoted himself to the study of alchemy, and the means of transmuting the base metals into gold. According to the superstitions of the period, he was said to have entered into a compact with Satan, and to have stipulated with the prince of darkness to pay for his instruction in the forbidden arts, by a tributary sacrifice of Christian children. In this part of the castellan's history, the Angevin writers recognize the explanation of the mysterious chamber which Blue Beard guarded by such severe penalties against the intrusion of female curiosity.

Though we are far from giving implicit credence to the stories of abominable crimes said to have been perpetrated by magicians, necromancers, and alchemists in the dark ages, we cannot reject all such narratives as mere fictions. Many of the worst corruptions of Paganism, and particularly the Secret Mysteries, introduced from Asia into Italy about the time of the Antonines, long survived the establishment of Christianity, and were secretly propagated by men who may best be described as credulous deceivers. The union of enthusiasm and imposture is common; each has a tendency to produce the other; what are called pious frauds, have often been perpetrated with the best intentions: and those who have imposed upon the world by pretended miracles, frequently end by becoming the dupes of their own pretensions. Such we believe to have been the case with the necromancers and magicians of the middle ages; they believed that the spells of a mystic ritual would confer on them supernatural powers, and they attributed their failures to some imperfection in their ceremonial, or to incomplete instruction. These mystics were banded together in secret societies, or rather in secret sects, the members of which recognized each other by pass-words and signs, known only to the initiated. Some suspicion of the horrible deeds perpetrated at the meetings of these mystics was spread among the general public, and severe edicts were issued against their assemblies both by the Pagan and Christian Emperors. Indeed the secrecy of the meetings of the Christians themselves was one of the reasons most commonly assigned for the persecutions to which they were subjected.

Tradition and history equally point to Hindustan as the parent of these mysterious fraternities in which asceticism was frequently combined with licentiousness, and in which sometimes the bond of union was community in crime. The horrible association of the Thugs, whose ritual prescribes assassination as a duty, has continued to our own times. Indeed, we find that in the middle ages the Indians, that is, the Hindoos, were regarded as the best teachers of magic, and were as much revered as the Chaldeans in the later ages of the Roman empire.

If Blue Beard's secret chamber was a place consecrated to the practice of those mysterious abominations, in which some of the secret societies notoriously indulged, there is abundant reason for his affixing the penalty of death on the intrusion of the uninitiated. Gilles de Retz had secret chambers in all his castles, and he engaged adepts from various countries to work out "the great projection" under his directions. "He had heard," says M. de Roujoux, "that there existed men who, by certain rites and sacrifices, and the exertion of a firm will, acquired supernatural powers, and tore away the veil which shrouds incorporeal forms from bodily vision; he heard that such persons became lords over the fallen angels, who were subject to their commands, and obeyed even the slightest intimation of their will. He therefore sent out emissaries who traversed Germany and Italy, penetrated into the most savage solitudes, searched the densest forests, and descended into the deepest caverns, where, according to report, were the haunts and dwellings of the worshippers of the prince of darkness."

One of the earliest associates who presented himself to Gilles de Retz announced himself as an Indian sage. His figure was imposing and severe; his eyes dark, but fiery; his beard long, white, and pointed; and his manners, though grave, had the easy grace which marks men accustomed to the best society. It subsequently appeared that the pretended Indian was a Florentine mountebank, named Prelati, who had picked up some vague traditions about oriental magic while trading in the Levant. Prelati led his patron to believe that Satan could only be propitiated by the sacrifice of children, and numerous innocents were murdered in the secret chamber, whose cries of agony were sometimes heard in the remotest parts of the castle; but any of the domestics who attempted to penetrate the mystery were instantly put to death.

The purveyor of innocents for sacrifice was an old woman named La Mcffraic; she contrived to introduce herself to young children who tended flocks, or who wandered about as beggars; she caressed them, gave them sweetmeats, and thus enticed them to the castle of Champtoié, or to that of Luzé, where the pretended Indian worked: and those who once entered either were never known to return. So long as the victims were the children of peasants, who might have been supposed to have strayed accidentally, or to have run away from the privations which they endured at home, little enquiry was made on the subject; but boldness increasing with impunity, the children of some wealthy citizens were stolen, and complaints were made to John V. Duke of Brittany, the liege lord of Gilles de Retz, who gave orders for the arrest of the marshal, and the seizure of his castles. The traditional account given of the arrest of Gilles de Retz has some

similarity to the incident of Sister Anne in the story of Blue Beard. There was a painter in Nantes who had a very beautiful wife; her brother had been engaged as a chorister in the chapel of Champtoïé, but after some time he had inexplicably disappeared. When she made complaint to justice, the authorities hesitated to attack a place so fortified and so strongly garrisoned as Champtoïé. She offered to introduce them into the castle by stratagem, and related the plan she had formed for the purpose. On a certain day, as had been concerted, she pretended to stray into the domains of the marshal, and was immediately seized by some of his emissaries as a victim of his lust, and conveyed as a prisoner to the high tower. In her first interview with the marshal, she obtained such influence over him, that he entrusted her with the keys of the castle, that she might amuse herself in the gardens while he returned to the laboratory. She descended and unlocked the postern gate, and then ascending to the tower, hung out the flag which had been agreed upon as a signal. One tradition says that the soldiers were rather tardy in their arrival, and that she was on the point of being the victim of the marshal's brutality, when her husband and friends arrived to her rescue. "They found," says M. de Roujoux, "in the castle of Champtoïé, a large chest full of the calcined bones of children, to the number of about forty skeletons. A similar discovery was made at Luzé, and other places which the marshal frequented. It was calculated that more than one hundred and fifty children had been murdered by this exterminating monster."

Bodin tells us that when Gilles was interrogated by the judges, he confessed, or rather boasted, that he had committed crimes sufficient to procure the condemnation of ten thousand men. From the records of his trial in the archives of Brittany, it appears that he was proceeded against both civilly and ecclesiastically. His judges were the President of Brittany, the Bishop of Angers, and Jean Blouin, vicar to the Inquisitor-General of France. They found him guilty of all possible and some impossible crimes, adding to the record, that he confessed many other things so unheard-of that they could not be told (*inaudita et innarrabilia*). He was sentenced to be led in chains to the place of execution, and to be burned alive at the stake. The day appointed was the 23rd of October, 1440,—“a date,” says the historian, “about which there can be no doubt; for all the people of Anjou and Maine by common consent whipped their children on that morning, so as to impress the precise date on their memory.” This strange mnemonic process is still a favourite with the peasants of Anjou and Brittany.

Whimsically enough, the monument erected to the exterminating marshal was believed to have what may be deemed an expiating influence for the cruelties he had inflicted on children during his life, and the general whipping he procured them at his death. It was decorated with a statue of the Virgin, which still bears the name of “La Vierge de Créé Lait,” because it possesses the power of enabling nurses and mothers to produce abundance of that aliment in which infants delight.

We come now to a rival prototype of Blue Beard, whose claims are advocated both by the bards and the historians of Brittany. It is a saintly legend, and has the additional merit of introducing a signal

miracle. We must therefore translate it as literally as monkish Latin will allow.

"In the year of grace 530 there lived near the river Blanet, in the country of Vannes, a holy personage named Weltan, a native of the island of Britain, who had visited the continent as a missionary, and had been enabled to build a noble monastery by the contributions of the peasants and the alms of the faithful. His sermons and his miracles were renowned throughout Brittany, and had introduced him to the notice of Werek, Count of Vannes, who highly respected his piety.

"Now there reigned at that time over the country of Cornouailles a wicked lord named Comorre, who had heard of Weltan, and wished to see him. The saint, in hopes of converting him, went to visit this murderous wolf, accompanied by some of his monks. Finding that his instructions produced some sensible effect on the mind of the count, he agreed to remain at his court until he had completed the process of his conversion.

"A little before this, the Count of Cornouailles had visited the court of Vannes, and having seen Zuphina, the eldest daughter of Count Werek, fell desperately in love with her. He proffered marriage, but was peremptorily refused, on account of the cruelty with which he had treated his seven former wives, all of whom he had murdered just as they were on the point of becoming mothers. This rejection so grieved him that he spent the days in tears and the nights without sleep. At length he entreated Weltan, or, as he now began to be called, Saint Gildasius, to use his influence with Count Werek, that he might believe in the sincerity of Comorre's repentance, and grant him the hand of his daughter. Weltan or Gildasius undertook the task, and succeeded.

"The marriage was celebrated with great pomp. Zuphina came to the castle of her husband, and was treated with all the respect due to her rank, beauty, and virtue, until she exhibited unequivocal signs that she was about to become a mother. Comorre then began to regard her with sinister glances, and to utter obscure menaces, by which she was so much alarmed, that she resolved to escape to her father. Early one morning, just before dawn, leaving Comorre fast asleep, she mounted her palfrey, and set forth unattended on the road to Vannes.

"When the count awoke, he missed his wife, and having heard of her evasion, guessed rightly the direction of her flight. He called for his boots, ordered his fleetest steed to be saddled, and gave chase with the utmost force of whip and spur. Zuphina was almost within sight of Vannes when she discovered her pursuer. She immediately sprung from her palfrey, and endeavoured to hide herself in a grove of willows. Comorre, on finding his wife's steed riderless, dismounted, and, after a close search, discovered Zuphina, and having dragged her from her hiding-place, brutally strangled her, in spite of tears and entreaties. A peasant, who accidentally witnessed the transaction, brought intelligence of it to Vannes. Werek assembled his guards, and having ineffectually chased the murderer, ordered the body of his daughter to be transported to the town, while he hastened to make his complaint to St. Gildasius.

"The saint, affected by the father's grief, which neither tears nor

groans could relieve, consented to follow him to Vannes; but on the road he turned aside to visit Comorre in his castle of Quencquan, and to reproach him for the cowardly murder. In anticipation of such a visit, Comorre had ordered the draw-bridges to be raised, and the portcullises let down. The saint, unable to obtain admission, took up a handful of dust and flung it against the towers, four of which immediately fell, severely wounding Comorre and his associates.

"The saint then resumed his route to Vannes, and on reaching the castle, demanded to be led to the bier of the murdered Zuphina. When he was brought to the chapel where she lay, he took the corpse by the hand, and said in a loud voice, 'Zuphina, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command thee to arise and declare unto us whither thou hast departed.'

"At these words the lady arose and declared that angels had been engaged transporting her soul to Paradise, when the summons of Gildasius compelled them to restore it to her body.

"Comorre was soon punished for his crime: at the summons of Werek all the bishops of Brittany assembled at Menez-Bré, and fulminated an excommunication against the Count of Cornouailles, so efficacious, that, as the chronicler assures us, "he suffered the fate of Arias, and burst in sunder."

Burgundy has set up a third rival for the prototype of Blue Beard in the person of the Count of Saulx, whose cruelty to his wife forms the subject of a very indifferent ballad, not worth the trouble of translation. The ballad is taken from a very ancient romance, of which only a few fragments have been preserved. From these we learn that during the time when Burgundy was governed by its own dukes, a certain Count de Saulx, having taken an inexplicable dislike to his wife, shut her up in the den with his bears. Her gentleness so won on these savage animals, that they caressed her as if they had been "lap-dogs or pet doves." But this example of tenderness in beasts was so far from mollifying the count, that it only increased his fury. He threw her into another dungeon, and fed her "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction." Some hint of this conduct was conveyed to the lady's brothers: they hastened to call the count to explain his conduct; but he took the lady from her prison, arrayed her in robes of state, and compelled her by furious menaces to tell her brothers that she had no reason to complain of the treatment she received from her husband. Their suspicions, however, were roused by her emaciated appearance, but they feigned satisfaction, and pretended to take their departure. When the count believed them at a sufficient distance, he hastened to the chamber of his lady, resolved to murder her without further delay; but just as he raised the sword to strike, her brothers, who had secretly returned, rushed into the room and slew the cowardly assassin, after which they brought their sister home in triumph.

We think that traces of these three legends may be found in Perrault's story of Blue Beard, and that instead of his having based his fiction on a single tradition, he endeavoured to make it a kind of *resumé* of the many legends of tyrannical husbands with which the popular literature of France abounds.

THE COUNTRY TOWNS AND INNS OF FRANCE.

BY J. MARVEL.

AUXERRE.—LIMAGES.

As you brush past *asentinel* at 130 Rue St. Honoré, at Paris, you go through the archway, and you are in the great court of the *Messageries Générales*. A dozen of the lumbering diligences are ranged about it, and you seek out, amid the labyrinth of names posted on the doors, the particular end of your travel. There is a little poetic licence in the use of names, and you will find Russia, and Syria, and Gibraltar posted,—which means only that you can be booked at that particular desk the first stage upon the way.

Before each office is drawn up its particular coach or coaches; and a multitude of porters, with coat-collars trimmed with lace, are piling upon them such tremendous quantities of luggage, as make you tremble for the safety of the roof; to say nothing of your portmanteau, with your nicest collars, and shirts, and dress-coat, and bottle of Macassar oil, all in its bellows top, and perhaps at the very bottom of the pile.

As the mass accumulates, the travellers begin to drop into the court and range themselves about the diligence. The heavy leather apron at length goes over the top; the officer comes out with his list of names, and as they are numbered, each takes his place. The author for instance, has number three of the *coupée*, in which he is jammed between a frightfully large French lady, and a small man with a dirty moustache, and big *pacquet*, which he carries between his legs, so as to make himself to the full as engrossing a neighbour as his more gentle companion at the other window. These three seats make the complement of that particular apartment of the diligence, which faces the horses, and is protected by glass windows in front.

The *interior* counts six by the official roll: there are, perhaps, a little French girl and "papa," who have been speaking a world of adieus to the city friends, that have attended them up to the last moment, as if they were about setting sail for the *Crosettes* in the South Pacific. There are young men, students, perhaps, who have had their share of kisses and adieus, and there are one or two more inside-travellers, over whom tears have been shed in the court.

Even these do not make us full. The *rotonde* has its eight more: here are men in blouses, farmers, dealers in provisions, stock-drivers, women-servants, and German bagmen. Nor is this all: three mount the top, and puff under the leathern calash in front. The coachman next takes his place, after having attached his six horses with raw hide thongs. The conductor lifts up his white dog, then mounts himself. Adieus flow from every window. There are waving hands in the court, and dramatic handling of umbrellas; and the whip cracks, and the machine moves.

The little guard with his musket, at the entrance, stands back;—he thunder through. The conductor shouts, the cabmen wheel away, the dog barks incessantly, the horses snort and pull, and the way clears. One poor woman with cakes upsets all in her haste to get away; two or three hungry-looking boys prowl about the wreck; a policeman comes up, and the boys move off—all this is the work of a moment.

"Ye-e-e," says the coachman, as he cracks his whip ;—"Gar-r-re," says the conductor to the crowds crossing ;—"wow-wow-wow," yells the snarly white dog ;—" *Pardi !*" exclaims the fat lady ;—" *Le diable !*" says the man with the dirty moustache ; and down the long Rue St. Honoré we thunder.

There are no such pretty little half-town, half-country residences in the neighbourhood of the French cities, as one sees in the environs of all British towns. First, outside the Barriers, come the *guinguettes* and eating-houses ; then great slattern *maisons garnies*, for such as prefer a long walk and dirty rooms, to paying town prices. These lessen in pretensions as you advance, and lengthen into half-villages of ill-made and ill-kept houses. The inns are not unfrequent, and are swarmed by the wagon-men on their routes to and from the city. These pass at length, and the open country of wide-spreading grain-fields appears.

Perhaps it is nearly dark (for the diligence takes its departure at evening) before the monstrous vehicle clatters up to the first inn of a little suburban town for a relay. The conductor dismounts, and the coachman is succeeded by another—for each has the care and management of his own horses.

Of course there is a fair representation of the curious ones of the village, and if a passenger dismount, perhaps a beggar or two will plead in a diffident sort of way,—as if they had no right, and hoping you may not suspect it. The conductor is the prime mover, and the cynosure of all country eyes ; and his tasseled cap and embroidered collar are the envy of many a poor swain in shirt-sleeves. Even the postmaster is on the best of terms with him, and bids him a hearty *bon soir*, as the new coachman cracks his whip, and the dog barks, and we find ourselves on the road again. A straggling line of white-washed houses each side a broad street, with one or two little inns, and a parish church looking older by a century than the rest of the houses, make up the portraiture of the village.

Whoever travels in a French diligence must prepare himself to meet with all sorts of people, and must, more especially, fortify himself against the pangs of hunger and want of sleep. Those who have been jolted a night on a French road *pavé*, between a fat lady and a man who smells of garlic, will know what it is to want the latter ; and twelve hours' ride, without stopping long enough for a lunch, has made many persons, more fastidious under other circumstances, very ready to buy the dry brown buns, which the old women offer at the coach-windows the last relay before midnight.—How wishfully is the morning hoped for, and how joyfully welcomed even the first faint streak of light in the east !

The man in the corner rubs open his eyes, and takes off his night-cap ; the fat lady arranges her head-dress as best she may ;—and soon appear over the backs of the horses evidences of an approaching town. We pass market-people with their little donkeys, and queer-dressed women in sabots, with burdens on their heads ; and heavy-walled houses thicken along the way.

Soon the tower or spire of some old cathedral looms over crowds of buildings, and we bustle with prodigious clatter through the dirty streets of some such provincial town as Auxerre. Along a stone building, stuccoed, and whitewashed, with the huge black capitals, Hôtel de Paris,

over the door, is announced a breakfast-place. The waiter or landlord is far more chary of his civilities than at an English country inn; all, including the fat lady, are obliged to find their own way down, and to the breakfast-room.

The first attempt will bring one, perhaps, into a huge kitchen, where a dozen people in white aprons and blue are moving about in all directions, and take no more notice of you, than if you were the conductor's dog. You have half a mind to show your resentment by eating no breakfast at all; but the pangs of hunger are too strong; and they unfortunately know as well as you, that he who rides the night in the diligence finds himself at morning in no humour for fasting.

If you ask after breakfast-quarters, you are perhaps civilly pointed to the door. A rambling table, set over with a score of dishes, and a bottle of red wine at each place, with chops, omelettes, stewed liver, potatoes, and many dishes whose character cannot be represented by a name, engross the lively regards of the twenty passengers who have borne us company. Commands and counter-commands, in the accentuation of Auvergne or of Provence, calling for a dozen things that are not to be had, and complaining of a dozen things that are, make the place a Babel.

"*Garçon*," says a middle-aged man from the interior, with his mouth full of hot liver, "is this the wine of the country?"

"*Oui, monsieur*, and of the best quality."

"*Mon Dieu!* it is vinegar! And of what beast, pray, is this the liver?" taking another mouthful.

"*C'est de veau, monsieur*, and it is excellent."

"*Par bleu! garçon*, you are facetious; it is like a bull's hide."

The fat lady is trying the eggs. "*Bonne!*" she pipes to the waiting-woman, "are these eggs fresh?"

"They cannot be more fresh, madame."

"*Eh, bien*," with a sigh, "one must prepare for such troubles in the country; but, *mon Dieu!* what charming eggs one finds at Paris!"

"*Ah, c'est vrai, madame*," says a stumpy man opposite,—"*c'est bien vrai; je suis de Paris, madame.*"

"*Vraiment!*" replies the lady, not altogether taken with the speaker's looks, "I should hardly have thought it."

If the stranger can by dint of voice among so many voices, and so much gesticulation, get his fair quota of food, he may consider himself fortunate; and if he has fairly finished before the conductor appears to say all is ready, he is still more fortunate.

At length all are again happily bestowed in their places; the two francs paid for the breakfast, the two sous to the surly *garçon*, and we roll off from the *Hôtel de Paris*.

Every one is manifestly in better humour: they are talking busily in the interior; and the fat lady delivers herself of a series of panegyrics upon the *Bouvelards* and *Tuileries*.

Meantime we are passing over broad plains, and through long avenues of elms, or lindens, or poplars. The road for breadth and smoothness is like a street, and stretches on before us in seemingly interminable length.

There are none of those gray stone walls by the wayside, which hem you in throughout New England; none of those crooked, brown fences which stretch by miles along the roads of Virginia; none of those ever-

lasting pine woods under which you ride in the Carolinas, your wheels half buried in the sand, and nothing green upon it but a sickly shrub of the live oak, or a prickly cactus half reddened by the sun; nor yet are there those trim hedges which skirt you right and left in English landscape. Upon the plains of Central France you see no fence—nothing by which to measure the distance you pass over but the patches of grain and of vineyard. Here and there a flock of sheep are watched by an uncouth shepherd and shaggy dogs; or a cow is feeding beside the grain, tethered to a stake, or guarded by some bare-ankled Daphne.

There are no such quiet cottage farm-houses as gem the hill-sides of Britain; no such tasteless timber structures as deface the landscape of New England; but the farmery, as you come upon it here and there, is a walled-up nest of houses; you catch sight of a cart—you see a group of children—you hear a yelping dog—and the farmery is left behind. Sometimes the road before you stretches up a long ascent; the conductor opens the door, and all save the fat lady dismount for a walk up the hill. Now it is you can look back over the grain and vineyards, woven into carpets, tied up with the thread of a river. The streak of road will glisten in the sun, and perhaps a train of wagons, that went tinkling by you an hour ago, is but a moving dot far down upon the plain. The air is fresher as you go up; glimpses of woodland break the monotony; here and there you spy an old château; and if it be spring-time or early autumn, the atmosphere is delicious, and you go toiling up the hills, rejoicing in the sun.

In summer, you pant exhausted before you have half walked up the hill, and turning to look back—the yellow grain looks scorched, and the air simmers over its crowded ranks;—the flowers you pluck by the way are dried up with heat.

In winter, the roads upon the plains are bad, and it will be midnight perhaps before you are upon the hills,—if you breakfast as I did at Auxerre. I found the snow half over the wheels, and with eight horses our lumbering coach went toiling through the drifts.

Such is the general character of the great high-roads across France; but there is something more attractive on the retired routes.

F—— will remember our tramp in summer-time under the heavy old boughs of the forest of Fontainebleau; and how we looked up wonderingly at tree-trunks, which would have been vast in our American valleys; he will remember our lunch at the little town of Fossard, and the inn with its dried bough, and the baked pears, and the sour wine. He will remember the tapestried chamber at Villeneuve du Roi, and the fair-day, and the peasant girls in their gala dresses, and the dance in the evening on the green turf:—he will remember the strange old walled-up town of St. Florentin, and the pretty meadows, and the canal lined with poplars, when our tired steps brought to us the first sight—(how grateful was it!)—of the richly-wrought towers of the cathedral of Sens. He will remember, too, how farther on toward the mountains, in another sweet meadow where willows were growing, I threw down my knapsack, and took the scythe from a peasant boy, and swept down the nodding tall heads of the lucerne,—utterly forgetting his sardonic smile, and the grinning stare of the peasant,—forgetting that the blue line of the Juras was lifting from the horizon,—or that the sun of France was warming me, and mindful only of the old perfume of the wilted blossoms, and the joyous summer days on the farm-land at home.

We wish to take our stop at some, not too large, town of the interior; and which shall it be? Chalons-sur-Saone, with its bridge, and quays, and meadows,—or Dijon, lying in the vineyards of Burgundy,—or Chateauroux, in the great sheep plains of central France,—or Limoges, still more unknown, prettily situated among the green hills of Limousin, and chief town of the department *Haute Vienne*?

Let it be just by the *Boule d'Or*, in the town last named, that I quit my seat in the diligence. The little old place is not upon any of the great routes, so that the servants of the inn have not become too republican for civility, and a blithe waiting-maid is at hand to take our luggage.

A plain doorway in the heavy stone inn, and still plainer and steeper stairway, conduct to a clean, large chamber upon the first floor. Below, in the little *salon*, some three or four are at supper. Join them you may, if you please, with a chop nicely done, and a palatable *vin du pays*. It is too dark to see the town. You are tired with eight-and-forty hours of constant diligence-riding,—if you have come from Lyons, as I did,—and the bed is excellent.

The window overlooks the chief street of the place; it is wide and paved with round stones, and dirty, and there are no side-walks, though a town of 30,000 inhabitants. Nearly opposite is a *café*, with small green settees ranged about the door, with some tall flowering shrubs in green boxes, and even at eight in the morning, two or three persons are loitering upon their chairs and sipping coffee. Next door is the office of the diligence for Paris. Farther up the street are haberdashery shops, and show-rooms of the famous Limoges crockery. Soldiers are passing by twos, and cavalry-men in undress go sauntering by on fine coal-black horses; and the Guide-book tells me that from this region come the horses for all the cavalry of France.

The maid comes in to say it is the hour for the *table d'hôte* breakfast. One would hardly believe, that there are travellers who neglect this best of all places for observing country habits, and take their coffee alone, with English grimness. What matter if one does fall in with mannerless commercial travellers, or snuff-taking old women, and listen to such table-talk as would make good Mrs. Unwin blush? You learn from all—what you cannot learn anywhere else—the every-day habits of every-day people. Do not be frightened at the room full, or the clatter of plates, or the six-and-twenty all talking at the same moment: go around the table quietly, take the first empty chair at hand, and call for a bowl of soup and half a bottle of wine.

This is no Paris breakfast, with its rich, oily beverage, and bread of Provence, or Lyons breakfast, with its white cutlets; but there are as many covers as at a dinner in Baden. One may, indeed, have coffee, if he is so odd-fancied as to call for it; but I always liked to chime in with the humours of the country: and though I may possibly have stepped over to the *café* to make my breakfast complete, it seemed to me that I lost nothing in listening and looking on—in actual experience of the ways of living.

Whoever carries with him upon the continent a high sense of personal dignity, that must be sustained at all hazards, will find himself exposed to innumerable vexations by the way, and at the end—if he have the sense to perceive it—be victim of the crowning vexation of returning as ignorant as he went. It is singular, too, that such ridiculous presump-

tion upon dignity is observable in many instances—where it rests with least grace—in the persons of American travellers. Whoever makes great display of wealth, will enjoy the distinction which mere exhibition of wealth will command in every country—the close attention of the vulgar; its display may, besides secure somewhat better *hôtel* attendance; but whoever wears with it, or without it, an air of *hauteur*, whether affected or real, whether due to position or worn to cover lack of position, will find it counting him very little in the way of personal comfort, and far less towards a full observation and appreciation of the life of those among whom he travels.

In such an out-of-the-way manufacturing town as Limoges, one sees the genuine *commis voyageur*—commercial traveller,* of France, corresponding to the bagmen of England. Not as a class so large, they rank also beneath them in respect of gentlemanly conduct. In point of general information they are perhaps superior.

The French bagman ventures an occasional remark upon the public measures of the day, and sometimes with much shrewdness. He is aware that there is such a country as America, and has understood, from what he considers authentic sources, that a letter for Buenos Ayres would not be delivered by the New York postman. None know better than a thorough English commercial traveller, who has been “long upon the road,” the value of a gig and a spanking bay mare, or the character of the leading houses in London or Manchester, or the quality of Woodstock gloves or Worcester whips; but as for knowing if Newfoundland be off the Bay of Biscay or in the Adriatic, the matter is too deep for him.

The Frenchman, on the other hand, is most voluble on a great many subjects, all of which he seems to know much better than he really does; and he will fling you a tirade at Thiers, or give you a caricature of the king, that will make half the table lay down the mouthful they had taken up, for laughing. Modesty is not in his catalogue of virtues. He knows the best dish upon the table, and he seizes upon it without formality; if he empty the dish, he politely asks your pardon, (he would take off his hat if he had it on,) and is sorry there is not enough for you. He will help himself to the breast, thighs, and side-bones of a small chicken, dispose of a mouthful or two, then turn to the lady by his side, and say, with the most gracious smile in the world, “*Mille pardons, Madame, mais vous ne mangez pas de volaille?*”—but you do not eat fowl?

His great pleasure, however, after eating, is in enlightening the minds of the poor provincials as to the wonders of Paris,—a topic that never grows old, and never wants for hearers: and so brilliantly does he enlarge upon the splendours of the capital, with gesticulation and emphasis sufficient for a discourse of Bossuet, that he makes his whole auditory as solicitous for one look upon Paris as ever a Mohammedan for one offering at the Mecca of his worship.

A corner seat in the interior of the diligence, or the head place at a country-inn table, are his posts of triumph. He makes friends of all about the inns, since his dignity does not forbid his giving a word to all; and he is as ready to coquet with the maid-of-all-work as with the landlady's niece. His hair is short and crisp; his moustache stiff and thick;

* A class of men who negotiate business between town and country dealers—manufacturers and their sale agents—common to all European countries.

and his hand fat and fair, with a signet-ring upon the little finger of his left.

Such characters make up a large part of the table company in towns like Limoges. In running over the village, you are happily spared the plague of *valets-de-place*. Ten to one, if you have fallen into conversation with the *commis voyageur* at your side, he will offer to shew you over the famous crockery-works, for which he has the honour to be travelling agent. Thus you make a profit of what you would have been a fool to scorn.

There are curious old churches, and a simple-minded, grey-haired verger to open the side chapels, and to help you to spell the names on tombs: not half so tedious will the old man prove as the automaton cathedral-shewers of England, and he spices his talk with a little wit. There are shops, not unlike those of a middle-sized town in our country; still, little air of trade, and none at all of progress. Decay seems to be stamped on nearly all the country-towns of France; unless so large as to make cities, and so have a life of their own, or so small as to serve only as market-towns for the peasantry.

Country gentlemen are a race unknown in France, as they are nearly so with us. Even the towns have not their quota of wealthy inhabitants, except so many as are barely necessary to supply capital for the works of the people. There is no estate in the neighbourhood, with its park and elegantly cultivated farms and preserves; there are no little villas capping all the pretty eminences in the vicinity; and even such fine houses as are found within the limits of the town wear a deserted look,—the stucco is peeling off, the entrance-gate is barred, the owner is living at Paris. You see few men of gentlemanly bearing, unless you except the military officers and the priests. You wonder what resources can have built such beautiful churches; and as you stroll over their marble floors, listening to the vespers dying away along the empty aisles, you wonder who are the worshippers.

Wandering out of the edge of the town of Limoges, you come upon hedges and green fields; for Limousin is the Arcadia of France. Queer old houses adorn some of the narrow streets, and women in strange head-dresses look out of the balconies that lean half-way over. But Sunday is their holiday-time, when all are in their gayest, and when the green walks encircling the town—laid upon that old line of ramparts which the Black Prince stormed—are thronged with the population.

The bill at the *Boule d'Or* is not an extravagant one; for as strangers are not common, the trick of extortion is unknown. The waiting-maid drops a curtsy, and gives a smiling *bon jour*;—not, surely, unmindful of the little fee she gets, but she never disputes its amount, and seems grateful for the least. There is no “boots” or waiter to dog you over to the diligence; nay, if you are not too old or too ugly, the little girl herself insists upon taking your portmanteau, and trips across with it, and puts it in the hands of the conductor, and waits your going earnestly, and waves her hand at you, and gives you another “*bon voyage*,” that makes your ears tingle till the houses of Limoges and its high towers have vanished, and you are a mile away down the pleasant banks of the river Vienne.

SUMMER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

I know not why it should be, but it certainly always happens with me that any place with which I feel particularly well acquainted by means of pictures and descriptions, comes upon my eye as altogether a stranger. It was so with Venice, whose charms are far beyond all I had imagined and been led to imagine, and now I found that Chillon was as new to me as if I had not seen countless drawings of its towers, and the beautiful waters from which they rise.

The castle of Chillon, like all Swiss castles, has lost a great deal of its exterior romantic beauty, having been much rebuilt to make it habitable. The heavy round towers, with their pointed roofs, are, however, not without a certain grace; the strong machicolated walls and turrets are well and firmly built, and the carved ornamental work is still sharp and fine.

I crossed the slight wooden bridge over the corner of the lake, and was admitted to the court by a good-tempered lounging warder. The chief care of this officer seemed a favourite cat, whose gambols he was encouraging. He accompanied us through the chambers of the castle, and became eloquent in the right, or rather the wrong place, for his incessant information, oracularly delivered, was, it must be confessed, particularly destructive of sentimental enjoyment in the immortal dungeon where the feet of Bonivard,

“Have left a trace,”

not less than the undying memory of the prisoner and his sons, whose individual pillar, of course, one naturally insists on recognising.

The name of Byron is nearly effaced from the column on which he scratched it,—it is the third of the seven; but that of the *illustrious poet*, Victor Hugo, is conspicuous on the fourth.

“What business has it there,”

in such company?

As the dimness of the dungeon wears away, when the eye becomes accustomed to it, a fine effect is slowly developed, which the struggling light, streaming in from the barred window, produces. The cheering rays play upon the paved floor, and twine round the finely-carved capitals of the supporting pillars; but, when captives were here confined the darkness was probably not so dispelled, for the bars were thicker, and the gloom was more intense.

The chapel is in excellent repair, and parts extremely well restored; it reminded me in its form and architecture of the beautiful chapel of the Beaumanoirs, near Dinan in Brittany, so elegant are the slight pillars, and the vaulted ceiling. There is a door, now blocked up, which led, by a private stair, to the chamber of the redoubted lord of the castle in former days, Count Pierre, called Le Petit Charlemagne, who is said to have completed the building in 1238. His room is as much like a dungeon as that in which his prisoners were placed; but the great lords of those days do not appear to have been very much like “carpet-

knights." It assuredly required much tapestry, and a great many rushes, to make a comfortable boudoir for lord or lady out of rough stone cells, with walls twelve feet thick, and windows of extreme minuteness.

We followed the guide, now reinforced by his lively young wife, who was very communicative, to a most dismal spot, which they showed as the burial-place of Count Pierre, who seemed to hold a high place in their regard.

We found ourselves, after groping along several dark passages, and descending a flight of steps, in a vaulted chamber, the floor of which is much decayed, and the stones overgrown with dank grass: beneath this is a large vault, which was the receptacle of the family's dead in bygone times; and here Le Petit Charlemagne's bones were laid: whether they remain there still is probably unknown, as much so as himself or his deeds.

The *grande salle* of the castle is a splendid chamber, with pretty, ancient, pointed windows in pairs, supported by slight, graceful pillars, and having in the embrasures stone seats, from one of which I looked out upon the beautiful lake glowing with burnished gold, crimson, and purple, as the magnificent sunset sent the scene through all its dolphin changes,—

"The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone,
And all is grey."

The fireplace of this room is fine, and the groups of small pillars on each side of it very beautiful.

In a lower *salle*, also with fine ranges of windows, is exhibited a torture-pillar, which suggests hideous imaginings. It is fearfully close to the probably daily inhabited rooms, and the groans of the sufferer must have been awfully distinct in the ears of the lords, knights, and retainers, who, "in the good times of old," were perhaps carousing close by.

Tippoo Saib was accustomed at his banquets to indulge in the luxury of a sort of barrel-organ of a peculiar construction, which imitated the groans of a tiger, and the shrieks of a British soldier whom the beast was devouring as represented, the size of life, by this singular instrument of music.* Count Pierre, the lord of Chillon, was apparently content with Nature in all her unassisted force, and, as he sat at meat, enjoyed his victim's groans fully as much as the semblance of them pleased the mind of the Eastern tyrant.

The roof of the hall is of fine carved wood-work, and in this spacious chamber are collected the arms of the Canton in formidable array. The garrison of the castle, for it is a military *dépôt*, consists at present of four soldiers, whose duty does not seem very distressing, for three of them were out on business, or seeking amusement, and the hero remaining at home to guard the fortress, we found busy picking a sallad for the daily meal, as he sat on the parapet of the drawbridge, with his legs dangling over the wall, by no means in a state of hostile preparation.

On our return to Vevey we met another of the garrison, heavily laden with viands which he was carrying to the castle, no doubt having duly provided for the chances of a siege.

The kitchen, which once was put in requisition for a somewhat more formidable party, is a spacious place, with fine pillars, and a gigantic fire-place.

* It is to be seen at the Museum of the India House.

The *oubliette* is, of course, not forgotten: a horrible hole is still shown, which one looks cautiously down, with shuddering and loathing. It is fifty feet deep, and sufficiently secure to prevent the refractory from giving any more trouble to those who caused them to be transferred from the torture-pillar to this resting-place, where they need

“ Fear no more the heat of the sun.”

Our guide and his lively wife had a dispute, though they must have told their story often before, about the actual depth of the lake. One said it was four hundred, the other insisted upon the fact of its being eight hundred feet deep. As they were very warm on the subject, I contented myself with repeating the lines of the poet, with which I was quite satisfied, in every way.

“ Lake Lemán lies by Chillon’s walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow:
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon’s snow-white battlement.”

Murray says the lake is here only two hundred and eighty feet in depth: all I cared for I beheld, that it was deep, and blue, and clear, and lovely:

“ A mirror and a bath for beauty’s youngest daughters.”

The deathless island, with its “ three tall trees,” rose out of the transparent waters, like a beacon pointing to a spot of glory: to me it seemed that the whole scene, lake, islands, castle, mountains, shore, belong to England, through one of her most unapproachably gifted bards, before whose sun the whole host of scattered stars troop away, and are remembered only in his absence.

It appears to my enthusiasm to be as useless to compare any other poet of the day, however good, with Byron and Moore, as it would be to name any of the minor mountains, splendid though they be, with Mont Blanc.

Our drive back to Vevey was much more agreeable than our approach to Chillon: in the bright and betraying sunlight all the villages looked vulgar, flaring, and dirty, and the hot stone walls white and weary; but now that the day was fast declining there was a soft grey tint spread over every object, and the deep shadows gave much beauty to the scene. No one in travelling should venture to judge of any appearance that meets the eye on a first view, the second appreciation is generally that which does most justice.

I had thought the greatest part of the road ugly on my way, and now all seemed changed into grace and beauty. Countless stars were scattered over an intensely blue sky; flashes of harmless summer lightning revealed the distant peaks, and played over the surface of the wide calm lake; and, as it grew yet darker, the lights in the villages of the opposite shore sparkled and flickered, like glow-worms in the grass. A huge furnace at Meillerie threw up its broad flames into the gloom, and its bright red reflection cast down into the dark waters at its feet, produced a singularly wild and startling effect, as if a solemn sacrifice were going on in honour of the “ spirit of the place.”

That night at Vevey was magnificent, and most enjoyable did I find the charming room I occupied in the finest of all possible hotels on the

edge of the glorious lake. I had so often, during my rambles this summer, luxuriated in the splendours of

“Night with all her stars,”

that this was only one of a series of enjoyments which I fully appreciated,—and, although the Lake of Como is, in my mind, unique in loveliness, yet it has certainly a powerful rival in Lake Lemman; and, though by day the latter, except when Mont Blanc is visible, is not equal, yet at night it may compete with the most charming spot in the world.

From Vevey the whole drive to Geneva is a garden all bloom, riches, and luxuriance, improving as the great town of the lake is approached: in the neighbourhood of Lausanne the scenery is beautiful, and, scattered in all directions are such charming country houses that they seemed to throw into shade all my memories of delightful English residences.

On the banks of this famous lake are sites unequalled probably in Europe,—for where besides can be beheld a whole range of glorious mountains, with their monarch rising above all, their feet in the blue waters, and their snowy heads in the sky? And in the midst of majestic scenes like this exists rural beauty in all its pastoral perfection,—parks, lawns, and meadows,—gardens, groves, and glades, all combining to make the poetical Lake of Geneva the *beau idéal* of the romancer and the painter.

The cathedral of Lausanne has an imposing appearance, and possesses several features of interest, and the walks and terraces surrounding the town are all delightfully situated.

I strained my eyes to discover, below the road on the borders of the lake, the little inn at Ouchy, where Byron is said to have written rapidly his affecting “Prisoner of Chillon:” the new road does not descend to the lake, as was the case formerly.

There is a venerable, gloomy-looking castle at Morges, said to have been built by that mysterious lady, Queen Bertha, of whom historians and poets have recorded both good and evil, and whose real story, and even existence, is by no means clearly designated.

We paused at Coppet, and, guided by an animated and talkative old woman, went up to the house, and walked about the formal grounds; but there was no means of seeing the cemetery in a grove where Neckar and his daughter lie enshrined. The house is in good repair, and neatly kept, the floors of beautiful inlaid wood, and the furniture extremely simple. Madame de Staël herself never cared about the repairs or beautifying of her abode; she only professed to have an excellent cook and plenty of room for her friends. Her hospitality was genuine, and her heart all warmth and kindness: her memory seems tenderly cherished by all those to whom she was known. Our old guide was very mysterious in her hints about Benjamin Constant, Madame Recamier, and several other accustomed guests, and told us a variety of stories of her having been employed to convey billets from one to the other of the devoted friends of Coppet, concluding every anecdote with exclamations in praise of the unbounded generosity, kindness, and goodness of “la meilleure des femmes et des maîtresses.”

The well-known portrait of Madame de Staël by David hangs in the principal room, together with that of her father by Gérard, and a very interesting likeness of her mother, who was a pretty woman, by an artist whose name seems forgotten. The desk and

inkstand of Corinne are shown ; but they are no longer in the study where she was accustomed to write, which is a circumstance to be regretted : indeed, it struck me that there was more of the lovely Recamier at Coppet than of her distinguished friend, who declared that she would give all her genius for the other's beauty, so inconsistent is human reason and wisdom. The chamber occupied by the admired lady is still decked in its faded tapestry, and one almost expects to see her scantily clothed form glide forth from some nook shrouded by brocade curtains.

An immense tulip-tree waves its large leaves at the entrance of the garden court, and a luxuriant clematis has climbed all over the iron gates and rails, throwing its perfumed wreaths on every ornamental projection. There is no beauty in the architecture of the house, nor are the grounds attractive ; but there is quiet, and repose, and a pleasant memory, lingering round, that makes an hour pass deliciously in the haunts where the inimitable Corinne regretted Paris, and charmed her guests.

We were much amused by our chattering and communicative guide drawing us aside as we entered the house after strolling with her, and as she handed us over to a housekeeper whose department was the interior,

“ Prenez bien garde,” said she winking significantly, “ de ne pas même prononcer le nom de Benjamin Constant ici, car ja jaseuse que voici se formerait l'idée que j'ai été tant soit peu babillarde à l'égard de cette pauvre chère madame. Moi, qui ne parle jamais des affaires d'autrui. Ces sortes de gens ne sont pas a même de comprendre la délicatesse de l'amitié, voyez vous.”

Poor Corinne ! the petty scandals of a village, or a world, can annoy her no more, and none of those who shared her counsels and her affections are left to be affected by tales which have ceased to gratify rivals, or interest admirers.

I can conceive few situations more agreeable than to have obtained, as we did at Geneva, good apartments overlooking the lake, at the handsome Hôtel des Bergues, which is one of the best of the good which abound in Switzerland. When it became quite dark in the evening, the clear water, and the ranges of bright lights along the shore reminded me strongly of the *Canale Grande* at Venice, and it was difficult for any thing to be more enjoyable than the spot and the moment.

I understood that Mont Blanc had not been visible for some time ; to us it had not yet appeared throughout our journey in its neighbourhood, and I trembled that, like many a traveller, I should be forced to leave Geneva without a glimpse of the giant form which sometimes shows itself clearly for weeks, and at others is shrouded in impenetrable clouds, as it was now. I entreated to be awakened if at daybreak the monarch deigned to appear, and, having left my curtains open in expectation, I was able to sleep.

The next morning, however, was dim and unpromising ; and though the sun became bright and powerful during the day, yet the canopy of clouds which veiled the distance did not disperse, and I was fain to turn away my eyes from the space between the Mole and Mont Salève, where the haughty sovereign of these regions—was not.

But, even though Mont Blanc is invisible, there is much round Geneva to compensate in some degree for his proud sullenness. First, there is the purple Rhone, with sparkling waters, so rich in colour, and so impetuous in career, that it yields to no river in Europe.

Furious and wild rush along the leadlong waves, as if the whole city

must inevitably be swept away in its course; and strange it is to stand on the fragile bridges which cross it from the streets to the quays, and feel the vibration caused by its impetuosity, and watch the angry gambols of the spirits of the torrent.

The deepest sapphire, the darkest lapis lazuli are poor in tint to the wondrous richness of the colour of the Rhone as it issues from the azure lake, and rushes madly along towards its junction with the furious Arve, whose turbid waters, pouring down from the eternal glaciers, deform the transparent purity of the fated stream which cannot evade their contact.

Hour after hour one can stand watching the play and strife of the beautiful waves, and listen in amazement to their ceaseless thundering din as they chafe and struggle amongst the rocks which bristle along the bottom, and deride their fury.

Many of the ugly, shabby old houses which used to deform these shores are removed, and some fine buildings, in modern taste, have taken their place; but there are still strange, dirty, broken-down-looking tenements in plenty, which are almost too squalid to be picturesque.

The pretty island of Jean Jacques is a favourite evening promenade, and it is really delightful to take a chair beneath the magnificent and gigantic poplars which adorn the spot, and listen to a fine band, the echoes of whose melodies are borne far over the waters, and resound along the charming shores covered with country houses, on promontories stretching out into the expanding lake. A pretty suspension-bridge conducts to this pleasure-island, and the whole has a most agreeable effect from the shore.

The antique cathedral of Geneva rises grandly from a mass of buildings, few of which have much to recommend them to notice but the general aspect at a distance of the town is imposing. It is better not to enter it, and have a favourable impression destroyed, for, particularly in the lower town, it is as ugly, slovenly, dirty, and disgusting a place as can be well met with out of France.

There are no good shops to be seen, and all the riches of jewels and watches, for which Geneva is celebrated, are hidden in upper floors, which it requires much exploring for a stranger to discover, and, when found, they present very little attraction to any one accustomed to the splendid display common to Paris and London. Watches and jewellery are, however, cheap here, and many persons may think it worth while to acquire some of the treasures which struck me as wanting both grace and novelty.

A very pleasant stroll on a summer evening at Geneva is on the rampart walk close to the inn, which overlooks the lake and river. Here all the "rose hues" of sunset which tinge the opposite Alps are seen in perfection; and it is delightful to observe the fleets of snowy sails and darting prows skimming along the surface of the waters, and ever and anon firing their saluting guns, which every echo answers far and near, in hoarse and gentle murmurs.

Opposite is the shore where stands Lord Byron's villa, Diodati, from whence he made so many excursions on the lake and amidst mountains destined to retain the memory of Childe Harold and Manfred, names that have superseded those of St. Preux and Julie, and all their sentimentality.

It has been well said by an acute writer in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," apropos of the works of the once celebrated Mademoiselle de Seudery:—"There is a reciprocal reaction, the exact measure of which it is difficult to determine, between authors and their period. It has frequently been asserted that literature is the picture of society; but in many instances society is rather the picture of literature.

"In all civilised times there has existed a class of persons who are inevitably influenced by it; whose fondness for reading is accompanied by delicacy of mind, a lively imagination, and a proneness to reflection. To certain minds the appearance of a particular book is an event of importance equal to the most violent revolution. The history of many persons might be recounted in a relation of the different writings which have moved and agitated them; as Madame de Staël said, 'the carrying off of Clarissa was one of the events of her youth;' whether it be the sorrows of Clarissa, or those of another, every poetical imagination may be similarly affected.

"For every one, in their favourite line of reading, there is a world of internal revolution; feelings which generally remain undisclosed, and are unknown to the writer who has roused them. Sometimes they develop themselves in actions, whose mystery is inexplicable to the looker on. Imagination has, no doubt, the greatest share in our passions; by imagination every object is embellished and rendered pure, all fiction is allowed, by this influence, to reign paramount, and our minds are involuntarily guided by this invisible agency. From this cause it has happened that literary persons sometimes confine their feelings entirely to their works. Their emotions are but the reflection of their writings; their strongest sentiments are but reminiscences; and when they think they are giving way to passion, they are merely adding a page to literature. With regard to romances, this is eminently true; we cannot, therefore, but feel a certain emotion in looking over those of a bygone time, even though the interest they excited is evaporated, and the language of passion, once thought so vivid, sound cold in our ears. When we read the Nouvelle Héloïse, Julie and Saint Preux, cause us little emotion; but that which cannot fail to do so, is the reflection that so many souls, now quenched in oblivion, have been deeply agitated, have mingled their very beings, and given way to secret raptures, with those two imaginary personages, and loved and suffered with the hero and heroine of that celebrated fiction.

"There is, therefore, but little philosophy, perhaps, in disdaining, from false delicacy, the study of such works, *médiocres* though they may really be as literary productions, for they are generally highly important in reference to the history of manners and ideas.

"The influence of first-rate works is, of course, greater and more enduring in the end; but the influence of romances which have been successful is always most extensive and most remarkable on contemporary readers.

"The actual common-place of these romantic fictions is sufficient to render them more popular and more powerful over the mass of the public. The highest order of poetry addresses itself only to delicate and cultivated minds: in order to preserve its exalted station it seeks events and circumstances which it loves to represent in a sphere more removed and less accessible to common intelligence.

"Hence it results, that amongst the romances which have exercised a

passionate influence over a whole generation, there are few that ought to be judged by a severe literary standard; they belonged to their time, and have disappeared with it. They should be studied as historical documents, as we study chronicles and memoirs. They are the journals of a time gone by: we find in them personages decked in the diverse costumes which human passions have successively adopted, always the same in fact, but variable in their appearance. Seen in this light, the popular romances of the day may occasion numerous interesting observations, and develope curious coincidences."

I have sometimes been surprised at my own insensibility in remaining unmoved at the reading of the adventures of the lovers of Lake Lemman, and was not sorry to meet with the above passage, which not only satisfactorily rescues me from my self-charge of indifference to beauty, but gives the best reason for the inordinate success of Rousseau's romance in its day, and its failure at the present. One would not willingly believe that the time can ever come when Byron's name will be as coldly recollected amongst these magnificent scenes as that of Rousseau—be that as it may, he is still the presiding genius of the place, and his melody wakes in every breeze: how he contrived to enter so much into the false sentiment of the most earthly of all poetical lovers, I cannot understand, but he probably, like a good actor, merely assumed the feeling for the occasion, in order the more to carry away his auditors.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

We took several walks in the neighbourhood of Geneva, all extremely agreeable, and showing much comfort and refinement. The ranges of pleasant country-houses, standing in gardens and shrubberies, cannot be excelled in the outskirts of London, and are far neater and better than those near Paris. I imagine a residence there must be one of the most enjoyable things one could obtain, and am not surprised that so many English, who are always seeking for pleasing sites, are established on the borders of the Lake.

The uncertainty of the weather occasioned a corresponding indecision in our movements. The head of "the monarch" was still shrouded in clouds, and bright and warm though the sun was, there seemed little chance of the sky becoming clear. We were obliged to abandon the intention of taking the magnificent route of the Tête Noire, to arrive at Chamouny, and giving up the lake voyage altogether, at length resolved to brave the spirits of mist and storm, and take post to Saint Martin, hoping that the troops of grey clouds which obscured the air at noon, might, with the usual perverseness of mountain weather, disperse and bring us good fortune.

We set out, then, on a sombre but by no means unpleasant afternoon; but as we advanced, neither the Jura, the Voirons, nor even Mount Salève, always hitherto visible to us at Geneva, permitted us a glimpse of their peaks, though rarely hidden from Chesne.

We crossed the boundary stream of the Foron, and at Anramasse were again in the Sardinian dominions, a fact intimated to us by the necessity of stopping in the road a quarter of an hour, while "our papers" were examined or supposed to be examined, so strictly, that the zealous individual who guarded his native land against our treasonous machinations, was forced to charge four francs for the trouble we had given him.

Still thick, though beautiful, wreaths of snowy mist hang over the crowding hills, as we continued our way above the valley of the Arve, whose wide, white bed was nearly dry, and whose numerous stone bridges seemed to hang in useless grace over the exhausted torrent.

At Bonneville we rested two hours, and wandered about with the hope of seeing something interesting: in a corn-field we encountered a talkative woman, who used her utmost art to discover at which inn we had put up, and in spite of her former civility, instantly abandoned us in disgust, when she found that we had chosen one which was a rival to that she wished to recommend: having got rid of her, we had leisure to reconnoitre the old towers and turrets of the once extensive and strong castle of Bonneville, and the defending fortresses of the town walls. The eternal snows of Mont Blanc are finely seen from the high fields here, and I did see them on my return in all their glory, but now the distance was all grey, and not a peak pierced the dull sky.

The Lords of Faucigny once dwelt here in great strength, and were doubtless formidable neighbours, and the fair Beatrix of Savoy probably held here more than one Court of Love, in what was the Hotel Rambouillet of the day; for alike in character were those pedantic and poetical re-unions, where questions of no-meaning was decided.

Beatrix, whose beauty was the theme of all the poets of her day, is said to have built this castle. Few of her compositions have been handed down, but the following has the merit, rare in those times, of being addressed to a legitimate admirer, no other than her husband, Raymond Beranger, who probably, to judge by their tenor, breathed his lays at the feet of some other idol.

BEATRIX DE SAVOY TO HER HUSBAND.

I FAIN would think thou hast a heart,
 Although it thus its thoughts conceal,
 Which well could bear a tender part
 In all the fondness that I feel,
 Alas! that thou would'st let me know,
 And end at once my doubts and woe.

It might be well that once I seem'd
 To check the love I prized so dear,
 But now my coldness is redeem'd,
 And what is left for thee to fear?
 Thou dost to both a cruel wrong!
 Should dread in mutual love be known?
 Why let my heart lament so long,
 And fail to claim what is thy own!

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone. MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER V.

Life at Nazere.—Our favourite Hunter Joaquim.—The Garden by Moonlight.—The Climate.—Its Purity and Healthfulness.—The wet and dry Seasons.—A caterwawling Serenader.—An Alarm.—Sunday.—An extraordinary Visit.—Our Departure from Nazere.

NOISELESSLY and quickly the hours sped on!—weeks rapidly transpired!—and still we lingered amid the delightful shades of Nazere!

Every day brought with it some new sources of enjoyment; and objects of novel interest were continually arising to gratify our senses. Hunting was our principal amusement, and hardly a day passed by without our engaging in it. Many were the rich plumaged birds that we killed, while wandering amid their own beautiful wild woods; many the curious animals that met with a speedy death from our trusty guns; and by no means scanty, the number of bright-hued serpents and horrible-looking reptiles that we caught crawling through the tall grass, or stealing beneath the thick shrubbery of the forest!

Our hunting-excursions were always undertaken early in the morning. Before the sun had shed his first beams over the enchanting scenery of the garden, we were always up and accoutred for our morning's ramble.

Our Indian hunter, Joaquim, generally accompanied us, and grateful are we to him for the many sporting tactics into which he initiated us, and for the possession of many splendid and rare birds, which we should not probably have procured without his assistance. He was quite young, not being more than nineteen or twenty years of age, of light olive complexion, a perfect Apollo in form, and a model of a sportsman in every sense of the word. The slightest sound never failed to catch his attentive ear—in a moment he knew from what kind of a bird or animal it proceeded, and prepared himself for instantaneous action. So delicately would he move onward towards his prey, scarcely touching the ground with his uncovered feet; crouching so skilfully beneath the clustering bushes as hardly to occasion the vibration of a single leaf; cutting away the thick vines and creepers which run before him with a long knife which he carried in his right hand for this purpose. All this would he do, without any intimation being given to the unfortunate bird or animal of his approach; having once fixed his eye upon his victim, escape was useless—death was certain! Raising his light flint-lock gun with quickness to his eye, his aim was sure, and the startling report which followed was the inevitable death-knell of his prey.

While in the forest, Joaquim wore no clothing save a coarse pair of pantaloons—a common powder-horn was strung around his symmetrical neck—a small pouch of shot was suspended from his waist

—in a little pocket he carried a box of percussion caps—in his right hand was his long knife—in his left his faithful gun—and this was his entire equipment.

We seldom spent more than two or three hours in the woods in the morning ; returning to the Roscencia, we regaled ourselves with an excellent breakfast under the verandah, rendered the more delectable from the exercise we had taken, and the circumstances under which we despatched it.

After this meal, the next operation was to skin and preserve the best specimens of the gay-plumaged birds we had killed in the forest. For this purpose, my amiable companion (whom I familiarly called *Jenks*), was wont to seat himself at a long table, on the eastern side of the building, where he prepared the specimens with the skill of an experienced artist. The bodies were first taken out, a little arsenic then sprinkled on the surface of the skin, and, lastly, the skins were filled out with cotton to their natural size, then put into proper shape and placed on a board, in an exposed situation, to dry. A variety of tropical birds, some green, some yellow, and others red, contrasted together in the sunshine, is truly a gorgeous spectacle for a naturalist's eye.

At Nazere we took dinner at one o'clock—three o'clock is the customary hour in the city. This meal with us was a very simple one, consisting of soup, boiled beef, cabbage, beans, and sweet potatoes. This, with the addition of a variety of fine fruits, (of which there were at least twenty distinct species to be found in the garden,) was our usual bill of fare. Sometimes we killed in the forest birds of the pheasant kind, all of which are esteemed delicious food. On account of the ignorance of Chico we were obliged to depend on our own resources for cooking them. Although we had not had much experience in this line, yet we succeeded with the assistance of some pork, butter, salt, pepper, and a gridiron of our own construction, in rendering them palatable to our heart's content.

The afternoons were spent by us either at the Roscencia in reading some interesting book beneath the shade of blooming orange-trees, traversing the embowered walks of the garden, dictating letters to our friends at home, or in visiting our different kind friends in the city, whose generosity and friendship we can never forget.

A paradise, indeed, was the Roscencia de Nazere by moonlight!—a second Eden!—but alas! without an Eve! So numerous were the trees of the garden that they constituted a fairy-like grove, and so thickly matted together were the branches overhead that the moonbeams fell like a shower of gold through the foliage. The bright birds might be heard chanting their vespers among the trees, while hundreds of singing insects were buzzing in every bush. The air itself was redolent with the sweetest perfume, a starlighted canopy was overhead, and we, perhaps, were enjoying it all under the verandah of the cottage, in talking with our hunters, or the pretty Indian maids, who haunted with their presence the flowery shades of our beautiful garden.

Allour moments were replete with enjoyment. We were quite happy!—and why should we not be living together in such a romantic and charming spot, where the flowers bloomed throughout the year, and where everything appeared to be animated with beauty, perfume, and song? Besides, the climate was of such exceeding

purity—so aromatic with the incense of flowers—and of such delicious blandness, that it was truly a luxury to live in it. Consumption, with all her kindred and accompanying evils, has never as yet invaded this mild atmosphere; and more than this, even coughs and common colds are almost entirely unknown. All diseases which owe their origin to changes of temperature in the air, cannot be engendered here, for the variation in the atmosphere does not amount to more than twenty degrees from the commencement of the year to its close; ninety degrees being the maximum, and seventy the minimum temperature, according to just and careful experiments made with the thermometer.

Without reference to temperature, the year is, in the province of Para, about equally divided into two seasons, namely, the wet and dry. The former commences about the middle of December and may be said to extend to the middle of June, although from the 1st of March the rains gradually decrease. Throughout the rainy season severe showers fall daily, seldom occurring, however, before three o'clock in the afternoon. They are usually accompanied by bright lightning and terrific thunder, and continue from one to three hours. The rain comes down with such extraordinary violence, and in such great quantities, that one who had never witnessed a storm in the tropics, would be astonished beyond measure, and filled with emotions of awe, if not of grandeur and sublimity.

During the period, extending from the middle of June to the middle of July, and which has been called "the dry season," comparatively little rain falls in the city, while in some of the neighbouring islands it hardly falls at all. The reason why the rains are more frequent in the city is undoubtedly owing to its superior elevation, as well as its location near the mouths of several tributary rivers. Even on the islands, where showers fall so seldom, vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly, the copious dews affording that nourishment to the plants and flowers which the clouds of heaven deny them.

The rainy season had just set in when we arrived at Nazere. On account of the sandy state of the soil, we could not have established ourselves at a better place; for here, one hour of sunshine never failed to erase all traces of the severest storms.

No danger need be apprehended from sleeping in the open air in this delicious climate at any period of the year. Indeed, we ourselves, have frequently passed the night in our hammocks, swung under the commodious verandah of the cottage at the Roscenia, without sustaining the slightest injury.

Our slumbers at Nazere were sound and refreshing. True, we slept little for the first few nights, owing to the nocturnal serenades of an old tom cat; but we doubt whether anybody, of any nerves at all, could have slept better under similar circumstances. We really had some thoughts of resorting to narcotics for relief! We were provoked—irritated—and at last became desperate.

"That villainous cat shall die," exclaimed Jenks, in a passion.

"What, with all his sins on his head!" said I; "just think of the enormity of his offences, my dear sir, before committing so bloody an act; pray, give him some little time for repentance!"

"Not a single day, by heaven!" replied my companion; "he shall die to-morrow!"

On the following morning we observed the doomed grimalkin quietly reposing on a little grassy knoll within a short distance of the house. Now was the time! But feeling some reluctance to be the perpetrators of the murderous deed ourselves, we called upon Joaquim to do the business for us.

He willingly assented. Having loaded his gun, he stationed himself within a suitable distance, took deliberate aim, and fired. A horrible shriek—most heart-rending and awful—immediately broke upon our ears. But when the smoke had cleared away no cat, living or dead, was to be seen. He had vanished in the adjacent thicket.

Two weeks passed by, and our nights continued to be undisturbed. We felt certain that our tormentor was numbered among the dead. But what was our astonishment one morning, while we were seated under the verandah, to see this diabolical cat enter the gateway before us, and advance with a downcast, saddened, and repentant air, up towards the house.

"Verily," said Jenks, "I have always heard that a cat had nine lives, now I believe it."

We were slightly infuriated at first, and determined to make one more effort to rid ourselves of this caterwawling monster, but as soon as our wrath had somewhat abated, we came to the merciful conclusion of "putting him on his good behaviour" for a "little season," and, strange to say, he never serenaded us again.

A little circumstance occurred one evening that gave us some alarm. My companion had gone to the city, and I was left entirely alone at the Roscenia. While reading a book under the verandah, by the feeble light of a single lamp, I was suddenly addressed by a strange voice, and looking up, I beheld a black fellow that I had never seen before, standing at my elbow.

"Senhor," said he, "load your gun, and lock up the house, for there are robbers concealed in the garden."

Saying this, he disappeared so quickly that I did not have time to make any inquiries of him concerning his startling narration. Whether to believe the black or not I hardly knew, but as I could not imagine any other motive to have prompted him than a desire to put us on our guard, it appeared probable that he had given correct information. I therefore loaded my "revolver," and, with it in one hand, and my sharp wood-knife in the other, I anxiously awaited the arrival of my companion. It was about midnight when he reached the Roscenia, and of course he was much surprised when I had related to him all that had taken place.

The night passed by—no robbers made their appearance—and I never afterwards saw the black who had in such a mysterious manner—in the silence and darkness of night—warned me of impending danger. This was the only incident that occasioned us the slightest uneasiness during our entire stay at the Roscenia—moreover, we did not meet with a single accident.

Sunday was the most noisy day of the week with us. On this day we had numerous visitors from the city; some of whom came out to the Roscenia for sporting purposes, keeping up a continual firing in the garden from morning until night. This was extremely disagreeable to us, as it prevented us from indulging in wholesome reading and useful reflections, as we would have preferred. There is no day set apart for religious purposes in Para. Sunday is a perfect holy-

day, and is more particularly marked by revelry and dissipation than by morality and sacred observances. Every Sabbath morning the Largo de Nazere was the scene of a military display, performed by a brilliant cavalcade of gaily-dressed officers, and mounted citizens. After going through with a series of military evolutions on the *largo*, they often stopped at the Roscencia, for the purpose of refreshing themselves with fruit and wine. They were a gay and apparently happy set of fellows, very gentlemanly in their bearing, and animated and cheerful in conversation.

Politeness to strangers is one of the striking characteristics not only of the people of Para, but of the Portuguese in general. Almost everybody you meet in the street, provided you have a gentlemanly appearance, will offer you the deference of taking off his hat, and at the same time saluting you with the popular expression, *Viva, senhor!* or "Long live, sir!" Besides this, the Brazilians are more hospitable and social than they have ever had credit for in the books of travellers. The reason, probably, why they have been considered so distant and reserved in their manners towards foreigners, is on account of their general ignorance of all languages but their own. Those at Para who could speak English we found to be exceedingly sociable and friendly, and disposed to render us any assistance we desired.

Having been at Nazere nearly two months, we began to think seriously of taking our departure. We had made a complete collection, almost, of all the birds and animals to be found in its vicinity, besides many extraordinary insects and curious shells. We had lived quietly, in solitude, in the midst of romantic natural beauty, and had experienced, perhaps, as much pleasure as human nature is capable of. Need it be said, then, that we had become exceedingly attached to the Roscencia, and looked forward to the period of leaving it with a kind of melancholy reluctance, mingled with sorrow and gloom.

A few days before our departure we were honoured with a visit of so singular a character, that we cannot forbear giving the reader a brief description of it. It was quite early one morning that a large and motley assemblage of individuals halted before the gateway of the Roscencia. What they were, or for what purpose they came, we could not surmise. They were so ceremonious as to send a young man in advance to solicit permission of us for them to enter. We did not hesitate to grant the request, and soon discovered that our worthy visitors constituted nothing less than a religious procession, who had come out to the Largo de Nazere in order to procure donations for the benefit of the Roman Catholic church,—a small pecuniary offering being expected from everybody.

The whole number of persons who entered the Roscencia could not have been less than forty or fifty,—of which number at least one-half were women and children. In front of all marched half-a-dozen priests or padres, dressed in flowing scarlet gowns, bearing large sun-shades of dazzling red silk suspended over their heads. After these came a group of bright-eyed damsels, crowned with garlands of flowers, and profusely decorated with golden chains and glittering trinkets. In the rear of all was a number of young children, sporting with each other in all the freedom of innocence and nudity combined. With huge bouquets of splendid flowers in their hands, they

looked like a band of little Cupids about to render deference at the court of Flora. Contrasting the striking colour of their dresses, and ornaments, and flowers, with the ever-living verdure of the overhanging trees, they constituted a brilliant spectacle, such as we had never before gazed upon.

One of the damsels, bearing a handsomely-carved salver of solid silver, presented it to us for the purpose of receiving our donations. Unfortunately we had but very little of the circulating medium on hand—merely a few vintens—all of which we threw at once upon the silver plate. Our pecuniary resources being now completely exhausted, judge of our consternation when the plate was handed to us a second time, for further contributions.

I now threw a bunch of cigars on the plate, and the result was just such as I had anticipated. Instead of taking the slightest offence at what I had done, they seized the cigars with eagerness, and I was obliged to distribute all I had in the house among them, before they would be satisfied. The cigars being all distributed, wine was asked for, with which we proceeded to supply them. But, alas! what were the two gallons of port we had purchased the day before towards satisfying such a thirsty crowd?

Before taking leave of us, a sweet little maiden handed me a miniature image of some one of the favourite saints, which she desired me to kiss. I took the image, and proceeded to do as she requested; but, by some unaccountable mistake I missed the image, and impressed a warm kiss upon the pouting lips of the youthful damsel—a sacrilege, indeed! for which I atoned by kissing the image many times! It is to be hoped that the reader will be as lenient and forgiving towards the writer for this misdeed as was the pretty maiden herself.

Shortly after this the whole party withdrew, with many thanks and benedictions, leaving us in a most deplorable condition; as our provisions being eaten, our wine drunk, and our cigars smoked.

We were sad, indeed, when we took our final leave of Nazere. It was on a mild and sunny afternoon, and all around was quiet and serene. No sounds broke upon the stillness, save the rustling of the leaves, the murmur of the insects, and the chattering of the birds. Our thoughts harmonized with the plaintiveness of the scene; for we remembered that we were relinquishing *for ever* the blissful garden, where we had whiled away so many pleasant hours.

Strolling slowly on towards the city, we frequently stopped for a few moments by the way, to exchange salutations with our Indian neighbours, and to tender to all the pretty maidens our parting adieu. Joaquim accompanied us as far as the Largo da Palvora, where, after shaking us each heartily by the hand, while a tear stood in his noble eye, he bade us farewell. We were extremely sorry to lose so valuable a hunter, and, in testimony of our esteem and appreciation of the services he had rendered us, we presented him with a single-barrelled gun, which we had purchased for him in the city.

It was near sunset when we arrived at Mr. Campbell's house, a lofty stone dwelling, with balconies fronting each of the upper windows. Here we intended remaining for the ensuing week; at the expiration of which time we proposed making an excursion to Caripe, a neglected though beautiful estate, situated on a small island within twenty miles of Para.

WHAT TOM PRINGLE DID WITH A £100 NOTE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J. LEECH.

WHETHER a certain place, the latitude and longitude of which are more a matter of faith than of geographical certainty, be "paved with good intentions," may sometimes be doubted, seeing that a hundred pound note, the realization of the best intention in the world, and on the part of the most prudent personage in the world, has seen the light. Tom Pringle's intention, happily conceived, and brilliantly executed, was not abortive, and therefore, according to the apophthegm, was not to be found among the burnt offerings of the lower regions.

Tom Pringle was a man of purpose, as immovable as the well-worn stool that was screwed to the floor of one of "the oldest houses in the city." He formed a resolution at the end of seventeen years' assiduous clerkship—a good "intention," if you will, to become independent, and he cherished it too warmly to let it out of his own keeping, much less that it should be found among the splendid abortions with which the unchristian locality above mentioned is said to be paved.

Few men, with an ambition higher than Tom Pringle's stool, ever consent to be servants, without the lurking hope of being at some time or other master. Tom was not exempt from the aspiration. He conceived the idea, he brought it forth with much travail. He was in general somewhat of an unstable disposition. He went to his office in Threadneedle Street, at nine A. M., left at five P. M., with the precision of the postman, and somewhat with the haste of that functionary. He was getting grey in the midst of these peripatetics. It occurred to him as he occasionally ogled a bit of looking-glass thrust between the leaves of some blotting paper, that he was getting a few supplementary wrinkles. Baldness, "crows' feet" at the side of both eyes, were pretty plain indications that he was not the man he formerly was.

Tom would sometimes strive to beguile the ennui of "office hours" by a harmless flirtation with the pretty Cinderella, who usually made the office fire. She, in her turn, endured rather than permitted those little escapades. When these would become rather obtrusive, she never failed to remind him of the enormity, and of the difference between their ages. The little slattern, riant and coquettish as seventeen summers, and the privilege of poking the office fire, and a little fun at the clerk could make her, stole noiselessly out one day after a short lecture on the platonics of the clerk.

Tom could not endure that his self-love could be thus rebuked by the maiden. He was willing to attribute to the coyness of his female friends certain averted glances, which plainly hinted that "youth and age cannot yoke together," and the knowledge made him sad. Somebody has said, and with truth, if you want to see what changes time and the world may have wrought in your outward man, look the first female acquaintance you meet in the face, and her reception of you will settle the question. The little Cinderella of the office fire, did that office for Tom Pringle. He be-

came grave and abstracted on resuming his seat at his desk next day. His foot oscillated, like his thoughts, from the stool on which he sat. He rocked his body to and fro, as if, like a restless babe, he wanted to compose it.

In a fit of splenetic abstraction his eyes made their way through the vista formed by the day-book and ledger, and fixed themselves sternly on the palisadings of an old church that overshadowed his little sanctum. A thousand times, in blither mood, and before any body could hint anything about "iron locks," or ere a crow's foot disturbed his serenity, had he looked through the same vista, and his eyes lighted on the same stern old pile. Then, there was no corrugation on the brow. But the little maiden had worked wonders.

"It won't do," said Tom, "not by no means; no use in staveing them off, they will come, and the little un's eye as it took in my bald head and front, crows' feet, and all that sort of thing, is as good as a sermon and no mistake; soh, soh!" and Tom remained for full seven minutes and a half in a peevish abstraction, staring alternately at the old church, and at two sparrows that had a terribly long flirtation on the palisades that hemmed it in. The conference between the sparrows might have been, for anything he knew on "the affairs of the church." It lasted a long time; and as he looked at the little triflers, he felt blistering tears make their way through his bony fingers and fall upon the blotting paper, which served as a kind of cushion for his elbows. They mingled with, and diluted the ink that caprice or accident had blotched it with. He paused a moment to see what kind of figure dried up tears mingled with ink would make in one of the blotting books of an old house in the city. They were not such as Cocker would have left on the veriest waste paper; but the particular leaf on which they fell, had a peculiar charm for Tom, and he tore it off when the tears were thoroughly soaked in, and carefully folded it, then placed it in a black leathern trunk that occasionally served as dinner table and desk. As he bent over the old trunk, and turned up its miscellaneous contents, his eye lighted on the accumulations of nearly a quarter of a century of clerkship to one or two old houses, in the shape of a three-pound note, and he absolutely grew pale at the sight. It was carelessly laid on some waste papers, and had passed through many hands.

"You've run your course my fine fellow," said the clerk, as he despondingly lifted it. It was identically the same, that some years before, he had deposited in the old black trunk. "It ought by this time, to have been—let me see, fifteen twenties, or three hundred pounds. Besides douceurs and christmas-boxes—goodness gracious me, can it be possible? And out of the three hundred that might have been stowed away, in this old fellow," peevishly giving the old trunk a kick, "there is but a solitary three pound note, and not another to keep it company!" He laid the bank note on the leaf of the blotting book, despondingly closed the trunk, and carefully locked it. What affinity or association existed between an old leathern trunk and a broken bit of looking-glass, was best known to Tom, it passes ordinary comprehension, but he mechanically drew out from between the leaves of the blotting book, a cracked piece of looking-glass, at which, and at the black trunk, he alternately stared, and a smile stole over his haggard face as he exclaimed, "not so *very* old but that I

may yet send a few crisp bank notes to keep that old fellow in the black trunk company. Let me make it but a cool hundred—I will, I am determined on it, I'll be independent—pooh, nonsense—turned of fifty-two, why it is as good as twenty-five any day. I've ink and exertion in me yet for a good score years; I'll pare and cut down, live sparingly, very sparingly, very, and then at the end of—let me see how many pains-taking, close-fisted years somebody," and he dashed his hand against his heart that dilated with the thought—"somebody will have a cool hundred or two, and then ugh! ugh!" And a short dry cough, given with rather sepulchral energy, wound up the soliloquy of the resolving clerk. He thrust both his hands in desperation to the bottom of his pockets. There was nothing particular either in the act, or in the pockets, but it was the instinctive "carrying out" of the resolution Tom Pringle made to grow rich—to "realise," and become the master of what thenceforth took possession of his whole soul—a cool hundred or two.

When a new light—of other days—days present, or of those that yet may be vouchsafed, breaks in upon a man turned of fifty-two, it is strange that, with our irrepressible yearnings after immortality, when the curtain of eternity gets a premonitory shake, as it generally does at fifty-two, the light which breaks in upon such a man is rarely a light from within, or from above. It is a half-resentful, half-regretful feeling for the loss of that time in which money might have been accumulated, during which he might, if thrifty and provident, have sown the kernel of a plum, or, at least, of a "golden pippin" or two. The disconsolate clerk, like his betters, set up the money standard by which opportunities, time, and even eternity might be tried.

He was not exempt from the weakness which besets alike the prime of manhood and the decrepitude of age; and he wept at the thought,—first, that he was turned of fifty-two, and, secondly, that, after the gaieties and gravities of that period, but a solitary three pound note was all he could boast of as the available balance in his exchequer.

Some little resentful feelings he entertained too for being so unceremoniously reminded by the little Cinderella of the office fires, of premature baldness, and crows' feet. But youth, particularly of the gentler sex, finds a malicious pleasure in picking holes in the wrapper of decaying humanity; and though a nod of recognition,—when in particular good humour—a playful pat on the head, occasionally a chuck under the dimpling chin of the little maiden, were all the approaches Tom ever made towards a little harmless flirtation, yet it justified her in bidding him "keep his hands to himself;" and in eliciting a few of those coquettish retorts, which, as we have seen disturbed the complacence of the clerk, and let in a flood of feeling and apprehension that tinged his after life.

Tom read his doom in the eyes and altered demeanour of the young girl. It was in vain that he tried "to pluck up" and look smart. It was in vain that he pulled and distorted a rebellious lock or two that still found a home on his brow, but which, when drawn over the bald patch, would perversely have its way, and fall limp and languid where it was not wanted.

Tom Pringle was turned of fifty-two, and he resolved—vain effort!—to cheat that suggestive period of twelve or fifteen years—to look, at least, if not to feel, a dozen years younger. One may as soon

cheat fifty-two lawyers or women as fifty-two years. Tom made the attempt to chouse the latter out of their due, but not being particularly successful at a brief toilet which he extemporized over a bit of looking-glass, he grew sad, and, for the first time in his life, he both felt and looked that awkward period. Another source of uneasiness to the clerk was, that, after an official life of pen and ink, and regular attendance during "office hours," he found himself only three pounds the better for it. In the bitterness of his inmost soul, Tom felt all this with the keenness and intensity of a man who resolves rather late in the day to lead another sort of life. What that other sort of life was to be, he had not exactly made up his mind. On his way home, however, he resolved it should be in the pecuniary way,—that he should economise and grind, and be covetous, and, if possible, get rich;—not in a "year," however, "and a day," but in the fulness of some undefined period.

Tom's ambition was to be considered a "small capitalist," to be the owner of at least a hundred pound note. The idea was brilliant and practicable, and as he warmed up beneath its cheering influence, he gave a rap of more than usual vivacity at the door of his humble domicile in one of the suburban ruralities. The slamming of sundry doors to prevent the inquisitive look of the supposed stranger, a hasty settling of the scanty stair-carpet, quite put out of its way by the rush down stairs, and a more than ordinary time spent in opening the door, to give time to reconnoitre the stranger, hinted to the excited clerk that he had taken unusual pains to announce himself.

Miss Priscilla Blossom, as she opened the door with expectation on tiptoe, made no secret of her chagrin at finding it was only Mr. Pringle. Tom was exactly eleven years a lodger, and much freedom with the knocker might be accorded to a lodger of his standing, particularly seeing it was a first offence. But she couldn't exactly see the necessity there was of putting people in alarm;—it was provoking, however, to have the alarm given by, as it were, "one of the family." And so, instead of the old simper and look of quiet welcome, she took her revenge by looking over the shoulder of the clerk as he entered, and very hard at the dead wall opposite. That was a cut she thought irresistible; and, after a look up and down the street, the lady skipped with more than her usual vivacity, three pair up.

A kind of sentimental acquaintance, such as a not old bachelor may be presumed to carry on with a lady of a "certain age," and which the uncertain-aged lady may be presumed to encourage without compromising the dignity of spinsterhood—was carried on between the clerk and Miss Priscilla Blossom. The "quiet silent attentions" of the clerk were permitted, and as time and Miss Blossom wore on, were even encouraged. But the cold calculating look of Mr. Pringle, as he brushed by the maiden, was rather alarming. He never looked so before, and as he took possession of his little antiquated room on the first floor, and sharply drew the door after him, Miss Priscilla Blossom thought that there was "something out of the common" amiss with Mr. Pringle. That gentleman's uneasy pacing up and down the room, interrupted by a passionate exclamation, and the desponding cry of "fifty two" uttered in a half-frantic tone, prevented Miss Blossom from knowing what was going on, or properly taking advantage of her position at the key-hole. Miss Blossom in this particular scrupulously

fulfilled the Scriptural injunction,—she diligently “watched” the uneasy movements of the clerk as he fidgeted up and down the room, and took note of several exclamations which she thought had some significance for herself.

“Now let me see,” said Pringle, as he cut himself short in the midst of a towering soliloquy, “economy and no matrimony—that’s the point. ’Taint that she’s too old, but she has no money, and love at fifty-two without some, is clean nonsense. It would not be endured in the city. On the Exchange it would hardly pass; and the firm—the firm—what would they say? What would that larger firm, the world say?”

The excited clerk, in a vain endeavour to know what would be thought in these several quarters of his projected scheme, lifted his hands in agony of apprehension, and as he allowed them to fall by his side in an effort at resignation, he dropped into that easy chair which the provident Miss Blossom had furnished. He buried himself in its ample recesses, and did the same charitable work for his head, which he buried in his hands. Now, burying thoughts alive has been found no bad way of resuscitating them. Tom had no sooner made up his mind that it was time to accumulate, to get at the right side of a hundred pound note or thereabouts, than another element of uneasiness was added to his stock:—he was fifty-two years old, and he never thought of it. By a kind of sentimental connexion—an onning and offing—he had half committed himself to Miss Priscilla Blossom. That young lady—for the privilege of spinsterhood is always to be extremely young—thought that the partial committal in an affair of the heart was tantamount to a matrimonial engagement, and was therefore at ease on the subject, believing that time and assiduity would work a matrimonial miracle in her favour. But the age of miracles, like that of chivalry, is gone by. “Thou shalt not marry except well” is a species of eleventh commandment which prudent men are very observant of; and although Tom was an indifferent observer of the decalogue, he compromised for his breach of it by a rigid observance of this same eleventh commandment.

He determined to become a very miser,—to grind, pinch, and pare down and lop off all superfluities that might in future interfere with the great economical purpose of his life. Among other luxuries, that of matrimony was even given up. “Matrimony at fifty-two, and a three pound note to begin the world with—the idea was preposterous!”

The agony of mind which a rather elderly gentleman endures when called upon to revolutionize his habits, is great. The desponding clerk felt it very acutely. The old sofa on which he ruminated this bitter cud shook beneath him. He ground his teeth pretty distinctly, and to the soft, hesitating rap at the door he blurted out, “It can’t be done—it can’t be done! Come in.”

“But it is done, Mr. Pringle, and to your liking,” said the soft, silvery voice of Miss Blossom, as she darkened the door of Tom’s little apartment with a plate of nicely stewed tripe, with a snow-white napkin over that, and over that again, looking a gracious invitation, the yet beaming countenance of the happy spinster.

“Very kind of you, Miss Blossom,” said Pringle, as he felt the whole of his economical schemes dissolve as the smoking platter sent

up its grateful odour. "But you were thinking of tripe; my thoughts ran upon thrift. It can hardly be done," continued the clerk, again relapsing into his economic mood;—"and if it could, it ought not. What I perpetrate that awful thing at fifty-two!—monstrous!"

The simple maiden could not conceive the affinity between a nice dish of tripe and these incoherent expressions, and bending on the abstracted clerk a pair of eyes that had not yet quite lost their powers of interrogation, she said playfully:

"What's done can't be undone, Mr. Pringle. Now, your dinner is done to a turn, and—there, let me help you."

There was so much kindness in the tone of the maiden, so much sympathy, that while he mechanically bolted his food, he fixed a maudlin pair of eyes on her, and caught himself in the act of fondling with her white hand. A quiet smile of happiness indicated the pleasure of the spinster at this approach to his former self.

"So you think me in love, Miss Blossom," said the clerk, petulantly flinging down his knife and fork. "Of course you do."

"You don't like your dinner, Mr. Pringle," said the lady, getting very pale; "or, perhaps, you don't like m-m-me," she said, hysterically sobbing. "You've lost your appetite, and you're not so—so—f-f-fond as you used to be, and—"

"There now, that'll do," whimpered the clerk, as he brushed away a tear with the corner of the table-cloth.

Pringle took two or three impatient turns round the room, wriggled his spare form into an attitude of determination, and approaching the maiden with a grave if not stern air, he said:

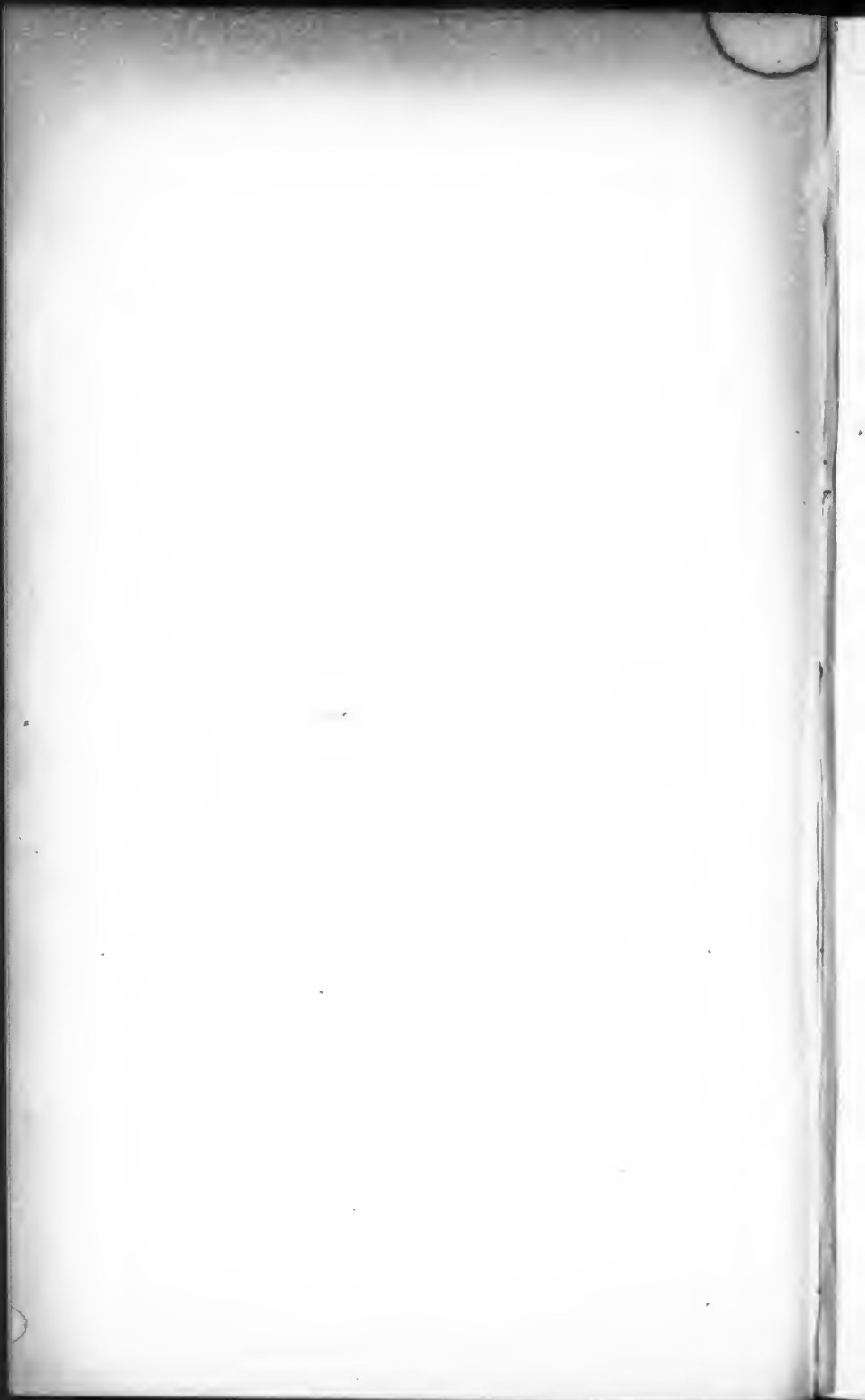
"So—so, you don't think me fond, Miss Blossom,—and you're right. Pooh—stuff—nonsense! Fond at fifty-two!—'tis all gammon—don't believe it—don't believe a word of it. It is not in us at forty, much less at fifty-two,—and I'm *that*. Don't believe me if I should say I am. A man of fifty is fond of nobody but his wretched self, loves nobody! Reverse the picture: make it twenty-five, and there is some chance. But, believe me, Miss Blossom, at twenty-five man may toy with beauty's chain without counting the links; but at fifty-two every link should be made of fine gold, to enable him to wear it gracefully. That's what I say, Miss Blossom."

There was an earnestness mingled with banter in this sally, that fairly puzzled the maiden. She didn't know what to make of him. She had comforted herself for a long time with the belief that their union was merely a matter of time, but the idea that his parsimonious resolves would stop short of matrimony had never occurred to her.

That night the anxious clerk entered on his purpose of thrift by taking possession of a room "two pair up." It was cheaper than the one he occupied, and served as a fit prelude to his economical purpose. A corresponding change was observable in his outward man. "Plain and warm—plain and warm is good enough for a man of fifty-two," he would say, while he wrapped his spare form in a penurious and primitive habiliment, and stalked to the office of one of the oldest houses in the city. By dint of the most close-fisted parsimony, Pringle began to accumulate. The old leather trunk began to grow interesting. It was respectable in his eyes as the savings-bank of his future deposits. It was no longer used for the unworthy purposes to which all old friends are uniformly subject. It was regularly dusted



Mr. Broyles requests that you will send him



every day; and when it became the depository of one score pounds, as the kernel of, perhaps, a future *plum*, he carried it to his lodgings. Meantime, no useless expense was allowed to diminish his savings, Tipplings at his club, and the club itself, were fairly given up as inconsistent with the growth of the incipient plum. He would pass by a theatre, even at the alluring hour of half-price, with the most stoical indifference. All pleasures were put under the most rigorous ban. Pringle began to grow a perfect ascetic. The black leather trunk became in consequence more and more plethoric. When out of spirits, he would sit in a strangled beam of sunshine that would find its way into his solitary room, and, with half-shut eyes, ogle his treasure.

The inventive genius of woman frequently found opportunities of breaking in upon his musings. Miss Blossom was always a privileged intruder. She thought it was not good for man to be alone; and the bewitching hour of tea, with an infusion of small-talk, affairs of the house and affairs of the heart, occupied the evening. Not that Pringle, during these visits, ever allowed his thoughts to wander from his purpose, or lean to the "soft side of the heart." When, however,—for Pringle was but a man—he felt a premonitory tug at his heart-strings, he would look sternly at the old leather trunk, and all his stoicism would revive. The soft intruder was bid good night, and the obdurate Pringle would sneak to his bed to dream till morning of the old leather trunk and its contents.

Precisely twenty-one months after the date of his intention to become a small capitalist on his own account, the vision of a real hundred pound note rose upon his sight. There was no mistaking the crisp sterling feel of the paper. He looked intently at the words "One Hundred Pounds," in large capitals. A quiet self-approving smile stole over his haggard features. The corrugated brow, the crows' feet, the limp and languid hair—what were they to him? He had within his clutch the golden vision that so often formed the subject of his day dreams, and distracted his slumbers at night.

But did Pringle limit his ambition to a "cool hundred?" For the honour of human nature, we are bound to admit that he did. And now that he had it, he didn't know what to do with it. He was miserable without it, he was unhappy with it. But still the consciousness that he could call that sum his own—own, gave an animation to his features, a buoyancy and an elasticity to his form, that was quite wonderful.

Yet daily the question presented itself to him,—what could he do with the hundred pound note, now that he had acquired it? And through sheer dint of not knowing what to do with it, he became unusually pensive.

"I made it single-handed," said the bewildered clerk, in a fit of monetary abstraction, while he wistfully eyed the water-mark on the note, and in desperation thrust both his hands to the uttermost depths of his breeches' pockets. What the sequel to these uneasy thoughts was, and what Pringle *did* when he didn't know what to do with his hundred pound note, may be inferred from the announcement shortly after made by the parish clerk of —, marvellously resembling the banns of marriage between Thomas Pringle, bachelor, and Priscilla Blossom, spinster.

S. Y.

THE HEIRESS OF BUDOWA.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Those well read in German history will readily recognise the story of Otto of Wartenberg and Slabata. The catastrophe is historically interesting, as it seriously influenced the fate of Frederic King of Bohemia and his English wife Elizabeth.

THERE was high festival in the baron's halls, and the voice of music and revelry rose above the howl of the winter's blast, and the rushing torrents without. It was at Christmas time that the proudest and loveliest of Bohemia met within the castle of Budowa, to celebrate the birthday festival of the baron's heiress, his beautiful daughter, Theresa. She was not his only child; a younger daughter, bearing the name of Maria, shared in her father's love, and in her sister's beauty, but it was well known that the vast possessions belonging to the ancient house of Budowa were not to be divided,—that they were to confer power and dignity on the fortunate husband of Theresa. Nevertheless, the younger sister was so rich in personal beauty, and a thousand soft and winning graces, that she could almost compete with the elder in the number and devotion of her admirers. He who now sat beside her, breathing into her willing ear enraptured praises of her radiant beauty, had been long a suitor for her smiles, without seeking to obtain possession of her hand; and there were some who whispered that he only paid his court to the younger sister as a means of obtaining easy access to the presence of the heiress.

The dark, earnest eye of the Count Slabata, and the soft accents of his practised tongue had seldom pleaded in vain. His was "a face that limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon," and his proud, yet courteous bearing, was distinguished alike by dignity and grace. By birth he held a high rank amongst the nobles of Bohemia; and, though rumours were abroad that his large family possessions were seriously encroached upon by youthful extravagance, these had never reached the ear of Maria; she believed him to have both the will and the power to place her in the same high position that birth had conferred on her more fortunate sister. Still there were times when even the vain and unobservant Maria had doubted the completeness of her conquest. Not now, however,—not now; on this happy evening she deemed there was no longer cause for fear, and she listened with beating heart and glowing cheek for the expected words that would interpret into final certainty the language of Slabata's eloquent look. Yet Maria was even now deceived, for it was not upon her the most earnest gaze of those dark eyes was anxiously and enquiringly fixed.

In a distant, windowed niche of the lofty and spacious hall stood two figures, so remote from the glare of light, and the central tables where the feast was spread, that they were almost hidden in the gloom, and their conversation could easily be carried on, undisturbed by the faint and distant sounds of music and revelry. Count Slabata's eye alone, keen, quick, and piercing, had recognized the graceful form of the baron's niece,—but the knight who stood beside her, who was he? There might be many in that crowded hall never even seen before by Slabata, whose youth had been passed in foreign and distant lands; but any one who might boast sufficient rank and power to entitle him

to such intimate commune with Theresa could surely not be unknown to him. It was not, it could not be a Bohemian noble to whom Theresa had granted this comparatively private interview; yet, what stranger could have found an opportunity of exciting the interest his keen eye saw she felt? For, though the haughty heiress, self-controlled as ever, held her stately form erect, and her roseate lip compressed, it was vainly that the white arms were folded firmly across her breast, in the attempt to still its tumultuous heavings. Her companion stood impassive. He it is who speaks, and the lady listens; but, though his words had such power to move her, they disturbed neither the rigidity of his features, nor the unbending repose of his attitude. If, indeed, he pleads, it may not be a suit of human passion.

The short interview over, Theresa moved thoughtfully towards the gay crowd, who now, for the first time, observing her absence, made way as she approached, and the knight—as he glides silently away, the truth flashes on Slabata! The knightly garb had been only assumed for the purposes of disguise, and the haughty Theresa was carrying on a clandestine intercourse either of love or of religion. And, vigilantly watched over by the pride and anxiety of her stern father, it was probable that she had found in the crowded festival the only opportunity for contriving further interviews. Successful, too, the opportunity had apparently proved, for no eye save that of Slabata had discovered the retreat of the heiress, in the distance and gloom of the remote window-niche. Her father was just then lavishing earnest courtesies upon the royally-descended mother of Count Wartenberg, and the count himself had not yet arrived. While the causes of his delay were being variously reported among the assembled guests, the large portals of the hall were thrown open, and, ushered in with all due honour and deference, Count Otto of Wartenberg entered the apartment.

Otto was one of Bohemia's bravest knights, and none were so favoured as he by the smiles of its fairest maidens. Gentle and courteous in peace, as he was daring and gallant in war, easy success awaited his lightest efforts, and resistless as his sword on the battle-field were the eager glances of his clear bright eye,—the eloquent pleadings of his earnest voice. Slabata's star ever waned before this presence. There was a frank and ardent sincerity in the equally-polished bearing of Count Otto, that threw, as it were, into suspicious relief the laboured graces and insinuating flatteries of Slabata. They had long been rivals—rivals in their pride of birth,—rivals in their pride of manly beauty,—rivals on the battle-field, where Slabata's experienced dexterity never won the same meed of popular applause as the frank and soldier-like bearing of the fearless Otto,—and rivals were they now on a field of bitterer conflict than the sword ever waged,—rivals for a woman's smile, and that woman the beautiful and richly-dowered Theresa. Otto's sight, quickened by passion, had penetrated through the treacherous semblance of Slabata's pretended love for Maria. He saw that Theresa was the real object, and that it was only because her haughty coldness forbade direct approaches that Maria's easily-deceived vanity was used as a means of constant access to her sister's presence. Whether Slabata had been in any degree successful, Otto knew not—Otto dared not guess. Theresa was equally repellant to all those suspected of pretending to the honour of her hand, whether they had rashly pressed their suit too early, or whether, as in the case of the proud and sensitive Otto, avowals of love had been carefully shunned.

Often, as the discouraged count turned away from Theresa's chilling courtesy, his eyes would fall with apprehension and mistrust upon the noble form and striking features of Slabata. Their jealousy was, therefore, mutual,—their suspicions eager, restless; but the frank, generous rivalry of Otto differed equally with his noble character from the concealed enmities—the deceitful and treacherous nature of Slabata.

As Otto advanced through the hall the brightest eyes shining there sought to meet his in appealing memories, or in hope of future triumph; but, as his eager glance traversed the fair array of loveliness, it found no resting-place. At this moment Theresa reaches and mingles with the circle, and Otto's stately form bends lowly at her side. His arrival had been waited for to commence the graceful dance of Bohemia, which ordinarily preceded the festival; claiming his acknowledged right, as highest in rank, to the hand of Theresa, he led her forward. Slabata next advanced, with the gay and happy Maria; as the four mingled together in the movements of the dance, it escaped her unsuspecting notice that her partner's restless glances were as often fixed upon Theresa in piercing scrutiny as upon her in tenderness. Versed in all the windings of a woman's heart, the wily Slabata had long sought, and sought in vain, to penetrate Theresa's secret. One bitter truth he knew—him she loved not; but, whether the noble frankness, martial fame, and chivalrous bearing of Otto of Wartenberg had won the favour denied to his own eminent personal advantages, even the piercing sight of jealousy had never enabled him to discover. Whatever were Theresa's secret feelings, they had hitherto eluded the anxious scrutiny of either her father or her lovers. Nor had this been only from woman's pride or woman's waywardness. This night for the first time they stood revealed to herself. A blush, a smile, a sigh, and hope sprung up in Otto's heart; as the words of passion burst from his now unchained lips, the blood rushed to Theresa's heart, and deathly paleness overspread her face; her eye was not raised, her lip was not stirred, but a tear was on her cheek, her soft hand was not withdrawn from his, and Otto knew the heart he wooed was won. There was another eye that guessed the truth; and for a moment Slabata's beautiful lip was writhed in sudden anguish, but a smile of vengeance succeeded; the prey was in his hands.

The personal attractions of the two sisters partook of a strangely different character. The striking features, the majestic form, the glow of colouring peculiar to the nobly-born of Slavonic race, constituted the brilliant beauty of the younger sister, Maria. The jewels of rare value that sparkled through her dark tresses were rivalled by the lustrous gloss of the raven ringlets they adorned; her dark eyes, as they melted in tenderness, or kindled in gaiety, lit up her young face with a still more winning loveliness. Her smiles, not cold and rare, like Theresa's, but gleaming in glad and quick succession, parted lips, almost too full for beauty, were it not for their rich, deep colouring, and finely chiselled form. The brilliance of her complexion acquired a deeper interest from its ever-varying hues. The full tide of emotion never rested tranquil beneath the clear brown tint of her cheek, but rose and fell incessantly with every passing excitement of her eager and joyous spirit.

Satin and velvet of the richest and brightest dyes imparted an air of splendour to the picturesque national costume worn by Maria,—one eminently suited to display to the best advantage the brilliant and

striking charms of her face and form. But Theresa,—the wealthy heiress, the heroine of the night, and the object of far deeper, more respectful homage, was habited with a simplicity at that time equally foreign to the taste and manners of Bohemia. It might be that she deemed the statuesque simplicity of her beauty would have been impaired, not heightened, by any decoration; for no jewels sparkled on her snowy brow, no varied colouring disturbed the dignified repose of her slight yet stately form. And never did classic sculptor, in his dream of beauty, mould a form or features of more faultless proportions or more imposing beauty. Nevertheless, the earthly charm of warm, speaking colouring was not there. She looked and moved a queen, but her sovereignty was exercised not only over others' hearts, but over her own emotions. Pride spoke in every quiet glance, in every graceful gesture pride mingled with her grace. The complexion of Theresa was as dazzlingly fair as her sister's was richly dark; fair, too, were the sunny folds of silken hair, braided over her cheek with a simplicity that well suited the features they were neither required to shade nor to adorn.

In these features—so delicately moulded, so soft, so feminine in their refinement—who could have read the secret sternness of the soul within? In one alone it speaks: the firmly compressed lip, exquisite in its chiselled beauty, bears the strong impress of unbending will, of unconquerable pride. The prophecy of her future fate is told in the stern compression of those faultless lips; and that future fate is advancing fast; even while she treads in the mirthful dance, it approaches nearer—nearer still. To-night she reigns supreme—the centre of a host of worshippers, the heiress of a noble house, the idol of a father's heart;—to-morrow—where is she then?

It was not alone the fair-haired beauty and the unbending character of the Saxon race that Theresa had inherited from her English mother. That mother had been born a Roman Catholic, and though for many years she had yielded assent to the stern commands of her lord, in an apparent relinquishment of her childhood's faith and the education of her daughters in his own Calvinistic opinions, this did not last to the end. Fading away in a painful decline, long aware of the inevitable approach of a lingering death, all the superstitious belief of her creed conspired with the native strength of her character to make her resolve that one beloved child at least should be placed within the pale of salvation. Theresa, older than Maria,—the intended heiress of her father—inheriting a strength of character and firmness of purpose equal to that of her unfortunate mother, while it was uninfluenced by the same warm affections—was the more fitting subject for the projected conversion. If she could keep the secret of her change of faith until the vast possessions of Budowa should become hers, the influence she would then be able to exercise for the advancement of the Romish religion would make ample amends for her mother's unholy concessions to a heretic husband. Nor was the dangerous resolution of changing Theresa's faith formed and executed alone. The Jesuits, then in the height of their power and influence, and ever on the watch to arrest the progress of the Reformation, had known from the first that the beautiful bride brought home by the baron from his tour through Holland, belonged to one of the most distinguished of the ancient Roman Catholic families in England.

In Bohemia, however, the power of the Jesuits was vigilantly and jealously watched; and they dared not interfere between the Calvinistic baron and his Popish wife, until the first advances were made by the lady herself. For many years this was vainly waited for; and it was not until her last fatal disease commenced, that the dread of eternal punishment determined the baroness to brave all consequences rather than be longer deprived of the consolations of her religion. The secret maintenance of one form of faith while she openly professed another, had trained her to craft and dissimulation. She worked on her husband's fears and affection by pleading the necessity of frequent change of scene as her last hope of recovery, and thus contrived, while at a distance from Budowa, to receive the frequent visits of her spiritual directors from Ingoldstadt. In this city was situated a large and powerful establishment of Jesuits, and from amongst their number one was artfully selected best suited to work on the youthful mind of Theresa, and influence her secession from her father's Calvinistic faith.

The different priests of the Romish church who from time to time visited the dying couch of the Baroness of Budowa came to the same conclusion respecting the carefully studied character of the heiress. They saw that, while her imagination and feelings were slightly influential on her opinions, and strongly controlled by the native strength of her character, it was through the intellect alone she could be permanently secured to their church.

Father Eustace, the Jesuit selected for this purpose, possessed one of the sharpest and subtlest minds belonging to any member of his order; and he pursued his task so successfully, that, before Theresa's mother died, she had the solemn satisfaction of seeing her daughter professing her own faith. But, at the very moment of success, an alarming discovery took place. In the confusion caused by the death of the baroness, the precautions always before observed had been neglected; and the sudden appearance of the baron, who had hurried from Budowa on receiving the tidings of his wife's last illness, revealed to the injured husband that the woman whose death he so passionately mourned had been long pursuing a system of deceit and fraud, and had not only lived but died in the faith she had feigned to abjure. In a frenzy of mingled sorrow and resentment, he led his daughters to the death-bed of their mother, and there vowed stern revenge against any, even the nearest and dearest, who should again betray his trust, and adopt the idolatrous creed of Rome. Maria trembled and wept; Theresa trembled, but she wept not; nor did her spirit quail or her heart shrink from the task imposed by her dying parent, and involved in her vow of obedience to that parent's faith. But the fearful weight of a secret, involving not her own ruin alone, but that of the cause she was pledged to, pressed heavily on her heart, and blighted the happiness and the buoyancy of her youth.

Perfectly appreciating the character of Theresa, the Jesuits of Ingoldstadt were contented to watch over their devoted pupil at a distance, and carefully avoided any intercourse possibly involving the danger of premature discovery. Whenever any communication was absolutely necessary, the experienced caution of Father Eustace always marked him out as the most fitting agent for the dangerous enterprise; and he it was who stood, in knightly disguise, beside Theresa in the distant recess.

The sudden necessity for her quick decision had obliged him to in-

cur this imminent risk ; the only means of arranging the longer interview he deemed necessary, was by mingling in disguise in the throng crowding the baron's halls on the birth-day festival, and by a well-known signal notifying his presence to Theresa. He then could only trust to her tried discretion, and to his own skill and caution, (which had never failed him,) to escape the chances of discovery. The object of his mission had been briefly told during the interview witnessed by Slabata, but it was an object too important to be trusted to the result of the persuasions and arguments so short an opportunity afforded. He therefore, extorted from Theresa a promise to meet him again in a small apartment dedicated to the religious observances of her faith, of which she constantly kept the keys in her own hands. They were now committed to him.

When, in the dreary gloom of that stormy night, Father Eustace stood again before Theresa, he had resumed the habit of his order, and hoped, by his solemn and dignified aspect, to add force to the appeal he was about to make. Never had the exercise of such influence been more strongly heeded, for he read in the firmly-compressed lip of Theresa, even as she humbly knelt to receive his blessing, that her decision, if made, would not be easily altered. He was the first to speak : Theresa had arisen, and stood motionless before him. He first briefly recapitulated the facts he had previously stated. A Roman Catholic nobleman, high in favour with the emperor, had seen the picture of Theresa, long before obtained by the wily Jesuits, and had the interests of his church so much at heart that this sight sufficed to determine him, without any previous interview, to seek to secure her as his wife. All was prepared for her escape. The adventurous lover awaited her decision on the frontiers of Bohemia. The Jesuit, who was to be the companion of her flight, was there to unite their hands, and the marriage once concluded, her father might storm and rage in vain. Vainly, too, would he attempt to transfer to another the splendid inheritance of his disobedient child. The nobleman, whose cause the Jesuit pleaded, was all-powerful with the emperor, and it was certain that Theresa's rights could be successfully supported by force of arms.

While the Jesuit urged on his listener every argument his religion could supply—while he spoke of her as the instrument of restoring the true faith throughout the length and breadth of her loved Bohemian land—while he reminded her of the freedom from constraint and dissimulation—of the enjoyment of religious privileges only to be secured by her consent to the proposed marriage, Theresa listened in silence ; but when he changed his tone, and talked of pomp and splendour, of royal favours, and courtly homage, even the wily Jesuit was mistaken here. Her proud heart might love power, but she scorned its symbols, and she listened no longer.

"Father Eustace," said she, impatiently, "it is now my turn to speak. You may wonder at my calmness, for you saw the strong emotion your proposal first excited. But then every ambitious feeling of my heart was roused, all the religious influences of the faith you teach were arrayed in full force to sway my determination ; for a moment I wavered, and, therefore I trembled—I do not tremble now."

She paused ; even Theresa's spirit quailed before the confession she was about to make to one whose heart had never known the power of emotion.

Fixing his piercing gaze searchingly upon her, as if to penetrate the deepest recesses of her heart, the Jesuit sought to take advantage of her hesitation, and awe her into obedience. But though for a moment the dark eye of Theresa fell beneath his glance, proudly it rose again, and never was the same tale told in tone so cold and firm as that in which she spoke.

While her words were still falling slowly on the angry ear of Father Eustace, far different sounds—sounds of wild alarm—arose; the door was burst asunder, and the figures of armed men crowded into the apartment. As the fierce eyes of the infuriated baron flashed through the gloom—a gloom only dispelled by the dim light of a single lamp—he saw that this lamp burned before a crucifix, and that his daughter clung in terror to the figure of a cowed monk. The treachery and deceit of years, his shattered hopes of pride, turned in the moment the father's heart to gall. The fire of vengeance glanced in his savage eyes, as he grasped the loosened tresses of his beautiful daughter, and raised his weapon in the act to slay. It was Slabata who saved him from the deadly crime—it was Slabata's hand that arrested the descending blow, and wrenched the sword from his frenzied grasp. In a moment after the unhappy father, his paroxysm of fury over, folded in his arms the senseless form of her who had been once his pride and joy, then cast her from him for ever.

During the confusion caused by the danger of Theresa, the Jesuit had escaped, and when the victim opened her eyes to sense and consciousness, she beheld before her only her father and Slabata. The old man was now calm, but he was calm for vengeance. Her destiny was spoken, but even then it was a destiny still to be averted by the renunciation of her abhorred faith.

“Never!” was her only answer; and, though the hue of life had fled from the lips that uttered it, the baron read in their stern and rigid compression, a resolution as indomitable as his own.

Many leagues from the baron's castle arose an abrupt eminence of considerable height, and of all but impracticable ascent. The situation had been taken advantage of in very distant periods for the erection of a massive fortress, almost impregnable from its situation. The tower of Adelsberg commanded the principal pass into the mountainous country where the castle of Budowa was situated, and the barons of that ancient race had, in times of war, found it an effectual defence against the incursions of their enemies. Even in times of peace it was still garrisoned by a few trusty followers, and though the secrets of the prison-house never reached with any certainty the ears of those without, it had been often whispered that any enemy of the house of Budowa who had suddenly disappeared from among men, had found a living tomb within the massive walls of the gloomy fortress of Adelsberg. But not even in those lawless, reckless times, did the supposition ever arise that in this dreary confinement the courted, worshipped beauty, the richly-dowered Baroness Theresa wasted away the bloom and promise of her youth and charms. Conveyed thither on the fatal festival night with a secrecy shared only by Slabata and the governor of the fortress, Theresa was abandoned by her father to a solitude which would have bowed any heart but hers. The last appeal made by Slabata to the helpless captive proved as unsuccessful as his suit had ever been to the haughty, flattered heiress. Theresa refused a

freedom that was only to be purchased by rewarding his treachery, and from that hour his disappointed passion turned to deadly hate. With his altered feelings vanished her last chance of liberty; for Slabata firmly guarded the fatal secret that secured to him, as the husband of Maria, the splendid inheritance of her imprisoned sister. Theresa's death, from sudden illness, was universally believed. Her obsequies had been performed with all the mournful pomp a father's love and a baron's pride required, and the inmates of the castle of Budowa had been for a long time afterwards shut up from all surrounding intercourse, apparently mourning over their affliction. But Slabata came, and Slabata wooed, and Maria was easily won.

Years upon years have passed, as quickly to the desolate inmate of the gloomy tower as to the young, the prosperous, the gay. Years upon years have passed and brought change to all around, but to her time is waveless, no ebb or flow of joy, or deeper sorrow, marks his dreary course. Most minds would have sunk under the relentless cruelty that prolonged her dreary captivity; happy for Theresa if this had been the fate of hers, but while her heart hardened in anguish, and all the softer feelings of her nature gradually withered, her proud intellect rose triumphant over the wreck of her heart, and ripened daily into greater capabilities for action and revenge.

The twelfth anniversary of her captivity was reached, and Theresa listened in her prison-tower to the howling blast and the rushing torrent without.

Time and captivity had, however, produced no change in her queenly beauty. The alteration was within; where the spirit moves onward, ever onward,—a change not like that of the outward form, short and fleeting like the summer hue of a beautiful flower, but solemn, abiding, awful. Not even Theresa's still cherished love for Otto could soothe the angry passions that were now strengthening within her breast, that filled her spirit with the one hope,—the one desire of revenge.

It was a fearful night; and the tempest brought back to the mind of one whose memories were so few and vivid, the raging of the storm on the evening of her fatal birth-day festival. Her thoughts dwelt, for a time with proud confidence, on the changelessness of Otto's affection; and she gazed abroad into the night through the small grated aperture of the tower, and shuddered as she listened to the pelting of the storm. There were travellers exposed to it. A distant light—another and another—gleamed on the desolate path to Budowa. Would they dare to cross the mountain torrents on such a night as this? A prophetic instinct seemed to have entered her soul: her hour of vengeance was approaching. She paced the room with a violent agitation, then sank on her knees before the crucifix where her prayers were still daily offered up, and the mighty conflict that went on within appeared to wrench her spirit asunder. But that conflict was not to be decided now. It was being decided during the twelve years she had cherished thoughts of vengeance. A dark shade seemed to pass over the glorious beauty of her faultless features, and once more she arose haughtily erect from her vain supplications.

At that moment strange sounds re-echoed through that vaulted chamber, and Otto of Wartenberg knelt at the feet of his early, long-lost love, and mingled vows of passionate devotion with his tale of daring and of triumph. His enterprise had been one of desperate

danger; for the only mode of scaling the fortress was by a ladder of ropes. Each man separately, in a silence on which life depended, the few brave soldiers selected by the count, followed their leader to the summit of the lofty tower. He had been the first to try the daring venture, the first to stand on the battlements and secure the comparatively safe ascent of those who followed. When the last soldier had gained the height, the trumpet sounded its notes of triumphant defiance, and the battle-cry of Otto of Wartenberg fell with omen of affright upon the astonished garrison. The resistance was bloody but ineffectual. Otto bore down all opposition; the defenders of the tower perished to a man.

Long ere the morning dawned Theresa was borne far from the gloomy tower of Adelsberg, and within the lordly castle of Otto was welcomed by his countess-mother with the deference due to her who was now the Baroness of Budowa. Theresa now first learned that the baron himself was dead; it was supposed without repenting him of his vindictive cruelty. Slabata had succeeded to his power and honours. He had long before become the husband of Maria, and had then changed his faith from Lutheranism to Calvinism, to soothe the prejudices of the bitter old man, and become better qualified for his representative. It had, therefore, for the last two or three years, been Slabata and Maria alone who continued Theresa's cruel imprisonment,—the only means indeed of securing to them the inheritance of Budow.

The usurping pair offered but a slight opposition to the powerful force led against them under the dreaded banner of Otto. They saved their lives by a rapid flight; and in a few days from the period of Theresa's captivity, Otto received within her own noble halls the well-merited guerdon of her hand. Bohemia was then in so disturbed a condition that the expulsion of Slabata, without waiting for any of the forms of law, excited neither blame nor surprise. Indeed, the wrongs of Theresa had been so flagrant and manifest, that the whole tide of popular feeling was directed in her favour, and it was with general enthusiasm that she was welcomed back to life, to honours, and to happiness.

Slabata, however, would not so easily resign the possessions even he deemed dearly purchased by the loss of his fair fame. He appealed to the Directors, who feebly attempted to administer justice during the period intervening between the Bohemian rejection of Ferdinand, emperor of Austria, for some years acknowledged as their king, and the election of the unfortunate Frederic, Palsgrave of the Rhine. But while the suit was pending in the court of the directors, Otto laughed to scorn the power of the law, and, in the name of his wife Theresa, summoned her vassals to hold themselves in readiness to defend her rights, if need be, by force of arms.

When, however, Frederic arrived in Bohemia, the aspect of affairs was altered. The young king and his English wife, Elizabeth, were received with enthusiasm in Prague, and their popularity was universal throughout the country. All seemed inclined to yield obedience, and amongst the rest even Otto of Wartenberg consented to refer the decision of his cause to the law officers appointed by the king. The result of the decision was the first cause of turning the tide of popular favour (doubly uncertain among the volatile Bohemians) against their new-made king and his English wife. The two parties of Lutheran and Calvinist ran high amongst the natives of the country; but the Lu-

theran had long acquired and firmly held the upper hand. The bigotry of the king's Calvinistic chaplain Scultetus, had already excited murmurs amongst his subjects, and reminded the Bohemians very imprudently that the king, chosen as a Protestant, might still be bitterly opposed to the form of faith most general and popular among themselves.

The opinions of Slabata were Calvinistic, those of Otto, Lutheran; and when the decision of the court was published restoring Slabata's iniquitous usurpations, and again dispossessing the injured Theresa, it was publicly asserted that the Lutheran opinions of Otto had been the cause of the flagrant injustice. Nor had Frederic contented himself with decreeing the cession of Theresa's lawful patrimony to Slabata; Otto, in addition, was amerced in a heavy fine for having taken possession of his wife's inheritance by force of arms, and condemned to imprisonment in the tower of Prague,—a sentence immediately carried into execution.

While these transactions were exciting universal discontent at Prague, Theresa had remained alone at Budowa, little doubting the decision of the law-courts, and utterly unconscious of her husband's fate. Dreading the well-known spirit of the woman he had injured, Slabata would not venture to appear in person before Budowa to claim the restitution decreed by the laws. He, therefore, employed the Rath to acquaint Theresa with the successful termination of his suit, and persuade her to submit without resistance to the king's authority. She listened in mingled rage and astonishment to the first announcement of a decision depriving her at once of her possessions and her revenge; but, dissembling her indignation, she appeared won over by the persuasions of the judiciary, and even consented to admit Slabata, provided he came accompanied by legal officers alone. For this the Rath pledged himself, and retired from the castle to return the next morning with its new owner. Theresa then sought the retirement of her own apartment, not to abandon herself to the transports of rage and disappointment that swelled her heart, but to determine on the measures to be pursued in this desperate emergency.

The sun soon set behind the castle of Budowa, but darkness brought no cessation to the exertions of Theresa, for morning's light was to witness the approach of Slabata, and his reinstatement in her own ancestral halls. No slumber could Theresa know on the night preceding her enemy's triumph, and through every hour of its lapse, messengers were hurriedly departing to summon from the various districts, under her own or her husband's sway, every soldier whose arm might prove available in the coming contest.

Day dawned, and Slabata appeared before the castle, the legal officers who were conditioned for, alone accompanying him; the Rath then claimed admission in the king's name. Theresa in person granted it. With haughty and indignant glances she watched to its conclusion the ceremony that ceded her rights to her hated rival—a cession made with every form that could obtain an additional moment of delay. Slabata left to the Rath the odious office of receiving the keys of the castle from the attendant officers of the baroness, as he turned hurriedly away from the vindictive gaze of the woman he had injured, the triumph of the hour seemed to belong to Theresa and not to him. But while she prepared for betrayal, she herself was betrayed. Intimately acquainted with the secret passages of the castle, Slabata

had contrived the entrance of a number of soldiers by an underground passage, at the very moment that he himself appeared in peaceful guise before its gates. They seemed, however, destined for a different purpose from that he originally designed, and to be needed for his safety, not for his triumph. For as the baroness led the way to the great hall of the castle, where preparations for a treacherous welcome were spread, he and the Rath beheld the surrounding country darkened by the numerous forces of Theresa, advancing under the banners of their respective leaders; and many had already nearly reached the walls. Slabata and the Rath had approached from the other side, where the ancient forest of Budowa had entirely concealed from their view the sight that now burst so unexpectedly upon them. Deadly pale was the countenance of the false Slabata, while a flush of indignant astonishment burnt to the very brow of the Rath. The resolution of the brave old man was instantly taken. Theresa made no attempt to detain him, and he rapidly passed along the drawbridge of the castle, apparently leaving Slabata to his fate. The Rath was a public officer universally beloved and respected, and it was not in vain he trusted to his own influence, and to the popularity of the new sovereign, loyalty had not waned in the more remote districts as it had already done in Prague. When he announced the proclamation of the king, and prepared to open the royal commission, deep and respectful silence fell on the armed multitude assembling around the castle, the leaders gathered in a circle about him, alike for attention and defence. The terms of the commission were express. They denounced the penalties of imprisonment and confiscation against any who attempted to resist the royal mandate for the restoration of Slabata, at the same time appealing confidently to the loyalty of the people, and calling upon them to assist in enforcing the decision of the law.

Bohemian faith was wavering as the summer-breeze, and Bohemian memory of past evils easily effaced by present fears. They further heard with consternation that the brave and gallant Otto, beneath whose banner they expected to be led to certain victory, was shut up in the tower of Prague, and all hope of his aid excluded. Little was known of Theresa but her beauty and misfortunes; the fickle crowd deemed not that beneath her soft and fragile form, glowed a spirit as daring and fearless as that of her heroic husband. And that spirit still sustained her as she beheld the numerous vassals to whom she had trusted for safety and triumph, dispersing on all sides instead of advancing towards the castle. Some of them slowly, most of them rapidly, turned to retrace the way they came, thus leaving the haughty baroness to the bitter alternatives of submission or imprisonment. But not even now paled her proud cheek or sank her flashing eye; with resolution firm as ever, she issued orders to the garrison of the castle to fall upon the soldiers of Slabata. And even when the hopelessness of resistance smote on the hearts of the bravest, they yielded to the commands and entreaties of their beautiful mistress, and the desperate conflict was begun; in the presence of Theresa herself, the unequal struggle raged with mutual fury.

The garrison of the castle maintained the contest until their number was more than half diminished; then, forcing Theresa, and her faithful attendant, Bertha, who was clinging to her side, from the scene of carnage, they effected their retreat through a carefully-guarded passage, and succeeded in placing them in safety in a distant wing of the castle.

The shouts of the drunken merriment of Slabata and his followers reached even the distant spot where Theresa had found refuge: they roused her from the torpor of rage and despair. Followed by the trembling Bertha, she hurried rapidly along passages, corridors—all seemed opened to her steps. Uninterrupted they reached the scene of festivity,—the magnificent hall where Theresa had once shone in the pride of youthful beauty. A small gallery overlooked the hall. The drunken revellers were already so stupified by their excesses, that Theresa stood there gazing, in dark revenge, upon the group below, without being observed by any. Her eye sought Slabata alone. He sat in the place he had usurped from her.

“Bertha,” she murmured in a hollow voice, “I have needed this sight to steel my heart for vengeance.”

Bertha shuddered, and Theresa hurried forward. They soon reached a low door, nearly under the great hall, and towards the centre of the building. Here Theresa paused for a moment; she clasped her hands in anguish, then, seizing a torch, she applied one of the keys that hung in her girdle to the door, and entered. Bertha followed, terrible suspicions curdling the blood in her veins, and saw at a glance the preparations that had occupied Theresa during those hours on the preceding day when she had forbidden her attendance. Casks of powder nearly filled the cellar, combustible materials were heaped around them, and one touch from a lighted torch would bury in the same sudden destruction the victor and the vanquished. As Theresa stood before the fatal pile, her hair flung wildly off her noble brow, her eyes flashing with the fire of revenge and hate, Bertha could no longer doubt her deadly purpose.

In a few words, spoken calmly and firmly, as if success and triumph still rested on her path, she pointed out to Bertha a vaulted passage, so contrived as to afford an almost instant egress into the woods surrounding the castle.

“My faithful soldiers wait you there,” she said. “The wounded must perish with their mistress. You will be conveyed to Prague. It is for you alone to announce to Otto that Theresa died worthy of his love, that she died a death of such vengeance as Bohemia shall never forget.”

The sounds that roused Bertha from a death-like insensibility might almost have awakened the dead. Far away over rock, and hill, over desert, valley, and smiling plain, the fearful echoes multiplied the terrible peals that burst upon her. They reached the walls of Prague itself, and fell with omen of affright upon the helpless Otto, as he lay in his prison tower.

The red-hot splinters of the tremendous conflagration were falling around Bertha when she opened her eyes to the terrible consciousness of Theresa's fate; though the care of the soldiers, to whom she had been entrusted had removed her apparently out of the reach of immediate danger. The indignant execrations bursting from the lips of those around proved their previous ignorance of the fate that was involving in one terrible destruction their mistress and their wounded comrades. But there was no time for reproaches, no hope of rescue, and with friendly roughness they dragged Bertha away from the scene of horror. It was not till they had reached the summit of a distant hill that they paused in their flight, and, looking back, beheld the ancient towers of

Budowa, with the victor and the vanquished, inclosed together in a glowing tomb. The discharges of powder still continued so tremendous as to shake the stout frames, and stun the practised ears of the warlike men who surrounded her.

Theresa's vengeance had been far-sighted and extensive. It had not only whelmed in ruin its more immediate victims, but the fate of the king and queen of Bohemia was involved in the wreck wrought by her hand. Abhorrence for the deed of vengeance was all-absorbed in the indignation felt against those whose injustice had excited it, and only the beauty, only the wrongs, only the heroism of Theresa were remembered. Further, and wider than the flame of the conflagration reached, were inflamed the hearts of the fickle Bohemians. Even those followers of Theresa who had been seduced from their allegiance to her by the persuasions of the Rath, vented their indignant sorrow for her fate upon those who had influenced the desertion that caused it. One universal murmur of discontent was heard throughout Bohemia, and the populace of Prague, worked upon by their Lutheran preachers to consider the deed of horror as the consequence of the Calvinistic bigotry of the king and queen, crowded to the gates of the palace, and called fiercely for the liberation of Otto.

In late alarm, in late repentance, Frederic not only granted liberty to the wronged Count of Wartenburg, but assigned him apartments in the royal palace until he should have recovered sufficient strength to leave Prague. The tidings of Theresa's fate had reached him from stranger lips, not from the gentle Bertha. The shock had overwhelmed his reason; and, when tidings of his liberation were conveyed to him, he was found in the ravings of delirium. This was a new subject of alarm for the king and queen; and, as the populace still, with loud cries, demanded the assurance of his freedom, the only means of concealing his condition was to remove him, with all ease and caution, into their own palace, where he was placed under the care of the royal physicians. Here Bertha easily gained permission to watch by the couch of the sufferer, as the favourite friend, rather than the attendant, of the late baroness. But, in spite of all human efforts, the life of Count Otto was fast drawing to its close, and in a few days his remains were consigned to the darkness of the tomb.

As a tardy and unsuccessful expiation, Frederic and Elizabeth erected a stately monument to the memory of Otto, the last of the Counts of Wartenberg, and Theresa, Baroness of Budowa. In pompous inscriptions were recorded their titles, and the honours of both ancient houses; the beauty and the misfortunes of Theresa; the martial fame and the fidelity of Otto. Thus, the justice denied in life was accorded in death.

DIFFICULTIES IN A TOUR TO WIESBADEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PADDIANA," ETC.

ON a drizzling August night, near upon ten o'clock, in the year 1845, we, with our small carpet-bag, and a very large and miscellaneous company, occupied the interior of an omnibus bound from the railway-station to the interior of the fragrant city of Cologne. There was not a cab to be had for love or money, for all the world seemed on the move; and, how the passengers by that enormous train, growing longer and longer, fuller and fuller, since eight o'clock in the morning, had contrived to squeeze themselves into the few vehicles at the station, was a matter of astonishment to all. Ever as a man's baggage was released from the luggage-heap and the searchers, he seized it, and rushed into something. No one enquired where the thing was going; it was enough to get in, and trust to Providence. Sixteen already in the vehicle, and fourteen more ladies waiting at the door, many with little boys in their hands, and almost all with a gentleman superintending the packing of trunks on the roof. Four ladies already on the bottom-step; one—equal to four—in the doorway.

"How many are we licensed to carry?" roared an Englishman from "the chair." It was received with shouts of derision. Licensed! as if there was any licence, or leave either, when queens are abroad! The idea of a man bringing his Camberwell notions into such a place as this! Why, most likely, we have half-a-dozen princes, to say nothing of counts and barons, in the 'bus already; and others coming. The fat lady is two-thirds up, the other four close behind her; and a waving undefined stream of paletôts is setting in towards the doorway.

"You positively can't come up here, ma'am; you really cannot. I must protest against this. Conductor!"

"Well, where am I to go? I must sit down somewhere."

"Do, pray, ma'am!—upon those four at the top. Anything but standing on my foot."

"I must trouble you to remove your carpet-bag off your knees, sir, I can't sit upon the top o' that."

"Mais, mon Dieu! madame, qu'est ce que vous allez faire! C'est impossible! You most!—you can't!—you shan't! Dieu!"

"Allow me, sir, to take a joint, if you can't go the whole animal. That's it! Mind my fibula! Now, if anybody were disposed for a few steaks on the other side, we should be all right; or, perhaps, the gentleman next me may have no objection to join me in the round?"

"Well! of all the omnibuses I ever travelled in, this certainly is the most hinconvenient!"

"Good gracious, sir, how you are a-shoving! One would think it was a wan!"

"Pardon, madame, c'est mon nez que vous prenez: on ne peut pas ouvrir la fenêtre comme ça."

"What the devil brings all the people abroad, I can't think, when they may see the queen as much as they please at home?"

It was a wonder.

Rumble—rumble—jolt—bang! If the springs stand this, they are made of uncommon stuff. On through the twisting ways of the works,—on over the “murderous stones,” to the “Germanischer Hof;”—to the “Mainzer Hof;”—to the “Pariser Hof;”—to the “Hôtel de Cologne;”—to the “Bellevue;”—to the “Cour de Hollande.” No room; choke full. Not a bed for love or money. Beds! why princes are sleeping on the billiard-tables, and barons sitting up smoking, to pass the night.

“Mais vous avez des chaises, donc—des fauteuils?”

“Non, monsieur, pas un. Des chaises, oui.”

Here was a pretty case. Not even an elbow-chair to be had, and all the barons sitting up smoking.

“Well, sir, what do *you* mean to do?”

“Why I am rather in doubt whether to go and sit up with the barons, or be content with the feather-bed I have here. Better, indeed, if we had no bones in it.”

“But,” suggested in a whisper the little man who had helped me off with the round, “though the *barons* are sitting up, depend upon it the *lords* are not.”

What a thing is wit. Of course they are not. Why, you jolter-head! to think of sitting under this high pressure, and all for want of a happy thought.

“I’ll go to the barons, decidedly. May I trouble you, ma’am, for some exertion to relieve me. A large share in this concern to be disposed of,—that’s it!—a trifling shift of the H bone. Get a purchase on the Frenchman. Pass the word for a good heave of all concerned. Well done. Come along, my lord, and bring your carpet-bag with you.”

“This, my lord, I think, was the hôtel your lordship wished to descend at? You speak English?”

“A leetle.”

“We require two rooms. His lordship and I like them clean. Are the servants come? N’importe. Supper immediately, and a bottle of Rudesheimer: but, first to the rooms, and let me advise your lordship to keep the key in your own pocket. Of course you have beds for my lord and me?”

“Donnez vous la peine d’entrer, milord. Be so oblige to come. Nous verrons,” (here an earnest conversation). “Par ici, milord. Dies rooms you can have,—too small?”

“They are rather small; but, I suppose we must have them. The beds clean?”

“Beds! Oh, clean—clean, yais.”

“But, my good sir, when they see the passports?”

“Eat a good supper, and they are not likely to turn us out. Lock yourself in when you go to bed; and, besides, pack up all the clothes you take off, and lose the key of the bag. Little decency as there is in this country, they will hardly turn you out in that state, or even insist upon your sitting up with the barons. And, in the event of an onslaught, you have the spittoon and other missiles. The passports are at present packed up, and must be given out the last thing. Then, being as much as may be like Adam in his bower, we may lie down without any fear of an ‘event perverse.’”

At supper we had a little trait of the national manners. A man who had been silently sopping and smoking himself into drunkenness,

suddenly rose up, and began to abuse the landlord, making out his bills at a side-table. Mine host put him off with a wave of his hand; but it would not do. He became more and more violent,—tore his throat with ach-ing and augh-ing. Still all were silent; though the waiters gently sidled towards him. A contemptuous “*pfui!*” from the host brought him to the desired point,—he shook his two fists in the landlord’s face.

Personal violence, or even a demonstration of it, is not allowed in Germany; so they had what they wanted—the law on their side. In a moment the three waiters had him, one on each side, by the arms, and the other judiciously behind by the neck and the waist-band. Johann, the boots, was at the door with a candle. He was walked in the most orderly way to the front-door, quoited into the street, the door barred and locked behind him, and then all four burst into a loud laugh, quietly joined in by the landlord at his desk.

“Now,” said the nobleman’s companion, as he hurried breakfastless next morning to the steamer,—for there was no breakfast for a commoner, though a bed for a lord,—“never again will I travel the way of kings and queens. Carefully will I avoid the tails of those royal comets. Before I adventure upon a journey another time, let me not forget to enquire what potentates are abroad. It was a fight and a wrangle all along the road—at Ostend; and at Ghent, where I slept amongst beetles in a *maison particulière*, and when the shutters were opened in the morning, it looked as if dozens of little devils were escaping from the light of day. No—no. I must perforce follow in their wake to Coblenz, and then I give them up,—I wash my hands of them, by way of Schwalbach,—and there wait till the royal crowd goes by.

At Bonn, at Königswinter, Andernach, and at every town and village on the river’s banks was a dense and wandering crowd—wandering, for the hôtels could not hold them. Not a *gasthaus*, or a *hof*, or a *bad-haus*, nay, not a window, that was not crammed with people; and at the piers sat disconsolate on their bags, the rejected and movers-on. There were no touters, for their occupation was gone; and the heavy satisfied landlords looked lazily at the thronged decks, as much as to say, “Don’t you desire that you may obtain it? but you can’t.”

From Coblenz we hurry on to Ems, and take the road to Schwalbach.

And now, Master Murray, for the best hôtel. There is the Allée Saal—rooms for dancing and gaming—largest and best situated, but with scanty fare, dirt, dearth, and want of comfort. This is for the gay and the gamblers, who don’t mind trifles, but won’t do for me. Then the Kaiser Saal, by many considered the best, certainly the most abundant, and a civil landlord—this will draw the heavy feeders. I smell a dinner of two hours there, and will none of it. Then the Hôtel au Duc de Nassau, clean and good accommodation. N.B. Scrutinize the bills at this house!

A vile insinuation this! Why recommend him at all if you think him a rogue? As well say allow me the pleasure of introducing my friend So-and-So, but take care of your pockets. You have gibbeted poor Nassau with your innendo; for who but the silliest of birds would fly into a net so plainly spread? But we shall have no

crowd there, and those that do go will be of the right sort. I hate fellows that scrutinize their bills. We are on a lark—hang the expense—and go there I will for one.

After three days at Schwabach we are braced up with our iron waters to the feat of moving on. Let me see! They were all at Mayence the day before yesterday; the next day they would be going; to-day will be the slopping and dusting after them; to-morrow evening we may venture, I think.

Mine host's best horses are ready to bring the light *calèche* to the door. By the time this pure Steinberger has yielded its last glass we shall be ready to bid adieu to the Long Swallows' Brook—to the pretty quiet scenery—to the bracing walks of the hills—to the most attractive of the Nassau Brunnen—to exchange all this for tiresome Wiesbaden, nasty Mayence, and Frankfort, whither we are bound.

But here is an arrival.

Covered with dust, loaded with luggage, and servants that peep out amongst imperials and hat-boxes, a low German travelling-carriage stops at the door; somebody works madly at the bell, and out come landlord, waiters, boots and all, to welcome, and help to alight, a fat heavy gentleman, twisted round with a green cloak, and with a gold-banded forage cap of the same colour, perched on the back of his head.

This must be some great man by the way they work their vertebræ. I really did not think there had been such bows in the house; the very boots has tossed off a succession of salaams that would have made a man's fortune in any other country. Everything must be at his service of course. We are the vilest of dogs—would your highness like some of our heads?—our limbs are at your noble service—confer the favour of a sacrifice, or a trifle of torture—do, please your excellency! I wonder what he is; a herzog, or an erzhertzog, or a prinz, or a graf, or what!

He was a herzog, going to meet the Queen of England; stopped for the slightest possible refreshment—a glass of Rhenish and a biscuit—and going on at once.

"His name? Stop, enough, the first foot or two is sufficient, keep the rest till I come again."

"Mais, monsieur—mais, monsieur. On est si fâché—il n'y a pas de chevaux!"

"Well, it is a pity. What, no more horses in the place?"

"Pas un, monsieur. His excellency requires four for his own carriage, and two for the other just arrived."

"But there are plenty of donkeys. Why not give him thirty or forty of them? they are rather fast here, and will have him at Wiesbaden in no time. Now, shall I do a civil thing? Let me consider. I am not much in the habit of travelling with herzogs, certainly; but still, rather than he should be too late, if you thought he could get his name into the *calèche*, I should not much mind giving him a lift as far as Wiesbaden. You don't think he'd eat me by the way?"

"Mais c'est pour vous, monsieur. Pas de chevaux pour vous. Le voilà qui va."

"No horses for me! You don't mean to say that this infernal herzog has taken my horses?"

"Le voilà, qui va, monsieur, et sa petite voiture aussi."

"A pestilence upon all herzogs!—upon all landlords who favour herzogs!—upon all countries that produce and foster herzogs! Bring me a bottle of light and soothing fluid that I may drink confusion to herzogs—and you, I fill you a bumper to drink that toast with three groans for herzogs generally, and one groan more for this one. Groan as I do; give it him hearty; send it after him as he goes up the hill. And now go immediately and order twenty-four donkeys into the *calèche*—quick, before the people come out for their evening rides. Three postilions will do; and a *guillaume* to each extra if we beat the herzog."

Of what avail is it to abuse the landlord—to call him up and tell him of his truckling treachery—to anathematize him as a herzog-hunting rascal—to threaten to report him to his grand duke—to write to Albemarle Street—to scrutinize his bill?

But stay, there is some commotion in the street. Perhaps another herzog; or more probably they are putting-to the donkeys. Up the town folks are running; nearer us they walk fast; hereabouts they look earnestly, and wonder what it is. People are such asses; as if there was anything to gape and wonder at in a man travelling with twelve pair of donkeys in a *calèche*.

Presently a man comes down the street—tearing—wild—his hair on end.

"His excellency is upset—ecrasé!—abîmé!—presque mort!—a wheel came off."

"Give me my hat—cork the wine—let me see the man that can live with me up the street!"

At a small angle of the road we come upon a procession—melancholy, faint, and slow. In the front, held up by a dozen arms, with painful limp, contorted face of greenish hue, hands falling powerless, and a whimpering whine, comes the fallen herzog—the dishevelled and most pitiable herzog—the horse-taking herzog—at his sides, at his back, and still pouring round him, a bewailing crowd, every hand held out, every finger twiddling—what can we do for the poor herzog?—every mouth full of achs and ochs!

I yield to no man in proper sympathy—I say it. If anything I am too soft. And for gutturals, or any stomach-sounds to show it, I am your man. Striking in on one of the flanks, I held out both hands, twiddled all the fingers, and gave the thumbs in.

"Ogh—agh—igh—ugh! who took the horses! eigh—ugh! pretty felonious herzog, indeed—agh—ogh! A providential stop thief—ugh—igh! Better stop at home than turn highway-robber—ugh—eigh! Cheating never prospers—ogh—igh! Herzog is as herzog does—ogh—ugh! Keep your fingers from picking and stealing—agh—for shame! Train up your young herzogs in the way they should go, and when they are grown up they won't put their feet in it—ugh—ogh! and get sprained ankles—ogh—ogh!"

Dr. Fenner prescribes quiet, patience, and fomentations for a day or two. Cunning Dr. Fenner. Perhaps a little bone out of place!—very cunning Dr. Fenner!

* * * * *

And now we are at Wiesbaden in spite of herzogs. Wiesbaden, at which the only pleasant time is early morning; all is so fresh and so sweet, and amongst those pleasant gardens it is soothing to walk about full of hot water, you almost fancy yourself a "biler," strolling at large, unattached to any train.

I am provoked with those who, engaged in politics or argument, let their water cool. For the broth dies. Your animalcules—like many people here above—live only in hot water. I stand by her of the blue necklace and sip, and relish, and wince, and get it down alive. There is as much difference between your dead broth and your living, as between the vapid oyster that travels open from the fishmonger's, and him whom you tickle to death with your teeth.

It is Sunday morning. At 8h. 30m. we have been drenched, bathed, and breakfasted, and are leaning from the window of the *Englischer Hof*, when out there comes a female with a wretched tumbled old blue and white muslin dress under her arm that she is quite ashamed of, glances right and left before she faces the street, and seeing nobody particular to fear, bolts forward past the window.

One naturally speculates upon what is going on; particularly when provided with a note-book, and having nothing else to do in a foreign country. It is the female who speaks English. Where can she be going with the dress? To wash? People don't send their dresses to the wash on a Sunday. To sell? Why, who would give anything for such a wretched old thing as that? It could tell a curious tale, no doubt, that rumped and huddled-up old dress. It could tell of the touzling of diligences, and of carriages without elbows; of *gasthauses*, and *hofs*, and *bad-hauses*, without end; of *dampfschiffs*, and *dampftboots*, and *schnellposts*, and *elwagens*, and *omnibus-jahrts*. But, to judge from appearances, it is now on its final journey; doubtless, to some old clothes-shop, or, likely enough, the ragman. Still, they might have had the decency to send it out after dark; at any rate, not on a Sunday morning.

"Hillo! are you going to give away the dress?"

"Yais."

"Or, to get it washed?"

"Yais."

"You are quite sure it is not this way?" pointing to the tube that conveys the water from the roof.

"Yais."

"Stupid creature; delicate allusions are lost upon her; but, perhaps a more powerful coarseness may tell before she reaches the corner. (That I should holloa such a word on a Sunday morning in a fashionable watering-place.) Spout?"

"Yais."

"Bless me! what a hopeless case is this. To think of any fair countrywoman being reduced to such a strait. And how much, in her most extravagant imagination, does she think to realize? Would the fondest relative entertain a proposal to do a couple of florins upon it? Would he not, indeed, rather hesitate at one? When one comes to think of the wear and tear a rather dark thing like that must have had before it could be reduced to this state of limp and faded fallenness, it is really painful to imagine the results. I sincerely hope it may not be her last chance; for, what abrasions and thin places may not a professional searcher bring to light? Besides, the transaction is slightly damaging the national character. Really," thought I, working myself up into some measure of enthusiasm, "I had rather, if it could have been any way managed, have come forward in an avuncular character myself, and done what I could in such distressing circumstances. I know what it is to be high and

dry on a foreign shore. Perhaps her husband has run away and left her ; or she has lost her circulars, or speculated too fondly on the red, or broke down in her martingale."

Moralizing thus upon the bit of muslin, I was leaning at 10h. 15m. against the hôtel door-post, when something blue loomed up in the distance—vast—inflated—enormous ! What could it be ? The Nassau balloon just arrived, perhaps, and Mr. Green sailing easily up the town, to drop his grappling in the little square here before the hôtel.

"Why, really—it can't be?—it is!—the same dress, held out upon the same red arm,—the other at a right-angle to balance it ; and, what with the thick barrel-figure of the girl, the two red arms, and the dress, the street was hardly wide enough. Clear the way, there ! The red fingers scraped the right-hand corner, while the tenth flounce barely cleared the barber's window opposite. Make way ; —a good sweep of the corner, to clear the trees,—that's it ! The gentleman at the window thinks you are going to take him by the nose,—never mind. It is a triumph indeed ! This is what we call 'getting-up' in Nassau. Look before you, you silly girl ! not up at the first-floor windows. We are all right here, ma'am ; do, please, for one moment to look down. Stop ! let me open the double-door. One wheel more ; and mind the spiked chains. Now then—muslin first !"

There was a rustle—a faint cry—a "Tankee, tankee,"—and the precious argosie, with royals, studding-sails, flying-kites, and flounces, sailed gloriously into port.

I merely mention this circumstance with a view to inform my fair countrywomen, travelling, it may be, with only one dress, that at Wiesbaden, while you are taking your bath, and doing your hair, and just seeing how you look in the glass, *that dress*—however rumpled it may be,—however limp, starchless, drabble-tailed, and down-fallen at 8h. 30m., can be made gloriously fit for church at 10h. 15m.

WHAT CAN SORROW DO ?

WHAT can sorrow do ? it changeth shining hair to grey ;
Paleth the cheek—an emblem of mortality's decay ;
Changeth the clear and truthful glance to dim unearthly light,
Whence gathering shadows round the heart shed dark and endless night.

What can sorrow do ? it weaveth memories, and the mind
Prostrate in ruins layeth to its influence resigned ;
Affection's healthful current, the sweetest and the best,
Lost amid floods of bitterness—the waters of unrest.

What can sorrow do ? it vaunteth reason's boasted sway ;
Philosophy's vain-glorious dreams, sets forth in cold array,
And when the combat's o'er and gained, 'tis found the foe hath reft
The heart of hope and innocence, and pride hath only left !

What can sorrow do ? it bringeth the sinner home to God ;
The stubborn will it bendeth, beneath His chastening rod :
As gold by fire is purified, from out that furnace dread,
The broken heart, by mercy cleansed, is heavenward gently led.

C. A. M. W.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;

OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

"MAN hath a weary pilgrimage,
 As through the world he wends ;
 On every stage, from youth to age,
 Still discontent attends ;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more."

SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

It has now become necessary to advance the time three entire days, and to change the scene to Key West. As this latter place may not be known to the world at large, it may be well to explain that it is a small sea-port, situate on one of the largest of the many low islands that dot the Florida Reef, that has risen into notice, or indeed into existence as a town, since the acquisition of the Floridas by the American Republic. For many years it was the resort of few besides wreckers, and those who live by the business dependent on the rescuing and repairing of stranded vessels, not forgetting the salvages. When it is remembered that the greater portion of the vessels that enter the Gulf of Mexico, stand close along this reef before the Trades, for a distance varying from one to two hundred miles, and that nearly everything which quits it is obliged to beat down its rocky coast in the Gulf stream, for the same distance, one is not to be surprised that the wrecks which so constantly occur, can supply the wants of a considerable population. To live at Key West is the next thing to being at sea. The place has sea-air, no other water than such as is preserved in cisterns, and no soil; or so little of the last as to render even a head of lettuce a rarity. Turtle is abundant, and the business of "turtling" forms an occupation additional to that of wrecking. As might be expected in such circumstances, a potato is a far more precious thing than a turtle's egg; and a sack of the tubers would probably be deemed a sufficient remuneration for enough of the materials of callipash and callipee to feed all the aldermen extant.

Of late years the government of the United States has turned its attention to the capabilities of the Florida Reef as an advanced naval station; a sort of Downs, or St. Helen's Roads, for the West India seas. As yet, little has been done beyond making the preliminary surveys; but the day is probably not very far distant, when fleets will lie at anchor among the islets described in our earlier chapters, or garnish the fine waters of Key West. For a long time it was thought that even frigates would have a difficulty in entering and quitting the port of the latter, but it is said that recent explorations have discovered channels capable of admitting anything that floats. Still, Key West is a town yet in its chrysalis state; possessing the promise, rather than the fruition of the prosperous days which are in reserve. It may be well to add that it lies a very little north of the twenty-fourth degree of latitude, and in a longitude quite five degrees west from Washington. Until the recent

conquests in Mexico it was the most southern possession of the American government, on the eastern side of the continent; Cape St. Lucas, at the extremity of Lower California, however, being two degrees further south.

It will give the foreign reader a more accurate notion of the character of Key West, if we mention a fact of quite recent occurrence. A very few weeks after the closing scenes of this tale, the town in question was in a great measure washed away. A hurricane brought in the sea upon all these islands and reefs, water running in swift currents over places that within the memory of man were never before submerged. The lower part of Key West was converted into a raging sea, and everything in that quarter of the place disappeared. The foundation being of rock, however, when the ocean retired, the island came into view again, and industry and enterprise set to work to repair the injuries.

The government has established a small hospital for seamen at Key West. Into one of the rooms of the building thus appropriated our narrative must now conduct the reader. It contained but a single patient, and that was Spike. He was on his narrow bed, which was to be but the precursor of a still narrower tenement, the grave. In the room with the dying man were two females, in one of whom our readers will at once recognise the person of Rose Budd, dressed in deep mourning for her aunt. At first sight, it is probable that a casual spectator would mistake the second female for one of the ordinary nurses of the place. Her attire was well enough, though worn awkwardly, and as if its owner were not exactly at her ease in it. She had the air of one in her best attire, who was unaccustomed to be dressed above the most common mode. What added to the singularity of her appearance, was the fact that, while she wore no cap, her hair had been cut into short, gray bristles, instead of being long and turned up, as is usual with females. To give a sort of climax to this uncouth appearance, this strange-looking creature chewed tobacco!

The woman in question, equivocal as might be her exterior, was employed in one of the commonest avocations of her sex; that of sewing. She held in her hand a coarse garment, one of Spike's in fact, which she seemed to be intently busy in mending. Although the work was of a quality that invited the use of the palm and sail-needle, rather than that of the thimble and the smaller implements known to seamstresses, the woman appeared awkward at her business, as if her coarse-looking and dark hands refused to lend themselves to an occupation so feminine. Nevertheless, there were touches of a purely womanly character about this extraordinary person, and touches that particularly attracted the attention, and awakened the sympathy of the gentle Rose, her companion. Tears occasionally struggled out from beneath her eyelids, crossed her dark sunburnt cheek, and fell on the coarse canvass garment that lay in her lap. It was after one of these sudden and strong exhibitions of feeling, that Rose approached her, laid her little fair hand in a friendly way, though unheeded, on the other's shoulder, and spoke to her in her kindest and softest tones. "I do really think he is reviving, Jack," said Rose, "and that you may yet hope to have an intelligent conversation with him."

"They all agree he *must* die," answered Jack Tier, for it was *he*, appearing in the garb of his proper sex, after a disguise that had now lasted fully twenty years,— "and he will never know who I am, and that

I forgive him. He must think of me in another world, though he is not able to do it in this; but it would be a great relief to his soul to know that I forgive him."

"To be sure, a man must like to take a kind leave of his own wife before he closes his eyes for ever, and I dare say that it would be a great relief for you to tell him that you have forgotten his desertion of you, and all the hardships it has brought upon you, in searching for him, and in earning your own livelihood as a common sailor."

"I shall not tell him I've *forgotten* it, Miss Rose; that would be untrue, and there shall be no more deception between us; but I shall tell him that I *forgive* him, as I hope God will one day forgive all *my* sins."

"It is certainly not a light offence to desert a wife in a foreign land, and then to seek to deceive another woman," quietly observed Rose.

"He's a willain!" muttered the wife,—“but—but—”

"You forgive him, Jack—yes, I'm sure you do. You are too good a Christian to refuse to forgive him."

"I'm a woman a'ter all, Miss Rose, and that I believe is the truth of it. I suppose I ought to do as you say, for the reason you mention; but I'm his wife, and once he loved me, though *that* has long been over. When I first knew Stephen, I'd the sort of feelin's you speak of, and was a very different creatur' from what you see me to-day. Change comes over us all with years and suffering."

Rose did not answer, but she stood looking intently at the speaker, more than a minute. Change had indeed come over her, if she had ever possessed the power to please the fancy of any living man. Her features had always seemed diminutive and mean for her assumed sex, as her voice was small and cracked; but, making every allowance for the probabilities, Rose found it difficult to imagine that Jack Tier had ever possessed, even under the high advantages of youth and innocence, the attractions so common to her sex. Her skin had acquired the tanning of the sea, the expression of her face had become hard and worldly, and her habits contributed to render those natural consequences of exposure and toil even more than usually marked and decided. By saying "habits," however, we do not mean that Jack had ever drunk to excess, as happens with so many seamen; for this would have been doing her injustice; but she smoked and chewed; practices that intoxicate in another form, and lead nearly as many to the grave as excess in drinking. Thus all the accessories about this singular being partook of the character of her recent life and duties. Her walk was between a waddle and a seaman's roll, her hands were discoloured with tar and had got to be full of knuckles, and even her feet had degenerated into that flat, broad-toed form, that, perhaps, sooner distinguishes caste, in connection with outward appearances, than any one other physical peculiarity. Yet this being *had* once been young; *had* once been even fair; and had once possessed that feminine air and lightness of form, that as often belongs to the youthful American of her sex, perhaps, as to the girl of any other nation on earth. Rose continued to gaze at her companion, for some time, when she walked musingly to a window that looked out upon the port.

"I am not certain whether it would do him good, or not, to see this sight," she said, addressing the wife kindly, doubtful of the effect of her words, even on the latter. "But here are the sloop of war, and several other vessels."

"Ay, she's *there*; but never will *his* foot be put on board the Swash again. When he bought that brig I was still young and agreeable to him, and he gave her my maiden-name, which was Mary, or Molly Swash. But that is all changed; I wonder he did not change the name of his vessel, with his change of feelin's."

"Then you did really sail in the brig, in former times, and knew the seaman whose name you assumed?"

"Many years. Tier, with whose name I made free, on account of his size and some resemblance to me in form, died under my care, and his protection fell into my hands, which first put the notion into my head of hailing as his representative. Yes, I knew Tier in the brig, and we were left ashore at the same time; I, intentionally, I make no question; and he because Stephen Spike was in a hurry, and did not choose to wait for a man. The poor fellow caught the yellow fever the very next day, and did not live forty-eight hours. So the world goes; them that wish to live, die; and them that wants to die, live."

"You have had a hard time for one of your sex, poor Jack—quite twenty years a sailor, did you not tell me?"

"Every day of it, Miss Rose; and bitter years have they been. For the whole of that time have I been in chase of my husband, keeping my own secret, and slaving like a horse for a livelihood."

"You could not have been old when he left—that is—when you parted?"

"Call it by its true name, and say at once—when he deserted me. I was under thirty by two or three years, and was still like my own sex to look on. All *that* is changed since; but I *was* comely, *then*."

"Why did Capt. Spike abandon you, Jack? you have never told me *that*."

"Because he fancied another. And ever since that time he has been fancying others instead of remembering me. Had he got *you*, Miss Rose, I think he would have been content for the rest of his days."

"Be certain, Jack, I should never have consented to marry Captain Spike."

"You're well out of his hands," answered Jack, sighing heavily, which was much the most feminine thing she had done during the whole conversation; "well out of his hands, and God be praised it is so! He should have died before I would let him carry you off the island, husband or no husband!"

"It might have exceeded your power to prevent it, under other circumstances."

Rose now continued looking out of the window in silence. Her thoughts reverted to her aunt and Biddy, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she remembered the love of one and the fidelity of the other. Their horrible fate had given her a shock that at first menaced her with a severe fit of illness; but her strong good sense and excellent constitution, both sustained by her piety and Harry's manly tenderness, had brought her through the danger, and left her as the reader now sees her, struggling with her own griefs, in order to be of use to the still more unhappy woman who had so singularly become her friend and companion.

The reader will readily have anticipated that Jack Tier had early made the females on board the Swash her confidants. Rose had known the outlines of her history from the first few days they were at sea to-

gether, which is the explanation of the visible intimacy that had caused Mulford so much surprise. Jack's motive in making his revelations might possibly have been tinctured with jealousy, but a desire to save one as young and innocent as Rose was at its bottom. Few persons but a wife could have supposed that Rose could have been in any danger from a lover like Spike; but Jack saw him with the eyes of her own youth, and of past recollections rather than with those of truth.

A movement from the wounded man first drew Rose from the window. Drying her eyes hastily, she turned towards him, fancying that she might prove the better nurse of the two, notwithstanding Jack's greater interest in the patient.

"What place is this, and why am I here?" demanded Spike, with more strength of voice than could have been expected after all that had passed. "This is not a cabin—not the Swash;—it looks like a hospital."

"It is a hospital, Captain Spike," said Rose gently, drawing near the bed. "You have been hurt, and have been brought to Key West, and placed in the hospital. I hope you feel better, and that you suffer no pain."

"My head isn't right—I don't know—everything seems turned round with me—perhaps it will all come out as it should. I begin to remember—where is my brig?"

"She is lost on the rocks;—the seas have broken her into fragments."

"That is melancholy news, at any rate. Ah! Miss Rose, God bless you! I've had terrible dreams! Well, it's pleasant to be among friends. What creature is that?—where does *she* come from?"

"That is Jack Tier;" answered Rose, steadily, "she turns out to be a woman, and has put on her proper dress, in order to attend on you during your illness. Jack has never left your bedside since we have been here."

A long silence succeeded this revelation. Jack's eyes twinkled, and she hitched her body half aside, as if to conceal her features, where emotions that were unusual were at work with the muscles. Rose thought it might be well to leave the man and wife alone, and she managed to get out of the room unobserved.

Spike continued to gaze at the strange-looking female who was now his sole companion. Gradually his recollection returned, and with it the full consciousness of his situation. He might not have been fully aware of the absolute certainty of his approaching death, but he must have known that his wound was of a very grave character, and that the result might early prove fatal. Still, that strange and unknown figure haunted him; a figure that was so different from any he had ever seen before, and which, in spite of its present dress, seemed to belong quite as much to one sex as to the other. As for Jack—we call Molly or Mary Swash by her masculine appellation, not only because it is more familiar, but because the other name seems really out of place as applied to such a person—as for Jack, there she sat, with her face half averted, thumbing the canvass, and endeavouring to ply the needle, but perfectly mute. She was conscious that Spike's eyes were on her, and a lingering feeling of her sex told her how much time, exposure, and circumstances had changed her person, and she would gladly have hidden the defects in her appearance. Mary Swash was the daughter as well as the wife of a ship-master. In her youth, as has been said before,

she had even been pretty, and down to the day when her husband deserted her, she would have been thought a female of a comely appearance, rather than the reverse. Her hair, in particular, though slightly coarse, perhaps, had been rich and abundant; and the change from the long, dark, shining, flowing locks which she still possessed in her thirtieth year, to the short grey bristles that now stood exposed, without a cap or covering of any sort, was one very likely to destroy all identity of appearance. Then Jack had passed from what might be called youth to the verge of old age, in the interval that she had been separated from her husband. Her shape had changed entirely, her complexion was utterly gone, and her features, always unmeaning, though feminine and suitable to her sex, had become hard and slightly coarse. Still, there was something of her former self about Jack that bewildered Spike, and his eyes continued fastened on her for quite a quarter of an hour, in profound silence.

"Give me some water," said the wounded man. "I wish some water to drink."

Jack arose, filled a tumbler, and brought it to the side of the bed. Spike took the glass and drank, but the whole time his eyes were rivetted on his strange nurse. When his thirst was appeased, he asked,

"Who are you? How came you here?"

"I am your nurse. It is common to place nurses at the bedsides of the sick."

"Are you man or woman?"

"That is a question I hardly know how to answer. Sometimes I think myself each, sometimes neither."

"Did I ever see you before?"

"Often, and quite lately. I sailed with you in your last voyage."

"You!—that cannot be. If so, what is your name?"

"Jack Tier."

A long pause succeeded this announcement, which induced Spike to muse as intently as his condition would allow, though the truth did not yet flash on his understanding. At length, the bewildered man again spoke.

"Are *you* Jack Tier?" he said slowly, like one who doubted. "Yes, I now see the resemblance, and it was that which puzzled me. Are they so rigid in this hospital, that you have been obliged to put on woman's clothes in order to lend me a helping hand?"

"I am dressed as you see, and for good reasons."

"But Jack Tier run, like that rascal Mulford,—ay, I remember now: you were in the boat, when I overhauled you all, on the reef."

"Very true; I was in the boat. But I never run, Stephen Spike. It was you who abandoned me on the islet in the gulf, and that makes the second time in your life that you have left me ashore, when it was your duty to carry me to sea."

"The first time I was in a hurry and could not wait for you; this last time you took sides with the women. But for your interference I should have got Rose, and married her, and all would now have been well with me."

This was an awkward announcement for a man to make to his legal wife. But, after all Jack had endured, and all Jack had seen during the late voyage, she was not to be overcome by this avowal. Her self-

command extended so far as to prevent any open manifestation of emotion, however much her feelings were excited.

"I took sides with the women because I am a woman myself," she answered, speaking at length with decision, as if determined to bring matters to a head at once. "It is natural for us all to take sides with our kind."

"You a woman, Jack?—that is very remarkable. Since when have you hailed for a woman? You have shipped with me twice, and each time as a man,—though I never thought you able to do seaman's duty."

"Nevertheless, I am what you see—a woman born and educated; one that never had on man's dress till I knew you. You supposed me to be a man when I came off to you in the skiff to the eastward of Riker's Island; but I was then what you now see."

"I begin to understand matters," rejoined the invalid, musingly. "Ay, ay, it opens upon me; and I now see how it was you made such fair weather with Madam Budd and pretty, pretty Rose. Rose is pretty, Jack; you must admit *that*, though you *be* a woman."

"Rose is pretty, I do admit it; and what is better, she is *good*." It required a heavy draft on Jack's justice and magnanimity, however, to make this concession."

"And you told Rose and Madam Budd about your sex, and that was the reason they took to you so on the v'y'ge?"

"I told them who I was, and why I went abroad as a man. They know my whole story."

"Did Rose approve of your sailing under false colours, Jack?"

"You must ask that of Rose herself. My story made her my friend; but she never said anything for or against my disguise."

"It was no great disguise, a'ter all, Jack. Now you're fitted out in your own clothes, you've a sort of half-rigged look. One would be as likely to set you down as a man under jury-canvass as for a woman."

Jack made no answer to this, but she sighed very heavily. As for Spike himself, he was silent for some little time, not only from exhaustion, but because he suffered pain from his wound. The needle was diligently but awkwardly plied in this pause.

Spike's ideas were still a little confused, but a silence and rest of a quarter of an hour cleared them materially. At the end of that time he again asked for water. When he had drunk, and Jack was once more seated with his side-face towards him, at work with the needle, the Captain gazed long and intently at this strange woman. It happened that the profile of Jack preserved more of the resemblance to her former self than the full face, and it was this resemblance that now attracted Spike's attention, though not the smallest suspicion of the truth yet gleamed upon him. He saw something that was familiar, though he could not even tell what that something was, much less to what or whom it bore any resemblance. At length he spoke.

"I was told that Jack Tier was dead," he said; "that he took the fever and was in his grave within eight and forty hours after we sailed. That was what they told me of *him*."

"And what did they tell you of your own wife, Stephen Spike; she that you left ashore at the time Jack was left?"

"They said she did not die for three years later. I heard of her death at New Orleans three years later."

"And how could you leave her ashore—she, your true and lawful wife?"

"It was a bad thing," answered Spike, who, like all other mortals, regarded his own past career, now that he stood on the edge of the grave, very differently from what he had regarded it in the hour of his health and strength; "yes, it *was* a very bad thing; and I wish it was undone. But, it is too late now; she died of the fever, too; that is some comfort; had she died of a broken heart, I could never have forgiven myself. Molly was not without her faults; great faults I considered them; but, on the whole, Molly was a good creatur'!"

"You liked her, then, Stephen Spike?"

"I can truly say that when I married Molly, and old Captain Swash put his daughter's hand into mine, that the woman was not living who was better in my judgment, or handsomer in my eyes."

"Ay, ay,—when you *married* her; but how was it a'terwards, when you was *tired* of her, and saw another that was fairer in your eyes?"

"I deserted her, and God has punished me for the sin. Do you know, Jack, that luck has never been with me since that day. Often, and often, have I bethought me of it, and sartin as you sit there, no great luck has ever been with me, or my craft, since I went off leaving my wife ashore. What was made in one v'y'ge, was lost in the next. Up and down, up and down, the whole time, for so many, many long years, that gray hairs set in, and old age was beginning to get close aboard, and I as poor as ever. It has been rub and go with me ever since; and I've had as much as I could do to keep the brig in motion, the only means that was left to make the two ends meet."

"And did not all this make you think of your poor wife, she whom you had so wronged?"

"I thought of little else, until I heard of her death at New Orleans, and then I gave it up as useless. Could I have fallen in with Molly at any time a'ter the first six months of my desartion, she and I would have come together again, and everything would have been forgotten. I know'd her very natur', which was all forgiveness to me at the bottom, though seemingly so spiteful and hard."

"Yet you wanted to have this Rose Budd, who is only too young and handsome, and good, for you."

"I was tired of being a widower, Jack, and Rose *is* wonderful pretty! She has money, too, and might make the evening of my days comfortable. The brig was old, as you must know, and has long been off of all the insurance offices' books, and she couldn't hold together much longer. But for this sloop-of-war I should have put her off on the Mexicans, and they would have lost her to our people in a month."

"And was it an honest thing to sell an old and worn out craft to any one, Stephen Spike?"

Spike had a conscience that had become hard as iron by means of trade. He who traffics much, most especially if his dealings be on so small a scale as to render constant investigations of the minor qualities of things necessary, must be a very fortunate man if he preserve his conscience in any better condition. When Jack made this allusion, therefore, the dying man—for death was much nearer to Spike than even he supposed, though he no longer hoped for his own recovery,—when Jack made this allusion, then, the dying man was a good deal at a loss to comprehend it. He saw no particular harm in making the

best bargain he could, nor was it easy for him to understand why he might not dispose of any thing he possessed for the highest price that was to be had. Still he answered in an apologetic sort of way.

"The brig was old, I acknowledge," he said, "but she was strong and *might* have run a long time. I only spoke of her capture as a thing likely to take place soon, if the Mexicans got her, so that her qualities were of no great account, unless it might be her speed, and that you know was excellent, Jack."

"And you regret that brig, Stephen Spike, lying as you do there on your death-bed, more than any thing else?"

"Not as much as I do pretty Rose Budd, Jack: Rosy is so delightful to look at!"

The muscles of Jack's face twitched a little, and she looked deeply mortified, for, to own the truth, she hoped that the conversation so far had so turned her delinquent husband's thoughts to the past, as to have revived in him some of his former interest in herself. It is true, he still believed her dead; but this was a circumstance Jack overlooked, so hard is it to hear the praises of a rival and be just. She felt the necessity of being more explicit, and determined at once to come to the point.

"Stephen Spike," she said, steadily drawing near to the bed-side, "you should be told the truth, when you are heard thus extolling the good looks of Rose Budd, with less than eight and forty hours of life remaining. Mary Swash did not die, as you have supposed, three years a'ter you deserted her, but is living at this moment. Had you read the letter I gave you in the boat, just before you made me jump into the sea, *that* would have told you where she is to be found."

Spike stared at the speaker intently, and when her cracked voice ceased, his look was that of a man who was terrified, as well as bewildered. This did not arise still from any gleamings of the real state of the case, but from the soreness with which his conscience pricked him, when he heard that his much wronged wife was alive. He fancied with a vivid and rapid glance at the probabilities, all that a woman abandoned would be likely to endure in the course of so many long and suffering years. "Are you sure of what you say, Jack? you wouldn't take advantage of my situation, to tell me an untruth?"

"As certain of it as of my own existence. I have seen her quite lately—talked with her of *you*—in short, she is now at Key West, knows your state, and has a wife's feelin's to come to your bedside."

Notwithstanding all this, and the many gleamings he had had of the facts during their late intercourse on board the brig, Spike did not guess at the truth. He appeared astounded, and his terror seemed to increase.

"I have another thing to tell you," continued Jack, pausing but a moment to collect her own thoughts, "Jaek Tier, the real Jaek Tier, he who sailed with you of old, and whom you left ashore at the same time you deserted your wife, *did* die of the fever, as you was told, in eight and forty hours a'ter the brig went to sea."

"Then who, in the name of Heaven, are you? How came you to hail by another's name, as well as by another sex?"

"What could a woman do, whose husband had deserted her in a strange land?"

"That is remarkable! So *you*'ve been married? I should not have

thought that possible. And your husband deserted you, too,—well, such things *do* happen.”

Jack now felt a severe pang. She could not but see that her ungainly—we had almost said her unearthly appearance, prevented the captain from even yet suspecting the truth, and the meaning of his language was not easily to be mistaken. That any one should have married *her*, seemed to her husband as improbable, as it was probable he would run away from her, as soon as it was in his power after the ceremony.

“Stephen Spike,” resumed Jack, solemnly, “*I am Mary Swash!—I am your wife!*”

Spike started in his bed; then he buried his face in the coverlet, and he actually groaned. In bitterness of spirit the woman turned away and wept. Her feelings had been blunted by misfortunes, and the collisions of a selfish world, but enough of former self remained to make this the hardest of all the blows she had ever received. Her husband, dying as he was, as he must and did know himself to be, shrank from one of her appearance, unsexed as she had become by habits, and changed by years and suffering.

THE POSTMAN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

On! speed thee on, oh! postman, speed,
Pause not to draw a breath;
On passing sighs bestow no heed,
Thou bearest life or death.
Each step conveys a nearer knell
Of joy to many a heart;
While many a line shall sorrow tell
And bid e'en hope depart.
Then speed thee on, oh! postman, speed,
Pause not to draw a breath;
On passing crowds bestow no heed,
Thou bearest life or death.

You little note with mourning seal
A tale of joys shall bear,
The uncle's death, its lines reveal
To his imprison'd heir;
The miser's gone, the spendthrift now
Shall soon destroy his health;
His task, his only ardent vow,
To waste thy hoarded wealth.
Then speed, &c.

Those ill-directed lines shall bear
To yonder widow's heart
A tale of grief and deep despair
Beyond the healing art.
Her only son, a soldier brave,
His mother's prop and pride,
On foreign shores has found a grave,
In Victory's lap he died.
Then speed, &c.

You sweetly-scented little note
Which wafts a lover's sighs,
A ruined rake in anger wrote
Beneath a rival's eyes—

That rival who has brought him low,
His pride and yet his curse,
Who bids him woo, since she must know
She'll share the victim's purse.
Then speed, &c.

You well-directed folded sheet
Contains no jocund fun,
It talks of “claims compelled to meet,”
It speaks the flinty dun.
The little crumpled dirty thing,
Which you aside have laid,
Shall tidings joyous, happy bring
To yonder country maid.
Then speed, &c.

The rich man's prayer for bartered
health,
The broker's deep laid scheme,
The poor man's cry for misplaced wealth,
The school-girl's early dream,
The base seducer's luring tale,
The falsehood of a wife,
Dishonest dealers going to fail,
And sharper's gambling life.
Then speed, &c.

Thy little burden bears more woe,
More joy, more hopes, more fears,
Than any living mind can know
Or learn in fifty years;
For thoughts unbreathed are wafted
there,
And minds, though far apart,
Shall tell far more than language *dare*,
Or utterance *can* impart.
Then speed, &c.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GUESTS.

-BY H. J. WHITLING.

“While I touch the string,
Wreath my brows with laurel,
For the tale I bring
Has, at least, a moral.”

THE following story is gathered from a gossiping tradition which, although probably hitherto unknown to the reader, is common enough in the locality named. Its leading incidents are, with some slight occasional variation, in the mouth of every peasant in the country round, where they are cherished and regarded with a very suspicious kind of veneration.

IDLESSE; OR, THE NOON-DAY HALT.

TOWARDS the close of the summer of 1606 a party of disbanded spearmen had just returned from assisting one of the pugnacious bishops of Cologne in an attack, common enough in those days, upon the territories of some of his neighbours. Contrary, however, to the custom of *such men at such times*, they were wandering along silently and discouraged, for they had gained but little wherewith to line their pockets by the unlucky war which had been waged against the Bavarian princes. That portion of the church-militant under whose banner they enlisted themselves, seems to have had the worst of it, and now, they knew not to-day, how they should supply the wants of the morrow.

The times must, indeed, have appeared to them to be particularly hard, since the emperor had enjoined universal peace among the rulers throughout the holy Roman empire, in order the better to assist the necessary combination against the danger which still threatened its frontier on the side of Turkey. All hope, therefore, of occupation at home was for the present at an end; and, to fight against turban'd infidels, carrying horse-tails and crooked sabres, was the last thing likely to enter the heads of these worthies, not because they dreaded hard knocks, but because they cared not to war in an already devastated border, where, when the fight was done, there was but little to expect by way of comfort for dry throats and hungry stomachs.

They were, indeed, a motley and ill-assorted group, numbering amongst them men of all heights and ages, ready to do battle and to sell their blood in the cause of any master, however desperate or lawless his object might be. Their halberds and steel caps were all rusting through the neglect consequent upon recent disuse; their swords no longer glistened with their wonted brightness; their buff coats shewed occasional spots of mouldy hue; their wide trunk-hose had long ago lost their original colour; their shoes stained by the soil and service of many countries, promised soon to part company with the feet they so inadequately protected; and, altogether, they presented as interesting a specimen of reckless and marauding vagabondism as ever graced the times we speak of.

As they wended their way along the hot and dusty road by Arnberg, some sullen and gloomy, others muttering between their beards, or cursing their stars in no very measured numbers, they came to a wood, on the skirt of which meandered a little stream, tracing its crystal course between alders and overhanging bushes; here they agreed to halt awhile in the shadow, till the heat of the day had abated, and then to continue their journey.

Little, however, did such turbulent spirits, accustomed to activity, though, it must be confessed, not always of the most praiseworthy kind, brook the delay in the long cool grass, still less could they think of slumbering. The place they had selected was, to be sure, pleasant enough; but, then, what could they do? they had nothing to wile away the time. If, indeed, a barrel of the bishop's wine had stood there, flanked by a roaring table, it would not only have been endurable, but they would have revelled and feasted away in noisy jubilee till the last morsel was eaten, and the barrel exhausted. As it was, there they lay rolling about in all the restless abandonment of discontented indolence. Some plied the dice upon a cloak which had been outspread for the purpose, while others fetched water from the brook in their iron caps, and, for the first time perhaps for many years, quenched their thirsts with a fluid for which throats so long accustomed to wine had but little relish. The former, however, soon became weary of play where there were no stakes; and the others of a beverage which yielded neither gratification nor excitement, and the old sense of tediousness again returned upon them.

At this moment one of them whose ill-favoured visage was so mangled and scarred that it would have been difficult to discover in it a sound place as broad as the dice he had been throwing, then addressed his comrades: "Arnoldi may as well take this opportunity of fulfilling his promise, by telling us how it is he contrives to find his way out of every scrimmage safe and sound; for, though he is always the first to enter where blows fall thickest, yet not a scratch can he shew throughout his whole carcass; and at every onset, the devil, who, I can't help thinking must be some relation of his, seems to wrap him away in fire."

"True, by —" said another, of younger blood, beneath whose middle feature the fledging down was just appearing like a soft lock of wool, "all true; I saw Arnoldi at Dettelbach, standing unhurt amongst the lances and swords, which flashed and glittered around him like lightning; the thunder-boxes peppering away all the while as if it snowed lead; and when the pastime (for it was nothing else to him) was over, there he stood leaning on his halbert, coolly shaking out the bullets, which rattled like peas from his breeches and doublet. But not one dot of a wound had he on his impenetrable hide; while I, stuck as full of darts as a hunted boar, was hacked and hewed like mincemeat for the great Nuremberg sausage.*"

"Ay, ay! we know it," cried the others; "you are right; so tell

* A gastronomical work of art, for which the German Florence is still, though no more in so great a degree, famous! This huge sausage, measuring upwards of 300 feet in length, and gaily bedecked with ribbons and flowers, was, in the previous year, borne through the streets of Nuremberg on the butchers' feast-day, to the great terror of the porcine race, who are represented with agonised features scampering off in all directions, with tails curled most distractingly, and their whole mass of blood evidently turned at the sight of this fearful procession!

us, Arnoldi, how you manage it. You cannot deny that your skin is bullet-proof, for we have all seen it too often. You must tell us, Arnoldi; you must—you must, even though the devil himself fetch you for disclosing his secrets; so let us hear your tongue once more.”

“You are much more likely to feel the weight of my arm,” said the other, with a menacing gesture, “if you do not wag your beards less freely.”

But it was of no avail, his comrades allowed him no repose; there were those about him who, equally desperate, did not fear him; and at length, after many a hard word and hearty curse, he prepared, if not to satisfy, at least to *divert* them.

It must be remarked, however, that he did so with no good will; gladly would he have resorted to blows to pacify their bantering, could he have hoped the subject would then have been suffered to sleep; but in an evil and unguarded hour, he had, over the wine cup, divulged a few particulars of his earlier life, which, though confused and broken enough under the circumstances of their disclosure, were of sufficient interest to awaken their curiosity, and excite a desire to hear more. From that unlucky moment his companions had given him no rest, but rallied him incessantly till he could no longer endure their tormenting recollections; and now, amidst loud cries of “The story! the story! we must have the story, though Satan himself help to tell it,” Arnoldi thus began:—

“I heed not your miserable lies,” said he, grinding his teeth, “any more than I should the drunken babblings of so many old women; and, as to the spells you speak of, I know but of one, and let that suffice, as it has served many a stout man in his hour of need, and may, perchance, help some of you to cheat the devil a little longer of his due, if you will only make the trial.”

The eyes of the surrounding group glistened with expectation, and their faces gathered increased earnestness while they listened to the deep and measured accents of the speaker.

“ In the holy night,
In the pale moonlight,
Let the virgin ply her spell,
She must spin alone,
And in smother'd tone
Invoke the powers of hell—
And while the mystic words she breathes,
The spindle rolls in fiery wreaths;
And finished thus amidst the charm
No mortal can the wearer harm.”

“But, what is to be spun?” said his companions.

“A linen garment, which must be spun by a pure virgin on the holy night, and worn upon the naked body,” replied Arnoldi.

“And you mean to tell us that neither cut, thrust, bullet, nor blow, can injure the wearer?”

“I do; and am ready to uphold that truth with dagger and sword; and, further, that he who wears such a one is not only safe from all murderous weapons; but that he need not even fear the devil himself, should he approach in mortal shape.”

“And you wear such a one?” inquired they.

“Is it likely?” said Arnoldi, grimly smiling, “when, as you all know, I am not lucky enough to possess a shirt even of that sort



with which every Christian should cover his back ; and then, as to the other, pure virgins are not very likely to be so much in love with me as to work the devil's charm in order to prolong my life."

"And yet, methinks, if you had not tried it," rejoined one of his hearers, "you would scarcely be so ready to pledge life and limb in upholding its efficacy."

"Excuses—empty excuses!" cried as with one voice the impatient listeners.

"Peace!" growled Arnoldi, in a rasping voice,—“peace, I say, and shame me no more that I have been such a babbling fool thus far to utter dead men's tales. But let the rest for ever remain behind the hedge: 'twere dangerous for us all, so let it pass, therefore,—*as pass it assuredly will—unconcluded.*"

But the yells of his now more than ever excited and boisterous associates would not permit it.

"You skulk behind the hedge no longer!" cried they. "If the devil were at your elbow when you made the promise, let him answer as to its fulfilment now!" and, finding it in vain to attempt quieting them in any other way, he thus once more began, after again cautioning them of the danger they incurred in listening to a charmed tale.

THE SPELL.

"My birthplace was in Brunswick ; my parents were Italians ; and my home is at Eimbeck, where my brother still lives. He worked with my father at husbandry ; but, for myself, shovel and plough were alike hateful to me. I detested the constant disturbance of the soil as the worst species of drudgery, and determined to buffet about

the world in my own way, rather than submit to it. My parents re-monstrated often and strongly, but without effect; and, at length, with a view to humour my roving and restless spirit, as well as to save me from the consequences of total indolence, sent me to old Rudolph, the forester of the Sölling. With him I learnt to trap the wolf and to spear the boar; to take from the fox his brush, and from the bear his skin. Thus I passed many a year of my earlier life, pleased enough with an occupation for which my habits and experience so far qualified me, that in skill and dexterity in all matters belonging to forest-craft few could equal, and, save the old forester, none could excel me.

“One evening, as I was returning home, laden with the spoils of the day, old Rudolph met me. The hand of death was on his brow, and he told me gloomily that his hour was come.

“‘Once,’ said he, ‘I had the hope to creep about on my chase—albeit old, and perhaps infirm,—till the end of the world; but, what *must* be *must*,—for who can control his destiny? Before I go, however, I would fain put you in possession of some secrets with which till this moment you have been unacquainted; nor should I now be permitted to reveal them, were it not that the time of our separation is nigh at hand. A portion of my skill I have already imparted to you. You know not how I acquired it, nor is it now necessary, since you have obtained thus much without the dread penalty which others must pay. But it is possible it may not long avail you, since the game on the Sölling is daily diminishing, to an extent that, without care, leaves but little hope for the future. My first counsel to you, therefore, is to quit for a while your present employment, and enter for a year or two a free company; which, serving different masters in different lands, will not only afford you an opportunity of seeing something of the world, and perhaps enriching yourself under one or other of the leaders; but, on your return hither you will again find the game in its former abundance, which has for the last few years been fatally thinned by two such devil’s huntsmen as the world has never before seen, ’Tis true, there is less danger in feathered bolts than in leaden bullets; but, against *them*, an’ thou hast the courage, thou mayst secure thyself. Thou seest *this*,’ said the old man, at the same time holding towards me a curiously-formed key, suspended by a party-coloured ribbon from his neck, ‘take it; but not till I am dead,’ said he solemnly,—‘mind, *not till I am dead*, Arnoldi,—and open the casket which hangs on the wall of the room where I sleep. Inside it you will see a large phial, together with a parchment scroll. Read it, and you will find written thereon *how*, and for *what* the former serves. But, mark! let no interruption of sounds, whether of earth, air, or hell, induce you for one moment to remove your eyes from the scroll you are reading until all the contents are perused, *otherwise you are lost*, and for ever; but, *once read*, then use it as ye may,—for the import, dark, terrible, and strong, abides on the memory till the wing of the angel of death shall sweep it away. So much for *thee*; and now for *myself*.

“‘When my crest is bowed, and my eyes become cold and dark, take me away to the Sölling by Uzlar; seek out a free space on the green level, clear of trees, and there bury me. Lay my head towards the west; my feet to the rising of the sun; cover my grave

with a thick and heavy stone, that the prowling wolf may not unearth me, and, after appeasing his frightful hunger, leave the rest a prey to the fox and the raven. Thou canst also place old Herod and a boar-spear with me in my grave, for one knows not what may hereafter befall him, and in my next service I may perchance have need of both. My poor hound is, like myself, old and useless, loses the scent every moment, and can no longer track his game. Why, then, should we separate? Why leave my old and faithful companion to miss his master, and miserably hunger on the floor of the stranger, amidst recollections of earlier and better times? No, Arnoldi, we will face death as we have hitherto faced all danger—together; and I charge thee to lay his bones in the same grave with mine.*

“Thus spake old Rudolph,—thus I promised him,—and at midnight he died. I buried him, as he said, together with Herod and the boar-spear, and covered their grave with an enormous stone. It was not till my return from this sad duty,—which showed my eyes in those days to be little better than a woman’s,—that I first recollected the key. Taking, therefore, my cross-bow, and the implements I had already used, I hastened back, late as it was, to the forest-grave; but, scarcely had I begun to dig when the voices of the old hunter and his dog came borne upon the wind, mingled with sounds of exultation and distress, which increased as they approached, till at length it seemed as if a party of wild foresters were out on the chase, and pursuing their game amidst cries and uproar of the most unearthly kind. By this time all around had become involved in pitchy darkness, and a violent storm of wind drove, and raged, and roared again, as though it would rend the very oaks. My heart clicked like a Nuremberg egg;* and for the first time in my life I knew what it was to fear. But I was then a superstitious boy; and, scarcely aware of what I did, made the sign of the cross on my breast, and again taking courage, I bent my bow. ‘Come what will,’ said I, drawing it with all my force,—‘come what will within the line of this bolt, it must go to pieces, were it even the devil himself.’ For a moment after the shot did that wild music fearfully increase; but it suddenly died away in a wail, and all was still. The moon broke forth from behind a thick curtain of clouds, and I again resumed my labour.

“On obtaining the key from the yet scarcely cold body, I instantly returned to the cottage of the forester. Arriving, I lighted a pine faggot, stuck it into a hook by the side of the fire-place, and proceeded to unlock the box. The wind and the storm again roared dismally amongst the trees of the forest; again those wailing sounds yelled and moaned, and mingled with fitful bursts of unearthly melody; but, determining to fulfil my object, I proceeded as Rudolph had instructed me, and found the phial and scroll as he described. As I read the voice of the old forester again broke upon my ear in alternate sobbing and laughter; but, still I read on! It seemed as if footsteps were around me, and the pressure of hands against my heart. *I was conscious of a presence upon which I dared not look.* A dark vapour filled the room; distinct, though transparent, forms floated between my eyes and the thickly-inscribed scroll; but, still I read on! Suddenly the pine-faggot was extinguished, and I felt myself hurled against the opposite wall; but I still retained the

* The name given to the “watch” originally made there.

fatal parchment, which now glowed, as it were, beneath my fingers in pale phosphoric characters; and thus I still read on! Other sounds and voices now mingled with the voices of the night, the storm increased to a hurricane, ringing its wild anthem from rock to rock, till, at the moment of concluding the scroll, a mighty wind shook the four corners of the hut—and it fell! and I lay senseless amidst the scattered ruins. On recovering myself, the fearful storm had rolled away, and all traces of casket, key, phial, and scroll, had entirely disappeared. Thus was the fatal secret lost and won!

“But I had succeeded in reading it, and the appalling recollection passed not away; its every line and letter are impressed upon my memory with a terrific vividness, which nothing can efface,—which I would gladly die to forget,—for the fiends,” said he, wiping the cold drops of perspiration from his brow, “are still masters of the game; and, the use of the spell, its power, and exercise, had yet to be purchased at a price which it was fearful to pay. * * Impart it, however, I can, though only upon one condition; and that —”

“Then, in the name of all the fiends!” said his companions, whose curiosity was now wrought up to the most intense pitch, “let us know it, for the terms are beforehand already agreed to.”

“Draw round, then,” said Arnoldi, in a calmer tone, and breathlessly listen, that ye lose not a syllable of what I have to communicate.”

THE UNLOOKED-FOR INTERRUPTION.

IN the absorbing interest of the moment his auditors had been altogether unconscious of the declining day; the curtain of evening, however, was already beginning to fall around them; the night-breeze had arisen, and, sweeping in gusts through the tall trees of the forest, resembled the tones of human voices, calling and answering in the distance.

Arnoldi was about to proceed with his story, as above related, when a little old man, wearing a long beard and gray coat, of queer outlandish cut, and whose stealthy approach, like that of the evening, had been totally unperceived, stood, as it seemed, all at once in the midst of them, and, after a greeting such as might be expected from an old acquaintance, he inquired of Arnoldi whence they came and whither they were going?

As soon as they could recover a little from the surprise caused by his sudden and unexpected approach, they replied, “From where war *has been*, to where war *is*. We care not under what leader, nor to what service; and, so that we can but obtain booty, we heed neither the contest nor the cause.”

“Ah! you are like the ravens,” said Gray-coat; “wherever you go, ill-luck attends your presence; and, although with such gentlemen it is not safe to joke, joy and rejoicing, no doubt, equally attend your departure!”

“That is the consequence of our trade, old boy!” said one of the spearmen; “and, though in the settlement of the accounts we bring there must now and then be bloody reckonings, the balance that comes to our share is generally gold —”

“Though, perhaps, not always of the most honest colour?”

“Are you some hedge-parson seeking to hear a confession? Sit

down here, then, on the grass. It will shortly be some six years since I murmured into the priest's ear, and this will be a good opportunity to make a clean breast of it."

"Not quite so good as you suppose," chuckled the merry old man, rubbing his hands, and seating himself amongst them. "I seek not that."

"Then, what is your object in visiting us?"

"That," said Gray-coat, "you shall presently learn. At any rate, I am no confessor; and, although it is true I *am* seeking *something*, it is certainly not secrets of the kind to which you allude. I am travelling now to enlist servants who are willing to enter the employ of a powerful master, and for a good earnest penny, I pledge ye my skin."

"Then, have at ye!" cried they, "for here before you are men of the right stamp. Amongst us is not one but has long ago drunk brotherhood with old Nick, and, if necessary, we are ready to do so again. What is your master's name?"

"Only accompany me," said the stranger, "and in time you shall know him; though to-day it will, I fear, scarcely be possible. Notwithstanding this, however, nothing shall be wanting to you; and here is the earnest-money, which you can at once divide among yourselves."



Thus speaking he held up to the now quite restored travellers a great leathern purse of gold. When they had equally divided it,—which was not accomplished without some contention, they all arose and shouted loud vivats to their new master. "Nay, an' were he even the devil's own stepson, 'tis all one to us; long life to him, say we!" And their hoarse throats roared in unison together like the

gentle bellowing of a herd of wild bulls. This demonstration ended, they donned their rusty caps, girded on their swords, shouldered their halberds, and prepared to follow their new leader.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE way they took was along a somewhat dreary forest-path, the old man heading the troop, and humming ever and anon broken snatches of song.

“ My food is fruit unknown to man,
I drink a draught he never can
Till he sleeps his last long sleep with me.

To-night I have left my sunless home
To visit the cool forest stream,
And lull them in an anguish'd dream ;
But when the cock's shrill clarion blows,
They 'll wake from bliss to worldly woes.”

His wild melody charmed to silence his companions, who had for a while followed him with shout and uproar ; and the loathsome toad, the newt, and the snake crept forth to listen, as if enamoured of that old man's music. Night had not closed in ere they reached a half ruined castle, standing in the depths of the dark pine-forest ; and around it there reigned a stillness, gloomy and indescribable. No ring-dove cooed in the branches of the tall pine ; no woodpecker tapped on the decaying oak ; no squirrel sprang from bough to bough, or peeped curiously forth at the passers-by. Even the trees that grew near the castle walls, or stretched their broad arms over the ruined fragments that lay scattered around, soughed not, neither did a leaf rustle in the evening breeze ; it seemed as if nature herself lay bound and buried in a death-like silence.

The wayfarers approached, but no beaten track gave signs of any inhabitant ; and the old man laughed, as he led them on, singing,

“ Sweep we along like the cool night wind,
And leave nor record nor trace behind.”

And thus they sullenly followed him through bush and bramble to the castle gate, which harshly screeched and grated on its rusty hinges, yielding not an entrance but to the united force of the newly arrived guests. The same aspect of desolateness prevailed throughout ; rank grass, nettles, and thistles had overgrown the ample court-yard, through which they waded up to their hips ere they could reach the hall. But no watch-dog barked—no warder blew his horn ; neither guard, nor serf, nor human being, save themselves, were to be seen ; nought was heard save the sounds they awakened, and the dark grey walls, dusky ruin, and lonesome desolation of that twilight hour, called forth in most of them a feeling of dread till then utterly unknown.

They could not refrain from expressing to their leader the surprise they felt at the forlorn condition of the castle ; but he assured them, that, although its exterior was somewhat uninviting, they would find within all that they could desire ; that attendants would shortly arrive, and dancing and feasting, mirth and merriment, sur-

round them. "You must not," said he, "however, be impatient, neither scan with too critical an eye this fortress of my master; it has been long without inhabitant, hence its desolate appearance; and the owner has so many strongholds in Italy, Spain, and Austria, which require his constant supervision, that he must be excused if his possessions in this country are not exactly in such a state of repair as he could wish."

His words, and above all, his promise of good cheer having thus reinspired them to proceed, he led them towards an old winding staircased; own its broken steps they descended into a damp and mouldy vault, whose dull echoes gave back in deadened sounds the heavy irregular tread of those who entered it.

As if by magic, torches now crackled, flickered, and blazed from the iron rings by which they were secured to the walls, and disclosed a spacious apartment all brilliantly lighted up. In the midst stood several long and massive tables of oak, and on either side rows of mighty tuns, full of the most delicious wines, the age of which their moss-bedecked staves and rusty iron hoops proclaimed distinctly enough, as soon as the newly-arrived guests could recover their powers of vision sufficiently to observe objects of so interesting a description. But, although they perceived it not, above them on harping pinion swept the bat; and the hairy vampire spread his broad flight in restless circles around; and other sights and sounds there were, alike fearful and ominous, but their eyes were darkened, and they perceived them not.

Suddenly the voice of the old man was heard at a distance, in unwonted tones.

"Up, messenger! haste—quick as light—
And all my former guests invite.
Up! and hiss to the skulls and bones
That mouldering lie beneath the stones;
Bid skin and muscle clothe once more
Their skeletons, as heretofore:
Give lips and cheeks their living red;
Give back the voice to tongues long dead:
See they don their best array,
And, deck'd as for a holiday,
Bid them to the feast repair,—
Haste! my wishes quick declare!"

Shortly there appeared men, women, youths, and maidens, in every diversity of dress and form, who, thronging in, took their places at the tables, or served up dishes laden with viands and fruit; while Gray-coat ran about here and there, busily arranging the various courses, or serving out goblets of sparkling wine. The ravenous appetites of the troopers knew no bounds: fearfully did they devour at that fatal festival, and their hearts began to grow merry, as they poured the pearling liquor in full streams down their thirsty throats. Then they observed the maidens ogling them in a manner both familiar and inviting. Female singers also approached, with lyre and organ, and harped and sang songs of ribaldry and lewdness. Clowns and tumblers went through their various evolutions; and gay forms danced before their delighted eyes, till Arnoldi and his companions fancied themselves transported into the regions of faerie land; nor was it before one had sharply pinched his own leg, another his nose, and the remainder each for himself made experi-

ments equally convincing, that they could be assured what they saw around them was no dream.

Thus did matters proceed till late in the night. They feasted, they drank, they dallied, and made love; little Gray-coat all the while skipping about from table to table, now smiling and rubbing his hands, as if in the highest glee; now nodding encouragingly to his guests, or pressing blandly upon their attention his various supplies. They remarked, however, that he ate not with them, neither did he drink of their wine; that the other guests sat stiffly and formally, scarcely laughed at the fun, tasted but little, and spoke still less. But the harp and organ played on; the singers trolled their lays, and the various attendants flew about with the speed of the wind, to supply them according to their heart's desire; and they spoke together of the old man's promise as they approached the ruined castle, that if they would only enter they should want for nothing: and of the way in which he had fulfilled it; of the hope thus afforded for the future; and they drank long life, again and again, to the lord of the castle and their new entertainer.

All at once the shrill crowing of a cock was heard to ring through the numerous arches of the vault, in sounds that pierced above all the mirth and music. A sudden stroke as of lameness appeared to seize with one accord the attendants, who no longer proceeded with their usual alacrity; nor were the guests exempt from its effects, save only Gray-coat and the troopers.

After a time he drew towards the benches they occupied, placed himself on a stool opposite, and steadily fixing his eyes upon his newly-enlisted friends, whose bosoms the supernatural sound they had just heard had filled with something like apprehension, said:—"Hark ye, my masters; the watchman has already, as ye hear, proclaimed the approach of morning, and when his voice is uttered, once more all must retire to rest. We of the dead, ye see, must hold strictly to order." His companions started and gazed on each other. "Yes," continued he, "our time is measured to us, in limits we dare not transgress; but for ye—"

Here he was interrupted by the listeners laughing in his face. "Little Gray-coat," said they, "is making fun of us, or has looked too deeply into his beaker, and now sorely drunken, knows no more what he is saying." But *his* bright eye and clear voice told a different story; and that, whatever the effect of the debauch upon themselves, it had passed *him* harmlessly by.

He heeded not their jesting, but quietly replied, "Listen awhile to me, my merry birds, and then laugh on, if laugh ye still dare."

GRAY-COAT'S STORY.

"It is now many a long year since I became cellar-keeper in this castle, which, under the careful superintendence I bestowed upon it, never wanted a good supply. Under such circumstances I forgot not myself, but took each day my quantum as the innocent debt and duty of every good cellarmen, who by frequent trials can alone qualify himself to become a judge of that which is under his charge. Indeed, my sense of duty in this particular moved me so strongly, that my search for wine suitable to my master's taste, commenced at break of day, and ceased not till the return of night again called

to repose. Thus was my reputation, in one respect, soon established; but, though a good cellar-keeper, I became a bad Christian, and, in the heedlessness of excessive indulgence, I lost the relish for higher and better occupation, and neglected the welfare of that part of man's being which is destined to live longer than sun, and moon, and stars endure." (Arnoldi's comrades winked at him in sleepy derision of the speaker, but their companion's countenance exhibited no sign of participation.) "The proprietor of this castle, whom I then served, led a roystering life of it, and loved to wash down many a hard joke with good old liquor. In every carouse I was his constant companion, and the night was never too long for us; neither thought we of anything beyond the indulgence of the passing hour. We were the talk of the country round.

"We had commenced one such drinking bout, on holy Thursday. Upon this occasion we swore not to cease till one or other of us was fairly under the table. We sat together till the next morning was come, but it ceased not then. The matins had long been finished—the vespers sung—and night still saw us there. The early dawn arrived and neither had given way. At this time the knight's little son lay dangerously ill, and his lady had sent to him many a messenger to summon him to the bedside of his dying child, but he heeded them not. At length came her waiting-woman, and on her bended knees besought him in tears to visit her mistress, as the infant was at that moment in the agonies of death! He then reluctantly arose and staggered after her to the apartments of his wife, who, as soon as he approached, met him with agonising cries, holding in her arms the dead body of his only child. The lady shortly died also, and from that moment my master never knew peace; night and day did he wander about with the face of a dreamer; he laughed not, neither did he speak, but seemed as under the influence of a sorcerer's spell; and when at length he suddenly disappeared, it was said he had assumed the friar's cowl, and closed a life of severe penance in the Franciscan monastery of Nuremberg. But," added he significantly, "no one but myself *knew—whither he was gone.*

"I took no heed, however, of this, or any other example; but, on the contrary, set at nought both warning and reproof. After a few years I lay on my deathbed; but still carried my passion so far as to inquire of my lady's confessor if there was wine in heaven. He was silent. 'If not,' I continued, 'I have no wish to go thither; but, living or dead, should prefer occupying this place with such companions as I could obtain.' With these words in my mouth, I died,—died without absolution or shrift, and my body was buried in the castle-chapel. Suddenly it seemed to me as if I had awoke from a confused and fearful dream, and I stood alone here; an awful voice thundered in my ears my doom. My wish was granted—a penance till time shall be no longer.

"From year to year have I sat in these gloomy vaults,—from year to year drank I deeply, and alone, tormented by the most dreadful sense of weariness and distress. At first I thought not to regret my wish; but, when after a while the castle echoed no more to the tread of human footsteps, when every living thing forsook these ruined walls, how have I longed for the quiet repose of the grave! But, though I sought it, it repelled me, and again and again I found my-

self irresistibly urged hither. At length I bethought me of the second part of my wish, and wandered in quest of companions. I found myself empowered to allure all whom I met within a given circle of my allotted abode. My power, however, only extends to those whose consciences are perverted, seared, or dead; or who have sold themselves to work the works of him whose behests I serve. The wants and desires of these are immediately known to me; nor can they resist the spells I am enabled to cast around them. When such a one, who has ever been my guest, dies, he is after death still in my power, and, whensoever I invite him, must appear at that midnight hour when spirits can walk abroad. *All with whom ye have feasted were of that number; and ye, though for the present ye depart, yet, having feasted at my table, and taken the earnest which pledges you to the master yourselves have named, shortly must ye all appear hither again.*"

The foot-soldiers laughed a shuddering laugh, and would fain have replied; but their senses seemed to forsake them, their eyelids involuntarily closed, and, notwithstanding all their efforts, none could keep awake; their heads bowed upon their breasts; they slumbered and slept, and sunk to the ground.

And again the cock crew,—the viands disappeared,—the torches on the walls glimmered faintly, and expired,—the guests vanished noiselessly, and when all had departed save Gray-coat and the sleepers, he gently approached them, and waving above their heads the solitary light he bore, he said, with a ghastly smile of exultation,—

"In your charm'd state repose—
 Magic sleep your eyelids close,—
 Sleep beneath the dusky veil,
 All night long till stars grow pale;—
 Sleep upon your cold damp bed,
 Nor wake till the light
 Of the sunbeam bright
 Shall pierce through the ruins over your head.

"Ere fourteen springs their blossoms shed,
 All shall mingle with the dead—
 In other guise we'll meet again,
 And ye shall swell my shadowy train—
 Till then, farewell!
 Auf Wiedersehen!
 Now sweep I hence with the matin wind,
 And leave no record nor trace behind!"

With these words he glided away, and cast neither sound nor shadow behind him.

THE AWAKING.

'Twas broad morning when these sleepers awoke, and they looked round by the dim light which found its way through the crevices of the damp and broken vault. It was impossible either to doubt or to recollect distinctly the events of the preceding night; and they rubbed their brows, as though they would clear both sight and memory of some terrible impression. As they regarded one another, each was startled at the pale, death-like countenances of his companions, and all were inclined to lay the blame on their late resting-place.

"That," said Arnoldi, "will quickly pass away, if we can but find some wine to restore our lost roses," and seizing one of the lances that stood in the corner, he violently struck the table till the old vault rang again; but no one came. He and his myrmidons called aloud at the foot of the broken staircase. As their impatience increased, they shouted, and yelled like so many wild-beasts; but in vain. None answered their summons. They then bethought them of the casks; but here again disappointment and mockery awaited them,—all sounded hollow and empty.

"If the devil himself be the owner of this accursed place," said they, "Gray-coat is surely somewhere in the neighbourhood." They therefore sought him through every nook and corner of the building; but found nothing save rubbish and ruin. All was still and desolate, and lonely as before. No living thing did they see; not a sound did they hear, but that which their own footfall had awakened. Then remembered they the impression of the preceding evening as they approached these gloomy precincts, and the same feeling of awe again crept over them; their imaginations were haunted with all kinds of strange and fearful objects and forebodings; particularly when they called to mind Gray-coat's story, and their own threatened doom.

"It can be no dream," said they, "else how came we hither?—and, true—how *can* it be?"

The whole affair was mysterious, bewildering, and perplexing in the highest degree. All at once they recollected the earnest-money, and felt in their pockets; but, to their astonishment and distress, instead of broad pieces of shining gold, they drew out only handfuls of dry leaves. Their rage now knew no bounds; they loudly cursed both Gray-coat and each other, till, frightened at the deep echoes, which gave so sullenly back the sounds they had called forth, they rushed in terror from the haunted spot. They essayed in vain to return by the way they had come. Neither track, nor tree, nor aught could they find by which to direct their erring footsteps. Farther and farther did they wander from their intended route, and lay down at night in the depth of that lonesome forest, calling upon Gray-coat again to appear, in order to be revenged for the freak he had played them; but they saw him no more! Slowly and sadly did they pursue their journey in the dawn of the following day, and soon after found exercise for their lances in the disturbances which filled the country, and hastened on the great religious war which deluged Germany with blood.

To this day the old ruined castle may be seen in the forest. It is called "Waldreuth;" though the peasant folk for many a mile round know it only by the name of "The Devil's Country Seat," and none of them will approach it, even to gather sticks, in the winter.

Of the foot-soldiers thus much further has been ascertained, that all of them within the first seven years died by sword, pistol, or the hands of the executioner, except Arnoldi, whose death took place at Prague, exactly fourteen years from the event we have related. He died suddenly during a deep carouse, after the victory on the White Mountain, the self-same day, and at about the same hour, as that on which Gray-coat's feast took place. The fact of his body having been found enveloped in a charmed garment clearly accounted for

his hardihood amidst the various perils he encountered, and at the same time evinced that from whatever evils and dangers, whether mortal or spiritual, such a spell could protect the wearer, *spirits of wine* were not in the category. One of his later comrades, to whom his secrets became so far known, stripped him of the now useless appendage, and wore it till the end of his days in the cloister at **** where a full account of its miracles is said to be preserved; and upon whose abbot he enjoined its delivery (after his death) to the brother of Arnoldi. In his family it has been religiously preserved through succeeding generations.



THE TWO PIGS.—A SWINISH COLLOQUY.

BY W. E. BURTON.

“AND is it there ye are?” said a long-legged, long-sided, long-snouted pig, whose gaunt appearance bespoke his Milesian origin, while the rich musical twang of his grunt told of Tipperary intirely. He addressed himself to a compact brindled animal with a crisp twist in his wool, and a tightly-curled tail, who was *couchant* in a deep kennel near one of the Market street corners in Philadelphia.

Irish Pig. Ah, then, the tip-top o’ the morning to you intirely. Its myself that’s seen ye here before, and mighty snug ye are in that

same place—I'm thinking that a dray-wheel would move ye out o' that in a pig's whisper, though its mighty *pig-uresque* yere lookin' that *sow-lution* of slush, any how.

Curly-tail Pig, rising, with an aristocratic air. Do not imagine, because I decline reposing any longer in the slimy softness of this balmy kennel, that your guttur-al gruntings annoy me. Philosophy has long ago taught me that we cannot make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. For the present, then, I forgive your impertinence! but I *impignorate* my promise to make sausages of your intestines if you ever bore me again with your *pig-my* prittle prattle.

Irish Pig. Give us none o' yer cheek. Edad, ye're as fierce as a *sow-wester*. Sure I roused ye out o' that in regard o' the drays, but if my *sow-licitude* is hurtin' yer chitterlings, why be smashed into a hog's-pudding, and see if its myself that will interfere. Arrah, then, and did ye see anything o' them niggers of hog-catchers last night?

Curly-tail. I really was so engaged in paying my *devoirs* to a delicate young creature up Sixth, that I had no time to indulge in such vulgar ideas.

Irish Pig. Och, get out! is it the black piggeen up the alley convanient to the bakehouse? The darlint! Don't I know her, I'd like to carry her a *pig-a-back* over the whole world.

Curly-tail. She is an exquisite charmer, 'pon honour; but as proud as she is pretty. I stole a cantaloupe from the corner there, and placed it at her feet, as a *sow-ve-neer* of my esteem, but she turned it over to that old hog her papa, who devoured it before my face. Laughing at my melancholy look, she said, "*Pork, you pine,*" which you must own was very pointed. I haven't been so hurt since my lamented mama committed *sow-i-cide* by cutting her throat with her thumb-nails while trying to swim across a creek.

Irish Pig. And ain't her brother a saucy shote? he'll be bringin' his hogs to a fine market some day. But what can you expect from nigger's pigs? them swine swill such slush, one can't pig with them if he wants to keep a dacent cheek.

Curly-tail. You are as dull as a pig of lead in your perception of the beautiful. She has the whitest hand of pork and the prettiest fore-quarter I have ever seen. Her hams are plump and well-shaped.

Irish Pig. Wid as swate a snout as ever turned over a tater.

Curly-tail. If she would Siamese our fates, I have a nice sty in my eye; and I flatter myself she'd find me as warm a *boar* as ever hung round a lady's neck. But I am not such a *Piggy-ninny* as to play upon one string. I've more sweethearts than her, if I want to choose a spare rib, and she refuses me her foot.

Irish Pig. Honamondioul! don't stand there wid yer snout cocked up in the wind, but come over here, and have a chaw at them swate taters and an inyon or two, what the darkey girl has jest chucked out. Here's a beautiful post right agin yer starn, for an illegant scratch bechnxt bites. Ain't them squashed peaches colluptuous?

Curly-tail. Nice, really. But talking of luxuries, did you ever taste a nigger baby?

Irish Pig. Ah, then, I niver had a chance; but I nibbled off a black man's thumb once, as he was tryin' to insinnervate a pet kitten out o' my gills; but its mighty old he was, and the jynt was hardly

a taste—to say nothing o' the kick I got on my hind line. Sure it was hard times in them snows last winter, when the divil a bit o' grub ye'd find in a day's grubbing. Oh, thunder and turf, wasn't I almighty sharp set? them frosts friz ferocious.

Curly-tail. And to freeze our souls we daily expected, in consequence of the war, that we should all be killed and salted down as ship-meat for the sailors.

Irish Pig. All pigged together in a hog'shead.

Curly-tail. I should not be loth to afford my share of sustenance to the sinews of the war, as I am heroically inclined, being lineally descended from the boar of the Plantaganet—the crest, you know, of the gallant Richard the Third.

Irish Pig. To be sure I do. Didn't B——, the great tragedy man, pig alongside o' me in a gutter one night, when he was salty, or fresh, I dunno' which they call it. Sure he talked all night of that same bloody and devouring boar, which I thought mighty personal, in regard o' the company he was in. But for them haythens, sure I'd like to seen them whipped. There's a Spanish pug in the alley forenenst the tebakky-store, that's bitten all sorts of letters of mark on my hind-quarters, the blackguard.

Curly-tail. Ah, my friend, philosophy has long ago taught me that pigs are not arbiters of their own fate.

Irish Pig. Though pugs are biters of our fat, and be hanged to 'em. But the whole bilin' of our family is going west in the spring, where I'm sure to be skivered and salted down. My brawn is sartin to be collared then. So, if I can but preserve myself till I'm pickled, I'll be able to save my bacon, any how.

Curly-tail. Well, good morning, stranger; I must pay my morning's call, a slight offering at the shrine of beauty—an attempt to em-broil the heart of that tender little sow.

Irish Pig. Good luck to ye, and a stiffer curl t' yer tail, if possible, which it aint. Och, the omadhawn! to have his eye on my own delicate piggeen! I'll put a sow-thistle into his piggin of hogwash. See at him! how consated he walks, the thief of the world! Sure, he thinks himself a whole ship-load of the primest mess, No. 1, but it's a pretty piece of pork and greens I'll make of that same shote, big pig as he is. By the piper that played before Moses, but there's the hog-catchers, the slaughterin' divils. How they skeet after my friend wid the curly tail. Och, there's a porker in a pucker. Edad, but he moves his trotters in double quick time. Run, ye divil, the high nigger has ye by the tail! no, he's off again, bad luck to him. Sure, that pace will melt his lard, this same hot day. Grabbed, by jakers! Its a gone case wid him, any how, for into the cart he goes, the entire swine. Why, they are shillooin' arter me, the murderin' thieves! Hurrish! no catchee, no havee. Here goes, a bolt for life!

[Exit Pig, "down all manuer of streets."





WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON
N. HANDEL'S DESIGN IN THE GILCHRIST'S ENGRAVING

THE LATE ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ., AND THE
GENIUS OF JUDAISM.

BY W. C. TAYLOR, LL. D.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

JERUSALEM and Venice are names seldom associated; they are types of ideas which seem incapable of harmonious combination; they raise historical associations so different in character and colouring that the proprieties would seem to be outraged when they blend into a common picture, and inconsistency rendered inevitable when they are the joint spells which direct the workings of an individual mind. That the combination is possible has been proved in the instance of the D'Israelis, both father and son; that the junction in spite of some few incongruities has been delightful and valuable is demonstrated by the warmth of appreciation almost unanimously accorded to the historical researches of the former, and the gorgeous imaginings and vivid creations of the latter. Different as have been their paths of literature and their walks of life, there has been in both a common element which almost unconsciously moulded their character and predestined their career, and that element was compounded of a reverence amounting to enthusiasm for the theocracy of Judah and the oligarchy of Venice.

Descended from a line of Jewish merchants who had dwelt in the "Home of the Ocean" during the proud days when Venice remained, at least in name, the queen of the Adriatic, the father of the late Mr. Isaac D'Israeli brought with him to England a store of historical associations and traditions meet nurture for "a poetic child," and equally calculated to incite the imaginative to realise their conceptions in romantic fiction, and the inquisitive to ascertain their realities by sober investigation. About the time that the first D'Israeli settled in England, the country was convulsed by one of those popular alarms, the result of combined fraud and fanaticism which appear like periodical visitations in our history. A law for the naturalization of the Jews had been passed with little opposition by both houses of parliament, and had received the ready support of the most distinguished prelates on the episcopal bench. An alarm for the church and for religion was however produced among the inferior clergy, and principally, as Walpole assures us, among the "country parsons." The alarm was as senseless and the cry as absurd as on the occasion of Dr. Sacheverell's trial, when a very stupid and very malevolent sermon was sufficient to set the whole country in a flame. It was proclaimed from countless pulpits that, if the Jews were naturalised in Britain, the country became liable to the curses pronounced by prophecy against Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The logic of this argument is of course as defective as its charity, but the multitude is liable to be deluded by confident and repeated assertion; it also happened that at the time suspicions were entertained of hostile designs from France, and though the Jews could not be associated with the French by any show of reason, they were linked to the enemy by a very tolerable rhyme. Every dead wall in the kingdom exhibited in varied orthography the delectable couplet,

No Jews,
No wooden shoes.

When the younger D'Israeli dilated in "Coningsby" on the advantages of a *good cry*, he might with some reason have shewn the efficacy of a very bad one.

Some of the bishops adopted towards their insubordinate curates the same course that indiscreet parents employ to lull the tumults of the nursery when they proffer cakes as a bribe to stop crying. They resolved that it would be wise to make some concessions to clamour, and they joined in a representation to the minister which set forth that they by no means vouched for the truth of the popular calumnies directed against the Jews, that they had not even examined the evidence on which such tales of scandal were founded, but that believing the recent law to be offensive and alarming to many of your good sort of people, they recommended the premier to undo his own act, and to repeal the obnoxious law as early as possible. The Duke of Newcastle, who then held the office of prime minister, had none of the firmness of Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell, he yielded to the clamour, partly from natural timidity, and partly because being raised at the close of a Parliament, he was afraid of its effects at a general election.

Recent events having revived the memory of this curious agitation, we may, at the risk of digression, add that the Bishop of Oxford advocated the repeal not on account of any scruples of his own, but "to quiet the minds of good people;" that the Bishop of St. Asaph denounced the refusal of the rights of citizenship to the Jews as the result of "a spirit of persecution abhorrent from the spirit of the Gospel;" and that the Duke of Bedford who had voted against the bill originally, very honorably opposed its repeal, which he called "an effect of the imbecility of the administration."

Twelve years after this strange exhibition of popular delusion and ministerial weakness, Isaac D'Israeli was born at Enfield in the month of May, 1766. But though the Jewish Naturalization Bill had been repealed, the passions and prejudices to which it gave vigour did not subside for nearly half a century; indeed the Jews narrowly escaped being involved with the Roman Catholics in the outrages perpetrated by the Protestant mob of Lord George Gordon. The accounts which he heard in childhood of the calumnies levelled against his name and nation, and of the political disabilities to which his family continued subject because an imbecile minister had neither the sense nor the courage to withstand popular delusion and popular clamour, produced an effect on Mr. D'Israeli's mind which influenced his whole literary career, and which is very perceptible in the writings and speeches of his gifted son. So far from adopting the aphorism *vox populi vox Dei*, he would much sooner have said *vox populi vox diaboli*; the very prevalence of any sentiment or opinion would with him have been a reason for viewing it with suspicion.

All the traditions of his race and all the reminiscences of his family tended to strengthen such a feeling. The people had no voice in the Hebrew commonwealth; law was dictated to them by the inspired prophet, the consecrated priest or the anointed king; authority was not only the basis of their social order, but it entered into the minute detail of all their institutions; that confession of faith which every believing child of Abraham learns to lisp in his cradle commences with a divine demand for implicit submission and obedience. "HEAR, O ISRAEL" is not the beginning of a creed suited to the partisans of a democracy.

The traditions of Venice were equally calculated to alienate Isaac D'Israeli's mind from the parties and the opinions that found favour with the populace. Aristotle mentions some ancient oligarchy, the members of which, on admission to office, bound themselves by an oath to do all the injury to the democracy in their power. Although the senators of Venice did not swear to the performance of any such obligation they adopted the same course by a design infinitely more binding than all the tests that human ingenuity could devise. Their first principle of government was that a mob was a restrained and caged tiger, and that, on any relaxation of these checks and restraints, the animal would spring at the throats of his keepers.

It is curious to observe how general and how influential these feelings were at the close of the last century. In spite of the proclamation of "Free and equal rights to all men," by the republicans of France, the Jews throughout Europe almost universally adhered to the cause of monarchy and social order. If they were not absolutely Tories they were at least very strenuous Conservatives; as men they loved "liberty," but as the sons of a privileged race they suspected "equality," and as a peculiar people they shrunk from "fraternity." Another reason for this was probably the horror with which they were inspired by the daring blasphemies of the atheists of France. Revolting as these excesses were to every man of right feeling, they filled the mind of the Jew with a horror perfectly indescribable, and to men of other creeds and races quite inconceivable. For, the Jew is the most religious of men; to him the Supreme Being is not merely the Sovereign of the universe, but also and more especially the Tutelary Deity of his race, "the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." The insanity which would dethrone Jehovah, the God of Israel, and erect, amid drunken and frantic orgies, an altar to the goddess of reason, was in his eyes at once the most atrocious of crimes and the greatest of personal insults. Hence, during the wars of the Coalition against revolutionary France, no soldiers fought with more desperate energies against the republican armies than the Jewish regiments in the service of Prussia; no moneyed men were more eager to support Pitt by subscribing to loans than the Jewish capitalists of London; and no commercial body evinced such sympathy for the fallen fortunes of Austria as the Jewish merchants of Germany. These predilections for monarchy and subordination of classes are still characteristic of the race; in the recent attempts made to raise a clamour against the Jews of Alsace, we find more than one pamphleteer stigmatizing them as inveterate partisans of despotism and aristocracy.

It is hardly necessary to say that there was but a very scant share of sympathy between the French and the Venetian republics. Indeed they were founded on such antagonistic principles that collision was inevitable whenever they were brought into contact. Hence Napoleon, who retained many of his old principles as a jacobin, long after he had ceased to be a republican, never spoke of the Venetian State but with abhorrence, and the only part of the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna on which he bestowed approbation was the decree which blotted the Venetian oligarchy from the list of the powers of Europe.

The philosophers who declare that "the child is the father of the man" do not mean that the whole of a man's future character, conduct, and career are predestined and predetermined by any direct system of education; but they do mean that the appetencies and tendencies of his

intellectual faculties are irresistibly moulded, formed, and directed by the atmosphere of moral influence which surrounds his childhood. It is for this reason that we have endeavoured to trace the influences most directly operative on the mind of the principal subject of this essay, that we have directed attention to his alienation from the populace on account of the insult and injury legislatively inflicted on his race and family, a little before his birth, by a reluctant Ministry, and an unwilling Parliament at the behest of senseless mobs, that we have examined the results likely to be produced by his theocratic creed and his Venetian descent.

D'Israeli, we are informed, received the greater part of his education at Leyden. He seems however in boyhood to have read a pretty extensive course of Hebrew and Rabbinical literature; judging merely from the internal evidences of his later writings, and particularly from his portraiture of Judaism, a work of singular merit which has fallen into unaccountable neglect, we should say that he was a diligent student of Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Manasseh Ben Israel, but more especially of Moses Mendelsohn. Like the last-named great man, whom, perhaps unintentionally he seems to have taken for his model, D'Israeli chose to be purely a speculative philosopher, who never mingled in political broils, and who shunned all connection with political and religious parties. Hence, when he visited Paris in 1786, he escaped the influence of those passions which had been roused and stimulated by the revolution then impending, but devoted himself to the study of French literature with a zeal and ardour which continued with little abatement to almost the last hour of his life.

At no period of his life was D'Israeli a rabbinist or talmudist; a large and liberal philosophy raised him as it did Mendelsohn above all the exclusive, intolerant, and anti-social glosses with which the authors of the Mishna and Gemara have encumbered and distorted the Mosaic legislation. He clung to the principles of the sublime and tolerant prayer offered by Solomon at the dedication of the Temple, and if he ever sought for an example in the talmud, he selected that of Rabbi Meir. The anecdote to which we allude is so little known by general readers, and so illustrative of that genius of Judaism which we regard as the predominant characteristic of both the D'Israelis that we shall give it insertion.

The Talmud informs us that the singular learning and talents of Rabbi Meir had gathered round him a great number of scholars, whom he instructed in the law; but he nevertheless visited every day his own former teacher, and listened to his instructions, though he had for some time been stigmatized as a heretic, and almost regarded as an apostate. Rabbi Meir's pupils, to whom their professor's tolerant spirit, as well as his habits of intercourse with one whom they regarded as a depraved person, seemed highly pernicious, angrily remonstrated with him on such conduct. He replied with one of those shrewd aphorisms, which a modern critic has called "the diamonds of orientalism:"—"I found a savoury nut," said the rabbi; "I kept its kernel, and I threw away its shell."

But this tolerance was not confined merely to philosophic opinion. Isaac D'Israeli, from the very commencement of his career, was a zealous advocate for every philanthropic plan by which the sufferings of humanity could be averted or alleviated. He adhered rigidly to those genuine principles of charity which are thus nobly enunciated by Rabbi Moses Ben Mizraim in his comment on the First Book of Kings:—

"With respect to the *Goim* (foreign nations or Gentiles), our fathers have commanded us to visit their sick and to bury their dead as the dead of Israel, and to relieve and maintain their poor as we do the poor of Israel, because of the ways of peace; as it is written, '*Elohim* (God) is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.'" Psalm cxlv. 9.

It is certain that Isaac D'Israeli, though his parents had quitted the Jewish community, took a lively interest in the question of Jewish emancipation; but, save in the "Portraiture of Judaism," we are not aware of his having written directly on the subject. We know, however, that he spurned the common rabbinical notion of a sudden and simultaneous elevation of the Jews to the highest rank of civilization and refinement. He believed that the restoration of the Jews to the rank of citizens and equal subjects would be accomplished by the gradual spread of knowledge and intelligence; and in this he agrees with the ancient talmudists, whose testimony on the subject is too singular to be omitted. "The final redemption of Israel will be effected gradually, and step by step from one country to another, in the four quarters of the globe through which the Israelites are dispersed; and like the dawn of morning, which breaks forth gradually and by degrees until the darkness of night subsides and day prevails, and even then a brief space must elapse before the sun shines forth in full effulgence; so the Israelites will slowly retrieve their rank among the people and the nations, until finally the sun of success will shine upon them. This is intimated in *Bereshith* (Genesis xxxii. 24—31). *And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day . . . and as he passed over Penuel the sun shone upon him.*" Forced, no doubt, this cabalistic interpretation of the Scripture is; nevertheless the beauty and excellence of the inference deduced cannot be questioned.

So early as his sixteenth year Mr. D'Israeli commenced his honourable career as an English author by addressing some verses to Dr. Johnson, whose High Church and Jacobite notions were closely in accordance with those of an admirer of the Hebrew theocracy. At a later period he published the oriental tale of "*Mejnoun and Leila*," the first eastern story written by a European in which the proprieties of costume and manner have received careful attention. It is, however, in this respect, inferior to the "*Wondrous Tale of Alroy*," the most extraordinary of all the works of Disraeli the Younger, for in this not merely the conception but the conceiving mind is thoroughly oriental: the gigantic imaginings, the gorgeous colouring, and the haughty assumption of superiority for a chosen race, are the embodied poetry of all the dreams of Palestine and all the visions of Mecca.

The work, however, by which the elder D'Israeli will always be best known, because it is the work which has made the deepest impression on the mind of the age, is the "*Curiosities of Literature*." It was the first revelation to the English people that they possessed materials for historical and critical investigations hardly inferior in value to the celebrated *Memoirs of the French*; and it was also one of the earliest attempts to vindicate the memory of the Stuarts, but more especially the first James and the first Charles, from the odium which had been accumulated upon them ever since the revolution. More than one of the *Waverley Novels* was obviously suggested by the "*Curiosities of Literature*;" and to that work our modern writers of historical romance

have been far more deeply indebted than they have ever yet acknowledged.

The "Quarrels of Authors," the "Calamities of Authors," and the "Illustrations of the Literary Character," though more immediately connected with literary history, are everywhere marked with the characteristic feelings and sentiments which rendered the author so earnest an advocate and so zealous a pleader for the hapless house of Stuart. The descendant of a fallen race, which still clung to its theocratic title, was the natural sympathiser with a fallen dynasty, which, in the midst of all its misfortunes, never abandoned its hereditary claims.

We differ entirely from Mr. D'Israeli's estimate of the Stuarts; but we shall not enter into any argument on the matter, for there can be no rational controversy without a previous determination of the standard to be used and the weights and measures to be employed. We should require on our weights the Tower stamp, while Mr. D'Israeli would use none which had not the impress of the sanctuary.

It was D'Israeli's review of Spence's "Anecdotes" in the "Quarterly," which gave rise to the great Pope controversy, in which Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, Mr. Campbell, and others took a part. The reviewer's vindication of the moral and poetical character of Pope evinces great earnestness and conviction: he writes not as an advocate stating a case, but as a warm-hearted judge, who, having carefully investigated all the evidence, has unconsciously become a partisan while summing up the case. But we suspect that Pope was not the principal person in the writer's mind while preparing this article: we think that from beginning to end he was mainly intent on a vindication of Bolingbroke, that misrepresented statesman and misapprehended genius, to whom the younger D'Israeli has had the courage to do justice. Bayle and Bolingbroke have been especial favourites with both the D'Israelis; the father as a scholar clinging closer to the former, the latter as a politician dwelling more emphatically on the latter. If in the twelve volumes of literary history by the elder D'Israeli we find Bayle's multifarious reading, his philosophic spirit of speculation, his contempt for merely popular opinion, and a very appreciable tendency to paradox; so in the younger we find the ideal of Bolingbroke more or less pervading the heroes of his political romances. Vivian Grey is a Bolingbroke in those early days of his political intrigues, when, with a boyish spirit of malice, he overturned the political combinations which he had toiled to accomplish, from mere caprice or from sheer love of mischief; and Coningsby is what Bolingbroke would have been had he set himself up as a patriot minister for his own ideality of a patriot king.

Now this admiration of Bolingbroke arises chiefly, but not wholly, from the Venetian cast of the character of that statesman. Bolingbroke was essentially the statesman of an oligarchy; an admirable manager of a party, but the worst possible leader of a people. It may seem inconsistent to speak of the theocratic element in the mind of a reputed infidel; and yet the High Church sentiments of Bolingbroke cannot be questioned. This, however, is a subject on which we must not at present dilate, it is too large, and too important to be treated of incidentally.

The late Mr. D'Israeli was one of the few men who lived exclusively for literature. Early placed in a position of independence, which rendered it unnecessary for him to adopt the commercial pursuits of his father, he indulged his taste, or rather his passion, for curious

research, and never was satisfied in the investigation of any question until he had examined the original authorities. His writings and example have diffused a taste for historical inquiry and criticism, which has become, to a great extent, the prevalent characteristic of our age. In 1841 he was stricken with blindness, and though he submitted to an operation, his sight was not restored. He, the great American writer, Prescott, and Thierry, the author of the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, (who has published several considerable works since his blindness,) are probably the only historical authors who have continued their labours in spite of so terrible a calamity. Aided by his daughter, he produced the "Amenities of Literature," and completed the revision of his great work on the Reign of Charles I., which, on its first publication, had procured for him the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

A cultivated and powerful memory enabled him, in the later years of his life, to pour forth the stores he had accumulated in his long and varied studies with a profusion as delightful as it was surprising. "The blind old man eloquent" was a description as applicable to him as to the bard of Scio. He felt that he had left an impress on his age and country; that he had enforced a more scrupulous attention to accuracy on its historians, and a more careful observance of character and costume on its writers of fiction. The dangers with which his favourite ideas of theocracy and nobility had been menaced by the wild theories to which the French Revolution gave birth, had long faded from his view, and he could look forward to a redemption of Israel consequent on a general advancement of enlightened principle and philosophic intelligence. *His work was done*; the great ideas which it had been his mission to develop were now unfolded more brilliantly, though perhaps not more efficaciously, by his son; the object of his dearest affections was become the expounder of his most cherished sentiments, and more than the supporter of his dearly-earned fame. His own fame was thus enshrined in his son's reputation, and no one could hereafter name either D'Israeli without feeling that as the one worthily led so the other worthily succeeded.

The death of Mr. D'Israeli took place in the eighty-second year of his age, at his country seat, Bradenham House, in Buckinghamshire, January 19th, 1848. He died a widower, having lost his wife, to whom he had been united for more than forty years, in the spring of 1847. One daughter and three sons survive him: his eldest son, the member for Buckinghamshire, is too well known wherever the English language is spoken for us to say one word respecting his claims to celebrity.

A PIPE WITH THE DUTCHMEN.

BY J. MARVEL.

THE UPPER ELBE.—THE LOWER ELBE.—TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.—
HAMBURG.—RIDE TO BREMEN.

OLD Prague is left behind. Its quaint houses, its garnet jewels, its coloured glass, its house of Tycho Brahe — from which you looked over the battle-field—glorious in the rays of sunset, are dimmed to memory, by the fresher recollections (Heaven grant they be always fresh!) of that beautiful river, on which you glided down to the pleasant Capitol of Saxony.

In Europe, or our own country, I have nowhere seen richer river scenery than that along the Elbe, in its progress through Saxon Switzerland: if a comparison is to be made,—it is only less rich in association than the Rhine, and only less beautiful than the Hudson.

Undines, young and fair, inhabit its waters, and fabulous giants stride over from bank to bank. And gray, giant rocks pile up by its shores, hundreds of feet into the air. At their foot, a little debris sloping to the water is covered with forest trees; and upon the small, level summits are straggling firs. Between these isolated towers, you sometimes get glimpses of undulating country, backed by a blue pile of mountains. At other times, these towers are joined by a rocky wall—not so smooth, but wilder than the palisades, and far more fearful to look on—for you sail close under the threatening crag, and the dark tree-fringe at the top shuts off the light, and you know that if one of the loosened fragments were to fall, it would crush the little steamer you are upon.

Now you are free of the frowning terrors of the cliff, and go gliding down, straight upon a grassy knoll that stretches, or seems to stretch, right athwart the stream. Nearer and nearer you go, until you can see plainly the bottom, and the grass growing down into the water; and while you are looking upon the pretty pebbled bed of the river, the boat, like a frightened duck, shies away from the grassy shore, and quickens her speed, and shoots back to the shelter of the brown ramparts again. Directly under them, not seen before, though you thought it was the old line of rampart, a white village nestles among vines and fruit-trees; and you pass so near it, that you can see the old women at their knitting in the cottages, and hear the pleasant prattle of children.

The prattle of the children dies away, and you glide into forest silence again. No sound now, save the splashing of your boat in the water,—or the faint crash of a fir-tree, felled by some mountain woodsman, on a distant height,—or the voice of some screaming eagle, circling round the pinnacled rocks.

Königstein, the virgin fortress, never yet taken in war, throws its shadow black as ink across the stream; and as you glide under its overhanging cliffs—looking straight up, you can see the sentinel, on the highest bastion, standing out against the sky — no bigger than your thumb.

And this is not the half, that one can see, in going down the Elbe, from Leitmeritz to the Saxon capital.

Dresden too, is left behind—a beautiful city. It reminds one who has been in the Scottish Highlands of Perth. The mountains of the Saxon Switzerland take the place of the blue line of Grampians;—the valley of the Elbe, in surface and cultivation, brings vividly to mind the view of the Scotch valley, from the heights above the castle of Kinfauns;—and just such a long, stone-arched bridge as crosses the “silvery Tay,” may be seen spanning the river at Dresden.

It made me very sad to leave Dresden. It has just that sort of quiet beauty that makes one love to linger,—and made me love to linger, though Cameron and our Italian companion, *Il Mercante*, who had joined us in place of Le Comte, were both urging on toward the Northern capitals.

So we left the Elbe, and for a long month saw no more of it.

We came in sight of it again at Magdebourg—where, if the old legends are true, (and I dare say there is more truth in them than people think, if they would but get at the bottom of the matter) there lived in the river a whimsical water-sprite. She was pretty—for she appeared under likeness of a mischievous girl,—and used to come up into the village to dance with the inhabitants, at all the fêtes;—and she wore a snow-white dress and blue turban, and had a prettier foot and more languishing eye, than any maid of Magdebourg.

The result was—she won the heart of a youngster of the town, who followed her away from the dance to the river’s brink, and plunged in with her. The villagers looked to see them appear again; but all they saw, was a gout of blood floating in a little eddy upon the top of the water.

They say it appears every year, on the same day and hour;*—we were, unfortunately, a month too late; and I saw nothing in the river but a parcel of clumsy barges—a stout washerwoman or two, and a very dirty steamer, on board which I was going down to Hamburg.

Another old story runs thus:—

A young man, and beautiful maiden of Magdebourg, were long time betrothed. At length, when the nuptials approached, he who should have been the bridegroom, was missing. Search was made everywhere, and he was not to be found.

A famous magician was consulted, and informed the bereaved friends, that the missing bridegroom had been drawn under the river by the Undine of the Elbe.

The Undine of the Elbe would not give him up, except the bride should take his place. To this, the bride, like an exemplary woman, consented,—but her parents did not.

The friends mourned more and more, and called upon the magician to reveal the lost man again to their view. So he brought them to the bank of the river—our steamer was lying near the spot—and uttered his spells, and the body of the lost one floated to the top, with a deep red gash in the left breast.

It seems there were stupid, inquiring people in those days, who said the magician had murdered the poor soul of a lover, and used his magic to cover his rascality; but fortunately such ridiculous explanations of the weird power of the Undine, were not at all credited.

* *Tadition Orale de Magdebourg.* *MM. Grimm.* This, and the following legend will remind the reader of Carleton’s ballad of Sir Turlough, or the Church Yard Bride; and also of Scott’s *Glenfinlas*.

I should think the Undine had now and then a dance upon the bottom of the river;—for the Elbe is the muddiest stream, all the way from Magdebourg to Hamburg, that I ever sailed upon.

I should say, if I have not already said as much, that half the advantage of European travel, consists not so much in observation of customs of particular cities or provinces, as in contrast and comparison of different habits,—characteristics of different countries, as represented in your fellow-*voyageurs*, on all the great routes of travel.

You may see Cockney habit in London, and Parisian habit at Paris, and Danish habit at Copenhagen, and Prussian habit at Stettin, and Italian habit at Livourne;—but you shall see them all, and more, contrasted on the deck of the little steamer that goes down the lower Elbe to Hamburg. And it is this cosmopolitan sort of observation, by which you are enabled to detect whose habit is more distinctive in character,—whose habit most easily blends with general or local habit, that will give one an opportunity for study of both individual and national peculiarity—not easily found elsewhere.

The Englishman in his stiff cravat, you will find in all that regards dress, manner, companionship, and topic of conversation, the most distinctive in habit of all.

He cannot wear the German blouse, or the French sack; he cannot assume the easy manner of the Parisian, nor the significant carriage of the Italian. In choosing his companions, he avoids the English, because they are countrymen, and every one else, because they are not English. The consequence is, if he does not cross the channel with a companion, or find one at Paris, he is very apt to go through the country without one.

Whatever may be his conversation, its foci are British topics. If he discusses the hotel, he cannot forbear alluding to the “Bell” at Gloucester, or the “Angel” at Liverpool; if of war, it is of Marlborough and Wellesley. He seems hardly capable of entertaining an enlarged idea, which has not some connection with England; and he would very likely think it most extraordinary that a clever man could sustain any prolonged conversation without a similar connection.

The Frenchman, bustling and gracious, is distinctive in whatever regards his language or food, and also in some measure, in topic.

He would be astonished to find a man in Kamschatka who did not speak French; and if a chattering Undine had risen above the surface of the Elbe, our little French traveller would not have been half as much surprised at the phenomenon of her rising, as to hear her talking German.

He is never satisfied with his dinner; he can neither eat English beef, nor German pies, nor Italian oil. “Mon Dieu! quelle mauvaïse cuisine!”—is the blessing he asks at every meal; and “Mon Dieu! c’est fini. J’en suis bien aise,”—are the thanks he returns.

His *politesse* will induce him to follow whatever topic of conversation may be suggested; but this failing, his inexhaustible resources, as you meet him on travel, are *les Femmes* and *la France*.

The Russian, if he has only been in a civilized country long enough to shake off a little of his savage manner, is far less distinctive than either. He cares little how he dresses, what he eats, or in what language he talks. In Rome you would take him for an Italian, in the diligence for a Frenchman, at sea for an Englishman, and in trading only, for a Russian.

The German, setting aside his beard and his pipe (which last is not easily set aside) is also little distinctive in conversational or personal habit. You will detect him easiest at table, and by his curious questionings.

The Italian learns easily and quickly to play the cosmopolite in dress, speech, action, and in conversation, too—so long as there is no mention of art. Touch only this source of his passion, and he reveals in a twinkling his southern birth.

The American—and here I hesitate long, knowing that my observation will be submitted to the test of a more rigorous examination—is in disposition least wedded to distinctiveness of all. In lack of aptitude he betrays himself. His travel being hasty, and not often repeated, he has not that cognizance of general form which the Russian and Italian gain by their frequent journeyings.

Nor in point of language will he have the adaptiveness of the Russian, both from lack of familiarity with conversational idiom, and lack of that facility in acquisition which seems to belong peculiarly to the holders of the Slavonic tongue.

Again, in the way of adaptation to European life, there is something harder yet for the American to gain: it is the cool, half-distant, world-like courtesy, which belongs to a people among whom rank obtains, and which is the very opposite to the free, open, dare-devil, inconsiderate manner that the Westerner brings over the ocean with him.

Nor is the American, in general, so close an observer of personal habit as the European. Those things naturally attract his attention, to which he is most unused; he can tell you of the dress of royalty, of the papal robes, and of the modes at an imperial ball; but of the every-day dress and manner of gentlemen, and their after-dinner habit and topics, he may perhaps know very little.

Still, in disposition he is adaptive: what he detects he adopts. He is not obstinate in topic or dress like the Englishman, nor wedded to his speech or his dinner, like the Frenchman. He slips easily into change. In England he dines at six, on roast beef and ale. At Paris, he takes his *café*, and *fricandeau*, and *vin ordinaire*, and thinks nothing can be finer. At Rome he eats macaroni *al burro*, and sets down in his note-book how to cook it. At Barcelona he chooses rancid butter, and wonders he ever loved it fresh; and on the Rhine he takes a bit of the boiled meat, a bit of the stew, a bit of the tart, a bit of the roast, a bit of the salad, with a bottle of Hochcimer, and the memory of all former dinners is utterly eclipsed.

In Vienna he will wear a beard, in France a moustache, in Spain a cloak, and in England a white cravat. And if he but stay long enough to cure a certain native extravagance of manner, to observe thoroughly every-day habit, and to instruct himself in the idioms of speech, he is the most thorough Worlds-man of any.

It has occurred to me, while setting down these observations, that their faithfulness would be sustained by an attentive examination of the literary habit of the several nations of which I have spoken. Thus, Russia, careless of her own literature, accepts that of the world. England, tenacious of British topic, is cautious of alliance with whatever is foreign.

But I have no space to pursue the parallel further. The curious

reader can do it at his leisure, while I go back to our floating *bateau* on the Elbe.

A day and a night we were floating down the river. The banks were low and sedgy,—not worth a look. A chattering little Frenchman detailed to us his adventures in Russia. A clumsy Englishman was discoursing with a Norwegian merchant upon trade.

It was the sixteenth day of June, and the air as hot as hottest summer. Night came in with a glorious sunset. For every thing that we could see of the low country westward was gold-yellow; the long sedge-leaves waved glittering, as if they had been dipped in golden light, and fields following fields beyond them. And eastward, save where the black shadow of our boat, and its clouds of smoke, stretched a slanted mile over the flat banks, the colour of grass, and shrub, and everything visible, was golden,—golden grain-fields, and fields far beyond them,—golden and golden still,—till the colour blended in the pale violet of the east—far on toward northern Poland; the pale violet, clear of clouds, rolled up over our heads into a purple dome. By and bye, the dome was studded with stars; the awning of our boat was furled, and we lay about the deck, looking out upon the dim, shadowy shore, and to the west, where the red light lingered.

Morning came in thick fog; but the shores, when we could see them, were better cultivated, and farm-houses made their appearance. Presently Dutch stacks of chimneys threw their long shadows over the water; and, with Peter Parley's old story-book in my mind, I saw the first storks' nests. The long-legged birds were lazing about the house-tops in the sun, or picking the seeds from the sedgy grass in the meadow.

The Frenchman had talked himself quiet. Two or three Dutchmen were whiffing silently and earnestly at their pipes, in the bow of the boat, looking-out for the belfries of Hamburg. To relieve the tedium, I thought I could do no better myself. So I pulled out my pipe that had borne me company all through France and Italy and begged a little tobacco and a light;—it was my first pipe with the Dutchmen.

Cameron would not go with me to Bremen; so I left him at Hamburg—at dinner, at the table of the Kronprinzen Charles, on the sunny side of the Jungfernstieg.

I could have stayed at Hamburg myself. It is a queer old city, lying just where the Elbe, coming down from the mountains of Bohemia, through the wild gaps of Saxony and everlasting plains of Prussia, pours its muddy waters into a long arm of the Mer du Nord.

The new city, built over the ruins of the fire, is elegant, and almost Paris-like; and out of it one wanders, before he is aware, into the narrow alleys of the old Dutch gables. And blackened cross-beams and overlapping roofs, and diamond panes, and scores of smart Dutch caps, are looking down on him as he wanders entranced. It is the strangest contrast of cities that can be seen in Europe. One hour, you are in a world that has an old age of centuries;—pavements, sideways, houses, every thing old, and the smoke curling in an old-fashioned way out of monstrous chimney-stacks, into the murky sky:—five minutes' walk will bring you from the midst of this into a region where all is shockingly new:—Parisian shops, with Parisian plate-glass

in the windows—Parisian shopkeepers, with Parisian gold in the till. The contrast was tormenting. Before the smooth-cut shops that are ranged around the basin of the Alster, I could not persuade myself that I was in the quaint old Hanse town of Jew brokers, and storks' nests, that I had come to see; or when I wandered upon the quays that are lined up and down with such true Dutch-looking houses, it seemed to me that I was out of all reach of the splendid hotel of the Crown Prince, and the prim porter who sports his livery at the door. The change was as quick and unwelcome as that from pleasant dreams to the realities of morning.

Quaint costumes may be seen all over Hamburg:—chiefest among them, are the short, red skirts of the flower-girls, and the broad-brimmed hats, with no crowns at all, set jauntily on one side a bright, smooth mesh of dark brown hair, from which braided tails go down half to their feet behind. They—the girls—wear a basket hung coquettishly on one arm, and with the other will offer you roses, from the gardens that look down on the Alster, with an air that is so sure of success, one is ashamed to disappoint it.

Strange and solemn-looking mourners in black, with white ruffles and short swords, follow coffins through the streets; and at times, when the dead man has been renowned, one of them with a long trumpet robed in black, is perched in the belfry of St. Michael's,—the highest of Hamburg,—to blow a dirge. Shrilly it peals over the peaked gables, and mingles with the mists that rise over the meadows of Heligoland. The drosky-men stop, to let the prim mourners go by;—the flower-girls draw back into the shadows of the street, and cross themselves, and for one little moment look thoughtful;—the burghers take off their hats as the black pall goes dismally on. The dirge dies in the tower; and for twelve hours the body rests in the sepulchral chapel, with a light burning at the head, and another at the feet.

There would be feasting for a commercial eye in the old Hanse houses of Hamburg trade. There are piles of folios marked by centuries, instead of years—correspondences in which grandsons have grown old, and bequeathed letters to grandchildren. As likely as not, the same smoke-browned office is tenanted by the same respectable-looking groups of desks, and long-legged stools that adorned it, when Frederic was storming the South kingdoms—and the same tall Dutch clock may be ticking in the corner, that has ticked off three or four generations past, and that is now busy with the fifth,—ticking and ticking on.

I dare say that the snuff-taking book-keepers wear the same wigs, that their grandfathers wore; and as for the snuff-boxes, and the spectacles, there is not a doubt but they have come down with the ledgers and the day-books, from an age that is utterly gone.

I was fortunate enough to have made a Dresden counsellor my friend, upon the little boat that came down from Magdebourg; and the counsellor took ice with me at the café on the Jungfernstieg, and chatted with me at table; and after dinner, kindly took me to see an old client of his, of whom he purchased a monkey, and two stuffed birds. Whether the old lady, his client, thought me charmed by her treasures, I do not know; though I stared prodigiously at her and her counsellor; and she slipped her card coyly in my hand at going out

and has expected me, I doubt not, before this, to buy one of her long-tailed imps, at the saucy price of ten louis-d'or.

But my decision was made; my bill paid; the drosky at the door. I promised to meet Cameron at the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam, and drove off for the steamer for Harbourg.

I never quite forgave myself for leaving Cameron to quarrel out the terms with the *valet-de-place* at the Crown Prince; for which I must be owing him still one shilling and sixpence; for I never saw him afterward, and long before this, he must be tramping over the muirs of Lanarkshire in the blue and white shooting-jacket we bought on the quay at Berlin.

It was a fête-day at Hamburg; and the steamer that went over to Harbourg was crowded with women in white. I was quite at a loss among them, in my sober travelling trim, and I twisted the brim of my Roman hat over and over again, to give it an air of gentility, but it would not do; and the only acquaintance I could make, was a dirty-looking, sandy-haired small man, in a greasy coat, who asked me in broken English, if I was going to Bremen. As I could not understand one word of the jargon of the others about me, I thought it best to secure the acquaintance of even so unfavourable a specimen. It proved that he was going to Bremen too, and he advised me to go with him in a diligence that set off immediately on our arrival at Harbourg. As it was some time before the mail carriage would leave, I agreed to his proposal.

It was near night when we set off, and never did I pass over duller country, in duller coach, and duller company. Nothing but wastes on either side, half covered with heather; and when cultivated at all, producing only a light crop of rye, which here and there flaunted its yellow heads over miles of country. The road, too, was execrably paved with round stones,—the coach, a rattling, crazy, half-made and half-decayed diligence. A shoemaker's boy and my companion of the boat, who proved a Bremen Jew, were with me on the back seat, and two little windows were at each side, scarce bigger than my hand. Three tobacco-chewing Dutch sailors were on the middle seat, who had been at Bordeaux, and Jamaica, and the Cape; and in front was an elderly man and his wife—the most quiet of all,—for the woman slept, and the man smoked.

The little villages passed, were poor, but not dirty, and the inns despicable on every account but that of filth. The sailors at each, took their schnapps; and I, at intervals, a mug of beer or dish of coffee.

The night grew upon us in the midst of dismal landscape, and the sun went down over the distant rye-fields like a sun at sea. Nor was it without its glory:—the old man who smoked, pulled out his pipe, and nudged his wife in the ribs; and the sailors laid their heads together. The sun was the colour of blood, with a strip of blue cloud over the middle; and the reflections of light were crimson—over the waving grain tops, and over the sky, and over the heather landscape.

Two hours after it was dark, and we tried to sleep. The shoemaker smelt strong of his bench, and the Jew of his old clothes, and the sailors, as sailors always smell, and the coach was shut up, and it was hard work to sleep; and I dare say it was but little after midnight when I gave it up, and looked for the light of the next day.

ANNE BOLEYN AND SIR THOMAS WYATT.

THE hour of midnight had just passed away, when four women and four men, singly and stealthily crept into St. Peter's church, in the Tower. When there, grouped together, one explained to the rest the proposed course of proceeding: all then bent their steps to the same point, and were presently engaged, some in lifting up a huge flag-stone from the pavement, others in spreading a very large cloth by the side of it; and, two wooden shovels being produced, two of the men proceeded instantly to throw out upon it the earth from a newly-made grave. This was the grave of Anne Boleyn, whose headless body had been rudely and hurriedly thrown into it, only twelve hours previously.

In all possible silence the men worked, and with no other light than was thrown on the soil by a small dark-lantern, most carefully held; but, although silently, they yet worked resolutely, and with great vigour and dispatch cast forth all that was found between them and the object of their search; which was an old elm-chest, that had been used for keeping the soldiers' arrows in. In this were deposited the remains of their late queen; and, the lid being removed, the body, which had on the scaffold been most carefully folded in a thick winding-sheet, was then lifted out, and laid on a large black cloak. The lid replaced, and the earth, with great caution and speed, being again thrown in, and the large flag-stone again laid down, the party hastened to the church door. A gentle signal from within having been answered by the opening of the door from without, and the assurance given that all was well,—that no one was stirring, or in sight, the whole party passed hurriedly away with their burden into a house near at hand. Very shortly after the men separately retired to their respective temporary lodgings, to ponder rather upon their plans for the ensuing day, than to reflect upon the dangers they had incurred in their proceedings.

The four women, to whose care the body of the queen had been thus confided, were the four faithful, and attached, and chivalrous maids of honour, who had attended upon Anne in the Tower, and accompanied her to the scaffold. These, when her head was severed from the body, took charge of both, suffering no one to touch them but themselves, and having wrapped them carefully in a covering they had provided, and placed them in the old chest, which had been brought thither to receive them, they went with those who were appointed to bear away the body to the church, and did not leave it till they saw it completely enclosed in the grave which had been so hastily opened to admit it.

One of these four was Mary Wyatt, and one of the four men was her brother, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who could not endure the thought that one whom he had once so fondly loved, whom he had always admired and esteemed, should be buried like a dog, and thrust into the grave, as a thing dishonoured and despised; and, when a messenger brought him word, that Anne, but a moment before she knelt down on the block, whispered to his sister to implore her brother to bear off, if possible, her remains from the Tower, and to give her the rites of Christian burial in a place she named, he

determined at once to encounter all risks, to fulfil, if practicable, her dying request.

There was, undoubtedly, great personal danger to himself in the attempt. He had very narrowly escaped being sent a prisoner to the Tower, with Norris, Weston, and Brereton; and, had he accompanied them, he would undoubtedly have been executed together with them, two days before. He knew and felt this; and that his life was not worth a week's purchase.

But there were other difficulties to contend with, and other considerations to be given to the subject, than such as arose from any personal dangers to himself. Alone, he was powerless. Yet, who would be his confederates in a scheme that threatened the loss of life to all engaged in it? Who would enter into a hostile Tower, well-garrisoned, and vigilantly guarded, and brave the vengeance of a governor, by carrying away the body of a queen, of whose person, whether living or dead, he had the custody?—And for whose sake was all this risk to be encountered? The poor queen could give no thanks: her friends were all in disgrace. Wyatt had no money, and no influence or authority; but that helped him which has helped so many others, and which has so often achieved success in still more perilous enterprises—he had man's love for woman to appeal to.

Those chivalric maidens, who braved without fear the frowns of their king, and the insulting speeches of his courtiers, to attend upon their unfortunate and maligned queen in her degradation and distress, were not likely to have either pusillanimous lovers or brothers; and the men happened to be in this case worthy of the women. They entered immediately and cordially into Wyatt's plan, and separately, and without an hour's delay, made their way to the Tower, to make enquiries as to the health and well-doing of their respective favourites. When there, various reasons were found for their staying during the night. The ladies themselves would all depart the next day, and the assistance of such friends in their removal was more than desirable.

Besides, other circumstances within the Tower in some measure favoured their projects,—the hurried preparation for so many executions within the walls during the last few days,—the arrival of so many nobles and counsellors, to sit in judgment upon the prisoners,—and the arrival that day within the Tower of the king's brother, the Duke of Suffolk, the king's son, the Duke of Richmond, and other high officers of state, to witness Anne's execution,—and their hurried departure, after all was over, with their numerous retinue, deranged the usual customary duties of the guard, and made them less inquisitive than they would otherwise have been, as to the persons they admitted.

In addition to this, all the prisoners, who had caused all this excitement, had been disposed of,—all were executed, and, moreover, buried. There was no one remaining within the Tower cared for by any one; and the extreme vigilance of the constable, Sir William Kingston, so long as he had the prisoners in charge, and until he had in every respect obeyed the king's stern decrees in respect of them all, made him, perhaps, now less severe in his regulations towards the few unhappy ladies, their friends, who would be his guests only a few hours more within the Tower walls.

The peculiarly mournful situation of these ladies, the melancholy and afflicting scenes they had so lately witnessed, their heroic conduct, and their deep distress, made it impossible to deny to them the sympathy and visit of a few friends. Mary Wyatt, in her deep sorrow, might well be supposed to need a brother's consolation, and even, in her forlorn state, a brother's protection. This gave him, immediately subsequent to the execution, an amply sufficient reason for visiting his sister in the Tower; and he soon arranged with Mary all the details of his enterprise; and Mary soon secured the hearty co-operation of the other ladies, who were but too well pleased to lend their aid to fulfil the last expressed wish of their dying mistress.

A quiet entrance into the church was all that Sir Thomas then seemed to need for the success of his plans. He strolled into the church, conversed unreservedly, and with as much composure as he could assume, with the sexton, who pointed out to him the stones which covered the bodies respectively of Queen Anne, and her brother, Lord Rochford. The man, it appeared, from his conversation, had greatly commiserated the fate of the unhappy queen, and was shocked at the heartless manner in which she had been thrust into her grave, without any attendant priest or religious service. Sir Thomas Wyatt availed himself of this favourable prepossession, and by persuasions of various kinds, some verbal, some, perhaps, more substantial, he obtained of the man permission to enter the church at midnight, and with the ladies who had been the queen's attendants, to complete her funeral obsequies secretly and quietly, as they best could.

Of course the sexton never knew, nor did the constable of the Tower ever dream, of the masterly manœuvre that had been practised against them. So far, however, had Sir Thomas succeeded, that he had rescued the body from its grave, and had placed it in hands that would, to their utmost, protect it. The next step was to remove it beyond the Tower walls.

It was natural enough, that from the excitement and distress of the preceding day, from the terror and grief they had been exposed to in the actual witnessing on the scaffold of the beheading of their lovely queen, that the ladies should be more or less ill, and that one at least should need to be carried to her litter, from illness and sheer exhaustion.

When the hour arrived for their departure, they respectively sent their adieus and their thanks to Sir William and Lady Kingston, and a litter being at the door, three of the ladies, in the deepest mourning, entered it; and presently Sir Thomas Wyatt, and another gentleman appeared, carrying in their arms a lady, who seemed but little able to support herself. She also was in mourning, and closely covered up. This was the body of Anne. Having safely deposited her with the others, the whole drove away, followed by the other maid of honour, disguised as one of the attendants. Quietly and together the gentlemen walked through the Tower gates, beyond which their horses awaited them; mounting these, they proceeded westward, and, were soon lost sight of in the crooked and narrow street which led directly from the Tower to the City.

Twelve days had passed away, when Sir Thomas Wyatt rode into the court of Blickling Hall, in the county of Norfolk, accompanied

by his sister Mary. It was in this hall that he had passed many of the days of his early life, a companion and a playfellow to the daughter of his father's friend, Sir Thomas Boleyn; here, when a boy, he had gambolled, and walked, and gardened, and read with the sweet little girl, Anne Boleyn. Here, as children, they had enjoyed together many of the hours of their happier years,—for his father and her father being for a time coadjutor governors of Norwich Castle, the families frequently visited each other. Nor did the intimacy cease with the removal of the Wyatts to Allington Castle, in Kent, since the Boleyns moved also into that county, to occupy not altogether exclusively, but very frequently, Hever Castle.

There Wyatt was a frequent visitor, and with his increasing years increased his attachment to the fair Anne, the playmate of his childhood. But, it was at Blickling Hall that all his earlier recollections of the Lady Anne were associated; and, as he rode through its archway on that 1st of June, a thousand thoughts rushed through his mind,—a thousand recollections urged themselves on his memory, of her whom he had once fondly hoped to make his bride,—whom he had since seen made a queen,—and whose headless body he had so lately rescued from an ignominious grave.

The Earl of Wiltshire, her father, had two days before arrived at Blickling to receive his expected guests. None else were there but themselves. It was a time of mourning and sorrow for all,—a time of fear, and not of feasting. Their danger was still great; their detection was still possible. One indiscreet step, one unguarded word might still betray them, and bring down the fiercest wrath and the most certain death upon them all.

The motives for the Earl of Wiltshire's visit to Blickling were natural enough. His daughter had fallen under the king's displeasure, and had lost her head in consequence, and every possible means had been taken by the king to defame her character, and to hold her up as an object for the nation's scorn and abhorrence. The father necessarily shared in the disgrace of the daughter; and at that moment his presence at court, and in mourning, would not have been borne by the king, who was just then engaged in introducing his new wife to the citizens of London, and holding high festivities in celebration of his new marriage.

Retirement to his country-seat, if only for a season, seemed only proper in the earl's case, and the most reasonable and prudent thing he could well do. And, as for Mary Wyatt, she had undergone so much of late for Anne's sake, had suffered so much from anxiety and distress, had witnessed so much, had endured so much, that, to retire altogether from the scene of so many disasters would seem equally advisable to her; and the attached and steadfast friend of the earl's daughter could not have retired for a time to a more suitable home than the earl's halls.

It was sufficient for Sir Thomas Wyatt himself that he accompanied his sister. The presence, therefore, of the three together at Blickling Hall, excited no curiosity as to their motives, called forth no observations; no one obtruded upon their grief; no one disturbed their quiet; no one intruded on their privacy; and as the earl had purposed to reside here again for a few months, and the Hall had been of late rather deserted and neglected, various packages of furniture and goods had been forwarded from his house in town

for his use here ; some packages of this kind, in old boxes and crates, arrived the same day that Sir Thomas Wyatt arrived, and seemingly for his better accommodation, as they were removed at once to the rooms occupied by him and his sister.

In fact, Sir Thomas had scarcely had the covered cart that brought these goods out of his sight since the day it left London. He travelled slowly, for his sister's sake, and invariably rested for the night wherever the cart rested. Still he knew nothing, seemed to care to know nothing of either the cart or the two men who went with it. He neither spoke to them, nor did they make the slightest observation to him. Occasionally they passed by, or were overtaken by two well-mounted horsemen, who seemed to be travelling the same road with him, and to have no greater motive for haste than he had. These did occasionally, when the accommodation was sufficient, rest for the night at the same inn ; but, whenever they did so they took no notice of each other. Not a word passed between them. They either were, or seemed, at least to others, to be total strangers to each other ; and thus they journeyed, till they all arrived within an hour of each other at the city of Norwich. Here, probably, the strangers stopped. But not so did Wyatt, nor the cart. These proceeded onward to Horsham ; and here Sir Thomas began to breathe more freely. He had so far succeeded in fulfilling her dying wish, whose memory he still so fondly cherished,—he had thus far brought her mortal remains. This night passed, and another, and a short day's travel over, he would place all that he could of the daughter in her father's halls. Whatever might be the result to himself, he had fulfilled what he considered his duty to her. But not a word on the subject throughout the whole journey had passed between him and his sister. Walls have ears, and so have hedges, as many have found to their cost ; and Wyatt had lived too long at court not to know when it was both prudent and safe to keep his tongue at rest, on that very subject especially which at the time was the most occupying his thoughts. That night, however, passed quietly away, and before the evening of the following day they saw the cart enter the magnificently-timbered park of Blickling Hall. Then Wyatt rode on at once to the house ; had a brief interview with the earl ; and the packages were all that night stowed away, where no curious eye would be prying into them, and no questions be asked about them.

Thus far his project had succeeded to his utmost desire. Once more Anne Boleyn rested in the halls of her birth. The fickle tyrant, who had by his threats driven away the devoted Percy from her,—who had deprived her of the happiness she might have enjoyed with that most devoted and attached admirer, and of the rank to which he would have raised her as Duchess of Northumberland, —who next sought to seduce and to ruin her,—who then raised her to his throne,—and finally sent her to the scaffold,—then to be earthed rather than buried, to be hid rather than entombed, little thought, that, at that moment, she was again in the hall of her fathers,—in that hall from which he had so artfully beguiled her, and from which he had so long, by titles and appointments, estranged her.

There now once more she reposes, after all the trials and temptations to which he had exposed her,—after all the indignities and

insults to which he had subjected her,—after all the calumnies and falsehoods he had heaped upon her. Oh, could she have known when she ascended the scaffold, that within one month from that day all that remained on earth of her would be found in that chamber once called her own at Blickling Hall, how much firmer would have been her step, and how much more cheerful her spirit! She had apprehended that her remains would be indignantly treated,—that the rites of sepulture would be withheld from her, and that her grave would be where no memorial would be found of her; and, therefore, her appeal to Wyatt, to save her, if possible, from the degradation that awaited her,—to remove her, if possible, to the tomb of her fathers. Her desire had now, however, a prospect of fulfilment,—a grave had been opened in Salle church, which was the ancient burial-place of her father's family; and thither, on the second night after Wyatt's arrival, the earl proceeded, accompanied by his guests, ostensibly for the purpose of having midnight masses said for the repose of his daughter's soul; his daughter's remains, however, went with him. They had, under Mary Wyatt's care, immediately upon their removal from the Tower to her house, been most carefully embalmed, and wrapped in cere-cloth. In that state, and covered with a black velvet pall, she was placed in one of her father's carriages, into which Wyatt and his sister entered; the earl preceding them in another carriage alone.

What that earl's thoughts and reflections were during the two hours he was slowly and unobservedly travelling, by Aylsham and Cawston, to Salle, it would not be difficult to divine. He had within the month lost a daughter and a son by the hand of the executioner,—that son his only son,—that daughter the queen of England. Her name, besides, had been branded with infamy; and, the prime mover of all this misery to him,—the most active agent to work him all this ill,—to bring his son and his daughter to the block,—was his own son's wife, the infamous Lady Rochford. There ended all his dreams of ambition,—all his influence and prosperity. His children beheaded,—his name dishonoured,—himself shunned. He was now alone, it might be said, in the world. One daughter, indeed, yet remained to him, his daughter Mary; but she had two years before incurred the anger of her father by marrying Sir W. Stafford; and he was, in consequence, utterly estranged from her.

The bitter reflections of those two hours, perhaps the better prepared the earl for the solemn ceremonies that awaited his coming at Salle church. He alighted there at midnight. A few faithful servants bore the mangled remains of his daughter to the side of her tomb; but the perilous duty all there were engaged in would not allow of numerous tapers,—of a *chapelle ardente*—of a whole choir of priests,—or of grand ceremonials. One priest alone was there, and the few candles that were lighted did no more than just show the gloom in which they were shrouded.

But, all that could be done for the murdered queen was done,—a mass was said for the repose of her soul,—*De profundis* was chanted by those present,—her remains were carefully lowered into the grave, where they now rest, and a black-marble slab, without either inscription or initials, alone marked the spot which contains all that was mortal of Anne Boleyn—once queen of England.

GLENCELIN.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the solar zone. MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VI.

The City.—Its Appearance and Population.—State of Society.—The great Number of Padres, or Priests.—Charms.—The Churches.—Public Buildings.—Military Force.—Godolphus, a celebrated Slave.—Professional Beggars.—The Women. The Etiquette of Dress.—The Language.—Festivals of Para.—Festa de Nazare.

A VERY strange-looking city is Para, with its low white-washed dwellings covered with earthenware tiles; its lofty commercial buildings, with little balconies jutting out towards the street; its dark-walled churches, with their towering spires; its gardens, teeming with all the beauty and variety of tropical vegetation, and its swarthy inhabitants, differing as much in their complexions as the birds of the forest vary in the tints of their plumage.

As no regular census has ever been taken in the city, it is impossible to state with accuracy the amount of the population; the number, however, cannot be less than fifteen thousand. That of the whole province has been supposed to be about two hundred and fifty thousand, including the blacks and Indians, who compose by far the greater part of this number.

Owing to the general ignorance and superstition of the lower classes, the lack of schools and institutions of learning, the restriction of the press, and almost total absence of books, there is no *society*, in the English or American acceptation of the term. Perhaps a better reason for this than any before-mentioned is the want of refinement among the females, and the great disrespect which is here exercised towards the sacred institution of marriage. There is no better criterion, not only of the state of society, but of the general prosperity and commercial importance of a country, than the intelligence, the influence, and the power, that "lovely woman" brings to bear upon the immortal destinies of man. We need only glance at the condition of England and America, in proof of this assertion; nor need we look further than Brazil to illustrate the contrary,—that where woman is degraded the people are corrupt, enervated, and superstitious,—the government weak, insufficient, and powerless. This is particularly the case at Para, which is decidedly the most independent of the whole nineteen provinces into which the vast empire of Brazil is divided,

The executive of the province is termed a "presidente," and receives his appointment from the emperor. He is allowed three assistants, who are called vice-presidents. The chief of the police is considered next in rank to the presidente, and he also receives his appointment directly from Rio Janeiro.

In the selection of these distinguished officials no regard whatever is paid to colour. The president himself, at the time of our departure, was a woolly-headed mulatto, and, not only that, but he was reputed to be the son of a *padre*; and, as the *padres* are prohibited

from matrimony by the statutes, his genealogy certainly cannot be of the *most honourable* character. The chief of the police, also, had a dark complexion, hardly more enviable than that of the president. These were the men selected to represent the dignity of the province—*worthy* representatives, truly!

All are obliged to do military duty at Para; none are excused from this service but *padres* and slaves; and, as the duty is very onerous, it becomes quite desirable to assume the office of priest. Consequently, it is not so much to be wondered at that the number of these “pious and highly-favoured individuals” in the city alone amounts to several hundreds.

“But how, under heavens, do so many of them earn a livelihood?” methinks I hear the reader exclaim. This, doubtless, would be difficult indeed, in such a heathen community, by the practice of the principles of religion and virtue alone. To tell the truth, they *do not* earn their living by the *practice*, but by the “practices” of their profession. Superstition aids them in the impositions by which they ensnare the unsuspecting natives, and wring from them the earnings of their industry and labour.

The most profitable branch of their profession is that of consecrating small stones, shells, and other articles of trifling value, and then vending them to the natives at enormous sums, as sovereign charms against certain diseases or evil spirits. We noticed that every black or Indian we encountered in the streets, had more or less of these baubles strung about their necks. Even Chico, our invaluable cook at Nazare, had at least a dozen of them, for which she had paid as many dollars, and sincerely believed in their power of warding off the different evils for which they were severally intended. Whenever one of these “holy trifles” is found in the streets, it is carried immediately by the finder to one of the churches, and there suspended on a certain door, where the original owner may, in his search, recover it again.

The churches are of immense size, and constructed of solid stone. They are destitute of pews, have several richly carved altars, and are profusely ornamented with pictures, and gorgeously dressed images of the saints. The cathedral is probably the largest edifice of the kind in the empire. It has two steeples, well supplied with bells, whose sonorous chiming may be heard at all hours of the day. Among other public buildings may be mentioned the Custom House, which is a structure of extraordinary size and antique appearance—one department of it answers the purposes of a prison, and is always well tenanted by villainous-looking convicts. This building is of great age, and was built, I believe, by the Jesuits, as a kind of monastery or abbey. It stands on the brink of the river, and was well situated for the transaction of commercial business. Hence, its conversion into a Custom House.

The president's palace is also a stupendous pile, but it displays but little architectural skill, or taste in its construction. It was built more than a century ago, when Portugal was looking anxiously forward to this province, as the seat of the national government of the empire.

The ancient Jesuit College has been converted into an ecclesiastical seminary. The old convents, which at one time were very numerous, are now reduced to two or three, of the Franciscan order.

The edifice in which the assembly of deputies hold their sessions, was once a convent of the Carmelites. These deputies are chosen by the people, to attend to the public affairs of the province; all of their acts, however, have to be referred to Rio Janeiro for confirmation.

On account of the revolutionary spirit of the people, a large military force of regular troops is distributed throughout the province. The number in the city alone cannot be less than eight hundred or a thousand. At all the important posts of the city, such as the palace, custom-house, and arsenal, guards are stationed, who may be seen standing or walking about listlessly during the day, with huge muskets on their shoulders, or stretched out before the doorway itself, in a state of half intoxication, worldly indifference, or repose. On a certain evening, it is said, that as an inebriated Yankee or English sailor was perambulating the streets of the city, serenading the inhabitants as he reeled along, he was suddenly hailed by one of the custom-house guards, (as he was making a short tack to carry himself past that establishment,) with "Quem vai la" (who goes there), to which question the customary reply is "Amigo" (a friend). Our hero, however, not understanding a single word of the Portuguese language, had no idea of the interrogatory that had been put to him by the guard, in fact, he was quite indignant that any one should have the impertinence to address him in such an authoritative manner, and, therefore, cried out in a stentorian voice, which was audible at the distance of several hundred yards—"You — screaming Portuguese sun of a gun, stop your confounded noise, or I'll send you to —." Perceiving that our friend was somewhat exhilarated, and not knowing but the reply he had made was to the effect that he did not understand the language, he was permitted to pass on without any further molestation.

A military body never embraced a more motley collection of men than that of the national guard at Para. Such a ludicrous compilation of individuals, as is here assembled, is not to be witnessed in any country without the frontiers of Brazil. Here you may see men of all classes, all colours, and all sizes, indiscriminately mixed together into one grand living pot-pie. The most respectable company that we noticed, was composed entirely of free blacks. They were all fine formed men, and the bright colours of their uniform, contrasted finely with the sable hue of their complexions. It can easily be imagined, that a company thus made up would have a much better appearance than another, composed of a heterogeneous assemblage of blacks, whites, Indians, and all the numerous intermediate shades which result from the different combinations of each. The pecuniary remuneration which the common soldiers receive for their services is extremely small, not amounting to more than five or ten cents per day. Thus we were informed by Joaquim, who was himself obliged to perform military duty one or two days during the week. The regular imperial troops stationed at Peru, are composed mostly of native Brazilians, but still they are a swarthy and ugly-faced set of fellows, and but little superior to the provincials in their general appearance.

The Brazilians are noted for the kindness which they exercise towards their slaves, and this is particularly the case at Para. They are here treated with extraordinary clemency by their masters, and

but little labour comparatively is required of them. Having performed the usual amount of work that is assigned them, they are permitted to work during the residue of the day for whomever they please, the proceeds of which goes towards purchasing their freedom. Even their masters remunerate them for whatever labour they perform, beyond that regularly allotted them. This decidedly, is one of the best traits of the Brazilian character. Instances of singular generosity towards the slaves occur frequently at Para. A Scotch gentleman, well known for his liberality and many good qualities, loaned to a certain slave of an enterprising turn of mind, an amount sufficient to purchase the freedom of himself and family. Godolphus (for this was the name of the slave,) was a noble fellow, and as much esteemed as any one could be, occupying his lowly condition. Having acquired his liberty, a new course of life opened before him. By dint of industry and perseverance, he finally became the leader of a large company of *ganhadores* and began to accumulate money very rapidly. For a black, his reputation was wonderful. Whenever a number of men were required to land a vessel, or to perform any operation which called for the exercise of physical power, the applicants were always referred to Godolphus, who furnished immediately whatever number of men might be desired. Prosperity and happiness smiled upon him, and in less than two years he paid off the entire sum that his kind-hearted benefactor had loaned him. Godolphus became known and respected by everybody! His heart bounded with joy!—for he was released from servile bondage for ever—he was a *slave* no more!

The beggars of Para are so numerous that they may be said to constitute a distinct class of society by themselves. On account of their great numbers they are only allowed to make their *professional* visits on Saturday. On this day the streets literally swarm with them. Some have bandages round their heads; others have their arms suspended in slings; while many are afflicted with blindness, and divers other maladies, which we will not take upon ourselves to mention.

The people for the most part are disposed to be charitable towards these poor mendicants, and no one thinks of refusing them their regular vinten. Should a person be so unwise as to do so, instead of a blessing and a score of thanks, he would probably be saluted with a shower of reproaches, accompanied with imprecations and epithets of a highly derogatory character. This being their policy, it is no wonder that their business, in a pecuniary point of view, is so attractive as to draw into its ranks such a long list of votaries. Besides the uniformity and blandness of the climate, although exceedingly invigorating for consumptive invalids, seem to have an enervating effect upon the character of the natives, indisposing them for exertion of any kind, and rendering them insensible to all the finer feelings of humanity.

It now behoves us to say a word concerning the character and personal appearance of the women who inhabit this fair section of the globe.

They are of many kinds—of different races—and of many variations of complexions; but, with few exceptions, they all have fine forms—and are jovial and light-hearted in their dispositions. Their passions are strong, and their affections ardent; and when jealousy

invades their bosoms their resentment knows no bounds. It is a well established fact, that the bliss of acute love, founded on passion, is often as transient and deceitful as the awful stillness of the elements which precedes the hurricane, and followed by consequences as deplorable and severe. Hate takes possession of the mind, and the heart itself is soon converted into an infirmary of wickedness. Revenge follows, and crime throws a dark pall over the scene!

The passions predominate in all tropical countries, and among the women; this is particularly the case at Para. The blacks have all regular features and are in some instances quite good looking—the mulattoes are quite comely—the *confusas* (a mixture of Indian and black) are very animated, having the features of the former and the curly hair of the latter—the Portuguese and native Brazilians are generally pretty; but to our taste, the *mamelukes* or half-bred Indian girls, with their dark eyes, luxuriant hair, and olive complexions, are decidedly the most beautiful and interesting! The women make use of no more clothing than is absolutely necessary; and the children, of both sexes, may be seen running about the streets continually in a state of utter nudity. The men, on ordinary occasions, wear white pantaloons, and frock-coats, or blouses of the same material. But no person is considered in full dress, unless he is habited in black from head to foot.

Whenever a person is invited to a select dinner-party, it is always expected that he should make his appearance in a sable coat of cloth; but, immediately on his arrival, he is invited to *take it off*, and offered a light one of fine linen to substitute in its place. This custom is founded on correct principles, and always meets with the entire satisfaction of strangers—for it is indeed a hardship, to be obliged to wear a cloth coat at any time, in so warm a climate, especially at *dinner*, when one likes to have his motions as free and easy as fashion and the laws of etiquette will permit! The less restraint that is put upon a person in the mastication of a meal, the more cheerful and animated will be his conversation—the more pungent his wit, the more hearty his jokes, and the more perfect and satisfactory his digestion!

The greater proportion of the white inhabitants of the city are Portuguese; and their language is the one that is principally, if not universally, spoken throughout the province. It is soft and musical, and is acquired by foreigners with extraordinary facility. The English and American residents are sufficient in number to form an excellent society by themselves, and they are all extensively engaged in commercial transactions with their respective countries.

The festivals of Para are numerous, and appear to be well suited to the romantic beauty of the country, and the superstitious character of the inhabitants. Almost every other day, is the anniversary of some distinguished saint, and is celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of the country. The bells are kept ringing throughout the day—a gorgeous procession moves through the narrow streets, and the evening is consecrated by dancing, fireworks, and illuminations.

The most remarkable holyday season that is observed in the province is termed the “Festa de Nazare.” This great festival takes place either in September or October, according to the state of the moon, the light of that luminary being indispensable on this occa-

sion. The usual period of its continuance is about two weeks, during which time the stores in the city are closed, and business almost entirely suspended. All take part in the festivities, both the old and the young, the rich and the poor; and for weeks previous, preparations are being made, and nothing is talked of but the delights and pleasures of the approaching season. The wealthy contribute large sums in cleaning and beautifying the grounds, and in erecting temporary habitations, for themselves and families to occupy during the period of the feast.

The poor expend whatever they may have amassed by months of untiring labour, in purchasing gala dresses, and ornaments for the occasion. An intense excitement prevails among all classes, such as those only who have been there can possibly realize.

The origin of the feast was given me by a venerable old man in nearly the following words:—

Many years ago, as a certain horseman was riding on the flowery plains of Portugal, he perceived a nimble deer, gracefully gliding over the grassy meadow, a long way off before him. In a moment, he “dashed the rowels in his steed,” and was bounding over the plain in eager pursuit of his intended victim. Like an arrow from a bow, the ill-fated deer continued his rapid flight, but, notwithstanding all his efforts, every moment brought his pursuer nearer. The eyes of the horseman were so intensely fixed upon the animal that he was wholly regardless of all else than the possession of his prey, and this single object filled and engrossed all his faculties. Danger was near, but being unconscious of it, he pressed recklessly on; at last the deer arrived at the brink of an unseen precipice, and plunged headlong into the abyss beneath. The horseman, who was but a short distance behind, followed with lightning-like rapidity onward—when within a few feet of the verge, the rider was suddenly aroused to a sense of the awfulness of his situation. It was a critical and a solemn moment!—all human aid was vain! This the rider knew, but still his courage did not forsake him, even in the presence of the impending catastrophe; raising his arms imploringly towards heaven, he inwardly murmured, “Santa Maria, salve me,” (holy Mary, save me.) The prayer was heard!—by her supernatural influence, the impetus of the fiery charger was checked—and his rider was saved! From this wonderful interposition on the part of the Sainted Virgin, the festival of Nazare is said to have derived its origin, and however absurd the story may appear to the reader, yet it is positively believed by many of the simple-minded natives of Para.

The historical account of the origin of the festival, as given by a celebrated Portuguese author is far more satisfactory and credible than the foregoing. According to it, there lived many years ago, in the vicinity of Para, a certain mulatto, by the name of Placido, who was distinguished for his extensive piety and devotion. This solitary individual had in his possession a small and rudely carved image of the Virgin Mary, which he was accustomed to worship both morning and evening. This he kept in his little leaf-covered habitation, and guarded it with the greatest assiduity and care. On the death of Placido, the sacred image fell into the hands of an exceedingly zealous person called Antonio Angostinho, who, by his extensive influence, induced a body of religious enthusiasts to build a kind of hermitage for its accommodation. This

hermitage was situated within a short distance from the city, and being easily accessible, it soon became a place of popular resort by many of the citizens, who frequently repaired thither for holy purposes. Finally, on the 3rd of July, 1793, it was solemnly decreed by the captain-general of the province, that a regular festival, in honour of the Virgin Mary should be held near this place every year. Thus was the Festa de Nazare established—and so well did it accord with the spirit and genius of the people that it has ever since been most scrupulously observed.

The festivities on this occasion are commenced by a brilliant and extended procession, which forms in the city, and moves out late in the afternoon, towards the Largo de Nazare. The procession is led by a number of citizens on horseback, after whom an immense vehicle, styled the "car of triumph" is drawn along by a pair of oxen, handsomely decorated with ribbons and flowers. Within the car are several youths, who afford entertainment to the vast multitude by occasional discharges of rockets or other fireworks.

A fine band of music next follows, preceding a large body of military. Then comes the president of the province, mounted on a richly caparisoned horse. After him succeeds a chaise, bearing in it a single priest, together with the sacred image of the virgin. The procession is closed like all others in Brazil, by a motley crowd of the lower classes—men, with huge trays of fruit and sweetmeats on their heads—Indian damsels, with chains of massive gold suspended round their necks, and children of every complexion, revelling in all the freedom of absolute nakedness.

The procession having arrived at the Largo, the image of *Nosra Senhora* is deposited in the little church fronting the *Roscenia de Nazare*. A holy ordinance is then performed, and a hymn sung; and, every day throughout the festival, these religious ceremonies are repeated in the chapel, both at sun-rise and sun-set. The church being exceedingly small, but few persons are able to obtain an entrance, yet hundreds crowd together before the porch, and zealously engage in the chants to the blessed Virgin. The services being concluded, the populace are allowed to enter the church, and each, in their turn, to kiss the consecrated ribbons by which it is profusely ornamented.

In the evening an infinite variety of amusements are resorted to.

Fancy yourself, dear reader, for a moment transported to the enchanting province of which we write. It is a lovely moonlight evening, such as is only witnessed in the tropics, and you are strolling out of the city with a friend, to observe the festivities of Nazare!

How beautiful the dense thicket of shrubbery through which you are wending your way—how prettily those tall palms droop their feather-like branches and quiver in the fragrant breeze—how merrily the insects hum and flit about in the pure atmosphere! but listen an instant to a sound surpassingly rich and melodious, that now breaks upon your ear, like a voice from the "spirit land,"—ay, it is the plaintive note of a "southern nightingale," charming his mate with a love-song of bewitching sweetness. Attentively you hearken to the delightful strain, and a soft melancholy steals over your mind. But at length you arrive at the monument of Nazare! What a gorgeous spectacle now meets your eye, and what a rapid transition in the state of your feelings instantly takes place.

Before you is an immense assemblage, gaily dancing on the green—a splendid band is enlivening the vast concourse with its stimulating music, and all are busily engaged in every variety of human enjoyment.

Take a peep into the low thatched sheds which line the Largo on either side, and you will see every species of dissipation. In one you will perceive a number of persons occupying themselves with cards, or a party playing billiards. These are gamblers, as is manifest from the piles of dollars exposed on the tables. In another, you may perchance see a soldier or citizen, swinging in a beautifully woven hammock, and discoursing love to a voluptuous looking Indian maid, with dark dreamy eyes, and long luxuriant hair, while her naturally developed waist is encircled by his wanton arm. Shocking as these spectacles may appear to the delicate reader, yet they cannot be more so, than they were in reality to the writer—and candour and truth compel him to describe them, in order to give an adequate idea of the true character of the people among whom it was his fortune to be thrown.

But we will not dwell upon the incidents of this Festa. Suffice it to say, that for two weeks, nothing is known but dissipation, at the expiration of which time it is brought to its termination.

Although this extraordinary festival usually passes by without any serious accidents or public disturbances, yet it is much to be questioned whether it exerts anything but a decidedly immoral and debasing tendency upon the morals of the people.

SIR MAGNUS AND THE SEA-WITCH.

It fell on a Sunday morning's dawn,
Ere the larks to heaven were wing-
ing,

A young man slept on a sea-beat lawn,
And he heard the Mermaid singing.

“Magnus, young Magnus, listen
to me,

I bring thee gifts from the silver
sea;

I court thee to plunge in the eme-
rald waves,

And woo me for aye in its crystal
caves.

“And I will give thee a mantle fine,
As ever wore knight on his shoulder,
Whose scarlet woof like the sun shall
shine,

And dazzle the rash beholder.

“Magnus, young Magnus, &c.

“And I will give thee a sword of might,
With a scabbard and rings all golden;
Whenever thou wilt it in feud or
fight,

The triumph by thee shall be holden.

“Magnus, young Magnus, &c.

“And a new mill-house I will give to
thee,

With mill-stones working for ever,
They turn on the ground as light and free
As those in the running river.

“Magnus, young Magnus,” &c.

“If thou wert a Christian maiden mild,
I'd pledge thee my troth by the foun-
tain;

But thou art a sea-witch wicked and
wild,

And hence to thy wave-washed moun-
tain.”

“Magnus, young Magnus,” &c.

Sir Magnus he wheel'd his steed around,
But the Mermaid rose up and stay'd
him;

Her hand in the bridle and bit she
wound,

And to tarry awhile she pray'd him.

“Magnus, young Magnus,” &c.

And had not high Heaven will'd it so,
That the cock at that moment chanted,
With the Mermaid wild the knight
should go,

And her heart's desire were granted,

“Magnus, young Magnus,” &c.

E. K.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT ROME.

BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT.

REFORMED Rome is just as rich in holidays as the Rome of the Middle Ages,—nay richer, for the old list is increased by the addition of the political and national guard festivals; and, on all these days, galleries, museums, and shops are closed, and no one will “do any manner of work.” Of course I do not mean that the Romans lay themselves under any restraints like those of a Puritanical Sabbath; their reason for refraining from work is simply to enjoy play. In what manner this inordinate holiday-making will be found to agree with the requisitions of a reformed constitution, and an improved administration of public affairs, I cannot imagine, but fortunately it’s no business of mine.

After the Christmas-eve came three Christmas-days, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday; Friday, the New-year’s-eve, was also observed with all the honours,—New-year’s-day is a holiday all the world over. The next day was Sunday, and nobody of course could object to being idle then; and to-day, on which I am writing, is no less a day than the day of the *Tre Re Magi*, or Twelfth-day, as it is prosaically called in England.

Here, then, are six whole, and three half holidays, out of fourteen days, in which the great necessities of life are lost sight of, and no doors but those of restaurants, cafés, or perhaps apothecaries, remain open.

We northern travellers are, however, well pleased to find that Rome is Rome still, and still wears, in spite of reform, the robes of her ancient magnificence, with nothing retrenched, only here and there a little addition made. The *guardia civica*, with its glittering helmets, dazzling uniforms, and broad Roman swords, does but increase the splendour of the ecclesiastical processions, and harmonizes well with them; these in the Christmas of 1847 answered precisely to the description written of them in 1447, and many times since; and for this reason you need not fear my inflicting upon you a description of them now. The thousands of wax-lights and the decorated crib, reminded me of what I had seen in Germany; but here grown people were kneeling in apparent devotion round these wax and wooden dolls, which looked peculiarly mean and paltry in Rome, where art ennobles and reconciles us to so much that would be otherwise painful. They who were kneeling were, it is true, mostly peasants, but why should they not rather kneel to the exquisite Madonnas and holy children which the old masters have called into life, than to those newly varnished things dressed up for the occasion. I know not, but it seems the old faith clings to them in preference.

On the New-year’s-day, a beneficent *tramontana* had driven away the rain clouds, piled up by a *sirocco* of long continuance, and to enjoy my holiday, I ascended the tower of the capitol, and gazed down on that living picture of the past, the present, and the future, that there lay spread out before me. Old and new Rome was at my feet, bathed in golden sunshine; and while in my native north all nature lay wrapped in snow, here the fresh green was every where bursting forth among the palaces and temples, and all over the

vegetable gardens and corn-fields in the distance. The Alban and Sabine hills seemed floating in a violet-coloured vapour, and only the highest summits of the Appenines were still enwreathed with wintry clouds. On this, the first day of January, the winter seemed already past ; a few storms, and it is all over ; and in another week the whole country will be bursting into bud and blossom, and the violets be springing up amongst the ruins. As for the daisies, ox-eyes, &c., they have been emulating the cypresses and olives, and have been blowing all the winter through.

Just as brief has been the stormy period of the political world. The clouds that for a while looked threatening, have been blown away, and all is again confidence and peace. The Pope and his subjects are of one heart and one mind ; a step has been made on the path of progress ; and during the Christmas holidays even Naples and the *Tedeschi* are forgotten, and pleasure is the order of the day.

Many of my readers, perhaps, have witnessed the celebrated Christmas markets of Germany, which, from having been originally merely an accessory,—a means to the important end of the purchase of playthings and presents,—have come gradually to be themselves a principal feature in the festivities. In Rome there is a grand market held for a similar purpose, but twelve days later than Christmas-eve, namely, on the eve of the day of the *Tre Re Magi*. This is the Befana market, to which every body goes ; for even those who do not intend to buy, have to look at those who do. By the by, it seems to me that there is more of a symbolical meaning in the time chosen for the Roman celebration, for there does not seem to be any connection between the event of Christmas-day and the making of presents, whilst the day on which Kings of the East brought their gifts might naturally suggest such a custom.

This incident seems especially to have seized on the imaginations of our forefathers, for throughout the whole course of the middle ages, we find it frequently referred to, and illuminated with all the most glowing colours of fancy, and all the powers of art. I recollect an old Florentine picture on this subject,—I believe in the *Academie delle Belle Arti*,—where the artist, not content with lavishing upon the three kings all the most gorgeous colours of his palette, has called in the aid of the goldsmith and jeweller, and bestowed on them crowns, swords, spurs, and jewel-caskets of solid gold, and gems.

What the Befana has to do with the Three Kings of the East, is more than I can tell, or whether she is of ancient classic, or Lombardo-Gothic origin, but she is, I think, certainly of the same family as the German *Knecht Rupert*, and comes down the chimney in his fashion, laden with presents for good children, in the night between the fifth and sixth of January ; and I am told that in the excited state of the imagination of "Young Rome," there is not wanting testimony to the fact of her having been not only heard in the chimney, but actually seen stepping cautiously out with her arms full of presents—but then of course witness had to close his, or her eyes, for those who watch, it is known, get nothing. The morning of Twelfth-day, when they get their presents, is the festival of the children ; the evening before that of the present-makers, the grown people.

The fair is held in the little market-place of St. Eustace, a space so small that the tender care of the Prussian police would not allow more than a hundred people to enter at a time lest they should be

crushed; yet, here thousands stream in and out, without even any inconvenient crowding or pushing, which is a fact I must say incomprehensible to me, as well as that none of the fragile wares with which the booths are covered should be thrown down and trodden upon, and that the dealers should be able to do any business in such a throng.

From the market-place, which is its centre, the fair radiates in various directions into the neighbouring streets and alleys—and it is really a striking picture which is presented by these narrow lanes, hemmed in by massive houses, towering to the skies, till they look like narrow cliffs or chasms between lofty precipices, and below a sea of light from thousands and thousands of wax lights, fading away gradually on the upper stories. There is something in the aspect of this seemingly subterranean labyrinth, that reminds one of the Grotto-worship, and of Eleusinian mysteries. Some magic spells must certainly be in operation within it, for almost everyone who enters its precincts, is immediately seized with a kind of insanity, which induces him to suppose himself again a little boy, and not only buy drums, and trumpets, and whistles, but immediately try their powers, and go squealing, and too-tooing, and row-de-dowing, about the fair, to the perfect distraction of all within hearing.

I had at first declared my intention of not going to the fair, but my host looked at me when I said so, with such astonishment that I felt quite ashamed of myself, and hastened to retract my words, and resolved, being at Rome, to do as Rome did. I noticed, that among the rattletaps exhibited on the booths, the usual policinellos, pantaloons, &c. had been in many instances replaced by images of the new civic guard done in sugar, in wood, or in lead; and one feature of the popular life in Rome which I was here struck with, I should not pass over, namely, the exemplary order and mutual politeness that prevailed amongst this noisy merry throng, and how, in the midst of the wildest tumult of fun and frolic, no word, no gesture, or tone, betrayed any of that brutal coarseness of feeling mostly so painfully observable in popular sports. I noticed the same thing in Florence, and this is, in my opinion, a fact well worth pondering upon.

THE CHILD OF GENIUS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I SAW him sitting on the dark way-side,
 Amidst the throng a solitary child,
 With ringlets fair and eyes so blue and mild,
 But on his lip a noble conscious pride;
 His dark lash, falling on his ruddy cheek,
 Trembled with one bright sorrow-speaking tear,
 Affection's gem for all long-lost and dear!
 What destitution did these signs bespeak!
 My soul felt heavy as I passed him by,
 And saw his marble limbs in tatters shewn;
 And heard the low and grief-repressing moan,
 While kindred tears bedewed my pitying eye!
 I turned to question one so all forlorn,
 He 'd gone! but where or how? no one was by.
 I stopped, to wipe the tear from off my eye,
 And found my handkerchief was also gone!

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

No. III.—THE METAURUS.

Quid debeas, oh Roma, Neronibus,
 Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal
 Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
 Ille dies Latio tenebris, &c.

HORATIUS, iv. *Od.* 4.

The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march, which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Hasdrubal, thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Hasdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." To this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of Nero is heard, who thinks of the consul? But such are human things.—BYRON.

ABOUT midway between Rimini and Ancona a little river falls into the Adriatic, after traversing one of those districts of Italy in which the present Roman Pontiff is striving to revive, after long centuries of servitude and shame, the spirit of Italian nationality, and the energy of free institutions. That stream is still called the Metauro; and wakens by its name recollections of the resolute daring of ancient Rome, and of the slaughter that stained its current two thousand and sixty years ago, when the combined consular armies of Livius and Nero encountered and crushed near its banks the varied host, which Hannibal's brother was leading from the Pyrenees, the Rhone, the Alps, and the Po, to aid the great Carthaginian in his stern struggle to trample out the growing might of the Roman Republic, and to make the Punic dominion supreme over all the nations of the world.

The Roman historian, who termed that struggle the most memorable of all wars that ever were carried on,* wrote in no spirit of exaggeration. For it is not in ancient, but in modern history, that parallels for its incidents and its heroes are to be found. The similitude between the contest which Rome maintained against Hannibal, and that which England was for many years engaged in against Napoleon, has not passed unobserved by recent historians. "Twice," says Arnold,† "has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama,—these of the second in Waterloo." One point, however, of the similitude between the two wars has scarcely been adequately dwelt on. That is, the remarkable parallel between the Roman general who finally defeated the great Carthaginian, and the English

* LIVY, lib. xxi. Sec. 1.

† Vol. iii. p. 62. See also Alison, *passim*.

general, who gave the last deadly overthrow to the French emperor. Scipio and Wellington both held for many years commands of high importance, but distant from the main theatres of warfare. The same country was the scene of the principal military career of each. It was in Spain that Scipio, like Wellington, successively encountered and overthrew nearly all the subordinate generals of the enemy before being opposed to their chief champion and conqueror himself. Both Scipio and Wellington restored their countrymen's confidence in arms, when shaken by a series of reverses. And each of them closed a long and perilous war by a complete and overwhelming defeat of the chosen leader and the chosen veterans of the foe.

Nor is the parallel between them limited to their military characters and exploits. Scipio, like Wellington, became an important leader of the aristocratic party among his countrymen, and was exposed to the unmeasured invectives of the violent section of his political antagonists. When, early in the last reign, an infuriated mob assaulted the Duke of Wellington in the streets of the English capital on the anniversary of Waterloo, England was even more disgraced by that outrage, than Rome was by the factious accusations which demagogues brought against Scipio, but which he proudly repelled on the day of trial by reminding the assembled people that it was the anniversary of the battle of Zama. Happily, a wiser and a better spirit has now for years pervaded all classes of our community; and we shall be spared the ignominy of having worked out to the end the parallel of national ingratitude. Scipio died a voluntary exile from the malevolent turbulence of Rome. Englishmen of all ranks and politics have now long united in affectionate admiration of our modern Scipio: and, even those who have most widely differed from the Duke on legislative or administrative questions, forget what they deem the political errors of that time-honoured head, while they gratefully call to mind the laurels that have wreathed it. If a painful exception to this general feeling has been recently betrayed in the expressions used by a leading commercial statesman, the universal disgust which those expressions excited among men of all parties, has served to demonstrate how wide-spread and how deep is England's love for her veteran hero.

Scipio at Zama trampled in the dust the power of Carthage; but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organize decisive success,—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and the south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar.* That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contest for pre-eminence.

The French historian, Michelet, whose "Histoire Romaine" would have been invaluable, if the general industry and accuracy of the writer had in any degree equalled his originality and brilliancy, eloquently remarks, "It is not without reason that so universal and vivid a remembrance of the Punic wars has dwelt in the memories of men. They formed no mere struggle to determine the lot of two

* See Arnold, vol. iii. 387.

cities or two empires; but it was a strife, on the event of which depended the fate of two races of mankind, whether the dominion of the world should belong to the Indo-Germanic or to the Semitic family of nations. Bear in mind, that the first of these comprises, besides the Indians and the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In the other are ranked the Jews and the Arabs, the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. On the one side is the genius of heroism, of art, and legislation: on the other, is the spirit of industry, of commerce, of navigation. The two opposite races have everywhere come into contact, everywhere into hostility. In the primitive history of Persia and Chaldea, the heroes are perpetually engaged in combat with their industrious and perfidious neighbours. The struggle is renewed between the Phœnicians and the Greeks on every coast of the Mediterranean. The Greek supplants the Phœnician in all his factories, all his colonies in the east: soon will the Roman come, and do likewise in the west. Alexander did far more against Tyre than Salmanasar or Nabuchodonosor had done. Not contented with crushing her, he took care that she never should revive; for he founded Alexandria as her substitute, and changed for ever the track of the commerce of the world. There remained Carthage—the great Carthage, and her mighty empire,—mighty in a far different degree than Phœnicia's had been. Rome annihilated it. Then occurred that which has no parallel in history,—an entire civilization perished at one blow—vanished, like a falling star. The Periplus of Hanno, a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and, lo, all that remains of the Carthaginian world!

“Many generations must needs pass away before the struggle between the two races could be renewed; and the Arabs, that formidable rear-guard of the Semitic world, dashed forth from their deserts. The conflict between the two races then became the conflict of two religions. Fortunate was it that those daring Saracenic cavaliers encountered in the East the impregnable walls of Constantinople, in the West the chivalrous valour of Charles Martel, and the sword of the Cid. The crusades were the natural reprisals for the Arab invasions, and form the last epoch of that great struggle between the two principal families of the human race.”

It is difficult, amid the glimmering light supplied by the allusions of the classical writers, to gain a full idea of the character and institutions of Rome's great rival. But we can perceive how inferior Carthage was to her competitor in military resources, and how far less fitted than Rome she was to become the founder of concentrated centralizing dominion, that should endure for centuries, and fuse into imperial unity the narrow nationalities of the ancient races, that dwelt around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

Though thirsting for extended empire, and though some of her leading men became generals of the highest order, the Carthaginians, as a people, were anything but personally warlike. As long as they could hire mercenaries to fight for them, they had little appetite for the irksome training, and the loss of valuable time, which military service would have entailed on themselves.

As Michelet remarks, “The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what

the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian, a Campanian worth more than a Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend 50,000 mercenaries, in another, rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment: more money got more men, and all went on well."

We perceive at once the inferiority of such bands of *condottieri*, brought together without any common bond of origin, tactics, or cause, to the legions of Rome, which at that period were raised from the very flower of a hardy agricultural population, trained in the strictest discipline, habituated to victory, and animated by the most resolute patriotism. And this shows also the transcendency of the genius of Hannibal, that could form such discordant materials into a compact organized force, and inspire them with the spirit of patient discipline and loyalty to their chief, so that they were true to him, in his adverse as well as in his prosperous fortunes; and throughout the chequered series of his campaigns no panic rout ever disgraced a division under his command, and no mutiny, or even attempt at mutiny, was ever known in his camp.

The *prestige* of national superiority had been given to Rome by the cowardly submission of Carthage at the close of the first Punic war. Faction and pusillanimity among his countrymen thwarted Hannibal's schemes, and crippled his resources. Yet did he not only replace his country on an equality with her rival, but gave her what seemed an overwhelming superiority, and brought Rome, by her own acknowledgment, to the very brink of destruction.

"But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred to the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice, the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and, as no single Roman will bear comparison to Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's Providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently

by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.*

When Hasdrubal, in the spring of 207 B. C., after skilfully disentangling himself from the Roman forces in Spain, and, after a march conducted with great judgment and little loss through the interior of Gaul and the formidable passes of the Alps, appeared in the country that now is the north of Lombardy, at the head of troops which he had partly brought out of Spain, and partly levied among the Gauls and Ligurians on his way; Hannibal with his unconquered and seemingly unconquerable army had been eight years in Italy, executing with strenuous ferocity the vow of hatred to Rome, which had been sworn by him while yet a child at the bidding of his father Hamilcar; who, as he boasted, had trained up his three sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago, like three lion's whelps, to prey upon the Romans. But Hannibal's latter campaigns had not been signalized by any such great victories as marked the first years of his invasion of Italy. The stern spirit of Roman resolution, ever highest in disaster and danger, had neither bent nor despaired beneath the merciless blows which the dire African dealt her in rapid succession at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ. Her population was thinned by repeated slaughter in the field; poverty and actual scarcity ground down the survivors, through the fearful ravages which Hannibal's cavalry spread through their corn-fields, their pasture-lands, and their vineyards; many of her allies went over to the invader's side; and new clouds of foreign war threatened her from Macedonia and Gaul. But Rome receded not. Rich and poor among her citizens vied with each other in devotion to their country. The wealthy placed their stores, and all placed their lives, at the state's disposal. And though Hannibal could not be driven out of Italy, though every year brought its sufferings and sacrifices, Rome felt that her constancy had not been exerted in vain. If she was weakened by the continued strife, so was Hannibal also; and it was clear that the unaided resources of his army were unequal to the task of her destruction. The single deer-hound could not pull down the quarry which he had so furiously assailed. Rome not only stood fiercely at bay, but had pressed back and gored her antagonist, that still, however, watched her in act to spring. She was weary,

* Arnold, vol. iii. p. 61. The above is one of the numerous bursts of eloquence that adorn Arnold's last volume, and cause such deep regret that that volume should have been the last, and its great and good author have been cut off with his work thus incomplete.

and bleeding at every pore; and what hope had she of escape, if the other hound of old Hamilcar's race should come up in time to aid his brother in the death-grapple?

Six armies were levied for the defence of Italy when the long-dreaded approach of Hasdrubal was announced. Seventy-five thousand Romans served in the fifteen legions, of which, with an equal number of Italian allies, those armies and the garrisons were composed. Upwards of thirty thousand more Romans were serving in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. The whole number of Roman citizens of an age fit for military duty, scarcely exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand. These numbers are fearfully emphatic of the extremity to which Rome was reduced, and of her gigantic efforts in that great agony of her fate. Not merely men, but money and military stores, were drained to the utmost; and if the armies of that year should be swept off by a repetition of the slaughters of Thrasymene and Cannæ, all felt that Rome would cease to exist. Even if the campaign were to be marked by no decisive success on either side, her ruin seemed certain. Should Hasdrubal have detached from her, or impoverished by ravage her allies in north Italy; and Etruria, Umbria, and north Latium either have revolted or have been laid waste, as had been the case in south Italy, through the victories and manœuvres of Hannibal, Rome must literally have sunk beneath starvation; for the hostile or desolated country would have yielded no supplies of corn for her population; and money, to purchase it from abroad, there was none. Instant victory was a matter of life and death. Three of her six armies were ordered to the north, but the first of these was required to overawe the disaffected Etruscans. The second army of the north was pushed forward, under Porcius, the prætor, to meet and keep in check the advanced troops of Hasdrubal; while the third, the grand army of the north, under the consul Livius, who had the chief command in all North Italy, advanced more slowly in its support. There were similarly three armies of the south, under the orders of the other consul, Claudius Nero.

Hannibal at this period occupied with his veteran but much-reduced forces the extreme south of Italy. It had not been expected either by friend or foe, that Hasdrubal would effect his passage of the Alps so early in the year as actually occurred. And even when Hannibal learned that his brother was in Italy, and had advanced as far as Placentia, he was obliged to pause for further intelligence, before he himself commenced active operations, as he could not tell whether his brother might not be invited into Etruria, to aid the party there that was disaffected to Rome, or whether he would march down by the Adriatic sea. Hannibal concentrated his troops, and marched northward as far as Canusium, and there halted in expectation of further tidings of his brother's movements.

Meanwhile, Hasdrubal was advancing towards Ariminum on the Adriatic, and driving before him the Roman army under Porcius. Nor when the consul Livius had come up, and united the second and third armies of the north, could he make head against the invaders. The Romans still fell back before Hasdrubal, beyond Ariminum, beyond the Metaurus, and as far as the little town of Sena, to the south-east of that river. Hasdrubal was not unmindful of the necessity of acting in concert with his brother.

He sent messengers to Hannibal to announce his own line of march, and to propose that they should unite their armies in South Umbria, and then wheel round against Rome. Those messengers traversed the greater part of Italy in safety; but, when close to the object of their mission, were captured by a Roman detachment; and Hasdrubal's letter, detailing his whole plan of the campaign, was laid, not in his brother's hands, but in those of the commander of the Roman armies of the south. Nero saw at once the full importance of the crisis. The two sons of Hamilcar were now within two hundred miles of each other, and if Rome were to be saved the brothers must never meet alive. Nero instantly ordered seven thousand picked men, a thousand being cavalry, to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition against one of Hannibal's garrisons. As soon as night fell, he hurried forward on his bold enterprise, not against any petty garrison, but to join the armies of the north, and crush Hasdrubal, while his brother lingered in expectation of the intercepted despatch. Nero's men soon learned their leader's object, and each knew how momentous was its result, and how much depended not only upon their valour, but on the celerity of their march. The risk was fearful that Hannibal might receive information of the movements of the armies, and either follow their steps in fatal pursuit, or fall upon and destroy the weakened Roman forces which they had left in the south. Pressing forward with as rapid and unintermitted marches as human strength, nerved by almost superhuman spirit, could accomplish, Nero approached his colleague's camp, who had been forewarned of his approach, and had made all preparations to receive this important reinforcement into his tents without exciting the suspicions of Hasdrubal. But, the sagacity of Hasdrubal, and the familiarity with Roman warfare which he had acquired in Spain, enabled him to detect the presence of both the Roman consuls in the army before him. In doubt and difficulty as to what might have taken place between the armies of the south, and probably hoping that Hannibal also was approaching, Hasdrubal determined to avoid an encounter with the combined Roman forces, and retreated towards the Metaurus, which, if he could have passed in safety, would have been a barrier, behind which he might safely have kept the Romans in check. But, the Gaulish recruits, of whom a large part of his army was composed, were unsuited for manœuvring in retreat before an active and well-disciplined enemy. Hotly pursued by the consuls, Hasdrubal wheeled back, and gave them battle close to the southern bank of the stream. His numbers were far inferior to those of the consuls; but, all that generalship could accomplish was done by the Carthaginian commander. His Gauls, who were the least trustworthy part of his force, he drew up on his left on difficult and rising ground; his Spanish veterans formed his right; and his centre was composed of the Ligurians, before whose necessarily slender array he placed his armed elephants, like a chain of moving fortresses. He seems to have been deficient in cavalry,—an arm in which Nero's reinforcement gave peculiar strength to the Romans. The consuls, on the other side, led their legions to the attack, each commanding a wing, while the prætor Porcius faced the Ligurians in the centre. In spite of the disparity of numbers, the skill of Hasdrubal's arrangements, and the obstinate valour of his Spanish infantry, who received with unyielding gallantry the

shock of Livius' legions, kept the issue of the fight long in suspense. But Nero, who found that Hasdrubal refused his left wing, and who could not overcome the difficulties of the ground in the quarter assigned to him, decided the battle by another stroke of that military genius which had inspired his march. Wheeling a brigade of his best men round the rear of the rest of the Roman army, Nero fiercely charged the flank of the Spaniards, who had hitherto held their own against Livius with heavy mutual carnage. The charge was as successful as it was sudden. Rolled back in disorder upon each other, and overwhelmed by numbers, the Spaniards and Ligurians died, fighting gallantly to the last. The Gauls, who had taken little or no part in the strife of the day, were then surrounded, and butchered almost without resistance. Hasdrubal, after having, by the confession of his enemies, done all that a general could do, when he saw that the victory was irreparably lost, scorning to survive the gallant host which he had led, and to gratify, as a captive, Roman cruelty and pride, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and, sword in hand, met the death that was worthy of the son of Hamilcar, and the brother of Hannibal.

Success the most complete had crowned Nero's enterprize. Returning as rapidly as he had advanced, he was again facing the inactive enemies in the south before they even knew of his march. But he brought with him a ghastly trophy of what he had done. In the true spirit of that savage brutality which deformed the Roman national character, Nero ordered Hasdrubal's head to be flung into his brother's camp. Ten years had passed since Hannibal had last gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their system of warfare against Rome, which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hailing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain; and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognized his country's destiny.

“Meanwhile, at the tidings of the great battle Rome at once rose from the thrill of anxiety and terror to the full confidence of triumph. Hannibal might cling to his hold on Southern Italy for a few years longer, but the imperial city, and her allies, were no longer in danger from his arms. And, after Hannibal's downfall the Great Military Republic of the ancient world met in her career of conquest no other worthy competitor. Byron has termed Nero's march “unequaled,” and, in the magnitude of its consequences, it is so. Viewed only as a military exploit, it remains unparalleled save by Marlborough's bold march from Flanders to the Danube, in the campaign of Blenheim, and, perhaps, also, by the Archduke Charles's lateral march in 1796, by which he overwhelmed the French under Jourdain, and then, driving Moreau through the Black Forest and across the Rhine, for a while freed Germany from her invaders.

SUMMER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

OUR road now passed beneath the foot of Mont Brezon and its tremendous precipices, almost perpendicular, leading us to Cluses, the very picture of desolation and distress.

Cluses seems a town peculiarly marked out for the vengeance of the Fire King: it has been destroyed over and over again, and re-built only to be re-destroyed. It is now two years since its last demolition, which swept away the greatest part of the buildings. Nothing can exceed the state of misery which it presents at this moment; there lie heaps of rubbish, burnt rafters and piles of stones as they fell, blackened and ruined walls, half-houses and single rooms inhabited by wretched-looking peasants, who do not seem to have the heart to clear away the evidences of their calamity. This place has long been famous for its population of watchmakers, most of the works being made here which supply Geneva with its esteemed merchandise.

Higher and higher grew the mountains, deeper and deeper still the precipices, and the shades of night overtook us by the time we reached the secluded village of St. Martin, celebrated for the glorious view of Mont Blanc from its bridge.

We slept here at the little inn, the accommodations of which are by no means bad, and by daybreak resumed our journey. I had previously hurried down to the bridge in hopes of seeing the view, as a few bright peaks had shown themselves above the circling mountains, but I was disappointed, and obliged to take my place in the *char-a-banc* which was to carry us on to Chamouny, as larger carriages cannot go along the remainder of the road. A few *aiguilles* appeared fitfully, that of Gouté and its Dôme, but Mont Blanc was inexorable. One of the highest roads I had yet travelled led us towards Chède; the woods were thick below, and the hedges covered with wild clematis, some of which I gathered as a reminiscence of a home scene of former enjoyment of which the moment reminded me, and I was just beginning to rejoice in the awakened hope of fair weather from a sudden gleam and the apparition of several fields of snow directly before us, when a change came as rapidly, and huge grey masses of cloud hurried across the view, shutting it out altogether; a few drops of rain began to fall, and we reached the village of Servoz in a hard shower. The village was all alive with a wedding, and by the time the gay party came out of the neighbouring church, the rain had ceased, and permitted the fluttering procession to appear in all its splendour. A train of young women came forth, very neatly dressed in black or purple petticoats, with their white broad caps filled with bright flowers and rich-coloured ribbons, their cavaliers having gay ribbons in their hats also. The lively, stout, merry bride paced joyously along, and every face was smiling and happy, as they greeted us where we sat in our *char-a-banc* waiting for horses.

Scarcely had we left Servoz, than the gloom increased, and the descending rain augmented the torrent cascades, which tumbled over the rocks in our path.

Alas! still heavier and more decided grew the inauspicious aspect of our star, and at ten o'clock in the morning we drove into Cha-

mouny, scarcely able to distinguish through the mist the silver glacier de Bosson, which announced the wonders of its neighbourhood.

In a torrent of rain precisely similar to that which a few years before had ushered me into the deep valley of the Baths of Mont Dore, then first visited, our char drove up to the hôtel, and we were assisted from our dripping "leathern conveniency." Out of a countless range of rooms, we chose those that suited us, had a blazing fire lighted, and resigned ourselves to our fate. All that day, with intervals of about twenty minutes, the rain descended with indescribable fury, and almost all that time did I stand at my window watching for the sight of a friendly ray which should disclose the magic picture covered by an envious curtain. Those gleams came; rapid, and beautiful, and strangely deceptive, were the forms they exhibited, a thousand shining *aiguilles* bristled up into the wreathing clouds which waved over the blue surface of the most lovely of glaciers, now showing its broad motionless waves and arrested foam, now hiding it in a robe of transparent mist, and then dropping down over the whole scene, and descending once more to swell the raging, terrified Arve with an increasing deluge.

In the midst of one of the most violent showers, as I stood regarding the gambols of the river close beneath my window, the apparition of a party of travellers, drenched and fatigued, and looking the pictures of woe and disappointment, flashed upon my sight. There were three, and one was a female; they bore long alpenstocks, were covered with mud, and their clothes clung close to them like their skin. They were returned from an excursion across the Tête Noir to the Jardin, had passed the night in a *châlet* on the edge of the ice, had had nothing but fog, rain, and cold, for their portion, and now descended to Chamouny drowned and dispirited. We could not but congratulate ourselves on our own escape, for the time we should have chosen would have been that selected by these ill-fated adventurers. Still, there was little to boast of in our own position, except shelter, for the thirteen thousand feet of ice above us was as distant from our vision as if we were "in England far beyond the sea."

It is true I heard, or fancied I heard, the shrill scream of an eagle over the great glacier, and imagined or saw the flight of an eaglet through the mist, but the only certainty was, that the rain poured incessantly, and no hope dawned for that day.

It seemed incredible the number of guests at the *table-d'hôte*, for the inn was hushed and quiet as if no one was breathing within its walls. All were telling of adventures, but none appeared in spirits, and looked forward with apprehension to the morrow. There were travellers of all nations, but fewer English than usual, as was the case this year throughout Switzerland, owing to the political commotions which continued to agitate the country. We ventured out for a few minutes in the evening, but were warned by a peasant to return, which we did just in time to escape a deluge, and were forced to retire to rest unsatisfied and murmuring.

At daybreak the next morning I looked out in the direction of the glaciers, but all was dim and dreary, and sadly and sorrowfully I returned to bed, thinking

"No future grief could touch me more."

I think I fell asleep, wearied with watching, but was roused by a bright light in my room and, losing not a moment, I was again at my station, now indeed repaid for severe disappointment.

Before me curled in a blaze of sunshine the one, broad, azure wave of the Glacier de Bosson, with attendant peaks shining with liquid gold against a sky intensely blue without a cloud. A long line of glittering points ran along as far as I could see, and a part of the Mer de Glace itself spread out, white and clear, although as yet untouched by the vivifying ray which brought gladness to the earth.

No time was lost in our setting forth to the source of the Arveyron, for we thought it possible to accomplish that object, at least, during the bright moment that invited us.

We soon reached the fine amphitheatre of rocks at the foot of the glacier, and climbed amongst them to the source, which is rather curious than imposing: a fine ice bridge, of a rich blue colour, had fallen only a few days before, and its masses were lying prone amongst the stones: it will form again and renew the beauty of the scene which now suffers from its absence. A grove of very large high pines is at the edge of the river, and here we left our *char* while we wandered about the dry bed of the stream, which in spring must present a very different aspect from that which it now offered; for no water was to be seen, except a narrow rivulet of intense blue-green trickling amongst pebbles, and winding round huge masses of stone.

Of course, we did not resist the importunities of several pretty little vendors of mineral treasures, almost infants, with soft clear blue eyes, like the ice above them and round laughing cheeks as bright as the rosy hues on their native peaks. Nor did we fail to yield to the temptation of possessing ourselves of others more elaborate, offered at every shop in Chamouny kept by the numerous guides.

The morning continued still to increase in splendour, and it was pronounced by the experienced one of the most promising that had been known in Chamouny during the summer. Mules and horses were instantly in requisition, and the clatter of hoofs and the sound of voices made a strange contrast to the disconsolate stillness of the day before.

While other travellers were departing, and our mules and guides preparing, we hastened to explore the shops, which are full of objects of interest; and, at last, it was with infinite joy that I found myself comfortably seated on a safe saddle, which had been, according to custom, carefully visited by competent authorities, and, encouraged by the assurances of two of the best guides of the country that we might reasonably expect beautiful weather, we set forth on the most exciting and delightful of all adventures, a visit to the Mer de Glace.

For the next five hours we were ascending the beautiful mountain on the summit of which the treasures of Mont Blanc are spread out in all their glory. We had two guides besides our usual careful attendant, and were joined early on the ascent, by a very pretty interesting young girl, the daughter of the eldest guide, a man who appeared to enjoy a high reputation for boldness and experience, and to be the acknowledged head of his class. He had been three times to the summit of Mont Blanc with different travellers, and narrowly escaped with his life on a sad occasion, when three persons were killed by the sudden fall of an avalanche: he was himself precipitated into an ice chasm, and was extricated with extreme difficulty.

"When I was drawn out," said he, "and recovered my senses, it was to see the three bodies of my dead friends lying extended on the snow. Ah! that was a sight to make one *think!*"

He was very grave, and the fearful dangers he had gone through ap-

peared to have deeply impressed his mind. The other guide was somewhat of a dandy, full of compliments, and culling his expressions as if he intended to make a posy of them, all being selected apparently according to Mrs. Malaprop's plan of forming "a nice derangement of epitaphs."

The lively young girl was dressed with peculiar neatness, and wore a large straw hat, tied with blue ribbons: she held, like the others, a long alpenstock, and as she skipped over the rugged paths she appeared a most poetical specimen of a mountain maiden. Every now and then she paused to gather wood strawberries which grew almost on the brink of the glacier, and loaded us with them and wild flowers, which we admired, and kept or flung away, according as the smoothness or roughness of our road inspired us.

It is very toilsome, but extremely exciting, this riding up the almost perpendicular mountain: there is but little danger, and, with so many protectors, it would have been absurd to feel nervous: nevertheless, we met with one adventure which might have gone far to frighten a timid traveller; a little more courtesy on the part of those who caused the *embarras* would have made the circumstance an ordinary affair, as it was there was some peril and annoyance.

We had just reached a very steep corner where the zigzag road was peculiarly broken and rugged, and where so much of the mould had been washed away, by the recent rains, that the path was quite hollow, and there was scarcely standing room by the side of a twisted tree which grew close to the road over a precipitous descent: at this moment one of the guides ran forward and shouted to a party descending on mules, begging them to pause higher up, and allow us to pass, as it was dangerous to meet on the spot where we stood.

Regardless, however, of his request, and our exclamations, we beheld two persons mounted, coming, as it were, straight down upon our heads; the equestrians moved doggedly on, and, as they approached nearer shewed by their looks that they had no notion of making way for us. As quickly as they could, our guides, finding further remonstrance unavailing, dragged our mules on one side, and I found myself perched almost on the branches of the old tree, while the invading lady and gentleman, silent and sullen, pushed by, their saddle-girths being rudely wrenched by close contact with those of our steeds as they forced their way through the ravine. On went this singularly independent pair, without a word of comment—what country had the honour of claiming them as her children we did not discover, as no word issued from their lips; and we were left to conjecture, while our discomposed girths and coverings, which had been displaced on their onward march, were set to rights. As they took the inside they would have been perfectly safe, even if they had pushed us over the precipice, therefore their minds remained placid while ours were for some moments considerably agitated.

We soon forgot this incident in the sublime prospect before and around us, as we passed through woods of gigantic pines, and saw the iced torrent whose course we had been following upwards, increasing in volume and width. At length we reached the summit, and, dismounting, gave our steeds to the care of the mountain maid, and proceeded at once to the brink of the Icy Sea.

The sun was brilliant, without a cloud over the whole face of the intensely blue sky: broad fields of azure ice ploughed with huge

ridges, were shining as if covered with heaped up jewels—peaks and pinnacles of dazzling snow rose up from the motionless waves, and arrested rivers hung between them as if another minute would have sufficed to send the mass of their foaming waters, with headlong course and stunning roar, over the white barrier into the blue and boiling ocean at their feet—but there was no sound—no breath—no commotion—no stir—all silent, motionless—bound in an eternal chain—struck by a magical spell—as if a mighty word had, in one second, changed the whole order of nature, and stilled the wild war of chaos into eternal quiet. Far away extended plains of ice, lost amidst a forest of snowy *aiguilles*, which cut against the blue heaven to whose recesses they seemed to pierce. Countless shapes, all ice, all snow, crowded, clear and glittering, one over the other, peeping down, like inquisitive spirits, upon the shrouded waters at their feet, and huge masses of rocks and green banks, lay peacefully on the shore as if belonging to another region.

It was so warm that we scarcely required any additional covering, and after sitting for a time on a bank near the *châlet* at top, contemplating the magnificent prospect before us, we slowly descended to the ice. There had been an accumulation of snow, during the winter, and its descent had greatly changed the face of the glacier, so that it was now more than usually difficult to walk on it, and quite impossible to cross it as is sometimes done.

Between each mass of ice was a huge *crevasse*, whose sharply cut walls were of that rich, transparent, blue, such as is seen on the wings of the blue kingfisher, or those metallic bosomed creatures which belong to the humming-bird tribe. To fall into such a beautiful abyss must, however, be a fearful thing, and I shuddered as I stood above them, and looked down into these depths. The iced snow crunched under my feet, but I found climbing amongst the ice less slippery than I expected, and I can quite imagine the delight that an adventurous pedestrian must experience when scrambling along the *Jardin*, and scaling the higher peaks of these singular regions. To be in such a spot without intruders—

“ Alone in this vast solitude,
And with the spirit of the place divide
The homage of its grandeurs,”

must be indeed enjoyment to the intrepid wanderer, for even surrounded by assistance, and confused with help, the sublimity of the scene does not lose its awful magnificence.

Strange and awful is it to stand on a mass of ice, one of a thousand waves in a petrified sea, and look round on the stilled waters which hang suspended in all directions, as if ready to rush down in torrents and overwhelm all nature. Above rise peaks and javelins of shining ice, from one to the other of which the eye wanders as their names are called over—individuals of the frozen army of a frozen region. There are the *Aiguilles Rouges*—the *Grand Mulets*, the *Egralêts*, the *Blatière*, the *Grand Periadès*, *Lechaud*, the *Chapeau*, the *Col de Balme*, the *Breven*, the *Flegère*—three, seven, thirteen, thousand feet above the icy valleys—there spread far away, into immeasurable distance, glacier after glacier—*du Bois*, *de Bossons*, *de Talefre*, surmounted by a thousand glittering pinnacles, where, above them all, the pure transparent *Aiguille Verte*

“ Points with its taper spire to heaven.”

After lingering for some time in the sunshine, on these icy rocks we descended to the "Pierre des Anglais," so called from the two Englishmen, Pococke and Wyndham, who first reached this point in 1741. A century has not changed the glaciers round, but, since our adventurous countrymen first gazed upon the wondrous scene, singular have been the facilities afforded, so that the mere "inquisitive traveller" can now penetrate much further with little or no peril.

As I had no scientific purpose to attain, and the one grand effect had been produced upon my mind, which no future sight of ice or snow could increase, I was content to return from this excursion without venturing further amongst the icy billows of the Montanvert. Most happily had this charming journey been accomplished, and feeling that several long whole summers would be insufficient to shew me all the wonders and beauties of this magic region, I could not regret leaving enough for a little life to come, and, after a lingering look at the sparkling Mer de Glace, I turned away—with pensive steps and slow—and took from this icy Eden—my solitary way, indulging, meantime, a hope that another day I should renew my slight acquaintance with a land sacred to thought and poetry.

On our return to Chamouny, having resisted the temptation of taking the route by the Tête Noir, because the day was too far advanced to allow of our crossing the mountains without risk of being benighted, we prepared to quit the scene of these adventures, and to go back to St. Martin for the night, on our way to Geneva.

While waiting for our *char-a-banc* we strolled into a house, where we heard there was a newly caught chamois to be seen. We mounted a steep flight of stairs, and there, in a room on the first floor, strewn with hay, stood a beautiful little creature, worthy of being the cherished gazelle of Leila. Its terror on beholding our entry was extreme—its fine dark eyes were distended with alarm—its limbs shook, and, with a rapid spring, it perched itself on the ledge of the chimney-piece, supporting its delicate body on its four little feet placed close together, as one often sees the pretty animal represented on a pinnacle of ice at some high point of its native mountains. In vain we tried to soothe and encourage the wild little creature, and we left the room at the suggestion of the proprietor, who seemed dreadfully afraid of its making a dart and clearing the stairs at a bound. I felt greatly inclined to wish it had done so, for the mercenary being who had charge of it did not deserve that his domicile should be ennobled by its fairy presence.

Quite unmoved by our raptures at his graceful inmate—perhaps fearing that in our absence of mind we should forget his claims upon our purses—the insensible churl had hardly shut the door upon his gazelle than he began to clamour for immediate remuneration for the sight. Indignantly we dispensed the gratuity, reproaching him with his greediness which could not wait even till we had descended his steep stairs, but we could not help mischievously assuring him that his too evident anxiety for lucre had deprived him of customers for his store of crystals, which he now wanted to recommend. With considerable satisfaction we went into a rival shop before his eyes, and enjoyed his vexed expression. There is, however, much less clamouring and uncivil importunity than formerly at Chamouny. Visitors, we were told, were so much annoyed by incessant demands of the most extravagant description, that at last they became wearied with the infliction. Chamouny got a bad reputation, and the magistrates were obliged to

interfere to protect strangers. The innkeepers found that they had made a fatal mistake, and were obliged to reform the manners of the valley altogether.

Our guides, who, by the bye, all kept shops of their own, were indignant at the want of confidence exhibited by the chamois keeper, and with one voice reproved him, for they are anxious to preserve their acquired character for civility and attention which they really deserve.

We quitted Chamouny late on a fine afternoon, intending to sleep at St. Martin as before, and now all

“The valley lay smiling before us,”

which we had passed the day before in torrents of rain, and clothed in a veil of mist, which shut out every object. From every height leaped down silver cataracts over craggy rocks of immense size, amidst enormous trees and green banks. We left the beautiful Glacier de Bossons behind, shining in the sun with all the colours of the rainbow. This glacier is of the most exquisite form, by far the most so of any; it hangs in one immense wave on the rocks, undulating with graceful curves, and crowned with a diadem of foam, which is changed to icy points spreading over the surface: the under side of the great billow is of a rich clear transparent blue, which shines out against the dark moraine beneath it, and contrasts with the dazzling whiteness of the snows above. It seems always to shew itself in profile, and offers continual beauties in rivalry with its mighty neighbour, the Mer de Glace. We had continued our way for some time, the high surrounding mountains hemming in the valley, and shutting out all view but of their snow-capped heads, when, as we ascended a steep road, I was struck as I looked from the *char-a-banc* at the sudden apparition of a long line, of what seemed to be a gigantic mass of white clouds shrined in a sky of dazzling blue. I exclaimed in admiration of the magnificent sight: the *char* was stopped and the truth proclaimed.

The vision was nothing less than the stupendous range of Mont Blanc itself, every peak, every projection, every dome, every pinnacle, all clear, unshaded and distinct, the outline so sharply cut against the sky that it seemed almost too *tranchant* for nature. This gorgeous spectacle had started forth as if by miracle, for, it appeared that for several weeks no inhabitant of the valley had beheld a glimpse of the fitful monarch who now deigned to shew himself to mortal eyes in all his radiant glory.

Magnificent as the Pyrenees appear from Pau, and often as I had gazed upon their long lines and on the graceful contour of the Pic du Midi, I had never been so startled as on the present occasion with the transcendent splendour of an icy range. The great Dôme de Gouté, with a glittering *aiguille* running up into the azure sky, a broad surface of unblemished snow presenting the fanciful form of an enormous white marble cathedral crowned with domes and spires seemed within reach of the hand, and was so distinctly visible that it appeared as if the eye that gazed upon it were endued with supernatural powers, and had pierced the secrets of another world.

For many miles the same stupendous form appeared above the now insignificant hills, which lay at its base like mere mounds of jagged rock, and still, as we mounted, the great snow Alp appeared to grow higher and higher, catching the deep rose hues and rich gold of the setting-sun, till it shone with a lustre more than earthly.

We continued our route by the beautiful Col de Forclaz, and turned aside to visit the pretty secluded baths of St. Gervais, where we lingered for some time, delighted with the situation and the arrangements of this delicious spot. Behind the enormous building which is a perfect town, where the patients reside and where there are fine salons and ball-rooms in the usual style of public baths, a winding path leads from a rustic bridge which spans the roaring torrent of the Bourant, up a precipitous hill, the toilsome ascent of which is repaid by the sight of a series of cataracts of the most picturesque character, foaming and leaping over projecting ledges of rock embedded in a thick wood.

As every one of the patients at this extensive establishment was out on excursions in the neighbourhood, it did not appear that they were great sufferers; indeed, the marvellous accounts given by the guide of the sudden miracles performed it would seem by the very sight of the valley and the rapidity with which ailments of the most obstinate kind disappeared after a few visits to the wondrous well, might convince one that the waters are like those of Zermem, able to cure all evils.

A few weeks passed in this charming retreat must indeed be very enjoyable, for there is every accommodation that the most fastidious could require, and, moreover, the charges are more moderate than at many other places of a similar nature.

I suppose, to judge by the vastness of the building, the concourse of strangers must, at times, be very great, but so uncertain is the favour of robust invalids, that I understood another spring, higher up the mountain, not long since discovered, had in a great measure superseded that of St. Gervais, for several seasons. The rival is said to be even more charmingly situated than this, but I cannot imagine that possible, so much was I delighted with the spot altogether.

We were rather late in arriving at Sallenches, our road being at the foot of a most beautiful mountain, whose heights and glades and vales presented scenery as fine as any we had seen, lighted up by the glow of a rich sunset.

Sallenches is another Cluses, a town reduced to the very depths of ruin and desolation in consequence of a frightful conflagration which has burnt almost every house to the ground. A more wretched effect than its desolate and encumbered streets present cannot be imagined, and the air of gloom and melancholy on every countenance was really distressing.

When we were at Chambéry, on our first arrival in Savoy, we had heard of the catastrophe which had destroyed this devoted place, continually subject to the same visitation; and we were told also that the King of Sardinia proposed going himself to Sallenches, to judge of the state of things, of which he must have heard a very false report if he thought the town was not altogether ruined. It seems, however, that he never came, but had sent persons to see the spot and to afford relief and assistance.

We crossed the bridge to St. Martin, and there took possession of the same rooms we had occupied before, being very tolerably accommodated and clamorously welcomed.

A RAMBLE ALONG THE OLD KENTISH ROAD FROM CANTERBURY TO LONDON :

ITS CURIOSITIES AND ANTIQUITIES.

BY HENRY CURLING.

“Gadshill lies to-night at Rochester.”

SHAKSPEARE.

TIME and space allow not of dilation upon the various localities and places of interest during a ramble over the scarped and counterscarped neighbourhood of Chatham. The dock-yard would itself take some time to look over, and is well worthy of the trouble. Good Queen Bess, who had an eye to business, and was the friend and patroness of all the strongholds, ramparted towns, and forts and castles in the kingdom, considered the dockyard at Chatham worthy of favourable consideration. She paid it a visit of inspection, and built Upnor Castle for its defence. Discipline and good regulation are so apparent in the various departments and spacious store-houses and magazines, that, immense as is the quantity of stores deposited, they are arranged with such “man-of-war” precision, that whatever is needed can be procured with the greatest dispatch.

The hour hand of the antique-looking clock (which seems gibbeted in the narrow street of Rochester) pointed to eight as we neared it. The clock-house was built by Sir Cloudesley Shovel in 1686, who also presented both house and clock to the mayor and city of Rochester for ever; and to this day the inhabitants entertain a great feeling of affection and respect towards the great round-faced dial and its domicile. When, however, one of the line regiments was marching through Rochester, after disembarking from Spain, this clock suffered some little damage and indignity at the hands of the officers. It so happened that a huge broad-wheeled wagon (one of those bygone wains of the Old Kent Road, which quicker travel has altogether superseded) was stopping for a short time during the night, close under the clock; and as several officers, rather flustered with flowing cups, were returning to their billets, they espied the wagoner asleep, and noted the gaudy face of the pendant clock above. Full of the delight consequent upon returning to their native land, they resolved to have a spree at the expense of the wagoner; and accordingly, procuring a coil of rope, they threw it over the clock; attaching its end to the tail of the wagon, they then quietly ignited their cigars, and awaited the event. By and by, the parcels for which the wagon had been delayed being brought by his mate, the man gave the word to his team. The strong-jointed beasts pulled at the huge wagon, the cable strained, the great clock groaned and creaked, but not a foot did the concern budge, to the no small astonishment of the burly wagoner, who dang'd and gee'd, and lashed at his great rhinoceros-shaped beasts in an awful state of surprise and anger. Meanwhile the noise, the clatter of hoofs, the creaking and straining of timber, and the slipping up of the poor beasts as they tugged under the lash, aroused the sleepers in the immediate vicinity, and a dozen night-

capped heads were poked out of the windows on either side, in front and rear of this exhibition, just as the ill-used clock began to separate from the building. Crack, crack, went the great beam above, and crack crack went the heavy whip of the carter. The wagon began to move, and the clock, drawn all awry, would next minute have come down smash into the middle of the road, when the whole turn-out was arrested by a dire yell from the citizens at the windows. "The clock! the clock!" resounded on all sides. "Stop the clock! here, watch! watch! where's the watch? Stop this rascal! he's carrying off Sir Cloudeley Shovel's clock, house and all, with his wagon to London!"

For the truth of this story I cannot take upon me to vouch. I tell it as it was told to me by an officer of Highlanders, who, as is usual in such cases, affirmed that he had spoken with a man who knew an officer who had seen a wagoner who was first cousin to the identical driver of the very wagon fastened to the clock; and it only remains to be told, that the parties who were guilty of this attempt upon the clock had to pay a heavy sum before the offended dignity of the chief magistrate was satisfied, or rather appeased.*

The great point of interest at Rochester, although it remains almost neglected in its feudal strength and grandeur, we think is the castle. This stupendous record of chivalric pride and power seems to stand and frown with contempt upon the frivolity of the dwellers in its immediate vicinity. Tower, and wall, and battlement of enormous strength and great height, here have maintained their stand against the efforts of time and the vile cupidity of man, who for a few paltry guilders would, again and again, have demolished the entire building, and levelled it with the ground.† The town of Rochester, which is inferior in point of antiquity to few cities in England, is situated so as to command the passage of the Medway, and was early a place of importance. Even the Britons, after their rude ideas of fortification, had some works here to secure the passage of the river. It was the Durobrovis of the Romans, and their ancient Watling Street ran directly through it. Nay, so late as the Conquest, it was still governed by a chief magistrate called *præpositus*.

As we generally look out for the most ancient hostel wherein to locate ourselves, we in this instance rode into the inn-yard of the Crown. Here, as the shadows of evening descended, and we watched the ostler rubbing down our steed, we found sufficient subject of contemplation. Before us, and forming one side of the Crown yard, stood a long deserted building which had once been the principal hostel of the town—a rare specimen, we believe, and almost unique in the country.

A single glance at the outward favour of this interesting building is sufficient to show its great antiquity, whilst a peep within immediately presents us with a perfect specimen of an interior in the days of Shakspeare.

As we stepped back from within the curious apartment, the feeling which had impressed itself upon us from the moment of entering the

* The story is the more likely to be correct, as the citizens of Rochester are very fond of relating it over a pipe and tankard.

† Rochester Castle would have been demolished long ago, but was found so strong that the attempt at pulling it down was abandoned.

inn-yard, every part of which, from its quiet and antique appearance, seemed sobered down and removed, not only from the bustling new world without, but altogether from the present times, was at once explained. A sort of shadowy recollection of the place, a dreamy identification of the locality, on entering the gateway, had, we say from the first moment pervaded the mind, which the sight of the interior instantly increased, till on looking round, we at once identified the inn-yard at Rochester where Gadshill tries to sift the two carriers, and gather the hour at which they mean to start for London.

We wish our readers fully to understand us in saying this. We are by no means so *imaginative* as to believe in the reality of a scene which never existed except in the inimitable fancy of the poet. But we have a suspicion that Shakspeare himself hath been a guest in this hostel, that he hath mingled amongst the bustle of this inn-yard, sat beneath the gaping chimney of its peculiar kitchen, and perhaps slept in one of the low-roofed, lattice-windowed rooms above. Nay, perhaps the scene itself—that inimitable scene in “the inn-yard at Rochester”—was written whilst he was a guest here. Every part of the locality is Shakspearian. The massive iron-studded door, the windows, the pigeon-houses built in the thick walls, the huge arched entrance to the yard, the yard itself, bounded by the massive flanking walls of the castle,—all are Elizabethan, and at the same time give an impressive feeling somehow connected with travel and travellers, carriers and gentlemen of the shade, and houses of entertainment of the jovial, bustling, good old days.

Whilst we continued to contemplate the locality, a sulky-looking, quaintly dressed fellow, having a “discarded serving-man” look, wandered into the yard, and, entering the old deserted kitchen, sat down upon an overturned barrel, and commenced puffing away at a short pipe he produced from his pocket.

So perfectly in keeping was the man with the building, that we resolved to accost him, and try if we could gather anything in the shape of information, and accordingly we entered the apartment.

“A curious old building this,” we said.

“Ra-ther,” said the fellow.

“Very old is it, think ye?” we enquired.

“Very old,” was the short answer we received.

“How old do you suppose?”

“What, this house? how old? why, as old as the castle out yonder, I should say. There’s neither brick nor beam altered in it since I was a boy, as I can see,—and I’ve been here sixty odd years, off and on.”

“Do many people come to look at it?” I said.

“Nobody ever comes to look at it, now,” said the fellow. “Formerly, when folks used to come through Rochester, there was a power of folk had a curiosity about the old inn here. Sir Walter Scott once came whilst I was a postboy in this yard, years and years ago. He seemed greatly struck with the look of the house and all belonging to it. He seemed to consider more of this inn than of the castle itself—and he took a good look at that, too.”

“Did he make any remark about it?” I enquired.

“Not as I heard,” said the man; “but he thought a great deal

over it apparently. He examined it very curious-like, inside and out, sat down here under the great chimney, and leant his chin upon his stick, and looked very fixed-like. He seemed as if he saw a whole company in the room before him, and smiled to himself; and then he got up and clambered up them old steps there, into the rooms above, where the old beds is, and walked about, and looked out at the windows, and sounded the flooring."

"How do you know it was Sir Walter Scott?" we enquired.

"I don't know nothing about it, except from hearsay," said the man. "I was one of the down-boys that drove him, and I heard he was the great book-writer, that everybody was mad about. He hadn't 'Sir' tacked to his name at that time. He earnt that, I heard, afterwards."

A flight of steps at the extremity of the Crown yard, and which are built up amidst the massive ruins of the ancient outworks, leads into a sort of pleasaunce of the castle, and we are immediately in the vicinity of, and indeed within the "roundure of its old faced walls." Here we wander amidst fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, and fragments of outworks of immense strength, which are reared on the banks of the rapid stream, in a perfect scene of the past. Every glimpse of the magnificent tower of Gundulph, as we approach and catch sight of it amidst the foliage of the garden, speaks of the fierce contentions of the Norman period, when war was the business of life, and when kings struggled amidst a bright host and with all the pomp and pride of chivalry. Helm and shield and blazoned banner, seem here as if still pertaining to the locality. The very spirit of the knightly and the noble—a sort of Plantagenet spirit, if we may so term it,—seems to breathe in the neighbouring air. Yes, as we gaze around we feel that we are standing upon the very ground and beside those thick-ribbed towers where the fierce contentions and desperate conflicts—those fiery encounters in which mailed knights stood in opposition hand to hand—had taken place during the many sieges this castle has sustained. Here, in the immediate neighbourhood in which we stand, the barons of England, nay, even the kings, with the lion of England embroidered upon their glittering surcoats, from seam to seam, have smote with deadly hand, amidst the din, the turmoil, and the shout of horrid war—the war of "pomp, pride, and circumstance"—in which the heraldic device upon the shield, the gonfalon, the pennon, the bright armour, and the gilded trappings of the combatants, lent a lustre to the deadly and raging field, which our own smoke-enveloped and noisy system knows not.

THE TWO FUNERALS OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

But where is he, the champion and the child
 Of all that 's great or little, wise or wild?
 Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?
 Whose table earth—whose dice was human bones?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile. — BYRON.

THE change from the calm to the tempest—from the deep and impressive solitudes of the ocean, to the busiest haunts of men—from savage to civilized life, are prominent examples of the mutations to which seamen are liable. And these events sometimes follow in such rapid succession, and are of such varied import, that even their truthful narration appears as though decked in the borrowed hues of fiction. To use an uneasy metaphor a sailor may be said to be a naval knight-errant, with the ocean for his steed, upon which he rides in quest of adventure. Thus mounted, he sometimes stumbles upon sights as rare, and scenes as beautiful, as any that are to be found in the story-books of yore; and perhaps there are but few who will deny that the pages of Dampier and Captain Cook are as full of chivalry as the Chronicles of Froissart, or that before the majestic daring of Columbus all knighthood pales.

These notions received additional strength, as my eyes fell upon the subjoined sentence inscribed in an old log-book, which I had just then discovered, somewhat mildewed and moth-eaten, at the bottom of a sea-chest.

The Free Trader Homeward Bound, May 5th, 1821.

A MEMORABLE EVENT OCCURRED THIS DAY.

Apparently, at the time these words were written, it was supposed that they would be sufficient to recall to the memory, at a future period, the circumstance they so briefly recorded, for my old journal said nothing more about it. True, it was further stated lower down on the same page with genuine nautical brevity under the head of *Remarks*.

“All useful sail set.”

“Bent the best bower.”

“Pumped ship.”

“A stranger in sight,” to which was added—

“Lat. by observation 16° 30' south, Long. 5° 30' west.”

Assisted by the latitude and longitude, as well as by the date, I made two or three desperate dives into the stream of time, hoping to rescue from oblivion the “event,” and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in bringing to the surface of my memory, the leading incident, and then the whole affair floated through my mind with all the freshness of yesterday. And, perhaps, it will be as well to state, for the information of the general reader, that on the day in question, the *Free Trader* was running before the south-east trade wind, over that aqueous portion of our planet, which rolls between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena.

From what has been stated, it was evident that the "memorable event" had been dismissed in too summary a manner, and, indeed, circumstances, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, have induced me to take up the scanty detail at that moment, when the morning sun first broke upon the white caps of the waves, with the Indian upon their crests tipped and gilded with his light.

It was my morning watch, and I recollect leaning over the capstan, and lapsing into one of those paradoxical states, when, although attending to nothing in particular, yet almost every object within the range of our senses undergoes a sort of dreamy observation. I could see the man at the helm, and note how firm he kept the plunging ship in hand, his sinewy grasp seemed by a secret intelligence to impress his will upon the vast mass of the vessel. Without disturbing the process of observation, a shoal of porpoises would occasionally rush along, pursuing their earnest and busy passage at a velocity, compared with which the progress of the swift ship was tardiness itself, for I could hear the hissing of the crisp sea as it curled into a crescent of foam beneath her bows. Then came the busy hum of the "morning watch," mingling with the welcome sound of "eight bells," and the merry whistle of the boatswain piping to breakfast. The motion of the rolling vessel—the freshness of the delicious south-east trade—the thoughts of home—the dancing waters, and the sparkling sunshine, each of these, in their turn, would for a moment slightly arrest the attention, but vigilance is a cardinal virtue in old Neptune's domain, and bustling times were close at hand. A ship in the middle of the Atlantic, with a rattling south-easter, whistling through the rigging, is not the bed where day-dreaming can be indulged in with impunity, and so it soon appeared, for a hoarse voice from the main top-mast cross-trees, as if by magic, dispelled the illusion, and brought my senses to their duty.

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" was the prompt demand.

"Right ahead," returned the seaman. "I make her out a full rigged ship lying to."

The officer of the watch had barely time to apply his "Dollond," in the direction indicated, when the man aloft was again heard shouting.

"Land on the larboard bow."

As the Free Trader had been traversing the ocean for weeks, with nothing to relieve the eye, but "The blue above, and the blue below," the excitement which was caused by the discovery of the stranger, coupled with the sudden cry of "Land," is not surprising. For it is in the deep solitudes of the ocean, that man most keenly feels how dependent he is upon his kind for happiness. In such situations the most trifling incident arrests the attention—a floating spar, or even an old tar-barrel, become objects of speculative curiosity.

Accordingly, as we neared the strange ship, the cut of her canvas, and the mould of her hull, were critically examined by the more experienced seamen, who can generally guess from the appearance they present, not only the nation to which a ship belongs, but her occupation also. But, on the present occasion, they were puzzled to give a reason why a large vessel like the stranger, should be lying to, just where she was, (that seemed the mystery) and apparently waiting our approach.

This quiet bearing lasted until the Free Trader was in the act of passing the strange vessel, and then, as if suddenly roused out of her lethargy, a thin volume of white smoke was seen curling out of one of her forward ports. The explosion was followed by the appearance of a flag, which, after fluttering for an instant, blew steadily out, and much to our satisfaction, displayed the blue field and red cross of the English ensign.

"What ship's that?" bellowed a loud voice from our formidable looking neighbour, who had ranged alongside the Indiaman close enough to be within hailing distance.

"The Free Trader."

"Where from?" was demanded.

"Calcutta, and bound to London," replied our captain.

"Do you intend calling at the island?"

"Yes!"

"Then send a boat on board his majesty's frigate, the Blossom, for instructions," was demanded in tones that left no doubt what would be the result of a non-compliance.

An interchange of visits speedily followed between the frigate and the Indiaman, and soon after they were sailing side by side in the direction of the land, keeping company until the Free Trader had received such sailing directions as enabled her to stand in for the island alone. The frigate then took up her cruising ground as before.

It would require but a slight stretch of the imagination, to convert the perpendicular cliffs of St. Helena into the enormous walls of a sea-girt castle. There is an air of stern and solemn gloom, stamped by nature upon each rocky lineament, that reminds one of the characteristics of a stronghold. Not a sign of vegetation is outwardly visible. Headland after headland appears, each in its turn looking more repulsive than those left behind. The sea-birds, as they utter their discordant screams, seem afraid to alight, but wheel about the lofty summits of the bald rocks in a labyrinth of gyrations; while an everlasting surf, as it advances in incessant charges at their base, rumbles upon the ear in a hollow ceaseless roar.

It was during the operations of working the Free Trader round one of the points of the island, that the heavy booming sound of a large gun was heard, slowly borne up against the wind over the surface of the sea. As the sun was just then dipping in the bosom of the Atlantic, it was generally thought on board to be the evening-gun. But again the same solemn heavy sound floated by on the wind. Again and again it came in measured time, when at length, as we cleared the last projecting headland, the roadstead and the town came suddenly into view. At the same time the colours at the fort on Ladder Hill, and on board the admiral's ship the *Vigo*, of 74 guns, were seen fluttering at half-mast, denoting the death of some person of distinction.

While sailing into our berth, and after the anchor had fixed us to the land, the reports of the cannon came upon us at intervals. Their sounds seemed bodeful of some great event. We all looked inquiringly for some explanation, but before any positive intelligence had reached the ship from the shore, surmise after surmise had given way to a settled conviction; for by one of those inscrutable impulses of the mind, every man in the Free Trader felt assured those island guns announced the death of Napoleon.

Our suspense was brief, for soon after the anchor was down, a shore boat came alongside, containing an official person, to demand the nature of our wants, and he confirmed our suspicions. This intelligence, although anticipated, created a feeling of disappointment, as every individual in the ship had speculated during the voyage upon the chance of seeing Napoleon alive. However, by an easy transition, now that he was dead, we wondered whether we should be permitted to witness his funeral; but as no communication was allowed from the ships in the roads to the shore between the hours of sundown and sunrise, we were obliged to pass the night in conjecture. Under these circumstances, we were scarcely prepared for the news that reached us early in the morning. It was a general notice to all strangers and residents, informing them that they were permitted to visit the island and witness the ceremony of the body of *General Buonaparte* as it lay in state.

After the lapse of six-and-twenty years, and now, when the passions of that mighty conflict which filled Europe in the early part of the century are extinct, it would be difficult to make the present generation comprehend the profound emotions which this news had upon those who, like ourselves, happened to be at St. Helena at this eventful period. Consequently, on the second day after Napoleon's death, nearly every individual on the island, as well as those in the different vessels at anchor in the roads, repaired to Longwood, the place where he died.

Of course the house was thronged with people, but as the greatest order prevailed, I was soon in the room with all that was left of the most wondrous man of modern times. Suddenly coming out of the glare of a tropical sun into a partially darkened room, a few moments elapsed before the objects were properly defined. Gradually, as the contents of the apartment tumbled into shape, the person of Napoleon, dressed in a plain green uniform, grew out of the comparative gloom, and became the loadstar of attraction.

He was lying on a small brass tent bedstead, which had been with him in most of his campaigns. I found it impossible to withdraw my eyes for an instant from his countenance: it caused in me a sensation difficult to define, but the impression can never be forgotten. There was a crucifix on his breast, and by its side glittered a large diamond star, the brilliancy of which strangely contrasted with the pallid face of the dead. The skin was of a most intense whiteness, and looked like wax.

What struck me as most strange was the mean appearance of the surrounding furniture, and of the "getting up" of the ceremony. Few people in England, or indeed in France, would credit the dilapidated state of the apartment. It was literally swarming with rats and other vermin. There appeared, however, to be no want of respect to the memory of the dead hero, whatever might have been his treatment when living. But the knowledge of this tardy justice did not prevent a comparison between his fallen state in that rat-pestered chamber* and the magnificence and power with which imagination invested him when living. And although it may be idle to compare

* It is a well-known fact, that after Napoleon's body was opened, his heart was placed in a vessel in this room, and that during the night a rat devoured a large portion of it.

the deeds of a great man with the appearance of the man himself, yet it is what most of us are prone to do; and on this occasion it was impossible to avoid falling into the practice, for possibly the results of a comparison could not be more striking. Napoleon at Austerlitz or Jena, with continental Europe at his feet, and Napoleon lying dead in that miserable, poverty-stricken room, presents to the duller imagination a theme pregnant with emotion. It was indeed difficult to understand how, even by the proverbial instability of fortune, that insensible form, lying in its utter helplessness, could ever have been the

"Man of a thousand thrones
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones."

Solemnly and sternly the reality forced itself upon all, and I felt that I was reading a journal of true romance, so absorbing, so wretched, that if I was to confine my studies to man, it would be unnecessary to peruse a second volume to grow perfect in knowledge or reflection.

The time allowed for the visitors to remain in the chamber was very limited, and condensed observation into a passing glimpse. This could not well have been otherwise, as every individual on the island was anxious to obtain even a momentary view of one who had attracted so large a portion of the attention of the world. And not the least singular spectacle seen on that day, was the motley group which Napoleon's fame had drawn around his funral couch. For although St. Helena on the map may at first appear to be a secluded spot, yet in reality it is not so. A glance or two is sufficient to assure us that it is placed in the centre of the great highway of the world, where the necessities of commerce, and the wants and hazards inseparable from a seafaring life, are the means of bringing together the antipodes of the human race. And if the dense masses of people which thronged to his second funeral at a more recent period, in his own dear France, were wanting, their deficiency in numbers was in some sort compensated by the variety of men; or if there was not a multitude, there was, at least, a medley of curious gazers.

Foremost in intelligence were the French and English; but apart from these stood the wondering African negro,—the uncouth Hottentot from the Cape—the yellow Brazilian from South America—the fierce-looking Lascar from Bengal—and the quiet, inoffensive Chinese from remotest Asia. Some of these knew but little of Napoleon's renown, but, being inoculated with the prevailing emotion, they came, like the more intellectual European, to gaze upon the embers of that dazzling meteor, the blaze of which had so recently expired.

The same tincture of corruption dyes all mortality, and hero dust as well as common clay soon becomes offensive in a tropical climate. Even on the second day after his death, it was already time he should have been soldered up. With a knowledge of this fact, the Governor-General had ordered the funeral to take place on the 9th, thus allowing only four days to elapse between his death and his burial.

In the meantime, the spot where the pioneers were digging the grave, became an object of mingled curiosity and veneration; second only in importance to the illustrious hero who was so soon to make

it his abiding place. It was close to a small spring, of which Napoleon always drank, and occasionally he breakfasted beneath the shade of two willows that bend over the bubbling waters. The grave was singularly made. It was formed very wide at the top, but sloped gradually inwards, having the appearance of an inverted pyramid. The lowest part was chambered to receive the coffin, and one large stone covered the whole of the chamber. It was said that this covering was taken from the floor of the kitchen at Longwood, where it had been used as a hearthstone in front of the fire-place; though why it should have been removed for such a purpose it is difficult to comprehend, for the island is not deficient of the requisite material. The remaining space was to be filled up with solid masonry, clamped together with bands of iron. These precautions, it appeared, were intended to prevent the removal of the body, as much at the request of the French as of the governor of the island.

Divested of the associations connected with his fame, Napoleon's funeral at St. Helena was a simple, though heartfelt affair. His long agony on that sunburnt rock commanded the reverence of every beholder. Consequently, on the 9th, all the inhabitants and visitors on the island flocked to the line of march. Like many others, I selected a prominent position on the shoulders of a hill, from whence the solemn procession could be traced, as it threaded its way through the gorges and ravines of this picturesque place, on its way to the grave. The coffin was borne upon the shoulders of English grenadiers, and followed by the soldiers who had contributed more towards his downfall than those of any other nation. Their solemn tread and grave deportment contrasted strongly with the heartfelt sorrow of Count Montholon and General Bertrand, who bore the hero's pall. Madame Bertrand followed next, in tears, and then came Lady Lowe and her daughters, in mourning; the officers of the English men-of-war next, and then the officers of the army; the Governor-General and Admiral Lambert closing the rear. The 66th and 20th Regiments of Infantry, the Artillery, and the Marines, were stationed on the crests of the surrounding hills; and when the body was lowered into the tomb, three rounds of eleven guns were fired. And thus the great soldier of France received the last tribute of respect in honour of his achievements from the hands of his most constant, but, as he described them, the most generous of his enemies.

The last years of Napoleon's life, except so far as they derived a gloomy and awful importance from the remembrance of his terrific career of blood and power, were as insignificant as his first. He could neither act upon, or be acted upon by the transactions of the world. He seemed to be buried alive. Kept as he was in close custody by a power, with whose strength it was useless to cope, and whose vigilance there was little chance of eluding.

On the following morning the sounds of labour were heard from every quarter of the *Free Trader*, and the long drawn songs of the mariners were rising in the cool quiet of the early dawn. Then commenced the heavy toil which lifts the anchor from its bed; the ship once more released from her hold upon the land, stood across the Atlantic for England, and long ere noon the sun-blistered rock of St. Helena was shut out from our view, by the rising waters in which it seemed to submerge. And thus ended the "memorable event"

which formed such a singular episode in the otherwise monotonous voyage of the Free Trader.

On an intensely cold morning, some twenty years after the occurrences above narrated, I was proceeding to Paris as fast as a French diligence could carry me. After passing through a long winter's night, cramped and stiffened for want of exercise, it was with feelings approaching delight that I beheld the French capital. But as the vehicle neared the gay metropolis, it was impossible to avoid being surprised at the appearance of the populace. Every body was going towards Paris, no one appeared to be going in any other direction.

The multitude increased as we progressed, and when the *diligence* entered the Boulevard, it was with great difficulty the lumbering vehicle was urged through the living mass. On either side of us was a dense crowd of heads, eagerness pictured on every countenance. Amid the jabber arising from so large an assemblage, was heard the rolling sound of artillery, mingling strangely, nay wildly, with the solemn tolling of the great bell of Notre Dame, which every now and then fell upon the ear, without mingling with the great tide of sound, but each vibration seemed distinct in its isolation. It was impossible, from the vexed and confused nature of the turmoil, arising from bells, guns, and drums, to form an idea whether the people were celebrating a holiday, a spectacle, or a revolution.

Most human feelings are contagious, and I was soon inoculated with a desire to mix with the crowd, and see what was going on. Accordingly, as soon as the *diligence* arrived at the Messagerie, I left my carpet-bag in the custody of an official, and set forth to satisfy my curiosity. Once fairly in the throng, I was soon urged along the Place de la Bourse, and from thence up the Rue Vivienne to the Boulevard des Italiennes, happy in having availed myself of any change, whether of sentiment or situation, which would rouse my half-frozen blood into action, and enable me to compete with a temperature ten degrees below freezing.

Forward, forward, along the interminable Boulevard, I was forced by the dense mass, and extrication became hopeless. That broad thoroughfare seemed to be the main channel through which flowed the living tide, and, as it was continually being fed by the streets on either side, it ultimately was crowded to a dangerous degree.

At the magnificent church of the Madeleine, a divided opinion acted upon the people, and gave me scope for action. I followed that section whose destinies led them to the Place de la Concorde, where I had scarcely arrived, when preparations of an uncommon description came at once into view.

Salvos of artillery were still heard, or rather they had never ceased; the bells also tolled incessantly, and that intolerable beat of the French drum, mixed with the noise arising from a crowd of thousands of Frenchmen, was most bewildering. But as well as the confusion would permit observation of the surrounding objects, it seemed that, on each side of the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, large statues had been raised, each symbolical of some mental attribute, such as justice, valour, fortitude, and the like, and between their colossal figures magnificent tripods of a great height were erected, supporting vases which were filled with flames.

The spectacle had approached its crisis when I had arrived at the Place de la Concorde, and my position afforded me a good view up the avenue. In the distance, dense columns of horse and foot soldiery were slowly marching, preceded by bands of military music, playing solemn airs. Column after column paraded by. The whole chivalry of France had assembled to do homage to some dearly-loved object, for every class of French soldiers had sent its representative, and every department of the kingdom its deputy. The procession appeared interminable. On came, in every variety of uniform, the soldiers of Hoche, of Moreau, Jourdan, Massena, and Angereau, of Davoust, Ney, Murat, Kleber, and Kellerman. Fragments of all "arms" of the Imperial Guard were there represented, strangely mingled with the picturesque dresses of Mamelukes and guides.

At length a moving tower of sable plumes, rolled by upon golden wheels, drawn by sixteen horses. Immediately following came the Royal Family of France and the great ministers of state, decorated with glittering stars and orders.

Twenty years back I had witnessed the funeral obsequies of this remarkable man, for of course, by this time, I knew that it was the second burial of Napoleon at which I was a chance spectator. Since then a great alteration had taken place in the affairs of Europe. A quarter of a century of profound peace had rendered the *entente cordiale* apparently perfect. British ships of war no longer muzzled the mouth of every French port from Dunkerque to Toulon. The correction was done, and the rod was burnt, and in the fulness of time came the crowning act of grace, when, as M. de Remusat stated in the *Chambre de Deputés*, England had magnanimously consented to the proposal of the French nation, to return the remains of Napoleon, thus surrendering the trophy of the most unparalleled struggle in modern history.* And yet, incredible as it may seem, when France was receiving from British generosity a boon which she could not obtain by any physical appliance, the law and medical students of Paris displayed a base and infamous hostility against the country which was in the very act of returning, with a noble and chivalrous sentiment,

* An amusing act of gascouade, the performance of which rumour awarded to the Prince de Joinville, was freely commented upon in naval circles about this period. It will be remembered, that his Royal Highness was dispatched by the French government in the *Belle Poule*, the finest frigate in their service, to convey the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. After the exhumation of the body, which was performed in the presence of many English and French officers, the features of Napoleon were recognised, contrary as it was stated, to French expectation. The coffin, after being placed in a sumptuous one brought from Europe, was conveyed, after many compliments upon the honour and good faith of England, on board the *Belle Poule*, which, with its sacred freight, soon after put to sea. The faith of *perfidious Albion* was not so bad as expected. A few weeks after the French frigate had taken her departure from St. Helena, and was nearing the coast of Europe, an English frigate hove in sight, and perceiving a French ship-of-war, she bore down upon her, to speak her. From some unexplained reason, the Prince imagined she might be sent to capture the precious relic he had on board the *Belle Poule*, and rushing on the quarter-deck, he ordered his crew to quarters, and prepared for action. A word, however, from the captain of the English frigate was enough to dispel the gallant prince's vain alarms, and the explanations which soon followed, afforded the British tars a hearty laugh at the distorted view the Frenchmen had of English faith. This rumoured bravado of the prince, is nevertheless in perfect keeping with his *Bobadil* pamphlet, published soon after his return with Napoleon's remains, in which he attempts to show how easily he could invade England, if he had only ships enough, with men of the right sort to man them.

the undying token of her own *supremacy*, and the humiliation of her enemies, such expressions as *A bas Palmerston, A bas les Anglais*, sounded oddly enough in an Englishman's ears, with these recollections still throbbing in his memory.

It was to do honour to those precious remains that France, nay Europe, had assembled her thousands in the Champs Elysées on that day. His faults, as well as the unbounded sacrifices made to his daring ambition, seemed to be forgotten. Men appeared to point only to the bright and burning spots in Napoleon's career, without recollecting what they cost to France and the world. It was a spectacle of a nation paying homage in the names of freedom and honour to the representative of military power.

It has been said that French enthusiasm is easily excited, and that it as easily cools, seldom lasting long enough to ripen into the more dignified sentiment of traditional veneration. Certainly it inconsistently decreed the honour of national obsequies on Napoleon, whose fall was hailed by the great bulk of the nation, after the battle of Waterloo, as the term of their unbounded sacrifices, and as the second dawn of their public liberties. But little penetration was required to discover that curiosity was the strongest feeling exhibited, or at the most, it was a galvanized excitement—it wanted the reality of natural emotion. To those few, whose lot it was to witness both the burials of Napoleon, this must have been apparent. They could not fail to note the contrast between the gorgeous display of the second ceremony, and the simple, but deeply heartfelt, funeral at St. Helena. In Paris every thing seemed unreal. For a burial, the second ceremony was too far removed from the death; people, if they had not forgotten, had ceased to lament for him. The charger led before the hero's hearse had never borne the hero. And for a commemoration it was much too soon. True, the remembrance of his reverses and his sufferings at St. Helena commanded the sympathy and reverence of every Frenchman present: doubtless they felt, and felt keenly, the return of their former hero, though dead; but the reflections were bitter to their sensitive natures: they felt that though the bones of their idol was amongst them, yet the sentence which indignant Europe had written on the rocks of St. Helena was not erased, but was treasured in the depths of men's minds, and registered in the history of the world.

As the *catfalque* slowly passed by, over the bridge, along the Quay d'Orsay, until it was finally hidden from the view by the trees of the Esplanade of the Invalides, it was evident, that let his countrymen do what they would, let them fire their cannon, sound their trumpets, unfold the dusty banners of past wars, they failed to impart to the memory of the vanquished of Waterloo a becoming character: their funeral ceremony wanted moral grandeur; they converted into a theatrical show, what was intended for a national solemnity, for mourners there were none; his own uniforms were not even seen around him, and the only eagles there, were those which were cut in yellow pasteboard. But the light had burned out which projected the gigantic shadow on the canvas, and what was left behind? nothing but a name,

“ The sport of fortune and the jest of fame.”

HOAX OF THE SHAKSPEARE BIRTH-HOUSE ;

AND

RELIC TRADE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY A WARWICKSHIRE MAN.

THE domusmania of these latter days outruns the bibliomania of the earliest bibliomaniac on record, whom Scott says, " We take to have been none other than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated by his veracious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, to have exchanged fields and farms for folios and quartos of chivalry." If the Don was deemed of " infirm understanding " for exchanging farms for folios, who can shield from the charge of raging madness, the list of royal, noble, and learned enthusiasts who have given three thousand pounds for an old cottage at Stratford not worth as many hundreds. There has been a struggle too to get possession of " relics " of the poet of all times, and for a certain jug and cane, a particularly fierce one—a word or two about them, in the first place.

These articles which, it is pretended, belonged to Shakspeare, are in the possession of the grand-children of Thomas Hart, who was the fifth descendant of Joan Shakspeare, the eldest sister of William Shakspeare. Thomas Hart died at Stratford on Avon, about fifty-three years ago, at a very advanced age. Mr. Robert Welch, formerly of Stratford on Avon, one of the receiving officers of taxes, whose high character, well-known scrupulous accuracy, and strong memory place his statements beyond a doubt, said, in a letter to the *Brighton Herald*, in 1844, and has repeated the same to me lately, " I knew Thomas Hart, and his house intimately, and can speak to every article in his house. I was constantly in the habit of calling upon him for many years, and I am confident, if these articles were in his possession, I should have seen them or heard of them. They never were in his possession. I have certainly heard him say, that the armchair in which he sat belonged to Shakspeare, but we all treated the assertion as a joke. The make of it was of the period of James II., but not prior, from my knowledge of furniture design. Our impression was that the old man, being in indigent circumstances, would have had no objection to any one bidding him a handsome sum on the credit of his assertion, but no one in the town believed that he had any relic of Shakspeare in his possession. I never heard of his being able to sell this chair as a relic of Shakspeare; but I know we were both surprised and annoyed at his selling four other chairs, a few years before his death, as having belonged to Shakspeare, and that his neighbours were tender in their railery at the fraud, from compassion on his circumstances and infirmities. The maker of these chairs was more than once pointed out to me; in fact, it was well known. " It may be asked if the jug and cane were the property of Shakspeare, how came they to be in the possession of the Hart family? It will be seen, on reference to the poet's will that he left his sister Joan Hart, twenty pounds and his wearing apparel, and to

her three sons five pounds each. The bequests of the will are clearly set forth; for instance, to his daughter Judith, his silver bowl and a legacy in money; to his wife his best bed; to a gentleman in the town his dress sword; and all his other property of every description to his daughter Susannah. If these articles (the jug and cane of which engravings have appeared in the illustrated newspapers) belonged to Shakspeare, how came they into the hands of Thomas Hart's children? It is certain the old gentleman never had them in his possession, or ever knew of their existence. Had they been in the possession of Thomas Hart or Sarah Hart, his sister, Thomas would have known it; and so should we all who were jealous of the identity of any article belonging to our illustrious townsman."

Shakspeare died in 1616, leaving two daughters, Susannah, married to Dr. John Hall, and Judith, married to Mr. Thomas Quiney. Lady Barnard, the poet's grand-daughter (and only surviving offspring of Shakspeare's daughter) died in 1670, and his brother left no issue; so that in 1670, there was no lineal descendant of the poet; the next of kin being clearly the descendants of his sister Joan. Joan Shakspeare married William Hart, of Stratford, and from this marriage the Harts of Tewksbury, the Harts of Nottingham, and the Harts of London, are descended.

Mrs. Fletcher, of Gloucester, its possessor, is a descendant of the Harts of Tewksbury, a grand-daughter of Thomas Hart, and though she bought the jug from Miss Turbeville, of Cheltenham, for nineteen guineas on the faith of its being a relic of Shakspeare, the strength of her faith adds nothing to its history, nor verifies its identity. Miss Turbeville, bought it from Mr. James Bennett, printer of Tewksbury, for thirty pounds. Mr. Bennett had paid twenty guineas for it in May, 1841, at a sale of Mr. Edwin Lee's, of Forthampton Cottage. It was there stated that the jug had been purchased by Mr. Lee from the daughter of Mr. James Kingsbury, whose wife (formerly Miss Richardson) inherited it from her father Henry Richardson, of Tewksbury. To account for Henry Richardson's possession of the jug, it was said to have been taken in 1787 by his father, John Richardson, cousin of Sarah Hart (who was born in 1750) in lieu of twelve guineas owing to him by the said Sarah, who was then married to Mr. John Mann.

The medallion on the jug was added by this Mr. Richardson, though described, in some of the magniloquent accounts of the engravings, as a cotemporary portrait.

Thomas Hart is now declared to have been the fortunate possessor of the cane as an heirloom; but had this been the case, Hart was not the man to keep his treasure a secret, whilst it was no secret how ready he was to attach a reliquary reputation to any article by which a penny could be turned. There are several alive who knew him and the contents of his house well; but of either the jug or cane they never heard. It appears that Mr. Fletcher, of Westgate Street, Gloucester, was induced to give five pounds for this cane to Mr. Bennett, who, it will have been seen, made ten pounds profit by his speculation in the jug. In his cane investment he was equally lucky, having bought it from Thomas Shakspeare Hart for two guineas. Thomas Shakspeare Hart was the son of William Shakspeare Hart, grandson of Thomas Hart, who died in 1793.

At each sale or transfer of these articles, entire reliance seems to

have been placed on their "traditionary reputation." As any reputation is better than no reputation at all, the house at Stratford, sold by the Courts the other day, was described by Mr. Robins as resting its character on "traditionary reputation." It happens, too, that all the buyers and sellers of the jug and cane in direct or indirect succession date from their modest era of 1787. Why did not they venture a little further back?

The minute history of the cane and jug, from Sarah Hart, who was born 1750, and who is said to have sold the latter as Shakspeare's in 1787, has nothing at all to do with its identity. Sarah Hart was, in all probability, its very first owner. Shakspeare died in 1616. What is its previous history between these periods? Where was its traditional reputation—at Gloucester or Tewksbury? It was certainly not at Stratford. "I have conversed," says Mr. Welch, "with old Thomas Hart and his son, well known as Jack Hart, many times. His daughters, Jane and Martha, were domestic servants in my father's family. I knew many other descendants of Joan Shakspeare; but I never heard a whisper about the 'traditional reputation' of the jug." Everyone connected with Stratford-on-Avon knows that the manufacture of relics of Shakspeare is and has been a profitable business, and the persons engaged in it are well known.

The chairs, the chest, the table, which form the furniture of the room shown as the one in which Shakspeare was born, have been placed there within the memory of several the writer could name. Of one of the alleged possessors of the cane Mr. Welch says:—"William Shakspeare Hart was I suppose the son of Jack Hart, the old gentleman's only son; at least, I never heard of another, and I have a perfect recollection of this son and his family leaving Stratford for Tewksbury. Had a cane of Shakspeare's been in existence I should have heard of it, and would gladly have given fifty pounds for it, and I believe there are wealthy antiquarians who would give five times that sum for it; yet it was sold, we are told, two or three years ago, for two guineas. If proof were wanting of its spurious origin, this transaction would supply it."

The supporters of the genuineness of the "jug and cane" say they were omitted in Shakspeare's will because they had no intrinsic value; but Shakspeare specified his bequest to the Hart family so minutely, that no mistake can arise about it.

Mr. Welch tells me "there is no doubt that the jug was the property of Sarah Hart, who first propagated the fiction 178 years after her great-great-great-great-uncle's death. Not the slightest trace of it can be found before her time. It was never heard of in Stratford-on-Avon until the publication of Sir Richard Philips's book. The proof that this cane was the walking-stick of William Shakspeare—proof 'to satisfy a jury of the most scrupulous antiquarians,'—is this:—The widow of William Shakspeare Hart is the 'existing evidence,' and she can prove that she heard her husband's mother say 'this was Shakspeare's walking-stick.' So this is the 'existing evidence,' to 'satisfy a jury of the most scrupulous antiquaries.' One old woman heard another old woman say so!—I again assert that old Hart never possessed the cane. I was constantly in the habit of going to his house in my early youth, and was acquainted with every article in it. He has told me that

the old chair in which he usually sat belonged to Shakspeare, but never said a word about any other article in the house. There was a manuscript which he said was Shakspeare's, and which was at that time in the hands of a near and dear relative of mine as security for a sum of money borrowed by the old gentleman. The manuscript was afterwards sold, and I was present when it was paid for. The purchaser was a stranger to me. I saw him lay down on the table a number of guineas—I believe thirty. I saw my relative hand him a bundle of papers, and then my relative took up some of the guineas. Old Hart took the remainder, and put them in his pocket; and this seasonable relief kept the poor old man from want during the remaining few months of his life. The chair could not then obtain a purchaser. Three chairs had been previously sold, to different individuals, each warranted as the identical chair that Shakspeare sat in; but this fourth chair required time to give it 'traditional reputation.' A few years sufficed for the purpose, for it was sold in 1798 for twenty guineas."

Whether "traditional reputation" will maintain the value of these articles at their next sale, remains to be seen. It is a matter of wonder that this family did not make a search among the old clothes' shops for a few pairs of antiquated garments, and exhibit them as the veritable property of the immortal poet. Here, at all events, they would have had some countenance from Shakspeare's will, for there is no doubt about their ancestor inheriting the whole of his wearing apparel. This hint should not be thrown away upon the committee—"the fortunate proprietors of this invaluable property"—for it is not too late to collect doublet and hose, in fine moth-eaten condition, from Holywell-street, and arrange them under glass cases, as we see Nelson's coat and waistcoat at Greenwich Hospital.

The deer stealing, and the harsh punishment inflicted by Sir Thomas Lucy, was a favourite theme for half a century with Shakspeare's biographers. There never was any truth in it. It is not likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have inflicted the indignity for which the self-roused exasperation of some of these grievance-makers are calling on posterity to visit upon the inheritors of Charlecote. Sir Thomas was on intimate terms with the young poet's father, an alderman of Stratford, and was with him, about that period, on an arbitration concerning their mutual friend Mr. Hanmet Sadler. Mr. Sadler was one of the witnesses to the poet's will. Buck-shooting was a very venial affair in those days. The date of all the traditional lore afloat about Stratford is free from the rust of age. Until the time of Garrick there was little interest attached to the locality where Shakspeare spent the last days of his life; no one can say where he spent the greater number. The room in which he wrote "Hamlet" is worth a visit ten times over, or even the apocryphal cottage where dwelt demure Ann Hathaway, the mature maid of twenty-seven, congratulating herself on the "good catch," when about to marry the eldest son of the most thriving tradesman in Stratford, who had been chief magistrate or bailiff of it too. The shrewd cottager saw the impression she had made on the susceptible boy, and improving her opportunity before it could cool, made herself Mrs. William Shakspeare, consort to the heir-apparent to a thriving wool-stapler. What Mr. Shakspeare, the father, thought when he heard of his son wedding himself, at the age of

nineteen, to a woman of twenty-seven, we are not told. Some venturesome novelist has written what was called "The Courtship of Ann Hathaway, a Romance, in three volumes." I never heard of anything more matter-of-fact than the poet's marriage.

A lively and all-believing writer in "The Atlas," a dramatic author of no mean merit, tells us, in a pleasing recital of his visit to Stratford on the eve of the pseudo sale,—“Up the Stour and the Avon, away over the green fields and through the bosky paths to Shuttery and Charlecote, to Drayton Bushes and Wellesbourn Wood, the name of Shakspeare is held in reverence by the rural population, and the town itself subsists solely upon the glory of having given him birth—you find some remembrance of him at every turn.” Garrick could find none ninety years ago; Betterton could find none, though he went to Stratford on purpose a hundred years ago. Our dramatic author goes on,—“Rude effigies and busts of Shakspeare, prints of his house,”—very modern ones,—“of the grammar-school where he was educated, of the gate of Charlecote, where he is said to have pinned up the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, of Ann Hathaway's cottage, where he so often made love in the chimney-nook,”—where love was made to him, folks said at the time,—“and of every spot known or supposed to be associated with his life, even to the mulberry tree he planted, and the crab tree, under which, a loose tradition says, he once slept after a night's carousal, are scattered about in shops and stalls. Wherever you move you are reminded of the fact that he belongs to Stratford, and Stratford to him. The town, from suburb to suburb, is literally Shakspearean ground.” Our author, however, adds symptomatic misgivings, that all is not absolutely true in “floating tradition.”

“To be sure, the inhabitants,” continues the author, “know scarcely anything about the *actual* incidents of his life; but they have caught up the floating traditions and hallowed them. The stir made by the committee has drawn crowds of people to the town. From the moment the committee was formed, visitors have increased in a rapid ratio, to the especial satisfaction of the ancient hostelrys. And, speaking of hostelrys, let me say a word for the White Lion, which stands in Henly Street, within a few doors of Shakspeare's house, and is certainly the most commodious house in the town. Independently of its other claims on the good will of visitors, it has some special attractions in relation to the divinity of the place. It is said to have been built from the materials of New-Place, the house in which Shakspeare died.”

The committee have given the same impulse to the “floating traditions” we read of, that James Watt gave to the steam-engine. Both may take credit for superadding the eccentric movement.

The Visit to Stratford is very pretty,—*ben trovato*, and that is all. I know Wellesbourne and Drayton, also the Stour, which does not approach within two miles of Stratford, but its banks are innocent of anything Shakspearean. I question, too, if any of the “rural population” of Wellesbourne, which is five miles from Stratford, ever heard his name mentioned until lately; and *now* certainly, Court's house, passed off on Lunnun flats for Muster Shakspeare's, is a topic of talk at the public-houses in the neighbourhood.

It happens unfortunately for the claims for veneration of the

materials of the White Lion, that it was built thirty years before New Place was pulled down.

In July last the Archæological Association visited Stratford,

“ Who save at the flaggon,
And prog in the waggon,
Did nothing the muse ever heard of to brag on.”

Belief or disbelief for fifty years of our lives may possibly be all the while prejudice, and the evidence of our senses but a delusion and a snare. Venison pasties, veal pies, cold turkey, and iced champagne, are as requisite now-a-days to supple the stiff necks of unbelievers in Archæological identities, as the breviary-shaped bottles of the Portuguese friars were for stimulating the conversion of the people of Melinda in Brazil.

“ Thus did Bacchus conquer India ;
Thus philosophy Melinda ;”

as Rabelais tells us.

So, after an early dinner, rising from the table of that genuine relic of old Sir Thomas at Charlecote, his descendant, Mr. G. P. Lucy, the archæologists placed Sir William Beetham, M.R.T.A., “ Member of the Right Thinking Association” (a capital name, as it puts all other societies and associations in the wrong,) at their head.

The newspapers described at length their aspirations of veneration at the sight of Hornsby’s relic shop, and their pious genuflections beneath the ancient little portal of Thomas Hart’s pork-shop—for Thomas confined his knife to pig-slaying: his slaughter was not indiscriminate. We are now told that Thomas Hart’s trembling venture of vending a chair at a time, and at intervals suitable to obliousness, has swelled into “ a rare and valuable collection of the relics (‘selection,’ I beg pardon, was the word, in deference to those in process of manufacture), of the immortal poet. Many of them were shown at the residence of Mrs. Reason, having been removed from the house in which Shakspeare was born. Among them was the book containing the signatures of George IV., William IV., Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, the King of the French, and some thousand celebrities. Besides these objects of veneration are the chairs which were presented to Shakspeare by the Earl of Southampton, a walking-stick, the lock of the room in which the poet drew his first breath, the iron box in which he kept his will, his smoking-chair, and the dressing-case that was presented to him by the Prince of Castile. The room in which these cherished relics of departed genius are kept was numerously attended by persons who viewed them with feelings of deep interest.

These are the same articles which were offered for sale in October last, when the house was sold, as genuine relics. The following articles were sold at the same time:—five carved walnut-tree chairs, for 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. N. B. Fletcher; an old chair, with cane back, 7*l.* 7*s.*, to Mr. Lilly; a carved cabinet, 10*l.* 10*s.*, to Mr. A. L. Butler; carved oak cabinet, 10*l.* 10*s.*, to Mr. Weedon; a small wooden bust of Shakspeare, carved from the veritable mulberry-tree, 18*l.* 18*s.*, to Mr. Wilkinson; and the book containing the autographs of visitors, for nearly 100*l.*, from the year 1794, when Hornsby started the speculation.

The Jonathan Olducks of the present day "measure decayed entrenchments, make plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and write essays on medals in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend." The resemblance of the above-named venerated box to the dressing-case given by the Prince of Castile (though furnished with unquestionable Castile soap,) is not much nearer than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale or an ouzel; but it is a subject for an Archæological paper. So why raise a doubt ill-naturedly?

We now come to the *imposition monstre*. The house that Jack (John) Hornsby built is the crowning fortune of the Stratford reliquary business. As long as this was confined to chairs, tables, jugs, and walking-sticks, and the pious fraud benefited poor people at the expense of rich credulity, there was no great harm done; but the extraordinary sensation created by the purchase of this shabby sausage-shop deserves a prominent place amongst popular delusions. In the words of the glorified poet himself, "Let us see how a plain word will set them down." Thomas Hart, the descendant of Joan Shakspeare, occupied this house in Henly Street, in which, it is now asserted, William Shakspeare was born; a house purchased by John Shakspeare about the year 1575, as the deeds show; consequently, eleven years after the birth of his gifted son. I am aware that a presumption exists that twenty years subsequently John Shakspeare removed into this house, from a few words in the indenture conveying a small piece of land, situated at the end of Henly Street, describing it as bounded on the east side "by the tenement of me John Shakspere," and as "part of the property of me the aforesaid John Shakspere." His son William was then residing in London, and thirty-two years of age.

There is every reason to believe that Thomas Hart lived in the house all his life. He died about the year 1793, when he was upwards of eighty years of age. His birth would be about the year 1710, forty years after the death of Lady Barnard, the poet's granddaughter. It is therefore quite certain that many persons would be living in Thomas Hart's early days who had known Lady Barnard, and this lady was in her ninth year when her illustrious grandfather died. Here we have connecting links from the days of Shakspeare to the present time, yet Thomas Hart never knew that Shakspeare was born in his house. He was proud of his connection with the great poet, and as I have stated was not slow to avail himself of any advantage attached to supposed relics. Sets of chairs had been made and sold.

Mr. Welch and others living assure me they knew Thomas Hart, who never once hinted at the probability of such a thing. His belief was that Shakspeare was born in another part of Henly-street, nearer the Cross, and the site where the house stood was often pointed out to persons now living, by the old gentleman, who, as we have seen, as a near relative and contemporary of the poet's grand-daughter, must have known the exact spot where it stood, beyond all doubt. He would indeed have been but too happy to identify his own house with the event.

John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, was the owner of a large copyhold house nearer the Cross where he lived, and where William

Shakspeare (in 1564) and his sister Joan, and several of his brothers were born. Eleven years after the birth of his son William, John Shakspeare purchased two more houses (freehold) in the same street, some hundred yards further off. One came into possession subsequently of his daughter Joan, married to William Hart, great-great-great-grand-father of the Thomas Hart of whom so much has been said, and who was well known to many now living. John Shakspeare was a wool-stapler, and as there is reason to believe that he carried on considerable business, must have required premises suitable to its nature and extent. It is altogether absurd to suppose that the house lately sold to the "National Shakspeare Fund" could ever have been adequate for a business of the sort, or was ever the abode of a wool-stapler in the humblest way. John Shakspeare was bailiff (chief magistrate) of Stratford; his name occurs a hundred and fifty times in the town records, and curiously enough is spelt fourteen different ways. Four times Shakspere, fourteen times Shakespeare, eighteen times Shaxpere, sixty-eight times Shaxpeare, once Shackspere, and so on. The situation for trade is worthless in the house now said to have been John Shakspeare's residence at his eldest son's birth, whilst that which he did inhabit at the time is known to have been one of the best in the town. The former, the smaller, with the adjoining one was purchased without doubt for investment, and bequeathed to his children, whilst he continued to occupy the larger house near the centre of the town.

Mr. Robert Welch, to whom I have before alluded, and no one is better able to pronounce a decisive opinion on the value to be set upon the pretended relics and pretended house of his renowned townsman, states, "Mr. Rowe's life of Shakspeare was published about 1707, and the materials of his life were collected by Betterton the actor, whose veneration for the poet induced him to go to Stratford for the purpose; but no mention is made of the house in which Shakspeare was born, though his enquiries after everything connected with the poet were diligent and unremitting. He was shown a number of articles said to have belonged to Shakspeare, but he rejected them all as unworthy of credence. When Garrick held the Jubilee at Stratford, sixty years later, there was no mention of the house in which Shakspeare was born, and the only relic he could find that bore the stamp of authenticity was the mulberry-tree, by whom planted, no one knows, but it was found in the garden that belonged to Shakspeare. At the same time there was an abundant supply of other relics exhibited to the great actor, but he wisely declined to purchase any. Had Thomas Hart's house at that time had the slightest traditional reputation, honourable mention would have been made in some at least of the numerous accounts published at the time of the details of that famous jubilee, when every object that had any connection with the idol of the day was brought to light.

"Mr. Skottowe, in his life of Shakspeare published in 1824 (a work of much research) is entirely silent on the subject. I well remember when this house was first said to have been the birth-place of Shakspeare, and the sense entertained of the fabrication of the falsehood, by his neighbours.

"After Thomas Hart's death in 1794, the house came into the possession of a man named Hornsby, in the spring of 1794, who had

married Hart's eldest daughter. This man was a butcher in a small way, and in needy circumstances, and was not long in possession before he put up a board in front of this house with the following inscription:

“ ‘ William Shakspeare was born in this house, 23rd April, Anno Domini 1564.’ ”

“ I have a perfect recollection when this board was first exhibited, and the remarks it called forth from many old people of the town. One and all condemned it as a trick to extort money from strangers visiting the town, and openly reproved Hornsby for setting up such an infamous falsehood.

“ I have frequently conversed on this subject with the admirers of Shakspeare, and from some have fallen expressions of regret at being deprived of a pleasing illusion.”

The Reverend George Wilkins, of Wix, near Ipswich, who was a schoolfellow of Mr. Welch at the Guild School at Stratford, where they were both born, says, in a letter to the *Brighton Herald*, December 14, 1844,—“ If people will talk about Shakspearian relics, I will observe, that there was an old carved oak desk in the Guild School, which was called Shakspeare's desk, and at which I myself, being the senior boy of the school, always sat; but, after all, what is there in a name? The desk had never been Shakspeare's, though it might have been in existence when he received his education there. As to the house palmed upon the public as that in which William Shakspeare was born, it has, I know, no pretensions of the sort. When I was at Stratford, it had one of the best conducted and best frequented inns in this kingdom, and many persons resorted to it for the mere purpose of making inquiries in the neighbourhood respecting Shakspeare; but little or no information could be obtained, and as for relics, search might have as successfully been made for some belonging to Homer. Among the guests who frequented that inn, was the father of a very intimate friend of mine, a man full of anecdote, facetious, and fond of company. That gentleman told me frequently, and his son never ceased to lament it to the day of his death, that he himself was a party to the deception concerning the house. The account he gave was this:—In consequence of the numerous inquiries made at the inn and elsewhere for the birth-place of the bard, and no information being to be obtained, because none was known, it was agreed by himself and others, his companions, to suggest to the occupant (Hornsby) of an Elizabethan house in the same street, and almost next door to the inn, the White Lion, and which was a building exactly suited for the purpose, to hang up the board above mentioned, and to exhibit the house in future to all inquirers as the identical one of which they were in search. The deception took instantly; customers flocked to the inn, and visitors to the house; no inquiries were made, for we know it is the easiest thing in the world to deceive people who themselves wish to be deceived; and thus, from that time to the present, has the deception continued, and, as it is a source of gain to the deceivers, and gratification to the deceived, probably will be continued as long as dupes are to be found to believe and pay for it. I knew Stratford-on-Avon well, and continued to visit it for many years after I left school, but I never knew a gentleman who could give any information as to the house in which his immortal townsman

was born. No! Shakspeare the immortal, the inimitable, is known only by his works: but of them the civilized world will boast, and his countrymen will be proud, so long as there shall be a head to perceive, or a heart to feel; for to take him for all in all, his like was never known, and in all probability, it will never be again. As to these paltry relics, they are scarcely deserving a moment's thought. I will observe, that for a great many years I myself, and my friend above alluded to, made every possible inquiry, and for a *particular* purpose, for any relic of Shakspeare, but not one that could be relied upon could be found, or no money should have been spared in the purchase of it."

The property, divided into two houses, was bequeathed by John Shakspeare to his eldest son, William, who bequeathed them to his eldest daughter, Susannah, but retained for his sister Joan a life-interest in the one she occupied. This last, again divided into two, which there is no proof that William Shakspeare ever occupied as a dwelling for himself, is the house now stated to be his birth-place! The other tenement was converted into a small public-house, to which use it is now appropriated. Mrs. Hall, Shakspeare's daughter, became sole possessor of the property on the death of her aunt, Mrs. Hart. From Mrs. Hall it passed to her daughter, Lady Barnard, wife of Sir John Barnard of Abingdon, Northamptonshire, who, dying without issue, bequeathed it to her cousins, Thomas and John Hart, grandnephews of the poet. In the possession of their descendants it remained until the beginning of the present century. Poverty fell upon them: the inn degenerated, and the other house was divided into two, the lower part of one being converted into a butcher's shop. The adjoining land was sold, and in 1806 the houses were bought by Mr. Thomas Court, whose widow proved herself an accomplished show-woman to the day of its sale. So little grist was brought to the mill in the early days of its assumed character, that Hornsby, who started the scheme, sold it, twelve years afterwards, to Mr. Court for 300l.

Since this period, the house has profited increasingly by the revolution of each year; indeed the further some people get from the truth the more fearlessly and obstinately do they encourage falsehood. For several successive years a thousand persons visited the spot; but of late it has been visited by as many as seven thousand persons in the course of one year, a vast proportion of whom were Americans.

Had the speculative Yankee carried off the frame-work of Court's house to be exhibited in the New World, the ground could have been cleared, the area bought for fifty pounds, and a monument erected by those who cling to traditions, with a truthful inscription, such as "On this spot stood a house belonging to William Shakspeare." Why not erect on the site of New Place, which he bought from the Clopton family, where he really lived and died, a monument, or obelisk, similar to the Scott memorial at Edinburgh, or the Burns monument at Dumfries? The proceeds of the ball on the 29th May would be well applied to this purpose.

MRS. ALFRED AUGUSTUS POTTS;
A TALE OF THE INFLUENZA.

BY MRS. FRANK ELLIOT.

"How do you find your patient to night, doctor?" said Mr. Potts, to a round rosy little man, who entered the room, rubbing his hands with infinite complacency.

"Low, sir—very low, sir," was the reply.

The doctor was right. Mrs. Potts, (or, to call her by her proper title, Mrs. Alfred Augustus Potts) was "low—very low." It was her tenth night of barley water, and influenza—we give due precedence to the former. "She was going fast," she said herself, "but was resigned—quite so, beautifully submissive."

So was Mr. Alfred Augustus Potts, so he had been from a very early period of his married life; it was his ordinary state of being, and on the present occasion, he saw no reason to depart from it.

He took out his pocket-handkerchief, however, and remarked, that "it was a most unfortunate business—this influenza."

"By Jove, it is, sir," said the little doctor, with the utmost glee, "disposes of a pretty many of us, in no time, young, old, and——"

"Middle-aged," suggested Mr. Potts.

It was a prudent clause, and had reference to the invalid lady above stairs.

"And is our dear friend really so very poorly?" sighed Miss Lavinia Simcox—a fair, faded, sentimental, elderly, young lady, presiding at the tea-table, who had been attentively engaged in perusing the doctor's countenance, from the moment he had entered the room.

"Poorly! I consider Mrs. Potts is in a precarious state—her symptoms serious, Miss Lavinia, excessively so, and in cases of this kind," continued the doctor, turning his jovial face on Mr. Potts. "I conceive it my duty to be candid—perfectly explicit—your good lady, sir—"

"God bless my soul!" cried Mr. Potts, starting up from his chair.

"My dear friend, my strong-minded, exemplary Mr. Potts, be composed, don't give way," entreated Miss Lavinia.

"What's to be done? what's to become of my infant family?—my poor orphans," exclaimed the prospective widower.

"That's an after consideration," said Doctor Dobbs, with (as Lavinia thought) a peculiarly expressive twinkle of the eyes. She cast down her's. "Our present business," he continued, "is to devote all our energies, sir, to bring the patient round."

And thereupon, the doctor drawing a chair to the table, devoted all his energies, to the discussion of the fragrant souchong, and nicely buttered muffins, which Miss Simcox was dispensing.

"Capital tea this," he exclaimed, "admirable flavour! where do you get it, Mr. Potts?"

"From Twinings, in three pound packages. *It is* good tea—but I assure you, doctor," continued Mr. Potts, "half the secret is in the making."

"Oh, Mr. Potts!" Lavinia exclaimed, "you are too good—too complimentary,"

"By no means," he replied, "I never knew what real good tea was, I may say, till—till—my poor dear Mrs. Potts unfortunately got the influenza, and Miss Simcox was so kind—so very kind, as to—to—"

"Supply her place," observed the doctor.

"Exactly so," answered the afflicted husband. "I protest I'm so overcome by my feelings," he added, "feelings quite natural and suitable to the occasion, as you will acknowledge, doctor, that I hardly know how to express myself."

"Take another cup of tea, Dr. Dobbs," said Miss Simcox. "Do you know," she continued with charming vivacity, "I quite pique myself upon my second cup."

"Ah," said the doctor, "in general that's a weak point with tea-makers."

"Now, doctor," simpered Lavinia, "you are a great deal too bad. I can't forgive you—I really can't. My dear Mr. Potts, I appeal to you—is not your second as good as your first?"

"Better—a thousand times better," was the prompt reply. "But I have not got it yet," and Mr. Potts stretched out his cup to be replenished.

"You hear what Mr. Potts says! Hey, Miss Lavinia!" cried the doctor, and he chuckled.

Miss Simcox was agitated—she blushed—she sighed. Mr. Potts might have heard her heart beat—he did hear the sugar tongs fall—he stooped to pick them up—he handed them to her—their eyes met—providentially Mr. Potts squinted.

"What can he mean?" she thought. "'Better a thousand times than his first;' it was a strong expression, and had perhaps, under the circumstances, a deep meaning."

While she thus pondered, Mr. Potts was sent for by the sick lady. Left *tête-à-tête* with the doctor, Miss Simcox turned to him.

"And you tell me there is no hope?" she said, with mournful impressiveness.

"Lord bless you, ma'am, I told you no such thing—no hope, indeed!"

"I—I—understood you to say as much," observed the crest-fallen Lavinia.

"No hope!" repeated the doctor—"no hope!—while there's life there's hope, and though I say it, that shouldn't say it, while there's Thomas Dobbs there's hope."

This last assertion was made with so much energy, that Miss Simcox immediately acknowledged her mistake. "*There was hope*—she was confident there was—every hope."

Yes—every hope but the right one. Poor Lavinia! she fell into a reverie, that lasted for the next five minutes, then starting suddenly from it, tried to brighten up her face, twitched her cap, twirled her ringlets, and looking up sweetly at Dr. Dobbs, said, "she was glad—very glad,"

"Glad of what, ma'am?" said the doctor.

Miss Simcox might have found some difficulty in explaining her feelings, to so literal an auditor, but she was spared the task, being hastily summoned, in her turn, to the bedside of Mrs. Potts.

She stole softly up the stairs, and entered the sick chamber on tip-toc.

"I hear a rustle—the rustle of her best striped silk," said a voice from behind the curtains—a voice "made faint with too much sweets," black currant jelly, pulmonic paste, and pectoral wafers.

"Is it my friend?" it said.

Lavinia declared that it was, and approaching the bedside expressed her overwhelming sorrow, at finding her dear Mrs. Potts so poorly.

"My Simcox!" said the sufferer, plaintively.

It was one of her charming little peculiarities, to designate her friends and acquaintances by their surnames. Her husband was simply "Potts"—*with me*, Lavinia was wont to think, he would have been Alfred Augustus, and what a pity 't is, the name should be thus thrown away.

"My sweet, my sympathizing Simcox!" pursued Mrs. Potts—"Draw near to me—do you know why I have sent for you?"

"No, my dear friend," said Lavinia;" but never mind it now—don't worry yourself, I entreat. I—I—assure you everything goes on down stairs, just as if you were about again, as I trust in heaven, you will be soon,—next week perhaps."

"I shall never be about again," said Mrs. Potts, solemnly—"but I'm resigned, quite so,—we have made up our minds to it, Potts and I."

Mr. Potts made no observation as to his mind—he muttered something from the other side of the bed, respecting his heart, which, according to his statement, was torn to pieces, pierced, cut through and through.

Lavinia said nothing, but she wept sufficiently.

"And you can't tell what I want to confide to you—you don't know why I sent for you?"

"No," sobbed Miss Simcox.

"You don't know the anxiety that is upon me—the weight."

Mr. Potts adjusted the quilt—a heavy Marseilles.

"It isn't *that*, Potts—Oh no! It's a very different kind of weight—you little know what it is to lie here hour after hour and think and fret."

"My dear dear Mrs. Potts," entreated Lavinia, "don't agitate—don't excite yourself,—I protest to you solemnly, everything is going on below like clock-work, and I shall see to those preserves myself, I promise you, on Monday—I shall make a point of doing so."

"A lb. and half of pale Seville oranges to one lb. and half of sugar, double refined," murmured Mrs. Potts, "Boil together gently for twenty minutes; if not sufficiently clear, simmer for five or six minutes longer, stirring gently all the time—page 132, leaf doubled down—and the book is on the second shelf, right-hand corner of the little closet next to the 'Holy Living and Dying,' and you will be sure to follow the receipt exactly, Simcox.—But after all," pursued Mrs. Potts, "what's in a receipt? there is an art in marmalade, and to be sure there never was any like mine."

"Never, never," said the disconsolate husband.

"Oh, Potts!" the wife replied, "how you did enjoy it! and the children—I think I see them now, poor dears, with their pinafores on, and their sweet sticky little lips and fingers."

The picture was so vivid, that when Mrs. Potts paused to cough,

Miss Simcox cast a frightened glance upon the best striped silk, and drew its folds more closely around her in alarm.

"Little angels!" said Mrs. Potts, still apostrophizing her young family, "And that cherub Tommy!"

"Don't—don't be uncomfortable about him," said Miss Simcox, "How well he got over the influenza—and his new tunic is come home—he looks so sweetly in it, little darling!"

"He'll look sweetly in his mourning," replied Mrs. Potts, with infinite pathos. "Six of them, like steps of stairs, and all in black for their poor dear mamma!"

"Oh! it's too much!" cried Potts.

Perhaps he meant *too many*; he spoke vaguely, but the feelings of a man who stands, as he did, on the brink of widower-hood, are too sacred for investigation—a deep mystery they are, even to himself.

"And you'll take them all to church the first Sunday, if their mourning can be got ready?" said Mrs. Potts.

"All?" enquired Potts, whose grief now assumed the semblance of terror.

"All," replied Mrs. Potts, with sublime composure, "All excepting baby; and fifteen months is too young—he might take cold; but, Simcox," she added, turning towards her friend, "His feather must be dyed, and I depend on you about his sash."

"Black, or French grey?" enquired Lavinia, in a muffled tone.

"I—I shall go distracted," exclaimed Potts, "Upon my word I shall."

As a preliminary, he drew his fingers through his hair, and rushed to the door.

"Come back, Potts," cried his wife.

His hand was on the lock, but obedient to the conjugal command, he turned.

"Come, and stand beside my dying bed."

He did as he was bid, but at the same time took occasion to inform Mrs. Potts he "wasn't flint or marble, or the nether millstone, and that this sort of thing tried him."

"You must endeavour, my dear Mr. Potts," said Miss Simcox, who was industriously employed in drying her eyes. "You must endeavour to overcome these emotions, laudable as they are."

"They are an honour to your head and heart, but they *must* be overcome," said Mrs. Potts, somewhat peremptorily.

"I am not a stoic philosopher, nor a Brutus, no, nor a brute, Mrs. P.," he replied, "and I must be allowed to feel, I really must."

Lavinia, with uplifted hands and eyes, protested she had "never seen such a husband—no, never—such devoted love!"

Mrs. Potts raised her head from the pillow, nodded approbation to this sentiment, and then sank back exhausted.

There was silence in the sick chamber—Mr. Potts was dying to be out of it, and to go distracted in the parlour, where he had left the doctor, and the tea. Miss Simcox began to feel her situation embarrassing. Mr. Potts might now be considered a single man—a widower, with black crape upon his hat—her poor dear friend was evidently all but gone. Mrs. Potts, herself, broke not the stillness; she uttered no murmur, no complaint; she did not even cough,

but she covered up her face with the bed-clothes, and lay in meditation—she was collecting strength for a great effort.

At last she spoke—

“Simcox,” she said.

“My sweet sufferer!” Lavinia responded.

“When I’m gone—when I’m laid in my cold cold grave,” (here Potts was observed to shiver convulsively,) “will you be a mother to my orphan six?”

“I’ll try,” said Lavinia; and Lavinia said the truth.

“Compose yourself, Simcox—It’s all very natural, and creditable to your affectionate disposition, to cry and give way so, but you must hear me—come nearer both of you.”

Lavinia came close—very close indeed. Potts was more slow of approach.

“Remember it is my last wish, that you should be poor Potts’s consolation—his second choice.”

“Mrs. P.!” exclaimed that gentleman, who appeared to consider himself aggrieved.

“Potts,” said the lady, emphatically, “it *must* be.”

“It’s—It’s premature,” stammered out the unhappy Mr. Potts.

“Don’t—don’t talk so—dear Mrs. Potts,” said the agitated Lavinia.

“It looks as if I hadn’t been a good husband—it looks as if I wasn’t sorry. Upon my word, Mrs. P—, any stranger would think that we did not regret you.”

“Oh, dear Mr. Potts,” screamed Lavinia, “how can you give utterance to such horrid thoughts!”

“I am sure you do regret me, Simcox,” said Mrs. Potts. “I see how you feel—I see it perfectly well.” Lavinia winced—“but there are plenty of artful Misses,” continued the sick lady, with remarkable energy—“whom I know to be on the look out, and I’m determined to disappoint them all—those Fusbys here three times a day to enquire!”

“Only twice,” mildly observed Mr. Potts.

“Twice—three times—don’t I lie here and count the double knocks?” said the lady with much asperity—“but I see how it is, Potts.—I see through it all—Oh, that Fanny Fusby!”

Mr. Potts protested his innocence with regard to Fanny, or any other Fusby.

Lavinia was alarmed—she recalled the Fusby eyes, as black as sloes—the Fusby skins, as white as cream—the Fusby cheeks, as red as roses—the Fusby faces, made after the pattern of a princess in a fairy tale—no wonder that she trembled and turned pale.

“Promise me on your word of honour, Potts,” said his wife, “that you’ll never marry Fanny Fusby.” He gave the promise.

“Give me your hand.” He gave that too.

“Simcox, where is yours?” said Mrs. Potts, and she sat up in the bed bolt upright.

Lavinia produced her hand, with a good deal of alacrity—it was shrouded in a worsted mitten.

“Take off that glove,” said Mrs. Potts. “It’s more impressive without it.” Lavinia obeyed.

“There,” said Mrs. Potts, as she seized her friend’s hand, and placed it in that of Mr. Potts—“there it’s done now—they’re joined—let them not be put asunder.”

"The very words of the Prayer book," murmured Lavinia.

"Premature," muttered Mr. Potts again, and his fingers struggled faintly for release—Lavinia held them tight.

"By no means, Potts," said his wife—"I don't wish it to take place for a year—one twelvemonth you shall wear your crape. I ask no more—but promise me again, that Fanny Fusby never darkens these doors."

"I wish to heaven," cried Potts, now evidently on the very eve of distraction. "I wish to heaven, I had never seen Fanny Fusby. She has brought all this upon me."

"Bless my stars!" Doctor Dobbs exclaimed, as he bustled into the room—"there's Mrs. Potts sitting up in bed!—talking, I do believe!—lucky, I 'm sure, that I looked in before I left the house—lie down, lie down, my good lady—I can't answer for the consequences of such doings."

"Oh, doctor!" said Lavinia, "we have been begging and praying her not to exert herself."

"It's cruel, downright cruel," protested Potts. "She does not consider me, Dobbs—not in the least—one would think I was a block to hear her talk."

Mrs. Potts informed the doctor, that she had merely been communicating her last wishes to her dear husband, and her dearest friend, and then went on to chant her *nunc dimittis*, in a voice more sick and low than ever—(she was always more piano in the medical presence than at any other time).—"Now she could depart in peace—now all was settled—now Fanny Fusby could not dance upon her grave, nor snub poor little Tommy—Simcox would watch over him, and be poor Potts's comforter."

The doctor listened in mute amazement—Mr. Potts was evidently growing more and more bewildered, between conflicting duties;—the present and the future Mrs. P. were both before him; he knew not where to turn or look, and stood gazing into vacancy, with his hands now freed from Lavinia's grasp, and firmly planted in his pockets—Miss Simcox, herself, was nearly overcome by the novelty and complexity of her emotions. Sensitive and shrinking by nature, her modesty on the present occasion was excessive, and manifested itself by a determination of blushes to the nose—it was a moment fraught with intense feeling—with high interests—one of those moments of such rare occurrence in this work-a-day world—that come upon us like fountains in the desert—like dew-drops to the thirsting flowers; there was something of sublime, in fact, in the pause which followed Mrs. Potts's address, but it was broken by the doctor's whistling.

"Tol e rol lol, my good lady," he said, "we must put a stop to this work—time enough for my friend Mr. Potts here to advertise for a wife twenty years to come, and I'd lay my life Miss Lavinia would rather not wait so long."

"Then you don't quite give me up, doctor?" said the patient.

"To be sure I don't—who said I did, I'd like to know?" enquired the doctor.

"I didn't, I'm sure," said Lavinia, and (to use one of her own favourite figures of speech,) she "trembled all over."

"I never dreamed of such a thing," Potts said, in as still and small a voice, as if his conscience had found a tongue to tell the fib.

"Don't talk, don't excite yourself, my good lady," said the doctor, "it's high time that you should take your draught, and settle for the night."

The enraptured Potts caught at the suggestion, and immediately convinced that any further conversation (not strictly medical) might interfere with Mrs. P.'s prospects of repose, proposed leaving her with Doctor Dobbs. Miss Simcox was of the same opinion, and, taking an affectionate, perhaps even pathetic farewell of the sick lady, they left the apartment.

Together they quitted it, together they groped their way down the dimly lighted stair case, Lavinia starting at every noise, (for she was nervous,) and pressing nearer to the side of him, whom she now looked on as her natural protector—together they sat by the cheerful parlour fire—their feet upon the fender in sweet proximity—their hands—but Potts still kept his in his pockets, so Lavinia was fain to cross hers on her bosom—together, as the evening advanced, they discussed their little supper, and the Fusby family—the clumsiness of their ancles—(here Miss Simcox was unimpeachable, and glanced with pardonable triumph towards the fender)—the flauntingness of their attire—their numerous small imperfections, and the unaccountable delusion under which poor dear Mrs. Potts laboured; with respect to Miss Fanny—the second eldest Fusby—"the most unlikely young woman in the world," (as Miss Lavinia more than once observed,) "to attract the attention of the most refined, and most truly elegant minded, of his sex."

In converse such as this, the evening sped swiftly away,—the doctor popped in his head for a moment, to bid them keep up their spirits, and to promise to look in early in the morning.

Doctor Dobbs had spoken truly; the influenza *was* "a treacherous complaint." The next morning, Mrs. Potts, (who could have believed it?) was a great deal better; "She had taken a turn," her own maid said, the fact was, she had taken a beef-steak.

"I do believe they are keeping me too low, Jones," she had said to the maid in question, when Doctor Dobbs had taken his leave the preceding night.

"Yes, ma'am, and they has their reasons," said the maid; a woman of sense and few words.

"I smell something," said the invalid; "something savory."

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is it, Jones?"

"Master and Miss Simcox is having toasted cheese for supper, ma'am." Jones spoke with considerable emphasis.

"Umph," muttered Mrs. Potts; "I thought she told me everything went on like clock-work—pretty clock-work! toasted cheese!"

"They has a tray every night, quite comfortable," observed the maid, with admirable innocence.

To confess the truth, Miss Simcox was not a popular member in the lower house,—as to Jones, she entertained a strong objection, as any reasonable servant might to two Missuses, and "didn't see, for her part, what business they had of interlopers."

Presently, the odour emanating from the parlour and the toasted cheese became so potent, that Mrs. Potts declared "she could not sleep for it,"—presently, she thought "it gave her quite an appetite,"—presently, she fancied "she could pick a bit," and finally, she enquired with much interest, "what they had in the larder?"

"A cold shoulder of mutton," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Potts—"I don't believe but that *she*" (*she* was the friend of her bosom, the "sweet sympathizing Simcox"), "has got some nice little tit bit put by for her breakfast—go and see, Jones."

Jones departed on her mission—a successful one it proved; for after a brief absence, she returned in triumph, bearing a savory little bit of steak between two plates.

Mrs. Potts's conjecture had been but too well founded, and by a species of retributive and poetical justice, which in a tragedy would have been sublime, (especially if it had had a chorus), the very beefsteak which Lavinia, with tender foresight, had provided for her own matin meal, and that of Potts, became the means of raising the departing lady from the bed of sickness.

Mrs Potts ate, and was comforted.

* * * * *
 On Monday, Mrs. Potts appeared betimes, alert and vigorous as ever—she made her breakfast,—she did more—she made her marmalade. "She saw to those preserves herself."

Where was she who had undertaken this graceful task—who had promised to give her tender watchful care to the simmering, the stirring, and the gently boiling. Where was the fair Lavinia? *Gone*—gone in a one-horse fly, with a carpet-bag, a small port-manteau, a band-box, and a reticule, to "Rosebud Bower," (for so was the sweet abode of the Fusby girls denominated,)—gone to pour out her sorrows in their sympathizing bosoms, to mourn with them over the common shipwreck of their hopes, and derive a joint and unspeakable consolation from a free canvass of all "poor dear Mrs. Potts's little peculiarities."

The Fusbys were young, their spirits were elastic,—they were bounding buxom girls, with a deal of "gushing life" about them—existence was new to them—new prospects were opening before them—a new regiment was quartered in the neighbouring town—a new curate was expected—what cared they after all for Mr. Potts?

Not so Lavinia—she hung her head, and drooped like a lily. Her dreams were still of *him*—the memory of that little parlour—the cheerful fire—the friendly fender—the two arm-chairs drawn close together, all haunted her. Almost unconsciously to herself, the hapless Lavinia, nourished in the secret foldings of her heart, hopes, vague and ill-defined, yet strong.

"There have been such things as relapses, and what did Doctor Dobbs say about the deceitful nature of Mrs. Potts's malady?" These were questions which Lavinia put to herself, as she sat alone by the fire one frosty morning in the Fusby drawing-room, and sorted her Berlin wools.

A knock came to the hall door, she started like a guilty thing, "who would venture forth on such a morning? so cold, so cutting."

She listened—she heard a voice familiar to her ears, loud, clear, and distinct were its tones—these its words.

"Give these cards and Mrs. Potts's compliments to the Misses Fusby—Miss Fanny in particular, and to Miss Simcox. Say I (Mrs. Potts,) called *in person*, mind, to return thanks for their polite enquiries and obliging attentions during the INFLUENZA."

VISITS, DINNERS, AND EVENINGS AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY, AND AT NEUILLY.*

SOVEREIGNS and princes are not the only persons who have their courtiers and flatterers; the circumstance of being received at the palace, and going thither frequently, is alone sufficient to bring about you a troop of sycophants. Since the Revolution of July, more especially, it has been my fortune to come in contact with many very extraordinary people. My position about the royal family naturally led me a great deal into society, and obliged me to receive all sorts of persons, some of whom were useful in one point of view, but despicable in many other respects.

The meetings of the Phrenological Society were held in my drawing-room twice a month, and I often presided at them myself. All our principal medical men were present on these occasions, Monsieur Broussais and his son, Bouilland, Andral, Fossatti, Gaubert, Lacorbrière, Demontier, Harel, Debout, Voisin, Salandière, and others, and any foreigners who, during their stay in Paris, were desirous of informing themselves of the system of Gall and Spurzheim. Sometimes these meetings were particularly interesting. One evening two heads, covered with flesh, were brought me in a basket. At first I thought they were modelled in wax, for they were placed with much caution upon the table, which served as a desk for the president and his secretaries. The eyes were open, and the features in a state of perfect repose. I drew near to the table, and recognized the faces of Lacenaire and Avril, two murderers whom I had visited in their cells. The boy who brought the two heads to the Phrenological Society, said to me, "You consider them very good likenesses, don't you, Monsieur Appert?" Upon my answering in the affirmative, he smiled, and observed, "that that was not very astonishing, for they had only quitted their shoulders four hours ago." In short, they were actually the heads of those two criminals.

A curious circumstance happened to me in connexion with Lacenaire, which is worth relating. A short time before he committed the horrible murder for which he was sentenced to the scaffold, he paid me a visit, on pretence of having an important secret to confide to me. I knew him immediately, for I had seen him in prison, but I had nothing to fear from him as regarded myself, so I desired that he might be shewn into my study, in order that we might not be overheard by my secretaries. As soon as he entered the room, he closed the inside blinds, and, placing his back against the door, he said,—“Do you know, my worthy Monsieur Appert, that you are very incantations to place yourself so completely in my power, and in an apartment too, where all your money is kept. I was aware of this when you brought me here. Your cries for assistance would not be easily heard, we are so far removed from any of your household. I have arms secreted about my person, and am already guilty of several crimes: what should prevent me from killing you? But you have nothing to fear,” added he immediately afterwards. “What man would be such a monster as to harm you, you who are

* From the French of M. B. Appert.

the friend and comforter of prisoners? No," said he with energy, "rather would I die this instant than cause you a moment's pain." I answered him with a smile, "Am I not perfectly acquainted with you all, with all your characters? You have very fearful, dark thoughts at times, undoubtedly; but still there is no reason which should prevent me from trusting myself alone with you; in fact, if any danger menaced me, it would be in a prison or bagnio that I should seek refuge."

Lacenaire was much affected at this reply; for a few minutes his feelings quite overcame him; tears rolled down his cheeks, and he addressed me in the following remarkable manner,—“Ah, Monsieur Appert, if I could remain with you, under your immediate authority, I swear to you that I would renounce the evil course of life I have hitherto led. You cannot conceive what a guilty wretch I am. I have committed murder several times, but only when my brain has been in a state of frenzy. At these moments I lose all sense of what I am doing. Often I think how different I might be; I forget the horror of my past life, and, in your presence, on beholding your perfect confidence in me, murderer as I am, and you too quite in my power, I feel an unaccountable emotion. It is you who make me tremble; you are completely my master; speak only, and I throw myself at your feet.”

This scene had powerfully affected me. I raised Lacenaire, and took him by the hand, and, in order to prove to him how entirely I trusted in his right intentions, I opened my cash-box, which was filled with gold and bank notes, and, going towards the door, said to him, “I have some directions to give, Lacenaire; wait here a few minutes, and take care of my money.” He appeared stupified at these words. I went into my secretaries' apartment, signed some letters, and then returned to Lacenaire, and closed the door. “This is the first time that a cash-box has been so well guarded by you; eh, Lacenaire?” This strong man, this great criminal, was completely subdued, controlled as a wild beast by its keeper. He seemed to be in want, so I offered him a loan of thirty francs. It was only after I had written him an order to receive this money, that he would accept it. We both of us forgot the secret which he was to confide to me. Only a short time after, this unfortunate man was condemned to death, with his accomplice, Avril; François was sentenced to hard labour for life. A man visited me one day, who could not be induced to give his name. It was impossible, however, to be deceived as to his being an inhabitant of a bagnio. The character of his physiognomy and his manner proved it. He said to me in a low tone,—for he came to me during one of my morning audiences,—“Monsieur Appert, my friend, Lacenaire, who is shortly to be executed, wished me to see you. He did not ask you to go to him, for he thought it might give you pain, but he has desired me to thank you, and to return the thirty francs which he owes you.” The stranger slipped the money into my hand, and disappeared, without giving me time to utter a word.

After these two anecdotes, you will easily imagine it was with considerable emotion that I gazed upon poor Lacenaire's head, for he had made a great impression upon me. To complete the account of this strange affair, the executioner sent me the great-coat which this wretched man wore at the time of his execution. During each

day I received persons of almost every degree in the social scale, and perhaps a few anecdotes of these interviews, dinners, and assemblies, may not be uninteresting to the reader, especially as I shall relate only the simple facts.

One morning a little man came to see me, in a blue blouse, with a sort of helmet on his head. He had red pantaloons, great clumsy shoes, and a white cotton cravat. His complexion was very tawny, his eyes were black and piercing, and his hair resembled a Spaniard's; he looked exactly like a waggoner. "Why, Monsieur Appert, don't you remember your little Bonaparte of the Rochefort bagnio? I promised to come and see you, and here I am at last. You recollect that I was sentenced to be imprisoned for life. I have managed to escape, but let me tell you, there is no slight risk of being seized in travelling from Rochefort to Paris." I soon recognised him, for I had talked to him a great deal when I visited the prison of that town. He was considered a desperate character, and the name of Bonaparte, given to him by his companions, shews at any rate that he was enterprising and courageous in carrying out his plans. I asked him if he had firmly resolved to lead a better course of life. He gave me the word of a galley slave, and I have never been deceived in trusting them, though I have sometimes been disappointed when I wished to reform them, by their refusal to make me any promise. People who have a more honest reputation are not always so scrupulous in keeping their word. "I shall want twenty or five and twenty francs," added he; "another pair of pantaloons, for these will surely betray me, and a hat in place of this prisoner's cap. A shrewd gendarme would discover it immediately, even at some distance." I made one condition with him, that if I granted him all these things, he must leave off stealing, and try to gain an honest living in another country. When he had agreed to all I required, I desired my valet to give him a pair of trousers, a hat, and some of my old waistcoats, and as soon as he had received thirty francs, he took his departure. A short time afterwards he wrote to me from Strasburg, telling me of his safe arrival there, after several adventures with the gendarmes. He declared that his promise should be religiously kept, and that he had fixed upon the Duchy of Baden for his new country.

This visit brings to my mind a curious circumstance about another prisoner, who made his escape from a bagnio at Brest. He did not dare to enter Paris, so he very quietly proceeded to my country house in Lorraine, and when he found that I was absent, he begged my steward to give him a room next to mine, "for I am engaged by Monsieur Appert as his head-cook," said he, "and he has sent me forward in order that I may make preparations with you to receive him. You see, my good fellow, our master possesses a great deal of forethought." I arrived at night, and perceiving a stranger advance to offer me assistance in alighting from the carriage, I was about to ask who he was, when he whispered in my ear, "I am your head-cook; I will explain everything to you by and by." This rogue took nothing from me during his unceremonious stay in my house. The next day I gave him ten francs, in order that he might return to Vosges, where he was born.

Among the people who frequently dined with me on Saturdays in Paris or at Neuilly, were the Archbishop of Malines, the Viscount

de Lascazes, Count Lanjuinais, Generals Schrams, Feistharmel, Guillaibert, Gemeau, de Wielbans, Deputies Etienne, Marchal, Carnot, Gosse de Gorre, Gaugnier; Messieurs Arnault, De Jouy, Admiral Laplace, Eugene de Pradèle, De Crusy, Dutrone, De Gèrente, Oudard Lamy, Guillaume, of the house of Orleans, Professors Valette, Casimir Broussais, Messieurs Fourrier, Considerant, Doctors Hutin, Chapelain, Maldigny, Destouche, Lord Durham, Dr. Bowring, peer and member of the English parliament; Alexander Dumas, Balzac; the painters Allaux, Roqueplan, Schnetz, Picot, Flandin, Lépaule, Borget, Dumoulin; Garnier, the engraver, the friend of my boyhood; Huet. Camille Jubé, Gourjales Gentilhomme; young authors, Captains Peney, De Cartousière, Mons. Jullien of Paris, my excellent friend and notary, M. Ancelle; M. Labie, the mayor of Paris; the much esteemed and regretted Monsieur Amet.

These *réunions* of remarkable people were extremely interesting. Sometimes I invited Vidocq and Samson, the chief executioner of Paris, the son of the man who executed the king and Marie Antoinette and other illustrious victims in 1793. All my friends begged to join my party when these two last persons were to be my guests. As I never received more than twelve at dinner, it will be readily imagined, after the long list of people I have mentioned as being in the habit of dining with me, that I was obliged to give a succession of entertainments, in order to pay attention to everybody, like the ministers, when they wish to bring over the House of Peers to their side of the question. The Archbishop of Malines, and Monsieur Arnault, were the only two of my friends who refused to meet Samson, and I honestly confess that I shared in their prejudice. The following is a description of one of my dinners, it was the first to which Samson, the executioner, was invited, and took place on Good Friday. The manner in which I secured him for my party was rather singular. Vidocq, whom I had known some time before, was dining with me, and we were unanimously expressing our desire to get up another merry meeting as soon as possible. We determined that Samson should be of the party, at least if he would accept the invitation, and we were not quite certain that we could induce him to join us, for, from the nature of his character and employment, he visited very few people. "It shall be my business to invite him," said Vidocq; "leave it to me, I'll take care that he comes." About the middle of the following day, a tall, gaunt man, dressed in black, and wearing the old fashioned frill, and a huge gold watch and chain, inquired if he could see me, but refused to give his name. When my secretary mentioned that somebody wished to speak to me, he added, that he thought my visitor was a person of condition, he appeared very much like the mayor of some district, who was going to preside at a marriage at the mayoralty, or who was about to place himself at the head of a municipal deputation to the king. I desired that he might be introduced, and after I had offered him a chair, I asked whom I had the honour of receiving. "Monsieur Appert," said he, "I have long entertained great respect for you, but if I had not been assured of your kind invitation for next Friday, I should never have taken the liberty of calling upon you, for I am the chief executioner." I could not help feeling a slight repugnance when I gazed upon this man. Since I first visited the prisons he had

executed the chief part of the unfortunate criminals whom I had attended in their last moments. "I have invited you for next Friday, Mr. Samson, and I hope I may depend upon the pleasure of seeing you." "As your invitation was brought me by Vidocq, with whose tricks I am well acquainted, I thought I would come and ascertain the truth of it from you. I live generally so quietly, and am only in the habit of mixing with my colleagues, the chief number of whom are my relations, that I did not exactly know how to trust Vidocq's story, but I shall be most happy to accept your invitation, Monsieur Appert, for, as I said before, I have been long anxious to make your acquaintance." This piece of politeness on the part of an executioner, appeared to me rather original. I permitted him to take his leave, for I knew I should have plenty of time to talk to him on Friday.

When Friday arrived, all my guests were punctual to a minute. My party consisted of Lord Durham, Messrs. Bowring, De Jouy, Admiral Laplace, Etienne, Gaugnier, Muel, Doublat, Hector Davelouis, Vidocq, and Samson. I placed the last on my right hand, and Vidocq on my left; my other friends disposed themselves as they pleased. Samson looked very grave, and did not seem quite at his ease with all these great people, as he called them, for he whispered his opinion in my ear. Vidocq, on the contrary, was full of life and wit, making all sorts of epigrams, and joining with spirit in the conversation. He said jestingly to the executioner, "You are not aware, perhaps, Mr. Samson, that I often gave you employment when I was commander of the safety brigade." "I know that too well, Mr. Vidocq," replied the executioner; and then putting his head down to my ear, he observed, "I would not have met that fellow any where but at your house: he is a good-for-nothing rogue." Vidocq whispered to me almost at the same time, "That Samson is a good fellow, but it seems very odd to me to dine at the same table with him." My guests soon entered into conversation with the executioner.

M. de Jouy.—"Yours is a very terrible office, Mons. Samson, yet, in shedding blood, you only carry out the extreme penalty of the law."

Samson.—"You are right, sir; I am only the instrument, it is the law which condemns."

Lord Durham.—"How many persons have you already beheaded, Mr. Samson?"

Samson.—"About three hundred and sixty, my lord."

Dr. Bowring.—"Do not your feelings frequently overcome you when you are on the point of securing the poor creatures to the block?"

Samson.—"That is the business of my assistants, as well as to cut the hair and place the baskets ready to receive the body and head; I have only to see that everything goes forward as quickly as possible, and to slip the cord which suspends the axe."

M. de Jouy.—"Do you think that they suffer at all after the stroke?"

Samson.—"Undoubtedly; the face is distorted with convulsions, the eyes roll, and the head appears violently agitated. I was near my father when he was compelled to execute poor Louis the Sixteenth, to whom our family was much attached. He was obliged, according to the directions he had received, to take up the head by

its hair, and show it to the people; but when he beheld the calm and benevolent expression which the features still retained, he was completely overwhelmed by his feelings. Fortunately I was close at hand, and being rather tall and large, I succeeded in sheltering him from the gaze of the multitude; for if his emotion had been perceived, we should have been certainly guillotined in our turn. Soon after these sad events, I became captain in the artillery; but my father said to me very sensibly one day, 'Samson, my office will fall to your lot; it has brought us more than twelve thousand pounds—an enormous sum at that time. You will do well to take it, my boy, for there will always be certain prejudices which will prove obstacles to your rising beyond a certain point; and they may even prevent you from remaining captain. Our ancestors have exercised the office of executioner for more than a century: you will be able to live quietly and comfortably, and, at all events, nobody will have any right to interfere with your affairs.'

Vidocq.—“Your father ought to have added, ‘Except those people whose throats you cut.’”

Samson.—“No jesting, Mr. Vidocq; I am relating facts.”

Vidocq.—“Yes, alas!”

These words wounded the executioner to the quick. “That man is very coarse,” whispered he: “you may see that he is not accustomed to good society; he has not my department.”

M. de Jouy.—“Before the invention of the guillotine, M. Samson, your ancestors made use of a sword which struck off the head at a single blow, did they not?”

Samson.—“I have the terrible weapon still in my possession, M. de Jouy; it is a Damascus blade, and was worth twelve hundred pounds at the time it was bought at Constantinople. My father marked the side with which he cut off the Marquis de Lally's head with a piece of thread, as well as that which beheaded the Chevalier de la Barre. When I was much younger than I am now, and rather more fond of adventure, I remember going out one night with this long weapon concealed under my great-coat. Some men attacked me for the purpose of emptying my pockets, and indeed I might have been murdered. They were at least eight in number, and I knew it would be impossible for me to struggle with so many rogues; so I had recourse to a little daring. I darted upon them with my huge sword, shouting out in a croaking voice, ‘Don't you know that I am the executioner of Paris?’ They all took to their heels at these terrible words, as if I had been a thunderbolt to grind them to powder.”

Lord Durham.—“I should like very much to see the guillotine in operation, Mr. Samson.”

Samson.—“You have only to fix a day with M. Appert, my lord, and I will have it put together by my assistants in the coach-house, where it is kept; for it is always taken to pieces after every execution. The coach-builder, in whose house it is at present, lives not far from my house, in the Rue des Marais du Temple.”

The conversation, which had been more particularly addressed to Samson, now became general, and for the rest of the evening Vidocq shared our attention, and, as is his wont, he was very agreeable and amusing.

THE YANKEE AMONGST THE MERMAIDS.

A YARN, BY A CAPE CODDER.

Do I b'leve in the sea-sarpint? You might as well ax me if I b'leved in the compass, or thought the log could lic. I've never seed the critter myself, cos I hain't cruised in them waters as he locates himself in, not since I started on my first voyage in the Confidence whaler, Capting Coffing; but I recking I've got a brother as hails from Nahant, that sees him handsome every year, and knows the latitude and longitude of the beast just as well as I knows the length o' the futtock shrouds o' the foretops.

Brother Zac's pretty 'cute, and kalkilates from actil observation how much the sarpint grows every year; and then he gets sifferin', and figgerin', and reckonin', till he makes out how tarnal long it took the sarpint to extensify himself to that almighty size—offerin' to prove that the critter was one o' them ar' creeping things what Commodore Noah took into his boat at that ar' big rain as the Bible tells on; and perhaps, as Zac says, he is the real, original, eternal sarpint, as got the weather-gage of Mrs. Eve, and gammoned her to lay piratical hands on her husband's stock of apples jest as he was gettin' his cider fixins ready in the fall. And, by gauly, old fellers, there aint nothin' agin natur' in that yarn, nyther—for brother Zac says, he can prove that that ar' sarpint must have partaking o' the tree o' life as growed in the garding of Eding, afore them first squatters what had located themselves thar' was druv' off by the angel Gabriel for makin' free with the governor's trees. Well, there was a nigger as I knowed once down south, 'mongst them cotting plantashings—and this here darkey used to get his rum aboard rather stiff—so, one night, havin' stowed away a soakin' cargo, he found the navigation pretty considerable severe, and after tackin' larbord and starbord, makin' short legs to winderd, and long uns to lewerd, he missed stays, and brought up in a ditch. While the darkey was lettin' off the steam and snorin' himself sober, a mud turtle, about the size of our captin's epilitts, crawls right slick into his open mouth, and wriggles stret down into his innerds. Waell, the nigger felt the effects o' too much turtle to his dying day—and that's the case, I guess, with the sarpint—for havin' fed in his infancy on the fruit o' the tree o' life, he was obligated to keep on livin' ever arter, and can't die no how he can fix it. And so he keeps on a gettin' longer every week, like a purser's account, and nobody can't guess what for, nyther.

Did *you* ever see a mermaid? Waell, then, I reckon you'd best shut up, cos *I* have—and many on 'em; and marmen too, and marmisses and marmasters, of all sizes from babbies not bigger nor mac-krels to regular six-footers, with starns like a full grow'd porpus. I've been at a mermaids' tea-party, and after larnin' the poor ignorant scaly critters how to splice the main brace, I left the hull bilin' on 'em blazin' drunk.

You see when our craft was cruisin' up the Arches, we cast anchor one mornin' in pretty deep water just abrest of a small green island as wasn't down in the chart, and hadn't got no name, nyther. But

our captin' knowed what he was arter, about as right as ninepence, cos a small skewner came along-side pretty sune, freighted with brandy and wine for the officers, what they'd ordered for their own private stores. Waell, the slings was run up to the end o' the main-yard, and the waisters were busy hoistin' up the barrils, when a cask o' brandy slipped from the slings as it was being canted round, and dropped right splash into the sea, sinkin' right away. Upon 'zamination' the manifest, it proved to be the best cask o' brandy in the skewner, imported from Boardo direct for the captin' himself. He raised a gretty muss, I guess, right off the reel. "You d—— eternal lazy suckers," said he, "look here! take all the boats' anchors, lash 'em together in tews so as to form grapnels o' four pints each, and drag all about here for that ar' brandy—and mind you find it, or I'll put every mother's son of you on short allowance o' rye for the next month."

Waell, the boats was ordered out, and a gropin' we went. I was placed in the jolly, with Sy Davis and Pete Slinks, and a middy to direct. The middy was a pretty considerable smart fellow, and jest as we was puttin' off, he nodded up to the chaplin as was leanin' over the side, and says, "What say you to an hour's float upon this here glassy sea?" The parson was down by the man ropes in a minnit, and off we sot a fishin' for the brandy tub.

The current ran pretty slick by the side o' the little island, and the second luff, who was in the cutter, ordered us to go ahead and watch along the shore jest to see if the tub warn't rolled up there by the tide. We pretended to look right hard for the tub, till we made the lee o' the island, and then if we didn't resolve to take it easy and run the noose o' the jolly into the yaller sand o' the shore, there ain't no snakes. I held on in the starn by the grapnel, and the parson pulled out of his pocket a good-sized sample bottle o' the new stuff as he'd jest bought, and wanted the middy to taste—and arter passin' their ideas on the licker, the chaplain gave us men a pretty stiff horn a piece, now I tell you—and first rate stuff it was, I swow. It iled the parson's tongue like all out doors—it took him to talk—all about the old original anteek names o' the islands that laid in spots all about thar'—classic ground, as he called it, and a pretty yarn he did spin tew. He talked about the island of Candy whar' the sweetest gals was in all creation or any whar' else—and of a great chief called Beau Lasses or Molasses, who killed a one-eyed giant of a blacksmith named Polly Famous, by spitting in his eye—and about a fireman named Henearus, who carried out an old man, one Ann Kysis, on his shoulders when his house was a fire; for you see many o' them old Grecian men had wimming's names, and wisey warsey tew. But what took my cheesc was the parson's tellin' us about tew fellows as got up the biggest chunk of a fight, and kept right at it for ten years stret out, and all about a gall named Ellen what skeeted from her moorings, and run off to Paris. Then the parson tried to pint out the island of Lip-salve, where a she-conjuror, called Sarcy, from her boldness, used to keep a hull skeul of singin' girls called syringes, cos they sucked the sailors ashore and then chawed them right up like a piece o' sweet cavendish. Then the middy, who'd been keepin' dark and layin' low all this time, shlow'd his broughtens-up, and let fly a hull broadside at the parson about them ar' syringes and other

fabblus wimming, such as King Nepching's wife Ann Thracite, and her she Try-it-ons, and Neer-a-heads, and river galls, right down to Marmails.*

Waell, you see, all this here talk made us dry as thunder—so the chaplin said he guessed the sun was over the fore-yard, and baled us out another horn o' licker all round. Then he took a "spell ho!" at the jawin' tackle, and allowed there was a river in Jarminy where all our Dutch imegrants hails from, and that a gall used to locate herself in a whirlpool, and come up on moonshiney nights and sing a hull bookful o' songs as turned the heads o' all the young fellers in them parts. Waell, reports ruz up as she'd a hull cargo o' gold stowed away at the bottom o' the whirlpool, and many a wild young Jarman, seduced by the gall's singin' and hopes o' gold, lept into the river, and warn't heered on never arter. These matters hurt the young gall's kariter, and the old folks, who'd always allowed that she was a kind of goddess, began to think that she warn't the clear grit, and the young fellers said her singin' was no great shakes, and that her beauty warn't the thing it was cracked up to be.

When the chaplin had expended his yarn, he sarved out another allowance o' licker. I recking that he was the raal grit for a parson, —always doin' as he'd be done by, and practisin' a darned sight more than he preached. "T aint Christian-like," says he, "to drink by one's self, and a raal tar never objects to share his grog with a ship-mate." Them's the gin-a-wine Bunker Hill sentiments of spiritual salvashing, and kinder touch the bottom of a sailor's heart!

The middy then uncoiled another length o' cable about the fabbelus wimming o' the sea, and said it were a tarnation pretty idea, that them angels from hevving as ruled the airth should keep watch over the treasures o' the water. Then he telled a yarn consarnin' the captin' of a marchantman as was tradin' in the South Seas, layin at anchor, becalmed, one Sunday mornin' about five bells, when a strange hail was heerd from under the bows o' the craft, and the hands on deck as answered the hail seed somebody in the water with jest his head and arms stickin' out, and holdin' on to the dolphin striker. Waell, I guess they pretty soon throw'd him a rope, and hauled him aboard, and then they seed he was a regular built marman, one half kinder nigger, and tother half kinder fish, but altogether more kinder fish than kinder nigger. So, as I was tellin' you, they got him aboard, and he made an enquerry arter the captin', who come out o' his cabing, and the marman made him a first-rate dancin'-skeul bow, and says in ginnewine English,

"Captin', I sorter recking it ain't entered into your kalkilation as this here is Sabber-day, for you've dropped your tarnal big anchor right in front o' our meetin'-house door, and I'm d—d if eeny of our folks can go to prayers."

Waell, the captin' was rayther taken aback, and the calm, you see, overlain' him in that thar' hot latitude, had sot his back up above a

* If the reader has not refreshed his academical lore by a recent dip into Homer and Virgil, or Lempiere, the foggy nature of the sailor's description may render an explanation necessary; but the classicist will easily recognise the isle of Candia, Ulysses and the Cyclops, Polyphemus, Eneas, "who from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders the old Anchises bore;" Helen of Troy, the isle of Calypso, where Circe dwelt with her Syrens, and Neptune's wife, Amphitrite, and the Tritons and Nereids.

bit; and besides that, he felt considerable streeked at bein' roused out o' his mornin's nap for nothin'; so altogether he felt sorter wolfish, and looking at the stranner darned savagerous, says,

"Who the — are you?"

This here speech put the marman's dander up, for he says right sassy, "I guess I'm appinted deacon over all the marmans and marmails in these here parts, and I'll jest trouble you to treat me with the respect due *tew* a stranner and a gentleman."

Waell, I recking the captin's ebeneser *was* roused, for he seized hold of a harpoon that was layin' on the fowksell, and hollered to the marman,

"You fishy vaggbybund, make tracks out o' my ship, you sammony-tailed son of a sea-cook, or I'll drive the grains slick through your scaly carkiss, I will."

Waell, the critter seein' as the captin meant dannger, made but one flop with his tail, and skeeted over the side o' the ship into the water. The captin did not weigh anchor, nor nothin'; only durin' the night the cable was cut by the marmen, and the ship drifted on *tew* a korril reef, and rubbed a tarnal big hole in her plankin'.

"That's a good yarn," said the parson, "and I b'leve it's true as gospel. Nothin's impossible in natur, and the hull o' these strange fixins as we hears tell on, is nothin' more than links in the almighty great chain cable of universal natur'. Bats is the link o' betweenity as connects the natur's o' fowls o' the air and the beasts o' the field. Seals and alligators links the natures o' beasts and fishes. Baboons and apes links beasts with humans; and why should not marmails be the links between humans and the fishes o' the sea? But there's the signal for the boat's return. Here's jest a leetle horn a-piece in the bottle—let's licker one more round, and then absquattle."

We pulled quietly back to the ship. The barrel of brandy had not been found, and I wish I may be sniggered if the captin did not fly into the biggest kind o' quarter-deck passion I ever did see. He stormed great guns and fired hull broadsides at the boats' crews, swearin' that they should keep on dredgin' till the tub was found if it was the day arter eternity. So, you see, the hands was piped to dinner, but I was ordered *tew* keep in the boats, and take keare they didn't stave each other.

Waell, I laid down in the captin's gig, and what with the parson's licker, and the talk about marmails, and syringes, and water-galls, and one thing and tother, a very pretty muss began mixing in my brain pan. So, as I was layin' comfortably moored in the starn sheets, with my head a leetle over the boat's quarter, I thought it highly un-wrong that the brandy tub hadn't been fotched up, and that the men usin' the grapnels must have shirked as we did, cos, if they sarched as they oughter, they must have seed the barrel, for the water was so petickler clear that you could dissarn the crabs crawlin' over the korril rocks at the bottom o' twenty fathom.

Waell, while I was lookin' into the ocean to see if I could light upon the barrel, a leetle o' the largest fish I ever did see, come and swum right close to the bottom of the sea, jest under the boats. Then it kept risin' and risin', till I seed its long fins were shaped like men's arms; and when it come near the sarfis, it turned on its back, and then I seed a human face! I know'd at once that it was a



J. Leitch

The people amongst the ...



marmaid, or a marman—or one o' them amfibberus critters called fabbelus syringes, as the chaplain had been spinnin' his yarns about. So, the critter popt its head up jest above the water, which was smooth as glass, and a little smootheer tew by a darned sight, and jest as clear and jest as shiny; and says he to me,

“Look here, strannger, you and your shipmates ain't doin' the gen-teeel thing to me no how you can fix it, for they're playin' old hub with my garding grounds and oyster beds by scratchin' and rakin' 'em all over with them ar' darned anchors and grapnel fixins, in a manner that's harrowin' to my feelins. If the captin' wants his thundernation licker tub, let him jest send eeny decent Christian down with me, and I'll gin it him.”

Waell, I'm not goin' to say that I didn't feel kinder skeered, but the chaplain's yarns had rubbed the rough edge off, and the notion o' findin' the captin's cask pleased me mightily, cos I knowed it would tickle the old man like all creation, and sartingly get me three or four liberty days for shore goin' when we returned to Port Mahon. So, as I hadn't on nothin' petickler as would spile, only a blue cotting shirt and sail-cloth pantys, and the weather bein' most uncommon warm, I jest told the marman I was ready, and tortled quietly over the boat's side into the blue transparent sea.

The marman grappled me by the fist, and we soon touched bottom now I tell ye. I found as I could walk easy enough, only the water swayed me about jest as if I war a leetle tight, but I didn't seem to suffer nothin' for want of breath, nyther.

We soon reached whar' the brandy cask was lyin' right under the ship's keel, which accounts for it's not bein' seen nor nothin' by the boats' crews. I felt so everlastingly comical about findin' the tub, that I told the half-bred dolphing feller, as pinted it out, that if I knowed how to tap it, I wish I might die if I wouldn't give him a gallon o' the stuff as a salvage fee.

“What's in it?” says the marman.

“Why, licker,” says I.

“Waell,” says the marman, “so I heerd them scrapin' fellers in the boats say; but I guess I've licker enough to last my time, tho' I recking your licker is something stronger than salt water, seein' it's hooped up in that almighty way.”

“Why, you lubber,” says I, “it's brandy—the raal ginnewine coneyhack.”

“And what's that?” says the marman.

“Why, dew tell—want to know?” says I. “Have you lived to your time o' life without tastin' spirretus licker? Waell, I swow, you ougher be the commodore of all them cold water clubs, and perpetual president of all temp'rance teetotallers. Go ahead, matey, pilot the way to your shanty, and I'll roll the barrel arter you. I'll sune give you a drink o' licker that will jest take the shirt tail off eeny thing you ever did tast, now I tell you.”

Waell, the critter flopped ahead, for you see it's the natur' o' the marmen, seein' as they've no legs, only a fish's tail what's bent under them, jest like the lower part of the letter J, to make way by floppin' their starns up and down, and paddlin' with their hands—some-thin' between a swim and a swagger—but the way they get through the water is a caution. I rolled the tub along over the smooth white shiny sand, and the crabs and lobsters skeeted off right and left sides

out o' my way regular skeered, and big fishes of all shapes and makes, with bristlin' fins, swum close alongside me, and looked at me quite awful with their small gooseberry eyes, as much as to say "What the nation *are* you at?"

Bymeby, the marman brought up in front of rayther a largeish cave or grotto of rock and shell work, kivered with korril and sea weed. So, you see, the tub was put right on eend in one corner; I made an enquiry o' the marman if he had a gimblet, and he said he b'leved there was sitch a thing in the hold or cellar; he'd found a carpenter's tool-chest in a wreck a few miles to the easterd, and he fatched away six or seving o' the leetle fixins, thinkin' they might be useful to him. So he opened the back door, and hailed a young marman to bring him the gimblet.

Seeing as there was no benches nor nothin' to sit down on, which marmen and marmaids don't desire, cos they've no sittin' parts to their bodies, which is all fish from their waistbands, I jest sot on the top o' the brandy tub, and took an observation of the critter before me. His face was reglar human, only it looked rayther tawney and flabby, like a biled nigger, with fishy eyes, and a mouth like a huge tom cod. His hair hung stret down his shoulders, and was coarse and thick, like untwisted rattlin'; his hands werc somethin' like a goose's paw, only the fingers were longer and thicker; and his body was not exactly like an Injin's, nor a nigger's, nor a white man's—nor was it yaller, nor blue, nor green—but a sortcr altogether kinder mixed up colour, lookin' as if it were warranted to stand the weather. Jest about midships, his body was tucked into a fish's belly, with huge green scales right down to the tail.

Whilst I was surveyin' the marman fore and aft, the back door opened and a she critter flopped in, with a young marman at the breast. The leetle sucker was not bigger than a pickerel, with a tail of a delicate sammon colour, and a head and body jest like one o' them small tan monkeys, with a face as large as a dollar. The marman introduced the she critter as his wif, and we soon got into a coil of talk right slick, all about the weather, and the keare and trouble o' a young family — and I wished I may be swamped if the marmaid warn't a dreadful nice critter to chatter. Like all wimming folk, she was plaguey kewrous as to whar' I was raised and rigged—and when I said I guess I hailed from Cape Cod, and all along shore thar', she looked at the marman, and said to me, "Waell, I never—Cape Cod! why, strannger, I guess there must be some finny in our breeds."

Waell, you see, I grew rayther kewrous tew, and wanted to log the petiklers o' the nateral history o' the race o' marmen—so I made a few enquerries respectin' their ways o' life. "I guess," says I, "you've a tarnal good fish-market in these here parts, and keep your table well supplied with hallibut and sea-bass, and black-fish, eh?"

"Why, strannger," says the marman, rayther wrathy, "seein' it's you I won't be offended, or, by hevving, if that speech ain't enough to make a narman feel scaly, why then it ain't no matter. We claim to be half fish in our natur', and I reckon you don't kalkilate we gobles our relations? there's sea varmint enough in all conscinece, sitch as oysters, and clams, and quahogs, and mussels, and crabs, and lobsters. We go the hull shoat with them; and then we cultivates kail and other sea truck in our gardings, and sometimes we swims under

the wild fowl as they 're floatin', and jerks down a fine duck or a gull, or gathers their eggs off the rocks, or the barnacles off drift wood."

Jest then, the marman's eldest son-fish fatched in the gimblet, and brought up the marman's jawin' tacks with a round turn. The young un was about the size of an Injin boy jest afore he runs alone—half papoose, half porpus. He got a leetle skeered when he clapt eyes on me, but I guv' him a stale quid o' backer to amuse himself, and the sugar-plum made the marmaster roll his eyes above a bit, now I tell you.

Wael, I bored a hole in the brandy-tub, and pickin' up an empty clam-shell, handed a drink to the lady, and told her to tote it down. She swallow'd it pretty slick, and the way she gulped arterwards, and stared, and twisted her fishy mouth, was a sin to Davy Crockett. The marman looked rayther wolfy at me, as if I'd gin her pisin; so I drewed a shell-full and swallowed it myself. This kinder cooled him down, and when the mermaid got her tongue-tackle in runnin' order agin, she said she guessed the licker was the juice of hevving, and she'd be darned if she wouldn't have another drink right off the reel.

Seein' this, the marman swallowed his dose, and no sooner got it down than he squealed right out, and clapped his webby hands together, and wagged his tail like all creation. He swore it was elegant stuff, and he felt it tickle powerful from the top of his head to the eend of his starn-fin. Arter takin' two or three horns together, the sonny cried for a drink, and I gin him one that sent him wrigglin' on the sand like an eel in uneasiness. So, the marman said as the licker was raal first-rate, and first-rater than that tew, he guessed he'd ask in his next door neighbour and his lady, jest to taste the godsend. Wael, in a minnit, in comes a huge marman of the most almighty size, looking jest like Black Hawk when he was bilious; he fatched up his lady with him, and his eldest son, a scraggy hobbadehoy marman, and his darters, two young mermaids or marmisses, jest goin' out o' their teens.

The news o' the brandy-tub spred pretty slick, for in half an hour, I'd the hull grist o' the marmen belongin' to that settlement cooped up in the cavern.

The way the drunk affected the different critters was right kewrous, now I tell you. One great scaly feller stiffened his tail all up, and stood poppindickler erect on the peaked pints of the eend fin, like a jury-mast, and jawed away raal dignified at all the rest, wantin' them to appoint him a sort o' admiral over the hull crew. Another yellor feller with a green tail, was so dreadful blue, that he doubled himself into a figgery 5, and sung scraps and bits o' all sorts o' sea songs, till he got tew drunk to speak at all. Some o' the marmen wanted to kiss all the mermaids, and tew o' the ladies begun scratchin' and fightin' like two pusseys, cos one trod on t'other's tail. Some went floppin' and dancin' on the sand like mad, raisin' sitch a dust that I could not see to draw the licker—but the party round the tub soon druv' them to the right abeout, as interferin' with the interest o' the settlement. Every minnit some fresh marman dropped on the ground with the biggest kind of load on; I never seed a set o' critters so almighty tight, yellin', swcarin', huggin', and fightin', till they growed so darned savagerous that I kinder feared for my own safety amongst them drunken moffradite sea aborigines. So, you see, I up and told

them that I'd clapt my veto on the licker, and that they should not have any more.

Wael, if ever you did hear a most eternal row, or see a hull raft o' drunken fellers cut didoes, then *was* the time. It was voted that I were a public enemy, and every half-drunken marman suddenly became very 'fishus to have me Lynched, and it were settled at last that I were to be rode on a rail, and then tarred and feathered. But, while some o' the varmint went arter the rail and the tar, the rest o' the critters begun quarrelin' who was to sarve out the licker; and as each marman, drunk or sober, wanted to have the keare o' the precious stuff, they soon raised a pretty muss, and kept on tearin' at each other like a pack o' wolves. Seein' this, I jest kinder sneaked quietly away from the cave grocery till I com' in sight o' the ship, when I struck uppperd for the sarfis, and swum for dear life. I soon seed that the boats' crews were musterin' for another bout o' draggin' for the brandy cask; so, fearin' least the captin' should miss me, I jest laid hold o' the edge o' the gig, and crawled in pretty quickly, and laid myself down in the starn-sheets, as if I'd never been out o' the boat.

I hadn't laid thar' half a second, when I heerd a noise jest for all the world as if somebody was squeezin' a small thunder-cloud right over my head. I ruz up, and thar' were the captin' and the hull crew lookin' over the ship's side at me—the officers in a tarnal rage, and the men grinnin' like so many hyenas.

"Rouse up, you long-sided lazy swab, and bring the boats in from the boom. Are you goin' to sleep all day?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, jumpin' up in the boat, when all the water run off me like forty thousand mill streamis—I'd been so outrageous soaked while down with the marmen. I felt kinder skeered lest the captin' should see it, but when I stood up he laughed right out, and so did the hull crew tew.

"Why, he's not awake yet," said the captin'. "Bosen, give him another bucket."

You see they wanted to persuade me that I'd fell asleep in the gig, as fast as a meetin'-house, and slept thar' the hull while the crew were at dinner, and that no shoutin' nor nothin' couldn't waken me up—so the bosen run along the boom and jest give me a couple o' buckets o' sea-water right over me. When I told 'em my yarn about the marman poppin' up his head, and invitin' me down, and all about findin' the brandy-tub and the rest, they swore that I'd got drunk on the parson's licker, and dreamt it all in the boat. But I guess I know what I did see, jest about as slick as anybody; and the chaplain b'lieved the hull story; and said that as I'd learnt the marmen the valley o' licker, they'd get huntin' up all the tubs and barrels out of the different wrecks in all the various seas; and that intemperance would spile the race, and thin 'em off till they became one o' the things that was—jest like the Injins what's wastin' away by the power o' rum and whiskey given 'em by the white man.

I recking the parson warn't far out in his kalkilashing. The love o' licker has had its effect upon the marmen and the mermaids; they must have thinned off surprisin'ly, for I ain't seed none since, nor I don't know nobody that has, nyther.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

THE TRUE TALE, DIVESTED OF ITS TRADITIONAL FIBS ;

(*A good way*) from the German.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY CRUIKSHANK.

A LONG time ago, I cannot say when,
 But somewhere, I think, near the century ten,
 When Britons *could* sing " Britons ne'er would be slaves,"
 And Britannia was really just ruling the waves,
 A pest was discovered,—a horrible thief.—
 A great deal more biting than parish relief ;
 Fathers and mothers,
 Sisters and brothers,
 Very small babies, and ladies' pet pages,
 Poor commoners all, no matter their ages,
 Umbrellas and boots,
 Long Chancery suits,
 Were treated as smoke ;
 In fact, to be plain,
 An up or down train,
 Luggage, people, and coke,
 He'd have swallowed, and laughed at the thing as a joke.

* * * * *

Well then, to begin :—There stood,
 Close by a dark and lonesome wood,
 The house, or rather, Devil's lair,
 No morning calls were made out there,

* The above engraving is an accurate copy of the coin struck on the accession of George (who at his death was honoured with the dignity of saint), and supposed to be the only one extant, now in the possession of that celebrated antiquary Dr. Mummydust.

For they had got a wholesome dread,
 That they perforce might leave a head.
 It was not built of rugged stones
 Nor plaster, but of English bones,
 Cemented fast with blood.
 Instead of tiles, the roof was spread
 With hats of victims long since dead ;
 The scraper, too, was nicely made
 From some young gent's white shoulder blade.
 And very well it stood :
 The knocker large was strange to view,—
 Not Brummagem,—a thing quite new.
 A skeleton fist was suspended before,
 And a skull, very snubbed, was fixed on the door ;
 If any one called, it was meant that the blows,
 By lifting the fist, should fall whack on the nose ;
 But no one disturbed the dread Dragon's repose
 He gorged on all things
 Which a pampered taste brings,
 So his brain became bothered with so many dishes
 One after another, none answered his wishes.
 He became discontented,
 What could be invented ?
 At last he resolved on an uncommon thing,
 He couldn't do better, he 'd just try a king !
 So resolved became he
 That his next dish should be
 Rex Britanniaë !
 He 'd be better for sage !
 When he thought of his age,
 Threescore ! old enough,
 He feared he 'd be tough,
 That was like enough.
 He turned to the queen,—
 She once had been
 Sweet seventeen,—
 Now fifty,—(good looking)
 But not good for much (as far as his taste went) for cooking !

 At last he swore,
 With a hideous roar !
 Which was heard at Dieppe, on the opposite shore,
 That by every drop of blood he had shed,
 Unless something nicer came into his head,
He 'd swallow the globe !—(not at all a bad notion)
 For revenge,—then he 'd wash it well down with the ocean.
 But when he came to cool reflection,
 He saw a very great objection ;
 He thought perhaps this draught and pill
 Might tend somehow to make him ill.
 At last his eye, with gourmand leer,
 Shewed that he 'd got a bright idea,
 So he took out a sheet of post,
 To write about a younger roast.
 Ah ! well may we our own times bless,
 That they are better !
 For, in his letter,
 He wrote to order a princess ! !
 When he 'd finish'd this sad job,
 He drew his watch from out his fob,

Sealed it with a grim death's head,
Then took his dip, and went to bed.

It was just at that time of the year
When Sol sleeps rather longer,
And Wallsend coals grow rather dear,
And Jack Frost waxes stronger ;

A letter was seen
To be thrust between
The bars of a gate,

Which shut out the vulgar from royalty's state,
And the bearer observed he'd no orders to wait.
The chief stick in waiting, who saw the note fall,
Who liked not the bearer's bold bearing at all,
Picked it up, like a man who explosion expects,
And there, on the envelope, saw written, Rex !

He ran without state
To the king in debate,
Who 'd been sitting up late
To decide some one's fate.

The king, who was bold as a king ought to be,
Without hesitation or timidity,
Cried, "Zounds! who the devil can this fellow be?"

But in that letter which was sent,
There was a most unpleasant scent.
It smelt like stuff in which they dip
Matches, only at the tip.

The king cried "Brimstone!" he was right,
His royal hairs stood bolt upright :

Oh! oh! oh!
Here's a go!

He has sent for the princess by way of a treat,
Am I the brute's *butcher*, to find him in meat?

He—no one asked who—
They very well knew,

And that made them all look uncommonly blue.

A terrible frown
Raised Rex's crown,

He was circumslodgologised past all relief;
He wished that his subjects had chopped off his head,
In fact, he repeatedly wished himself dead,
Or that, when a baby, he'd never been fed.
He stormed and he capered beyond all belief,

And said, "I'll bestow
On him who will go

And baste this bold monster until he is brown,
My daughter as wife,
If he'll save her life,

And after I'm dead he shall have half-a-crown."

Though clever at bruising,
They all fell a musing,

Didn't like to accept, and afraid of refusing.
The king was annoyed, so his temper broke loose,
And with it came out most unkingly abuse.

It was all of no use,
Not one of the lot had the pluck of a goose.

As his ire abated,
A gentleman stated,
At the sign of the Crown,
A little way down,
Lived a wittler,

A good one to fight, and an out and out skittler,

So if they'd but mention
 The royal intention,
 He'd wager a crown
 That the dragon was down.

The king bit his thumb, and then called for a light,
 Saying, "Say what I've said," and turned in for the night.
 But guess, if you can, the sad, awful distress,
 The tale of the Dragon had caused the princess,
 When she thought of his jaws, which often had been
 Described to her, just like a sausage machine ;
 How he'd mumble and munch
 That sweet form for his lunch.

Oh, horrible thought ! if the monster should win,
 What a stew, or a pickle, she soon would be in.
 But George was renowned, and his very least thump
 Would floor a mad bullock as flat as a dump ;
 Besides, at Stone-henge, he had lifted with ease,
 Those ponderous rocks, as though they'd been fleas ;
 'Tisn't generally known
 That this singular stone

Was none of the Druids', but solely his own.
 George lowered his pipe when he heard of the job,
 Looked serious rather, and then scratched his nob,
 Then he pulled at the measure that warmed on the hob,
 Called the Dragon a rough un,
 Said the job was a tough un,
 But thought he'd much better,
 In form, write a letter,
 And state to the Dragon on what day he'd meet him,
 And put aside bragging, just promise to eat him ;
 And further to say,
 That on next boxing-day,
 In the morning at eight, what he owed him he'd pay.

* * * * *

'Twas a wintry night,
 Quite frosty, not bright,
 For the sun had long cribbed every atom of light ;
 The wind whistled shrill, and it rattled the trees,
 Like a murderer's bones, as they swing in the breeze,
 And the chains make a noise like a big bunch of keys.
 A good rousing fire was blazing away
 In the Dragon's front parlour, 'twas light as the day ;
 Some juvenile bones remained on the tray,
 With a bottle and glass, some tobacco and clay ;
 He had finished his booze,
 And was taking his snooze,
 When a knock at the door
 Put an end to his snore.

A knock at the door ! 'twas a singular fact,
 The person who gave it was certainly cracked,
 For he very well knew no sensible brain
 Would think about venturing near his domain.

The knock was so bang,
 For his tiger he rang,
 And told him to go
 And answer below.

He was n't a tiger with buttons and hat,
 But stripes on his coat, and a skin like a cat,
 A very long tail, and he walked pit-a-pat.
 He opened the door, and looked cautiously round,
 Looked up to the sky, then looked down to the ground,

But look as he would, there was nobody found,
 And he swore 'twas a runaway knock, he'd be bound ;
 When, on savagely turning, a thing met his sight,
 'Twixt knocker and door, like a kerchief of white ;
 The sight was uncommon, and made him suppose
 The skull had a cold, and was blowing his nose,
 But, on closer inspection, he saw that it meant
 A letter was left, like a circular sent,
 When, through alterations, a draper is bent
 On selling his goods, minus so much per cent.
 Imagine a cook, when her dinner's done brown,
 And on it a bushel of soot tumbles down !
 A cabman who's taken a pewter half-crown !
 A handsome pet parson stripp'd of his gown !
 Imagine,—but words have never been spelt,
 To give an idea of the rage Dragon felt,—
 He cried with a sneer,
 What ! feel any fear
 Of a vendor of beer !
 He is sick of his life, so that's perfectly clear.

The day it arrived, and the sun he got up,
 And took of the morning dew just a small sup ;
 He heard of the fight, so he hurried his race,
 And looked, with exertion, quite red in the face ;
 'Twas early, but still there a figure was seen
 Directing its course towards Salisbury Green.
 And very ill tempered, to judge by its mien,
 For it kicked every stone with a devilish spleen.
 The Dragon was coming ! to settle the doubt
 Of which of the two was the best at a bout.
 Now I beg to observe, that this battle of mine
 Will in no way resemble the penny design,
 Where the Dragon is dying, with blood like port wine ;
 Or the five shilling piece, where the saint, on a steed,
 Is poking the monster, and making it bleed,
 But the true English art, with plenty of knocks,
 In the style, a-la-Cribb, in the technical box,
 The thing they describe so well in "Bell's Life,"
 When a battle comes off, and they publish the strife
 In a very long column, condemning the knife.

George was there, and, in round one,
 He'd his back turned to the sun.
 His first blow echoed like a gun ;
 The Dragon then parried, and gave G. a noser,
 A throw ! and the fiend, he went down in a closer.
 Round the second began, but with more cautious play,
 Each trying to find out the other's pet way ;
 One or two smart blows
 Just over the nose,

Then the Dragon got one of G's cleverest throws.
 Round after round continued to pass,
 One or the other was down on the grass,
 But round nine hundred and seventy-one,
 Shewed that the monster was getting quite done ;
 George struck his eyes, like a lucifer match,
 And he fell o'er his tail as he came to the scratch.
 The Dragon turned pale
 When he trod on his tail ;
 George took the cue, for the moment just suits,
 And tore it, most ruthlessly, out by the roots.

'Twas finished! 'twas done! he gave one more whack,
And the monster rolled over, stone dead, on his back.

He took the Dragon, tail and all,
And at the palace quick did call;
He laid him down before the king,
Who ne'er forgot one promised thing;
He gave, as wife, his lovely daughter,
With all the wealth her mother brought her,
Which there and then was paid him down,
With promise soon of half-a-crown:
The good old king soon died, alas!
And all George hoped for came to pass.

To boys, big and little, this caution 'twill give,
Keep yourselves honest as long as you live;
If ever, by chance, you happen to see
Apples which grow on another man's tree,
Pray let them alone,
Don't try with a stone

To knock any down—they are not your own,
But think at your back there 's a precious thick stick,
And ask if the fruit 's worth the chance of a lick.

My grandmother winked, as she read this to me,
And said she believed it an Alle—go—ry.



ALIWAL AND SIR HARRY SMITH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

If anybody should wish to detract from the fame of Sir Harry Smith as a skilful general, by urging that he has seen service, and had hard fighting enough to make him one, while we doubted the correctness of such objector's conclusion, we should be unable to deny the facts upon which he arrived at it.

Sir Harry Smith was at the capture of Monte Video; at the attack upon Buenos Ayres; he served during the first campaign of the Peninsular war, from the battle of Vimiera to that of Corunna; he was at the battles of Sabajal and Fuente d'Onor; at the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos; at the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse. He was at Washington and New Orleans, and he was at Waterloo.

In all these actions Sir Harry Smith approved himself a gallant officer. But it is not as a brave soldier, but as a distinguished commander, we would at present view him; and, accordingly, by way of refreshing the reader's memory, we give as an accompaniment to a portrait of "the hero of Aliwal," a brief sketch of those operations in India of which he had the conduct, that have conferred enduring lustre upon his name.

It will be remembered that when the British army first advanced to meet the invasion of the Sikhs, it was deemed necessary to withdraw a great part of the forces which were assembled with the view of protecting Loodiana, for the purpose of effecting a combination with that portion of the army which was advancing from Umballah, and thereby to be in a position to meet the Sikhs at Ferozepore with a larger and more concentrated force. The effect of this step was, unquestionably, to leave Loodiana open to an attack by any force the Sikhs might bring to bear in that quarter; but the chief object being to attack their main army at Ferozepore, points of secondary importance were for the moment neglected. The great present object was to concentrate a powerful army at all events, and with these combined forces to strike a decisive blow.

No sooner, however, had the enemy been driven across the Sutlej, after the battles of the 21st and 22nd December 1845, and our army placed in a position unassailable by the enemy on the opposite side, than it was thought advisable to strengthen our force at Loodiana, not only to provide against any contingencies, but to displace any force of the enemy that might then be, or that might make its appearance, in that direction. It was not expected, indeed, that any force the enemy could collect at Loodiana would amount to such a force as he had on the lower part of the Sutlej, yet, nevertheless, the position he might occupy on that point would be such as to cause extreme inconvenience by cutting off our communications, by intercepting detached reinforcements, but chiefly by compelling to diverge, if not capturing; the heavy battering-train, the arrival of which at the camp of the commander-in-chief was absolutely indispensable to the carrying on of his projected operations.

Accordingly, it was decided to detach a force to Loodiana for the

purpose of accomplishing that object, and Sir Harry Smith was selected to command that force. On the 7th of January several corps had moved in the direction of Ferozepore and other points; and by the 15th a large force was assembled there, and was quite prepared against any sudden attack of the enemy. But at this time an intimation was received at head-quarters to the effect that the enemy had collected a very large force at Phullor, opposite Loodiana, a force stronger than had been supposed, that it was moving across the river, and that it was conjectured he would entrench himself in a position between the main body of our army and the reinforcements in the fort. These new circumstances necessitated further measures to increase our forces, and, accordingly, the 53rd regiment of infantry, which was moving up, was ordered to join Sir Harry Smith's division, which was subsequently increased by a body of cavalry. This force was directed to attack a fort called Dhurumkote, which interrupted the communication between our position on the Sutlej and Loodiana. Sir Harry Smith proceeding to execute this movement, the enemy abandoned the fort immediately, that is to say, after the exchange of a few shots, and some guns and a quantity of grain fell into our hands.

And now the general advanced in the direction of Loodiana. He was to be joined on his way by the 53rd regiment and a corps of native troops, which was arriving from another point and expected to be in that vicinity by the 22nd of January. It was further decided to despatch to the general another division, viz. the brigade under Brigadier Wheeler. Proceeding in his march, the 53rd regiment was found at the appointed place, and the native troops were also advancing according to the calculations which had been made; and on the 21st he continued his march from Jugraon to Loodiana.

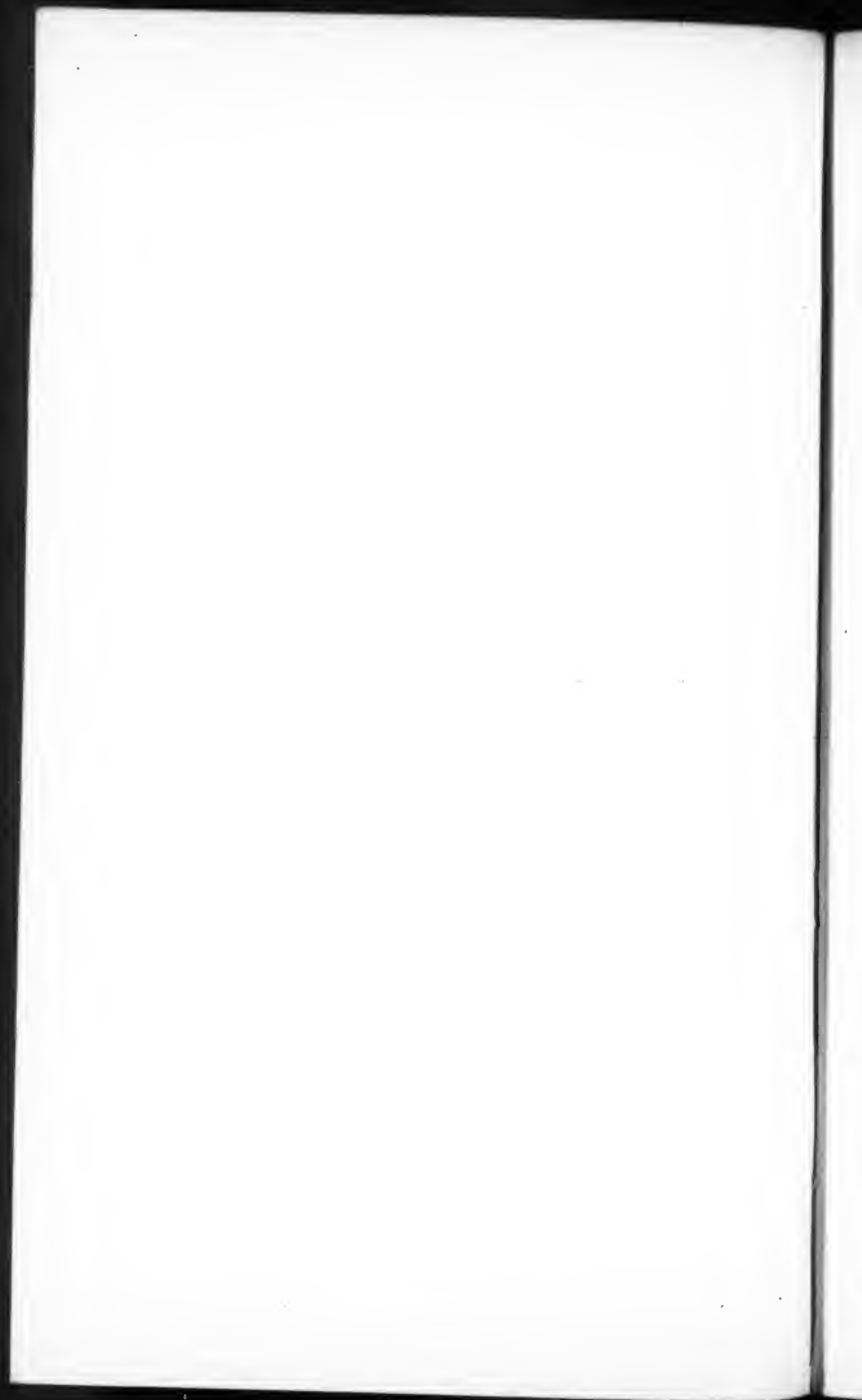
Meanwhile, the enemy was making a forced movement towards Loodiana, and it was likewise ascertained that he had taken up a position at the village of Buddowal, which was situated on the direct road to Loodiana. That road passes through several villages, all defensible; and, occupying that position, the enemy had placed himself exactly on the line of march between Jugraon and Loodiana. When he arrived at a certain distance from the latter place, he found them in position, moving in a line parallel to that he had taken.

It was now that Sir Harry Smith sustained that check which some through ignorance, and others from envy or malice, endeavoured at the time to magnify into a serious reverse. Let us have the general's own version of the affair. Writing to Sir Hugh Gough just after he had succeeded in relieving Loodiana, he said that he had accomplished that object, but under circumstances not quite so fortunate as he had desired (the loss of his baggage, which was carried away by the enemy); and adds: "When within a mile and a half to my left of Buddowal, moving parallel with my column (which was right in front ready to wheel into line), and evidently for the purpose of interrupting my advance, I saw the enemy. Nothing could be stronger for the enemy than the continued line of villages which were in his front.

"He was moving by roads, while I was moving over very heavy sand-beds. He was in advance far beyond, on my right flank; so far did he extend, and so numerous did he shew his infantry and



General [Name] [Rank]



guns, and so well chosen for him was the line of villages, that with all my force he was not to be assailed: and he opened a furious cannonade of from thirty-five to forty guns of very large calibre, and, as usual, right well served. My object being to unite myself with the force from Loodiana, which every moment I expected to appear in sight, for it was nine o'clock, I moved parallel with the enemy, wishing to attack the moment the Loodiana troops reached me. He, however, so pressed upon me, that I opened in one body my eleven guns upon him with considerable effect, and moved up the 31st, and was preparing to form line upon this regiment, when the enemy most rapidly formed a line of seven regiments, with their guns, between, at right angles with the line I was about to attack, while a considerable force was moving round my right and front. Thus enveloped, and overbalanced by numbers, and such a superiority of guns, I had nothing for it but to throw back my line on its right, which represented a small line on the hypothenuse of a triangle.

"The enemy thus outflanked me and my whole force. I therefore gradually withdrew my infantry in echelon of battalions, the cavalry in echelon of squadrons, in the direction of Loodiana, momentarily expecting to see the approach of that force,—viz. one regiment of cavalry, five guns, and four regiments of infantry, when I would have made a vigorous attack. The ground was very deep and sandy, and therefore very difficult to move on. The enemy continued to move on as described for upwards of an hour, and until I knew that the Loodiana force was moving, not a musket was fired. Nothing could exceed the steadiness of the troops. The line was thrown back, under this cannonade, as if on parade, Native as well as British; and the movements of the cavalry under Brigadier Cureton were, without any exception, the most perfect thing I ever saw, and which I cannot describe."

The truth is, Sir Harry Smith knew that he must maintain the communication with Loodiana at all events; he resolutely adhered to the object he had in view, and although the enemy was much more numerous than our troops, and strong enough, had they concentrated their whole strength, to have enveloped them, he was not dismayed. With obstinate persistence he pursued his point, which he accomplished with comparatively trifling loss, concentrating his force at Loodiana.

The general had now placed himself in a position almost in the rear of that of the enemy at Buddowal; and, therefore, although he had avoided an action, and sustained comparatively no loss, he had so placed himself with regard to the enemy's force, that it was almost impossible they could maintain themselves without fighting him in the position of Buddowal. Meanwhile, Brigadier Wheeler had advanced to join him, and having been informed that on the 21st an action had been fought in which the British troops had been entirely successful, and that the enemy had been driven back, he proceeded on the direct road from Dhurrumkote to Loodiana. Having advanced some distance, he received intelligence of a directly opposite tendency, that is to say, tidings of an action and a defeat; upon which, deeming it impossible to push on in that direction, inasmuch as by so doing, he might fall into the midst of the enemy's army, he took a more circuitous route. But this movement, arising from erroneous information, brought the heads of his column so far to the

position of the right of the enemy, that, finding themselves with Sir Harry Smith's corps on their left and that of Brigadier Wheeler on their right, they deemed their position untenable, and decamped in the middle of the night. The position occupied by Sir Harry Smith made it impossible for the enemy to retire at the point at which they had crossed the river, and they were accordingly compelled to make a longer march to cross at a lower point.

Sir Harry Smith, having been joined by Brigadier Wheeler, now proceeded to attack them. He had a strong force, although considerably inferior to that of the enemy, which had been reinforced from time to time, and at the very last by the Avitabile regiment, which was considered the flower of the enemy's infantry.

The orders of the general were to drive the Sikhs across the Sutlej; and he made his arrangements accordingly—such arrangements as have drawn from the highest military authorities the warmest encomiums, and such as showed him to be a consummate master in the art of war. He arranged the order of his march so skilfully that he provided against every possible attack that could be made upon him, whilst the disposition of his own forces was such as to give him every facility for acting on the offensive.

He moved on to the attack under a heavy fire, then halted for a few moments, to see whether he could not discover the key to the enemy's position, and he found it in the village of Aliwal. Under the fire of the enemy, he instantly made such a disposition of his troops as enabled him to force the position, and by succeeding in doing so on the left, he enveloped the wing, and drove it back in confusion on their right, one of the most complete operations of the kind that was ever attempted under the fire of the enemy. The success was complete. He had a gallant enemy to deal with, who had not unskilfully made his own arrangements; but nothing could finally withstand the irresistible attack made by our soldiers. The battle was won, our troops advancing with the most perfect order to the common focus, the passage of the river. The enemy completely hemmed in, fled from the hostile fire, and precipitated themselves in disordered masses, in the utmost confusion and consternation. Every gun the enemy had fell into our hands.

The Duke of Wellington has said of this piece of dazzling military skill:—

“My lords, I will say with regard to the movements of Sir Harry Smith, that I have read the account of many battles, but I never read an account of an affair in which more ability, energy, and discretion were manifested, than in this case—of one in which any officer has ever shewn himself more capable than this officer did, of commanding troops in the field. Every description of troops was brought to bear with all arms in the position in which they were most capable of rendering service; everything was carried on most perfectly, the nicest manœuvres being performed under the enemy's fire with the utmost precision; nor, my lords, have I read of any battle, in any part of the world, in which, at the same time, energy and gallantry on the part of the troops were displayed to a degree that surpassed that exhibited in this engagement.”

After Sir Harry Smith had achieved this brilliant success, after he had driven back the enemy across the Sutlej, he instantly returned

to join his commanding officer, Sir Hugh Gough. He arrived at head-quarters on the 8th of February, three days before the decisive victory gained by the forces under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge. He took, therefore, a distinguished part in the battle of Sobraon.

We all know the reception the hero met in England; the noble modesty with which he accepted the praises everywhere heaped upon him, and the generous warmth and earnest sincerity with which he seized every occasion of bearing testimony to the valour of the troops who share with him the glories of Aliwal.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

(FROM UHLAND.)

THERE stood in ancient times a castle proud and high,
It lorded o'er the land, it tower'd towards the sky;
And at its base a blooming wreath of lovely gardens lay,
Where sparkled many a fountain beneath the summer's ray.

There dwelt a haughty king, rich in treasure and renown;
Upon his throne he sat with pale cheek and gloomy frown;
For his thoughts are thoughts of blood, and baleful is his breath,
And his words are words of menace, and his writings dooms of death.

Two noble minstrel-guests once trod the castle-way,
A youth with flowing locks of gold, and an old man hoary grey,
The old man with his harp on a gallant steed did ride,
With carols blithe and spirits light, the youth he walk'd beside.

Thus spake the aged minstrel: "Prepare thyself, my son!
This day the monarch's stony heart by music must be won;
Think on thy lays of deepest power, thy saddest, sweetest strain—
Our pains shall soon be crown'd with joy, our journey not in vain!

Now stand the minstrels twain within those halls of pride,
Whilst on their gorgeous thrones sit the king and his fair bride,—
The king in dreadful splendour, like the bloody northern light,
His gentle queen, with eyes that beam like the moon so pale and bright.

The old man struck the harp, his touch the chords awoke,—
Oh! thrilling were the glorious tones that forth from prison broke!
The youth he raised his clear sweet voice, a strain to make them weep,
Whilst sound between, like spirits' chant, the old man's notes so deep.

They sang of spring and love, of the blessed golden time,
When man was free and happy, when earth was in her prime;
They sang all tender feelings that in the heart find rest,
All noble aspirations that animate the breast.

The courtiers in the circle forget the accustomed sneer,
 The king's fierce warriors bend in awe, as though their God were near,
 The queen, with happy smile, I ween, and shedding tears of joy,
 Throws the flower from her bosom to yon fair-hair'd minstrel boy.

" You have bewitched my people, will you now seduce my wife ?"
 The king exclaim'd, his eyes inflamed, betokening inward strife.
 And at the youth's defenceless breast his glittering sword he flings—
 Behold ! whence issued golden songs a bloody torrent springs.

Silent they stand on either hand, that gay and proud array ;
 The youth within his master's arms has breathed his soul away.
 He wraps him in his mantle, he leaves the hall with speed,
 And holding fast the much-loved child he quickly mounts his steed.

But at the gates awhile he waits, that minstrel old and hoar ;
 He seized his harp, the harp far prized all other harps before,
 He dashed it on the marble steps, his fingers rent the chords,
 Aloud he calls, through groves and halls resound his fearful words.

" Woe to you, haughty castle ! may never music's strain,
 Nor play of strings, nor hero's song, salute your walls again.
 No ! sighs and moans, and heavy groans, and the slave's uncertain tread,
 Till those you harbour, one and all, be number'd with the dead.

" Woe to you, fragrant gardens ! so blooming and so gay !
 Behold this pale, discolour'd face, behold, and shrink away !
 Look up and fade and wither, be every fountain dried !
 The avenging spirit soon shall come to trample all your pride.

" Woe to thee, cruel murderer ! thou scourge of minstrelsy !
 The blood-stained laurel-wreath thou crav'st thy guerdon shall not be ;
 Thy hateful name be sunk within oblivion's night for ever,
 Like one faint spark that fades in air, its light rekindled never !"

The old man's doom is spoken, the heavens have heard his cry,
 Their pillar'd arches broken, those halls in ruin lie,
 One slender column standeth yet, relic of by-gone power,
 But by a passing breeze upset, 'twill fall within an hour.

Those odorous gardens are become a barren, desert land ;
 No kindly shade is seen, no stream flows cooling through the sand ;
 That monarch's name is lost to fame—no loved heroic verse
 Shall save it from oblivion !—it is the Minstrel's Curse !

LITERARY NOTICES.

BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

There can be no doubt that intelligence of late years has been so broadly diffused, that the higher productions of genius and learning have at last a certainty of finding what may be called a general appreciation, whenever a publisher has sense and spirit to render them acceptable to the million. Some there are, indeed, who, like Æsop's cock, still prefer the barleycorn to the gem; and others who mistake low-priced and fugitive triviality for cheap literature; but the British public is now alive to the excellence and dignity of letters, and it will not be long before taste will once more lift its head amongst us, not as heretofore confined to the few, but the acquisition of the many.

We once saw in a grocer's window—"A bad article is dear at any price:—try our five shilling green." We acknowledged the truth of the aphorism; but hoped that the innocent vendor of hyson was not in the practice of impressing that truth upon his customers after the manner he had shadowed forth in his notification. What may properly be termed a cheap book? The volume that claims such an appellation must be the work of a man of genius or learning, accurately printed, without abridgment, of an elegant form, and at the lowest possible price that can remunerate a publisher. It must be a good book because a bad article is dear at any price; it must be elegant of form because it is a dishonour to an illustrious author to present him in a questionable, slovenly, or shabby-genteel shape, and that men may take a pride in the property they possess; and it must be at a low figure that all may have the way, who have the will, to purchase.

We have been led to offer the foregoing brief observations, having witnessed of late several laudable attempts to supply the public at a low price with works of merit, but which have not fulfilled the conditions we attach to the sense of cheapness, and having had our attention drawn still more lately to Mr. Bohn's admirable series of the best English and foreign authors, which he calls his "Standard Library." Let Mr. Bohn speak for himself. He says: "The publisher ventures to assume that his unremitting and long-practised experience in books, his constant intercourse with the learned in all parts of the world, and his extensive literary pro-

perty, will enable him to bring such resources to the formation of his "Standard Library" as shall leave little or nothing to be desired. These and other facilities have suggested the present undertaking, and concurrent circumstances have hastened its commencement. As holder of many valuable copyrights (including Roscoe's *Leo the Tenth*, *Lorenzo de Medici*, and the works of *Robert Hall*, which were being pirated) the publisher considers it incumbent on him to take into his own hands the publication of them in a cheap and popular form, rather than leave them to the piecemeal appropriation of others."

If this had been an extract from a prospectus recently put forth, we had hardly quoted it; but Mr. Bohn has done enough since it was written, to assure us that every promise contained or implied, in his address to the public, will be faithfully fulfilled. In handsome and goodly-sized volumes at three-and-sixpence each, we have the works of *Robert Hall* and of *Roscoe*; of *Schiller*, *Schlegel*, *Macchiavelli*, *Sismondi*, and *Lamartine*; the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini* and of *Colonel Hutchinson*, by his widow.—(two works, the reading of which is memorable during life) have been republished, as also *Beckmann's History of Inventions*, *Lanzi's History of Painting*, *Ockley's History of the Saracens*, and *Ranke's History of the Popes*, and several other works worthy enough years ago to be called "Standard," but only now put in the way of being made so by being made popular. Many others of a kindred character are in progress.

The great majority of the works published or intended to be published by Mr. Bohn for his "Standard Library" have been, as we have in effect said, almost beyond the reach of the public, owing to the high price at which they were originally issued. But his "Antiquarian Library" consists of a cheap reprint of works of the utmost interest and value, which to all but one in a thousand have been absolutely sealed books. Who but a student or a collector of books has ever seen a copy of our old chroniclers, historians, or travellers? There is ample scope here for Mr. Bohn's enterprise; and we feel persuaded he will not be slow to seize upon treasures that lie so temptingly within his grasp.

Lastly, let us speak of the "Classical Library." It is a happy omen of the successful manner in which this branch

of Mr. Bohn's scheme will be carried out, that Beloe's vile translation of Herodotus has been left on the bank of the stream of oblivion, and that a new one from the accomplished pen of the lamented Cary has been given to us. It is intended that this library shall contain translations of all the ancients, Greek and Roman, "all faithfully translated," says Mr. Bohn. Good. But by whom? In the case of Herodotus, Cary may well displace Beloe; but when our publisher speaks of Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and Pindar, and Virgil, Horace, and Lucretius, "translated faithfully," in good faith we say we almost tremble. There is no faithful translation of true poets, who must by true poets be transfused into English. Dryden's Virgil is not to be equalled by mortal man now living, and his Tenth Satire of Juvenal who shall dare touch after him? Mr. Bohn must give us editions of the English Poets to complete his scheme.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF INSTINCT. —
By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S.—John Van Voorst.

This is a book that well deserves to be read, because it contains many very curious and interesting anecdotes of the animal creation, illustrative of their instincts. The author tells us that, whereas poets and philosophers have said that man is governed by reason as animals are by instinct, which is merely an unreflecting impulse; and that in consequence of this mode of regarding the subject we have lost the advantage of the lessons the animal creation might have taught us in the philosophy of even the human understanding, it is one object of his book to afford a different estimate of them. It is his wish to point out the path by which a better knowledge may be acquired of the conditions of their intellectual existence. He thinks that, in the words of Milton, "they reason not contemptibly," and that if a higher degree of training were founded on a close study of their intellectual faculties, the result would be of importance to human interests. He observes, that the day is gone by when the students of Mind should waste their time in abstract disquisitions and reasonings, *à priori*, on the nature of spirit, and in laying down its law of derivation, subsistence, or action; for that it is undeniable that such profound inquiries have ended in very shallow and unsatisfactory results; and that physical science has advanced only in proportion as it has shaken off the encumbering trammels of such an absurd system of study. He goes on to remark that that confidence which the search

for truth ought ever to inspire, should make the seekers after it bold in following such guides as Hunter and Cuvier, and men of kindred minds, and superior to the fear of degrading the human mind, of which they may be accused, in seeking an explanation of its phenomena in the mental propensities and capacities of inferior creatures.

Now, we confess, we do not believe that any degree of training of any portion of the animal creation, however anxiously pursued, could ever be found to be of "importance to human interests;" and shallow as may be the speculations of *à priori* reasoners, we suspect that when we seek an explanation of the phenomena of the human mind in the mental propensities and capacities of inferior creatures, we are not likely to find what we seek. These profound researches not infrequently come to this, that the mare's nest is produced, and loudly proclaimed to be the very nest, the "procreant cradle" of truth. The human mind can never be degraded by a comparison of it with the mental capabilities of the animal creation; but such comparisons are vain and idle. Dr. Johnson, irritated by the frivolous inquiries of Boswell, broke out with,—"Sir, I will not be put to the question, why is a fox's tail bushy, why is a cow's tail long, and such gabble." Very proper inquiries in their right place, and such as our author has most interestingly pursued; but away with speculations that seem to have for their object an attempt to approximate the faculties of the unprogressive brute to the noble and accountable faculties of man.

OBSERVATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. Leonard Jenyns. —John Van Voorst.

The author of this work, when engaged some years back in preparing notes for a new edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," soon found a larger stock of matter collected upon his hands than it was thought desirable to use for that purpose. Hence the idea of the present work, which embodies a considerable portion of that author. And a delightful work it is. The author has brought together his miscellaneous facts and observations without attempting to refer them to any particular principles, and the result is such a collection of amusing and instructive reading in Natural History, as we believe no other man could have brought together. It is a worthy companion to White's charming book, and we are certain will become a favourite with the public.





KING MOB.

BY MRS. ROMER.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF M. DE LAMARTINE.

" Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin !"

MOLIERE.

WE leave the application of the above epigraph to be made by our readers.

If there were not something pitiful in the self-complacent moralizings of the "prophets of the past," something stupid and ungenerous in the exclamation of "I always foresaw how things would turn out!" which so often hails the announcement of a misfortune after it has happened, we might be tempted to indulge in a series of sapient reflections upon the blindness and obstinacy that have brought about the astounding events of the last few days, and annihilated the dynasty of July. But we forbear. Misfortune has so sacred a character in our eyes, that even when precipitated by wilfulness and error, we shrink from reflecting upon its *cause*,—we can only think of its *effects*. In the present instance, we picture to ourselves the unhappy exile driven forth with contumely, in his old age, to die in a foreign land; and we forget the faults of the king in the sorrows of the man. In the days of his prosperity, we were no admirer of *le Roi Citoyen*, in the hour of his adversity we are fain to remember only the better part of Louis Philippe d'Orléans; and we are not ashamed to own that we have shed a tear over his fall.

But it is not of the ex-King that we have sat down to discourse, but of his *successor*. "Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!" or, in other words, "the dynasty of July is defunct; Long live King Mob!" For once we will be a courtier, and speak and think only of the new sovereign.

It is a curious thing—but far more curious than pleasant—to watch the operations of anarchy from one's drawing-room window; and our residence upon the Boulevards of Paris has enabled us to witness some of the most exciting episodes of the recent revolution. The newspapers have already given to the public an outline of the principal occurrences of the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of February; but some minor details are involved in the great whole, which, albeit beneath the notice of leading-article-mongers, may become palatable when presented under a less pretending form, and gather interest from being related by an eye-witness.

Everybody is acquainted with the events that preceded the catastrophe, but not even the most clear-sighted appear to have anticipated to its actual extent the overwhelming result; for although the pertinacious determination of the late government not to retract the withering censure passed upon the reform banquets in the speech from the throne (comprised in the expressions "passions aveugles et ennemies," and followed by a prohibition of the banquet which had been announced to take place on the 22nd of February) had awakened considerable uneasiness in the public mind, it was confidently believed that nothing beyond an *échauffourée* ending in the overthrow of the Guizot ministry would ensue. But the ministry was determined not to fall without a struggle, and therefore an imposing military force of seventy-five thousand men had been assembled in and about Paris, and was

deemed more than sufficient for the maintenance of order. "There may perhaps be a few broken windows, and then Guizot will go out, and Molé will come in," was the general rejoinder to every anxious enquiry; and in this comfortable belief Tuesday the 22nd was ushered in.

But those opposition leaders who had raised the popular passions found that they had evoked spirits which they might be powerless to lay; and shrinking from the responsibility of what might ensue if they persevered in their determination, the banquet was abandoned by them in the eleventh hour.

The concession came too late.

Already the note of preparation had sounded. The Boulevards and principal thoroughfares were thronged with workmen in blouses, and ragged *gamins* prowling about with countenances full of direful meaning; and some crowds of them who had gathered in the Place de la Madeleine and round the Chamber of Deputies, crying "Vive la Reforme!" were dispersed by the Municipal Guards and parties of military. Some cart-loads of firewood were pillaged, and the depredators made a rush down the Boulevards, brandishing the purloined faggots, and throwing them at the windows. They were followed by a detachment of the line, the commanding officer in a loud voice enjoining the inhabitants on either side of the way to close their casements, and in a short time all the shops were shut. The *rappel* beat to arms for the National Guard; but that being a *voluntary* service, the summons was disregarded—a convincing proof that they did not sympathize with the cause they were called upon to uphold. This circumstance partly opened the King's eyes to the thorough unpopularity of the course he was pursuing, but did not induce him to desist. Possibly he felt himself too far engaged to retreat with honour, and that desperate conviction caused him to lose his wonted judgment for a moment; for, upon its being observed to him that the National Guard were deaf to the call to arms, it is asserted that he petulantly exclaimed, "Eh, bien! nous nous en passerons!"

That evening there was an ominous absence of the usual sounds of Parisian life in the streets, but the distant murmur of the coming storm made itself heard. The indefatigable *rappel* smote upon the ear, now approaching, now receding; scarcely any carriages were in circulation, and in lieu of the rolling wheels, the tramp of heavy footsteps was everywhere heard pacing in cadence to the *chœur des Girondins*, "Mourir pour la Patrie," chanted in chorus by the stentorian voices of the people. In the course of the night some barricades were made in the neighbourhood of the Halle, and some partial struggles with the Municipal Guard took place.

But on Wednesday morning affairs wore a more serious aspect. The assembled crowds were more dense, their bearing more determined, their movements more threatening. The display of military force was considerably increased; the Place Louis Quinze and the Carousel were filled with troops, and patrols constantly passed through the streets, the mob flying before them only to congregate again in some other quarter. The National Guard at last turned out in considerable numbers, evidently under an apprehension that the tranquillity of the city was seriously compromised, but not with a view to repress the popular feeling, with which it was apparent they fully sympathized. Every patrol of the National Guard was followed by an excited mass of peo-

ple, crying "Vive la Garde Nationale! Vive la Reforme! A bas Guizot!" and although, generally speaking, they up to this period passively allowed this demonstration, in some instances a responding cry would echo from their ranks. In short, it was evident that the National Guard, although disposed to control disorder, would not control the impulse that was likely to produce it.

It was in this conjuncture that, towards the middle of the day, the twelve colonels of the twelve legions of the National Guard proceeded to the Tuileries, and obtained an audience of the King, to state the fruitlessness of their efforts to lead their men to act against the populace, for that, however they might repress outrage for the moment, every instant led to fraternizing with the people. Their representation decided Louis Philippe upon yielding, and he then authorized Monsieur Guizot to state to the Chamber of Deputies then sitting that Comte Molé had been summoned by his majesty to form a new ministry. Thus a fresh instance was added to the many afforded by history of the supreme power possessed by such a body as the National Guard. It is an *imperium in imperio*, and whether that body be styled Prætorian Guard, Janissaries, Mamlukes, or National Guard, it resolves itself into the same thing,—a deliberative body with bayonets in their hands, before which all other powers of the state vanish.

The announcement of the change of ministry flew like wildfire through the city, and appeared to produce unbounded satisfaction. As the officers who were commissioned to disseminate the glad tidings to the insurgents rode along the Boulevards, they were at each moment stopped by eager groups of questioners, who received the intelligence they imparted with clapping of hands, and shouts of "Vive le Roi!" The enemies of the government were propitiated by the downfall of their political opponent, although they admitted that the substitution of Molé for Guizot was not likely to lead to any material change of policy. But the blow was struck, and humiliation inflicted upon the government and the dynasty by their being compelled to descend from their hitherto haughty and unbending position, and yield to the exigency of the moment: and that was in itself sufficient to exhilarate the malcontents.

And now everything wore a brighter aspect. The people who had during the course of the morning broken into the armourers' shops, and armed themselves with every description of weapon, exchanged their threatening gestures for smiles, and their furious vociferations for the sweet sounds of the Girondin chorus. At nightfall, they formed into an immense procession, and paraded the Boulevards, still armed, preceded by lighted torches; and for the last time the loyal cry of "Vive le Roi!" was heard in Paris, mingled, however, with shouts of "Vive la Reforme!" and "A bas Guizot!" Every house was illuminated, and thus a popular commotion was speedily converted into a popular rejoicing, and "all went merry as a marriage bell,"—when a circumstance, which has generally been attributed to accident, led to the terrible explosion that toppled down the throne of July, and crushed it into annihilation beneath the barricades upon which it had been raised seventeen years ago.

The procession just alluded to directed their steps to the Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères, charitably bent upon compelling Monsieur Guizot to illuminate in honour of his own overthrow. They found a strong military post in the court-yard of the Hôtel, and a platoon of the line

drawn up in front of it, together with a party of the Municipal Guard on horseback ; but, nothing daunted, they proceeded to vociferate for lights to be exhibited, and evinced a determination, in case of non-compliance, to break into the house. At this moment a shot was fired (from whence it came none can tell), but the officer in command, conceiving it to be an attack, ordered his men to fire, and a volley was poured in upon the mob with murderous effect. The unfortunate soldiers were mowed down by their infuriate opponents, and, as fast as they fell, the lighted torches were applied to their hair, their moustachios, and their clothing, to make sure of their perishing either by sword or fire.

It is supposed that the chance shot that led to this fatal collision, was not, as at first believed, a mere accident, but the work of some master-mind, which had, upon the spur of the moment, resolved upon rendering the people and the military the instruments of a sudden and but too well-conceived project. The republican party, ever on the alert to turn to advantage all that could favour their views, perceived that an opportunity of advancing their cause was about to slip through their fingers, and that the demonstrations of discontent they had set in motion were subsiding in the satisfaction evinced at the overthrow of an obnoxious ministry. As that event, although a step *towards* republican views, fell very far *short* of them, the leader of that party, knowing the public pulse to be so far excited, that very little would again stimulate it to fever height, and that some act of violence would at once set every angry passion afloat, and knowing, too, that up to that moment the general orders to the troops were *not to fire unless in defence*, is supposed to have directed the firing of that mysterious shot which led the officer commanding the troops to believe that it was an attack.

Let us lose no more time in conjectures upon that which has already passed into the category of *faits accomplis*, but return to the Boulevards.

When the carnage was over in front of Monsieur Guizot's Hotel, the people, true even in that supreme moment to their instinct for theatrical effect, raised the bleeding bodies of their slain comrades in their arms, and carried them to the Cour des Messageries Royales (Diligence Office), where they seized upon one of the carts belonging to the establishment, and, placing the dead in it, proceeded to traverse the Boulevards, waving blazing torches over the ghastly heap, and yelling forth the terrible cry of "Vengeance! Aux armes!" which was quickly caught up and echoed from street to street by the excited multitude. As the sinister *corlège* passed on beneath our windows, every other sound in the streets became hushed ; the illuminations, one by one, were extinguished, the noisy crowds fled as if from some impending danger, and the city was left to darkness and silence.

It was the ominous stillness and gloom that precede the thunder-clap. From eleven o'clock till one in the morning it was unbroken by a single sound : not a carriage-wheel was heard, not a footfall could be detected, not a patrol approached to assure us that protection was at hand in case of need. Never shall we forget the awful suspense of those two hours ! To think of retiring to rest, or even undressing, was impossible : that unnatural stillness had murdered sleep more effectually than the most uproarious manifestations could have done. As we sat with our frightened servants around us, a strange sound suddenly struck upon our ears, and made our hearts die within us. We rushed

to the window, and, throwing it open, beheld the verification of our worst fears. Groups of workmen in blouses had silently assembled with torches and pickaxes, and with a stern determination commenced tearing up the pavement and cutting down the trees (the only trees spared by the revolutionists of 1830 were the acacias before our door), in preparation for the morrow's struggle. Immediately under the windows where these lines are written were erected three of the principal barricades that figured in the late revolution: one across the Boulevard Pissonnière, and the two others at the junction of the Rue Montmartre and the Faubourg Montmartre with the Boulevard. The sound of the uprooted stones as they were thrown upon one another, the crash of the falling trees, the resolute voices of the workmen, and the nature of their labours at that unwonted hour, had in them all the strange fascination of terror. We would have given worlds to have shut the sounds from our ears, and yet we could not leave the window. When the work of destruction was completed, they smashed the lamps that still remained lighted, moved onward to recommence a few hundred paces higher up on the Boulevard, and left us to solitude and utter darkness. And thus passed Wednesday night.

A death-like silence reigned until between five and six in the morning, when a volley of musketry at the adjacent barricade announced the commencement of hostilities, and sent us trembling to the window to witness the arrival of a large military force, under the command of General Bedeau, consisting of a regiment of cuirassiers, one of chasseurs-à-cheval, three regiments of the line, and a battery of artillery. The ragged insurgents who had been left to guard the barricades scampered away before the platoon firing, and the soldiers of the line demolished in less than a quarter of an hour the formidable barriers that had been constructed during the night, leaving a free passage for the cavalry and artillery, who, together with the infantry, immediately took up their position on the Boulevard just above our residence. After the terrible abandonment of the night, this appearance of protection was most cheering; but whatever hopes had been raised by the arrival of so strong a force, were in a short time dashed by seeing the heroes of the night, who had been dispersed by the soldiers, return with an increase of numbers, and coolly commence reconstructing their barricades, while the troops looked on tranquilly within a hundred paces of them without attempting to interfere with their work. In an incredibly short time the three barricades were again erected, and an armed mob, not amounting in number to one-fourth of the troops drawn up within a few yards of them, ensconced themselves behind, prepared "to do or die."

Neither party did anything, however, but rested on their arms until half-past ten o'clock, when an aide-de-camp arrived from the Tuileries and announced that the King had nominated a new ministry, at the head of which were Messieurs Thiers and Odillon Barrot. Cries of "Vive la Reforme!" greeted this intelligence; and ere they had subsided a large body of National Guards advanced from the Faubourg Pissonnière, accompanied by an immense mob cheering and vociferating for reform, and took up their position with the troops, with whom the whole body appeared to fraternize. At this juncture, Monsieur Odillon Barrot and General Lamoricière (who had just been appointed to supersede General Jacqueminot in the command of the National Guard), accompanied by Horace Vernay, rode up and gave orders to

the troops to retire, making fine speeches to the mob in the name of the King, who, they said, wished for no protection or force but that afforded by "les braves Gardes Nationaux et le brave peuple de Paris." A sort of conference was held between the officers of both forces, which terminated in the word of command being given to the troops of the line to march off. They lost no time in doing so, reversing their muskets and holding the butt ends uppermost in signal of their determination not to act; the mob with the utmost cordiality handing them over the barricades, and saluting them with enthusiastic cries of "Vive la ligne!" Cavalry and artillery followed, and defiled along the Boulevard in perfect order, the trumpets sounding a retreat. But scarcely had they reached the Boulevard des Italiens, ere the mob, anxious to assert its newly acquired power by some practical demonstration, began to disarm the soldiery; and to our dismay we beheld the cannon which had just passed under our windows, in all the pomp and circumstance of military array, forcibly taken from their guardian artillerymen, and brought back to the barricade by a screaming and frantic populace. Similar scenes took place at the other military posts, and thus in a few moments was Paris delivered over to the people under the semblance of being under the protection of the National Guards; all the regular troops being withdrawn from the city, except those that guarded the château of the Tuileries, and the post at the guard-house in front of the Palais Royal.

The opportunity afforded by this tenure of power was not to be lost by the Revolutionists, nor was it lost. The momentary influence obtained over them by Odillon Barrot and Lamoricière quickly vanished, and seditious cries marked the odium with which the new ministry was already regarded. "*A bas Thiers, qui a fait les fortifications de Paris!—à bas l'homme des lois de Septembre!*" burst from all sides. At last the people no longer hesitated to proclaim their wishes, and "*à bas Louis Philippe!*" was echoed by a thousand voices.

And now the plot thickened. Dense masses from the faubourgs, armed with every description of weapon that they could possess themselves of, from the arms surrendered by the troops to those pillaged from the properties of the theatres, came pouring like an irresistible torrent down the Boulevards, gathering its thousands as it rolled along. Such of these infuriated patriots as had not yet obtained arms, forced their way into private dwellings to require, in tones that admitted of no refusal, that whatever weapons they contained should be delivered to them forthwith. Our own individual courage was put to a severe test by a domiciliary visit of that description from nine fierce-looking individuals who would not be denied, and whom we were obliged to receive with all the courtesy and *sang froid* that we could summon. To do them justice they behaved with much civility, and on finding that their search was fruitless, and that neither pistol, gun, nor sabre formed any part of female belongings, they quietly departed, with many apologies for the trouble they had given.

The terrific appearance of this rabble rout recalled all that has been written of the risings of the faubourgs and the sections in the first Revolution. A few straggling National Guards—just sufficient to give the colour of a movement under them—were sprinkled throughout; but the mass was composed of men in blouses, their sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, and their naked arms brandishing cutlasses, sabres, pikes, muskets, pistols, fowling-pieces, fencing swords, and in

many instances branches of trees with bayonets affixed to them. Some few appeared in the Roman helmets and pasteboard cuirasses they had purloined from the theatres. Women were there too, some carrying flags that had been got up for the occasion with a fragment of red rag tied to a pike staff; and one old fiend marched in front, shouldering like a musket half of the panel of a door that had been torn from its hinges, her gray hair streaming to the wind, and a branch of laurel stuck into her head-kerchief. Amidst the deafening din raised by their vociferations, and the sort of fury with which they yelled the Marseillaise, one cry suddenly predominated; "*Aux Tuileries!*" and, sweeping down the Rue Richelieu, the monstrous gathering directed its fearful course towards the palace, without encountering any resistance save from a gallant detachment of the line occupying the post of the Château d'Eau, in the Place du Palais Royal. The officer in command, on refusing to surrender his arms, was bayoneted on the spot; and his brave men—the only ones who did their duty—were all massacred, and the guard-house burnt to the ground.

While these events were passing on the Boulevard, scenes of another description were enacting within the precincts of the palace. There all was still security. The court of the palace and the gardens were filled with troops under the command of the Duke of Nemours; of their fidelity there was no reason as yet to doubt, for they had not been called upon to act, consequently had not been exposed to the disheartening process of being led out, like those on the Boulevard, to witness the triumph of lawless violence without being suffered to repress it. The king had passed them in review in the morning, and was satisfied that with such a guard he had nothing to fear. But in the midst of his security, Monsieur Thiers abruptly entered, and announced to his majesty that the game was up! that the National Guard had made common cause with the people, that the troops would not act, that the mob was in full career to storm the Tuileries, and that any attempt to resist them would only occasion a useless effusion of blood! His words were, "*Sire, vous n'avez pas d'option, il faut abdiquer!*" The Duke of Montpensier seconded the counsel of the minister; but the Queen, who was present, surrounded by her little grandchildren, with the tender heroism of a woman and a wife, urged him to do nothing which his own reason or his own wishes did not sanction. "*Reste ici,*" she said, "*si tu crois devoir le faire. Tu sais comme je t'aime; je suis prête à mourir à côté de toi!*" The King's hesitations, however, were overcome by the urgent entreaties of Monsieur Thiers; and while the yells of the approaching mob were becoming audible, he signed an abdication in favour of his grandson, the Comte de Paris, under the regency of the Duchess of Orleans.

"*Et maintenant, partez, sire! vous n'avez pas un moment à perdre!*"

The royal pair descended to the garden of the Tuileries, which they traversed in the direction of the *pont tournant*, preceded by the Duke of Montpensier, who endeavoured to prevent the crowd from pressing too rudely upon his father. A few National Guards, and one or two deputies accompanied them, one of whom, indignant at seeing the crowd keep their hats on in the King's presence, exclaimed: "*Messieurs, decouvrez vous in presence du Roi!*"—" *Il n'y a plus de Roi!*" was the answer. "*Alors, si vous ne respectez plus le Roi, respectez au moins le malheur,*" was indignantly urged by the speaker. "*Et le crime donc?*" was all that could be extracted from the stubborn republican.

The King, when he quitted his palace, wished and intended to have directed his steps to the Chamber of Deputies, but the few persons who escorted him, fearing for his safety, urged the fugitives on towards the Place Louis Quinze, where a couple of one-horse vehicles were in waiting for them. By a strange fatality, the group was brought to a stand still close to the pedestal of the Obelisk of Luxor, on the very spot where, fifty-five years before, the first royal victim to the cause of liberty in France had expiated by his blood the misfortune of having fallen upon times which he had neither genius to comprehend nor strength of character to compete with. What the feelings of Louis Philippe were at that moment can scarcely be imagined. He raised his hat from his head, and addressing the people who surrounded him, "*Messieurs,*" said he, "*c'est vous qui m'avez fait monter au trône—c'est vous qui m'en faites descendre! Soyez heureux.*" In another moment he stepped into the humble vehicle that was to bear him away from all his grandeur, and, like our royal Richard, "not one voice cried God bless him!"

The news of the abdication was immediately conveyed to the Place du Palais Royal, where the conflict was still going on between the people and the troops, and Marshal Gerard appeared among them on horseback, with a green branch in his hand, hoping that the intelligence would pacify all angry passions, and lead to the cessation of hostilities. But the spirit which had been stirred up gained strength with every fresh act of daring, and the people, who the day before would have gratefully accepted a change of ministry as a boon, and a change of measures as a tribute to public opinion, now indignantly rejected the abdication of the sovereign as an insufficient homage to their newly-acquired supremacy; and the announcement was only met by increased cries of "*Aux Tuileries! à bas Louis Philippe!*"

At that moment some of the more temperate leaders of the mob foreseeing the dreadful carnage that must take place should they come in contact with the large body of troops stationed in the Carousel and the gardens of the Château, rushed to the iron gate opening from the Rue de Rivoli, and entreated to be admitted to an interview with the Duke of Nemours, who still remained there in command of the troops. What passed at that interview is unnecessary to detail, but its practical effect was, that the duke gave the order to the troops to retire, and as they defiled along the quays and through the gardens, the mob rushed in and took possession of the palace.

There is something ignoble in this precipitate flight of the royal family, who departed with such haste and in such disorder that the "*saute qui peut*" instinct appears to have scared away from them every other sentiment for the moment, and the young princesses were left to make the best of their way out of the tumult, unaided by their husbands. The Parisian population have already instituted a comparison between the flight of the last Bourbon sovereign in 1830, and that of Le Roi des Français in 1848, which fully expresses the estimation in which they hold the latter: they say, "*Nous avons renvoyé Charles Dix à coup de canon, et nous avons chassé Louis Philippe à coup de pieds!*" One member only of the dynasty appeared to make a stand, and to assert the rights that had devolved upon her child. While the King and Queen were hastening to the carriage that bore them away from Paris, the Duchess of Orleans, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours, proceeded on foot with her two sons to the Cham-

ber of Deputies, to seek for support at the hands of the legislative body, for the rights of the Comte de Paris, in whose favour his grandfather had abdicated. But it was too late. The scene of violence that was exhibited there equalled the most infuriate episodes of the first revolution; and the duchess was subjected to trials as painful as those that had been inflicted upon Marie Antoinette in the stormy epoch of 1792. The moral influence of the deputies had vanished; and even if they had been disposed to listen to the pathetic appeal of the duchess when she attempted to address them, they could not assert themselves, for the chamber was not only morally disorganized, but it was under the influence of terror from physical force and outrage. Not only the galleries devoted to the public, but the interior of the Chamber, supposed to be for ever sacred from intrusion, was broken in upon by a furious and armed mob, from whom the duchess and her children were driven to take refuge on the upper benches reserved for the deputies; and when Monsieur Odillon Barrot, to his eternal credit, attempted to assert the cause of the mother and son, and energetically declared that he would form no part of any government that did not acknowledge rights so sacred, every musket in the hands of the mob was suddenly levelled at his head, with vociferous cries for the republic.

It was then that the duchess rose, and would have spoken; but her voice was lost in the tumult, and the Duke of Nemours compelling her to reseal herself, she committed to paper the words she would have uttered, which were immediately exhibited upon the point of a bayonet. Their substance was as follows: "Gentlemen, it is from the nation, and not from the Chamber, that must emanate the rights of my orphan son; and it is that alone which his widowed mother has come to ask of you."

For a quarter of an hour the uproar that ensued can only be likened to Pandemonium; the mob pointing their muskets at the heads of the deputies, ready to fire at the first word that displeased them. So much for the freedom of the debate that sealed the fate of the monarchy! Had it not been for this physical-force irruption, there is no doubt that the most exaggerated of the opposition members would have thought that they had achieved a signal political victory by the adoption of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. But Monsieur Ledru Rollin, taking advantage of the panic that had been produced, as soon as any voice could be heard, declared that the Chamber had no power to accept a regency, and that the people only were to be appealed to. Monsieur de Lamartine followed, demanding that a provisional government, based upon the suffrages of the people, should be formed; and one or two others expressed themselves in the same sense.

At that moment, the gates of the Chamber were broken in by a second mob more terrible, if possible, than the first. The deputies hastily evacuated the Chamber, and adjourned to the Hôtel de Ville, to carry out measures for a provisional government. Some charitable individuals, seizing the little princes in their arms, saved them from being crushed to death. The duchess, half-fainting, was with difficulty removed with them to the Invalides; and the Duke of Nemours, jumping out of an open window that was pointed out to him, escaped through the garden of the Chamber of Deputies.

The intelligence of what had taken place was shortly afterwards conveyed to us on the Boulevards by the terrible *vox populi*. "Vive

la Republique!" had now superseded every other cry, and a startling proof that royalty was indeed destroyed, soon passed before our eyes. The countless mob which had two hours before gone forth with such relentless purpose to storm the Tuileries, now returned triumphant from the sack, bearing with them the throne of Louis Philippe shorn of its royal crown and cypher, on its way to the Place de la Bastille, where they subsequently executed poetical justice upon it by burning it at the foot of the column of July, and scattering its ashes to the winds. An endless multitude followed with blood-red flags, frantic with excitement, and each bearing aloft, stuck upon the point of a bayonet or pike, some spoil from the scene of devastation. One horrible trophy spoke eloquently of the struggle that had taken place. The battered and blood-stained casques of the unfortunate Municipal Guards who had been massacred by the mob were carried upon pikes, and derisively cheered with "bravos" and clapping of hands as they passed along. Then came figures at once so terrific and so grotesque, that in the midst of our horror we could not forbear smiling and asking ourselves if it were not some Mardi Gras parade we were witnessing—some carnival saturnalia, directed by the "Abbot of Unreason"—instead of the evidences of a bloody and ruthless struggle which had ended in the overthrow of one of the greatest monarchies upon earth.

It is vain to assert that nothing was plundered from the Tuileries on that day. Every individual of that rabble rout exhibited some share of the spoil either upon his person or upon his arms. One *gamin* with half of a state livery coat upon his back, came capering along, shouting, "Où est le tailleur du Roi? Envoyez moi donc le tailleur de Louis Philippe." Others wore the cocked hats of the King's coachmen surmounted with beautiful wreaths of artificial flowers, which had doubtless belonged to the princesses. Some had dressed themselves in the crimson and gold table-covers of the state apartments. One man carried an ermine muff upon his pike, another a velvet cushion, another a splendid tortoise-shell cat (probably a royal pet), which had been strangled and suspended there; another a haunch of venison spitted upon his bayonet, another a *quartier de chevreuil piqué*. In short, the whole *menu* of the royal table for that day was exhibited upon the pikes of the ragged multitude; and as they swept along, intoxicated with their success, the deafening din caused by the sound of those thousands of voices chanting the Marseillaise, combined with the tramping of those thousands of feet, hurrying on in the flush of lawless excitement, struck upon our ears like the knell of order and security.

We could no longer submit to remain a quiet spectator from a window of these stirring events; and, taking a friend's arm, directed our steps towards the Tuileries,—a service of much fatigue and some danger, for, independent of the dense and frantic masses that obstructed the streets, a constant fusillade was kept up by the excited rabble, who were firing for joy in all directions, and many were the fatal accidents that occurred that evening in consequence. With considerable difficulty we reached the Tuileries by the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix. But what a scene did the palace display! King Mob, flushed with victory, sat enthroned amidst the ruins of the monarchy he had overturned, and with his foot planted upon the neck of the defunct dynasty, held his first court in those gilded saloons.

Every part of the princely pile, from the ground-floor to the garrets, was filled to overflowing with the majestic presence of the sovereign.

people. Furniture, dresses, papers, were flying out of the windows (or rather window-frames, for not a pane of glass was left whole) and, as fast as they reached the ground, were collected into a heap and converted into bonfires. But, strange anomaly, *even then* some system of order had been established, and no plunder in the shape of robbery was permitted. Destruction and devastation were not only tolerated, but encouraged; but when the first rush was over, and those trophies I had seen on the Boulevard had been borne off, a most rigorous police had been instituted by the destroyers, and was already in full operation by the time we reached the scene of action. Sentinels were posted at all the issues from the palace and gardens, and every person leaving the premises was examined to ascertain that they carried away nothing with them. "Brulez tant que vous voulez, mais n'emportez rien," was the *mot d'ordre*, and in more than one instance where an attempt had been made to evade it, the culprits had been placed upon their knees and shot through the head on the spot *pour encourager les autres*. To be sure, the incipient palace guard was of a most burlesque description, both as to dress and equipment. Ragged blouses predominated; and the colossal granite lions at the gates of the Pavillon de l'Horloge were bestridden by patriots in that guise, with their faces blackened with powder, pistols stuck in their girdles, the cross-belts and side-arms of some plundered soldier slung over their shoulders, and naked sabres flashing in their hands,—the very *beau ideal* of republican life-guardsmen. Every description of arms and accoutrements were pressed into the service, and in one instance we noticed an enthusiastic patriot with not only his fowling-piece, but his pointer-dog. Doubtless the faithful animal thought the gun had no right to a day's shooting without his joining in it.

We passed from the Tuileries to the Palais Royal through the scene of the greatest carnage that had taken place during the struggle, the post of the Château d'Eau, where the soldiery had remembered their duty to their sovereign, and perished asserting it. The guard-house had been completely burned, and nothing but the stone façade remained standing, blackened, and as thickly indented with bullet-marks as a face seamed with the small-pox. The Gallerie d'Orleans of the Palais Royal had been converted into an *ambulance* or temporary hospital for the wounded, many of whom were being conveyed there upon stretchers contrived out of door and window-shutters. The palace itself presented a similar picture of devastation with the Tuileries, every species of destruction being deemed not only lawful, but meritorious. Fourteen of the King's carriages had been burned in the Cour d'Honneur, amidst the acclamations of the populace, and upon the smoking embers were flung from the windows pianofortes, couches, chairs, and the defaced and mutilated armorial bearings of the house of Orleans torn from the walls and cast into the mud, to complete the funeral pile of royalty.

The appearance of the city was awful in the extreme: every shop closed, every lamp smashed, not a vehicle of any kind to be seen, all circulation impeded, barricades at the end of every street, bristling with bayonets and surmounted by red flags; the pavements torn up the trees cut down; the crest-fallen National Guard disarmed, and a dense population of the ragged heroes of the day perambulating the thoroughfares in masses, armed at all points, and firing off their pieces in very wantonness of glee.

Thus ended that eventful Thursday, whose terrors could only be equalled by those anticipated for the approaching night. The consciousness that we were entirely in the hands and at the mercy of the people, all troops withdrawn from the city, everything in the shape of police force disorganized, and the Municipal Guard (hitherto the protection of the citizens) either killed or dispersed, filled all with apprehension. Marvellous to relate, however, nothing like outrage was perpetrated. King Mob, terrible in his fury, shewed himself "bon Prince" in the hour of success, and displayed a moderation and calm that it would be worse than uncandid not to admire. Patrols of men looking like brigands circulated through the streets all night, and the barricades remained guarded, lest any attempt at counter-revolution might be made upon the town. In short, a wonderful system of order suddenly sprung up out of the disorder that had reigned a few hours before; and it is difficult to withhold assent to the remark made to us by a French gentleman (I beg pardon, I must *now* say a *citoyen*), who while lamenting the events that had taken place, exclaimed: "Il faut avouer qu'en France tout sentiment d'honneur s'est réfugié chez le peuple."

Ten days have now elapsed since the victory achieved by the people. Order has been re-established, but not confidence; and sad and anxious are the anticipations for the future. The Provisional Government has made, and is making, efforts almost superhuman to discharge the onerous duties which its devoted members have taken upon themselves.

But the great and absorbing subject of anxiety is the approaching elections for the National Assembly, fixed for the 9th of April. Passions and schisms are already fomenting; Utopian theories and expectations are beginning to be vociferous; stormy questions as to the regulation of labour, and the wages of workmen, are agitated; and a gloom such as we never before witnessed in this country, has enveloped Paris in an atmosphere of doubt and dread. Undoubtedly the mass of public opinion goes with, and supports, the government, and, above all, pays tribute to the devotedness, intelligence, and loyalty of its brightest ornament, Monsieur de Lamartine. His courage in resisting the recent demand of the combatants of the barricades to change the national colours, and substitute the red flag of revolt adopted by them on the late occasion for the tricolor, consecrated by so many glorious memories, was absolutely sublime; and his attitude, words, and demeanour, when the bayonets of the ruffianly deputation were pointed at his breast and crossed over his head, were characterised by a noble calm worthy of the greatest heroes of antiquity. God grant that all his future efforts to repel unreasonable expectations may prove as successful as in that instance, and that the eloquent convictions of such a mind may again and again awaken an echo in the rugged bosoms of the multitude! But misgivings may be pardoned in an epoch like the present; nor can we forget, while pondering over all that the last sixty years has unrolled in this agitated country, during the great process of political regeneration, what has been the fate of its purest patriots. In modern France as in ancient Rome, the space is brief from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock!

PARIS, March 5, 1848.

KIRDJALI; THE BULGARIAN BANDIT.

A TALE.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF PUSHKIN.

BY THOMAS B. SHAW, B. A.

KIRDJALI was by birth a Bulgarian. Kirdjáli, in the Turkish language, signifies a hero, a brave warrior. His real name I never knew. Kirdjáli, at the head of his band, carried terror throughout the whole of Moldavia. In order to give some idea of his daring, I will relate one of his exploits. One night he and the Arnaut Mikhailáki fell single-handed on a Bulgarian village. They set fire to the hamlet in two places, and went on together from cottage to cottage. Kirdjáli cut the throats of all he met, and Mikhailáki carried the booty. Both shouted "Kirdjáli! Kirdjáli!" and the whole population betook themselves to flight.

When Alexander Ipsilanti was agitating the general revolt against the Turks, and had begun to assemble his army, Kirdjáli joined him with a small number of his old comrades. The real object of the rising was but imperfectly known to these guerillas; but the war presented an excellent opportunity for them to enrich themselves at the expense of the Turks, and perhaps also at that of the Moldavians. This appeared to them self-evident, and this was all they cared to know.

After the battle of Skuliáni, the Turks remained the victors. Moldavia was cleared of the guerillas. About six thousand Arnauts scattered themselves over Bessarabia: though not knowing how to find a subsistence, they were grateful to Russia for the protection she afforded them. They led an idle, but far from licentious life. They might always be met with in the coffee-houses of the half-Turkish Bessarabia, with long chibouques in their mouths, sipping the dregs of coffee from their little cups. Their embroidered jackets and their red sharp-pointed slippers were already beginning to look rather worn-out and threadbare; but the tufted skull-cap was still, as of old, cocked jauntily aside, and ataghan and pistol still bristled in their broad girdles. None of them were ever complained of. It seemed incredible that these poor, inoffensive fellows could ever have been the famous Klepts of Moldavia, the comrades of the terrible Kirdjáli, and that he himself was here among them.

The pasha who was at that time governor of Jassy, obtained intelligence of this circumstance, and demanded, as a basis for negotiations for peace, the surrender, on the part of the Russian government, of the celebrated brigand.

The police began to institute a search. It was ascertained that Kirdjáli was actually residing in Kishenéff. He was arrested in the house of a runaway monk, in the evening, as he was at supper, sitting in the twilight with seven of his comrades.

Kirdjáli was placed under a guard. He did not attempt to conceal the truth, and immediately confessed that he was Kirdjáli. "But," added he, "from the time when I crossed the Pruth, I have never touched a hair of any man's goods, nor harmed the meanest

gipsy. To the Turks, to the Moldavians, to the Vallachians, I am, in truth, a robber; but to the Russians I am a guest. When Saphiános had fired away all his ammunition, and came to us in the quarantine, to collect from the wounded men everything he could find for a last loading for our guns,—buttons, nails, the chains and tassels of their ataghans, I gave him twenty sequins, and left myself without money. God sees that I,—I, Kirdjáli, have lived on alms! Wherefore, then, should the Russians now give me up to my enemies?" After pronouncing these words, Kirdjáli was silent, and began calmly to await the decision of his destiny.

A karútzá was drawn up at the gate of the prison, in the year 1821, on one of the last days of September. Jewesses, with their sleeves dangling loose and their slipshod slippers trailing along the ground; Arnaúts, in their ragged but picturesque costume; tall Moldavian women, with their black-eyed babies in their arms;—all these, in a motley group, surrounded the karútzá. The men preserved a complete silence,—the women seemed eagerly expecting something or other.

The gates opened, and a number of police officers came out into the street; they were followed by two soldiers, conducting between them Kirdjáli, chained.

He appeared about thirty years of age. The features of his tawny countenance were regular and severe. He was of lofty stature, broad-shouldered, exhibiting every sign of extraordinary physical strength. A turban of various colours was placed slantingly on his head; his slender waist was encircled by a broad belt of shawl; a doliman of stout dark-blue cloth, a wide and thickly-plaited shirt, falling nearly to the knee, and scarlet slippers, completed his costume. His air was calm and proud.

One of the civil officers, a red-faced old fellow, in a faded and threadbare uniform, to which still dangled three remaining buttons, having pinched between the arch of a pair of pewter spectacles a purplish nob, which represented a nose, unfolded a paper, and holding it up to his eye, began to read in the Moldavian language. From time to time he glanced contemptuously at the fettered Kirdjáli, who was apparently the subject of the paper. Kirdjáli listened to him with attention. The civilian finished his reading, folded up the paper, called loudly to the people, ordering them to make way, and commanded the karútzá to be brought up. Then Kirdjáli turned towards him, and said a few words in the Moldavian dialect; his voice trembled; he changed countenance; burst into tears, and threw himself at the feet of the officer of police, his chains clashing as he fell. The police officer, struck with terror, scuttled off; the soldiers were about to raise Kirdjáli, but he got up of his own accord, gathered his fetters into his hand, stepped into the karútzá, and cried, "Drive on!" A gendarme seated himself by his side, the Moldavian cracked his whip, and the karútzá rolled away.

Kirdjáli, on his arrival at Jassy, was delivered up to the pasha, who sentenced him to be impaled. The execution was deferred to some great holiday or other. In the meantime he was shut up in a dungeon. The duty of guarding the prisoner was confided to seven Turks (men of rude and simple habits, and at heart, to a certain degree, brigands like Kirdjáli); they treated him with respect, and

listened, with the greediness so universal throughout the East, to his strange and wondrous tales.

It was not long before a secret bond of fellowship united the guards and their prisoner. One day Kirdjáli said to them,—“Brothers! my hour is near. No man can escape his fate, In a short time I shall bid ye farewell. I should like to leave you something as a keepsake.” The Turks pricked up their ears.

“Brothers!” continued Kirdjáli, “three years ago, when I robbed in company with Mikhailáke, who is now dead, we buried in the steppe, not far from Jassy, a great iron pot full of piastres. Apparently neither I nor he were destined to enjoy that hoard. So be it! do you dig it up, and share it among ye like good comrades.”

The Turks were almost crazy with delight. Then began the arguments, how they should find the spot in which the treasure was concealed. They meditated and discussed the matter so long, that at last they proposed that Kirdjáli himself should shew them the way.

Night came on. The Turks took off the fetters from the prisoner's feet, tied his hands behind him with a rope, and the whole party set off with him for the steppe.

Kirdjáli led them on, keeping always in the same direction, from one hillock to another. They walked onward for a long time. At last Kirdjáli stopped at a broad stone, measured out twelve paces towards the south, stamped with his foot, and cried—*here*.

The Turks now set to work. Four of them drew their ataghans, and began to dig up the earth. The three others stood on guard. Kirdjáli sat down on the stone, and began to look at them as they laboured.

“Well, are you near it?” he inquired, “have you got down to it?”

“Not yet,” replied the Turks, toiling on, till the sweat streamed from them like rain.

Kirdjáli began to show signs of impatience.

“What a set of fellows!” he cried; “they can't even dig up a few feet of earth! If I set about it, the affair would be done in a couple of minutes. Come, my boys! untie my hands and give me an ataghan.” The Turks hesitated, and began to consult together.

“Well,” said they at last, “let's unbind his hands, and give him an ataghan. What harm can that do? We are seven to one.” And the Turks untied his hands, and gave him an ataghan.

At last Kirdjáli found himself once more a free man, with arms in his hands. What must he have felt at such a moment! He began to dig with great activity; his guards helped him. Suddenly he plunged his ataghan into the body of one of them, and leaving the weapon sticking in the Turk's bosom, he snatched a brace of pistols from the falling man's belt.

The remaining six, seeing Kirdjáli levelling a cocked pistol in each hand, took to their heels.

Kirdjáli is now once more a brigand, and plunders principally in the neighbourhood of Jassy. A short time ago he wrote a letter to the hospodar, demanding five thousand gold piastres, and threatening, in case of non-payment, to set fire to Jassy, and to present himself in person to the hospodar. The five thousand piastres were sent him.

“ ARE THERE THOSE WHO READ THE FUTURE ? ”

A TISSUE OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN.”

“ I can't say she was an agreeable person : for in society her main aim was to appear wiser than her neighbours.”

LADY MARY W. MONTAGU's *opinion of Madame la Comtesse de V—tt.*

IN a sheltered nook of fertile Devon, within an easy drive of Exeter, and a pleasant sail of Torquay, lies a little bustling village—originally a cluster of fishers' huts—whose bold coast, firm sands, and gently shelving shore proved irresistible recommendations to public favour. The straggling hamlet of Sunny Bay rose rapidly into a much frequented watering-place. To it flocked the infirm, the feeble, the consumptive, the suffering : and these, ere long, were followed by the idle, and the jaded, the luxurious, and the hypochondriacal.

To the former class, the invalids, belonged the young Duc de la Miniac de Rohan, who, at the period I am referring to, came to Sunny Bay by the special recommendation of a whole conclave of physicians. His malady was consumption : but he had youth and a truly happy, equable, contented temper on his side ; and the most vigilant and affectionate of nurses. He was ordered to live in the saddle ; to confine himself mainly to a milk diet ; to be at least a couple of hours every morning on the sands ; and daily to luxuriate in a beverage, or broth, of which snails were the main ingredient : and for which horrible staple in his mid-day meal the neighbouring gardens were laid under willing contribution.

Whether from the soft, genial air of Devon, or from horse-exercise, or from the long hours passed on the sunny beach fanned the while by the freshening breeze, or from the strange but nourishing diet so peremptorily prescribed for him, and so steadily abided by, it boots not now to say,—the result was this : the Duc de Rohan rallied. The hectic spot disappeared from his cheek. His face lost its anxious and haggard expression. He rode with greater firmness and spirit. His eye looked no longer dull and glassy. And the Sunny Bay people—with whom, from his gay good humour and lavish expenditure, the young French noble was a favourite—thus expressed, and with sincerity, their sentiments. “ For his own sake we wish the young duke may get right well again ; but for ours we hope that he will take some time about it ! ”

Where, and in what latitude, dwell disinterested people ? Strange that with all our hopes and aspirations Self should so insensibly and largely mingle !

With the departure of the duke's household from Sunny Bay, all memory of their sayings and doings would have gradually faded, had it not been for the prolonged sojourn of a lady who seemed, to a certain degree, identified with the foreign visitant. This party had come into Devonshire at the express wish of the ladies of the duke's family. They had known her abroad ; liked her society ; had experienced great courtesy at her hands, and pressed her to visit them. On the other hand, Hortense de Crespigny—such was

the fair one's name—had no settled home. "All countries and domiciles," she remarked, "are alike to one who is an exile for ever; and why not waste what remains to me of life at Sunny Bay?"

What might remain to her of life was "an open" and "much controverted" question. No two gossips could agree as to her age. By some Mademoiselle de Crespigny was pronounced forty; by others five-and-twenty. Her country, too, afforded matter for many a wordy war.

The elderlies held her to be of French origin. The juniors maintained her to be an Italian. She herself observed the most inviolable silence as to her birth-place, connexions, past or future residence. She was an accomplished linguist; could converse in five languages; drew rapidly and accurately; and sang; but—like the beautiful and too celebrated Lady Hamilton—declined invariably an accompaniment. "It confused her," was her remark; "caused her to forget both words and air." But the quality of her voice was delicious; her intonation perfect; and those who had the good fortune to hear her in an English or Spanish ballad, will not easily forget the witchery of her tones.

She had ample means; was not disinclined to use them; compassionate and fearless. One exhibition of her courage and kindly feeling established for her an ascendancy among the poor, who in after years often reverted to the bold heart and open hand of the melancholy Spanish lady.

A very poor woman, living within a stone's throw of Mr. Stacey, the flourishing grocer and petty banker of the little sea-port, was seized with malignant fever. Two nurses who had gone to the assistance of the sufferer, had, one after another, caught the infection, and were pronounced past recovery. No one was disposed to succeed them; and the deserted woman—she had four fatherless children—seemed doomed to perish alone. At this juncture the foreigner heard of the case, and sought fearlessly the bedside of the sufferer. Watch her, hour by hour, as a nurse, she did *not*. But four times a day did Hortense de Crespigny present herself in that squalid dwelling. She gave the poor delirious creature her medicine; she surrounded her with comforts; she shifted her uneasy pillow, and fumigated her close and unhealthy chamber. Nay, more. At the crisis of the disorder the generous Hortense, at no light cost, summoned Dr. Luke twice from Exeter, on purpose to place the case under his guidance. The widow—she was a lace-maker—rallied; and when, on the first morning of recovered reason she saw her benefactress bending over her couch, she overwhelmed her with thanks and blessings, and prayed that she might live long and happily. A strange expression of anguish passed over Mademoiselle de Crespigny's face; and she checked the grateful speaker with the hurried exclamation, "No, no! don't pray for me that I may live; but pray—yes, pray, and that earnestly, that I may be permitted to die."

Perhaps this morbid and devouring melancholy will explain her long solitary rambles by the shore. Watching the ceaseless throb of ocean, she would remain for hours on the hissing beach, heedless of the blast and the spray. She said the waves spoke to her,—spoke to her of the future,—spoke to her of the past. She maintained that

to her mind the great deep mirrored THE INFINITE and THE ETERNAL, and that the billows, as they burst in rapid succession on the shore, had each for her a language and a lesson, and bore tidings of the dead and the distant, the lost and the loved.

Of the stars, her notions were to the full as wild and dreamy. After a lengthened gaze at the studded hemisphere on a bright and glorious night, she burst forth:—

“The stars are talking together, as happily and harmoniously, as on the first morning of creation, fulfilling, with unutterable gladness, their mighty Maker’s will, nor dreading nor desiring to shun the hour when they must fall from their courses!”

Of necessity, her religious views were speedily pronounced faulty, and it was hinted that she thought much more about the sea and stars than a sober-minded christian ought to do.

“Perhaps,” said she, in reply, “my creed is not so fully matured as it should be. In truth, I feel that I have much to learn: but what is it which you *here* teach me? What do I see at Sunny Bay? An aged minister, Mr. Winton, has the misfortune to differ slightly with some of his hearers. They instantly leave him, turn their backs on Glenorchy Chapel, and run up a hideous brick building behind the Beacon, in which they congregate, and call their house of assembly ‘THE LITTLE REVENGE;’ a strange name, surely, for a place dedicated to the worship of THE SUPREME! Again, in the church, poor old Mr. Rhymer, a most inoffensive being, makes use of two or three unguarded expressions in an ill-considered sermon. He is denounced to his bishop; cited in the spiritual court; suspended; takes to his bed and dies of a broken heart. My creed, I daresay, is imperfect, but it tells me this,—to love—to forbear—and to forgive.”

“A rank heretic!” cried Mrs. Chapman of The Globe,—an enormously stout woman, and an unquestionable authority in the hamlet,—“a rank heretic! and if she had but lived in good old Bishop Bonner’s days, I, for one, know what would have become of her!”

Nor was this the only point on which public propriety,—marvellously sensitive at Sunny Bay!—felt itself scandalized.

It soon transpired,—how or by what means I cannot now recal,—that this extraordinary woman read the future. This last expression is, perhaps, *un peu trop fort!* and should be softened down into “guessed” at what was approaching, and all her “hits” be designated as so many fortunate coincidences. The reader must take which version soever he pleases.

Her first essay was in connexion with a youthful son of Admiral (then Captain) Carpenter. The captain was afloat, and a house on the Parade—not far from Miss Langford’s library—was occupied by his lady and her young family. It numbered among its members a very intelligent, shrewd, restless boy, full of life and hope, of peculiarly frank and winning manners, and of whom the fondest expectations were formed by those around him.

“That boy will cut a brilliant figure in after life,” was the remark of a gentleman who had been captivated with his apt but courteous answers; “we shall hear of him by the time he’s thirty.”

Miss de Crespigny looked at the lad steadily, and then slowly murmured, to the amazement of those who listened:—

“He will never live to be thirty: he will never live to be twenty: he will never enter his teens. Early doomed! early doomed! Poor fellow!

At this outbreak the preceding speaker looked thoroughly aghast. He timidly confronted the sibyl; observed her intently for some seconds, his face the while becoming momentarily paler and longer, and his eye growing wilder. At length he rose, and with a voice anything but firm, ejaculated,—

“Don’t know what to make of this! Odd! very odd! Something in it I can’t fathom. Must shift my quarters. Shall hear something not very palatable about my own doom if I stay much longer,”

The old gentleman here gasped horribly once or twice, like a fish *in extremis*, and then with a bound, bolted.

Some six or eight weeks after this scene, a rumour, late one evening, ran through Sunny Bay, that the coroner had been summoned to hold an inquest on young Carpenter, who was killed. At first the report was treated with indifference. It was deemed too improbable to be correct. But on inquiry the melancholy tidings were found to be too true. It appeared that the fearless boy had perished the victim of his own rashness.

It was given in evidence, that, profiting by his mother’s absence, and the occupation of an aged French governess who was engaged elsewhere with his sisters, he had once more indulged his favourite and forbidden freak, that of sliding down by the balustrade from the third to the basement story. It was conjectured, in the absence of all proof, that from some cause he had swerved in his descent, overbalanced himself, and fallen headlong.

A sad and tragic end for one so engaging and so loved!

Time rolled away, but left uneffaced the singular conversation which had preceded little Carpenter’s demise. This ere long reached the ears of a party then residing at Sunny Bay, remarkable alike for her sorrows, and the uncomplaining spirit in which she sustained them—Viscountess Nelson, widow of the hero of Trafalgar. However bright may be the lustre which distinguished services throw around the memory of Lord Nelson,—however conspicuous his name may stand on the roll of fame as a successful naval commander,—there is in his private life much to condemn and deplore. He was a most unfaithful husband to a generous and confiding woman,—he was a most careless protector of one who loved him fondly and truly,—who linked her fate with his when he was poor and comparatively unknown,—who was spotless in her own character and conduct, and whose life his indifference, ingratitude, and neglect, steeped in unimaginable bitterness. She—the victim—lived in comparative neglect and obscurity. He—the wrong-doer—basked in the full smile of public favour. Oh world! thou superficial and rash judge! how strangely and partially dost thou mete out thy penalties! Suffering and obloquy to the weak, impunity and triumph to the strong; always disposed to lean to the defying and the daring; always disposed to crush the feeble and the smitten; ever hasty in thy conclusions; ever careless of the misery they may entail! Well is it that thy awards are not eternal! Well is it that there is another and dread court of appeal to reverse thy unjust and unnatural decisions!

Of Nelson it may be said that his slavish subserviency to the meretricious arts of an unprincipled woman—the *wife of another*—is matter of history. That Lady Hamilton should spare no art, no allurements, no blandishments, to detain so renowned a captive in thrall is in perfect keeping with her character. But that the hero of the Nile should openly treat with the utmost consideration and affection a wanton—should honour her as though she bore his name—should set all public decency at defiance—should practically proclaim his thorough contempt of, and indifference to, the sacredness of the marriage vow, and leave his uncomplaining, unoffending, and irreproachable wife to the whisper, and the surmise, and the sneer of the world—is a stain which his most devoted eulogist must regret. His fame as a hero remains. But in dwelling on his private life, marvellously diminished is the respect which we would fain bear him as a man.

But Lady Nelson loved him—loved him in spite of long years of indifference and desertion—cherished his fame—was proud of his exploits—tried to forget past neglect, and to recall only that period in her life when he was the attached and devoted husband. Anxious beyond measure was she to ascertain whether at the last he remembered her; was sensible of the injustice he had done her; and had written or spoken aught indicative of reviving affection.

To this end, and with special reference to Hortense de Crespigny, she had again and again consulted Mrs. Marianne Stark—the celebrated tourist—then a resident with her aged mother at Sunny Bay. Now Mrs. Marianne Stark—profanely called by the multitude “Jack Stark” from her predilection in favour of a man’s hat and riding habit, which formed her usual attire—viewed the reserved and melancholy foreigner with unmitigated abhorrence.

Not content with deriding her pretensions, and designating her as an impostor, Mrs. Starke charged the unfortunate Hortense with treasonable designs.

“Avoid her, Lady Nelson,”—so ran Mrs. Stark’s diatribe—“avoid her as you would infamy. She can tell you nothing. She is an unprincipled *charlatan*. Nay, more, she is a spy. How comes it, for though I am wholly indifferent in a general way to the sayings and doings of my neighbours, I have made myself mistress of hers—how comes it that she receives no letters? Whence happens it that, though continually writing, she posts none through the Sunny Bay office, but takes them herself to Exeter, and despatches them from thence? A journey of twenty miles to post a letter! whence this precaution? Why this reserve? Where there is mystery there is iniquity. She’s a spy: and is at this very moment, such is my firm conviction, under government *surveillance*. Have nothing to do with her. She can tell you nothing that has reference to the late Lord Nelson. How should she? She does not know him even by name.”

“Miss de Crespigny,” remarked the viscountess, with stately dignity, “is a well read and intelligent woman.”

“She’s a desperately wicked one:” said Mrs. Stark, pointedly.

“She *must* have heard of my late husband’s exploits,” rejoined her ladyship, proudly: “*they* are familiar to every tongue.”

“As notorious, ere many months are over, will be Mademoiselle de Crespigny’s: take care that among them is not included some cleverly contrived fraud on Viscountess Nelson.”

"I do not fear her."

"The bravado to a letter in which the Duke of York indulged touching Mrs. Mary Anne Clark. See by Thursday's debates to what extent that virtuous lady has damaged the duke's character. *Can you touch pitch without being defiled?*"

"And your advice is?"

"Shun her."

And this advice being counter to her own previous determination, the widowed viscountess heard, and forthwith disobeyed.

An interview was speedily arranged at the foreigner's cottage: and early, on a bleak and gusty morning, Lady Nelson might have been seen wending her way towards Shepherd's Walk.

The usual greetings over, and her visitor appearing unable or unwilling to announce her errand, Hortense led the way by an enquiry.

"Your ladyship wished to see me on a matter of a private nature, may I venture to ask its object?"

"It relates mainly to myself:" was the reply.

"Command me: I listen."

A pause of some moments took place before the widowed lady broke silence.

"Referring to—to your *extraordinary* and *acknowledged* powers, did"—was her question put with moistened eye and quivering lip—"did Lord Nelson make any,—the slightest mention of me in the last few days of his life?"

"He did not."

"Was I wholly forgotten?" was the next inquiry shrieked rather than uttered: so great was the emotion with which it was accompanied.

"No: a letter was written to you some eight days before he went into action."

"I never received it," was Lady Nelson's response: "no, believe me, I never received it."

"Is it likely that it should have been permitted to reach your hands?" returned the foreigner in her usual calm, impassive, tones.

"Its tenor? oh! let your answer be quick—its tenor?" cried the widowed peeress anxiously.

"Kind, respectful, and affectionate in the highest degree."

"Could I but credit this!" said Lady Nelson, earnestly: "could I but credit this! how it would soothe a heart riven with regrets!"

"Why should your ladyship seek me, may I ask,"—said the foreigner abruptly and sternly—"unless you credit me? This interview is not of *my* proposing."

"True," returned the elder lady: "true; I *do* credit you: but I have friends who—"

"Represent me as an impostor and a *charlatan*, Mrs. Stark among the rest. I am thoroughly conversant with their insinuations: but I disdain answering her or them. Will your ladyship, for a brief moment, listen to me? You shall yourself test the truth of what I am now asserting."

"How?" And the colour forsook her lips as if the fears of the woman predominated, and she dreaded some exhibition of supernatural power.

"I have understood," resumed the other without noticing the emotion of her companion, "that you regard Sunny Bay as your home?"

"I shall live and die here," was Lady Nelson's answer. "I am attached to this little seaport; oh, yes; much and deeply attached to it. Its quiet calms me. Its retirement screens me. In Sunny Bay less observation is attracted to my sad, sad history. Yes, here I shall pass the remainder of my days."

"A *portion* of them," returned the foreigner emphatically; "a *portion* of them. The quiet so grateful to you will not always be your's. You will witness a frightful contest.—you will be present at a revolution."

"Impossible! with my habits and predilections!—quite impossible."

"You will be," resumed the other, in a low but authoritative tone, "in the very midst of the fray, and be surrounded with all its horrors. And that day—mark me well—will be one of the most bitter and agonizing of your chequered life."

"Am I then to perish by violence?"

"No; not a hair of your head will be injured."

"And yet that day will be one of sorrow and suffering?" said her ladyship, musingly.

"Of *agony*," was the reply; "intense and unmitigated. And when it dawns, as it assuredly will,"—the triumph with which this remark was uttered was remarkable—"I do not ask your ladyship to think of me and to credit me; *the scene around you and your own heart will compel you to do both!*" A low mocking laugh closed the sentence.

The great hero's widow seemed paralyzed. Lost in thought she eyed her companion in silence for some moments; and the quivering of her lips and the tremulous motion of her head, shewed that she was deeply moved. Replying to her look, Hortense said calmly and proudly, "I will not detain your ladyship longer: I have done."

"Oh," exclaimed the peeress, her usual self-possession overborne by the firmness and decision of her companion, "oh, in mercy, be more explicit."

"I have done."

"A few words of explanation—only a few—a single sentence."

"I have nothing to add."

"But hear me—pray hear me; can no persuasion—no inducement—no pecuniary consideration be suggested which would influence you? I have means, ample means; these I should scruple not to use if—"

"You mistake me altogether," interposed Hortense, coldly and proudly; "my wants are fully supplied. I have nothing to wish,—nothing to ask,—nothing to receive from human being. I desire neither countenance nor sympathy from my kind."

"Is there nothing I can offer?" persisted her generous and gentle hearted visitor.

"Our interview is ended," was the reply: and with frigid courtesy Hortense conducted Lady Nelson from her humble apartment.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VII.

“Festa des Ossos.”—“Festa de Espirito Santo.”—Ash Wednesday.—Palm Sunday.—Early Morn in the City.—A magnificent Promenade.—The Foundling Hospital.—Its pernicious Influence.—A Romantic Ruin in the Forest.—Vestiges of the Revolution.—View of the City.—“Dia de Intrudo,” or Intruding Day.

THE most mysterious of the different festivals of Para is the Festa dos Ossos, or festival of bones. This singular celebration, as we understood, was not of annual occurrence, but only transpired once in a certain number of years. It is in commemoration of some distinguished padre, bishop, or pope, but on what particular account, we unfortunately never ascertained. Our notice of it, therefore, must be confined to a brief account of the *feira* itself, without any reference whatever to its origin.

On the day of its observance, the cathedral is brilliantly illuminated with lighted candles, which are kept burning from morning until night. In the centre of the church a monumental platform is erected especially for this occasion, which is overhung by a dark tapestry of expensive material, embroidered along its margin with gold and silver fringe. Upon this mausoleum is placed an immense coffin, containing perhaps the ashes of the illustrious dead! This is shrouded with a rich drapery of black crape, hanging down in profuse folds on either side.

During the day the cathedral is filled with persons who come to gaze upon this strange spectacle, and to render homage to the consecrated shrine of the departed!

About dusk, a body of penitents, dressed in the coarsest garments, repair to the burying-ground of the poor, where they disinter a quantity of bones which they bring with them into the city. Forming themselves into a procession, they march along through the streets of the city in regular file, each one of them bearing a blazing torch in one hand, and a naked bone in the other. Should a stranger accidentally meet this spectral procession in some unfrequented avenue, he would almost be led to believe that he had encountered a party of cannibals returning from some horrid rite, or feast of human flesh.

Having arrived at the cathedral, the penitents enter, and a religious ceremony is performed. This being concluded, each one ascends the platform and casts his bone into the coffin. A hymn follows—then prayer—and this wonderful festival is ended!*

Another of the festivals is in honour of the Holy Ghost, and is styled the “Festa de Espirito Santo.” It is in every respect the op-

* We may here properly remark, that we ourselves did not witness this strange festival, but received our information from a friend, upon whose veracity, however, we think we can confidently rely.

posite of the preceding, being characterized by extreme hilarity and animation. A lofty pole is erected in one of the church squares, the summit of which is ornamented with a picture, representing the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, which is hung around with green wreaths and garlands of flowers. A gorgeous procession parades the streets in the morning, led by a fine band, and distinguished by the great number of its splendid images, which are carried on platforms, profusely strewed with bouquets of the brightest flowers. In the afternoon services are held in the Church of the Trinity, which is tastefully decked with evergreens for the occasion. In the evening there is a public display of fire-works in the area in front of the church, and a general illumination throughout the city. Every one appears to take a peculiar interest in this day, which is, I believe, universally observed in all the provinces of the empire.

Ash Wednesday is also a very gay day. The procession on this occasion is distinguished by the great number of its images, which sometimes exceeds twenty or even thirty. Before the images, beautiful little girls, with wings on their shoulders, trip along, sportively scattering flowers upon the path. These are intended as representatives of the angels, and none others could have been more appropriately selected for the purpose.

On Palm Sunday, which is celebrated in all parts of Brazil, the display of palm branches is very extensive. The churches are hung with them—the people ornament their persons with their curious leaves—and as the procession passes through the streets, ladies standing out on the balconies, throw down flowers and branches of palms, until the ground is literally covered with them.

The morning after our departure from the Roscena de Nazare, we were awakened at an unusually early hour by the discordant chiming of the church bells, whose uproar broke upon our slumbers with startling vehemence. The custom of bell ringing is prevalent in all Catholic countries, but it is carried to an unbounded excess at Para,—from four in the morning, until the hour of sunset, they keep up a perpetual jargon, such as habit can alone render familiar, or familiarity endurable!

At six o'clock precisely, we took a cup of coffee, and at nine sat down to a delicious breakfast, consisting of stewed beef and buttered toast, together with tea and chocolate. We then started out to take a snuff of the pure air, as well as a stroll among the quiet environs of the city.

Passing slowly through the streets of the town, we at length arrived at a beautiful promenade, called the *Estrada das Mangabeiras*. This is a well laid out and magnificent highway, running from north to south, along the western suburbs of the city, and extending from the marine arsenal, to the "largo da Polvora."

It is skirted on either side with lofty mangabeira trees, which stand within ten feet or more from each other, in regular rows, forming a green arch overhead with their bending branches. Being the finest road in the vicinity of the city, considerable care is taken to keep it in excellent order. A more beautiful promenade, I think I never saw.

Pursuing our walk along this charming highway, we diverged from our course to visit the hospital of S. Jose. This establishment was in former times used as a kind of convent, but, like many insti-

tutions of a similar character, it has of late years been converted into an institution of more practical utility. A botanical garden was commenced many years ago on the extensive grounds connected with the hospital, but owing to a deficiency of energy and public spirit on the part of its projectors, the plan was soon abandoned, and no attempt has been since made to restore it.

Near to this place is the *recolimento* of orphan girls. This is an institution for the maintenance of female infants, selected for the most part from the large number of those deposited at the Foundling Hospital. This latter establishment is for the convenience of those who are not able, or who do not wish, to take charge of their own children. The building is provided with a huge wheel, occupying the place of a window, half of which is exposed, while the other half is within the building. The wheel is supplied with four cradles, one of which is always visible from without. Whenever a parent wishes to get rid of his child,—which is generally the case when it is illegitimate,—all he or she has to do, is to take the child in the evening and put it in one of the cradles of the wheel. A semi-revolution then conveys it immediately within the house, where it is taken care of for the future. A considerable portion of the infants disposed of in this inhuman manner are the children of slaves; all that survive are ever after free. This is the chief incentive to the sacrifice. If this was the only evil consequence of such an institution, it might be overlooked, in consideration of the benefit that would accrue in the gradual extinction of slavery; but this is not the case, for no one can doubt but that it offers serious encouragement to licentiousness, besides it has a tendency to remove from the minds of the profligate all fear of restraint in the prosecution of their sinful purposes, and to break down the bulwarks of society, by destroying in a great measure that legitimate union of the sexes which is absolutely essential to the welfare and prosperity of any nation or country. It is astonishing how an institution of this character should be tolerated *even in Brazil*, when the evil results are so palpably manifest to all. We sincerely trust that before many years it will sink beneath the influence of a more enlightened legislation, never to rise again!

With this reflection we will proceed with our walk.

As the heat of the summer was now very powerful, we sought relief in the refreshing shades of the forest. Wending our way through a green tunnel of fantastic foliage, we shortly emerged from its cooling twilight into the open grounds of a wild and neglected garden. In the midst of the clear space, surrounded by an almost impassable wall of low bushes, and overhung with gay festoons of flowering vines, was a stone mansion of noble proportions, half demolished by the ravages of time, yet solemn and interesting even in its mournful decay. Gay spirits had once inhabited that lone dwelling, but they have long since gone; the tinkling of merry music no longer resounds along its deserted corridors; the revelry of the joyous dance no more breaks upon the stillness of the surrounding wilderness, and the house itself, like its former proprietors, is rapidly "passing away." Some twenty or thirty years ago, Spix and Von Martins, two eminent German naturalists, spent several weeks at this romantic spot, in whose near vicinity they succeeded in collecting a variety of rare specimens, both of insects,

and plants, and birds. They could not have selected a location more convenient for their laudable purposes than this, any where within the neighbourhood of the city, and it was this fact that induced them to take up their abode there, in defiance of its dilapidated condition, and the numerous tenants, in the way of bats and reptiles, that were accustomed to frequent its moss-grown and tottering walls.

Having plucked a few choice flowers, and picked up some curious shells which we found crawling about the walls of the majestic ruin, we dashed once more into the forest, and commenced retracing our steps towards the city. In less than an hour we were again seated in one of the front apartments of Mr. Campbell's spacious house, looking down upon the moving throng beneath us, and chatting familiarly on the different spectacles as they severally met our eye.

Among the passers by we noticed a man of wonderful corpulency jogging slowly through the street, while with one hand he was wiping away the thick drops of perspiration that had gathered on his massive brow. "That man," said a gentleman present, "has had *three wives*." "Three wives!" ejaculated a merry Scotchman at our elbow, "by heavens! he looks as if he had eaten them *all*."

Many of the houses in the city still bear marks of the late disturbances. That of Mr. Norris, an intelligent and hospitable American merchant, is perhaps the most notable in this respect. Being a very lofty building, it was used as a kind of fort, and garrisoned by the president's guard. Some of the upper window-blinds were completely riddled with bullets, and in the garden, Mr. N. informed me, that he had found a quantity of balls, of from half a pound to a pound in weight. These were probably thrown from the vessels then lying in the harbour.

The view of Para from the cupola of this building is very picturesque and variegated. The red-tiled roofs of the houses, the rich shrubbery of the gardens, with here and there a single cocoonut tree lifting up its feather-tufted head, constitute a pleasing contrast, while the dark and venerable-looking churches, and the vine-grown walls of the unfinished theatre gave additional interest to the charming scene. Before you, the sparkling waters of the harbour, studded with little islands, stretch out like a lake. Behind you a dense wilderness of never-fading foliage presents an imposing background to the enchanting landscape.

The ensuing day was probably the most remarkable that we in person had ever witnessed in Brazil. It was called the "*Dia de Intrudo*," or Intruding-day. Being the day immediately preceding Lent, it seemed as if the multitude had determined to enjoy themselves as much as possible, while they yet had it in their power, in view of the restrictions which the coming season always imposes upon their conduct.

On "*Intruding-day*," every one is permitted to assail whomsoever he pleases, with such articles as are accustomed to be used on this occasion. The most innocent of these are small waxen balls called "*cabacinhas*;" being about equal to a hen's egg in size, and filled with perfumed water. For some time previous to the day in question, black-eyed damsels may be seen parading the streets, with

large trays on their uncovered heads, laden with these sportive missiles, glistening with their gay colours of azure and crimson and gold. They are sold for a penny a-piece, and every one lays in a stock of them, in preparation for the approaching carnival.

On the morning of this remarkable anniversary, all the balconies of the different mansions are fortified with frolicksome damsels, who keep up an indiscriminate warfare with their cabacinhas, against all who lucklessly attract their attention in the street. But the sport is not entirely confined to the innocent waxen balls. As the excitement increases, basons, syringes, and even pails and tubs of water are called into requisition. Every one is assaulted, but no one pretends to take offence. Should a person be disposed to do so, ten to one that he would be seized and most unceremoniously ducked into a hogshead of water, until his foolish ire was somewhat abated. This has been done in several instances.

Heedless of all consequences, Jenks and myself rashly ventured into the streets for the purpose of witnessing the sport. Cabacinhas were flying in all directions, syringes were filling the air with glittering spray, while basons and dippers and pails, wielded by female hands, were pouring their watery contents with marvellous assiduity upon the devoted heads of the unfortunate passers-by.

We by no means escaped unscathed; on the contrary, in less than half an hour we were as thoroughly drenched as if we had been taking a bath in the river with our clothes on. But don't imagine, fond reader, that we bore all this with the patience of a Job, or the humility of an anchorite. No such thing! Eagerly we rushed into the thickest of the fray, throwing our cabacinhas with skill, wherever a pretty face presented itself. Peeping through a half open lattice, I perceived a lovely young damsel luxuriantly reclining in her hammock, her long sable tresses hanging in wavy masses over her pretty face and olive-mantled bosom. She appeared to be in a gentle slumber, and the magic smile that still played around her rosy lips, nearly disarmed me of my intended purpose.

But my determination was made, and it was now too late to retract. So delicately tossing one of my cabacinhas into the apartment, alas! it broke upon the cheek of the charming maiden: jumping up hurriedly in her fright, she rushed at once to the window, and in an instant her stag-like eyes were fixed upon me as the heartless assailant. Transfixed with guilt and enraptured at the sight of her beauty, my heart forbade me for the deed I had committed, and I felt half resolved to make atonement for my crime, but just at this moment, a well-charged ball from the hand of the maiden herself, almost blinded my left eye, and suddenly drove the idea from my mind.

The most formidable of all the belligerents, was a certain widow lady, who had from a lofty balcony been pouring down pails of water upon the heads of all who passed below. Bent on revenge, a young man who had been near drowned by this virago, entered her house, with his pockets full of cabacinhas. He was white, surely, when he entered that fatal house, but when he came out, his complexion was as dark as that of the raven's wing. How it came so, any reader with the slightest spark of imagination can easily surmise.

But to be brief. The *day* passed by without any consequent evils, and the beautiful moonlight evening which followed, was consecrated by music, dancing, and revelry of every kind!

THE RISE AND FALL OF MASANIELLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS OF BUDOWA."

THE page of history has been marked with few more extraordinary events than the rise and fall of Masaniello. There is no story upon record of despotic power so suddenly acquired—so well employed—so quickly lost. It was within the short space of six days that the bare-footed fisherman of Amalfi raised and organized an army of 50,000 men, subjugated to his absolute sway a powerful and flourishing city, triumphed over the deputed authority of Spain, and trampled under foot the honours and privileges of the proudest and most ancient among the Italian nobility. The wonders wrought by his rude arm and uncultivated genius were never equalled by the practised skill and experienced heroism of the greatest men in ancient or modern times. Perhaps in the very ignorance of difficulty lay a part of his strength, as those who wander recklessly during sleep or intoxication pass unscathed through dangers that must needs be fatal to a fully conscious agent. But the use made of his strangely-acquired power cannot in any degree be thus accounted for. The justice, the wisdom, the sound policy, and the noble disinterestedness unvaryingly displayed throughout his brief but brilliant career, will bear evidence to the latest posterity that its disastrous close was owing to the treachery of the Spaniard, not to the weakness of the Neapolitan. The admirable harmony existing amongst Masaniello's mental and moral qualifications for government fairly, lead to the conclusion that his character was far too powerfully constituted to be moved to giddiness by the most unaccustomed heights. The mystery of his sad fate must, however, always remain shrouded in darkness: any decision that can now be formed respecting it must depend more upon the metaphysical analysis of the inquirer than on the certain testimony of facts. To many it is more difficult to believe in the strange, slow-working efficacy of a now-forgotten drug than that the powerful mind of Masaniello was upset by its own inner workings alone. To such the popular belief is entirely satisfactory; they easily find in the excitement of a vain, self-satisfied, quickly-intoxicated brain the real solution of the hero's mysterious madness. Respecting the other facts of his extraordinary career, there exists no manner of doubt: these are well attested by historians worthy of credit, and these alone are here presented to the reader.

In a corner of the great market-place of Naples rose the humble dwelling of Thomas Anello, of Amalfi; he was by trade one of those whom the Neapolitans call Pescivendoli. He got his living by angling for small fish with a cane, hook, and line. Sometimes he bought fish, and retailed them to his neighbours: his was a life of industry and hard labour, and so it continued until he attained the age of twenty-four. Some prophetic instincts of future greatness, however, had gleamed through the darkness of a lot of drudgery and privation, or more probably the prophecy of the future was involved in the workings of his own mind, its peculiar form alone being received from the external circumstances most calculated to impress it. By a strange coincidence the arms and the name of Charles V. were placed in very ancient carving under one of the win-

dows of the fisherman's humble home. This great monarch's memory was dear to the people of Naples, as they were indebted to him for the grant of a very important charter of privileges; and Thomas Anello was heard at times to boast, half in jest half in earnest, that he was the person destined to restore the city to the liberty and exemptions accorded them by the Emperor of Austria. Many years had now elapsed since the kingdom of Naples, having undergone sundry changes and revolutions, submitted itself voluntarily to the power of Austria. Its attachment to that imperial house had been proved by liberal contributions to its treasury. Large donations were freely offered to the kings Philip II., III., and IV. of Spain;* and the sovereigns of the house of Austria professed themselves fully sensible of a loyalty and affection so satisfactorily proved. The people, however, suffered severely from their governors' acts of generosity. They were oppressed with heavy exactions; the provisions necessary for the support of life grew dear, and were placed almost beyond the reach of the poor. Even the indolent patience of a sunny clime and cloudless skies began to fail; popular discontents arose, gathered strength, and were at length openly expressed. The populace were already ripe for an outbreak, when, in an evil hour for Spain, a new donative was offered to the acceptance of its king, Philip IV. It was eagerly accepted; but all commodities being already taxed, it was difficult to contrive a method to raise the money. The expedient hit upon was eminently unfortunate. It was decided to lay a gabel (or tax) on every sort of fruit, dry as well as green; grapes, figs, mulberries, apples, pears, and plums were all included, thus depriving the lowest class of people of their usual nourishment and support, and reducing them to the extreme of misery and distress. This gabel was collected with severity for seven months; many poor wretches were obliged to sell all their household stuff, even the beds they lay upon; and at last, driven to despair, they resolved to resist exactions impossible to satisfy.

The Duke of Arcos, a grandee of the first order, was the viceroy of Naples under the king of Spain. He was a man of mild and yielding temper, personally brave, but utterly incapable of acting with energy or promptitude either for good or evil. The thin "blue blood" of a Spanish grandee, filtered in its long descent through hundreds of noble ancestors, could ill support the test of collision with the fresh and healthy current that flowed in the veins of the low-born and free-hearted Masaniello. The fisherman of Amalfi is described as "a man of middle stature, with sharp and piercing black eyes, his body rather lean than fat, his hair cropped short; he wore a mariner's cap upon his head, long linen slops or drawers, a blue waistcoat, his feet were always bare. Daring and enterprise were expressed in his strongly marked countenance, his address was bold and confident, his disposition pleasant and humorous." It is, however, probable that this description was drawn from memory, after Masaniello had become world-famous. Other accounts represent him as looked down upon by his associates for inferiority of intellect. To few is the insight granted to see the hero until the outward semblance is put on.

* Charles V. was Emperor of Austria in right of his father Philip; King of Spain, in right of his mother Joanna, the heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Masaniello's affections were as warm as his temper was impetuous. An insult offered to his wife first roused the sleeping lion in his breast, and gave consistency and determination to his projects of resistance to the government. She had been met in the streets by the officers of the customs, with a small quantity of contraband flour concealed in her apron, and though the fiery Masaniello stooped to the most humble entreaties and even to tears, she was dragged to prison before his eyes, and confined there until he had sold every thing he possessed to pay the fine set on her offence. But not again was he to experience the agony of helplessness; it was for the last time he had implored in vain. He had no sooner replaced his wife in their now desolate home, than he set about the execution of projects of vengeance to be speedily realized; the insult offered to the fisherman's wife was washed out in the noblest blood of Naples.

His first undertaking was only partially successful; the riot he had excited was soon quelled, and the disappointed fisherman returned home, less hopeful but not less determined. As he approached his stall in the market-place, it so happened that a number of boys were at that moment collected about it;—such was the scene and such the instruments that served as foundations to his future power;—an empty fish stall and a few of the boy-rabble of an enslaved and impoverished city.

Worked upon by the rude eloquence of Masaniello, the boys, who listened to his impassioned appeals, consented readily to obey his directions. Traversing hourly every street of the city, they repeated loudly and incessantly the lesson he had taught them. "Look ye here, how we are ridden, gabel upon gabel! thirty-six ounces the loaf of bread, twenty-two the pound of cheese, two granas the pint of wine! Are these things to be endured? Let God live! let the Lady of Carmine live! let the pope live! long live the king of Spain, but let our cursed government die!" The tumult caused by the incessant repetitions of Masaniello's lesson set the whole city in an uproar; the noise the boys made produced different impressions; "some fell a-laughing at the oddness of the thing, others began to be in pain for the consequences." They little knew the powerful hand that was on the watch to direct them aright, and out of the tumult to bring forth peace. On that very day Masaniello enlisted the boys who offered to follow him to the number of five hundred; their ages were about sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, "all choice, sturdy lads."

Sunday, the next day, the country fruiterers assembled just as usual to sell, and the officers to collect the tax, but all these preparations were vain; the shopkeepers positively refused to buy unless the promise that had quieted them the day before were fulfilled, and the gabel removed. The countrymen, finding they were to have no market for their goods, were full of rage and disappointment; Masaniello was at hand to seize the opportunity, and heading his troop of boys, he ran into the midst of the tumult, exclaiming loudly, "Without gabel! without gabel!" The people soon collected in great numbers; they marched in triumph through the streets, crying loudly, "Long live the king of Spain, but let the cursed government die." It was then that, standing upon the highest table among the fruit-stalls, Masaniello addressed to them the fol-

lowing speech, given at full length, that the reader may judge of the nature of that eloquence which for a few short days swayed every heart, and ruled every hand, within the reach of its influence:—

“Again, my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption and the time of our deliverance draweth near: this poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, as another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that ever were laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ, and the whole world followed that deliverance and obtained their freedom from the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello, (I am the man) shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. To bring this glorious end about, for myself, I don't value if I am torn to pieces and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all the blood in my body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fall from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place on a pole to be gazed at, yet I shall die contented and glorious. It will be triumph and honour sufficient for me to think that my blood and my life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country.”

The breathless silence maintained through this long harangue—an excited mob of fiery southern temperament being the listeners, is alone a sufficient test of its eloquence. Universal applause succeeded, and the people declared themselves ready to follow wherever Masaniello chose to lead.

The toll-houses, where the account-books of the gabel were laid up, were the first objects of their fury. They were ransacked of their contents, and most of them burnt to the ground. The spreading flames alarmed the whole city, and many of the peaceably inclined joined the rioters, as the best means of preserving their property uninjured. Towards the afternoon the following of Masaniello had increased to the number of 10,000, and they now demanded with loud cries to be led to the Viceroy's palace. Personally fearless, the Duke of Arcos made no attempt to escape, but appeared at a balcony and endeavoured to soothe the rioters into submission. The offers he made of partially repealing the taxes were, however, scornfully rejected; the mob forced their way into the palace, and irritated by the opposition of the guards would certainly have torn the duke to pieces, had he not been conveyed away by a stratagem of the Duke di Castel de Sangro.

Darkness brought no calm to Naples, nor cessation to the exertions of the people: all the night through they were engaged in collecting arms and ammunition, and making hostile preparations for the following day. Three times the loud peal of the great bell belonging to the church of the Lady of the Carmine was heard in the remotest quarters of the city, summoning their inhabitants to arm for the cause of freedom.

Before it was clear day Masaniello appeared in the great market-place, and dividing the people, who were there met together, into

regiments and companies, he distributed among them whatever arms they had been able to collect. With singular dexterity he had already acquired complete authority, and his rude oratory kindled the passions, and swayed the wills of his followers so effectually that "they needed but a motion of his hand," says the historian, "to cut the throats of all the nobility, and set every house in the city on fire." Nothing now was to be heard in the streets but the noise of drums and trumpets, and the clashing of armour. Banners waved aloft, each man ranging himself under his appointed colours; that which was yesterday but a rabble-rout, is to day a formidable and well-ordered army. The soldiers marched along, bearing lances and targets, with swords drawn, musquets and arquebuses cocked. The country-people had by this time thronged into the city in great multitudes; armed with plough-shares, pitch-forks, spades and pikes, they joined themselves to the more regular forces, their wild cries and furious gestures inspiring universal terror. The insurgents were accompanied by numbers of women, who carried fire shovels, iron-tongs, and any other household instrument they could convert to purposes of destruction. They exclaimed loudly as they marched along, that "they would burn the city, and themselves and children along with it, rather than bring up their children to be slaves and pack-horses to a proud and haughty nobility." And truly it was now the turn of this proud and haughty nobility to obey and to tremble. Those who had not made their escape in time knew that they were entirely at the mercy of the infuriated populace. No man was safe either in life or property. All business and public offices were at a stand. Studies were neglected, books abandoned; the bar was solitary, the law ceased; advocates were dumb. The judges were fled, and the courts of justice were shut up.

In the meantime the viceroy had taken refuge in the strong hold of Castelnuovo. He summoned a council of the nobility who hastily gathered round him, and consulted with them as to the best measures to be pursued. The nobles of Naples, as well as the merchants had advanced large sums to the government on the gabel, and they strongly dissuaded the viceroy from concessions necessarily prejudicial to their interests. Their opinion was in favour of a sally from Castelnuovo. The Duke of Arcos, however, gentle in disposition and unwarlike in habits, was averse to any violent measure; he decided against the proposal of the nobles and sent a conciliatory embassy to Masaniello.

Many of the nobility were joined with the Duke of Mataloni, a nobleman in high favour with the people, in this embassy, and forcing their way in amongst the insurgents, they loudly announced to them in the name of the viceroy that all gabels should be abolished by public authority; they intreated them, therefore, to lay down their arms. But Masaniello quickly arrested their progress. He who was yesterday the barefooted fisherman of Amalfi now exercised despotic authority over the hearts and hands of thousands, and he confronted the haughty nobility with a pride equal to their own. Mounted on a noble and richly caparisoned charger, he headed his followers, sword in hand, and refused to allow any answer to be given to the embassy until credentials from the viceroy were produced. Astonished at his daring, the Duke de Mataloni and his companions had great difficulty in dis-

sembling their indignation; nevertheless, they replied courteously that "if he would condescend to hear their proposal, he might then judge of them as he in his great wisdom should think fit; and if they should be so fortunate as to come to any terms of agreement, they agreed to see the conditions executed at the hazard of their own lives."

The general and his followers proceeded to detail at full length the redress they claimed for their grievances. Their statement is so just in matter, and so moderate in tone, that it well deserves a quotation at full length. The sound reasoning and strong sense of justice manifested throughout the proceedings of a Neapolitan mob of the seventeenth century, affords a striking precedent for a later period.

"They desired no more," they said, "than that the privileges granted to the city of Naples by King Ferdinand should be made good. They were afterwards confirmed by Charles V., of glorious memory, who by oath had promised to this faithful city that no new taxes should be laid on the people of Naples by himself or his successors, without the consent of the Apostolic See. If they were imposed with that authority they were to be obeyed; otherwise the city and the people had the liberty to refuse the payment. They might, if they pleased, rise one and all with sword in hand, in defence of their charter, without the imputation of rebellion or irreverence to the prince who governed them. Now, since all taxes, very few, and they of small consequence, excepted, have been imposed without the consent of his Reverence, it was but just that they should be immediately taken off, being in themselves void and of no effect; they further claimed to have the original of said charter, preserved in the archives of St. Lawrence's Church, delivered into their hands." The noblemen listened with patience, and took their leave with courtesy, promising as they departed to use their best endeavours with the Viceroy.

When they returned to Castelnovo, the Duke of Arcos called another council to advise with them as to the possibility of acceding to the demands of Masaniello. This delay added fuel to the violence of the insurgents; fire and sword raged unopposedly everywhere, and the most splendid palaces of Naples were burnt to the ground.

The people, when they appointed Masaniello their general, gave him for privy councillor a priest of the name of Julio Genovino. He was beloved and much depended upon by the people for his singular ability, prudence, and experience. These qualities were, however, stained by cruelty and craft, and it is to him and to the bandit Perrone that the murders and burnings that now devastated the city are justly to be attributed. These two councillors were given to attend upon Masaniello under the pretence of being a curb to his fury, instead of which it was all in vain he attempted to exercise a restraint upon theirs. Blazing faggots were seen in every quarter preparing for the execution of their sentences, and it was happy for the inmates when they escaped with life.

In the midst of all these disorders, however, the most exact rules of justice and moral honesty was strictly observed. "All was done for the public good, and no private interest was to be considered." One man was instantly struck down dead for pilfering a small towel, and many who had fallen victims to the temptations of seeing so much

splendid property and coin pass through their hands into the fire, were hung up in the market-place by the order of Masaniello. In the flames that glowed and spread beneath his eyes, the viceroy read the absolute necessity of acquiescence. He consented to all and every demand, and it was arranged the articles of capitulation should be read aloud the next morning in the great market-place.

Hope dawned on the city with the morning's sun. The better disposed among the people sighed for peace, and desired earnestly the termination of the disturbances, only to be tolerated, they thought, as a necessary means to the attainment of their rights. Even the rabble themselves, dazzled by the prospect of the immunities and privileges they were on the point of enjoying, laid aside their fury, and wished and hoped for a return of tranquillity. But the fair prospects of the eager crowds gathered in the market-place were all blasted by a fatal and unexpected incident. While the dense multitude, wedged close together, awaited in triumphant confidence the arrival of the archbishop, the life of their leader, Masaniello, was attempted. Five musket shots were fired at him by a party of banditti who had forced their way among the crowd. A bullet or two came so near as to singe his clothing, but the precious life remained untouched. The people shouted loudly that this was a manifest sign of the favour of Providence; that a miraculous interposition had preserved their deliverer. Gratitude to heaven was rapidly succeeded by revenge upon men; thirty of the bandits were killed on the spot, and though the rest took refuge in the church of Carmine, the sanctity of the place could not preserve them from the rage of the populace. The whole pavement was soon covered with slaughtered bodies, and the anguished cries of the wounded for confessors were drowned in the triumphant shouts of the avengers. One of the dying men acknowledged that the five hundred bandits had been sent by the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa, his brother, to revenge, by the death of Masaniello, the insults he had received from the rabble. Domenico Perrone, the coadjutor of Masaniello, had been, he added, another prime mover in the plot; the rage of the people revenged this treachery by instant death.

Masaniello now despatched troops in every direction in search of the Duke of Mataloni and Don Pepe Caraffa. By speed and cunning the duke escaped, but Caraffa was dragged from under a bed in the convent where he had taken refuge, and his head cut off with a chopping-knife by Michael de Sanctis, who owed his expertness to his parentage. The powerful noble, at whose name the whole kingdom of Naples had been used to tremble, met with his ignominious end by the hand of a butcher's son. Masaniello now directed his rage against the viceroy.

But his positive denial of any share in the attempts on Masaniello's life, and his zeal for the punishment of the surviving assassins, soothed the angry passions of the people, and inclined them to listen to proposals of peace. He had taken underhand precautions which were still more effectual. He had won over the priest Julio Genovino by bribes and promises, and the ambitious colleague of Masaniello found little difficulty in beguiling the honest and openhearted fisherman to a compliance with the measures best suited to forward Genovino's views.

The treaty of accommodation was at last perfected and drawn up

by Genovino, read and approved by Masaniello, then finally signed by the viceroy, The substance of the articles was this:—"That the people should from that time forward enjoy all the benefits, privileges, and immunities granted them by the charter of Charles V.; that all excesses committed from the 7th of July, the day on which the insurrection began, until the signature of the treaty, should be pardoned by a general amnesty; that the elect and all the other officers of the people should be chosen every six months by the commons, without need of any further confirmation; and in case they should not obtain such confirmation, they might with impunity rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being deemed guilty of rebellion."

The next step towards a general pacification was the visit of Masaniello to the viceroy, a visit he most reluctantly consented to pay, and was only at last prevailed upon by the solicitations of the archbishop of Naples, Cardinal Filomarino. He also succeeded in persuading him to lay aside for the first time, the "tattered fisherman's dress," in which he had conquered and ruled with authority as despotic as ever belonged to the purple and ermine of hereditary sovereignty.

Masaniello, however, now appeared in magnificent vestments, corresponding to the high station he held. A lofty plume of feathers waved over his burnished helmet, his well-tried sword was drawn; in splendid and martial array he rode before the archbishop's coach, his whole route appearing one long triumphal procession. The citizens strewed the way before him with palm and olive branches; whilst from balconies hung with the richest silks and tapestries, the brightest eyes of Naples cast eager glances of curiosity and admiration upon the hero as he passed. Garlands of flowers were showered upon him from every side; the air was filled with sounds of exquisite music, and with this mingled in rapturous acclamation the praises and the blessings of the thronging crowd, who greeted him with the glorious title of "Saviour of his country."

When Masaniello arrived at Castelnuovo, he addressed the people in words that long lived in their memories. He commenced with calling upon them all to thank God "and the most gracious Lady of Carmine for the recovery of their liberty." He then, in glowing terms, described the advantages procured to them by the articles just ratified, holding out the charter of Charles V. as a substantial proof of the reality of the occurrences of the last few days, "which otherwise," he said, "might well appear to them nothing more than a splendid dream." He continued by reminding them of the disinterestedness of his services to his country, calling the archbishop to witness that he had refused large bribes which had been offered him in the very first day of the Revolution, if he would only calm the people, and induce them to give up their just claims. "Nor even at this time," he continued, "should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume this gaudy magnificence had not his Eminence, for decency's sake, and under pain of excommunication, obliged me to it. No, no, I am still Masaniello the fisherman, such was I born, such have I lived, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I'll return to my former condition, reserving nothing for myself, but my hook

and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favour I desire of you, in token of the acknowledgment for all my labours is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an Ave Maria for me. Do you promise me this?" The people's shout rose high into the air, "Yes," was exclaimed by thousands, "but let it be a hundred years hence." Again the rich clear voice of Masaniello fell on the ears of the assembled multitude, and again their silence became still as the grave: "My friends, I thank you," he said, "and as a further testimony of my love to you, and my adherence to your interests, I will give you two words of advice, the first is not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain, the second, that you should ever mistrust the nobility, who are our sworn and professed enemies. Take care of them and be upon your guard." There was much in the foregoing address that partook of the nature of a farewell; Masaniello's exceeding reluctance to consent to this visit to Castelnovo may have arisen from a presentiment of the fate awaiting him there, but the frank and honest son of the people could never have conceived the depth of treachery meditated against him by aristocratic cowardice. If any dark shadow of coming events passed over his mind, it never assumed the form or likeness of the truth, he thought he provided for the "wild justice of revenge," by commanding that if he did not return before the next morning the palace should be set on fire. Loud cries of "We will do it," assured him of vengeance at least, if not of safety.

The viceroy stood at the head of the great stair-case to receive Masaniello, who threw himself at the duke's feet, and having kissed them he thanked his excellency in the name of the people for his gracious acceptance of the treaty. He then added that he had come to present himself to receive any punishment he thought fit to inflict. But the viceroy raising and embracing him, assured him that he was so far from looking upon him as a criminal that he would daily give him substantial proofs of his favour and esteem. He then led him into a private apartment, where, in company with the archbishop, they consulted together on the best measures to be adopted for carrying the articles into effect. In the meantime the concourse of people in the palace-yard were seized with apprehension on account of Masaniello's long absence, and became so clamorous for his appearance, that the viceroy was obliged to break up the council, and to lead him to a balcony where they stood together, while Masaniello assured the people that he was safe and under no restraint. The crowd below replied by loud shouts of "Long live the King of Spain, long live the Duke of Arcos."

Masaniello's eye flashed with the pride of power: "Your excellency shall now see how obedient the Neapolitan can be," said he, as he put his finger to his mouth, and at the signal, a profound silence instantly fell on the shouting crowd below; even the breathing of that dense mass seemed suspended, so hushed, so deep, so solemn was the stillness impressed on that vast multitude by the silent signal of one strong-willed man. In a few moments more, Masaniello raised his powerful voice, and commanded that every soul should retire; the court-yard cleared so suddenly, that contemporary writers say the viceroy looked upon it as a kind of miracle. But if the viceroy had before hesitated, this rash display

of Masaniello's power sealed his fate. Amongst the hospitalities lavishly proffered, the finest wines of Naples held of course a place, and while Masaniello quaffed the deep red juices, a fatal drug of fiery efficacy, but slow operation, insinuated itself through his veins, and laid the foundation of his ruin.

When the fisherman departed, the viceroy loaded him with compliments and commendations, assuring him he so highly approved of his conduct hitherto, "that he would for the future leave the administration of affairs entirely to his care and wisdom;" and Masaniello accepted these words so literally, that from that moment to the last of his life, he acted, and in all respects governed, as if he had been king of Naples. As a final farewell, the viceroy hung round his neck a splendid gold chain; this he several times refused, and only at last accepted at the earnest solicitation of the archbishop. He also created him Duke of St. George, a title the high-spirited son of the people never deigned to assume. The numerous orders he afterwards issued for the promotion of the peace and welfare of the city were signed by the name under which he had triumphed, Thomas Anello d'Amalfi. The day following was appointed for the solemn ceremony of finally ratifying the articles in the cathedral church of Naples. Masaniello spent all the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making regulations relating both to civil and military affairs. He displayed throughout the same clear head and sound judgment as usual. It was only in the harangue closing the final ceremony at the cathedral, that his fine mind began to give evidence of deranged powers. Even in the hour that set the seal to his glorious triumph, the treacherous vengeance of his enemies began to take effect.

The viceroy, the council of state and war, the royal chamber of Santa Chiara, the tribunals of the chancery, and all the civil and criminal judges of the great court of the Vicaria, were assembled in the cathedral when Masaniello arrived; they swore upon the Holy Evangelists "to observe inviolably for ever" the articles before agreed to, and to procure without delay their ratification from the King of Spain. A *Te Deum* followed, and then Masaniello rose to address a respectful and admiring audience.

His natural eloquence had not yet forsaken him; his speech to the noble and dignified assembly within the cathedral, and the thronging multitude without, contained many passages deserving of high admiration, but so mixed up with extravagant boasts and wildly improbable assertions, that the listeners stared at each other in mute amazement. Some amongst them imagined that his sudden elevation had intoxicated his brain; others, that with overweening pride and haughtiness he desired to shew his contempt for the august assemblage of lay and ecclesiastical dignity to whom his incoherent speech was addressed. Those few only who were in the fatal secret prudently avoided noticing a result they knew to be the triumph of their own treachery.

Masaniello having finished his harangue, began to tear in pieces the splendid dress he wore, calling with an air of command upon the archbishop and the viceroy to help him off with it. He had only put it on, he said, "for the honour of the ceremony; it was become useless since that was ended; and having done all that he had to do, he would now return to his hook and line." The sooth-

ing persuasions of the good archbishop at length succeeded in prevailing on him not to lay aside his robes of state until the procession homeward was concluded, and the viceroy and the rest of the nobles having taken leave of him with all due respect and courtesy, he returned to his humble dwelling in the market-place.

The next day that lowly abode was besieged by a crowd of the most distinguished nobles and ecclesiastics, also the ministers of state, all eager to pay their compliments to Masaniello, and congratulate him on his wonderful successes. But alas! the dignity and elevation, the calm of conscious superiority, before ensuring his self-possession under every variety of circumstance, had now completely abandoned him. The strangest, wildest expressions escaped him; the most extravagant acts tested his no longer revered, but still strictly obeyed authority; none dared to oppose his will or contradict his assertions, but suspicions gradually strengthened into certainty, that his once powerful intellect was by some means or other completely overthrown. Various suppositions were put forward to account for the sudden madness of Masaniello. Some asserted that the height of absolute power attained to almost in an instant, had made his head giddy and turned his brain; others accounted for it by the great and continual fatigues he had undergone, scarcely allowing himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep; but the opinion, since more openly expressed, was universally whispered then, that the viceroy's draught had heated his blood to madness, and would gradually produce hopeless insanity.

The day after the ceremony in the cathedral Masaniello's derangement was still more openly manifested. He rode full speed through the streets of Naples, abusing, menacing, and even killing several of the people who had not time to get out of his way; he also caused several officers to be instantly put to death for the most trivial offences. About three in the afternoon he went to the palace, with ragged clothing, only one stocking, and without either hat or sword; and in this condition forcing his way into the viceroy's presence, he told him he was "almost starved to death, and would fain eat something." The viceroy instantly commanded food to be set before him; but Masaniello exclaimed that he had not come there to eat, but to request his excellency would accompany him to Posilippo, to partake of a collation with him there; then giving a call, several sailors entered loaded with all sorts of fruits and delicacies. The viceroy hurriedly excused himself on account of a pain in his head, which, he said, had that moment seized him; but he ordered his own gondola to be prepared for the voyage, saw Masaniello on board, and took leave of him with seeming friendliness, but real hate and dread. He had, however, no cause for alarm. Until they confront each other before the Judgment-seat, the betrayer and the betrayed were never to meet again.

The gondola that conveyed Masaniello in viceregal state to Posilippo, was accompanied by forty feluccas, filled with attendants on his pleasures; some danced, others played and sung, others dived repeatedly to pick up the pieces of gold he threw into the sea. During this voyage he is said to have drunk twelve bottles of lachrymæ Christi, and this so heightened the efficacy of the viceroy's fatal drug, that from that moment he never knew another interval of reason.

No sooner had the next day dawned than he recommenced his frantic rides through the city. He now held a drawn sword in his hand, and with it he struck and maimed every one who ventured within his reach. At times he loudly threatened that he would take off the viceroy's head; and issued the most extravagant orders to his followers. Don Ferrant and Don Carlos Caracciolo, two illustrious brothers, were passing in their carriages through the street where Masaniello was on horseback, because they did not get out to salute him, he issued an order "under pain of death and firing," that they should come to kiss his feet publicly in the market-place. Instead of obeying this insolent summons, the fiery nobles hastened to the viceroy's palace and inveighed against the intolerable indignity of "A wretch sprung from the very dregs of the rabble, thus trampling under his feet the dignity of the proudest Neapolitan nobles." Even while they yet spoke Genovino and Arpaja entered with heavy complaints against Masaniello, who had, that very morning caned one of them, and given a slap on the face to the other. They asserted that many of the chief citizens were so terrified at the extravagancies of Masaniello, that if the viceroy would only confirm the privileges he had obtained for them, they desired nothing better than to return to their allegiance to his excellency, and to take away the office of captain-general of the people from Masaniello. The Duke of Arcos was overjoyed to find his treachery so far successful that the people were brought into the very disposition he could wish, as it appeared, too, by Masaniello's own act; he immediately published a new ban re-confirming the capitulation; and Masaniello was, in a public meeting of the citizens, deposed from all his offices and condemned to be confined in a strong hold for the rest of his days. Notwithstanding the many outrages he had committed, no one could find it in their hearts to consent to the death of one who had restored liberty to his country. But the viceroy could not feel himself in safety while breath remained in the wretched body which he had deprived of mind. He therefore eagerly accepted the proposal of Michael Angelo Ardizzone, who offered to make away with him at the hazard of his own life. He promised him lavish rewards and unbounded favour, and urged him to immediate action.

The last scene of the fisherman's strange career now approaches. It was the festival of our Lady of Carmine, and the church of that name was filled with an infinite number of persons waiting for the arrival of the archbishop to begin the singing of the mass. The moment he appeared Masaniello rushed forward and made a passionate address to him of mingled complaint and resignation, concluding with a request that he would send a letter for him to the viceroy. Soothing the poor lunatic with his accustomed gentleness, the archbishop instantly sent one of his attendants to the palace with the letter, then going up to the grand altar he attempted to begin the service, but Masaniello interrupted him again, and going himself into the pulpit, he held out a crucifix in his hand, and addressing himself to the people earnestly besought them not to forsake him. For some time he spoke with all his former eloquence; with pathos and earnestness he reminded them of the toils and dangers he had undergone for their sakes, the great deliverance and the invaluable benefits he had procured for them, which they had

just seen confirmed in the very church where he, their deliverer, now appealed to them for succour.

As his discourse became more vehement, the lucid interval quickly terminated; the excitement he laboured under brought on one of his raving fits, and he began to condemn himself for the badness of his past life, and exhorted every one present to "make the like confession to their ghostly father, that so God's anger might be appeased." He then ran on into many ridiculous and extravagant expressions, some of which even savoured of heresy! Upon this the archbishop thought it time to interfere, and commanded his assistants to force him out of the pulpit, and to consign him to the care of the monks in the adjoining convent. He had not been long in this asylum when the assassins employed by the viceroy found an entrance, inquiring loudly for Masaniello. As soon as the victim heard his name pronounced, he hastened to meet his murderers, exclaiming, "Is it me you look for, my people? Behold, I am here." The only answer he received was four musket shots, fired upon him at the same time. He instantly fell dead, only uttering the words "Ungrateful traitors!" as he breathed his last. Salvator Cataneo, one of the four assassins, cut off his head and fixed it on a spear. Thus it was carried through the streets of Naples, the murderers crying out loudly as they went along, "Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead! Let the King of Spain live, and let nobody presume hereafter to name Masaniello." The cowardly rabble, who were at that very moment collected in the church and market-place to the number of eight or ten thousand, made no attempt to avenge the death of their benefactor; nor was any opposition offered or murmur uttered when his head, after being carried in procession through the city, was thrown into a ditch called the Corn Ditch. His body also, after being dragged through all the kennels of Naples, was thrown into another town ditch, lying without Porta Nolana.

In the meantime, the nobility were hurrying in crowds to congratulate the viceroy on the death of their mutual enemy. Their extravagant demonstrations of joy at being rid of Masaniello evidenced how much they dreaded his power. The Duke of Arcos manifested his pious sense of the great deliverance by going in procession with the chief officers and magistrates of the kingdom to the church of Carmine, to return God thanks for the cowardly act of hired murderers. The head and blood of San Gennaro were both exposed to view, to grace the joyful solemnity. At the same time, the confirmation of the articles sworn to the Saturday before, was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the market-place, amid the loud acclamations of the credulous populace. They soon, however, learned, by the publication of the printed treaty, how futile was their confidence in the justice to be rendered them when their protector was withdrawn. By the aid of Julio Genovino's treachery, a salvo had been inserted into the 14th article, of a tenor to make all the rest null and void, and the Neapolitans, reduced to the same state of oppression as before, were compelled to begin over again the desperate struggle against Spanish tyranny.

In the meantime, one of those quick transitions, common in all popular demonstrations, had taken place among the volatile Neapolitans. The day following his death, the head and body of Masaniello

were looked out and joined together by a few amongst his more adventurous and devoted followers, and an exhibition of them in the church of Carmine excited violent feelings of sorrow and repentance. The corpse was carried through the most public streets of the city, with all the solemnities commonly used at the funeral of a martial commander. It was preceded by five hundred monks, and followed by forty thousand men-in-arms, and almost as many women, with beads in their hands. As the procession passed the palace of the viceroy, he readily conformed to the times, and sent eight pages with torches in their hands to accompany the corpse; the Spaniards on guard were also ordered to lower their ensigns, and to salute it as it was carried by. At last it was brought back to the cathedral church, and there buried, while all the bells of Naples rung a mournful peal, and passionate lamentations were uttered by the surrounding multitude. An old writer quaintly observes, that, "by an unequalled popular inconstancy, Masaniello, in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint."

Thus ended the unexampled career of Masaniello of Amalfi. Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish any parallel to the brief brilliance of his sudden success. "Trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of four days he raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world; of Naples, the metropolis of so many fair provinces, the mother and the nurse of so many illustrious princes and renowned heroes. His orders were without reply, his decrees without appeal, and the destiny of all Naples might be said to depend upon a single motion of his hand." The qualifications that raised Masaniello to such a height of power are variously stated by various authors, according to their nation and their prejudices, but the actions he performed are incontrovertible proofs of eminent abilities. Cardinal Filomarino was probably the person amongst his contemporaries best qualified to judge of Masaniello's mental capacity; he professed himself often astonished at the solidity of the fisherman's judgment, and the subtlety of his contrivances. One fact alone, his dictating to seven secretaries at the same time, gives evidence of rare command of intellect in a statesman of six days' experience.

In summing up a character, ever destined to remain in some degree a mystery to posterity, a high place should be allotted to the moral qualities displayed by Masaniello under circumstances of strong excitement and extraordinary temptation. So strict was his justice, that amongst the numerous deaths inflicted by his orders, not one suffered who did not deserve it; so noble his disinterestedness, that in the midst of glittering piles of wealth, he remained as poor as in his original condition.

From the harmony existing between his mental and moral qualities, it may be fairly inferred that a character of otherwise apparent completeness, could not have been deficient in the strength requisite to support the elevation attained by its own unaided efforts. The metaphysical student of human nature will find it far easier to believe in a physical cause for Masaniello's sudden derangement. There are some discrepancies, some inconsistencies, not possible even to our fallen humanity.

AN OLD MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

PASTORAL CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

EDITED BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT.

It was a day of rejoicings, and the people were assembled from the most distant parts of the Inner Rhodes. For those who live much in what is called society, it is scarcely possible to conceive the exquisite enjoyment which these simple people, dwelling the greater part of the year in solitary habitations, derive from this one day of social enjoyment, on which they see at once many thousands of their country people.

Old acquaintances and friends who have not seen each other for the whole year meet on those occasions, and pass a few happy hours together. Wives accompany their husbands, that they may take this opportunity of purchasing at the well-stocked booths various articles of which they stand in need; the girls, of course, find some excuse for visiting a spot where they are sure to meet all the young men of the country; in short, almost the whole population of the little state finds its way for some reason or other to this centre of attraction.

The human tide flowed rapidly through the narrow street beneath my windows, so that I saw a perpetual succession of new faces. Every moment friends were meeting, and cordially shaking each other's hands with faces beaming with joy. Here was a crowd assembled round a booth where was displayed a large assortment of cowbells, and I noticed that those who were about to purchase, tried the sound of each with the most patient attention to ascertain which harmonised together. In another place a shepherd lad would keep hovering round a stall, where a beautiful pair of yellow breeches was temptingly exhibited, and after going away and returning again two or three times, would at length find them irresistible, and take them for better or worse. In some places were groups of merry children at play, in others young men and maidens engaged in a rustic flirtation; so that, from my post of observation I had ample materials of amusement till the hour arrived which was appointed for the grand meeting.

The *Landsgemeine* of Inner Aspenzell was to take place under the open sky, on a spacious green with two sides surrounded by houses, at the farther end of the village. The windows were all occupied at an early hour by curious spectators, and the trees and posts were loaded with strangers and boys.

While the people were collecting on the green, the magistrates, of whom there are ten, had assembled in the town-hall, whence they proceeded to the church, and, after the service, advanced in procession to the assembly, attended by some drums and fifes, and a few men carrying halberts; but nothing could exceed the plainness of their appearance. At that time an elaborate sort of dress, with powder and curls, was worn all over Europe, and men in office especially were everywhere distinguished by a striking and mostly showy costume. These dignitaries had their hair cut short, had no powder, and were

covered by long black mantles, that made them look something like mourners at a funeral.

The Landamman, the highest officer of the country, took possession of a wooden platform raised a few feet from the ground, and painted in the state colours, black and white; at each end of the platform was placed a sword of formidable dimensions.

By the side of the chief magistrate stood a secretary and another officer called a Landwebel; and a great book lay open before them, destined to contain the minutes of the proceedings. The people were ranged round in a great semicircle, and so that every man was in his own *rhode* or clan, which does not depend upon the place where he may be living, but upon the family to which he belongs, as the people are divided in races according to the names they bear.

The Landamman opened the meeting by a speech; but the bustle of perpetual new arrivals prevented my hearing a word. After this, the whole assembly took off their hats, and, kneeling down, prayed for the divine blessing on their proceedings. When the prayer was ended, the Landamman enquired of the head or captain of each *rhode* whether he was content with the accounts of the past year now laid before them, and receiving, I presume, a satisfactory answer, proceeded to the business next to be attended to, namely, the election of new magistrates, or the confirmation of the old.

The Landamman now left his place, and it was proclaimed aloud by the secretary, or clerk, that the assembly was about to proceed to the election of another chief magistrate. He then demanded whom they meant to name for this office, and with one accord all voices shouted the name of the Landamman who had just left the chair. The clerk then cried out, "Let all who find good that our present Landamman shall continue to reign hold up their hands." And immediately uprose the hands of the whole assembly. The Landamman being then declared to be duly elected, took his place again, and the meeting went on to elect the officers next in dignity. What we may call the ministry consists of seven members, but every *rhode* sends eight members to the great and six to the little council, which constitutes the executive power, and these also have to be elected to it by the general assembly, as well as a captain for each *rhode*.

After the election of the government officers was concluded, the landamman rose to propose that a new high road should be made from the canton of Appenzell to the valley of the Rhine. All the roads in the country, with the exception of a few in outer rhodes, are or were then passable merely for foot-passengers and horses; and all goods, had, therefore, to be transported on pack-saddles, — a much more expensive method, of course, than by wagons.

It appeared that both exports and imports travelled in the direction of the Rhine, because that was the side on which a highroad approached the nearest to the canton, and that a new road of about twelve miles long would open a very convenient communication with the great road leading to the lake of Constance, the Tyrol, and the Grisons.

Each of the magistrates first declared his opinion of the measure, — some being for, others against it. The people appeared to take a lively interest in the discussion, and by degrees the voices rose higher and higher, and the whole assembly became agitated like one of their lakes in a stormy wind. Some thought that this road would prove of great advantage to trade and industry, others feared it would open the way

for an enemy to reach the heart of the republic; many had a vested interest in the pack-saddles, and dreaded the loss of the profit accruing to them from the present system of carriage; others opposed it merely from a selfish unwillingness to give either labour or money for an undertaking from which they expected no immediate personal advantage, and some determined conservatives thought that, as the country had gone on very well without roads for so many hundred years, it might do so still. Occasionally two or three of the captains of rhodes would begin to speak at a time, and some orators would scream and gesticulate so vehemently, that I expected every moment they would enforce their eloquence with their mighty fists. Ten times did the Landamman begin,—“Dear, faithful countrymen!—respected friends and gentlemen!”—But he never could get any further for the uproar. Those who were unacquainted with the character of the people, would have thought frequently that the parliament must inevitably end in a general fight. At length, however, the storm raged itself out, the Landamman obtained silence, and ordered a show of hands for and against the project, by which it appeared that “the Noes had it,”—and then all were good friends again.

Another affair of which I took note was the appointment of the clerk and landwibel, who begged to be reinstated in their places in the most humble terms. The clerk made a long, rambling speech, in which he poured out a profusion of thanks for his last year's election, as well as begged for a renewal of the favour, with a humility as profound as that of the most servile courtier. I felt no surprise at this; for wherever the sovereign power resides, there will be found men willing to crawl in the dust before it.

After their election, the landamman administered an oath to these functionaries, who swore, with uncovered head, and three fingers up-lifted, “to do all in their power to advance the honour and interest of the republic in all things, and to turn away whatever might be hurtful to it; to protect the widow and orphan, and all who had need of protection; to help every one to their rights as far as possible, and also to judge and condemn offenders according to the laws of the land and their own consciences, and to be influenced neither by friendship nor enmity, by bribe nor gift; to take no pensions or presents from princes or great men, and to do what in them lay to see that every man in office performed his duty faithfully to his country.”

In the evening, after presenting some letters to the family of one of the members of the government, and meeting with a most kind and cordial reception, I returned to my inn, but, as I approached the house, I was met by the sounds of mirth and revelry, and, on entering, found it thronged with company, and resounding with music. I was told that it was the custom for the Appenzellers to conclude thus their day of sovereignty, when the young people pass the night in dancing and singing, and “wont go home till morning.”

I made my way through a crowd of pretty girls to the dancing-room—a space, alas, far too small for the vast desires of the dancing multitude—when a young fellow led me up to his bride-elect, and said, “Do me the honour to dance a turn or two with my little girl.” Another did the same with his wife, and I remained for some time a well-pleased spectator of the movements of the healthy, happy, blooming crowd, whose every look and gesture proclaimed their possession of a “sound mind in a sound body,” until at last the intolerable heat

drove me away to the refreshing tranquillity afforded me beneath the hospitable roof of my new friends, and of which the inn did not, during that night, hold out the most distant prospect.

The people of Appenzell Inner Rhodes, when I was there, lived almost wholly by the produce of their flocks and herds. The experiment of growing a few potatoes had only lately been tried, and, with the exception of these, a little oats and barley was all that was raised from a soil which would, in my opinion, have rewarded a more diligent cultivation. The fruit-trees, it was said, were often destroyed by the frosts; but I found that those who bestowed sufficient care on their culture, generally reaped a very ample produce; and, notwithstanding what I had heard of the severity of the winter, I found a great number of cherry-trees in full blossom at the beginning of May.

The manufacturing industry of Inner Rhodes I found, as I expected, at the lowest grade as compared with its extraordinary development in the outer half canton. I say I expected this, because it appears to be the invariable rule that, where they are brought into immediate contact, manufactures desert catholic and take up their abode in protestant communities. To investigate the cause of this phenomenon would, perhaps, lead us into too long a discussion for the present; but I must own that the way in which we protestants are in the habit of accounting for it, by declaring shortly that it is the natural effect of catholicism to produce slothfulness, does not appear satisfactory to me, since the whole progress made in Europe in industry and the useful arts, from times of complete barbarism up to the middle of the sixteenth century, was made under the influence of catholicism. In Appenzell manufactures, it appears, were more flourishing at that period than they are now. In 1537, there was a grand exhibition of linen manufactures, under official superintendence; but, unluckily, soon after this, they took to "protecting industry," and made a law that all the flax spun must be made into linen in the country itself, and it is not unlikely that this, and similar regulations, may have had much to do with their decay.

I was rather struck by the fact that the people of Inner Rhodes, poor as they were, did not appear at all dazzled or rendered envious by the superior wealth of their neighbours. Was it that they perceived that the rapid increase of Outer Rhodes in prosperity and population had not rendered existence more secure; that money created as well as satisfied wants, and has not the power to make men more cheerful, tranquil, or content?

The manufactories of the outer half canton are exposed to vicissitudes from occurrences taking place in distant countries, wholly beyond their control, and which have sometimes left their warehouses choked with their productions, and deprived thousands of workpeople of their bread, or compelled them to work for the lowest pittance on which life can be supported. When panic and stoppage of trade, occasioned often by political changes, and the commercial regulations of foreign countries have shed their baleful influence on the land, all its riches and industry have not protected it from scarcity, and even famine. In the years 1771 and '72, distress had actually reached this terrible point in Outer Rhodes, while their poorer neighbours suffered scarcity, indeed, but were secured from anything like starvation by their flocks and herds. Possibly these facts have not escaped the observation of the Inner Appenzeller, and rendered him content to remain within the

narrow circle of his own simple life, rather than encounter the agitating vicissitudes of his neighbours.

One branch of industry I saw carried on in Inner Appenzell, which I have never seen in any other country. Along the banks of the Sitter lie rows of little gardens, in which are kept such enormous flocks of snails, that the sound of their feeding on the leaves can be plainly heard several paces off. The young snails are collected at the proper season, and brought into these gardens, where the owners feed them with cabbages, lettuces, and leaves of various kinds, till they become very large and fat; and they are then packed in barrels, and sent to the convents in Swabia, Bavaria, and Austria, and even as far as Vienna, where they are considered as rather a dainty dish for fast days. Some of the dealers in snails have amassed a tolerable fortune. The Capuchins in the village of Appenzell feed for themselves a flock of forty or fifty thousand snails.

The entire exports of these diminutive states consist, therefore, in cheese, butter, cattle, skins, saltpetre, honey, and snails; in exchange for which the inhabitants obtain all the articles which, in their simple mode of life, they require. Simple as it is, however, when we consider that, with the exception of the above-mentioned products and butcher's meat, absolutely everything must be imported,—flour for bread and other kinds of food, all sorts of stuff for clothing, leather, iron, and copper goods, glass, salt, coffee, and wine—that all these things must be paid for from those few exports—we may conceive that the inhabitants of this little republic are compelled to great moderation and sobriety.

There are or were in this country, as I mentioned before, no roads passable for carriages, and all kinds of goods are carried on horseback. The whole number of horses used for this purpose in the entire canton of Appenzell belonged to only twenty-seven owners, and but two of these lived in Inner Rhodes. In their warehouses was stored up all the cheese and butter made in the country. They generally make an agreement with the herdsmen by the year, and send the horses round to the mountains to collect it. The cheese was all packed in bales of a size convenient for placing on each side of a wooden saddle; and I often met long lines of these pack-horses, covered with gaily-coloured cloths, and decorated with bells, so that it might be supposed they belonged to some festal procession.

After making myself pretty well acquainted with the country round the village of Appenzell, I began to feel my desire to climb some of the surrounding mountains quite irresistible; but, as the state of the weather made it impossible to gratify this wish completely, as the snow still lay even on the less elevated peaks, I was obliged to content myself with climbing some of the lower Alps, in order to make my first acquaintance with the scenery that so much attracted me.

An extremely pretty path leads from Appenzell along the banks of the Sitter to Weisbad, (where there are springs whose water is of a milky colour, and considered very efficacious for many maladies,) and beyond this it begins rapidly to rise. About an hour and a half's climbing a very rugged stony path, brings you to the Wild Church, as it is called; but before reaching it, the nerves of the wanderer are put to a little trial. The path gradually grows narrower and narrower, till it becomes a mere ledge along the side of a perpendicular wall of rock. On the right the black precipice draws nearer and nearer, till

you dare at last neither to turn nor look round : you press anxiously close to the rocky wall, till at last the path vanishes altogether, and its place is supplied by a few planks, forming a sort of little wooden bridge across a tremendous chasm, and with nothing but a rope to lay the hand upon by way of security for the steps. At the end, however, of this frail bridge, hanging high in mid air, the traveller has the satisfaction of seeing a cottage opened to afford him a refuge, a sight which certainly contributes not a little to give him courage to cross it. I must confess I breathed more freely, when I found myself safe within its hospitable shelter, and looked back with a sort of shivering pleasure on the path I had just traversed.

On every side high perpendicular rocks, bare of tree or shrub, were piled one above another, in their forms having much the appearance of ruined walls and castles, and with a certain desolate grandeur of aspect. But among the dark precipices glittered far below the silver Seealp lake and the Sitter, which, after forming several beautiful cascades, wound its serpentine course through a plain, covered with the loveliest green, and still further animated by pretty houses and grazing cattle.

About thirty paces from the resting-place brought me to the "wild church," a simple building, with a little tower, containing a bell of three hundred weight. Immediately behind the tower opens a rocky cavern, in which is an altar of stone ; the sides are as white as if they were white-washed ; and before the altar lay about twenty beams of wood, which serve for benches when the Appenzellers come here to the service, which is performed three times a-year.

An altar stood in this cavern as early as the year 1610 ; and in 1656 an inhabitant of Appenzell built the little church, and retired from the world into the cavern behind it. At his death he left a sum of money to maintain the church and the bridge in repair, as well as fifteen gulden a year (about 1*l.* 5*s.*) for any hermit who should come after him. The cell was occupied, at the time of my visit, by one who passed the whole summer there. His actual abode was a second cave, entered through the first, and containing a stove and a bedstead ; and his whole occupation consisted in praying for the herdsmen, and ringing the bell five times a-day, to call to prayer those who might be scattered about the Alps. On Sundays and holidays they generally go up to this chapel, and in very bad weather they sometimes seek an asylum there. For the services he rendered them, the "Brother of the Rock" received, I was told, cheese and buttermilk, and permission to let his two goats graze where he will. In the winter, he lived at Appenzell, and maintained himself by spinning, or some other work.

Behind the hermit's cell opened a third and more spacious one, about two hundred feet long and sixty broad, and in some parts as much as ten feet high, but in others so low, that I was unable to stand upright in it. The roof was covered with strangely shaped stalactites, from which was continually dropping a clear water, received in hollowed trunks of trees that had been placed there for the purpose. This cavern was divided into two apartments, and the second was by no means easy of access, from the darkness, and the masses of fallen rock that lay strewn upon the ground. On reaching it, however, I found the ground ascended a little, and I at length emerged upon a beautiful open, grassy Alp ; and threw myself down upon the soft turf, to enjoy to the utmost the splendid prospect, the effect of which was of

course more striking after the darkness of the cavern. The whole canton of Appenzell lay here spread before me, like a picture set in the glittering frame of the lake of Constance.

It was long before I would resolve to leave a spot where I thought I should never be tired with gazing, but when I did so, and climbed the nearest summit, I was rewarded with a view still more extensive and magnificent, including even the countless peaks of the Tyrol and Carinthia.

There are in this inner part of Appenzell six Alps, which are common land or *allmends*, as they are called, on which every countryman has a right to drive his cows; but as it has been found that the rich who had large herds to send gained a much greater advantage by this right than the poor, who had only one or two cows, it was settled that every one should pay fifteen kreuzers, or fivepence, for each cow that he drove up to the Alp.

Some herdsmen do not possess a foot of land of their own, beyond what their house stands on; and they have to send men about the country to find out where good hay is to be met with,—who get it in at the best time, in dry weather or wet, and so on; and in autumn, when the cows leave the pasture, they and their beasts betake themselves to one and another whose hay they have purchased, and change their abode six or seven times in the winter. Besides sometimes shelter for his cows, he gets board and lodging for himself, his wife, and his childron; and in return, as well as the sum of money agreed on, he gives of the milk, whey, and cheese, as much as is required for the whole household.

As soon as the young year has again covered the meadows with grass and flowers—out again goes the *senn* and his cows, and resumes his open air life on the mountains until the return of autumn. It would seem that these perpetual wanderings contribute to maintain the health and cheerfulness, for they are fine jolly looking fellows—but their days, nevertheless, do not always flow on in undisturbed careless Arcadian tranquillity. Even here, in this simple pastoral land, the “accursed thirst of gold,” and the selfishness of the rich will often disturb the peace of these poor families. Sometimes it happens that the spring is very late in making its appearance, or there will be a relapse into cold weather, after the *senn* has gone out with his herds to the mountains, and such a heavy fall of snow as will compel him to drive them back again.

If he have no land at all of his own, and no stock of hay to fall back upon in an emergency, he will of course be entirely at the mercy of those who have, and compelled to pay whatever they require, or see his cattle perish; and it sometimes happens that the cruel exorbitance of these hay usurers involves the poor *senn* in debt from which he never escapes.

The genuine race of Appenzell cows is usually brown and black, but the *senn* takes pleasure in having a variety of colour in his herd, and if he can will have some of a yellowish dun colour, and at least one black-and-white. The cattle are beautifully kept, so curry-combed and polished, and look so smooth, and clean, and healthy, that it is a pleasure to stroke their shining hair, and observe their lively looks, and free animated movements. The relation between them and their owners is that of a reciprocal service and kindness. The cow gives the herdsman all that he possesses, and is in return tenderly cared for,

and loved like a child—or sometimes, perhaps, rather more. Never would he think of raising his hand against her, or even of carrying a whip or a stick as a means of menace. His voice alone is sufficient to guide and rule the whole herd. In short, the cow in Appenzell enjoys the respect and consideration which of right belongs to her as the most useful animal in nature.

The Appenzeller is not content with the natural beauty of his cows, but seeks to bestow on them also the advantages of dress, and gratifies his vanity by adorning his favourites with broad leathern thongs, handsomely worked, to which bells are attached, taking the same pride in their fashionable appearance that a nobleman might do in the rich liveries of his servants, and sometimes, it may be feared, that his love of finery is carried even to extravagance and sinful vanity.

A great point is, as I have said, that the bells should sound harmoniously together; and to all the markets held in Appenzell, there come Tyrolese with collections of bells of all sizes, and embroidered leather bands, with a buckle to fasten them round the cow's neck. The whole affair complete, not unfrequently costs as much as 140 gulden; whilst the dress of the owner himself, in his grandest state, never exceeds twenty. The largest bell is generally given to the "beautiful black cow," and the next to the two beauties next in succession; but they are not allowed to appear in this full-dress every day, but only on particular occasions, such as the moving out to the Alps in the spring, or returning from them in the autumn, or in the winter, passing from one farm to another. The procession moves along in regular order; first, the *senn* in his white shirt, coloured waistcoat, and, even in winter, his sleeves rolled up above the elbow, his gaily-coloured braces, and yellow trowsers, and a handsomely-cut wooden milk-porringer hanging over his shoulder. On he marches, generally singing at the top of his voice, and followed first by three or four fine goats; then comes the reigning belle of the herd with the largest bells, then the beauties of inferior lustre, then the bull carrying the milking-stool upon his horns, and, lastly, a sledge with the remainder of the dairy furniture.

I could not help noticing the proud and self-complacent demeanour of the cows, *en grande parure*, and if one may believe the accounts of the people, they not only feel pride and vanity, but are tormented by envy and jealousy, and will do their utmost to persecute a fortunate rival, and thrust at and gore her with their horns till they either get the bells restored, or are banished from the herd.

The renowned herdsman's song of the Swiss mountains, which has become known all over Europe under the name of the *Ranz des Vaches*, is frequently heard in Inner Appenzell. It is, unquestionably, as old as the population of these mountains, and has come down to the present generation from the first herdsman who inhabited them; so that there is not the remotest probability of its having been, as has sometimes been supposed, originally a dance-tune. It arose obviously in the most simple and natural manner. In these wild solitudes, where there are no other bounds to the pastures than rocks and precipices, the cows would of course wander about in all directions in search of fresh herbs and grass, and it would be absolutely impossible to drive them in two or three times a day to be milked.

Necessity, therefore, has compelled the herdsman to hit upon some method of collecting his cattle, and, in the mere tones of his voice, he

has found a most effectual one. The Appenzellers call it *enticing* the cows; and that it has this effect is obvious from the manner in which they come hastening from all corners at the sound. It is, of course, impossible to judge of the effect of this melody, without hearing it in its native land; but, among these mountains, where nature sits enthroned in primeval majesty and beauty, and in the perfectly still and most pure and elastic atmosphere, it has sometimes occasioned me indescribable pleasure to listen to its clear, simple tones, and the responsive harmony of the silver-sounding bells.

Now, I am told, when Switzerland has been for so many years a regular show country, overrun by hordes of tourists hungering after the picturesque, you cannot see a group of peasant-girls upon the mountains, without their immediately striking up the "Ranz des Vaches" as a sort of "Open Sesame!" to the travellers' pocket, and in that case I should not care much to hear it. Indeed, it cannot be denied that to Switzerland, as well as to her neighbour, Italy, beauty has been in some measure a fatal gift, luring mere pleasure-seekers, gazers, and admirers—not true lovers—but those whose presence destroys that beauty's highest charm. Here's a fine moral to conclude with! Is it not susceptible of another more important application?

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

THEY return, they return, with their plumage so gay,
To the copse, to the meadows; and on the light spray,
Amidst the wild heather, and golden topped grain,
On the banks of the streamlet they're with us again.

In the midst of the dark wood I hear the loved cry,
And the leaves whisper welcome to them as they fly,
And the pale water-lily coquettishly dips,
That they may quaff pearly drops from her white lips.

How they rise, how they float in the bright golden ray,
As they soar in the æther of sweet-breathed young day!
How their wings wave a welcome to Nature's fair face
As they revel so free in yon glorious space!

Pretty birds, pretty birds, though you fly without fear,
Don't forget that the First of September is near;
Remember the small double barrel I've got,
With Pigou's best powder, and hatsful of shot.

I have borrow'd two pointer dogs, staunch, good, and true,
Who will both be out with me to point me out you;
So I give you fair warning, if you see my face,
That I never go home without eight or ten brace.

I've a shooting coat, shooting box, shooting boots, too,
So, the devil is in it if I can't shoot you;
So, mind, I give warning, remember the first,
For I mean to come out with a terrible burst.

CAPTAIN SPIKE;
OR, THE ISLETS OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "RED ROVER," ETC.

The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home, with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

MRS. HEMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

It has again become necessary to advance the time, and we shall take the occasion thus offered to make a few explanations, touching certain events which have been passed over without notice.

The reason why Captain Mull did not chase the yawl of the brig in the Poughkeepsie, herself, was the necessity of waiting for his own boats that were endeavouring to regain the sloop of war. It would not have done to abandon them, inasmuch as the men were so much exhausted by the pull to windward, that when they reached the vessel all were relieved from duty for the rest of the day. As soon, however, as the other boats were hoisted in, or run up, the ship filled away, stood out of the passage, and ran down to join the cutter of Wallace, which was endeavouring to keep its position as much as possible, by making short tacks under close reefed luggs.

Spike had been received on board the sloop of war, sent into her sick bay, and put under the care of the surgeon and his assistants. From the first, these gentlemen pronounced the hurt mortal. The wounded man was insensible most of the time, until the ship had beat up and gone into Key West, where he was transferred to the regular hospital as has already been mentioned.

The wreckers went out the moment the news of the calamity of the Swash reached their ears. Some went in quest of the doubloons of the schooner, and others to pick up anything valuable that might be discovered in the neighbourhood of the stranded brig. It may be mentioned here, that not much was ever obtained from the brigantine, with the exception of a few spars, the sails, and a little rigging; but, in the end, the schooner was raised, by means of the chain Spike had placed around her; the cabin was ransacked, and the doubloons were recovered. As there was no one to claim the money, it was quietly divided among the conscientious citizens present at its revisiting "the glimpses of the moon," making gold plenty.

The doubloons in the yawl would have been lost, but for the sagacity of Mulford. He too well knew the character of Spike, to believe he would quit the brig without taking the doubloons with him. Acquainted with the boat, he examined the little locker in the stern sheets, and found the two bags, one of which was probably the lawful property of Captain Spike, while the other, in truth, belonged to the Mexican government. The last contained the most gold, but the first amounted to a sum that our young mate knew to be very considerable. Rose had made him acquainted with the sex of Jack Tier since their own marriage, and he at once saw that the claims of this uncoth wife, who was so soon to be a widow, to the gold in question, might prove to be as good in law, as they unquestionably were in morals. On representing

the facts of the case to Capt. Mull, and the legal functionaries at Key West, it was determined to relinquish this money to the heirs of Spike, as indeed they must have done under process, there being no other claimant. These doubloons, however, did not amount to the full price of the flour and powder that composed the cargo of the *Swash*. The cargo had been purchased with Mexican funds, and all that Spike or his heirs could claim, was the high freight for which he had undertaken the delicate office of transporting those forbidden articles, contraband of war, to the Dry Tortugas.

Mulford, by this time, was high in the confidence and esteem of all on board the *Poughkeepsie*. He had frankly explained his whole connection with Spike, not even attempting to conceal the reluctance he had felt to betray the brig, after he had fully ascertained the fact of his commander's treason.

The manly gentleman with whom he was now brought in contact, entered into his feelings, and admitted that it was an office no one could desire, to turn against the craft in which he sailed. It is true they could not, and would not be traitors, but Mulford had stopped far short of this, and the distinction between such a character and that of an informer was wide enough to satisfy all their scruples.

Then, Rose had the greatest success with the gentlemen of the *Poughkeepsie*. Her youth, beauty, and modesty, told largely in her favour, and the simple womanly affection she unconsciously betrayed in behalf of Harry, touched the heart of every observer. When the intelligence of her aunt's fate reached her, the sorrow she manifested was so profound and natural, that every one sympathised with her grief. Nor would she be satisfied unless Mulford would consent to go in search of the bodies. The latter knew the hopelessness of such an excursion, but he could not refuse to comply. He was absent on that melancholy duty, therefore, at the moment of the scene related in our last chapter, and did not return until after that which we are now about to lay before the reader. Mrs. Budd, Biddy, and all of those who perished after the yawl got clear of the reef, were drowned in deep water, and no more was ever seen of any of them; or if wreckers did pass them, they did not stop to bury the dead. It was different, however, with those who were first sacrificed to Spike's selfishness. They were drowned on the reef, and Harry did actually recover the bodies of the Señor Montefalderon, and of Josh, the steward; they had washed upon a rock that is bare at low water. He took them both to the Dry Tortugas, and had them interred along with the other dead at that place. Don Juan was placed side by side with his unfortunate countryman, the master of his equally unfortunate schooner.

While Harry was absent, and thus employed, Rose wept much, and prayed more. She would have felt herself almost alone in the world, but for the youth to whom she had so recently, less than a week before, plighted her faith in wedlock. That new tie, it is true, was of sufficient importance to counteract many of the ordinary feelings of her situation, and she now turned to it as the one which absorbed most of the future duties of her life. Still, she missed the kindness, the solitude, even the weaknesses of her aunt, and the terrible manner in which Mrs. Budd had perished, made her shudder with horror, whenever she thought of it. Poor Biddy, too, came in for her share of the regrets. This faithful creature, who had been in the relict's service ever since

Rose's infancy, had become endeared to her, in spite of her uncouth manners and confused ideas, by the warmth of her heart, and the singular truth of her feelings. Biddy, of all her family, had come alone to America, leaving behind her not only brothers and sisters, but parents living. Each year did she remit to the last a moiety of her earnings; and many a half dollar that had come from Rose's pretty little hand, had been converted into gold, and forwarded on the same pious errand to the green island of her nativity. Ireland, unhappy country! At this moment, what are not the dire necessities of thy poor? Here, from the midst of abundance, in a land that God has blessed in its productions far beyond the limits of human wants, a land in which famine was never known, do we at this moment hear thy groans, and listen to tales of suffering that to us seem almost incredible. In the midst of these chilling narratives, our eyes fall on an appeal to the English nation, that appears in what it is the fashion of some to term the first journal of Europe, (!) in behalf of thy suffering people. A worthy appeal to the charity of England seldom fails, but it seems to us that one sentiment of this might have been altered, if not spared. The English are asked to be "*forgetful of the past*," and to come forward to the relief of their suffering fellow-subjects. We should have written "*mindful of the past*" in its stead. We say this in charity, as well as in truth. We come of English blood, and if we claim to share in all the ancient renown of that warlike and enlightened people, we are equally bound to share in the reproaches that original misgovernment has inflicted on thee. In this latter sense, then, thou hast a right to our sympathies, and they are not withheld.

As has been already said, we now advance the time eight and forty hours, and again transfer the scene to that room in the hospital which was occupied by Spike. The approaches of death, during the interval just named, had been slow but certain. The surgeons had announced that the wounded man could not possibly survive the coming night, and he, himself, had been made sensible that his end was near. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Stephen Spike, conscious of his vigour and strength, in command of his brig, and bent on the pursuits of worldly gains, or of personal gratification, was a very different person from him who now lay stretched on his pallet in the hospital of Key West, a dying man. By the side of his bed, still sat his strange nurse; less peculiar in appearance, however, than when last seen by the reader. Rose Budd had been ministering to the ungainly externals of Jack Tier. She now wore a cap, thus concealing the short grey bristles of her hair, and lending to her countenance a little of that softness which is a requisite of female character. Some attention had also been paid to the rest of her attire, and Jack was, altogether less repulsive in her exterior, than when unaided, she had attempted to resume the proper garb of her sex. Use, and association too, had contributed a little to revive her woman's nature, if we may so express it; and she had begun, in particular, to feel the sort of interest in her patient, which we all come in time to entertain towards any object of our especial care. We do not mean that Jack had absolutely ever ceased to love her husband; strange as it may seem, such had not literally been the case; on the contrary, her interest in him, and in his welfare, had never ceased, even while she saw his vices and detested his crimes: but all we wish to say here, is that she was getting, in addition to the long enduring feelings of a wife,

some of the interest of a nurse. During the whole time which had elapsed between Jack's revealing her true character and the moment of which we are now writing, Spike had not once spoken to his wife. Often had she caught his eyes intently rivetted on her, when he would turn them away, as she feared in distaste; and once or twice, he groaned deeply, more like a man who suffered mental than bodily pain. Still, the patient did not speak once, in all the time mentioned. We should be representing poor Jack as possessing more philosophy, or less feeling, than the truth would warrant, were we to say, she was not hurt at this conduct in her husband. On the contrary, she felt it deeply; and more than once, it had so far subdued her pride, as to cause her bitterly to weep. This shedding of tears, however, was of service to Jack, in one sense; for it had the effect of renewing old impressions, and in a certain way of reviving the nature of her sex within her; a nature which had been sadly weakened by her past life.

But the hour had at length come, when this long and painful silence was to be broken. Jack and Rose were alone with the patient, when the last again spoke to his wife.

"Molly, poor Molly!" said the dying man, his voice continuing full and deep to the last. "What a sad time you must have had of it, after I did you that wrong!"

"It is hard upon a woman, Stephen, to turn her out helpless on a cold, selfish world," answered Jack, simply; much too honest to affect reserve she did not feel.

"It was hard indeed. May God forgive me for it, as I hope you do, Molly."

No answer was made to this appeal, and the invalid looked anxiously at his wife. The last sat at her work, which had now got to be less awkward to her, with her eyes bent on her needle, and her countenance rigid, and, so far as the eye could discern, her feelings unmoved.

"Your husband speaks to you, Jack Tier," said Rose, pointedly.

"May *yours* never have occasion to speak to you, Rose Budd, in the same way," was the solemn answer. "I do not flatter myself that I ever was as comely as you, or that yonder poor dying wretch was a Harry Mulford in his youth; but we were young, and happy, and respected once, and loved each other; yet, you see what it's all come to!"

Rose was silenced, though she had too much tenderness in behalf of her own youthful and manly bridegroom to dread a fate similar to that which had overtaken poor Jack. Spike now seemed disposed to say something more, and she went to the side of his bed, followed by her companion who kept a little in the background, as if unwilling to let the emotion she really felt be seen, and, perhaps, conscious that her ungainly appearance did not aid her in recovering the lost affections of her husband.

"I have been a very wicked man, I fear," said Spike, earnestly.

"There are none without sin," answered Rose. "Place your reliance on the mediation of the Son of God; sins far deeper than yours may be pardoned."

The captain stared at the beautiful speaker, but self-indulgence, the incessant pursuit of worldly and selfish objects for forty years, and the habits of a life into which the thought of God and of the dread hereafter never entered, had encased his spiritual being in a sort of brazen armour, through which no ordinary blow of conscience could penetrate. Still he had fearful glimpses of recent events, and his soul, hanging as it was over the abyss of eternity, was troubled.

"What has become of your aunt?" half whispered Spike;—"my old captain's widow. She ought to be here; and Don Wan Montezuma, where is he?"

Rose turned aside to conceal her tears; but no one answered the questions of the dying man. Then a gleaming of childhood shot into the recollection of Spike, and clasping his hands, he tried to pray. But, like others who have lived without any communication with their Creator, through long lives of apathy to his existence and laws, thinking only of the present time, and daily, hourly sacrificing principles and duty to the narrow interests of the moment, he now found how hard it is to renew communications with a Being who has been so long neglected. The fault lay in himself, however; for a gracious ear was open even over the death-bed of Stephen Spike, could that rude spirit only bring itself to ask for mercy in earnestness and truth. As his companions saw his struggles, they left him for a few minutes to his own thoughts.

"Molly," Spike at length uttered, in a faint tone, the voice of one conscious of being very near his end, "I hope you will forgive me, Molly. I know you must have had a hard, hard time of it."

"It is hard for a woman to unsex herself, Stephen,—to throw off her very natur', as it might be, and to turn man."

"It has changed you sadly. Even your speech is altered. Once your voice was soft and womanish—more like that of Rose Budd than it is now."

"I speak as them speak among whom I've been forced to live. The forecandle and steward's pantry, Stephen Spike, are poor schools to send women to l'arn language in."

"Try and forget it, poor Molly! Say to me, so that I can hear you, 'I forget and forgive Stephen.' I am afraid God will not pardon my sins, which begin to seem dreadful to me, if my own wife refuse to forget and forgive, on my dying bed."

Jack was much mollified by this appeal. Her interest in her offending husband had never been entirely extinguished. She had remembered him, and often with woman's kindness, in all her wanderings and sufferings, as the preceding parts of our narrative must shew; and though resentment had been mingled with the grief and mortification she felt at finding how much he still submitted to Rose's superior charms, in a breast as really generous and humane as that of Jack Tier's, such a feeling was not likely to endure in the midst of a scene like that she was now called to witness. The muscles of her countenance twitched, the hardlooking, tanned face began to lose its sternness, and every way she appeared like one profoundly disturbed.

"Turn to him whose goodness and mercy may sarve you, Stephen," she said in a milder and more feminine tone than she had used, now, for years, making her more like herself than either her husband or Rose had seen her, since the commencement of the late voyage. "My saying that I forget and forgive cannot help a man on his death-bed."

"It will settle my mind, Molly, and leave me freer to turn my thoughts to God."

Jack was much affected, more by the countenance and manner of the sufferer, perhaps, than by his words. She drew nearer to the side of her husband's pallet, knelt, took his hands, and said solemnly:

"Stephen Spike, from the bottom of my heart, I *do* forgive you, and I shall pray to God that he will pardon your sins, as freely and more mercifully than I now pardon all, and try to forget all, that you have done to me."

Spike clasped his hands, and again he tried to pray. But the habits of a whole life are not to be thrown off at will; and he who endeavours to regain, in his extremity, the moments that have been lost, will find in bitter reality, that he has been heaping mountains on his own soul, by the mere practice of sin, which were never laid there by the original fall of his race. Jack, however, had disburthened her spirit of a load that had long oppressed it, and burying her face in the rug, she wept.

"I wish, Molly," said the dying man, several minutes later, "I wish I had never seen the brig. Until I got that craft, no thought of wronging human being ever crossed my mind."

"It was the Father of Lies, that tempts all to do evil, Stephen, and not the brig, which caused the sins."

"I wish I could live a year longer—*only* one year: that is not much to ask, for a man who is not yet sixty."

"It is hopeless, poor Stephen. The surgeons say you cannot live one day."

Spike groaned; for the past, blended fearfully with the future, gleamed on his conscience with a brightness that appalled him. And what is that future, which is to make us happy or miserable, through an endless vista of time? Is it not composed of an existence in which conscience, released from the delusions and weaknesses of the body, sees all in its true colours, appreciates all, and punishes all? Such an existence would make every man the keeper of the record of his own transgressions, even to the most minute exactness. It would of itself mete out perfect justice, since the sin would be seen amid its accompanying facts, every aggravating or extenuating circumstance. Each man would be strictly punished according to his talents. As no one is without sin, it makes the necessity of an atonement indispensable; and, in its most rigid interpretation, it exhibits the truth of the scheme of salvation in its clearest colours. The soul, or conscience, that can admit the necessary degree of faith in that atonement, and in admitting, *feels* its efficacy, throws the burthen of its own transgressions away, and remains for ever in the condition of its original existence, pure, and consequently happy.

We do not presume to lay down a creed on this mighty and mysterious matter, in which all have so deep an interest, and concerning which so very small a portion of the human race think much, or think with any clearness when it does become the subject of their passing thoughts at all. We too well know our own ignorance to venture on dogmas which it has probably been intended that the mind of man should not yet grapple with and comprehend. To return to our subject.

Stephen Spike was now made to feel the incubus-load, which perseverance in sin heaps on the breast of the reckless offender. What was the most grievous of all, his power to shake off this dead weight was diminished in precisely the same proportion as the burthen was increased, the moral force of every man lessening in a very just ratio to the magnitude of his delinquencies. Bitterly did this deep offender struggle with the conscience, and little did his half-unsexed wife know how to console or aid him. Jack had been superficially instructed in the dogmas of her faith in childhood and youth, as most persons are instructed in what are termed Christian communities; had been made to learn the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed; and had been left to set up for herself, on this small capital, in the great concern of human existence, on her marriage and entrance on the active business of life. When the manner in which she had passed the last twenty years is remembered,

no one can be surprised to learn that Jack was of little assistance to her husband in his extremity.

Rose made an effort to administer hope and consolation, but the terrible nature of the struggle she witnessed induced her to send for the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie. This divine prayed with the dying man; but even he, in the last moments of the sufferer, was little more than a passive but shocked witness of remorse suspended over the abyss of eternity in hopeless dread. We shall not enter into the details of the revolting scene, but simply add, that curses, blasphemy, tremulous cries for mercy, agonized entreaties to be advised, and sullen defiance, were all strangely and fearfully blended. In the midst of one of these revolting paroxysms Spike breathed his last. A few hours later, his body was interred in the sands of the shore. It may be well to say, in this place, that the hurricane of 1846, which is known to have occurred only a few months later, swept off the frail covering, and that the body was washed away to leave its bones among the wrecks and relics of the Florida Reef.

Mulford did not return from his fruitless expedition in quest of the remains of Mrs. Budd until after the death and interment of Spike. As nothing remained to be done at Key West, he and Rose, accompanied by Jack Tier, took passage for Charleston in the first convenient vessel that offered. Two days before they sailed, the Poughkeepsie went out to cruise in the gulf, agreeably to her general orders. The evening previously, Captain Mull, Wallace, and the chaplain passed with the bridegroom and bride, when the matter of the doubloons found in the boat was discussed. It was agreed that Jack Tier should have them, and into her hands the bag was now placed. On this occasion, to oblige the officers, Jack went into a narrative of all she had seen and suffered, from the moment when she was abandoned by her late husband down to that when she found him again. It was a strange account, and one filled with surprising adventures. In most of the vessels in which she had served, Jack had acted in the steward's department, though she had frequently done duty as a foremost hand. In strength and skill she admitted that she had often failed, but in courage never. Having been given reason to think her husband was reduced to serving in a vessel of war, she had shipped on board a frigate bound to the Mediterranean, and had actually made a whole cruise, as a ward-room boy, on that station. While thus employed, she had met with two of the gentlemen present, Captain Mull and Mr. Wallace. The former was then first lieutenant of the frigate, and the latter a passed midshipman; and in these capacities both had been well known to her. As the name she then bore was the same as that under which she now 'hailed,' these officers were soon made to recollect her, though Jack was no longer the light trim-built lad he had then appeared to be. Neither of the gentlemen named had made the whole cruise in the ship, but each had been promoted and transferred to another craft, after being Jack's shipmates rather more than a year. This information greatly facilitated the affair of the doubloons.

From Charleston the travellers came north by railroad, having made several stops by the way, in order to divert the thoughts of his beautiful young bride from dwelling too much on the fate of her aunt. He knew that home would revive all these recollections painfully, and wished to put off the hour of the return, until time had a little weakened Rose's regrets. For this reason he passed a whole week in Washington, though

it was a season of the year that the place is in much request. Still, Washington is scarce a town at any season. It is much the fashion to deride the American capital, and to treat it as a place of very humble performance with very sounding pretensions. Certainly, Washington has very few of the peculiarities of a great European capital ; but, few as these are, they are more than belong to any other place in this country. We now allude to the *distinctive* characteristics of a capital, and not to a mere concentration of houses and shops within a given space. In this last respect, Washington is much behind fifty other American towns, even while it is the only place in the whole republic which possesses specimens of architecture on a scale approaching that of the higher classes of the edifices of the old world. It is totally deficient in churches, and theatres, and markets ; or those it does possess are, in an architectural sense, not at all above the level of village or country-town pretensions, but one or two of its national edifices *do* approach the magnificence and grandeur of the old world. The new Treasury buildings are unquestionably, on the score of size, embellishments, and finish, *the* American edifice that comes nearest to first class architecture on the other side of the Atlantic. The Capitol comes next, though it can scarce be ranked relatively as high. As for the White House, it is every way sufficient for its purposes and the institutions ; and, now that its grounds are finished, and the shrubbery and trees begin to tell, one sees about it something that is not unworthy of its high uses and origin. Those grounds, which so long lay a reproach to the national taste and liberality, are now fast becoming beautiful, are already exceedingly pretty, and give to a structure that is destined to become historical, having already associated with it the names of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Quincy Adams, together with the *oi polloi* of the later presidents, an *entourage* that is suitable to its past recollections and its present purposes. They are not quite on a level with the parks of London, it is true, or even with the Tuileries, or the Luxembourg, or the Boboli, or the Villa Reale, or fifty more grounds and gardens of a similar nature that might be mentioned ; but, seen in the spring and early summer, they adorn the building they surround, and lend to the whole neighbourhood a character of high civilization that no other place in America can show, in precisely the same form or to the same extent.

This much have we said on the subject of the White House and its precincts, because we took occasion in a former work to berate the narrow-minded parsimony which left the grounds of the White House in a condition that was discreditably to the republic. How far our philippic may have hastened the improvements which have been made, is more than we shall pretend to say ; but having made the former strictures, we are happy to have an occasion to say (though nearly twenty years have intervened between the expressions of the two opinions) that they are no longer merited.

And here we will add another word, and that on a subject that is not sufficiently pressed on the attention of a people who by position are unavoidably provincial. We invite those whose gorges rise at any stricture on anything American, and who fancy it is enough to belong to the great republic to be great in itself, to place themselves in front of the State Department, as it now stands, and to examine its dimensions, material, and form with critical eyes ; then to look along the adjacent Treasury buildings, to fancy them completed by a junction with new edifices of a similar construction to contain the department of state ; next, to fancy

similar works completed for the two opposite departments; after which, to compare the past and present with the future as thus finished, and remember how recent has been the partial improvement which even now exists. If this examination and comparison do not show directly to the sense of sight how much there was and is to criticise, as put in contrast with other countries, we shall give up the individuals in question, as too deeply dyed in the provincial wool ever to be whitened. The present Trinity Church, New York, certainly not more than a third-class European church, if as much, compared with its village-like predecessor, may supply a practical homily of the same degree of usefulness. There may be those among us, however, who fancy it patriotism to maintain that the old Treasury buildings are quite equal to the new; and of these intense Americans we cry their mercy!

Rose felt keenly, on reaching her late aunt's very neat dwelling in Fourteenth Street, New York. But the manly tenderness of Mulford was a great support to her, and a little time brought her to think of that weak-minded but well-meaning and affectionate relative with gentle regret rather than with grief. Among the connections of her young husband, she found several females of a class in life certainly equal to her own, and somewhat superior to the latter in education and habits. As for Harry, he very gladly passed the season with his beautiful bride though a fine ship was laid down for him, by means of Rose's fortune now much increased by her aunt's death, and he was absent in Europe when his son was born,—an event that occurred only two months since.

The Swash and the shipment of gunpowder were thought of no more in the good town of Manhattan. This great emporium—we beg pardon, this great *commercial* emporium—has a trick of forgetting, condensing all interests into those of the present moment. It is much addicted to believing that which never had an existence, and of overlooking that which is occurring directly *under its nose*. So marked is this tendency to forgetfulness, we should not be surprised to hear some of the Manhattaness pretend that our legend is nothing but a fiction, and deny the existence of the Molly, Captain Spike, and even of Biddy Moon. But we know them too well to mind what they say, and shall go on and finish our narrative in our own way, just as if there were no such raven-throated commentators at all.

Jack Tier, still known by that name, lives in the family of Captain Mulford. She is fast losing the tan on her face and hands, and every day is improving in appearance. She now habitually wears her proper attire, and is dropping gradually into the feelings and habits of her sex. She never can become what she once was, any more than the blackamoor can become white, or the leopard change his spots; but she is no longer revolting; she has left off chewing and smoking, having found a refuge in snuff. Her hair is permitted to grow, and is already turned up with a comb, though constantly concealed beneath a cap. The heart of Jack alone seems unaltered. The strange tiger-like affection that she bore for Spike, during twenty years of abandonment, has disappeared in regrets for his end. It is succeeded by a most sincere attachment for Rose, in which the little boy, since his appearance on the scene, is becoming a large participator. This child Jack is beginning to love intensely; and the doubloons, well invested, placing her above the feeling of dependence, she is likely to end her life, once so errant and disturbed, in tranquillity and a homelike happiness.

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

NO. IV.—ARMINIUS'S VICTORY OVER THE ROMAN LEGIONS UNDER VARUS.

To a truly illustrious Frenchman, whose reverses as a minister can never obscure his achievements in the world of letters, we are indebted for the most profound, and most eloquent estimate that we possess of the importance of the Germanic element in European civilization, and of the extent to which the human race is indebted to those brave warriors who long were the unconquered antagonists, and finally became the conquerors of Imperial Rome.

Twenty eventful years have passed away since M. Guizot delivered from the chair of modern history at Paris his course of lectures on the history of civilization in Europe. During those years the spirit of earnest inquiry into the germs and primary developments of existing institutions has become more and more active and universal, and the merited celebrity of M. Guizot's work has proportionally increased. Its admirable analysis of the complex political and social organizations of which the modern civilized world is made up, must have led thousands to trace with keener interest the great crises of times past, by which the characteristics of the present were determined. The narrative of one of these great crises, of the epoch A. D. 9, when Germany took up arms for her independence against Roman invasion, has for us this special attraction—that it forms part of our own national history. Had Arminius been supine or unsuccessful, our Germanic ancestors would have been enslaved or exterminated in their original seats along the Eyder and the Elbe. This island would never have borne the name of England, and "we, this great English nation, whose race and language are now overrunning the earth, from one end of it to the other," would have been utterly cut off from existence.

Arnold may, indeed, go too far in holding that we are wholly unconnected in race with the Romans and Britons who inhabited this country before the coming-over of the Saxons; that, "nationally speaking, the history of Cæsar's invasion has no more to do with us than the natural history of the animals which then inhabited our forests." There seems ample evidence to prove that the Romanized Celts whom our Teutonic forefathers found here, influenced materially the character of our nation. But the mainstream of our people was and is Germanic. Our language alone decisively proves this. Arminius is far more truly one of our national heroes than Caractacus; and it was our own primeval fatherland that the brave German rescued when he slaughtered the Roman legions eighteen centuries ago, in the marshy glens between the Lippe and the Ems.

Dark and disheartening even to heroic spirits must have seemed the prospects of Germany when Arminius planned the general rising of his countrymen against Rome. Half the land was occupied by

Roman garrisons; and, what was worse, many of the Germans seemed patiently acquiescent in their state of bondage. The braver portion, whose patriotism could be relied on, was ill-armed and undisciplined; while the enemy's troops consisted of veterans in the highest state of equipment and training, familiarized with victory, and commanded by officers of proved skill and valour. The resources of Rome seemed boundless; her tenacity of purpose was believed to be invincible. There was no hope of foreign sympathy or aid; for "the self-governing powers that had filled the old world had bent one after another before the rising power of Rome, and had vanished. The earth seemed left void of independent nations."*

The German chieftain knew well the gigantic power of the oppressor. Arminius was no rude savage, fighting out of mere animal instinct, or in ignorance of the might of his adversary. He was familiar with the Roman language and civilization; he had served in the Roman armies; he had been admitted to the Roman citizenship, and raised to the rank of the equestrian order. It was part of the subtle policy of Rome to confer rank and privileges on the youth of the leading families in the nations which she wished to enslave. Among other young German chieftains, Arminius and his brother, who were the heads of the noblest house in the tribe of the Cherusci, had been selected as fit objects for the exercise of this insidious system. Roman refinements and dignities succeeded in denationalizing the brother, who assumed the Roman name of Flavius, and adhered to Rome throughout all her wars against his country. Arminius remained unbought by honours or wealth, uncorrupted by refinement or luxury. He aspired to and obtained from Roman enmity a higher title than ever could have been given him by Roman favour. It is in the page of Rome's greatest historian that his name has come down to us with the proud addition of "*Liberator haud dubiè Germania.*"†

Often must the young chieftain, while meditating the exploit which has thus immortalized him, have anxiously revolved in his mind the fate of the many great men who had been crushed in the attempt which he was about to renew,—the attempt to stay the chariot-wheels of triumphant Rome. Could he hope to succeed where Hannibal and Mithridates had perished? What had been the doom of Viriathus? and what warning against vain valour was written on the desolate site where Numantia once had flourished? Nor was a caution wanting in scenes nearer home and more recent times. The Gauls had fruitlessly struggled for eight years against Cæsar; and the gallant Vercingetorix, who in the last year of the war had roused all his countrymen to insurrection, who had cut off Roman detachments, and brought Cæsar himself to the extreme of peril at Alesia—he, too, had finally succumbed, had been led captive in Cæsar's triumph, and had then been butchered in cold blood in a Roman dungeon.

It was true that Rome was no longer the great military republic, which for so many ages had shattered the kingdoms of the world. Her system of government was changed; and after a century of revolution and civil war she had placed herself under the despotism of a single ruler. But the discipline of her troops was yet unimpaired, and her warlike spirit seemed unabated. The first years of

* Ranke.

† Tacitus, *Annals*, II. 86.

the empire had been signalized by conquests as valuable as any gained by the republic in a corresponding period. The generals of Augustus had extended the Roman frontier from the Alps to the Danube, and had reduced into subjection the large and important countries that now form the territories of all Austria, south of that river, and of East Switzerland, Lower Wirtemberg, Bavaria, the Valtelline, and the Tyrol. While the progress of the Roman arms thus pressed the Germans from the south, still more formidable inroads had been made by the Imperial legions on the west. Roman armies moving from the province of Gaul, established a chain of fortresses along the right as well as the left bank of the Rhine, and in a series of victorious campaigns, advanced their eagles as far as the Elbe, which now seemed added to the list of vassal rivers, to the Nile, the Rhine, the Rhone, the Danube, the Tagus, the Seine, and many more, that acknowledged the supremacy of the Tiber. Roman fleets also sailing from the harbours of Gaul along the German coasts and up the estuaries, co-operated with the land-forces of the empire, and seemed to display, even more decisively than her armies, her overwhelming superiority over the rude Germanic tribes. Throughout the territory thus invaded, the Romans had with their usual military skill established fortified posts; and a powerful army of occupation was kept on foot, ready to move instantly on any spot where any popular outbreak might be attempted.

Vast however, and admirably organized as the fabric of Roman power appeared on the frontiers and in the provinces, there was rottenness at the core. In Rome's unceasing hostilities with foreign foes, and still more, in her long series of desolating civil wars, the free middle classes of Italy had almost wholly disappeared. Above the position which they had occupied an oligarchy of wealth had reared itself: beneath that position a degraded mass of poverty and misery was fermenting. Slaves, the chance sweepings of every conquered country, shoals of Africans, Sardinians, Asiatics, Illyrians, and others made up the bulk of the population of the Peninsula. The foulest profligacy of manners was general in all ranks. In universal weariness of revolution and civil war, and in consciousness of being too debased for self-government the nation had submitted itself to the absolute authority of Augustus. Adulation was now the chief function of the senate: and the gifts of genius and accomplishments of art were devoted to the elaboration of eloquently false panegyrics upon the prince and his favourite courtiers. With bitter indignation must the German chieftain have beheld all this, and contrasted with it the rough worth of his own countrymen:—their bravery, their fidelity to their word, their manly independence of spirit, their love of their national free institutions, and their loathing of every pollution and meanness. Above all, he must have thought of the domestic virtues that hallowed a German home; of the respect there shewn to the female character, and of the pure affection by which that respect was repaid. His soul must have burned within him at the contemplation of such a race yielding to these debased Italians.

Still, to persuade the Germans to combine, in spite of their frequent feuds among themselves, in one sudden outbreak against Rome;—to keep the scheme concealed from the Romans until the hour for action arrived; and then, without possessing a single

walled town, without military stores, without training, to teach his insurgent countrymen to defeat veteran armies, and storm fortifications, seemed so perilous an enterprise, that probably Arminius would have receded from it, had not a stronger feeling even than patriotism urged him on. Among the Germans of high rank, who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partizans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was preeminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however, sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover, than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes; who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius, before the Roman governor, of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome. Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to organize and execute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favoured the ultimate success of the insurgents, served by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced, to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, he who was afterwards emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany, and sent into Pannonia to put down a dangerous revolt which had broken out against the Romans in that province. The German patriots were thus delivered from the stern supervision of one of the most suspicious of mankind, and were also relieved from having to contend against the high military talents of a veteran commander, who thoroughly understood their national character, and also the nature of the country, which he himself had principally subdued. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the Proconsulate of Syria. Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans, among whom a general taste for literature, a keen susceptibility to all intellectual qualifications, a minute acquaintance with the principles and practice of their own national jurisprudence, a careful training in the schools of the Rhetoricians, and a fondness for either partaking in or watching the intellectual strife of forensic oratory, had become generally diffused, without, however, having humanized the old Roman spirit of cruel indifference for human feelings and human sufferings, and without acting as the least checks on unprincipled avarice and ambition, or on habitual and gross profligacy. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, a country where courage in man, and virtue in woman, had for centuries been unknown, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The

Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honour and modesty by which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.*

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathised with him in his indignation at their country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus' army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, cannot be estimated at less than fourteen thousand Roman infantry. He had also eight or nine hundred Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among those provincials that had not received the Roman franchise.

It was not merely the number but the quality of this force that made them formidable; and however contemptible Varus might be as a general, Arminius well knew how admirably the Roman armies were organized and officered, and how perfectly the legionaries understood every manœuvre and every duty which the varying emergencies of a stricken field might require. Stratagem was, therefore, indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to their schemes until a favourable opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the headquarters of Varus, which seem to have been near the centre of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. There Varus gratified at once his vanity, his rhetorical tastes, and his avarice, by holding courts, to which he summoned the Germans for the settlement of all their disputes, while a bar of Roman advocates attended to argue the cases before the tribunal of Varus, who did not omit the opportunity of exacting court-fees and accepting bribes. Varus trusted implicitly to the respect which the Germans pretended to pay to his abilities as a judge, and to the interest which they affected to take in the forensic eloquence of their conquerors. Meanwhile a succession of heavy rains rendered the

* I cannot forbear quoting Macaulay's beautiful lines, where he describes how similar outrages in the early times of Rome goaded the Plebeians to rise against the Patricians.

“Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your still more cruel love.”

* * * * *
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife,
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures,
The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours
Still let the maiden's beauty swell the father's breast with pride;
Still let the bridegroom's arms enfold an unpolluted bride.
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the shuggard's blood to flame;
Lest when our latest hope is fled ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare.”

country more difficult for the operations of regular troops, and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes in Lower Saxony to revolt. This was represented to Varus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignorance of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance. He therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance, his route lay along a level plain; but on arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise.

A woody and hilly region intervenes between the heads of the two rivers, and forms the water-shed of their streams. This region still retains the name (*Teutonberger wald = Teutobergiensis saltus*) which it bore in the days of Arminius. The nature of the ground has probably also remained unaltered. The eastern part of it, round *Detwold*, is described by a modern German scholar, *Dr. Plate*, as being a "table-land intersected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, which in some places form small plains, surrounded by steep mountains and rocks, and only accessible by narrow defiles. All the valleys are traversed by rapid streams, shallow in the dry season, but subject to sudden swellings in autumn and winter. The vast forests which cover the summits and slopes of the hills consist chiefly of oak; there is little underwood, and both men and horse would move with ease in the forests if the ground were not broken by gulleys, or rendered impracticable by fallen trees." This is the district to which Varus is supposed to have marched; and *Dr. Plate* adds, that "the names of several localities on and near that spot seem to indicate that a great battle has once been fought there. We find the names 'das *Winnefeld*' (the field of victory), 'die *Knochenbahn*' (the bone-lane), 'die *Knochenleke*' (the bone-brook), 'der *Mordkessel*,' (the kettle of slaughter), and others."

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage waggons, and by a rabble of camp followers; as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry and even for infantry, until trees had been felled, and a rude embankment formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman ranks. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their rank that the rear-guard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward, but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and

he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation ; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night, and, faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp amid the harassing attacks of the rapidly thronging foes, with the elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries, attesting the presence in the olden time of the imperial eagles.

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march ; the veteran officers who served under Varus, now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them ; in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armour, against the Roman legionaries, fully armed with helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield, who were skilled to commence the conflict with a murderous volley of heavy javelins, hurled upon the foe when a few yards distant, and then, with their short cut-and-thrust swords, to hew their way through all opposition ; preserving the utmost steadiness and coolness, and obeying each word of command in the midst of strife and slaughter with the same precision and alertness as if upon parade. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions, as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. But when fatigue and discouragement had begun to betray themselves in the Roman ranks, and a spot was reached which Arminius had rendered additionally difficult of passage by barricades of hewn trees, the fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades ; Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But retreat now was as impracticable as advance ; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, and caused fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and bravery than

from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppression. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among their ranks who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity; and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot, were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of the assailants; but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts and the reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unincumbered Germans, at last, in a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yester morning had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honourable resistance to the close of that dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the terrible deities of the old mythology of the North.

Never was victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and within a few days after Varus had fallen the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory. But that victory secured at once and for ever the independence of the Teutonic race. Rome sent, indeed, her legions again into Germany, to parade a temporary superiority; but all hopes of permanent conquests were abandoned by Augustus and his successors. The blow which Arminius had struck, never was forgotten. Roman fear disguised itself under the specious title of moderation: and the Rhine became the acknowledged boundary of the two nations, until the fifth century of our era, when the Germans became again the assailants, and carved with their conquering swords the provinces of Imperial Rome into the kingdoms of modern Europe.

NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

A SERIES of events so extraordinary as those about to be narrated, have seldom (except under the garb of fiction) appeared to claim the attention of the public; and, it is hoped, that, having relation to the fate of those who have "fought the nation's battles," they will find a twofold interest in the breast of every lover of his country.

The most natural feeling that will pervade the mind, after perusal, next to the consideration of the truly miraculous incidents related, will be astonishment that they have remained so long unrecorded; certainly it cannot have arisen from want of sufficient interest. The more than probable cause is, that none of our able nautical writers have been fortunate enough to come into communication with any of the participators in this calamitous affair. It has, however, been otherwise with one, who now submits "a plain unvarnished tale" to his readers. His information is collected from those who shared the danger, and who are now reaping the reward of their services to their country, in peaceful tranquillity, at and around Halifax and Nova Scotia.

The author has himself seen some service of a rather more stirring character than sailing in the experimental squadrons of her most gracious majesty, Victoria. He has ploughed the deep, and stood the cannon's roar, when George the Third was king; and he thinks that an old sailor cannot perform a more useful act to his country, than in handing to posterity (however imperfectly done) the heroic conduct of an old soldier.

The remarks introduced, appertaining to the manner in which the British army is officered, will, it is hoped, repay the perusal; they are pertinent to the matter with which they are connected.

At the close of the late American war, the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment of Infantry, under the command of Colonel C. H. Darling, a corps much distinguished by its behaviour in Canada, marched to Quebec. As it was probable that their services would be no longer required, they received orders to prepare for embarkation, with the view of proceeding to Halifax, and, if no counter-orders were received there, to be disbanded with the other Canadian regiments.

For this purpose the "Archduke Charles," a remarkably fine frigate-built ship, of 550 tons, was engaged for the transport of the right wing of the regiment; the left-wing having previously been sent away for the same destination. The troops embarked in this ship consisted of eleven officers, the staff, two hundred rank and file, forty-eight women and children, which, together with the crew of the vessel, comprised nearly three hundred individuals. The ship was also provided with a king's

pilot. How far he was fitted for his responsible situation subsequent events will develop.

The "Archduke Charles" left the harbour of Quebec on the morning of the 29th of May, 1816, with a fresh breeze from the E.N.E. Nothing worthy of particular remark occurred for the first ten days of the voyage.

On the evening of the tenth day from the ship's leaving Quebec she cleared the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, upon making what was deemed a sufficient offing, the pilot directed the ship's course to be altered to the westward, with the intention of making Halifax on the following day. About 7 P.M., the atmosphere being at the time remarkably clear, a black circle was observed to windward on the horizon, stretching from north-east to south-west—the well-known forerunner of a fog-bank; and in a short time the ship was surrounded by one of those dense fogs so common on that coast. Knowing that they were now arrived in the track of the homeward-bound West India ships, and the fog increasing to a pitchy blackness, accompanied by heavy rain, with continued squalls, a consultation was held among the officers of the ship as to the most prudent means to adopt; and it was deemed most advisable, at the suggestion of the pilot, to continue the course under easy sail. The consequence was, that look-outs were placed forward, the drum was ordered to be kept beating at intervals, and other precautions taken to prevent collision, in case of falling in with any ship during the night. It was also deemed desirable to have a portion of the troops on deck, to assist the watch.

After the arrangements for the night had been concluded, those who were not appointed to duty retired to their berths; among these was Lieutenant Charles Stewart, then commanding the grenadier company, whose subsequent brave conduct was the means of rescuing from a terrible death nearly the whole of the persons embarked in this ill-fated ship. He felt himself extremely fatigued by continuing so much on deck, as he had already done, at the request of his colonel, —for he had scarcely been one night in bed during the passage. He had hardly descended to his cabin, for the purpose of taking some needful repose, when, to his surprise, he was sent for by Colonel Darling, who stated to him "that it was his particular wish (considering the extreme danger in which the ship was placed by the density of the fog,) that he should remain on deck during the night; as, in fact, his wife could not rest in her bed unless he consented to do so. Although Lieutenant Stewart pointed out the exertion he had already undergone, and the absolute necessity that he should have some relaxation of duty, he was too good a soldier to murmur at the request—in truth, it may be said, command of his superior officer.

After the usual courtesies had been exchanged, and Colonel Darling had informed Lieutenant Stewart that some refreshments would be left out for his especial use during the night, ten men were ordered under his command to the fore-castle, where he was to take his station; and ten more, under Captain Glennie, were ordered to the after part of the ship. The rain continued to fall incessantly, sudden squalls of wind, with a heavy sea rising, occasioned the ship to "work" much; but it was impossible, from the darkness of the night, and the impenetrable density of the fog, to see half her length; however, as it was known that the king's pilot had himself taken the wheel, a degree of confidence was generally

created in the minds of all on board, and hopes were entertained that not anything of serious moment would occur before daylight, which was anxiously looked for by crew, as well as by passengers.

At about 10 P.M. the "look-out" stationed on the bowsprit hailed the fore-castle, and directed Lieutenant Stewart's attention to what he thought was a light a-head; and by his looking directly in the line of the horizon, over the ship's bulwark, Lieutenant Stewart fancied that he also observed it; he immediately repaired aft to the quarter-deck to report the same to the pilot, when, to his surprise, he there found Colonel Darling (who, he supposed, had retired to his cabin) handing his majesty's pilot a glass of hot grog. Upon Lieutenant Stewart making his report, he was replied to in an uncourteous manner by the pilot, and ordered by his colonel back to his station. He had not long returned forward, when the "look-out" again called "light a-head," and Lieutenant Stewart placing his eye in the same position as before, distinctly saw what he considered a flickering light, and deemed it again prudent to go to the quarter-deck, and to report a second time the result of his observation. The answer he received was, "Sir, I have been a king's pilot on this coast for twenty-five years, and I know where I am." The colonel then said, "Mr. Stewart, you will return to your post immediately." To which Lieutenant Stewart replied, "Sir, I have done what I considered my duty." After the second rebuff Lieutenant Stewart considered it useless to make any further reports, and with a heavy presentiment on his mind, he continued at his post.

But a short time had elapsed between Lieutenant Stewart's return to the fore-castle, the rain still pouring its torrents with increased violence, and the fog continuing equally thick, when an occurrence took place which had all the attributes of supernatural agency, not unlike the imaginary vision, for ages "talked of" by sailors, and considered by them as a certain warning of some disaster. It was about 11.30 P.M. when one of the sailors suddenly called Lieutenant Stewart's attention to a dark object, which appeared to shoot past the bows of the vessel, with the rapidity of lightning, and the words "take care of the rocks," were distinctly heard. Lieutenant Stewart immediately ordered the drum to cease, and although the most profound silence was observed for some time afterwards by those on the fore-castle, nothing more could be heard, and it was considered to have been a delusion.

About midnight, Lieutenant Stewart finding himself nearly worn out from continued watching, and the heavy weight of his saturated clothes, determined to leave the deck for a few minutes. He had scarcely got below, thrown off his cloak, and was about to partake of those refreshments which his colonel had left for his use, when to his dismay he felt the ship strike with a tremendous crash, and ere he could gain the deck, the sea had struck the ship aft, carried away the bulwarks, and with it the whole of the round house, sweeping over-board with the wreck two women who were sleeping there. Those, and those only, who have been placed in like circumstances, and have been eye-witnesses, can form a correct idea of the horrible scene that instantly ensued. It is almost impossible to describe the wild and maniac-like actions which take place in a ship crowded with people, at the moment of a wreck like this. Amidst the raging of a boiling sea, in total darkness, the screams of the women and children, the total loss of all command over the men, husbands forsaking their wives,

seeking only their own preservation, wives rushing for protection to others, present an awful spectacle. In this instance, an officer of undoubted courage, hitherto an affectionate husband, heedless of the intreaties of his beseeching wife, rushed up the main rigging and left her to her fate. The wife of Colonel Darling, catching the sound of Lieutenant Stewart's voice, flew towards him and clasping him round the knees, besought him in the most piteous language "to save her life;" with the greatest difficulty he was able to extricate himself from her death-like grasp, and to hasten forward.

The ship appeared to have struck on a sunken rock, the sea making a clear breach over her, and evidently she was fast filling; several were washed away the moment they escaped from their beds, but nearly the whole of the persons on board, the crew, the troops, the women and children, reached the fore part of the ship, where they remained huddled together in one mass of human despair, watching with intensity for the coming day. At about 5 A.M. the light was sufficient to enable them to discover that the ship had struck on one of the Jeddore Rocks, lying about a mile and a half from the coast, and sixty miles east of Halifax. How she had got there during the night, still remains a mystery; it is said to have been afterwards accounted for by the supposition that, although the ship's *head* had been kept to her course, the current had gradually caused her to near the land.

As daylight increased, they could then perceive that at about the distance of fifty yards from the ship's bows, was a rock above water, but against which the sea lashed itself with terrific violence. To get a communication with this rock by means of a rope, was now considered their only hope. One suggestion followed another, and was as quickly abandoned. Among the crew was a seaman, a "Trafalgar man," and who had, for that reason, been looked upon with some consideration; his advice it was deemed would be of importance. He was sought for, but alas! notwithstanding the peril of the moment, with death every instant threatening his existence, he who had escaped the bloody battle, was found insensibly drunk. He with others, abandoning themselves to their fate, it was soon discovered, had forced the spirit stores; some of the men had likewise broken open a chest of specie and loaded themselves with doubloons, the weight of which afterwards cost them their lives. At length, as if by general instinct, all eyes were directed towards Lieutenant Stewart, who had stood with folded arms, calmly surveying the intervening gulf between him and the rock, to pass which, the mountainous sea every instant wasting itself in a long line of foam, seemed to bid defiance to all human power; each man of the crew had declared the attempt as utterly beyond the accomplishment of man, and the soldiers alike shrunk from the attempt. Lieutenant Stewart was known to be a most expert swimmer, and at length the silent thought broke into earnest solicitation. Instantly the soldiers, so highly was he held in their estimation, amid the wild confusion which reigned around them, fell on their knees and besought him to save their lives. A half inch rope of sufficient length was soon procured; divesting himself of clothes, except a pair of light trowsers and shirt, and buckling his military cap tightly, with the rope secured round his body, he dashed from the fore chains into the boiling surge; he was immediately lost sight of by those on board, having been sucked under the ship, but recovering himself and swim-

ming with astonishing vigour, which nothing but an indomitable courage could sustain, he ultimately gained the rock, upon which he was thrown by one huge wave with terrific force. Bruised and cut as he found himself, his first thought was to secure the rope to the rock; in doing this he experienced much difficulty, for although it presented many rugged points, there was not one to which he could apparently attach it, with sufficient security to allow those on board to haul on it. The seaweed with which the rock was nearly covered, was another obstacle, as it prevented him getting a sure footing; however, after several efforts, he managed to crawl to the summit, and at length he firmly secured it. Having swallowed a large quantity of salt water in his arduous undertaking, he felt extreme thirst, and perceiving a cavity at the top of the rock filled with water, he concluded it was fresh, from the heavy rain which had fallen; he eagerly filled his cap, and as eagerly drank of its contents; but unhappily he found it to be as briny as the waves from which he had just emerged. Those on board were as yet in ignorance of his success, or indeed of his being alive; they had "paid out" the rope gradually, and in sufficient quantity to enable him to reach the rock, but were afraid to haul, the fog continuing so thick that they were only able to discern the base of it; and this Lieutenant Stewart himself discovered, after he had fastened the rope, for he could not see the ship in the position in which he was placed.

It was a period of intense anxiety and uncertainty to nearly three hundred human beings; if he were lost, their last hope of life had fled; their straining eyes were all fixed on one small spot, to catch a glimpse of the only man out of so great a number, who had shewn nerve enough to hazard so bold an enterprise. Lieutenant Stewart now attempted to descend from where he was and to get as near as possible to the wreck, to enable those on board to see him, and to give them warning that he had succeeded in fixing the rope, by a preconcerted signal of waving his cap; but on endeavouring to retrace his steps, he found that the waves were dashing with increased violence on the side of the rock which he must traverse; he consequently began cautiously to creep round on the opposite side, when, to his dismay, he found that it was perpendicular with the water, and in his anxiety, attempting to hold himself on by the sea-weed, the slippery substance gave way, and he was again precipitated into the foaming breakers. From the wounds he had already received in almost every part of his body, when previously hurled with such violence on the rock, and his limbs having become stiff with the intense coldness of the atmosphere, he at first was unable to make the slightest effort to save himself, but, uniting his powerful strength to the consciousness of the importance of the task for which he laboured, and aware of the inutility of what he had already accomplished in securing the rope, unless he could give intimation of it to those on the wreck, he redoubled the efforts of his Herculean frame, notwithstanding his being repeatedly driven back by the mighty adversary with which he was contending. When nature had nearly resigned the contest, after half an hour's struggling to gain the mastery of the foaming water, he reached the side nearest the ship, and was again thrown on the rock opposite the wreck; instinctively catching a branch of the sea-weed, he was enabled to maintain his hold until the retiring wave left him lying on his back, in a state of exhaustion approaching to insensibility. He was now for the first time seen from the wreck; they anxiously waited for the signal;

this he was soon enabled to give them, and instantly all on board raised a joyful exclamation at the prospect of escape from their awful situation. They began to haul on the rope, and found it fast; the ship had by this time fortunately "forged" considerably ahead, and consequently her bows approached nearer to the rock. No time was now lost in launching the jolly boat, (the only one remaining on board) which they slung from the "cat-head." Having accomplished this, and being able to keep her by the aid of the rope under the end of the bowsprit, one of the sailors soon hauled her to the rock, bringing with him another and stouter rope; this was secured like the former one, and as the ship evidently could not long hold together, it was resolved that the women and children should be the first taken off the wreck. As the boat could now be "kept steady" under the bowsprit, the women were slung two at a time and lowered into her; the size of the boat would only admit of that number each trip, with two men to pull her.

Lieutenant Stewart having partially recovered from the state of almost insensibility in which he had been lying, raised himself, for the purpose of assisting those who might be brought to the rock. He was now fully convinced that its rugged and slippery surface did not contain sufficient space to allow of even standing-room for the whole of those on board; but, the instant after he saw the boat leave the ship with its first freight, containing the colonel's wife, her two children, and the assistant-surgeon of the regiment, the fog suddenly cleared (in the form of a long vista) towards the coast, and discovered to him another rock, of apparently much larger dimensions, and of considerably more elevation above the sea. Consequently, as the boat neared him, he directed their attention by signs, and as those in her now observed it, they pulled towards the second rock, and, finding the swell much less than outside, they were enabled to land their freight in safety. In this manner they continued to transport from the wreck the whole of the women and children.

In the meantime a running toggle had been rigged on the ropes, for hauling the men on the rock where Lieutenant Stewart was, and many of the soldiers, as well as the whole of the officers, had been drawn from the wreck some time before all the women could be got off.

An occurrence here took place, shewing how the love of life will prevail over all other considerations. Still, instances such as the following, it is to be hoped, for the credit of human nature, are rare indeed. Horrible as the situation of those on board was momentarily becoming, yet one can scarcely believe that the dearest ties on earth which man possesses could be severed and forgotten, under any circumstances, however dreadful. As Captain W—— was about to quit the wreck by the rope, his wife, who had been lashed in the fore-rigging, to prevent her being washed away, perceiving his intention, raised her infant from her breast, and, with out-stretched arms and hideous shrieks implored him not to leave her. She and her child were alike unheeded. This was seen by the soldiers already landed; many of them belonging to the captain's own company. On his arriving at the rock, Lieutenant Stewart could not forbear pithily saying to him,

"Ah! my good fellow, you'll never be turned to a pillar of salt, for looking behind you."

The poor lady and her babe were, however, happily saved, with the other females. Women are proverbially said to be of a forgiving disposition; but the writer has not been able to ascertain if the cap-

tain ever received that pardon, to which his conduct so little entitled him.

It was evident to those still on the wreck that she could not last long, and that no time must be lost by those remaining on board. Several, in their anxiety to escape, were washed away, and sunk, to rise no more. These were most likely the men who had loaded themselves with the gold they had obtained from the treasure-chest. Ultimately, however, nearly the entire of the male portion of the passengers and crew effected a safe landing on the rock, and were apparently for a time rescued from their impending fate.

The total loss of life, including men, women, and children, which had taken place from the ship's first striking, amounted to ten in number. The last man who left her (one of the sergeants) had not done so more than ten minutes when an overwhelming sea struck her, she heeled over, and instantly disappeared.

It now became evident that in a short time considerable difficulty would be experienced with respect to space. The rock was crowded, and the sea breaking over them at every point. Colonel Darling proposed that the officers should be immediately removed in the boat to the rock on which the women had been carried. This proposition, as might be expected, met with considerable opposition from the soldiers, and suppressed murmurs soon gave way to openly-expressed objection on their part to such an exclusively invidious selection. The boat was, however, ordered to approach a projecting point of the rock, and Colonel Darling, with one of the officers, whom he had selected, were about to step into it, when the soldiers simultaneously rushed to the spot, and drove the colonel and his companion away. Had the boat been sufficiently near at the time, certain destruction and loss of life would have been the consequence, as more than twenty men were ready to have dashed into her, and she would, of course, have sunk instantly. Becoming desperate at their situation, and maddened to frenzy at the thought of being left to perish by their commander and officers, the soldiers now broke out into open mutiny. All subordination was at an end, and language uttered by the men, regardless of all distinction as to rank; each man avowing that he considered his life equally dear to him as the colonel and officers did theirs, and resolutely maintained that he would not permit them to leave the rock, unless a portion of the men were removed at the same time. All attempts to reason or to command were found to be utterly futile: wild confusion reigned, and self-preservation seemed paramount in the breast of every man. The waves were perceptibly advancing higher up the rock; but all power of reasoning with men placed in this dreadful situation was totally useless. The boat still remained by them, holding on with difficulty to the ropes, which were secured to the rock.

Amidst this mass of frantic beings lay Lieutenant Stewart, nearly covered with blood, from the wounds he had received, and it was considered by the men that he was dead, or dying; but, roused to animation by the contention going on between his commanding-officer and the soldiers, and the yells and screams of others, he raised himself on his feet, and learning the cause, he addressed the men energetically, and, in language which they could not mistake. He represented to them the consequence of their remaining long where they were, without aid; that certain death would be the result; strengthening his argument by con-

vincing them that the only communication they could obtain with the land was by means of the boat; that if she were lost, they must all perish; that he knew they would recollect that they were British soldiers; and he declared his resolution, that if they would permit the colonel, officers, and crew to be taken away in the boat, he would stand by them, and share their fate, and that, should opportunity offer, he would be the last man to quit the rock; adding, that whilst this was his determination, where was the man among them who would so far forget himself as to dare to stir one step?

His address was electric: the rock, which the instant previously to his raising himself had been one scene of terrible commotion, became at its conclusion one of comparatively passive tranquillity. Each man dropped, or crossed his arms; their reasoning faculties appeared to have returned simultaneously; order and subordination instantly took the place of confusion and mutiny. The voice of this brave and heroic man stilled the raging of the human storm. Dreadful as was the prospect, or the hope of relief, this offer of self-devotion, by one individual in whom they could place confidence, and whose previous conduct had already stamped him in their minds as their saviour, at once restored them to their senses. They immediately and willingly obeyed his orders, formed themselves as he commanded, as nearly as was possible into a solid square, and permitted the colonel, officers, and others, to be taken in the boat to the other rock. As two persons could only be taken at each trip, the last time it left it contained but one officer, who said to Lieutenant Stewart,—

“Now is the only chance to save your life. This rock will soon be covered with water. Come with me.”

Lieutenant Stewart replied, that he had pledged himself to remain by the men, and nothing should tempt him to swerve from his resolve; that he would abide his fate, be what it might. The consequence was, that the colonel, officers, and crew of the ship, with his majesty's pilot, were all safely landed on the rock “in shore,” and Lieutenant Stewart was left, with two hundred and eight soldiers, awaiting the chances of an improbable rescue.

And here the writer of these pages will take leave to make a slight digression from his narrative, to allude to a subject which has occupied the attention of some of our most able statesmen, men equally of our own times, as well as of those past.

With the view of demonstrating the advantages resulting to the nation, equally with the well-being of the army, that its officers should be selected from the higher classes of society, and pertinently illustrative how dependant is the effect upon the cause, are introduced the following remarks relative to the officers of the British army.

That the British army is too *exclusively officered* has been a question mooted, generally, by those least acquainted with the subject, be their rank in society, or their unquestionable knowledge in other matters, what it might. Most usually the arguments advanced, tend to shew that the private soldier in our service has not that opportunity or point of emulation within his perception, however great be his exertions, to rise to the rank and station of a commissioned officer, which, in the armies of most foreign powers, is more frequently conferred. That it is so is probably the truth; but those who adopt this doctrine are invariably persons who know not what it is to have that peculiar and onerous

charge of others' conduct, which engrosses the attention of an officer in the army placed over a body of men whose characters and dispositions possess every degree of shade.

The constitution of the British army is well known; the private soldiers are (perhaps, with the exception of the household brigade), generally obtained from the least-educated class of the community, consequently they have to be instructed not only in their military or physical duties, but their mental capacities need equal attention, that they may be taught gradually to comprehend the advantages which accrue to themselves, as well as to their country, by a strict observance of subordination. He is thus, in time, imperceptibly educated for the station of society in which, on his entering the army, he is at first placed, and the great question is, whether he be fitted to be removed to one widely differing from it. Let it be considered who are his instructors: he owes the knowledge of his military functions to his corporal and his sergeant, his companions when off duty, his commanders when on, nor has he ever doubted their ability to instruct him thus far; his moral information is imparted to him progressively from his own observation—it is purely the result of example—he sees that his officers (with whom he holds no direct communication), are equally observant, when on duty, of subordination to their superiors in rank, as he is compelled to be to those with whom he is in daily intercourse; he likewise observes that the junior officer, however high his station in society may be, is subservient to the command of his senior. Thus a peculiar respect for him is generated in the mind of the private; but it is a very different feeling which directs him to obey the orders of those who are his companions. The one is the result of habitual necessity to perform the task allotted him, the other arises from an appreciation of birth, manners, habits, and deportment, which he is conscious are superior to his own, and which he is satisfied that his comrades do not possess. Here is the plain and incontrovertible cause why a soldier advanced from the ranks to a commission, is never regarded by the privates with the same respect as the other officers; nor does he receive that cordiality of unrestrained communication from his newly-acquired companions—he feels it himself, from the moment he joins the regiment, both with respect to the men placed under his command, and his equals in grade. Long acquired habits inwardly tell him of his unnatural position, and many men who have been thus elevated above the sphere in which they have passed years of happiness and content, have silently yearned for the enjoyment of bygone days. Of course there have been, are, and will be exceptions; some have, from bravery or influence, arrived at the highest ranks in the service, and time has obliterated the distinction—at least amongst the officers; but if ever known to the men the same feeling pervades them, and one time or other is certain to elicit an allusion to the origin of their commander.

Exactly the same thing exists in the navy; but advancement from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck was at all times a rare occurrence, and since the peace, may be looked upon as approximating to an impossibility. Still the foremost-man in the British navy has always a goal in view to stimulate to good conduct, and to satisfy his ambition, the arrival at which he knows is within his power, and the accomplishment of it unaccompanied by an entire change of habits or associations.

As those acquainted with the service know, the appointments of the

“warrant-officers”—the gunner, boatswain, and carpenter—are the rewards of bravery, skill, or good behaviour, incidental to their respective stations in the ship. When such an appointment is once obtained, it places them in situations removed from the actual drudgery of physical duties, gives them an established and permanent command to a certain extent, a degree of responsibility which flatters and satisfies their feelings, amenable only to the same tribunals as the commissioned officers, an increase of pay adequate to their wants, without entirely restricting them from customs and habits which have long been congenial to their avocations. The foremost-man, although he regards the warrant-officer as his superior, cheerfully obeys his orders, without a particle of envy or contempt at his elevation above him, because he knows that the attainment of the same rank is within his own grasp, and freely open to him, in the course of time or events. Here there is no room for reflection that the officer is raised to a station to which, from birth and education, he is not fitted.

It were presumption, perhaps, in any one, and especially in a naval man, to offer a suggestion for an improvement in our military code, whilst the British army is under the guidance of so distinguished an individual as now directs its organisation; but adopting the simple and trite moral drawn from the fable of the lion and the mouse, the writer of these remarks presumes to offer an opinion the consideration of which he leaves to abler hands.

Could there not be established in the army a grade similar to that of the warrant-officer in the navy? For example, the sergeant-major and two or more of the colour-sergeants in each regiment deriving their appointment direct from the Horse-Guards, with a rank intermediate of the commissioned and non-commissioned officer, placed beyond the caprice of regimental authority, receiving the same external mark of respect from the privates as if holding a commission from the sovereign, yet without exciting the envy of promotion or contempt of origin, to which allusion has before been made. It would open a certain field of emulation to the soldier, and probably be attended with results as beneficial and pleasing to the private, who, from want and privation, is too frequently *compelled* to enlist, as to the educated gentleman, who *voluntarily* enters into the service of his country. In these appointments, the distinction of class, so obviously preserved, would cease to exist.

The foregoing observations are greatly strengthened, and their aptitude is exemplified, perhaps confirmed, by the conduct of the soldiers so miserably left upon the rock, in the narrative of this shipwreck.

Had Lieutenant Stewart been an officer promoted from the ranks, it may be relied on that no such change in the behaviour of the men would have taken place; they would have treated his proposition “to remain by them,” with disdain; they would not have listened to him for an instant; each man would naturally have said within himself who and what is he? he is no better than ourselves; what can he do for us? But when they found that there was one who, by birth and station, they knew to be superior to themselves, had offered to share their destiny, a sudden feeling of confidence and respect took possession of their minds, all violence instantly ceased as by magic. Hence it is obvious that, however invidious it may appear to be, the officering the British army from the better ranks of society engenders confidence, even as in this the most desperate of situations, and leads to

results which, if otherwise, might perhaps be detrimental to its most vital interests.

To resume the narrative of this terrible shipwreck : soon after she went down, the confined air must have burst her decks, for the sea became covered with the contents of her hold, consisting of the officers' and soldiers' baggage, casks of provisions, &c.; and several of the bodies of those who had met an untimely death now floated to the surface—a sad spectacle to those on the rock, as the mountainous waves swept them towards the coast. The water had now encroached so perceptibly on the rock, that the soldiers were compelled gradually to keep moving close together, until at length the space left was barely sufficient to permit them to form into one solid mass.

Lieut. Stewart, with a view of ascertaining the rapidity of the rise of the tide, directed a sergeant to place two stones on a projecting part of the rock, the surface of which the water had just reached. After waiting with their backs turned to the spot (dreading to behold the too convincing proof) but a short time, they found on examination the fearful truth,—that the stones were no longer to be seen. He again had another one placed, conceiving that perhaps the former ones had been washed away; and after again turning their eyes from the place, as did all the men, with the conviction, that should this be covered by the water, they had nothing to expect but quickly-coming death, they remained calmly silent in that position for some time; when, to their unspeakable joy, on again turning round, they beheld not only the single stone, but the two which had previously been laid down. Thus assured that the tide was now receding, and that yet there was a chance left them of being saved, should their situation become known to some vessel passing the coast, their drooping spirits became reanimated, and each man strained his eyes, to be the first to catch the sight of the hoped-for means of deliverance.

By this time, from the continued breaking of the sea over them, and swallowing the salt water, which many had done in getting from the ship, they were seized with intense thirst, and without the slightest chance of alleviation; and were this a work of fiction, what is now related might be set down as an incident to heighten the interest of the moment. But here truly occurred one of those miraculous interpositions of Divine Providence which must convince the most sceptical of the goodness and power of the Almighty Creator of the universe. Amongst the great number of articles which were at every instant rising to the surface from the wreck and floating past them, one of the sergeants observed a cask, which, contrary to all other things, was apparently being fast driven to the rock. He communicated the circumstance to Lieut. Stewart, and at the same time gave it as his opinion that he believed it to be a cask of rum, which must have broken from the spirit-store. On learning this, Lieut. Stewart, with a judgment worthy of him, well knowing what the consequences would be, privately ordered the sergeant to provide himself with the largest stone he could find, and instantly that the cask came within his reach, to stave in the head of it. This the sergeant was soon in readiness to do; but wonderfully singular as it may appear, the cask, as it neared the rock, was lifted by one enormous wave, and carried into the very centre of the body of men, so much so, that it knocked several of them aside, and the receding water left it firmly placed among them. It is useless to attempt a de-

scription of the men's feelings under such circumstances. It is sufficient to assert that it proved to be a hogshead full of fresh water! To open it, and each man to partake of its contents by the use of his cap, occupied but a short space of time. Their parched throats were relieved, and their minds, from the now certainty of the tide's receding, rendered comparatively happy; so much so, that it was proposed to endeavour to obtain some sleep, and their first care was to attend to their fatigued and wounded officer.

With their hands they soon cleared a space of the sea-weed sufficient to permit him to lie down on the bare rock, and a man lay down on each side of him to impart warmth; others laid themselves across their comrades to cover him, and thus formed what might not inaptly be termed a living pyramid. The majority of the soldiers with their officer were soon in as sound a sleep as if they had been in the most comfortable quarters; care having been taken that a few should alternately watch for any vessel that might come near them.

It may here be mentioned that the one of the Jeddore Rocks, on which these two hundred men were now quietly reposing, is, when the wind blows from any other quarter than that which then prevailed, covered to the depth of fifteen feet of water, and thence called the "sunken rock." This circumstance was doubtless well known to the king's pilot, and had been communicated by him to Colonel Darling, which accounts for his anxiety to leave his men in the reckless manner in which he did.

The sea still continued to throw up articles from the wreck; but the only thing which was washed on the rock, save the butt of water, was a speaking-trumpet, which ultimately proved of infinite service. The day was passing fast away, the fog still continued dense in the extreme, the rain pouring its torrents on these miserable half-clad men, while a cutting north-easter, although it kept the sea from rising on them, increased the severity of the cold. It may be said, in truth, that so hopeless appeared their chance of rescue, at the approach of night, that fortitude gave way to despair, and each man looked upon death as a happy termination to his now terrible state of existence.

An incident now occurred, trifling in itself, but sufficiently indicative of what had at some previous period been the fate of one or more wretched beings on the very spot where they were. One of the sergeants observed, wedged in a cleft of the rock, a piece of cloth, which, on drawing out, had attached to it a button of the 69th regiment of foot. It told a fearful tale. On his showing it to Lieut. Stewart, he, with a just discrimination and foresight, strictly forbade the sergeant to make the circumstance known to the men, rightly judging that it would only aggravate the horrors of their situation, and might probably reduce them to such a depth of despair as to deprive them of all reasoning action; the consequences of which might have led to acts too horrible to contemplate.

How few men, with such a fearful warning before them, would have preserved their self-possession! It was an exercise of the most consummate prudence; and a foreboding so awful was sufficient to shake the strongest nerve. Alas! it was in reality what it seemed to be. Twenty years before, a dreadful shipwreck had happened on this very rock, where perished a large portion of the 69th regiment,—the only sad memento of which was this insignificant button.

The darkness of night was already shadowing the horizon, sleep had

long forsaken the most wearied of the soldiers. Many had been the delusive visions to those watching, and their frequent cries of "a ship! a ship!" only proved the intensity of their bewildered imaginations. These were but the effect of denser portions of vapoury matter driven past them by the howling blast. At length they were again overwhelmed by the total darkness of the heavens, and again reduced to an utter hopelessness of relief. Each man appeared to hold but little communication with the one next him; they seemed to be absorbed in silent prayer. All was silence, save the roaring of the winds and the surging of the waves on the rock;—and prayer alone did in truth occupy the minds of this mass of human suffering.

The returning tide now threatened them again, with increasing force, the wind having partially "chopped round" to westward; and they at length became so closely wedged together, to avoid the rapidly approaching waters, as to render respiration difficult to those in the centre.

Whilst thus awaiting their fate with a calmness of resignation unequalled, suddenly a light red as blood (the effect of fog), appeared to their strained eye-balls, and instantly afterwards a ship loomed through the dense atmosphere. A shout of joy, such as perhaps never before escaped the united voices of two hundred human beings, soon indicated to those on board the vessel (which had, in fact, been sent with another in search of them, but with faint hopes of success), that the rock was still uncovered by the water, and that its wretched occupants still survived.

It was subsequently ascertained, that after the jolly boat had landed the officers and crew on the rock where the women were, she was sent in search of some of the fishing or coasting vessels that might be passing. She was fortunately successful, by falling in with three, one of which had taken off the officers, women, and other persons, and the two others stood out to ascertain the fate of the soldiers, but with almost a positive certainty of the inutility of doing so, the opinion of all being that death had long previously put an end to their sufferings. The Omnipotent Power who ruleth the waters ordained it otherwise. The vessels had each hoisted lights at their mast-heads, and it was one of these which first attracted the attention of the soldiers. It was as much to the surprise of the crews of the vessels to hear the cry from the men as it was delight to those from whence it came.

The vessels now cautiously neared the rock, and no time was lost in dispatching a boat, which they had brought with them, to the rescue of these wretchedly-situated creatures. On the boat being perceived, Lieutenant Stewart, by the aid of the speaking-trumpet washed from the wreck, was enabled to hail her, and, as a precautionary measure, inquired what number of men she could carry at one time. They replied, "Eleven," and added, "that they must watch the swell of the sea, and be in readiness to get into the boat the instant she rose with it."

This step was in exact keeping with the excellent judgment which this intrepid officer had displayed from the moment he quitted the ill-fated ship. The very last order he gave on the rock to these now eager and excited men was received by them with a respectful attention, which clearly demonstrated how highly they estimated his conduct. On his hearing the reply from the boat, he immediately directed the men "to form" as well as the nature of the place they were on would admit; which they did, as orderly, and with as much subordination as if on pa-

rade. He then quietly told them off in elevens, informed them of the manner they were to step into the boat, cautioned them against any display of impetuosity, and warned them of the danger attending a "rush." They implicitly obeyed his injunctions. The first eleven stepped into the boat as one man, catching her as she rose to the wave, and were safely taken to the vessel. The others minutely followed their comrade's example, and in a short time the whole were embarked, in equal divisions, on board the two vessels,—a truly wonderful proof of the merciful goodness of the all-seeing eye of the divine Disposer of Events; and it may be added, that, under His especial will, the bravery of conduct, coolness of judgment, and discriminating powers of Lieutenant Stewart, were the means of preserving to his country the lives of two hundred and eight of its defenders.

Although it might now be said, that

“ The perils and the dangers of the voyage are past,”

it is hoped that it will not be the less interesting to the reader to be informed of events not only relative to the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," but to learn in what manner the brave officer, whose actions have formed so prominent a feature throughout the preceding pages, was rewarded.

Lieutenant Stewart and his men now began to experience extreme hunger, as well as thirst; but the coast on which they were appeared to be nearly as desolate, and, with respect to provisions, as inhospitable as the barren rock which they had left. However, after some time occupied in the search, they discovered a pool of water, and also a "fish-flake" (a stage on which it is laid to dry) well stored. The soldiers seized the raw fish, and, without waiting to cook it, devoured it like so many ravenous wolves. It should be stated that they had obtained a light from the vessels, and on their first landing had lighted a fire which they continued to supply with the logs that lay near the hut.

Lieutenant Stewart now seriously felt the effects of the wounds he had received on the rock. He was terribly bruised in the body, and much lacerated about the feet and legs. Surgical assistance was not to be obtained. He therefore philosophically became his own doctor. With a piece of iron hoop (picked up in the hut), he made some lint from a portion of his shirt, and with the rest of it bound up his legs.

With the intention of waiting until daylight before he proceeded with his men to Cold Harbour, which he understood was about six miles distant from the place where they were, he lay down before the fire to take some rest, which by this time he fully needed; but, great was his astonishment to be aroused from his slumbers by the uproarious noise of the soldiers fighting with each other like maniacs. Whether this was in consequence of devouring the raw fish, or other cause, he could not discover. Ultimately they, as well as their officer, went to sleep.

In the morning they began their march to Cold Harbour, which they reached about 6 A.M., and were immediately supplied with requisite provisions. Colonel Darling, the officers and females, had already been taken there the previous night by the vessel in which they had left the rock. Two schooners were here engaged to carry them to Halifax, whence they were distant sixty miles; and the next day they arrived off that port.

On entering the harbour by the eastern passage, they were hailed, as is usual, from the fort on George's Island, and were asked

what troops they were, and from whence brought. Greatly to the astonishment of those at the battery, they learned that it was the left wing of the Nova Scotia regiment. As the report had already reached Halifax that not the slightest hope remained of a single man, woman, or child being alive, the news was instantly telegraphed to the town, and, as might be expected, it became a scene of intense excitement. A great number of the soldiers had relatives residing there; and the people flocked in crowds to learn the particulars of their escape.

Many of the officers and men of the right wing, which had arrived some weeks before, together with nearly the whole of the garrison, consisting of five regiments, under Major-General Gosling, hastened to see them disembark, and the gallant behaviour of Lieutenant Stewart was the general theme of admiration. He was confined by illness about six weeks; but, a robust constitution, and the consciousness of an honourable mind, restored him to health. As a matter of course, he was allowed his compensation (about 80%) for the loss of his property in the wreck, which was, in reality, of the value of 200%. Among this was 30%, "subsistence money" for his company. This, by the regulation of the service, he was, of course, obliged to make good; so that, pecuniarily, he was a considerable loser. Singular as it may appear, but not the less true, it was remarked by many, military as well as civilians, that during the time he was confined by illness, solely arising from his distinguished conduct, the colonel and officers who had escaped the wreck, abstained from publicly alluding to the circumstance; nor did any one of them make the slightest personal inquiry respecting his health. It may very naturally be asked, what could have been the cause?

"There's nothing half so base in life
As man's ingratitude!"

The only assignable reason for such an utter absence of courteous feeling, (setting aside gratitude) arose doubtless from self-reproach, an inward conviction of their own pusillanimity; they were afraid to face a brother officer whose conduct in comparison with their own, had placed him so immeasurably above them. They must have been fully sensible in what light they would henceforth be regarded by their own men, whom they had so basely deserted, and consequently the colonel as well as officers dreaded a recurrence to anything connected with so disgraceful an event.

The following anecdote was very current during the late war. One of his majesty's frigates had only the day before joined the fleet off Toulon, then under Admiral Sir E. Pellew, (afterwards Lord Exmouth) when a general signal was made to "reef topsails." Captain —— being *rather* a "smart" officer himself, was anxious to shew that his ship's company were equally so. "Hands up, reef topsails," was no sooner "piped" than it was half accomplished; the men were as ambitious to "show off" under the eyes of the commander-in-chief as was their gallant officer; but unfortunately the captain of the main-top, in his eagerness to haul out the "weather earing," fell off the yard-arm. A midshipman who observed it, instantly jumped overboard from the gangway and saved his life. A boat was lowered and both soon picked up. Captain —— being somewhat nettled at the delay this accident occasioned, and not always possessing that happy equilibrium of temper, so generally admired, watched the boat's coming alongside with evident signs of impatience. When the midshipman had come up the side, and

no doubt innocently thinking that he had performed a very praiseworthy action, he was thus addressed by his captain. "By G—d, sir, I've a great mind to try you by a court-martial, for leaving his majesty's ship without permission!"

The above story has a remarkable bearing upon what follows. There was a report in the military circles at Halifax, and believed to be true, that Colonel Darling had expressed an intention of bringing Lieutenant Stewart to a court-martial. The reader may reasonably inquire for what? It was thus stated; for a breach of military discipline,—for leaving the wreck without *orders*!!! Whether it was ever seriously contemplated or not, is of little importance, the result of such an absurd step was too obvious.

It is proper here to state, that some time previous to the regiment's arriving at Quebec, a captaincy in the regiment had become vacant, and Sir Gordon Drummond, the Governor-general of Canada, had recommended Lieutenant Stewart, not only by reason of his being the senior lieutenant, but for his conduct on the lakes and other services, to fill the vacancy. As hostilities with the United States had ceased, and several regiments were ordered to be disbanded, on his arriving at Halifax, he learned that his promotion had not been confirmed by the home authorities. Notwithstanding this, there can be no hesitation in believing that had his brave conduct at and after the wreck been duly represented, (as it most unquestionably should have been) to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, then commander-in-chief, and ever esteemed as the "soldier's friend," Lieutenant Stewart would now have been an officer of high standing in Her Majesty's service; as it was, the regiment was disbanded at Halifax, the majority of the soldiers became pensioners and settlers in the colony, upon lands granted by the government; Colonel Darling got his step as major-general, with the governorship of the Island of Tobago, and Lieutenant Stewart—remained *Lieutenant Stewart*!!

Possessing a mind sensitive to the injustice awarded him, he may be said to have exiled himself for a period of six or seven years afterwards. At length, by the advice of his friends,

"So many bold captains (had) walked over his head,"

he determined personally to make an effort to obtain that rank to which he was so justly entitled. His royal highness was, it is well known, urbane in the highest sense to all who had an audience of him. He was astonished that the circumstances had never been brought under his notice; but, with the numerous applications from the Peninsula and other heroes of the day, his royal highness's hands were tolerably full of business, and whatever might have been his intentions, it must be presumed that Lieutenant Stewart's claims merged into the general mass and were forgotten.

It was not until nine years afterwards, and sixteen from the time of the wreck of the "Archduke Charles," that Lieutenant Stewart in due course obtained his promotion as a "captain unattached!"

THE EVENTFUL DAYS OF FEBRUARY 1848 IN PARIS.

BY AN AMERICAN LADY.

THE narrative I am about to present to the reader has at least one advantage—its veracity may be depended upon. Ten thousand stories have gone the round of the newspapers, which I believe to be true, because they tally in spirit with those I know to be fact; but such may be read elsewhere. I am the reporting medium of only such as came to me on unimpeachable evidence.

I had not been very long in Paris before there occurred that attack on M. Guizot and his cabinet about the "Presse," and leases of theatres, and sundry other matters of bribery and corruption. The minister came out triumphant, not by defending his own camp, but by carrying the attack into that of the enemy. M. Emile de Girardin made a fool of himself,—worse one can hardly say of him, for he was already one of those men to whom belongs "no character at all." On the heels of this came the "Teste" affair. Our next excitement was the Beauvallon and D'Equivilley business, which would have attracted a great deal more notice had the Duke de Praslin spared his wife a little while.

Next the reform banquets were meant to be the expression of public opinion. How else was public opinion to reach the King and his colleagues entrenched in their own coterie? And vast as the ministerial majority was in the Chamber, the wonder to me is that it was not greater; for of the 35,000,000 of France there were but 240,000 electors; and every Englishman who has landed at any French seaport, and enquired the reason why every third man wore a cocked-hat, gold lace, and a sword by his side, knows that nearly every kind of place in France is in the gift of the ministry.* In England, companies and individuals have a vast amount of petty patronage; in France, every place, from that of a guard upon a railway to the dignity of a judge, is disposed of by government favour.

Seventy of these banquets had passed off in the provinces, presided over generally by deputies, and attended by National Guards and the middling classes of the people. At the famous one at Maçon, where M. de Lamartine spoke for two hours, the company sat eager and delighted in their tent, under umbrellas, whilst crowds were collected in the pouring rain outside, content to wait in hopes to catch but the faintest echo of his words.

Then came stormy discussions and ministerial difficulties in the Chamber, and the announcement of the reform banquet of the twelfth arrondissement. For some days the spot on which it was to be held was undecided, but at length it was fixed for our near neighbourhood. Till the Monday afternoon I suppose *everybody* was of opinion that it would go off quietly, that the subscribers would assemble, eat nothing, have a speech from the president, receive a summons from the Préfet of Police to the effect that their meeting was illegal, and that the affair would be tried in the law-courts, where resistance would be made to the suppression of the banquets in every possible way. Nevertheless, Paris was crammed

* A late computation makes the places in the direct gift of the ministry 68,000.

with troops; the passing of artillery waggons and the entry of regiments, startled us often from sleep for several nights previously; and the little barrack opposite our window was as full of soldiers as it could hold.

It was a beautiful day, that Monday; the air was soft and genial, the sky bright, and the Champs Elysées were very gay. We remarked, as we walked through them, that the Paris population seemed to make the day a sort of *fête*—that, except upon the festival days of May and of July, we had never seen so many workmen there; and that whereas, in a walk of half a mile, we had often counted a hundred soldiers, there was not on that day one uniform abroad.

Scarcely any one was aware at that time that government had prohibited the banquet, and we went to bed in ignorance; disturbed, however, all night by the unwonted passing of carts and carriages. In the latter, as we learnt afterwards, were the opposition members, going up to the spot where the banquet was to have been held, with counter orders, whilst carts were engaged in removing all the preparations that had been made previously, and in carrying every loose paving stone in Paris out of the way.

“Is it a fine morning for the banquet?” was the first question asked when we awoke. “There is to be no banquet,” was the answer. “See yonder, the proclamation posted up on the door of the barrack over the way.”

We looked, and found a strange change had taken place in that establishment. Its doors were closed, its lower windows filled up with what looked to us a little like a defence of cotton bags, the sentry was off duty—not a soldier’s head was to be seen, though we knew that the place was swarming with them. It looked sly and mischievous enough, as it stood there so unnaturally still. Our day passed quietly till about eleven o’clock, when some tradespeople came up to us. One reported that the Place de la Madeleine was full of people, most of them well dressed, supporters of the opposition, who had assembled before Odillon Barrot’s house to ask what they should do. Few national guards in uniform were amongst them. Everything was perfectly quiet and orderly,—people seemed to have gathered there to see, and were waiting to know what was expected of them. In the Place de la Concorde, however, which was equally crowded, more was being done. A party of municipal guards, stationed on the bridge before the Deputies, were disposed to deny a passage to any one who could not shew the medal of a Deputy. A considerable party of working-men and boys, without apparently any particular object, or any recognized leaders, broke through this line of guards, crossed the bridge, and ascended the steps of the Chamber of Deputies. An American gentleman who was upon the spot followed the party. They demanded an entrance into the Chamber, which was denied them, and as they hesitated whether to take “No” for an answer, two or three men (who our friend declares were *mouchards*, that is government spies set to gauge the disposition of the people), began breaking some of the windows. Our friend remained amongst the officers till this part of the business was over, when he went upon the bridge, which was very much crowded. A party of dragoons came up and began to clear it, but good-humouredly and gently,—and the people were retiring as fast as their numbers

made it possible, when a party of the Municipal Guard rode up behind,—passed through the ranks of the dragoons, and began prancing their horses and cutting about them very violently. A good many persons were injured, and one old woman was trodden down. On this the people were greatly exasperated, and stones were thrown, but none of any great size, at the guards. The soldiers then drew out their sabres, and began charging and slashing about them brutally. This was the beginning—the first moment of violence—the first scene of the first act of the New Revolution. In our quarter, too, things were getting very exciting,—especially to a party of ladies left by themselves to conjecture the cause and meaning of all they saw around.

A crowd had collected at the corner of our quiet street;—mostly of mere curious spectators. A good many English ladies too—whose windows commanded no view of the Champs Elysées were to be seen; *concierges* in white aprons; *grisettes* in their neat caps; and amongst them apple-dealers, and vegetable-vendors, offering their things for sale. All were talking,—gesticulating,—pointing downwards. Soon we were able to observe the erection of a barricade. Cabs, at full speed, were driving away out of the reach of danger. Omnibus horses came up the street, unencumbered by omnibuses. And a wretched driver of a *remise* made his appearance seated astride upon his horse, his big Benjamin reposing demurely on its tail, his long carriage whip held upright in his hand. A tree was hewn down by hatchets borrowed from the house over the way. An omnibus, a few barrels, a dozen yards of paving-stones torn up, a tree or two, or an old table formed the barricade. Lamps were being broken all up the Champs Elysées. A party of *gamins* came by, and the *respectables* of the crowd stood aside looking at them. They tore up our benches, tugged at the sentry-box. Two hundred people scampering at the top of their speed at this moment, turned down our street, as fifty dragoons charged up the Champs Elysées. I never saw a sight like it;—such unanimity of quickness! But now they stopped, turned round, and came back again, whilst the dragoons rode slowly back, breathing their horses. The fugitives were not angry, for nobody had been hurt; but frightened enough. Six National Guards could now be seen amongst a party of blouses; unarmed it is true, but shouting, singing, and carrying the tri-coloured flag. They advanced up Chaillot to the locality of the banquet.

Towards evening the *rappel* was beaten in our quarter. At night the barricades near us were all removed by the military; the streets were very quiet, and we slept in peace; though the *octroi* houses and omnibus stations at the Barrier de l'Etoile, and a guard-house on the Rue Matignon, were burnt in the evening.

Up to that moment it had been a mere riot of *gamins*, but in the night the secret societies met, and their decision turned the scale. We were awakened in the morning by the marching in of troops; a regiment of infantry and one of cavalry. The Wednesday passed quietly with us. The streets, however, were choked with soldiers, chiefly cavalry. In the Place de la Concorde there must have been 5000 of them. I have seen a great many people who were that day on the scene of action, but all agree that the fighting was not very general, and comparatively languished. The day too was

very unfavourable, being a real April day of gusty storms. But the National Guards evinced their sympathy with the people by shouting by whole battalions "*A bas Guizot,*" and "*Vive la Reforme.*" At half-past ten, the King expressed to M. Guizot his satisfaction at the arrangements made, and his entire confidence. An hour or two later, on entering the Chamber, a communication was put into the minister's hand, informing him that he was dismissed from the Royal counsels, and that Count Molé was closeted with the King. Those who have been admitted into M. Guizot's confidence, say that his resentment at this treatment was dignified, but extreme.

At five o'clock, we were glad to get out for a walk. The Champs Elysées were full of promenaders, many of them our English and American friends, come out to see the *débris* of the preceding day's proceedings. The Place de la Concorde was still full of troops, most of them dragoons with their tired, mudstained little horses drawn up on the beautiful asphalt pavement. Before the great gates of the Tuileries several pieces of artillery were posted, and National Guards lined the square towards the Admiralty. The greater part of the streets leading to the Boulevards were illuminated, and processions everywhere were formed. Amongst other cries was *Vive la ligne*, showing that the regulars being considered friendly were popular; some bands it is said presented themselves in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries, with shouts of *Vive le roi!* At nine o'clock many of our friends who had come out for news or were returning to their homes, were on the Boulevard at the moment when a large procession of this kind passed by the Ministry of the Affaires Etrangères, singing patriotic songs and preceded by boys carrying torches and lanterns. Suddenly two separate discharges of musketry took place. One from the infantry of the 14th regiment stationed before Guizot's house, the other from the cavalry. There was a moment of death-like silence, and then the fury of the crowd, the shouts, the yells, the screams that followed no tongue can describe. The cause of this fatal *fusillade* is still unexplained. The most probable account, however, is that the horse of the captain of infantry having been wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun belonging to a soldier, his owner, struck by a panic, fancied it an attack, and gave the unhappy order. From that moment all was lost. Gathering up their dead, part of the crowd marched along the Boulevard to the office of the *National*; waving their torches, and calling down vengeance on the assassins of their brethren. Others dispersed themselves through the neighbouring streets, shouting, "To arms! to arms! we are betrayed! *on nous assassine.*" During the night and the following day 33,000 barricades were thrown up. Some of them in the neighbourhood of the Bastille, were as high as the second story. Vincennes was completely cut off from the capital. Everywhere, from an early hour on Thursday morning, arms were demanded, but I have not heard of a single instance in which families were put to unnecessary terror. I have heard several beautiful and authentic anecdotes of consideration for the sick on these occasions; one especially which occurred to a lady whose name I could furnish. Her little child was dying, and the mother was kneeling absorbed in prayer beside its bed. Her servants had dispersed, and she was too much occupied with her maternal grief to heed what was going on without, when suddenly her door

opened, and a party of armed men *en blouse* entered the chamber. The mother raised her head, and hushed them with her hand, for the presence of the king of terrors had absorbed her fears; but what was her surprise when all these rude, rough men knelt down beside her, joined their prayers with hers for the soul that was departing, and then quitted the room in silence, placing a guard, and writing up over the door, "Respect this house, for death is here." At half-past nine, the Place de la Concorde was as still as death.

At this juncture, in front of Guizot's house, five thousand troops suddenly reversed their arms, the cavalry rode off, whilst the line fraternized with the people. Truly this was the *coup de grace* for the Orleans dynasty.

At half-past ten, Odillon Barrot rode along the Boulevard to assure the people he was now their Minister, and their cause was gained. He was met with shouts of "Never mind him!" "We have no time to listen." "Too late!" "We know all he has to say to us." "*A l'œuvre! à l'œuvre!*" and the man who had thought himself popular and great—the leader of a revolution—was forced to return whence he came, without having produced any impression. About the same time in the day, the Ecole Militaire was taken; and the military prisoners were released. A little *blouse* guarded the staircase leading to the apartments of the ladies of the governor, and no one was allowed to intrude on them or frighten them. The fight of the Place du Palais Royal was, about half-past twelve, very severe. The Municipal Guard defended the Château d'Eau against the National Guards and people, and the effect is said to have been awful, when the building being set light to they continued their firing out of the midst of the flames. The post was carried; the Caroussel filled with people; and the royal family were just sitting down to a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, when a party of people, amongst them, Emile Girardin, made their way to the king, imploring him to abdicate at once, and spare the people; for although artillery might defend the palace a few hours, nothing now could save his crown. Without a word Louis Philippe drew pen and paper towards him, and wrote his abdication. Embracing the little Comte de Paris, he went out, saying to the gentlemen around him, "This child is your king." First beneath the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* came a party of dragoons, leading their horses down the steps and flying from the Caroussel. Then followed the royal family, slenderly accompanied. The people entered the Tuileries as they left it. At the Champs Elysées, by side of the obelisk, the royal party found two broughams in waiting, one the property of an English gentleman. The king and queen got into the foremost, in which were several children. Into the second got the Duchesse de Nemours, the Princess Clementine, and an attendant. Some of the crowd cried as they passed, "Respect old age! Respect misfortune!" And the story told in the newspapers is quite true, that when an officer cried out to the people, "Do not hurt the king," a man *en blouse* stepped forward and replied, "Do you take us for assassins? Let him get away." It was the feeling of the crowd; and scarcely an insult, even in word, was offered them. The coachmen whipped their horses furiously, and the royal party drove away, but in such haste and confusion that the poor little Duchesse de Montpensier was left upon the side walk, alone, and weeping bitterly. A Portuguese gentleman who was pass-

ing knew her, and gave her his arm to go in search of her husband's aide-de-camp General Thierry. Several gentlemen who were standing by escorting them, they went back into the garden, where they fell in with a member of the Lafayette family, who took her to his house. Meantime the Duchess of Orleans, her children, and the Dukes de Nemours and Montpensier had gone to the Chamber, departing in such haste that no orders were left behind with the faithful Garde Municipal to save themselves and retire. Nothing preserved them but the courage of the National Guards, who threw themselves into their arms on entering the Tuileries, and conducted them into the interior of the palace, where having doffed their helmets and put on over-coats, they escaped out of the windows. During the first half hour, before the people had got entire possession, a good deal of money and many valuables were plundered by professional thieves, who made their way at once to strong boxes and secretaries; but after that time it was dangerous to appropriate anything of importance.

What a scene was presented near the old palace! Out of all the windows of the palace the conquerors were throwing livery coats, fragments of state furniture, and a perfect snow-storm of all kinds of papers. The beds stood yet unmade, and all the apparatus of the *toilette* was in disorder. At the dressing-table one man was rubbing *pomade* with both hands into his hair, another was drenching himself with perfume, a third was scrubbing his teeth furiously with a tooth-brush that had parted royal lips but an hour or so before. In another room a *blouse* was seated at a splendid piano, playing the Marseillaise to an admiring auditory, whilst near by a party of *gamins* were turning over a magnificent scrap-book with considerable care. In the next room four *blouses* had taken possession of the piano, and were all thumping together, delighted with the noise. In another room a party of workmen were dancing a quadrille! whilst a well-dressed gentleman played for them on a piano. At every chimney-piecc, and before all the works of art, stood a guard to protect them, generally of the most tattered and powder-stained description, each bearing a placard "*Mort aux voleurs*," on the point of his bayonet; whilst at the head of the grand staircase stood others, crying out "*Entrez donc, messieurs, entrez! On n'a pas des billets d'entrée tous les jours*;" whilst the cry passed through the crowd was, "Keep moving, keep moving, gentlemen. Look as much as you like, but touch nothing." "*Ne sommes nous pas magnifiques chez nous, monsieur?*" said a little *gamin* to one of our friends; whilst another was to be seen parading about in one of the poor queen's head-dresses. She always wore very original ones, with a bird-of-paradise feather surmounting them, something in short like the usual picture-book depictions of the head-dress of a queen.

For the first half-hour the crowd destroyed nothing, even the portraits of the king we thought would be respected; but at length the destruction of the state furniture (it was sad old rubbish) began. Three men were seen smoking their pipes comfortably in the great state bed; some ate up the royal breakfast, and a good many smoked royal cigars which were freely circulated. A distribution also took place of all the muskets in the armoury.

Meantime in the Chamber of Deputies the scene was terrible. If

the president, M. Sauzet, had not lost his head, and had declared the sitting closed, and requested the deputies to disperse, when the announcement of the abdication and the regency was received with acclamations, many persons think he might have saved royalty. But as soon as the mob got possession of the tribunes, and pointed their guns down upon the deputies, who sheltered themselves as best they might, behind their desks and benches, the opportunity was over. Odillon Barrot, who had come down to the house, the very picture of self-importance, notwithstanding his lesson on the Boulevard, found his hour departed, and his power gone. M. de Lamartine was the idol of the mob (though he was very nearly being shot by mistake when speaking), they got around him, embracing his knees, his hands, and his very clothes. Throughout all the tumult the reporters of the *Moniteur* sat calmly in their place, noting down all that was passing. A butcher's boy is said at one time to have laid his hand upon the throat of the little Comte de Paris. The Duchess showed great courage. The Duke de Nemours, who is said to stand fire well, was on this occasion, as white as death. Some say he swooned, but at any rate he was powerless, when some of the deputies stripped off his uniform, and hastily disguised him. The crowd had already torn off his epaulettes and orders.

Whilst a volume of history was thus being accomplished, our little party was guessing great events from the little ones that were passing around. The first sign of the people's victory which met our eyes was a quantity of round flat loaves, borne on the bayonets or iron bars or pikes of the men that passed us. Next passed successive groups of people, clad in every variety of costume, and armed with every weapon, yet all marching in line, with a kind of military order. Some wrapped in the white cloaks of the cavalry, and wearing here and there the bonnet *rouge*, preceded them, occasionally dancing, and singing the Marseillaise, or, oftener, the *Chœur des Girondins*, which is the hymn of this revolution, as the Parisienne was of '30 and the Marseillaise of 1792. Cavalry sabres trailing in the dust seemed a very popular weapon; almost all wore a scrap of some description of uniform, a helmet, or a cross-belt and cartouche-box, besides arms. I saw two generals' plumed hats upon the heads of *gamins*, and one little fellow nearly extinguished under the ample cocked hat meant for some old admiral. Suddenly, a small party of workmen stopped before the barrack, which had partially unclosed. They consulted together; then one of them went forward, and demanded, I fancy, the release of some prisoners who had that morning been taken there; but when he came out again, several of the soldiers joined the group. Many were already in the street, with their arms reversed, and a greater number without weapons. Then the door of the guard-house was thrown open, and all the soldiers came out by twos and threes, laughing like boys let out of school; and all the people passing pressed around and shook them by the hands. Then at last came out the officers.

Umbrellas were alternating with muskets and naked sabres; one of the latter that we saw had the fresh stain of blood. But we were not afraid. We had not been reasoning ourselves into confidence, but everything we saw inspired it. Is it possible that this armed people had the wealth of this great city in their hands, and yet could have

been so orderly, so perfectly quiet, so respectful even, and so calm? A party of workmen advanced with drums: one man, not having a drum, was thumping on a tin kettle! There was another set with loaves of bread upon their bayonets, some with their muskets wreathed with flowers. Among the crowd we saw a woman girl with a sword.

News was brought us in the evening that the Tuileries, Palais Royal, and Madeleine were on fire; and we went up to the upper windows to witness it. But not being blinded by our fears, like our informant, we very soon made out that the conflagration of the two palaces was but a bonfire in the Carrousel (the King's statue, state-carriages, and a few other odd things), whilst "the Madeleine on fire" was but an illumination. Indeed, all Paris was radiant for three nights in tar and tallow: that is, the houses of the rich were so illuminated; the poor made use of pretty coloured lights in the neighbourhood of the Porte St. Martin. Nobody molested us, though we went quietly to bed without showing a candle. Throughout the Thursday not a newspaper was to be had; the *Presse*, indeed, brought out a half-sheet, which began by returning thanks to the two journeymen, who, "between two combats," had been so very considerate as to set up the type. These gentlemen, however, did not stay long to work out this praise; for the document ended abruptly in the middle of a sentence, on the first half-page. Events that day worked faster than compositors. Great news was stale before it had been printed. On the Friday morning, Galignani failed us; and though in the course of the day some of the French papers made their appearance, they were printed in scraps, one piece of news at a time, and sold at famine prices. By noon on Friday the entire population of Paris had turned out in the Champs Elysées, before the Tuileries, or on the Boulevard. The most perfect good order was maintained. There were no vehicles; and it seemed like one vast *fête*. The *blouses* were all armed, and there was more firing into the air than was exactly agreeable to weak nerves on the occasion. Amongst the weapons we observed was a new one, very deadly, about a foot and a half long, and the thickness of a man's arm, contrived to jerk out a sort of pike-head suddenly against an enemy.

From the flags upon the public offices the blue and white had been torn away, and every man wore red ribbon in his button-hole; for the *respectables* had not then been made aware that red was the badge of communism. On the Boulevard all the iron railing had been torn up, and all the trees (except upon the Boulevard de la Madeleine) cut down. They have since been planted again, to the sound of the Marseillaise, with great ceremony and a procession. The shutters of the shops were closed, and on all of them was chalked "Armes données," in every variety of spelling, showing that the leaders of the bands who had been there for weapons were not Beauclerks. In the Rue de la Paix there was not a single one of these announcements that was not spelt wrong. Everywhere a paint-brush had been passed over the words "roi," "reine," "royale;" and royal arms, which marked the tradesmen of the court, were everywhere removed. Indeed, the patriots were very zealous on these occasions: two little *gamins* were observed for two hours patiently hacking to pieces with their swords a cast iron Austrian eagle.

In the Tuileries the state apartments were very little different from what they are on a gala day. The ornamental work of the walls was a good deal destroyed, and the hangings of the throne room cut to pieces. In one place a bullet had gone clean through a fine mirror, without shattering the glass, and the ceilings were full of bullet holes. All the china, porcelain, and crockery was broken to pieces, and collected into a great heap in one of the kitchens, where men were treading it down.

Great as the crowd was, every one kept in his place, and there was no crushing. It was the civilest and gentlest mob ever beheld. The Jardin d'Hiver was open *gratis*, a box being, however, held "*Au profit des Blessés*," the interior (like fairy-land but a few nights before, filled with all the richest jewellery, the brightest eyes and highest fashion of Paris at our ball for the British Charitable Fund) was now full of men in *blouses*, some smoking, some reading the magazines and newspapers, some walking through the conservatories, but over every flower-bed stood an armed workman guarding it. There may have been between four and five hundred dead and wounded, but the subscriptions for their benefit are enormous. Every class has done something for them; for instance, on the Monday and the Tuesday, all the cabs announced that their receipts would be appropriated to the assistance of the wounded. Temporary hospitals were everywhere established. On the Friday the shops were partially open, and the muskets were disappearing; but on the Saturday the carriages came out in the Champs Elysées, the dandies reappeared, and no arms except in the hands of National Guards were to be seen. At present, in this third week of the republic, the public promenades were never more lively or more crowded. Velvets and sables continue to sweep the side-walks, and even coronets upon the panels of the carriages may be counted in a few minutes by dozens, though many persons effaced them on the first day of the revolution.

On Saturday, the 4th of March, I saw the great procession along the Boulevards to bury the dead. There must have been nearly 300,000 persons in the procession, chiefly civilians, and of spectators as many more. It was a procession worthy of the occasion. I had seen the funeral of Napoleon, and the procession at the coronation of the Queen, but nothing of the kind I ever saw impressed me so much as this did. It was a *Procession of Peace*. The most extraordinary part of this procession was, however, that there was not a single policeman or soldier to keep order.

One of the most distinctive features of this Revolution is, that so far from putting itself in antagonism with religious feeling, it has everywhere appealed to it. The story of the respect paid by the mob to the crucifix in the Tuileries, has made a great impression, and there are a thousand anecdotes in circulation that are *pendants* to it. The clergy seem to feel their true position as patrons of the cause of order, justice, and mercy, wherever it may be found.

Who would have dared to prophesy six weeks ago that there were such depths of honour, virtue, and generosity in a French mob? They have carried us gloriously through this crisis,—who shall now dare to say what they may not yet do in the greater difficulties of social and political regeneration? The revolution has taught us not to predict, and above all NOT TO DESPAIR.

A PIPE WITH THE DUTCHMEN.

BY J. MARVEL.

BREMEN.—OLDENBURG.—THE DROSKY AND DUTCHMAN.—A DUTCH INN
—DEVENTER.—THE OUDE DOELEN.—A DUTCH MERCHANT.—AMSTER-
DAM.—MY PIPE GONE OUT.

I NEVER want to go to Bremen again. There are pretty walks upon the ramparts, and there is old hock under the Hôtel de Ville in enormous casks, and there are a parcel of mummied bodies lying under the church, that for a silver mark, Hamburg money, the sexton will be delighted to shew one; but the townspeople, such of them as happened about the Linden-hof, upon the great square, seemed very stupid; and not one could tell me how I was to get to Amsterdam. But after some further inquiries, I found my way to a cockloft, where a good-natured Dutchman received me, and took me to the Exchange, and the wine-cellar, and left me at the Poste, with my name booked for Oldenburg the same afternoon. The mail line was the property of the Duke of Oldenburg, and a very good one it was, for we went off in fine style in a sort of drosky drawn by two Dutch ponies.

There is a dreamy kind of pleasure in scudding so fast over so smooth and pretty roads as lay between us that afternoon and the capital of the duchy of Oldenburg. There was a kindly-looking old man sat opposite to me in the drosky, who would have talked with me more—for we mustered a little of common language—but for a gabbling Danois, who engrossed nearly the whole of his time. I met him again in the park of the duke, and, arm-in-arm, the *vieillard* and I rambled over it together, under the copper-leaved beech-trees, and by the stripes of water that lay in the lawn.

It was in Oldenburg I saw first the Dutch taste for flowers. Every house had its parterre of roses and tulips; and the good old custom of taking tea in the midst of them, before the door, was zealously maintained. And I could see the old ladies lifting their teapots, and the girls smirking behind their saucers, as I walked before the houses still chatting with the old gentleman of the drosky.

A little past sunrise, I took my first cup of coffee in a true Dutch inn. The floor was as clean as the white deal table, but made of polished tiles; the huge chimney was adorned with the same. The walls were fresh painted and washed; the dishes were set on edge upon the shelves, and the copper saucepans hung round, as redly bright as in Bassano's pictures. The clock stood in the corner; the slate and the pencil were hanging beside the casement; a family portrait hung over one end of the mantel, and the hour-glass and the treasures were ranged below. A black and white cat was curled up and dozing in a straight-backed chair, and a weazen-faced landlady was gliding about in a stiff white cap.

When we reached Deventer, it was the middle of the morning of a market day, and the short-gowned women thronging over the great square, under the shadow of the cathedral, seemed just come out of the studios of the old Dutch painters. We ate some of the eggs that were in pyramids among them, at the inn of the Crown. Rich enough is the

primitiveness of all this region. Even the rude stars that met me and my southern garb in the streets, were more pleasing than annoying. Strangers rarely come into the region merely to look about them; and so little is there even of local travel, that the small silver coin I had taken the evening before, was looked doubtfully upon by the ginger-bread dealers of Deventer. In every other portion of Europe I had been harassed by falling in with French and English, in every coach and at every inn. Here I was free from all but natives; and not a single post carriage had I fallen in with over all the country from Bremen to Deventer. There was a spice of old habits in every action. There was a seeming of being translated a century or two back in life; and neither in coaches, nor horses, nor taverns, nor hostesses, was there any thing to break the seeming. The eggs at the inn were served in old style; the teapot, low and sprawling, was puffing out of a long, crooked nose, by the fire, in good old fashion; the maid wore a queer old cap and stomacher, and she and the cook peeped through the half-opened door, and giggled at the strange language we were talking.

The daughters of the market-women were many of them as fresh and rosy as their red cabbages; and there were daughters of gentlewomen, looking as innocent as the morning air, out of the open casements:—in short, I was half sorry I had booked for Arnheim; and what was worse, that the coach was at the door of the Crown.

I should have grown very sulky in the coach, had it not been for the exceedingly beautiful scenery we were going through. The fields were as green as English fields, and the hedges as triun and blooming as English hedges. The cottages were buried in flowers and vines, and an avenue embowered us all the way. A village we passed through was the loveliest gem of a village that could bless an old or a young lady's eyes in Europe. The road was as even and hard as a table, and winding. Hedges were each side of it, and palings here and there as neatly painted as the interiors at home; and over them, amid a wilderness of roses and jessamines, the white faces of pleasant-looking Dutch cottages;—the road throughout the village as tidy as if it had been swept, and the trees so luxuriant that they bent over to the coach-top. Here, again, I would have wished to stop—to stop, by all that is charming in bright eyes—for half a lifetime.

An old Dutch lady, a worthy burgomaster's wife of Arnheim, would not leave off pointing to me the beauties as they came up, with her *fort joli* and *charmant*; to all of which I was far more willing in accordance than of the two-thirds of the coach seat, which was surely never intended for such sized bodies as that of the burgomaster's wife. I was sorry, notwithstanding, when we had finished our ride in the clean streets of Arnheim, and set off, in a hard rain, by the first train for Amsterdam. All the way down, through Naarden and Utrecht, the rain was pouring so hard that I had only glimpses of water and wind-mills. I bade my friend of the office in the Amstel good-by, and though he promised to call at my inn, I never saw him again.

I did not much like the little back room on the first floor which they gave me at the Oude Doelen, for it seemed I could almost put the end of my umbrella into the canal; and there was a queer craft, with a long bowsprit, lying close by, that, for aught I knew, with a change of tide, might be tangling her jibboom in my sheets. I ventured to say to my host that the room might be damp.

"*Le diable !*" said my host ; and without making further reply to my suggestion, turned round and spoke very briskly with the head-waiter. What he said I do not know ; but when he had finished, the waiter clasped his hands, looked very intently at me, and exclaimed with the utmost fervour,—"*Mon Dieu !*"

I saw I had committed, however innocently, some very grave mistake ; so I thought to recommend myself to their charities by taking the room at once, and saying no more about the dampness.

When I woke up, the sun was reflected off the water in the canal into my eyes. From the time I had left Florence, four months before, I had not received a letter from home, and my first object was to seek out a Mr. Van Bercheem, to whom I was duly accredited. God-sends, in verity, are letters from home, to one wandering alone ; and never did a wine lover break the green seal off the Hermitage as eagerly as I broke open the broad red wax, and lay back in the heavy, Dutch chair, and read, and thought, and dreamed—dreamed that Europe was gone—utterly vanished ; and a country where the rocks are rough, and the hills high, and the brooks all brawlers, came suddenly around me,—where I walked between homely fences, but under glorious old trees, and opened gateways that creaked ; and trod pathways that were not shaven, but tangled and wild ; and said to my dog, as he leaped in his crazy joy half to my head, "Good fellow, Carlo !"—and took this little hand, and kissed that other soft cheek—heigho ! dreaming, surely ; and I all the while in the little back parlour of the Oude Doelen at Amsterdam !

A rosy young woman came out into the shop that I entered with the valet, upon one of the dirty canals, and led me into a back hall, and up a dark stairway, and rapped at a door, and Mr. Van Bercheem appeared. He was a spare, thin-faced man of forty,—a bachelor,—wedded to business. At first, he saw in me a new connection in trade ; it was hard to disappoint him, and I half encouraged the idea ; but my present travel, I assured him, was wholly for observation.

Ah, he had tried it, but it would not do. He was lost,—withering up, soul and body, when he was away from his counting-room. He had tried the country,—he had tried society for a change, but he could find no peace of mind away from his books.

He spoke of the great names upon 'Change,—the Van Diepens, the Van Huyems, the De Heems ; and I fancied there had been hours when he had listened to himself, adding to the roll,—Van Bercheem.

The valet put his head in at the door to ask if I wished him longer ; I dismissed him, and the merchant thanked me.

"These fellows are devils, monsieur ; he has been keeping his place there at the door to know what business you and I can have together, and he will tattle it in the town ; and there are men who disgrace the profession of a merchant, who will pay such dogs ;"—and he lowered his voice, and stepped lightly to the door, and opened it again ; but I was glad the valet had gone.

He asked me in with him to breakfast ; it was only across the back hall, in a little parlour, heavily curtained, and clean as Dutch parlours are always. The breakfast was served,—I knew not by whom,—perhaps the rosy woman in the shop below. A cat that walked in, and lay down on the rug, was the only creature I saw, save my friend, the merchant. I tried to lead him to talk of the wonders, and of the society of

Amsterdam; but his mind worked back insensibly to 'Change and trade. He finished his breakfast, and went back with me to the counting-room. He gave me a list of his correspondences;—he put in my hands a great packet of cards of houses from Smyrna to Calcutta, and of each he gave me a brief history, with the never-failing close, that each was safe and honourable. He pressed upon me thirty-five cards of the house of Van Bercheem;—he wished me success;—he hoped I would not be forgetful of him, and sent a little Dutch boy in the office to show me the palace. He went back pale to his books. I shall never forget him.

In an hour, with the Dutch boy, I was on the top of the tower of the palace. The view that lay under my eye that July day, and one not wholly dissimilar, seen three months before from the tower of San Marco, at Venice, are the most strange that met my eye in Europe.

Here, as at Venice, there was a world of water, and the land lay flat, and the waves played up to the edges, as if they would cover it over. At Venice, the waters were bright, and green, and moving. At Amsterdam, they lay still and black in the city, and only where the wind ruffled them in the distance did they show a sparkle of white. The houses, too, seemed tottering on their uneasy foundations, as the palaces of Venice and the tower of the Greek church had seemed to sway.

But the greatest difference between the two was in the stir of life. Beneath me, in the Dutch capital, was the Palace Square and the Exchange, thronging with thousands, and cars and omnibusses rattling among them. Along the broad canals, the boatmen were tugging their clumsy craft, piled high with the merchandise of every land. Every avenue was crowded, every quay cumbered with bales, and you could trace the boats along the canals bearing off in every direction; even India ships were gliding along upon artificial water above the meadows where men were reaping; and the broad, high dykes, stretching like sinews between land and water, were studded thick with mills, turning unceasingly their broad arms, and multiplying in the distance to mere revolving specks upon the horizon.

Venice seemed asleep. The waves, indeed, broke with a light murmur against the palace of the Doge, and at the foot of the tower, but the boats lay rocking lazily on the surface of the water, or the graceful gondolas glided noiselessly. The Greek sailors slept on the decks of their quaint feluccas; no roll of cart, or horses' heavy tread, echoed over the Piazza di San Marco; a single man-of-war lay with her awning spread at the foot of the Grand Canal. There was an occasional footfall on the pavement below us; there was the dash of the green seawater over the marble steps; there was the rustling of the pigeons' wings, as they swooped in easy circles around us, and then bore down to their resting-places among the golden turrets of St. Mark; every thing beside was quiet!

The little Dutch boy and I went down the steps together. I thanked him, and asked him my way into the Jews' quarter of the town. He would not permit me to go alone. He had learned French at his school, where, he said, all the boys of merchants spoke it only; and a great many intelligent inquiries he made of me, about that part of the world which could not be seen from the top of the palace tower: for further, poor soul, he had never been. The tribe of Israel cannot be clean even in Dutch-land; and though their street was broad, and the houses rich,

there was more filth in it than in all the rest of Amsterdam together. There they pile old clothes, and they polish diamonds by the thousand.

Walking along under the trees upon the quays beside the canals, one sees in little, square mirrors, that seem to be set outside the windows of the houses for the very purpose, the faces of the prettiest of the Dutch girls. Old women, fat and spectacled, are not so busy with their knitting but they can look into them at times, and see all down the street, without ever being observed. It is one of the old Dutch customs, and while Dutch women are gossips, or Dutch girls are pretty, it will probably never go by. In Rotterdam, at Leyden, at Utrecht, and the Hague, these same slanting mirrors will stare you in the face.

Nowhere are girls' faces prettier than in Holland; complexions pearly white, with just enough of red in them to give a healthy bloom, and their hands are as fair, soft, and tapering, as their eyes are full of mirth, witchery, and fire.

I went through the street of the merchant princes of Amsterdam. A broad canal sweeps through the centre, full of every sort of craft, and the dairy-women land their milk from their barges, on the quay in front of the proudest doors. The houses and half of the canal are shaded with deep-leaved lindens, and the carriages rattle under them, with the tall houses one side, and the waters the other.

My boy-guide left me at the steps of the Royal Gallery. There is in it a picture of twenty-five of the old city guard, with faces so beer-loving and real, that one sidles up to it, with his hat hanging low, as if he were afraid to look so many in the face at once. And opposite are some noble fellows of Rembrandt's painting, going out to shoot; they jostle along, or look you in the face, as carelessly as if they cared not one fig for you, or the Dutch burgomaster's family, who were with me looking on that morning; and there was a painted candle-light and bear-hunt,—how a tempest of memory scuds over them all, here in my quiet chamber, that I can no more control than the wind that is blowing the last leaves away!

Would to heaven I were gifted with some Aladdin touch, to set before you—actual—only so many quaint things and curious, as lie together in the old Dutch capital; churches, and pictures, and quays, and dykes, and spreading water,—sluggish and dead within, but raging like a horse that is goaded without!

Like a toad the city sits, squat upon the marshes; and her people push out the waters, and pile up the earth against them, and sit down quietly to smoke. Ships come home from India and ride at anchor before their doors,—coming in from the sea through paths they have opened in the sand, and unlading their goods on quays that quiver on the bogs. Amsterdam is not the most pleasant place in the world, when a June sun is shining hot upon the dead water of its canals, and their green surface is only disturbed by the sluggish barges, or the slops of the tidy house-maids. I grew tired of its windmills and clumsy drawbridges, and tired of waiting for Cameron. I left him a note at the Oude Doelen, telling him that we would talk over matters some day—Heaven grant that the day some time come!—upon the green banks of wild Loch Oich.

SCENES FROM THE LAST FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

BY THE FLANEUR IN PARIS.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF M. GUIZOT.

THE events of that rapid and sweeping revolution, which in a few hours overthrew a monarchy in France, and established a republic, are too well known to need any repetition. But, although all these matters be now "familiar things" in men's mouths, yet a few vague sketches of the *physiognomy*, as well moral as external, of the French capital during that week of convulsion, when the first act of a great drama of history was acted, may not be unacceptable, perhaps, from the pen of one who has already made Paris and the Parisians his study, and who was a spectator of many of the stirring scenes enacted.

As early as Monday, the day previous to the supposed meeting of the Opposition banquet, the first impression of the quiet resident in Paris, on leaving his house, was to ask, "What great holiday, or what great *fête* is it to-day? What is the meaning of all these people in the streets?"—for the streets were thronged, not with a rabble-mob, but with the usual citizen-like promenaders of Sundays and holidays. No one could tell. But everybody expected *something*, although nobody as yet knew what: and everybody who could leave his business to come abroad, and many who could not, had come forth "a sight-seeing," although there was no sight to see but themselves. It was known that the public demonstration of the Opposition, fixed for the morrow, had been utterly forbidden by the government,—that eighty thousand troops of different arms were collected in and about the capital: people then went home disappointed, and said that all was over. Disappointed! All over?—Nothing was yet begun; and Paris slept tranquilly that night.

Yes! Paris slept in quiet, and allowed the morning of the Tuesday—the day fixed for the demonstration that *was not* to take place, said almost every one,—to dawn, in the hope that, since the Opposition had given up their banquet, and such an overwhelming force of troops was collected to overawe the tumultuous, and check any disposition to riot, another *émeute* in Paris would have been strangled in its birth. At a little before noon on Tuesday those who dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Place Louis XV., and consequently of the Chamber of Deputies, might be aware that there *was* now really "something,"—that a storm was rising; for, in their quiet apartments they began to hear a distant noise, that came by "fitful gusts" along the air. By degrees, however, the roar became distinctly the roar of men; and even articulate cries might be heard.

As the *Flâneur* proposes now principally to sketch such scenes as passed before his own personal observation, he trusts he will be forgiven for the apparent egotism of personal narrative, as he now plunges all at once into extracts from his daily journal.

"When I 'turned out' I found my street in a state of uproar and

* The above account reached the Editor so late in the month, that he is compelled to avail himself of such portions only as appeared more particularly interesting to the public.

confusion. Tradespeople were closing the shutters of their shops in haste ; troops of the line occupied both ends of the street ; throngs of curious idlers were pouring hither and thither,"—for the circulation was not impeded at any time upon the pavement ; "heads were protruded from every window ; and groups of servants, porters, porters-esses, and cook-maids, stood wondering and screeching, like frightened sea-gulls, before every door. The tide of curious was pouring towards the Place Louis XV., whence the noise of shouting came. At the further end of it was a crowd of apparently some five or six thousand men, or rather boys, — *gamins* of the streets, for the most part,—chiefly attired in *blouses* ; the salaried agents, probably, of the chiefs of the Opposition. This mob was unarmed, and seemed to be engaged in nothing but shouting, with lungs cleared and strengthened with liquor, the cry 'Vive la Reforme ! Down with Guizot !' Presently another body of rioters were seen advancing along the quay on the further side of the river leading towards the Invalides. The guards on the bridge, fearing to be surrounded probably, retreated from their position. The mob rushed forward in a body,—the two columns met, and the whole mass now stood before the Chamber of Deputies. A few men in smocks were to be seen climbing the railings before the building. The shouting continued ; and a thrusting and tumult were visible from afar. After a time the invaders leapt back over the palisadings even more quickly than they had climbed them. Then came the yell of the thousands of voices, and the mob poured back over the bridge in overflowing tide, filling the Place Louis XV. A detachment of dragoons followed, galloping. Then emerged over the bridge a battalion of infantry. For the first time stones began to fly ; but, after a slight resistance the mob was forced to retreat. The most part scoured into the Champs Elysées ; some fled to the Rue des Champs Elysées, from whence screams and shrieks of distress might be heard mingled with the roaring of the shouts.

"In the Champs Elysées the scene of riot became more active, more serious, and consequently more picturesque. As the troops slowly advanced, the mob retreated, but continued to keep up a sort of bush-fighting among the trees ; rushing forward at intervals to fling such stones or heavy missiles as lay in their way, then flying back to the trees and among the spectators, and laughing in hoarse screams amidst the shouts of 'Down with Guizot ! Vive la Reforme !' During this more visible demonstration in the front ranks of the mob, however, active measures were being taken in the rear. Young trees were cut down, the chains placed for the convenience of the promenaders caught up, and an omnibus coming down the avenue from the Barrière de l'Etoile was seized on : the whole was heaped together in the road to form a barricade, a system of defence to which frequent practice and constant experience have trained the Parisian population to such a pitch of strategic intelligence, that it is employed with a rapidity and generally with a tact in the choice of position, marvellous to see. But, although the first instinct of the Parisian had been to construct for defence, the second seemed to be to destroy from recklessness. A quantity of wood had been pillaged from a wood-yard, together with several sacks of pine-wood-apples : these were flung upon the barricade ; fire was applied. In an incredibly short space of time the whole,—chairs, omnibus, wood, sacks,

naked trees with forked branches—all was in an immense blaze; and when the cavalry advanced up the avenue, they were met by clouds of stifling smoke borne down by the wind against them, and drifting flames. The confusion began every moment to increase. The horsemen galloped among the trees after many of the rioters, who fled unarmed. Several of the spectators began also to retreat in alarm. In the midst of the smoking masses far and near, the flying mob, the pursuing horsemen, the occasional flights of stones, and the hurrying backwards of the now terrified spectators, across the broad avenue, among the trees, around the fountains, into the smart, fantastically built *cafés* around, a scene of frightful tumult soon flashed before the eyes, like a wild, confused, distracted dream. As yet I had not heard a single shot fired. The principal scene of action was now turned from the Champs Elysées: confusion and devastation ensuing, it is true, were still visible upon the stage of riot; but the roaring now came chiefly from the Faubourg St. Honoré.

“Everywhere the shops were shut, all the passages closed, all the environs of the Tuileries thronged with troops; but the circulation was everywhere free. In the Rue St. Honoré a few boys in blouses were seizing upon fiacres and cabs to form barricades. Sometimes they succeeded in their capture, sometimes scuffles ensued with the drivers. Hundreds upon hundreds of spectators on the pavement were looking on; but no one attempted to interfere or prevent: it was a show—a stage-play, with which they had no concern, one would suppose, beyond that of a more or less interested audience.

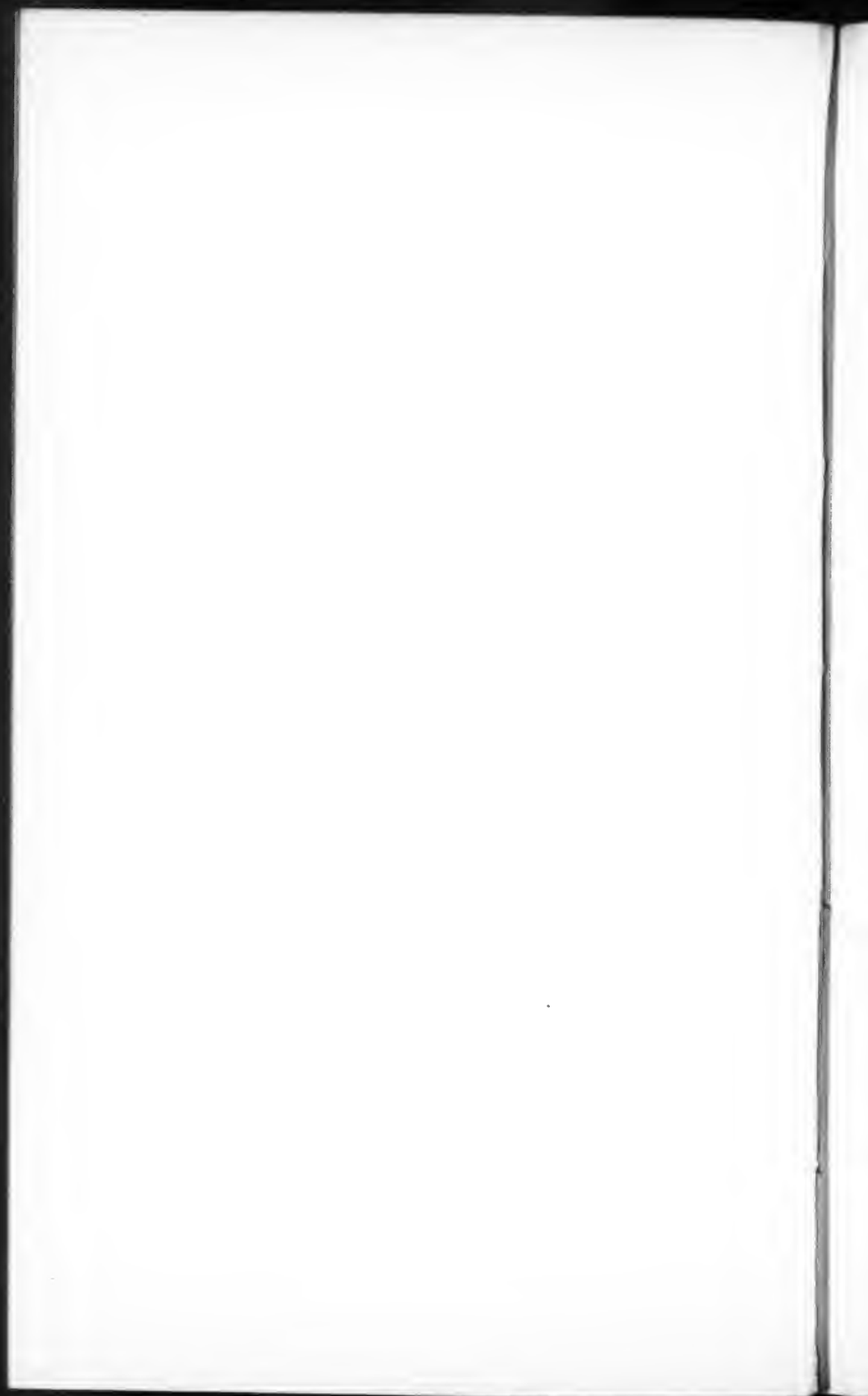
These little skirmishes seemed to afford much amusement to the *gamins* themselves, and more to the numerous spectators. I wandered about many others of the streets. All were alike crowded; and all alike, with their closed shops, had the desolate and dreary look of a town in a state of siege. On the Boulevards were the greatest throngs, but of idlers and spectators only. Troops of the line and Municipal Guards defended the Hôtel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; but they were only occupied in driving back a few fellows who every now and then cried “Down with Guizot!”

In the evening drums were beating in all directions to call out the National Guards. The sound came in dreary and rumbling gusts along the air: they seemed to be beating a funeral march, while a veil of dark crape hung over the doomed city; for the night was cold and drizzly and the sky leaden. In the further Boulevards all was black, for the gas-lights had been for the most part extinguished; and patrols of National Guards were now beginning their rounds in darkness. But the distant noise of shouting and firing now came from the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Denis. In the Place Louis XV. the troops had lighted a great fire, and bivouacked as in a camp in time of war; but even the heavily smoking fire looked damped, dispirited, discouraged.

“Wednesday, February 23rd.—Although the efforts of the rioters had ceased in this part of Paris” (the neighbourhood of the Place Louis XV. and the Madeleine) “yet the aspect of the Boulevards and the streets was the same as on the previous day. Bodies of National Guards, however, not visible the day before, were hurrying hither and thither; and from far and near came the incessant rolling of the drums—a heavy, harrowing, disquieting sound. At intervals, and sometimes overpowering the incessant beating of the drums, came



M. STANLEY



from the far distance, in the direction of the Rue Montmartre, the Rue St. Denis, and the Rue St. Martin, the murmur of the constant shouting, intermingled with occasional firing. I was told that a sort of desultory skirmishing was going on in those parts of Paris, that several persons had been killed by the Municipal Guards, and that some of that corps had fallen; that guard-houses had been taken, retaken by the Guards, and finally again stormed by the mob, the prisoners arrested released, and, in fact, all the elements of an active and even bloody riot still going on at their work.

"But news more serious was that of the defection of a great part of the National Guards. Not only had they refused to act against the people, but they had 'fraternized' with them, led them on to drive back the soldiers of the line, and shouted themselves, 'Down with Guizot! Long live Reform!' This defection was a death-blow to the ministry.

"Tumultuous as was still the aspect of the crowded streets and public places, yet, amidst the waving of rapidly-formed banners, and the singing of the Marseillaise, the sentiment was one of triumph and victory rather than of further riot. People embraced, shook hands, and shouted on the Boulevards. And now as the dusk commenced to fall over the thronged and moving streets, and the shouting chorus-sing masses, a few lights began to appear at windows and balconies—now more—now more: then came the universal shout, 'Light up! light up!' and with a rapidity which betrayed as much fear of the mob as of enthusiasm, patches and points of fire ran up and down the *façades* of houses, and gleamed first in confusion, then in long and more regular lines along the Boulevards,—the illumination was instantaneous and general. Now, all at once, the riot wore the air of a noisy *fête*. 'All is over! Long live Reform!' was the general cry.

"Such was the aspect of Paris as night fell on the Wednesday evening—an aspect of rejoicing and noisy satisfaction. But how soon was the joy to be again replaced by mourning—the shout of satisfaction, by the yell of vengeance! The cause of this sudden change, when 'all was over,' is well known: but which hand fired the train—what party threw the brand—whether it was design, or whether an accident, none, perhaps, will ever now know clearly: this little but all-important fact will probably remain a disputed mystery of historical truth. The firing of a body of soldiers, guarding the Hôtel of the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon a crowd that advanced against it, overthrew a monarchy. The most probable supposition appears to be that the mob, excited by the republican party, advanced screaming, 'Death to Guizot!' and that the troops thinking an attack upon the building was intended—which in itself is not improbable—fired. Whatever be the cause—whatever the instigation—on that moment depended the destiny of the *kingdom* of France.

"I shall never forget the frantic scene that met my eyes when I issued upon the Boulevards. Men were rushing hither and thither shouting, 'Aux armes, citoyens! aux armes! on nous égorge! on nous assassine! out—out! to arms! to arms!' 'Vengeance for the blood that has been shed! out—out—to arms!' And now it was no longer the mob of the lower classes that shouted the shout of vengeance: those who cried to arms were well-dressed men, and no longer boys—men of all classes and ages, seemingly. Some bore

sticks and staves—some tongs and shovels—some real fire-arms—some swords. They knocked at every door, crying for arms, and calling on the citizens to come out; and from the windows above streamed down the illumination of joy to light up the scene of frenzy—yes, of frenzy! The tumult waxed ever more and more, until the air pealed as with thunder, and the ears were deafened by incessant shouts. Pickaxes were already employed in tearing up the pavement of the Boulevards—trees were being cut down—bill-sticking turrets smashed to the ground—benches torn up—and in an incredibly short space of time more than one powerful barricade was flung over the whole wide breadth of the Boulevards, by well-dressed and even elegant young men. Torches now began to fly about—guns were fired off in the air—anxious faces were at every illuminated window—armed men hurried out of every door—and ever and on all sides rose incessantly the screams of the crowd rushing hither and thither in the wildest confusion like dark demons of vengeance, ‘out—out to arms! on nous assassine!’ A yell of vengeance now rose more fierce than any yet heard. Along the Boulevards, from the fatal spot where the soldiers had fired, came men with torches bearing aloft the bodies of those who had been killed. Never shall I forget that shout—never that scene of frenzy!

“Thursday, February 24th.—When I went out the shots were to be heard near in all directions. My own street was filled with troops, both cavalry and infantry. But all the streets, not immediately occupied by the soldiery, were blocked at either end with barricades, formed of the stones of the streets, tumbrils, carts, tubs, and even furniture, and guarded each by two or three men or boys as sentinels: but the circulation was otherwise unimpeded, and every one could pass over these quickly-constructed ramparts. Broken bottles also strewed the streets to prevent the advance of the cavalry. The Parisians by practice have evidently learnt a trick or two in strategy.

“I proceeded towards the Place Louis XV. and the Pont de la Concorde. When, making my way through the troops, I gained the *Place*, the whole great space was almost clear, to my utter surprise; a few persons only were hurrying across. At the moment, however, that I was about to advance, a disarmed Municipal Guard rushed from the direction of the Champs Elysées pursued by three men with axes: before my eyes he was cut down and *chopped* to death. His cries brought up the troops from the Rue Royale; at the same moment, however, a heavy fire was poured upon the mob, that followed the foremost murderers, from the troops stationed behind the gate and pallisading of the Tuileries gardens. Two of the innocent persons passing on the *Place* fell: one rushed across for his life, and flung himself pale and breathless almost into my arms. It was Henri de la J—d’A * * * * n. The fire continued incessantly from both parties; and consequently the attempt to reach the bridge would have been madness. The Rue de Rivoli was blockaded by troops—the Rue St. Honoré likewise—the Boulevard before the foreign office also: it was necessary to go round by back streets in order to reach the Boulevard des Italiens. What a scene of desolation it exhibited! it looked like a mass of ruin! the good trees gone—the posts smashed down—the pavement torn up! But here all was comparatively quiet;

although men and boys in *blouses* guarded the barricades, forming wildly picturesque groups—some standing on the rugged summit of the temporary rampart, waving flags in one hand, and sabres or muskets in the other, and occasionally giving orders, or haranguing the National Guards who passed. But still the cry was ever only, ‘*Vive la Reforme!*’ Passing thus into the Rue Vivienne with the hopes of gaining the Place du Carousel or the Pont des Arts by the Louvre, I found the same scene of constant barricades, sentinels, hurrying frightened throngs, and excited National Guards. The work of insurrection was everywhere going on, although no one seemed exactly to know with what ultimate intent. Although every shop and every door was closed, every window was open and filled with heads. The noise of constant firing in the direction of the Palais Royal evidently told that this royal residence was being stormed: several people conjured me not to go on. I went on, however, and by side-streets reached with difficulty the Rue St. Honoré. But here all advance was again impossible. On one side of me, in the vista to the right, were the smoke, and the lightnings of incessant firing on the Place du Palais Royal, where the people were attacking the post of the Municipal Guards: cries, groans, yells, came thence in the midst of the roar of the artillery: wounded men were being dragged into shops where I stood; and now and then was borne off a dead body: the corpse of a fair youth, his hair hanging down all dabbled with the blood, that streamed from his shattered forehead, turned me sick with pity; and around and about, and at all the windows, were ever the crowd of curious spectators, looking on the *show*. On the other side, in the vista to the left were barricades, crowded with wild figures, from which shots were being fired in the contrary direction. It was again necessary to retrace my steps, and seek to gain the Pont Neuf: but I was soon lost in a labyrinth of small streets and lanes, wholly unknown to me, along which I tried to scramble my weary and bewildered way over endless barricades—for no lane was so small that it did not possess one at each end; and I must have crossed at least a hundred in my progress. Everywhere I saw the same excitement and similar scenes of confusion, although no fighting was going on. But everywhere the passage was left free as far as possible: and the rough guardians of the barricades, in their torn *blouses*, often laid down their arms, and gave a polite hand to help me over. I stopped to talk with many: their language was energetic, sometimes excited, but chiefly moderate and sensible. They complained of the grinding and exclusive system of the government, and *still* talked only of obtaining from the king a pledge of thorough reform. Certainly, as far as their manners were concerned, the people of Paris—the *true* people—the labouring man and the artizan—rose more during this day’s ramble, in my esteem, than I could have thought possible: it would have been the blindest prejudice and injustice not to have been struck with the good feeling, the moderation and the politeness of almost all I spoke with, much as I might condemn the manner in which they were seeking to obtain, what they called, the redress of their wrongs, and vengeance for blood-shed.

“After thus toiling on my way, enquiring my direction to the quays, I found myself, at last, much further eastward than I had intended in the Rue St. Denis. Here fighting had been going on

during an earlier part of the day: the streets and barricades were smeared with blood: broken windows and broken lamps, and marks upon the walls told where bullets had passed: broken pieces of furniture lay around: on all sides were those indescribable remains of fight and struggle that painted in fearful colours what had passed: and here, for the first time, I saw several boys sitting on the huge stones of the barricades writing quietly, with pen and ink or pencil, hand-bills, which, if they did not actually proclaim a republic, were of a most republican character: these bills were gathered up, as soon as transcribed, by two or three men in better attire. I thus gained and crossed the Place du Chatelet and the Pont au Change. On the island of the city, the guard-house before the Palais de Justice was burning high, and illuminating an immense screeching mob.

“Now came the general cry, ‘the Tuileries are taken!’ As I approached the Tuileries I saw throngs of people at every window, on every balcony of the palace. Guns were being fired in the air, as *feux de joie*, in all directions above, below, from great *salon* windows and from attics, from the *place* and court below. Amidst the uproar of shouting and firing a wild multitude was pouring forwards to the palace, ever more, and more, and more ‘to the crash of doom;’ men, women, children, almost all armed, more or less seriously, more or less grotesquely, dancing, singing, chorusing, embracing—the most frantic scene of excitement! and all on—on to the palace, from which a king and his family had so hastily—far too hastily fled. Some were already coming forth from the great swarming beehive of a palace with bread, the ammunition of the soldiers, legs of mutton, joints of meat on their bayonets, and bottles of wine in their pockets; the carriages were being dragged into the court, furniture flung from the broken windows. The great entrance was so besieged when I reached it, that it was an almost hopeless task to gain admission there: but yet the multitude gave way before a procession that came forth. It was headed by a youth of the Polytechnic School, in uniform, followed by an old man bearing the great cross taken from the palace chapel; it was guarded by men of the people armed, followed by others; all were without their hats; and at the general cry, ‘respect to the Holy One!’ the frantic mob doffed theirs on every side. It was a picture that stirred one’s heart; a picture of religious deference in the midst of the wildest riot, worthy of the pencil of a great painter; a scene that gave for the moment hopeful thoughts of the better feeling of the people. The procession passed on with the cry ‘To the Church of St. Roch.’

“By a side entrance to the right and a small staircase, comparatively free, I reach the first floor of the palace, and found myself in the apartment of the Duchess of Orleans. *Here* every thing gave evidence of a good spirit among the mob. The crowd was great to be sure; but it gazed with curiosity and touched nothing. In the *salon* was a still blazing fire; on a table were several books, among which the ‘*Consulat*’ of Thiers, and the ‘*Algérie*’ of Alexander Dumas, turned down open on the table-cloth, as the unfortunate duchess had probably laid it down at the moment of disturbance; on the floor and on a sofa were a set of little card-paper soldiers on wooden stands, set out as if for battle, with which her two boys had probably been playing when taken from their sports to quit their

home and return to it no more. Touching sight! A boy took up one of the toys, but an armed artisan, covered with the smoke of battle, forced him to lay it down again. 'Tis but a toy,' expostulated the little fellow. 'But if you take a toy, others would think they might take a treasure,' said the self-installed guard, angrily. In the bedroom of the poor duchess were the hat of her ill-timed husband, his epaulettes, and his whip, under a glass case; the crowd walked round these objects curiously, but with respect. I saw some shed tears. Here was thrown a shawl in the dressing-room—there a silk dress, signs of hasty and agitated departure. Every where stood small objects of value and taste; but here no one touched them. My heart was quite wrung with the sight of these tokens of the domestic life of one, born for high destinies, and now a fugitive.

"In the state apartments the scene was far otherwise. Here were the wildest confusion and disorder. The throne had been already carried away; the curtains every where torn down; the candelabras smashed! every where thronging, yelling, half-intoxicated crowds. In the theatre all was broken and torn; the people seemed to resent the past pleasures of the royal family. In the chapel the altar had been respected! but every other object was broken. In the king's private rooms the scene was, if possible, more disorderly still. Everything was broken, and papers were flung about. In truth there seemed not much of value to destroy: and here a few sturdy men were mounting guard over what appeared to be collected articles of value, or *cassettes* of money. A few ruffianly-looking fellows were devouring, quietly seated, the untouched breakfast set out for the fugitive king.

"I knew not then what I have known since, the scenes that, but a few hours before, had passed there; the prostration of the king's mind at the unnecessary alarm; the entreaties, the commands almost, of some of the deputies of the Opposition for his abdication in favour of his grandson, little thinking they were playing a game they were so soon to lose, at the moment they thought to win it. The supplications of the queen, she generally so calm and so resigned, who went from one to the other 'as a lioness,' imploring them not to counsel such an act of cowardice, urging her bewildered husband 'rather to mount on horseback, and allow himself to be killed at the head of his troops, than thus in coward spirit to throw down a crown he had taken up *against her will*, but was now bound to guard.' And yet these sad scenes of history had passed, upon that spot of a people's riot in triumph, so shortly before.

"In the delicately furnished rooms of the apartments, belonging, I believe, to the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier, the scene was far different from that on the other side of the palace. Much had been broken and destroyed; dresses torn out, articles of value scattered about; letters passed from hand to hand. Nothing was respected, in spite of the violent efforts made by many of the better disposed. Big bearded men with costly shawls upon their backs, and cigars in their mouths, reclined on satin sofas, playing at duchesses, and begging, in falsetto voice, that curtains might be drawn because it was cold; others rolled their dirty smoke-smearred persons in the white beds, with obscene jokes and gestures; whilst by the side of one stood an old female servant crying at this

dishonour of her mistress's couch, perhaps the only inmate of the palace who had remained. The grotesque, the horrible, the unseemly, the wild, and the pathetic, were mingled in a scene of confusion like a hideous nightmare, that none who have witnessed it ever can forget.

"In the court, as I came forth, were blazing bonfires made of the royal carriages and *fourgons*, and piles of broken furniture. The people were rushing about with torn dresses, and strips of curtains on their bayonet-points. One drunken man stopped me to beg me to feel the satin of Louis Philippe's court breeches, which he had put on over his own pantaloons. The rattling of the breaking windows, and of the furniture hurled out of them, was constantly accompanied by the incessant shouts and singing of the 'Marseillaise,' and the running fire of the discharged muskets.

"Great was my astonishment on returning to the desolate scenes upon the Boulevards—desolate, although crowded with almost all the population of Paris,—when the blazing guard-houses shed their flames over rioting men, drunken with wine as well as victory,—where pools of blood still marked the spot where the fate-fraught shots had been fired on the previous night before the Hôtel of Foreign Affairs, on the walls of which bloody fingers had traced the words, '*mort à Guizot !*'—where all was ruin and destruction,—to hear the republic solemnly proclaimed upon these ruins. Written lists, headed '*Vive la République !*' were pasted upon shutters and doors announcing the names of the members of the self-elected Provisional Government, constituted 'by voice of the sovereign people,' who had accepted their awful task of responsibility with other views, probably. Now came along, over barricades and fallen trees, an immense procession bearing the broken throne,—now, again, masses of men bearing rags of the uniforms, of the shirts, of the drawers of the slaughtered Municipal Guards; and drums were beat before them; and the firing and the shouting were incessant; and broken snatches of the Marseillaise were screamed by thousands of voices, begun and never ended; and all was still hideous confusion. By night the illumination of joy and enthusiasm, as it was called, illumined the same or similar scenes. That night, and the next morning all was anarchy; the troops were all disarmed—the people of all classes armed to the teeth: there was no restrictive force, no police, no government, no laws. The firing in the air was incessant throughout the whole night; and a thousand conjectures were made as to the work of destruction that was going on.

The extraordinarily vigorous measures of the Provisional Government in restoring order when wild bands were ravaging, pillaging, and burning in the country round, and threatening the safety of the capital, and the untiring zeal of the National Guards to the same end, after their untoward deed was done, have now restored its usual aspect to the capital: scarcely anything now remains of the devastation and riot but the blackened walls of the Palais Royal and the shattered windows of the Tuileries. With a gloomy and doubtful future the Flâneur has nothing to do: he has attempted to do no more than give a few vague sketches of some of the most stirring scenes of those three days, that have changed the destinies of France and shaken the fabric of European society.





PRINCE METTERNICH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

PRINCE METTERNICH was born at Coblenz on the 15th of May, 1773. Like his father, he commenced public life as a diplomatist, at the Congress of Rastadt, and crowned his brilliant career in that capacity at the Congress of Vienna, where he presided over kings, princes, and statesmen of every cast, and of almost every shade of character.

Perhaps no statesman ever had a more perverse fate to contend with than Prince Metternich. At the dawn of his official career he found a system which the Emperor Francis had been labouring to construct for twenty years upon the ruins of the great work of reform which had been commenced by his predecessor, Joseph II. Anterior to the time of the latter monarch, the authority of the Austrian Emperors was absolute only in name; it was directed or restrained at every turn by a dominant aristocracy; and Joseph, with the same political sagacity as our Henry VII., endeavoured to neutralize their influence by creating a rival power to it in the people. The people, however, were not ripe in his day for a revolt under the imperial banner against their feudal oppressors, whose legislative *veto* was as conclusive as that of the tribunes of Rome; and the utmost that he could effect was to centralize in his own person the supreme administration of the state. This enabled him to do much for the amelioration and improvement of his subjects; but, unhappily, the same machinery which, in his hands, contributed so largely to the elevation of the masses, was equally available for their degradation in the hands of his successor. The policy which Francis pursued with ever-increasing vigour during a reign of more than forty years, is easily explained by the circumstances which signalized his accession. He ascended the throne in 1792, when the spirit of revolution was in the full fury of its terrible course, and his reign was inaugurated by a declaration of those principles of conservatism and reaction, which no defeat could compel him to abandon, no victory induce him to relax. His policy was not merely a policy of resistance, but of aggression, as it regarded his own subjects; and the co-operation of such discordant spirits in his service as Metternich and Kolowrat is a sufficient proof that he was in reality the master of both. His uncompromising obstinacy was alike deaf to necessity and reason; and Metternich had little more to do, while he lived, than to act as the exponent of his views and the executor of his designs. It has been justly remarked, that the reign of Prince Metternich only began on the day of his old master's death.

It is impossible to say what course Metternich would have chosen had the initiation of an administrative policy been left to him at first; but it is quite clear that he must in his heart have condemned the system in which it was his fate to be involved. He foretold its inevitable ruin, though he fondly hoped that it would last as long as himself. "*After me—the deluge,*" he was wont to exclaim; and we cannot conceive that a man, who was haunted by such a melancholy

conviction, would not have retraced his steps, if he could have done so with safety. When Francis died, it must be recollected that the Prince had been occupied for nearly a quarter of a century in forging fetters for his country, and that the heavier they became, the more terrible would be the rebound of the victims when liberated from their pressure. To stand still was impossible,—to recede would have been instant destruction; and he had, therefore, no choice but to postpone the catastrophe as a legacy for his successor. He never expected that the system would survive, and, indeed, after the French Revolution of 1830, the same ominous presentiment struck a panic into the heart of the old Emperor himself. He wandered about the castle of Schönbrunn groaning "*Alles ist verloren*,"—all is lost; and for the last three years of his life trembled at the thought of signing a decree! And yet, the ruling passion for enslaving his people was strong in death. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left four hundred thousand florins for the re-establishment of the order of Jesuits throughout the empire.

The power of Metternich was now uncontrolled; and it is from this date that his undivided responsibility begins. Hitherto he had been only the unscrupulous minister of another's will; now he was to originate everything *suo proprio motu*. But, unfortunately, he was too deeply pledged to the old policy of repression to be a free agent in this crisis of his destiny. By his Machiavelian arts he had enslaved, not only his own country, but the whole German family. The Germanic Confederation, which had held out constitutional liberty to the people, was, under his auspices, perverted into a confederacy of sovereign powers to oppress them. If Hungary, or the Tyrol, were enfranchised, every state, from the Rhine to the frontiers of Russia would rise, and demand to participate in the boon. Thirty-five princes were bound by a solemn covenant to assist each other in withholding from their subjects the liberty of free discussion, and the privilege of popular representation; and the slightest concession by the great head of that confederacy of potentates would be the signal for universal innovation. In fact, Metternich clearly saw that matters had been carried too far to admit of any enduring compromise between the people and their rulers, and that reform, instead of conciliating the former, would only be the first step to a general revolution.

Under a different monarch, Prince Metternich would probably have been a very different statesman. No diplomatist has displayed in modern times more tact and address in accomplishing his object; but the utmost praise we can bestow upon him is, that few have surpassed him in executing the conceptions of his employer. Francis was a king who rarely consulted, and never trusted, any one. The functions of his servants were purely ministerial; and he seldom indulged them in the exercise of the higher prerogative of advisers. Under Joseph the Second, Prince Metternich would have been the ablest *homme du progrès* of his time, and even under the present Emperor Ferdinand, he might have been a conciliating reformer, if he had not found it impossible to abandon the system which he had been so long engaged in maturing to a fatal perfection. How strongly he felt the necessity of adhering to it is evident from the line of conduct he adopted respecting Francis's legacy to the Jesuits. Ferdinand, as well as the Archdukes Charles and John, detested the

Order, and the people, and the regular clergy also, held them in aversion. But Metternich, although there was very little bigotry in his composition, felt that the Jesuits would be of important service to the state policy, which had been persevered in so long that it was impracticable to substitute for it any other principle of government, without risking a convulsion; and, with the support of the empress-mother, he compelled his reluctant sovereign to establish the brotherhood, in conformity with the will of his deceased parent. It was to them that he entrusted the education of the people, in the hope of their checking the liberal tendencies of the age, and counteracting the propagandism of liberty by the propagandism of superstition. He cared little, indeed, for the religious doctrines which they preached, and even went so far as to consent to their banishment from court; but the political doctrine of Divine right, which they drew as a corollary from obedience to God, as essential and indispensable to the popular endurance of a despotism, was the keystone of his policy. And hence, while the cabinet of Vienna repudiated all allegiance to Rome, the people of Austria were more roughly ridden by her priests than any other country in Europe, not excepting Ireland itself.

In short, it was the misfortune of Metternich, that in the early part of his career an arbitrary government was the only government which the head of the state would permit; and, in his later years, the only government which was possible without entirely revolutionizing the empire. The fetters, too, which it cost the prince years of deliberation, and debate, and intrigue, to rivet upon the communities of Germany, under the false pretences of binding them together in a bond of national unity, crippled his own motions as well as theirs, and the Austrian government was compelled to sacrifice the same popular attachment and support which it persuaded others to repudiate. It was a monstrous error, too, on the part of Metternich, to create a sympathy between the Austrian provinces and the German states, by subjecting them to a common oppression; for the latter were far more combustible than the former, and should the flames burst out in the one, they would be sure to extend to the other. When, by the final act of the Confederation, it was resolved that, "since the German Confederation consists of sovereign princes, it follows, from the very nature of the case, that the whole power of the state must remain undivided in the head of the state; and that no representative constitution can be allowed to bind the sovereign to the co-operation of the estates,"—when Austria succeeded in thus assimilating the condition of every German community to her own naked despotism, she procured thirty millions of allies for her own discontented subjects at home. And yet she could not avoid this step; it had been rendered inevitable by the measures which had preceded it since the peace of 1815, and retreat became daily more difficult, until it was entirely out of the question. Metternich, in short, from the first day he entered into the service of Francis, was involved in a war against the *natural tendency of things*, and we have seen that he was himself sensible of the hopeless struggle in which was engaged.

It has been said, that the fallen statesman should have recognized in the final overthrow of Napoleon the advent of a critical epoch, and that, when he abandoned the obsolete fiction of the Hapsburgs

representing the Imperial dynasty of the Cæsars, he should have given to the substantive empire which still remained to the House of Austria an organization which would have harmonized with the ideas of the new era which was then dawning upon Europe. But, supposing him to have possessed the greatness of mind required for the conception of such a plan, what power did he possess over the discordant elements of the empire for its execution? What were the materials with which he was to reconstruct, what the foundation upon which he was to base, a regenerated empire? Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Italy,—the very catalogue of its parts suggests at once the impossibility of their assimilation. Separated from each other by differences in language, manners, traditions, and all that constitutes the moral character and force of nations, by what arts would it have been practicable to amalgamate them permanently together? Their discordance, which rendered it just possible to govern them by an imperial despotism, like that of Austria, at the same time rendered it impossible to govern them by an imperial constitution like that of Great Britain. The tact of a Metternich might be able to keep all in subjection for a time by the Machiavelian prescription,—*gouverner l'une par les autres*,—but the Abbé Sieyès himself could not have invented a plausible scheme for embracing them all within the pale of a constitution which should have the merits of centralization and unity. We in England have been taught what a difficult problem this is to solve satisfactorily, by our own experience of Ireland; and how much more difficult must it have been for Austria, with not one Ireland, but half a dozen Irelands, to reconcile, not only with the central power of the empire, but with each other!

We should not, perhaps, blame Prince Metternich so severely, if we candidly considered the circumstances of which he was the creature. The *ordre actuel* to which a man is born, be it what it may, has some claim upon his respect and attachment; and the immediate mischief which is inseparable from every change, is some apology for conservatism under every *régime*. Moreover, men have not the same opportunities of free action under despotic, as under constitutional governments; under the former there is no medium between loyalty and disaffection; where there is no representation there is no merely political opposition; and he who would serve his country at all, must be content to serve it in the spirit of its ruling power. Making these allowances for his position, Prince Metternich must be considered as a finished specimen of the statesmanship and diplomacy of an age which has passed away. His bearing was always noble, without *hauteur*, and courteous, without servility; and while his dexterity in negotiation is universally admitted, no one has ever charged him with chicanery. Above all, he was a man of peace, and never endangered the repose of the world by encroaching upon the weakness of his neighbours, like too many of the Russian school, nor by unworthy intrigues, like too many of the French.

Of his qualities as a statesman, let our readers judge; we have endeavoured to supply them with the best of materials for so doing.

THE CAREER OF M. GUIZOT.

BY JAMES WARD.

THE career of M. Guizot, the *homme d'état*, has closed. A deluge has swept him away, and left not a wreck behind of the state of things with which he was associated. He belongs to another era—to a former age of the world—as much as Wolsey, Sully, or Sejanus. He and his system are alike extinct. The workman and his work have disappeared together; and, therefore, in giving a study of his life, we shall not be charged with prematurely intruding into the province of posthumous history.

Francois Pierre Gillaume Guizot, the last prime-minister of Louis, ex-king of the French, was born at Nimes, on October 4th, 1787. His father, André-Francois Guizot, was a distinguished member of the bar at Nimes, and, like nearly the whole body of the legal profession throughout France, entertained a bitter hostility to the old *régime*, which denied them the social rank and political influence to which they were entitled by their intelligence and wealth. When, therefore, the revolutionary spirit broke loose in 1789, the elder Guizot threw himself into the stream which, instead of bearing him to the new Utopia of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," was only to land him, like so many other patriots and adventurers, visionaries and charlatans, at the foot of the scaffold. He was guillotined on the 8th of April, 1794, when the subject of this memoir was only six years and six months old.

The Guizots were a protestant family, and in 1799 Madame Guizot* retired to Geneva for the purpose of affording her sons—for she had two—a sound religious and learned education. Of the elder (M. Guizot), we learn, that he not only displayed a rare precocity of talent, but that his powers of application were most extraordinary. Absorbed in the study of some favourite or difficult work, we are told by M. Lorain that he was not only imperturbable to ordinary interruptions, but as insensible to even the practical tortures inflicted upon him by his schoolfellows, as if he had been actually mesmerized by the authors before him. At thirteen years of age he was well-grounded in Greek, Latin, English, German, and Italian, and, after having completed the usual courses of philosophy, history, and literature, he bade adieu to Geneva in 1815 to study the law at Paris.

Many prophecies (as is generally the lot of precocious school-boys), were hazarded by the dons of Geneva about young Guizot becoming "*infalliblement le plus marquant de son époque*:" but in

* This remarkable woman has just paid the debt of nature, having attained her eighty-third year. From the commencement to the close of her eventful life, she is said to have exhibited the same rare qualities of mind—firmness of purpose, a refined sense of the beautiful and good in human character, combined with a soundness of judgment, which never failed her in the many critical epochs of her life. Her affection for her son, and her solicitude for his welfare—from his first entrance in the arena of Geneva to his last struggles to regenerate his country—were unbroken and unceasing, and she died with the conviction that, *morally*, he was right, however *politically* he might have been wrong in the course of policy which he adopted for his country.

Paris he found himself suddenly thrown into an element altogether uncongenial, and even revolting to his principles and tastes. To the Reign of Terror had succeeded the Reign of Pleasure—or rather of the most abandoned debauchery—and society had not yet passed through this last phase of its moral revolution, which must have been more frightful to the austere and religious student than even the horrible internecine struggles which preceded it. He fell into a deep melancholy, with which he struggled for some time in vain; but, at last, by a strong effort of the will, he forced himself into the world of letters and science, where he fortunately contracted an intimacy with the venerable M. Staffer, who had formerly represented the Swiss Confederation in France. At the country-house of this gentleman, M. Guizot probably passed the two happiest years of his life (1807 and 1808), extending the range of his former philosophical studies under the guidance of his able and amiable host. It was here, too, that he formed an acquaintance with M. Seward (the proprietor of the “Publiciste”), which led to his odd romance, and eventual marriage, with the clever Pauline de Meulan. Mademoiselle Meulan was an important contributor to the “Publiciste,” and in 1807 was suffering under intense uneasiness from the consciousness that her declining health pre-emptorily required at least a suspension of her literary labours. In this dilemma she received an offer from “*un talent inconnu, mais plein de dévouement,*” to supply her place for a season; and the rare ability of the articles forwarded by the mysterious “friend in need” secured their ready acceptance. Great was the curiosity amongst M. Seward’s *coterie* as to who the unknown contributor could be; every artifice was tried to strip him of his *incognito*, but in vain, until at last, Mademoiselle Meulan threatened to include him amongst the vulgar herd of correspondents whose contributions are rejected, “unless accompanied by a real name and address.” This extorted the soft confession from the grave young gentleman—M. Guizot—who, with a grave and demure countenance, had all along affected to have been as much puzzled, and to have been as anxious (perhaps he was), for an *éclaircissement* as the lady herself. From that time M. Guizot made love after the fashion of ordinary men, and, at the age of twenty-five, he married Mademoiselle Meulan, who was fourteen years his senior. The marriage proved a happy one. Alluding to it nine years after, he writes to a friend—“*Je remercie Dieu de mon bonheur; je suis du petit nombre de ceux que la vie n’a point trompé!*” Alas! can he say this now? In after life M. Guizot owed much of his ambition to the support he found in this really admirable woman. She died in 1827, and we hardly know a more pleasing picture of a death-bed than the brief sketch of Madame Guizot’s by Pascallet. “On the 30th of July, she bade a tranquil and tender farewell to her husband and family. The next day she requested M. Guizot to read to her. He first read to her a letter from Fenelon to a sick person. He then began the sermon of Bossuet on the immortality of the soul—as he finished it she breathed her last!”

It was in 1809 that M. Guizot made his first appearance as an author, in the course of which he published his “New Universal Dictionary of French Synonyms,” and the preface to the first volume of “The Lives of the French Poets of the age of Louis XIV.” In 1811 he produced “The State of the Fine Arts in France,” &c., and

the first number of "The Annals of Education," which he continued until 1815; in addition to which he contributed largely to the "Publiciste," to the "Archives Littéraires," and the "Journal de l'Empire," and other periodical works. In the meanwhile, M. de Fontane procured for him the professorship of history to the Faculty of Letters, and this appointment led to the lasting friendship which subsisted between himself and M. Royer Collard, who had been selected professor of philosophy some time earlier.

Although M. Guizot took little or no interest in public affairs under the Empire, he never attempted to conceal his political opinions. His "family connection," if it may be so termed, with the revolution was well known, and, throughout all his philosophical and literary works, although there was no declamatory liberalism, there breathed a spirit which was quite as hostile to Imperial as to Democratic oppression. When he was appointed to the chair of history, his patron, De Fontane, suggested to him the necessity of introducing something complimentary to Napoleon in his inaugural address; but this was a necessity to which he would not consent to sacrifice his convictions in favour of a constitutional monarchy. Napoleon took no notice of the slight; but the legitimists did not fail to remember it afterwards, and to attribute it to a sour effervescence of the old revolutionary leaven.

After the first Restoration, the Abbé de Montesquieu became Minister of the Interior, and M. Guizot, by the recommendation of his friend Royer Collard, was appointed secretary-general to that important department. History will certainly record of him, as a public man, that he always laboured under the disadvantage of being *misunderstood*—a disadvantage which would seem to be an inevitable incident to such a double game as "*Progrès et en même temps résistance*." From the first to the last scene of his public life, he has uniformly found himself in this unfortunate position, and in every instance *he has chosen the position himself*, with the view of illustrating an administrative principle which neither party would endeavour to comprehend. This is the secret key to his policy. The first political character in which he appeared was as a liberal, Protestant secretary to a counter-revolutionary, Catholic member of the cabinet. How could he expect that the counter-revolutionary party would regard him as anything better than an interloper? or the liberal party as anything better than a deserter? And yet he was neither. The government sought him with the intention of conciliating the liberals, and he, on the other hand, consented to attach himself to the government with the hope of retarding the retrograde policy of the royalists. In short, M. Guizot has always contrived to place himself in an *ambiguous* situation, and to adopt principles of action which he always found it a difficult, or delicate matter to explain.

On the return of Napoleon from Elba, M. Guizot withdrew altogether from public affairs, and devoted himself to the duties of his professorship. His retirement, however, was not doomed to be a long one. Towards the end of May the solution that would be given to the great problem of the re-establishment of the Empire was obvious. That Napoleon should be able to resist the gigantic forces that were about to rush upon him from every quarter of Europe, was almost a physical impossibility; and the moral certainty

was just as great that the Bourbons would return, stronger and more intolerant than ever. That France, nevertheless, would definitively settle down under a Bourbon *despotism*, though the bayonets of all Europe were at her breast, was an idea which perhaps none but the most grasping royalists entertained; and we can easily conceive that such men as MM. Guizot, Royer Collard, &c. should have shuddered, not more at the thought of such a despotism, than at the inevitable consequences of it. Louis XVIII. was then at Ghent, and from the tone of the "Moniteur de Gand," which had been established there as the official organ of the fugitive dynasty, it was evident that the royalists were much more intent upon recompensing themselves for the misfortunes, than upon amending the errors of the past. In this critical state of things, we think that it was a courageous, a patriotic and a prudent step on the part of the constitutional party in France, to tender Louis XVIII. good advice, while his precarious situation might render him accessible to it; and yet, under what an embarrassing cloud of misconceptions and imputations did M. Guizot labour for a quarter of a century, because his self-imposed mission to Ghent was a step which for some reason, did not admit of an earlier explanation.

M. Guizot was only *provoked* into an explanation of it at last, on the 25th November, 1840, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words:—

"Injurious calumnies have been prodigally heaped upon me in reference to that affair. I will explain it at last. Yes, I was at Ghent: I was,—not directly after the 20th of March in the suite of Louis XVIII.,—not as an emigrant, not to quit my country, but to serve it.

"It was in the name of the constitutional royalists, in the interests of the constitutional party, in that of the Charter, and to connect the strengthening and development of the Charter, with the probable return of Louis XVIII., that I was at Ghent."

After the return of Louis XVIII., M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general to the Minister of the Interior, but he retired with Barbé Marbois, after a short tenure of office, and now, for the first time, he became a *political* author. In 1816 he published a treatise upon "Representative Government and the actual condition of France," as an antidote to the anti-revolutionary doctrines of Vitrolles; and this was shortly afterwards followed by an essay "On the History and the actual condition of Public Instruction in France." The latter work was intended to expose an attempt by the high Catholic party to revolutionise public instruction in France, by considering it "*non pas religieuse, mais superstitieuse,—non pas forte et morale, mais asservie aux plus misérables préjugés,*" and no doubt paved his way, in a subsequent stage of his career, to the Ministry of Public Instruction, which he more than once filled (however much his policy in other respects might be questioned) with the unqualified approbation of all disinterested men.

Though M. Guizot was neither a member of the government, nor even of the Chamber of Deputies for some years, several important constitutional reforms were originated and carried by the *parti-doctrinaire*, of which, with Royer Collard, Camille Jourdain, and others, he was the life and soul. In 1817 the law was passed for equalizing the votes of electors, much to the consternation of the

democracy, as well as to the old aristocracy. This law at once threw the representation of the country into the hands of the middle classes, and was therefore as little palatable to the one extreme party as to the other. So great indeed was their combined clamour against it, that M. Laisne, Minister of the Interior, was persuaded that the mere presentation of the law to the Chambers would be the downfall of the Ministry. M. Guizot was called in, and defended the project of the law with such ability, that M. Laisne engaged to propose it if M. Guizot would indite a speech for him to accompany it. M. Guizot did so, and the law was carried.

M. Sarrans assures us, that the revolution of 1830 had been contemplated many years before, and that Laflitte had seriously entertained it in 1817, the year when M. Guizot's electoral law was proposed. Be this as it may, the seeds of that revolution were certainly sown then in this law, for it rendered it impossible for the government to be carried on with any degree of comfort by a Ministry subservient only to the Court, and it was the violation of this law by the Polignac Ministry which at last precipitated the downfall of the King. The Court, in fact, soon discovered the *inconvenience* of the law, and longed for some reaction which would justify reprisals upon its authors. The assassination of the Duc de Berri in February 1820, afforded the wished-for opportunity. Camille Jourdain, Royer Collard, De Barante, &c. were *disgraced* by being dismissed from the Council of State, and M. Guizot followed them, very prudently declining to carry along with him the additional insult of a pension.

At this time M. Guizot seems to have set to work in right earnest, to write the ultra-royalists down. In 1821, in his *brochure* "Des Conspirations et de la Justice Publique," he exposed the atrocious policy of a government, "qui suscitait des conspirations pour exploiter;" and this he followed by a very able explanation of the true policy of the opposition, "des Moyens de Gouvernement et d'Opposition dans l'état actuel de la France." Afterwards, he came to still closer quarters with the Government, in the *brochure* "Du Gouvernement de la France et du Ministère actuel."

The political pamphleteering, however, of M. Guizot,—fortunately for genuine literature,—was abruptly brought to a close. In 1822, the government removed him from his chair at the Sorbonne, under the pretence that he made his lectures a vehicle for liberalism. So far from resenting this tyrannical act, to the astonishment of every one, M. Guizot retired altogether from the field of political discussion.

The long absence of M. Guizot from political polemics, which followed his expulsion from the Sorbonne, has been attributed by many to a prophetic forecast of the storm which was in a few years to sweep away the dynasty of the Bourbons, and to the anxiety with which this presentiment inspired him for the completion of those great historical works upon which his mind had been long engaged, while the temporary calm still permitted him leisure and repose. But nowhere in his writings up to this time, and still less in any part of his public policy, do we find a warrant for this compliment to his powers of penetration. When M. Guizot perceived a revolution stealing upon the country, his conduct during the last five years can leave us in no doubt as to the direction in which the "double ac-

tion" of his principles,—*progrès et en même temps résistance*,—would have been exerted. But it is evident, moreover, that not only did M. Guizot in 1822 not anticipate a revolution, but that he felt assured that France no longer presented the social antagonism necessary to produce one. Contrasting the then state of society in France with that which rendered a revolution not only possible, but inevitable and irresistible, in 1789, he says in his *brochure* "Du Gouvernement de la France et du Ministère actuel," "*La Revolution de '89 a trouvé en France deux peuples; la France nouvelle n'en vaut plus qu'un.*"

But, whatever might have been the motive which withdrew M. Guizot for six years from the arena of politics, the world has no reason to complain of the manner in which his seclusion was employed. His collection of "Memoirs relating to the History of the English Revolution," and his history of that Revolution from the accession of Charles I. to the Restoration of Charles II., are noble works, for which France owes him every honour, and England no small gratitude, as among the first, if not the very first, of the historians whose names will themselves become identified with the history of their own age. The former work alone occupies twenty-six octavo volumes; and yet at the same time he was at work upon his "Collections of Memoirs relating to the History of France from the Foundation of the Monarchy to the Thirteenth Century," which was completed in thirty-one volumes; upon his "Essays upon the History of France from the Fifth to the Tenth Century;" and a new edition of Mably's History, with a Critical Review. In short, in these six short years he accomplished as much as would have been the work of a life-time for an ordinary author even in the days of folios; and every page bears the stamp, not only of indefatigable research, but of a power of analysis and comprehension surpassed, perhaps, by no one, except the high-priest of history,—the unapproachable Niebuhr.

It was in the year 1828 that M. Guizot once more resumed his political action, by some able contributions to the "Globe." This journal, which then exercised considerable influence upon the rising generation in France, was supported by the associated talents of a number of young men, the disciples of M. Guizot,—MM. Remusat, Duchâtel, Duvergier de Hauranne, Dubois, Montalivet, Armand Carrel, and others. It is superfluous to add, that in such hands, directed by such a head as M. Guizot's—then in one of his *progrès* phases—it proved a formidable opponent to the Polignac party, who were intriguing with unscrupulous activity to restore the system of ruling with "the strong hand." The semi-liberal minister, Martignac, restored M. Guizot to his professor's chair at the Sorbonne, and in the beginning of the following year to his seat in the council of state. Everything, in short, indicated his speedy advancement to a seat in the cabinet, when Martignac himself fell, undermined by the intrigues we have alluded to, and Polignac seized the reins of power, resolved, to use his own exulting declaration, "*gouverner à la Wellington.*"*

From this moment M. Guizot undertook the task of organizing an effective Opposition. The constituency of Lisieux (Calvados) re-

* "Le Globe," August 31st, 1829.

turned him to the Chamber, and he at once took his seat among the *centre gauche*. The Martignac party joined the anti-ministerial party, and Guizot carried the memorable address of 221 in all its original boldness, even against the wishes of many of his friends. There can be no doubt that he was anxious that the demonstration should be, in the first instance, as strong as the spirit of the constitution would admit, lest it should fail to produce the desired impression upon the Court. "Let us take care," he warned the committee, "not to weaken the force of our words, not to take the pith out of our expressions. *It is our duty* to take care that they are respectful, but not timid or doubtful. Truth has hitherto found it too difficult to penetrate into the cabinet of kings, that she should now be presented at court trembling and pale. All that we ought to guard against is the possibility of *the loyalty of our sentiments being misconstrued*." It is evident that M. Guizot at this crisis did not speculate upon the alternative of a revolution.

The Court, however, was obstinate. The Chambers were again dissolved, but with worse results for the government than before. Then came the memorable ordinances—the *émeute*—the barricades—the bombardment—the king's flight—the provisional government—and—Louis Philippe.

M. Guizot appropriated the portfolio of Public Instruction as his share in the Provisional Government; and there can be little doubt that he supported Lafitte in advocating the reconstruction of a new constitutional monarchy, in opposition to the republican tendencies of their colleagues. Fortunately, a compromise was discovered by Lafayette in the "citizen king," one of those happy *mots* by which the destiny of France has for a time been so frequently decided. Did not the paternity of it belong, past all question, to the *spirituel* old Marquis Lafayette, we might have supposed that M. Guizot had created this hybrid personification of sovereign power to match his own hybrid personification of statesmanship. How well the idea of a "citizen king" harmonises with that of a Minister "*de progrès et en même temps de résistance!*" Any one might have foretold, that, barring accident, M. Guizot would be the man for Louis Philippe in the end.

Hitherto M. Guizot had only filled a subordinate part in the government; but now the chief direction and responsibility of it were virtually assigned to him. The movement of July had not yet abated; the pressure was all still *en progrès*, and our *homme d'état* of course became *l'homme de résistance*, while, in admirable union, Philippe the *citizen* was merged into Philippe the *king*. The stream, however, was for the present too strong for them; M. Guizot's resistance only broke the torrent without staying it, and aggravated its brawling without diminishing its force. He was swept away, and M. Lafitte took the helm; but in less than three months he proved that he was as incapable of controlling the movement as M. Guizot had been of arresting it. Then stepped forward Casimir Perier, the only man, if any, in France, who could at that time have succeeded in a policy of repression. Courteous, and yet decisive; a scholar and a gentleman, and yet surrounded (as the French have it) "with a host of popular antecedents," much more would have been endured at his hands by the ultra-liberal and republican parties than at M. Guizot's. The latter, indeed, had made bitter

enemies of many of the most able of his former disciples, who, with Armand Carrel at their head, pursued him with what they deemed "a holy" hatred, as an Iscariot. M. Guizot, therefore, was content to see his system carried out by a man not less able, and far more favourably circumstanced, than himself; and the subsequent coalition of the Carlists and Republicans against M. Perier sufficiently indicates that he was not unsuccessful in imparting to the existing order of things a promise of stability and predominance. But it must not be forgotten that it was to M. Guizot that M. Perier owed not only a present and personal support, but the effective means of defeating the influence and repressing the violence of the legitimists and democrats combined. It was not only that during his short tenure of office in 1830 M. Guizot had organized the National Guards, and thus *armed* the middle class against invasion from above or from below, but it was M. Guizot's electoral reform of 1817 which had also given to those classes the political preponderance which enabled them to defy faction within the walls of their Parliament, as well as to put down sedition without.

Indeed, it was in the middle classes—the *bourgeoisie*—that M. Guizot, from the first, sought his element of *resistance*. Five years after the time of which we are treating, he was taunted in the Chamber with having been the author of a law to crush both the ancient nobility and the multitude for the aggrandizement of those classes. "When the law was under discussion," he replied, "the same charge against it was made—that it would result in the triumph, the definitive triumph, in the complete preponderance of the middle classes in France, alike at the expense of the *débris* of the ancient aristocracy and gentry, and of the multitude. At that time I was neither a deputy nor an important member of the government; but I defended the law in the 'Moniteur' officially, as the interpreter of the government, and I defend it now, and court the reproach of it by saying that it is true that this law has resulted in establishing the political preponderance of the middle classes; and that this is as it ought to be, and that it is moreover consistent with justice and the interest of the country that it should be so."

It is important to bear such passages as these in mind, not merely as a key to the policy which led to the downfall of Louis Philippe, but in order to apportion the credit of it fairly between the illustrious competitors for it. The king was never slow to take the whole credit of the repressive system *de résistance* to himself; but it is no uncommon thing for a man to pick up an idea dropped by another, and afterwards mistake it for an original one of his own; and it is more than possible that he was *indoctrinated* by M. Guizot during his first Administration. We have seen that the idea was most probably suggested to M. Guizot by the *moral of his father's fate*; and the sympathies between the monarch and his minister, arising from their personal experience, must therefore have so perfectly accorded, that it is no wonder if Louis Philippe accepted the conclusions which had been early formed in M. Guizot's mind for the natural conclusions of his own. At any rate, they were made for each other, and the palm may be divided between them.

We have said that M. Perier was well supported by M. Guizot, as he was by MM. Thiers and Dupin; and gallantly, ably, did he

stand his ground amidst difficulties at home and embarrassments abroad. With respect to the latter, it must not be concealed that M. Guizot and his friends had, at the outset, reversed the apophthegm of Fouché by committing worse than a blunder—a crime. Apprehensive of the interference of the other great powers, they sought by every art to cut out work for them elsewhere. At their secret invitation the Spanish refugees in England were invited to France. Valdez, Lafro, Navarelle, Ingladu, and other revolutionary chiefs, were provided with the means of crossing the Pyrenees into Spain: the French government contributed largely to the million francs collected for the Spanish committee, and another five hundred thousand francs were raised on their security from the Spanish banker, Calaz. Guizot, with his own hand, presented Ingladu, the *aide-du-camp* of Torrijos, with one hundred and ninety four-guinea pieces for Colonel Valdez; and, lastly, Louis Philippe himself gave one hundred thousand francs towards the Spanish revolutionary expedition. The Spanish patriots, however, were thought no more of when they had answered the purpose of creating a diversion; and to this selfish and perfidious policy may be charged the untimely end of the unfortunate Torrijos and his friends.*

The accomplished Casimir Perier was suddenly struck down, a victim to the cholera; and his death was the signal for Legitimacy and Democracy to rally and reanimate their forces against the common enemy. The latter again began to dream of a republic; and this the Carlists were not unwilling to promote, as a stepping-stone to another Restoration. Of the two, the republican party certainly evinced the greatest discretion, and it was probably the fanatic valour of the Carlists alone which originated the *émeute* at the funeral of General Lamarque. This time, however, *resistance* carried the day with a strong hand and a high head; the National Guards were firm and loyal, and the troops numerous and effectually employed; and for once *the snake was scotched*.

On the death of M. Perier, M. Montalivet was accepted as a sort of minister *ad interim*, until some combination could be formed by the king for the continuance of the system of *resistance*, which he was resolved not to abandon. Negotiations were opened between the king and M. Dupin. But, although there were irreconcilable differences between them, as to the line of domestic policy to be pursued, the king's idea of making his foreign policy subservient to it was one which M. Dupin rejected *in toto*. The king conceived that *abstinence abroad* was absolutely necessary to *effective repression at home*; but M. Dupin was ambitious; he aspired to a higher distinction than that of merely ruling the Faubourgs of Paris; his dreams were of European fame, which an imposing foreign policy alone could command for him; and, while he was waiting with confidence for the result, the wily king *deployed* Soult as president of the Council, with an offer of the Presidency of the Chamber to M. Dupin, to soothe his disappointment, and disarm his opposition.

Under M. Soult (11th October, 1832) the Duc de Broglie became Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Thiers of the Interior, and M. Humann of Finance, while M. Guizot accepted the secondary office of Public Instructor. It must not, however, be supposed that an excess of modesty, or a lack of courage, induced M. Guizot to put up

* M. Sarrans.

with this inferior post. On the contrary, it was his unbounded confidence in himself, his consciousness of his own intrinsic influence, which always rendered him indifferent to his merely nominal rank in the government.

Independent, however, of M. Guizot's indifference to mere nominal distinction, there is no doubt that he preferred the portfolio of Public Instruction to any other. The great object which he seems to have had in view, was no less than to educate France,—to impress the rising generation with his own moral and religious sentiments, and thus establish the *ordre social*, which was the aim and end of his political system. He was as yet only just on the meridian of life; and, if successful, might reasonably hope to see a glorious harvest ripen ere his decline; but the soil was worse than barren—it was rank, and noxious weeds alone rewarded him for the good seed he bestowed upon it. No one, however, can deny that the scheme was conceived in the comprehensive and provident spirit of a statesman, and carried out with the care and industry which attest honest and philanthropic intentions. His address to the schoolmasters is one of the most beautiful things of its kind in any language.

The government of the 11th of October (with a brief secession of three days,) held its ground for nearly four years. The plots of the Carlists, the violence of the Clubs, and the licentiousness of the press, afforded them ample excuses for persevering in the repressive policy, which in such circumstances was a *sine quâ non* of the existing order of things with M. Guizot. He never shrank from avowing the laws of September as more immediately his own work, nor has he ever sought to conciliate the enmity which that avowal excited against him. Certain it is, that the laws of September were successful for a time in restoring a little more quiet to France; and the Ministry was in outward appearance daily gaining strength, when it was broken up on the question of intervention in Spain.

After another interim Ministry of six months, M. Molé's motley cabinet was constructed (September 6th, 1836), in which M. Guizot, refusing the portfolio of the Interior, resumed that of Public Instruction. It was, however, impossible that such heterogeneous materials should long cohere. The Strasburgh affair, and other difficulties, sprung up; and though M. Guizot, by the sole force of his character and will, carried his colleagues with him at first, his uncompromising policy of *resistance* was one which they had neither the energy nor the courage to continue. M. Guizot parted from them in the following April, after a short connexion of six months; and M. Molé, released from the master-spirit which had before overawed him into courses which were repugnant to his gentle disposition, announced a Ministry "of conciliation." He was joined by M. Salvandy and M. Montalivet; and the Ministry of the 15th of April, thanks to the stringent measures with which M. Guizot had fore-armed them in 1825, enjoyed smooth water for a while. M. Guizot, too, under a severe domestic affliction—the death of his son—had temporarily retired from public life; but the calm was soon to be followed by a storm which would have broken up a far stronger cabinet than any which such a man as M. Molé could possibly have put together.

The two extreme parties in opposition—the men "*de progrès*," and the men "*de résistance*,"—alike conceived a strong disgust against

the trimming policy of the Ministry. Each of them saw their party daily thinned by deserters to "conciliation;" and yet in their state of division they were utterly powerless to arrest this fatal absorption of their forces by dealing a death-blow at the "conciliation" ministry itself. In this state of things M. Molé most imprudently provoked M. Guizot from the indulgence of his private sorrows, by throwing upon him all the obloquy of the obnoxious measures which he had submitted to during their brief association in power. M. Guizot at once rushed forth to avenge this mean attack upon his policy, and the famous COALITION was formed, of which, with Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Berryer, Garnier Pagés, he was the head. Dreadful, indeed, was the storm which M. Molé had to encounter. It bowed him to the earth; but, like the pliant osier, he recovered himself. Again it swept down upon him; again he bent to it, and still he was unbroken. The third and last time it rushed upon him with renewed and concentrated fury; he was torn up by the roots, and another *interim* ministry was formed, to give the lately confederated factions of the coalition time to re-marshal themselves under their proper standards, and to recover their breath for a renewal of their ancient quarrels amongst themselves.

From the course which M. Guizot pursued at this period, it is manifest that he thought the time was come when the assertion of his great principle of *resistance* might be definitively established in his own person. He thought that the country, worn out with these party contentions, as M. Pascallet says, "*sentit le besoin d'être gouverné*;" and he also, no doubt, conceived that it was further necessary to his plans that it should feel "*le besoin de M. Guizot*." The course, therefore, he pursued was to lend the government his vote, without affording it the assistance of his talents and—"to bide his time."

While M. Guizot was calmly expecting the day when "the pear would be ripe," extraordinary events occurred, which afforded most advantageous employment for his leisure, and in the end contributed a few accidents to the firm establishment of his power. In February, 1840, he replaced Marshal Sebastiani as ambassador in London, to concert with the representatives of the other great European courts, the solution of the important questions which had arisen in the East. The arrangements, which were afterwards embodied in the Convention of July, had been settled by the other high contracting parties before the arrival of M. Guizot; but, nevertheless, he, by his talent and address, obtained many important modifications in favour of the Pacha of Egypt, with whose interests he was especially charged. M. Guizot, however, had scarcely left France, when the Administration which had appointed him was dissolved, and M. Thiers succeeded to the Presidency of the Council. Without recalling M. Guizot, M. Thiers annulled all that he had done, and the consequence was, that the Convention was signed as originally agreed upon, while France was placed in a galling state of "isolation," which rendered her an object of apprehension, if not of danger, to her neighbours.

This was the tide in the affairs of France, which, taken on the turn, was to lead M. Guizot to—the object of his ambition. M. Thiers had for some years been a rising man, but he had gradually adopted more extreme opinions than those which he professed when he first served as Minister of the Interior under Marshal Soult. On

the dissolution of the "Conciliation" government, and the separation of the Coalition, he had filed off at the head of the ultra-revolutionary party of July, while M. Guizot retired to hold himself in readiness for the command of the *resistance* party, whenever an opportunity should arrive for unfurling their banner. During the absence of M. Guizot, M. Thiers had not only overthrown the *just milieu* cabinet of Marshal Soult, but had assumed an attitude which promised to realise the wildest aspirations of the revolutionary party, abroad as well as at home. He had taken the initiative in the fortification of Paris, cast away the confidence of all the great powers, and in all his measures seemed to threaten the repose of the world. But his courage failed him at last. "*Au moment de paroître devant les Chambres,*" says Pascallet, "le cœur lui ayant manqué sans doute, il fit naître un prétexte pour de retirer, abandonnant à M. Guizot son poste, avec tous ses embarras, tous ses dangers!"

Here, then, we have M. Guizot *en plein pouvoir* at last; and he was not dilatory in demonstrating in what manner it would be exercised. M. Thiers had contemplated the fortification of Paris to awe enemies *without*, M. Guizot was not slow in accepting the project to awe enemies *within*. M. Thiers had excited the revolutionary party to a troublesome activity in the chamber; M. Guizot was not scrupulous in overwhelming them by a venal majority. Yes; this high-minded statesman felt that any means were justified by the end he had in view; and it gives us but a sorry idea of political integrity in France, when we see a Minister of the Crown demanding an additional million of francs for the secret service, and at the same time avowing, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, that the secret service for which the grant was intended, was to purchase "une majorité gouvernementale dans la chambre élective!" Yes; this was said without a blush, and heard without a shout of execration!

Much, however, as we may be shocked by such an exhibition of political profligacy, it suggests, nevertheless, an apology, such as it is, for the corrupt practices with which M. Guizot has been charged during the last few years. If the upper classes in France are corrupt and venal, it is evident that *he found them so*. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*; and had not the Chamber of Deputies been hardened sinners, no Minister would have dared to demand of them a vote in open day for bribing a majority, as coolly as he would a vote for the navy or army. It must have been long a regular, and recognised practice, to excite no outcry, no remonstrance, in fact, no sensation whatever; and it will perhaps serve to explain the alarm of the "Coalition," lest the "Conciliation" party should have time to establish itself too firmly.

Notwithstanding the revolutionary disposition of the French, there is, perhaps, no other people under the sun so addicted to *systematizing*. Every party has its favourite system; and, as men are far more obstinate and bitter on matters of opinion than upon matters of fact, political warfare in France is inspired with all the intolerance of religious controversy. This is in some respects an advantage to a Minister, and serves to explain how M. Guizot contrived to hold his ground long after he had lost all hold on the respect of the country. It would have been impossible for so unpopular a Minister to have stood in England for twelve months; because par-

ties are more easily combined here, and an opposition would have been formed, against which even the favour of the Crown would have been no protection. But in France there are no materials for an irresistible opposition. Party is there so split into factions, and each pursues its own crotchet with such violent antagonism, that it is difficult to amalgamate them, and, under ordinary circumstances, impossible to make them cohere. At the present moment, nothing keeps such men as Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Lamartine together, but the monstrous pressure upon them from without. If *that* was removed, they would fly off from each other as wide as the poles asunder.

One of the elements, therefore, of M. Guizot's strength consisted in the incongruous and *repulsive* nature of the materials arrayed against him. This was the fault of the opposition themselves; but what shall we say of the means which he employed to keep around him his majority? Those means—corruption in every department of the state—could not be justified even by the end; for, though we may admit that a government is one of the first necessities of a state, no government could be worth such an enormous price as the destruction of all private honesty and political morality. When corruption became so common that it ceased to be regarded as a crime—when the upper classes thrust their hands into the public treasury without blushing—the masses would not be slow to improve upon the example of their betters, and regard *private* property, as well as public, their legitimate spoil.

Even the enemies of M. Guizot admit that he was incorruptible himself, though he was so unscrupulous in the foul work of corrupting others. How are we to explain this inconsistency in his character? Is it that after all every man has his price, if you know in what coin to offer it? Was the ambition of his lofty and imperious mind so insatiable for influence and power, that he would condescend to a revolting traffic in pensions and places rather than submit to the mortification of defeat? Or was it that he saw that the throne of his master had been based on corruption, and could only be supported by corruption, and that he, therefore, sacrificed his better principles to his loyalty? The last supposition is the more charitable one. But what becomes of the statesman and the patriot if we admit it?

Political mercenaries are infinitely more ungrateful and treacherous than even military mercenaries. About the latter there is some sense of honour, and some sympathy for the cause to which they sell themselves for a campaign; but a political mercenary is not to be depended upon for a day. "Of every man in this assembly," said Sir Robert Walpole, speaking of the House of Commons, as he was leaving it in disgust for ever, "of every man in this assembly have I *bought golden opinions*, and in the moment of trial they desert me." The fall of M. Guizot is a terrible affirmation of the moral of this anecdote; and it will not be without its uses to mankind if it operates as a warning to future statesmen that, as honesty is the best policy for an individual, so corruption is the very worst policy for a government!

THE THREE NUNS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

A COUNTRY invitation! There always has been a charm in those three words that has spread a thrill of happiness through my heart from the very earliest days of my childhood, when my visits were interregnums to the starchiness of London life; when I could get as muddy as I pleased and as ragged as a colt amidst the dark woods and the thorny brakes, returning laden like a waggon with all sorts of wild flowers and rubbish. Blessings on that simple little village, where every door stood open to welcome the little London gentleman, who was always "hail fellow well met," with all the chubby inmates. Then I knew of no distinction but that which happiness gave, and felt no reverence for any king except the king of good fellows.

The many shadows that fall between us and those sunny days make them appear more golden in the distance, and he who trusts himself with a reminiscence would fain return, and therefore hails with delight a country invitation from any of his rustic friends.

My old friend Thornycliffe, who had only seen London once in his life, when some law business forced him for a few weeks to live amidst streets and houses, wrote to me in his kind blunt manner a refresher, in the shape of an invitation, pressing me to spend my Christmas with him and his girls, for he had been a widower for some years. A snug little circle was promised me, and plenty of sport.

I accepted his frank and kind offer with heartfelt pleasure, for my travels and occupation had divided me from him for five years; although I had promised, in the most tantalizing manner, to treat myself by a visit to him every two or three months, but as often found myself disappointed and compelled to forego my resolve.

But now I made a strong and powerfully binding vow that I would assert my independence, bully the demon of business, cut him, and let him see that one of his overworked slaves could find resolution enough to break his golden fetters. Clear away! was the word. I was indeed indefatigable. Stout office candles sank and expired under the work of late hours. The thunder of my opening and shutting ponderous ledgers startled the office mice, and they scuttled back again into their holes, from which they were issuing, as was their nightly wont, to gambol and disport themselves. I worked like a man under contract. Hey! for the country; the snug chimney-corner, the wassail bowl, the misletoe, and the lips to be pressed under it. How they all fitted before me, causing many a column to be cast up twice. Kisses and sixpences were sadly intermingled, and he must be a better arithmetician than I am who can make a sum out of them combined, except the sum of human happiness; but that's a sum we must not calculate upon, especially if we reckon upon a satisfactory balance.

At last a finish, shewing a splendid year's business, and a most satisfactory return. The darling old ledgers, so full of golden promise, were wrapped in their morocco great-coats, and their brass

clasps snapped with a merry sound, as they were put to bed in an old iron chest.

Then came that puzzling packing. Pet waistcoats were doubted over; files of boots were reviewed; which to take and which to leave was the question; always a puzzler to a man halfway between twenty and thirty. This kept me up until a late hour. Vanity at last crammed my portmanteau to that extent of plethora, that an actual divorce was effected between the lock and the hasp thereof. I only got over this difficulty by calling up the stout porter of my chambers to sit upon the lid, and, as he weighed sixteen stone, the instant compression of boots, hairbrushes, and apparel was astonishing. Portmanteaus and carpet-bags have always been an amusing mystery to me, for no man living has ever had the luck to see one full. What man blest with either has not at the end of his journey found a vacuum that would hold all that he had vainly endeavoured to get in, and which he left behind him with regret? I firmly believe that it is as impossible to completely fill these travelling companions as to find the grand arcanum.

I, however, at last went to bed to dream that I was continually going my journey and shaking hands with everybody. I awoke every quarter to feel that I was too late; looked at my watch; shook it in a savage manner, under the impression that it had stopped. No! it was all right, and not to be hurried.

The dark six o'clock of a December's morning found me shaving under great difficulties; but at last that most troublesome operation was achieved, after shedding my own blood in the most ruthless manner. Great-coat, comforter, and cigar-case (for I confess I smoke), were all ready. I looked out in the gloom, not to be called daylight, for the cab ordered the night before. No appearance of that respectable conveyance. Forgotten, perhaps, thought I. The distant rumbling of market-carts tantalised me dreadfully. A desperate thought crossed my brain of attempting to walk to the coach-office, but one glance at my portmanteau warned me of the impossibility; so I sat down upon it with a sigh of nervous irritability. I no sooner seated myself than I was up again. A sharp pull-up, and a sprawling, clattering struggle from a horse proclaimed the arrival of the cab.

I was soon rattling over the stones through the deserted streets. It was just that hour thought night by comfortable, respectable people, and daylight by the miserable, outcast wretches who shrink back at its approach into their dens, from out the streets that their weary feet have trodden in those hours of darkness, alone fitted to cover their miseries or their crimes.

The office was soon reached, and the coach, full of merry faces, packed high with multifarious presents from London friends, rattled out into the country with a cheering sound. The sun, which, through the fog, looked like a magnificent egg that was poached for Aurora's breakfast, soon dispelled the gauzy veil, and showed us the full splendour of a winter's morning. The glittering lace-work of the hedges, from which the towering trees rose like frosted silver, sparkled brilliantly as the sun first saluted them; and the little cottages, peeping from under the drifted snow, looked snug in their downy, winter coats. The brooks alone stopped in their gambols by stern winter, looked dark and sullen.

Rattle! rattle! rattle! went the harness; the horses threw up their heads with sheer delight at having left their dark city stables, and seeming to say "We should like to go the whole journey with you: really you are no weight behind us; we make nothing of you."

The first sweet odour of the yule logs saluted our nostrils most gratefully as we bowled through the little villages. The silent repose, so striking amidst the wide expanse, void of the usual cattle and industrious husbandmen, was hardly disturbed by our passage; for we passed so noiselessly in our course over the displaced snow, that we might have been taken for a phantom coach and ghostly passengers, had not the jingle of the harness and the steam from the horses proclaimed us of this world.

Oh! that glorious pull-up at the snug old country inn, and that more glorious fire roaring out a welcome to all wayfarers from its wide-mouthed chimney corner, and the red, good, old-fashioned curtains coquettishly drawn on one side, shewing enough of the inside comfort to tempt all to enter and enjoy its full luxury! How many benumbed fingers clasped the tall glasses of ale that would shame any vaunted sherry, and which, though cold at the first approach, warmed you to the heart like an old friend! The rattle of glasses and warm steaming odours proclaimed that the coachman and commercial travellers were buckling on their armour to meet the sharp warfare and fierce attacks expected at every corner, although the novices seemed warming into the firm belief that it was much milder than when we started. But I knew better; for I could hear old winter puffing and wheezing outside, and shaking the shutters with angry petulance at our escape from him for so long a time; and most surely did he have his revenge when he got us upon the next bleak common. Rarely did he pelt us with the hardest snow sent post upon a rapid wind, soon leaving us very little distinguishable from the luggage.

At last a sharp pull-up, and "Here we are, sir!" addressed to me by the coachman, made me bring out my head from the folds of my comforter. Turning my eye round, I felt that I should not have been more bewildered had they put me over the side of a vessel in the broad Atlantic, and told me to find my way to Dover. All trace seemed buried beneath the deep white snow-wreaths of winter. My mind was, however, quickly relieved by seeing a small chaise-cart labouring through the intricacies of a neighbouring lane towards us; the loud "Hallo!" of the driver sounding cheerily in the distance.

My luggage was soon deposited in my new conveyance, and after wishing my late companions a merry Christmas, I mounted beside my conductor. A few cracks of the whip, sounding sharply in the frosty air, parted us. My new coachman discovered himself to be an old acquaintance, when he emerged from his voluminous comforter, which had entirely hidden his well-known face up to the eye-brows. Though waxing rather old, his brown face was full of anticipatory glee of the fun to come off at the Hall, where all was conducted in the true old English style; where the season made equal the master and the man; good things being prepared for the beggar at the gate, as well as for the gentles in the dining-hall; for the old squire always said that "he who left wilfully one heart sad at such a glorious time, deserved to have the shadow fall on his own mirth."

I wish you could have seen the welcome he gave me at his own gate, where he stood surrounded by his quickly arriving friends, and seen him kiss the ladies, young or old; a fine old fashion very much on the decline; but when he introduced three fine-grown, elegant girls, as his little daughters, my astonishment was unbounded. These the children who used to sit upon my knee to listen to fairy tales? Nonsense! I was obliged to kiss them to convince myself. Ah! bless such merry meetings. The world is a pleasant world at such times, for the heart seems unlocked and to stand wide open, that every one may walk in and find an affectionate welcome.

Dinner, the next charming thing, when we confess to mortality, arrived; and such a dinner! Had we been besieged we could not have been starved out under a month. Fowls as large as geese; geese as large as turkeys, and turkeys as large as swans; and the pudding! the pride of the day, made two servants red in the face as they bore it to the table. The burning brandy danced round its huge dark bulk, licking the rich outside with its blue tongues in the most provoking manner. Reared on its summit stood the branch of holly, to mark it as a present to his votaries from jolly King Christmas.

The golden sherry and the russet port vanished in the most exhilarating manner. Everybody seemed to want an excuse to smile at his neighbour; healths were hobnobbed over twice, rather in doubt whether it had been done before. The gentlemen grew red in the face, and bright scintillations came into downcast eyes. The talking was charming, but boisterous; every soul seemed to remember something funny; and as the laugh was sure, it was quite a harvest for story-tellers.

The yule log sparkled in the broad chimney as we made the cozy after-dinner circle, in which I managed to place myself next to one of my old playfellows, my host's eldest daughter. It was astonishing how much we had to say to each other, and how delightful it was. The "don't you remembers?" took us back to our childhood's days, and we soon forgot that we had been parted for so long.

In looking round the quaintly pannelled and carved chamber, a large escutcheon, rudely cut in bold relief, caught my view. It soon came to my memory as an old acquaintance. The subject was, three nuns kneeling beside each other, with three death's heads interwoven with the foliage of the framework.

"Well," said I, "do I remember that curious subject, which I used to wonder at on my visits here as a child, for it always attracted my attention from its quaint and lugubrious character. What could induce them to put such a miserable subject in any room intended for constant occupation?"

"Do you not know the legend attached to that picture?" said my fair companion.

"Indeed I do not," replied I; "but I should be delighted to hear it from you."

"The legend! the legend! by all means," cried the company unanimously. "Everybody must tell one at Christmas time, so you are fairly caught."

After some faint refusals, and some very becoming bashfulness, my charming playfellow was prevailed upon, and she commenced.

The Three Nuns.

"This mansion was occupied, in the reign of the bigot Mary, by a thriving, but hard man, named Mortimer. He was a widower, left with four daughters. The eldest was his favourite, on account of her disposition being so like his own, both being penurious and grasping, yet ambitious to a degree. She looked with little kindness or affection upon her three younger sisters; for she beheld in them only spoilers of her inheritance, and scatterers of the substance which she loved above all earthly things.

"Day after day was one continued manœuvring struggle kept up by her, and well seconded by her father, to seek alliances for them in quarters where their portions would be no object; so that her dowry might secure the hand of some neighbouring man of note, whose name would aggrandize the family. Young, joyous, and unsuspecting, the sisters were unconscious of the deep art of their eldest sister, or the absence of natural affection in the bosom of their only remaining parent. Too soon were they startled from their confiding security, when the hand of their sister was sought by a gentleman of noble family in the neighbourhood. Poor though noble; who looked for an equivalent for his wife's want of rank in the magnificence of her dowry.

"Long and anxious were the communings between the father and daughter, so well fitted to each other in their views and heartlessness. But no management could scrape together a sufficient sum to meet the demand of the noble suitor's family, who thought that if they did stoop, picking up money was the only palliation. Her sisters, being single, must be provided for after some fashion; but, alas! the family purse needed to be emptied of its last coin, if she hoped to become a bride.

"At last a resolve, frequent in those times, was taken by the ambitious pair;—to immure the three younger sisters in a neighbouring convent. This announcement drove the young blood back to the hearts of the youthful sisters; hearts open to all the tenderest affections, and beating with love for the beautiful world in which they dwelt. The eldest of the three felt most deeply the blow which would separate her from one who in secret had whispered that she was beautiful. He was far away, and unconscious of the sacrifice about to be made of one so fit to ornament the world with her virtues.

"In those times the will of the father was a law incontrovertible; therefore they looked forward with little hope to a favourable change in their fate. They drooped with grief, for they were most fondly attached, and sought in each other the sympathy and affection denied to them by their stern and politic sister.

"Tears and entreaties were unavailing. They were committed to the walls of the gloomy convent. The proud heart of the eldest sister expanded with joy as she beheld the broad lands now all to be her own dowry, and the noble suitor at her feet, who praised her charms, which he alone beheld in the broad pieces of her ambitious parent.

"The day at last arrived which was to give to her the great guerdon of her ambition, and she stood proudly beside the altar to be

made noble, but not happy; for, amidst the clustering groups of priests and nuns stood three pale blighted figures,—her sacrificed sisters. In vain did she strive to avoid their fascinating gaze. The proud flush of triumph left her cheek as they stood before her in their grave-like habiliments. Eloquently did their pale lips speak to her of their wrongs and of her utter heartlessness. That moment revenged them! for their melancholy eyes turned her proud heart to stone. Her ambition became stripped of its delusions, and she left her peace where she had immolated theirs.

“That night the three sisters slept beneath the waters of the convent lake, and the melancholy wail stilled the music in the bridal hall.

“Where now was the triumph of that selfish-hearted sister? She covered and fled from the festive hall to seek her too dearly-bought bridal chamber. As she hurried through the long corridor, a bright light dimmed her flickering lamp. Her three sisters stood before her as she last had seen them, beckoning her on to her apartment. She fell senseless upon the floor, where she was found by her bridegroom and her father. Upon returning consciousness she had only power enough to tell them of the harrowing sight that she had seen, and expired in their arms.

“Moodily the father traversed, from that night, the halls of his bereft house. In one of his half-mad whims, he had that escutcheon carved, as if to keep before his eyes a lasting memento of his own misguided ambition.

“Some short time after, an old retainer of the family, in passing through the corridor, beheld to his horror the weeping forms of the three sisters issue noiselessly from the door of his master’s chamber. His alarm brought the rest of the servants to his aid, when, on entering, they found their stern old master dead.

“From that time ever after, the appearance of the three nuns was a sure precursor of the death of some of that family.”

“I’ll trouble you for another glass of port,” said an old russet-faced gentleman, whose features had elongated considerably under the infliction of the foregoing ghostly legend. “I beg,” continued he, after he had fortified himself with a bumper, “that that dose may not be repeated; for, of all the unmitigated bundle of stupid ghosts sure I never met with the like: so, push back the chairs, and hey! for a glorious dance; for that undertaking story has chilled every drop of blood in my veins.”

No sooner proposed than done, everybody being more than willing; so we soon kicked the ghosts into the red sea with a hearty double shuffle. None of your stately quadrilles, but country dances, every one with kissing partners, and little trifling introductions of that kind.

“Fast and furious,” grew the fun. The dust flew, and the good old wine laid it, and many of its votaries as well. I remember, albeit I am a sober man, endeavouring to kiss a dozen ladies at once, and, somehow, embracing the door-post, which was confoundedly hard.

By some curious magic, the next thing I remember is, that I was wending my way up the wide old staircase with a chamber-candle-

stick in my hand, and with a particular affection for the balustrades. I knew my chamber. It was one well known to me in the old corridor. The old corridor! Egad, that was not so pleasant to remember just then. I felt a strange sort of chill come over me. Hang the thing, that that stupid legend should at that moment come into my head.

I endeavoured to baffle the evil spirit—but no; it would stick to me, as if it were nailed to my brain. The long, low, arched corridor gaped before me, black as a modern tunnel. Right or left? I was puzzled which was my road to turn. I took a resolution and turned to the left; but a closet-door standing a-jar knocked my candle from my hand, and I was in utter darkness. Horrible! I groped my way to a window-seat to collect my scattered senses, but in vain—my head went round like a humming-top; the dreadful place was as dark as pitch. I believe I slept; for I was awakened by a loud shrill scream. Bewildered and alarmed, I opened my eyes; judge my horror, when, a few paces from me, I beheld three figures in white with their eyes fixed upon me!—the Three Nuns! I believe, in my moment of terror, I cried out, and attempted to bolt down the staircase, and in doing so had nearly disabled my friend's worthy butler by sending my head into his stomach, and precipitating him down a short angle of the aforesaid staircase. He quickly recovered himself, and helped me to my feet. I incoherently explained to him the cause of my terror; but he only put his hand to his forelock, and "Yees, sur," as coolly as if the first floor had been legally let to the ghosts. He soon piloted me to my chamber, and got me, with some difficulty, out of my boots, all the time only returning a quiet "Ah!" or "Oh!" to my hurried narration. Thick-headed brute!—he had no faith, and I had decidedly seen them. I sat up in bed. I was sober, although lying down did not seem to suit my head; for the moment I did so the bed appeared to do something very like "hands across and down the middle, turn your partners," &c. Yet, somehow or other, I must have slept, for I awoke with a gleam of sun shining into my room, my tongue dry, my water-jug nearly empty, and shaving undecided.

I popped my head out into the frosty air through my little casement, which greatly invigorated me. A laughing group were trotting towards the Hall as if returning from a morning's walk. I hurried down to the breakfast-room; there I found them all assembled, and was greeted with most mysterious looks; the guests all seemed endeavouring to smother a laugh, whilst my friend's daughters appeared afraid of meeting my looks, and the butler looked with a most provoking leer out of the corner of his eye. My old friend was worse than the rest; for he asked me how I felt myself, in a tone as if I had been confined to my bed for a month.

I at last became rather tetchy at being apparently the object of some mysterious joke. "Zounds, squire! what are you all about?" at last I exclaimed; "there appears to be some joke going on that I do not understand, so pray let me into it, for by your looks I seem to be intimately connected with the jest."

"No, no, young gentleman," replied the old squire; "we want the explanation from you, as to why you chose to wander about my house in the dark, and assault my butler, whose anxiety for the spoons had

kept him up nearly the last in the house. I assure you he complained grievously of his ribs this morning."

"Then, squire," said I, "if I did not fear being laughed at—for, remember, I never believed in ghosts myself—I would say, most solemnly, that I saw the—" I hesitated.

"What!" exclaimed the whole group with one voice.

"The Three Nuns, in the corridor. Old James heard the scream as they vanished, which brought him to my aid."

At this avowal I was greeted with such a loud simultaneous laugh that I felt my very face and ears tingle with the rushing crimson of my blood.

"Oh, Charley, my boy," exclaimed the squire, after he had recovered from an almost apoplectic fit of laughter, "you'll be the death of us all. You dog, you didn't retire until you had done full justice to Christmas Eve; in fact, we hardly dared trust you with a candle, which you seem to have extinguished rather prematurely, as you took the corridor for your bedchamber, which improper disposal of your person alarmed my three girls, who, like good housewives, had sat up to see all right, and who certainly screamed from surprise and the horror at your seeing them in their curl-papers and dressing-gowns."

As he concluded, the laugh again burst forth, and I stood looking very like a fool. I, however, soon recovered myself, and laughed with the rest at the droll Christmas frolic which my brain had chosen to play. Happy was that glorious Christmas-day, joyous was our evening, tempered, however, by the warning of the over-night's excess. They trusted me that night with the chamber-candlestick without risk. One of the three ghosts haunted my dreams; and although this may be *immaterial* to the reader, it became very *material* to me, for I found, on quitting the Hall, that I lost all my *spirits*; so I returned and married my favourite ghost, and took her home with me.

THE ISLES OF THE BLEST.

I HAVE heard of blessed isles, in a sea of glory set,
Where we shall cease from weeping, and our miseries forget;
Where shining bands, with golden harps, will meet us on our way,
Beside the crystal rivers of everlasting day!

Think not that pleasure, wealth, or ease, will gain this glorious rest,
But taking up a "daily cross," our Saviour's own bequest;
The cross that brings a sinner home, to lie at Jesus' feet
And trusting in His love alone, find consolation sweet.

The loss of health,—the heart's own grief, unshared by human kind,
Is sanctified by prayerful faith, if self-will be resigned;
With His supporting arms beneath, upon life's stormy sea,
The Islands of the Blest will prove a haven sure to me!

C. A. M. W.

LITERARY STATISTICS OF FRANCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS. *

THE condition and character of French literature has for many years past been an interesting subject of inquiry, even for those who are not much in the habit of looking to it for any considerable portion of their mental aliment. Nowhere else, perhaps, are some of the most prominent features of the literature of the present day so strikingly exhibited; nowhere else is the connection between the literature and the life of a nation so close and intimate; in no other literature is "the age and body of the time, its form and pressure," so vividly reflected; nowhere else does the written word so soon become incarnate in deed as in the capital of France. The direct and most powerful influence of the press in the formation of public opinion, is a fact everywhere obvious enough, but becomes a subject of more anxious observation there, from the tendency of opinion to explode instantaneously into action; there, too, not merely newspapers, but almost every publication that issues from the press, grave or gay, heavy or light, is more or less strongly imbued with the popular feeling of the passing hour, and is representative of some theory that has taken possession, for the time, of the popular mind. The history of literature in France is, therefore, even more than in any other country, indispensable to the history of society.

Since the fountains of the great deep of social existence have been broken up, and the profoundest questions of government and human life have been brought to the surface, and made the subjects of general and daily discussion, the literature of France, if it have lost something in refinement, has gained much in passionate earnestness, compass, and strength of tone. Her writers do not aspire to dwell apart in a "privacy of glorious light," or look to the distant reward of future fame: they take their subjects from the events of the passing day, throw themselves headlong into the arena, where the most agitating conflicts are carried on, and catch the fervid breath of enthusiasm as it rises warm from the passions of the multitude.

It is nothing new to find that the importance of any branch of literature, estimated in its effect on the public mind, may be taken at nearly the inverse ratio of its bibliographical dignity; and in taking, under the guidance of M. Louandre, a glance at some facts concerning the intellectual production of France for the last fifteen years, we pass over the department of theology and abstruse philosophy, for this reason, as well as because it would lead us into regions too high and difficult of access for our present purpose.

Passing these, we come next to where the prospect is, in many respects, highly satisfactory—to those departments of literature whose business it is to assist and record the triumphs of physical science. In Natural History, we find, that though production has been very active, the writers, far from sharing in the inordinately eager money-getting spirit, so painfully conspicuous in many cases,

* "Statistique Littéraire de la production intellectuelle en France depuis quinze ans. Par M. Charles Louandre."

have often imposed on themselves heavy sacrifices, and devoted themselves to their pursuit with a disinterested passion.

In Geography, we have abundance of great works, relations of voyages, undertaken at the expense of the state, for the observation of astronomical phenomena, and the advancement of science and civilization, to which France has made, or endeavoured to make, even her military conquests subservient; and the efforts of individuals have been joined to those of government. Travels, economical, political, archæological, &c., have increased to an unparalleled extent; and the light troops of "Residences," "Recollections," and "Impressions de Voyage," to the number of about eighty works a year, have helped to dilute the less wholesome ingredients of the circulating libraries. Sacred and ecclesiastical history, the lives of saints, the histories of religious orders, of popes and councils, reach a higher figure than might have been anticipated. In the year 1845 they amounted to no fewer than a hundred and twenty-one works, besides a very large number of religious books of smaller bulk, in the publication of which the convents and religious associations have entered into active competition with "the trade."

Of Historical works we find an imposing mass, some even which were begun under the old monarchy, and which—interrupted by the revolution of 1793—have since 1830 been recommenced. One of these, the "Recueil des Ordonnances," was undertaken by order of Louis XIV. Besides great collections of historical papers, such as the "Collection des Documens inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France," published under the auspices and at the expense of government, we have historical works by Messrs. Guizot, Thierry, Salvandy, Mignet, &c., and other less celebrated names.

Unfortunately, the success of these and of various compilations (amongst which the "Tableaux Synoptiques de l'Histoire de France," sold fifty thousand copies in a few months), has attracted the attention of speculators, in whose calculations the interests of literature and science had very little share. Workshops have been organized for the fabrication of histories, general and special, the work being, in the first instance, undertaken by some man of note, or perhaps in an official position, who was to receive a certain amount per sheet, and who then immediately engaged a subordinate to perform the duty for about sixty francs a-sheet less. There are instances even of the latter acting as middle-man, and sub-letting his job, at, of course, a still further reduction of payment. How the work was done on such a system as this may easily be imagined.

Under the ancient monarchy, most of the provinces had their historians, usually Benedictine monks, who wrote vast books, bristling with names and dates, and of which the affairs of the church, of course, occupied the largest portion. These had been long discontinued, but in 1832 a provincial history, entitled "L'Ancien Bourbonnais," was begun by M. Charles Allier, at Moulins; and this gave the signal for the appearance of various works of a similar character, in different parts of the kingdom, which, it is said, rival, in point of material execution, some of the finest productions of the Parisian press.

Paris, however, could not neglect to work what proved so profitable a vein as that of picturesque illustration; and at one time no less than three "Britannias Illustrated" were in the market. But the

most remarkable production of this kind ever undertaken in France, or perhaps in the world, is the "Voyage Pittoresque et Artistique dans l'Ancienne France," which, when it shall be finished, should that day ever arrive, will cost each subscriber, or his heir, no less a sum than thirty-three thousand francs (£1,320).

Memoir-writing, a branch of literature belonging almost exclusively to France, appears to have, in a great measure, fallen to decay; seldom manifesting itself of late, except as an epidemic among ancient ladies, concerning whom what is most noteworthy is, that they have all received, but disdained, the homage of the Emperors Napoleon or Alexander. Biographies have issued at the rate of about two hundred and fifty a-year, of which many have been pamphlets, and some "Biographies Universelles;" no longer, however, the fruit of the long, patient toil of a single man, but by a variety of *hands* of very various degrees of merit, and of every shade of political and religious opinion. Their subjects are often infinitesimally small, descending even to notorious robbers and precocious children.

Periodical literature would of course open too wide a field to be entered on here, we may therefore merely mention, that the total number of regular newspapers occupying themselves with politics, science, literature, manufacturing industry, and scandal, is, or was previous to the late crisis, about five hundred, of which a large proportion was fiercely republican; but of late the word republic had been replaced by that of democracy. During the first years that followed the July revolution, the agitations of party spirit, the passions raised in the struggle, the consciousness that the eyes of Europe were upon them, all helped to sustain the tone of the French journals, and gave them great interests, and important principles to discuss. But subsequently, politics gave way to considerations of trade; they no longer addressed themselves to the convictions, but to the curiosity of the public, and exerted themselves successfully to gain from the idle classes a large addition to their subscribers, by the deplorable introduction of the *feuilleton* romance, to which we shall again have occasion to allude.

These regular newspapers have been for the last twenty-five years flanked by a numerous corps of small papers, whose attacks have not been always less formidable for being made with light weapons, and which bear the same relation to the newspaper, that the *vaudeville* does to the regular high comedy. There are also a few reviews and magazines on the English plan, and another importation from our side of the Channel, the illustrated papers, which hold a prominent place in what M. Louandre aptly calls "the literature of grown children." Pictures, it has been said, are the books of the ignorant. Besides these, there are periodicals specially addressed to various classes, ages, and sexes,—Children's Journals, Boys and Girls', Ladies' and Bachelors' ditto; and others for lawyers, musicians, soldiers, sailors, national guards, priests, tradesmen in general, and upholsterers in particular, not to mention theatrical journals, and so forth, whose editors are more numerous than their subscribers.

Educational books appear to have been exclusively produced by the members of the educating body, and production in this department has been so active, that we find in a single year (1840) no less a number than five hundred and one works on these subjects pre-

sented to the university. Grammars have multiplied from day to day, but are chiefly distinguished by the barbarisms and solecisms, from which even their titles are often not free. Not a few unnatural professors of languages have shewn a disposition to attack the syntax on which they have been nurtured; other innovators have wished to abolish orthography (perhaps to save the trouble of learning it); but, in abandoning regular government, it appears they fell into anarchy, and having split into two hostile factions, one of which insisted on writing *moi* with an *i*, another with an *a*—*moa*—the system has fallen to the ground.

Ancient literature, against which, towards 1830, there was a strong re-action, has more recently recovered some favour; extensive collections of classical authors, Latin and Greek, have been well received, and the character of translations has been greatly improved.

In Foreign literature, the Parisians have made great progress. Scarcely twenty-five years ago, it would have been thought beneath their dignity to admire the *chef d'œuvres* of other nations; they applied to intellectual productions the prohibitive system in all its rigour. They have now proclaimed free trade, "having at length understood that a nation without intellectual commerce, is a link broken from the great chain." This branch of literature divides itself into two; the one erudite and historical, comprising the works of the oriental nations, the other those of modern Europe. The former works have issued first from the royal presses, and their editors, besides filling that office, have, by translations, made their countrymen acquainted with the poetry of China, Persia, Arabia, and Hindostan, and have, it is said, studied in their minutest details the religion, philosophy, sciences, arts, and manners of those nations. "Let what may be said of German erudition," says M. Louandre, "that of France has shewn itself no less exact, patient, and inventive. Silvestre de Sacy and Abel Remusat have shewn themselves true encyclopædists; M. Burnouf has reconstructed languages, as Cuvier reconstructed a world."

Whilst Oriental scholars have been traversing Asia, others have been no less busy with their European neighbours. The writers, ancient and modern, of Italy, have long been cordially welcomed; of Dante, there have been published in Paris nine Italian editions, and ten French translations. The literature of Spain has also recently attracted attention, and not only have the heroes of Castile and Andalusia furnished subjects for Parisian dramatists, and her lyrical writers been inspired by the *romancero*, but works previously known in France only by imitations more or less unfaithful, have been familiarised to general readers by accurate translations.

German literature has been also the object of copious criticism and translation, and these peaceful conquests beyond the Rhine have had a marked influence on the intellectual progress of France.

Of all foreign literature, however, the English makes the most important figure in the catalogue. In fifteen years there have been published in Paris, seven editions of the complete works of Byron, and ten of French translations of them; Milton has been reprinted four times in six years. As for the novelists, the appetite of the Parisians for this kind of fodder is, it appears, so insatiable that, in spite of the incessant activity of their native production, they have

still, within the period under consideration, devoured of Cooper, thirty-one English, and forty-two French editions; of Bulwer, fifty-nine French and English; and of Hoffman, Cervantes, Fielding, Sterne, Richardson, *quantum suff.*: as to Walter Scott, people have left off counting.

A considerable number of persons subsist entirely on the translation of foreign novels; and of these benefactors to their country, one lately dead, a M. de Fauconpret, had translated no less than 800 volumes.

Next to England in the novel market, comes America, then Germany, Italy, Russia, and lastly, Holland and Sweden. Spain stands on about the same footing as China, each of them having furnished four or five romances in fifteen years.

The poetical harvest in France during the eleven years from 1830 to 1841, appears to have been enormous. Four thousand three hundred and eighty-three volumes, or pamphlets of poetry, made their appearance, of course without counting fugitive verses scattered through newspapers, &c.

Most of the literary men of Paris have, it seems, made their *début* by poetry, more or less successful, but the majority have subsequently found their way to prose; and the sentiments of the youthful verses often form an amusing contrast to the prose of more mature age. Thus the first performance of M. Berryer, was a sort of epithalamium on the entrance of Napoleon and Maria Louisa into Paris, which terminates with—

“Vivez, prince! vivez, pour faire des heureux
Tige en héros féconde, arbre majestueux,
Déployez vos rameaux, et croissant d’âge en âge,
Protégez l’univers sous votre auguste ombrage.”

Oh Phœbus Apollo! you have much to answer for.

To M. Louis Blanc the world, it seems, is indebted for verses on the Hospital of the Invalides, and for a poem on Mirabeau, in four hundred and twenty *vers libres*; to M. Orloian, professor, now at the school of law, for a collection of poems entitled “*Les Enfants*.” M. Fulchiron has been found guilty of several tragedies and poems,—“*Saul*,” “*The Siege of Paris*,” “*Argillon*,” “*Pizarro*,” &c. M. Guerard, one of the most eminent representatives of French erudition, obtained admission to the Academy by a poem called “*La Mort de Bayard*;” M. Genoud, a political allegory called “*The Délivrance d’Israel*;” M. l’Abbé de Veypiere, by a volume of sentimental poetry, “that might have been written by one of the elegant abbés of the seventeenth century.” But while the prose writers have thus mostly tried the ascent of Parnassus at least once in their lives, the poets who have gained for themselves a permanent settlement at the top of the mountain, have scarcely established themselves there before they *aspire* to descend, and trace their furrow on the humbler fields of prose.

Among the above-named poetical productions we find usually every year three or four epics, whose authors, however, show themselves rather erudite than inventive, and deal more with the facts of history than with the creations of the imagination. Didactic poetry yields annually six or eight volumes; idyls, allegories, and heroic poems, and the grand odes, once so much admired, “beginning with

an invocation, and ending with enthusiasm," have departed this life, and are no more seen, even at the Academy. In many of the old-fashioned branches of poetical manufacture, also, such as the epics aforesaid, the producers are supposed to be more numerous than the consumers, and the former may, we are told, esteem themselves fortunate if they sell a dozen copies, after having printed and published at their own expense. Verily great must be the faith of these martyrs in what they sometimes call their mission. Of political poems, such as the "Épître à Sidi Mahmoud," and the "Villeliade," eighty thousand copies have been sold in three years. Personal and violent satires have also been very successful; some of these were secretly printed, and dated from *Marathon*, the *first year of the republic*.

Most of the trades have in France their poetical representatives. For the hair-dressers, for instance, there are MM. Jasmin Daveau and Corsal; and carpenters and the cabinet-makers, bakers and shoemakers, gardeners and omnibus-owners, masons and embroiderers, all send deputies to the poetical assembly.

The quality and the aspects presented by this poetry have been, of course, very various, and ideas and views the most opposite and inconsistent have come into continual collision. The horizon changes every moment, and the reader is carried, as on the wings of the wind, through antiquity, the middle ages, and the *renaissance*, to the present day. When the revolution of 1830 broke out, the revolution in literature was already at its height, and in 1834 there was perfect anarchy. Each day brought forth new theories and verses transgressing all known rules. All kinds of whims, extravagances, and barbarisms were by turns erected into systems, and temples were raised to all sorts of literary deformities, as by the ancients to all the vices. The once-worshipped names of the past were torn down without mercy, and others, hitherto unknown, resuscitated to receive their apotheosis, and "As it happens in all *émeutes*, people who desired only wise, enlightened, necessary reforms, could not make themselves heard." The old classics, we are told, looked down on the hosts of innovators with a terror like that of the old emigrants of '92 looking down from the heights of Coblenz on the triumphant march of the revolution, and proclaimed the chiefs of the new school to be literary Antichrists, whose coming foretold the last day. Four or five years later, however, for things move quickly in France, the partizans of the ancient *régime* had become in a great measure reconciled to the revolutionists, and they on their parts had lightened their vessel of extravagances that might have caused it to founder.

As for the poets themselves, in 1825, they were melancholy and Byronian; in 1830, political, devoted to the cause of humanity, ambitious of ruling the world, and comparing themselves to the pillar of fire that guided the Israelites across the Desert; in 1834, they sung despair and death; in 1838 they sought refuge in "the ancient faith;" in 1844 both despair and religious consolation were forgotten, and they chanted the seductive charms of life, "of the world, the flesh, and the devil."

From the poets, following the bibliographical arrangement, we come to romancists. These form a group of about a hundred writers, of whom about fifteen are women. The average number of their productions, as stated by M. Louandre, falls short of what, from their known fertility, might have been anticipated. But the two

hundred and ten new novels published every year would be enormously increased by the addition of the almost countless host of *feuilleton* novels. Their abundance is explained by the nature of the demand, and the character of the readers addressed. Every day something new is required to awaken the curiosity of those who read with the intention of never troubling themselves to think, if they can help it, and the firm resolution of learning nothing. The idle class, which desires only to be amused, always numerous in France, is especially so in Paris, where there are many who esteem themselves rich enough to do nothing, yet who are too poor to take part in expensive pleasures, and who have no other resource against *ennui* than the promenade, the *café*, and novel-reading.

French historical novels have, of course, been mostly imitations of Walter Scott; but the writers seem to have forgotten that to revive in fiction the realities of history, it is at least necessary to know the past,—and this is precisely what was wanting to the disciples of the author of “Ivanhoe;” who, when they ought to have seized the spirit of past ages, contented themselves with copying their outward forms; and, accordingly, very few of these productions—“Nôtre Dame de Paris,” “Cinq Mars,” and a few others, have taken permanent rank.

By the side of the historical we find the maritime novel, also, of course, imitated from the English; the republican novel, born in 1831 and defunct in 1835; the philanthropical, the religious-legitimist, the Catholic, the anti-Catholic novel, in which the Jesuits play the part of the devil in the old mysteries. And there is also the romance military, the romance communist, the romance conjugal—in which, as it proceeds from a masculine or feminine pen, a husband is the victim of his wife, or a wife the victim of her husband. French novelists have given up apparently the study of character for the study of vices; they have descended to the very lowest steps of the social scale; they have mingled with the degraded, the dangerous, the utterly fallen; they have thrown a kind of glittering gauze over their rags; they have lent these miserable beings arguments to justify their fall, or they have created imaginary and impossible *Fleurs-de-Maries*, as in other classes of society they have produced *femmes incomprises* and *invariables*. Rogues, bullies, sharpers, thieves, assassins, have been described, idealized, and defended against society, so that while philanthropists and economists were occupied with the reform of prisons, the novel-writers were doing their best to people them. Other productions there are whose mere titles are sufficient, “Une Pecheresse,” “Une Séduction,” “Un Flagrant Délit,” “Ce que Vierge ne doit lire,” &c.; but of this mournful and scandalous department of literature little more need be said, as a general protest has arisen against it. M. Louandre mentions a species of this genus, which he calls the *physiological*, a revival from the sixteenth century, and “worthy of its audacious predecessors.” What is most remarkable, he says, in these productions is, that notwithstanding their defiance of decency, the writers would fain take on themselves the character of social reformers.

From the physiology of individuals, the same writers have passed to that of cities, and obliged the world with “Paris at Night,” “Paris at Table,” “Paris on Horseback,” “Literary Paris,” “Married Paris,” &c.; and thence to that of nations, with “The English

painted by themselves," and so on; and, lastly, "The Physiology of Physiologists." Passing these, we come upon a crowd of ambiguous productions,—pictures of manners, and books of the rose-coloured order,—keepsakes and tales, interlaced with verses, and illustrated with vignettes, and others to which the "Livre de Cent et un" has served as a model.

But there was yet another branch of the manufacture which it was thought might be more worked to greater profit. The literature of the nursery might be turned to better account than heretofore, and no sooner was this discovery made than there sprung up a great crop of little books "destined for the amusement and instruction of childhood and youth." Fashionable novelists, and writers of *vaudevilles*, even Messrs. De Balzac, Janin, and Dumas, did not disdain to address an infantine audience, and the book-trade speculated on the small public as it had done on the great one. Juvenile Keepsakes, and gaily-decorated works, in which illustration overflowed and almost swallowed up the text—these descended in a golden shower. The so-called religious houses of education have entered into competition with lay-writers in this department, and have sent forth a crowd of *Historiettes*, published under episcopal authority. They have even admitted into their "Little Catholic Libraries," writers pitilessly proscribed some years ago, and *expurgated*, for this purpose, not only Walter Scott, but, what is rather a more difficult matter, Gil Blas! M. l'Abbe Pinard, who has performed many of these literary exorcisms, has even presented his countrymen with an "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," in which the Sultana Schehezerade is transformed into the teacher of a ladies' boarding-school.

The literati of Paris have seized on the principles of association and co-operation, which have been rightly extolled as so advantageous in industrial undertakings connected with the labour of the hands, and applied them also to those of the mind. Companies have been formed among men and women of letters, for the production of works in which the gentlemen charged themselves with the terrible passions, and the ladies with the subtle observations and delicate emotions of the heart; and these companies have taken into their service editorial clerks, who have been allowed a share in the concern. One writer (M. Alexandre Dumas), has sometimes employed no less than sixty-three journeymen, or collaborators, as they are politely called; so that the bibliographers have been at their wits' end to know to whom a work was to be attributed, and publishers have sometimes stipulated that the whole of a manuscript should be in the author's own hand-writing.

In 1836, the novel-writers made their great irruption into the newspapers, an invasion which has created a disastrous epoch in the literary history of France; disastrous, first to those who adopted the system, as imposing on them ruinous expenses to secure the co-operation of this or that writer most in fashion at the moment; disastrous in a literary point of view, as usurping the place of serious criticism; disastrous, also, in a moral point of view, for the *feuilleton*-romance has attacked and degraded all that is worthy of respect—the family, women, religious faith—it has calumniated human nature, and cast on society the responsibility of the perversity and vices of the individual; disastrous to the national honour of the French, for it has represented them in the eyes of Europe as a de-

moralized, enervated people, sincere in no worship but that of pleasure or gold, and with no activity but in evil-doing, and fatal also to the dignity of letters, for the *feuilleton*-romance has mostly but one object, that of realizing as speedily as possible a large pecuniary profit.

Is it wonderful that in the pursuit of enormous gains, the interests of art should have been forgotten? "But art avenges herself," says M. Louandre; "for the mercantile period in an author's life is marked by an inevitable cessation of growth in his talents, and, not unfrequently, by a rapid decay, so that, singularly enough, we must seek generally in the commencement of an author's career for his best productions."

We have scarcely time to take a hasty glance at the statement of facts connected with the dramatic literature of the period in question, but a few figures will give a general idea of its condition.

The register of the Society of Dramatic Authors presents, it seems, 460 names, but the number of actually living writers, whose names figure from time to time upon the play-bills, amounts to nearly 900; and, if we include in the list the authors of tragedies, comedies, and vaudevilles, which have never been acted, it will appear that this branch of industry has never been more active. In the dramatic workshops, also, the principles of co-operation and division of labour, so useful in all manufactures, has been extensively put in practice. Slight little comedies and vaudevilles have two or three names appended to them, as for instance "Scribe — & Co.," or the names of the less important junior partners are sunk altogether, and a piece on which he has really bestowed only a few finishing touches, comes forth under the hand and seal of the head of the firm. Not fame, but lucrative success, is the great object aimed at. The number of new pieces produced in fifteen years, exclusive of 150 played only in the provinces, are stated at 3,789, of which the greater part, of course, are of a slight and easy kind. Among dramatists and novel-writers we find the same pretension to touch on every possible subject—history, politics, socialism,—and here, as before, exaggeration, disorder, contempt of study, and often of decency; the same use and abuse of the terrible, the criminal, and the odious.

The reprehensible conduct of the authors of these reckless compositions needs no comment. In large cities there must be, or, at all events, there always have been, large classes to whom such recreations are as attractive and as poisonous as the liquid fire of the gin-palace; but nowhere can they be more dangerous than among the excitable and highly-imitative population of Paris. Fortunately, there have been symptoms observable of the authors in question having become conscious of, and regretting, the mischief they have been doing. From this, one would hope the distance would not be great towards amendment; but now that society and literature are once more plunged into the fiery crater of revolution, it is impossible to foresee what precise form either is next to assume, or what kind of products will issue from that seething cauldron. But whatever strange shapes we may behold, there will, probably, be few or none which have not been seen before, as shadows in the magic glass of the imagination.

“ARE THERE THOSE WHO READ THE FUTURE?”

A TISSUE OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN.”

“I can’t say she was an agreeable person: for in society her main aim was to appear wiser than her neighbours.”

LADY MARY W. MONTAGU’S opinion of *Madame la Comtesse de V—t.*

MISS STARKE was furious. And the more because Lady Nelson resolutely withheld all details of the foreigner’s conversation.

“Be satisfied,” was her sole comment; “the import of the interview is singular enough. But not even to my son* will I disclose its bearing. For the present I hold it sacred.”

“Say you so?” murmured Miss Starke, *sotto voce*. “I will fathom it; and Miss de Crespigny, too, riddle as she is to myself and others. When did a mystery baffle me!”

The perseverance of masculine ladies of a certain age, *in the path of private investigation* is incredible. Miss Starke’s indignation had not long to sleep. It was speedily aroused by another transaction. A rumour became rife through Sunny Bay that Widow Hussey had sustained “a dreadful check;” the information given by the “Wise Lady” to her humble inquirer “had almost been the death of her!”

Miss Starke caught at this information, and speedily acted upon it. She donned, in the twinkling of an eye, her riding-hat and blue habit; and was soon striding on her way to the widow’s domicile.

Widow Hussey was a confectioner on a small scale; but among the juveniles of considerable reputation. Her husband was a fisherman, and generally successful; so that the joint produce of the fingers of Hussey—male and female—brought in a very respectable income. They were “well to do,” in this wicked world!

One luckless morning, Hussey, the male, was missing. He had been out the entire previous day with a comrade, fishing. There was a light breeze; and mackerel were reported to have been seen off Sunny-bay bar. Thither Hussey and his companion hastened. Some hours afterwards their boat was discovered floating keel upwards; but no trace of the unfortunate fishermen could be found. The common belief was, that their boat had been capsized by some sudden squall, and that its occupants had met a watery grave.

Mrs. Hussey was inconsolable. She deplored “the death of the best of husbands.” She avowed that “life was a burden to her.” She declared that she “anxiously looked forward to the time when she should be re-united to her faithful partner.” She maintained that she had “nothing left upon this earth to live for!” She re-

* Captain Josiah Nesbit, R. N., Lady Nelson’s son by her first husband, a very gallant officer. To him Lord Nelson was indebted for the preservation of his life at the attack on Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe. There, severely wounded, and almost helpless from pain and loss of blood, his services would unquestionably have closed but for his brave stepson, who, by an act of the most gallant daring interposed, and at great personal hazard conveyed him to a boat. Ah! could he have foreseen the after-experience of neglect and indifference which his mother had to endure! How mercifully is the future veiled from us!

peated in the most dolorous tones that "since the loss of her angel husband, Hussey," she had "never had one happy moment." She stood to it that "life was a wilderness; and that nothing could cheer her; no! not even what she heard in that dear, blessed building, "*The Little Revenge*." Night and day she was comfortless, "past cure, past hope, past help!" All Sunny Bay was enchanted. Her grief was described as "matchless," her "lamentations" as doing "honour to her sex." Her line of "conduct was highly commendable." She was called "a devoted widow;" and "the most affectionate-hearted woman" in the whole county of Devon, one that "deserved marked and liberal encouragement." And this she received.

Some eight months after Hussey's disappearance, the patrons of the forlorn one were astounded by intelligence that their *protégée* was again about to be linked in Hymen's bonds—her partner a smart young journeyman. All Sunny Bay was scandalized! What a dreadful instance of inconstancy! What frightful fickleness! What a violation of decorum! What forgetfulness of the dead! The married ladies said, one and all, that "they could not forgive her." The single ladies that "they could not have imagined such vacillation possible."

Mrs. Hussey was in terrible disgrace. But the culprit was not precipitate. Before she finally fixed the day for her second nuptials, she sought, and obtained, an interview with Hortense; and begged her counsel and opinion.

"On what point?" said "the Wise Woman," sharply, crowding a mass of papers into her writing-desk.

"On my paying a second visit to Littleham Church. I've a mind, marm, to become a wedded wife once more."

"What! would you belong to two husbands?" said Hortense, quickly.

The enquirer was startled in her turn.

"I'm thinking," she began after a pause—"I'm thinking of being married again."

"You had better entertain no thoughts of the kind!" was the brusque reply.

"Oh goodness gracious! Oh! gracious goodness! Why? pray speak: why?"

"You'll be tried for bigamy if you do."

The candidate for polygamy looked reproachfully towards her tormentor, and exclaimed:

"Heaven forbid! I never was brought before judge or jury in my life! And as to my dear first husband—"

"First husband!" interrupted Hortense; "your present husband! He's alive!"

"He's dead!" replied the other with decided and desperate firmness; "he's quite dead—dead to a certainty—dead months ago. Why, Mr. Cogbody preached his funeral sermon at '*The Little Revenge*.'"

"He's alive!" reiterated Hortense; "and will return and claim you!"

"Never in this world! Never! The sea holds him too fast. I'm free; quite free! And as for the young man who has offered to me, I'm vastly disposed"—

"To marry him, and take your chance of transportation," interposed the foreigner, finishing off the sentence in her own way.

At the mention of transportation, the perplexed confectioner, to use her own words, "swounded where she stood!"

To these various details, Miss Starke listened with an ominous and condemnatory frown. When concluded, she tapped her riding hat with a decided air, and gave her long blue habit a violent twitch—unerring indications of severe displeasure. “The natural,” exclaimed she, “I love! But the supernatural I abhor. Now mark me: this system of terror shall be put down; and this woman De Crespigny silenced.”

“But as to my wedding, marm?” cried Mrs. Hussey, “as to my wedding, marm, how would you advise me?”

“Marry!” said Miss Starke, oracularly. “Marry.”

“But my man’s afraid now! He seems shy and timid like! Talks of transportation and consequences!”

“Then spurn him!”

And with another twitch and another tap, Miss Starke sailed indignantly away.

Miss Starke was resolved on a *coup d’état!* Averse to appear personally in the affair, more particularly as the topic of marriage was mixed up with it, she prevailed on Dr. Cave to assume the guise of her champion, and to start as a “redresser of grievances.” Dr. Cave—he lived in North-street, and had no slight impediment in his speech—would in these days have been styled a Whig, and something more. He was an ardent politician: and viewed all public events with a jaundiced eye.

“The nation was on the eve of bankruptcy. Napoleon would in six months be in England. We had no longer a fragment of our boasted constitution. Pitt had frittered it away, piecemeal. Our army on the continent would be sacrificed. Sir Arthur Wellesley was no general—of that he was quite convinced! Spain was lost—irredeemably. There could be no doubt on the point. Three months hence and the whole British force would be driven by French bayonets into the sea. The sun of England had set: and she would soon be a byword among nations.” Such were Dr. Cave’s oracular assertions. There never was a more determined croaker.

Such was the party who, at Miss Starke’s bidding, called on Mr. Hull of Marpool, the acting magistrate of the district, to disclose to him Hortense de Crespigny’s iniquities, and to press for some magisterial notice of them.

The justice listened with admirable patience to the doctor’s confused and tedious narrative, closed with the prayer that he would act forthwith.

“Against whom?”

“This pretender.”

“Certainly, if you make out a case for my interference; as far, however, as present appearances go, I ought to act against you and the other simpletons of Sunny Bay.”

The doctor looked surpassingly irate.

“This woman is a talker, flighty I should imagine, and you encourage her. She takes no fee, uses no artifice, there is no invoking of Zamiel or Mephistophiles, no recourse to any nonsense of that kind. You ask her a question. She looks you steadily in the face, and answers it. If you choose to regard her replies as gospel, your’s is the folly, and her’s the hearty laugh, which she must enjoy over and over again at your credulity.”

The doctor’s colour rose; and he began to stutter most surprisingly.

"Fl—fl—flighty!" he gasped out at length—"fl—flighty, say you? she knows more than mo—most women!"

"That may very possibly be," said Mr. Hull, drily.

"Her views of goo—goo—government are so extraordinary!" persisted Dr. Cave.

"I know others whose notions on that point are equally erratic," was the calm rejoinder.

"Then her conduct to poor Hussey was cruel, nay bar—bar—barbarous. To tell a lone, weeping widow that her husband was alive, and would, by and bye, claim her! Essentially and unpardonably wrong!"

"For the life of me I can't see that! One would imagine a weeping woman would deem those joyful tidings which told her that she need no longer bemoan the dead—for that the dead was really living and forthcoming!"

"But Hussey I main—main—maintain is dead."

"What proof have you of his death?" said the magistrate pointedly. "His body has never been found. No one has come forward, that I can learn, as a witness to Hussey's last moments. How know you for a certainty that he is dead?"

"This is all wrong!" ejaculated Doctor Cave; "decidedly and deplorably wrong! Wealthy witches are to be permitted to sco—sco—scour the country throughout its length and breadth, harassing people's feelings, declaring that the dead are alive, and driving poor ignorant creatures half frantic, while the magistrate declines to interfere. It's all wrong, vitally and irredeemably wrong."

"Interfere! I am ready to interfere the moment I can do so legally. The liberty of the subject is not lightly to be trifled with. You must yourself see that, Dr. Cave?"

"I see nothing but what is wr—wr—wrong!" responded the doctor, in the most lugubrious tones; "wrong both on the right hand and on the left! There is no liberty of the subject. None whatever! Pitt demolished that during his tenure of office. The majesty of the law is known no longer. Alas! for England. Her sun is set. Her children are slaves. Her power extinct. We are all wrong! hopelessly and universally wrong!"

So saying, Dr. Cave retired from Marpool, more disgusted than ever with "things in general;" and more firmly wedded—were that possible—to his notion that magistrates and people, law-makers and law-breakers, were each and all alike wrong!

On the following morning but one an agreeable surprize awaited him. Miss de Crespigny had quitted Sunny Bay. She had, it appeared, sat up the whole of the previous night burning papers; and at four in the morning had started for Exeter. Thence, without pausing for refreshment, she had posted to Plymouth. At that busy sea-port all trace of her was lost. The comments occasioned by her flight were curious. Some held that she was crazy. Others that she was a spy in the pay of Lord Sidmouth. Some affected to consider her an agent of the French government, and busily employed in reporting English news to the Emperor's cabinet.

Altogether there was a mystery about her which none could fathom. And what added to it was a statement made by a most respectable party, and who could apparently have no motive to mislead, that during a short visit to London, he saw a person enter the foreign office in Downing-

street, who he could swear was no other than Miss de Crespigny. He recognised her at once. But she was on this occasion attired as a man. And from this strange and startling assertion he never varied.

Meanwhile marvellous changes took place. The Emperor was driven from his throne. The Bourbons were restored. Peace again visited Europe. The prison gave up its captives, and among those who returned was the long lost Hussey!

The account he gave of himself was simple and straightforward. The beauty of the day, and the excellent sport they met with had tempted him and his companion far beyond Sunny Bay bar. A French privateer espied them, lowered a boat, manned it, and captured them. They were plundered of all they had, and lodged in a French prison. His fare had been hard enough, and his treatment worse. His fellow-sufferer had sunk under it, but he, sustained by hope, lived on. He had never been able to find means of communicating with his friends in England, but he had never despaired of reaching her shores once more.

There he was! somewhat thinned, and aged, and worn, and grey; but still the real, *veritable* Hussey! And there, to greet him, sat his dame—bappily yet unprovided with another mate.

All this was speedily communicated to Dr. Cave. He grunted and groaned most awfully. And when his informant asked him his opinion, gave this most unexpected answer: "All he could say was, it was *extremely wrong!*"

Time sped on. The Bourbons were restored, and expelled. At least the elder branch of that dynasty was driven from the throne of France. The three frightful days of July drew on! and the horrors of a revolution were once more rife in the streets of Paris. And Lady Nelson was present, and in the very thick of it. The son of the mistress of the hotel where she resided was shot almost in her presence. The rifles of the combatants penetrated the room where the youthful members of her family were sitting. The servant who was waiting on them was shot dead by their side. The gendarmes searched the house with extraordinary keenness and rigour, because they were assured some member of the Polignac ministry was concealed in it, and because they knew full well the intimacy that had subsisted between "the Duchess de Berri and Miladi Nelson."

Searched it was repeatedly, minutely, distressingly; but no Polignac had, or was likely *then* to have, made it his place of refuge. *Grief possessed the household.* It was as had been foretold her, one of the most wretched days of the widowed peeress's chequered life. She had just buried her son, her only child, him who had been so true to her in all her trials, whose dutiful attachment to her had never wavered, and in whose affection she found a balm for much of her past sorrow and neglect. It was a bitter hour, for she had never deemed it possible she should survive him; and quenchless sorrow for his loss soon brought her to the grave.

She died, generous and self-denying woman! truly and literally of a broken heart.

But the question still remains unanswered—where was Miss de Crespigny? and who was she? An enigma to this hour!

ROBERT EMMETT AND ARTHUR AYLMER;

O.R, DUBLIN IN 1803.

BY W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

THROUGHOUT the morning of the 23rd of June, 1803, strange and confused rumours were prevalent in the Irish capital—vague whisperings were interchanged that treason was abroad; all shook their heads suspiciously, but none ventured to point out the quiver from which the arrow should be discharged, or name a probable period for the expected explosion.

It would be idle to suppose that coming events, known to all besides, were concealed from the executive, and that for several preceding days their *employés* had not assured the government that an *émeute* might be momentarily expected. The information, however, did not come directly through the Vidocq of the day; and it is more probable it did not suit Major Sirr's purpose to disclose his knowledge of the conspiracy until it had become more extended and matured.

A wilder scheme was never devised by a mad enthusiast; and how Emmett could have carried on his preparations undiscovered as he did, and to the very evening of the insurrection, is astonishing. His arsenal—a deserted malt-house—was situated in the heart of a district densely populated; many persons were employed in fabricating weapons, filling cartridges, and forming hand-grenades; numbers were seen entering and departing from a building which for years had been unoccupied; and yet this unaccountable circumstance appears neither to have excited suspicion nor provoked inquiry, nor did an accidental explosion of gunpowder create more alarm than the disappearance of a drunken tailor, who had been kidnapped and confined in the *dépôt* to make a general's uniform for the chief conspirator.

Robert Emmett was a gentleman by birth, well educated, and possessed talents of the highest order; his personal appearance was very favourable, his manner polished, and his disposition kind and generous. But on one subject he was decidedly monomaniac, and that was, in his enthusiastic attachment to what he fancied was civil liberty. In 1798 he was obliged to quit the country; no change, however, "came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he returned to Ireland early in 1803, not shaken, but madly confirmed in the wildest theories of ultra-republicanism. The impracticable project for overturning the government was too desperate for a reasoning man to contemplate, and it could therefore be nothing but the phantasy of "a mind diseased." He repudiated foreign aid, and at home he had none to countenance his mad attempt but a few of the lowest of the citizens. On a score or two muskets, some hundred pikes, and any of the rabble who would be persuaded to receive them, his wild expectations rested; and never was a political superstructure raised on sandier foundation than in reliance on an Irish mob.

Emmett for some time had been under the *surveillance* of the metropolitan police, and consequently had lived in close concealment.

His days were passed in the malt-house, superintending his military preparations, and in the evening he retired to the house of a deluded tradesman, which, from its immediate vicinity to his depôt, was to one circumstanced as he was particularly convenient.

That a discovery of his plot against the government might hourly be expected, Emmett had good reason to conclude; and the only desperate alternative left to the mad adventurer was, to draw the sword at once, and precipitate the outbreak.

I said that Emmett's associates were confined to the lowest classes of society; but there was a solitary exception. A young gentleman, of ruined fortunes, had desperately entered into the conspiracy; and while Emmett saw nothing but what was brilliant in the distance, Arthur Aylmer felt assured that success was altogether hopeless.

Aylmer was a man of ancient family. His father, after dissipating a goodly inheritance in horse-racing and electioneering, left his only son an orphan; and an unmarried uncle, a gentleman of large property, adopted him, and announced him to be his heir. With Emmett Aylmer had been a student in the Dublin university; and, while his friend cultivated a fine taste and inculcated his dangerous doctrines, Aylmer wasted neither time nor thought on political theories, but led a gay and careless life in evening revelries and morning amusements. Fine as the college youth were then, none in the manlier exercises could compete with Arthur Aylmer. He was the best hurler of his day, threw the sledge farther than any of his compeers, and, in a running leap, was held to be unrivalled. By a singular coincidence, Aylmer and Emmett on the same morning had obtained an unfortunate notoriety; the former was expelled for fighting a duel, the latter upon charges of sedition.

Pardonable as the first offence was, at a period when duelling was so much the order of the day that even the judges of the land would send and accept a challenge, Aylmer's expulsion was never forgiven by his uncle, and time, instead of healing, appeared to enlarge the breach. At last the old man, by an insane marriage with a girl who might have been taken rather for a grand-daughter than a wife, annihilated every hope his nephew might have still indulged of succeeding to his uncle's fortune. Debts, contracted when he considered himself about to inherit a fine estate, now pressed heavily on the unfortunate young gentleman. His creditors, as his prospects became more overclouded, became in turn more urgent; writs were issued, which he could only avoid by personal concealment. Literally without a guinea, a mad attempt or a debtor's prison was the only alternative left him; and, reckless of a life, which he now regarded as worse than valueless, Aylmer sheltered himself in the depôt, and agreed to take part in a wild *émeute*, which he knew would consign its leaders to the scaffold.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and on that night an outbreak, once postponed, was to be attempted at every hazard. All the *matériel* within the arsenal of the conspirators was now being placed in readiness; and the mad enthusiast who had devised the conspiracy, and the reckless man who had joined it, were personally superintending the preparations for the intended insurrection. Against the walls of a large and desolate-looking loft hundreds of pikes were resting—fire-arms, grenades, and cartridges were spread loosely over the floor;

several beams, hollowed and filled with powder, and planks thickly studded with spike-nails to impede cavalry, were placed against an open window to launch into the street. All was bustle, and some twenty men were employed in active preparation for one of the wildest attempts which history records.

Screened by some packing-cloths, a corner of the wretched building was considered private, and appropriated to "the general," as poor Emmett called himself. A deal table, two crazy chairs, and a desk comprised the furniture, and there, after a hurried meal, the two conspirators were seated: all was in perfect keeping with the place. Two vulgar wine-glasses and an undecanted bottle of port-wine were placed upon the table.

"You seem dispirited, Arthur; come, rouse thee, man!—the wine is not amiss, although our table appointments are of the plainest order. Well; 'tis the last night we shall be constrained to play at hide-and-seek; and, before this time to-morrow evening the metropolis will be—"

"Marvelling that men could be out of Bedlam, who were half so mad as we," exclaimed Aylmer, as he broke in upon the unfinished sentence.

Emmett coloured to the brows. "If you think the attempt so unpromising, why persevere? You are still a free agent, and need not commit yourself—you have ample time to recede. Your secret rests in a breast that never will betray it; and, excepting myself, none even know your name."

"My dear Emmett, I have never concealed from you the fact, that circumstances, and not fancy, have made me your partisan," returned Aylmer; "there are secret springs which influence human actions, and mine obey their guidance: attend to me a moment. You know the cruel disappointment which cherished assurances of wealth, and all that is attendant on it, inflicts on him who was taught from infancy to look to a noble inheritance as his, and at manhood finds his dream suddenly dispelled, and himself thrown on the world, worse even than a pauper. Would you believe me when I tell you, that, even after the dotard's marriage, some whisperings of hope sustained me; but this day the final blow has been delivered, and there is nothing in this world now, as far as I am concerned, to occasion either hope or fear."

He took a newspaper from his pocket, pointed out a paragraph as he handed it across the table to his companion, and then continued.

"Read, my friend, and then say whether my ruin is not fully consummated."

Emmett took the paper, and, in an under tone, rapidly repeated the paragraph:—

"Yesterday, at Aylmer Castle, the lady of Reginald Aylmer was safely delivered of a son and heir. The universal joy which this happy event occasioned was evidenced by a general demonstration of delight; when darkness came, on every height bonfires were blazing."

"Nay, stop, my dear Emmett; these agreeable details are not particularly gratifying to me. Whatever doubts I entertained before of joining in the intended outbreak are now removed, and for a thousand pounds, by heaven, I would not now hold back!"

"I do not exactly see how far this occurrence can have removed your previous scruples," was the remark.

"A very few words will explain it," replied Aylmer. "You are, my dear Emmett, a political enthusiast—forgive me, I mean you no offence—and so also is my uncle, although you differ in opinion widely as the poles are apart. Seek Ireland over, you will not find a more bigoted Orangeman than he; he might feel some regret at seeing a mad dog hanged, but he would be particularly gratified in assisting to string up a rebel. He prides himself on the loyalty of his name, and, as I am well convinced, would much rather that any of his lineage were accused of highway-robbery than sedition. Were I thrown into a jail he would treat the matter with indifference, and probably dole out through the keeper enough to prevent the prodigal from starving. A ruined nephew has caused him no regret—a rebel nephew will wring his withers to the quick! Yes, old dotard! I'll mar your festivities when you least expect it; and while you pride yourself on a youthful heir, the paper that records his birth will recall to memory your traitor kinsman. What hour is this affair to commence?"

"At twilight," was the reply.

"Then shall I be with you punctually; one visit must be paid, and then the sooner the world and I shake hands and part, the better."

Aylmer rose from the table—was cautiously let out of the building into the narrow lane, the door was jealously secured, and, proceeding by the most private and unfrequented streets, he left the wretched locality for one of the chosen resorts of fashion.

Arthur Aylmer we have described as combining what are generally found to be physically opposite, uncommon strength and great activity. When nature is liberal in some gifts, she often plays the niggard regarding others; but in Aylmer's case the fickle dame had made a generous exception. No ponderous outlines marred the symmetry of his figure while they marked its strength; no meagre and sinewy frame-work promised a remarkable agility. His appearance was, at the same time, graceful and commanding; while in a face, whose expression was exceedingly prepossessing, not a feature could have been objected to.

As a student, Arthur Aylmer was an idler; but who could have waded through the stupid reading which a university course then imposed but some dull mortal, to whose heavy intellect Pope and Shakspeare were incomprehensible? But Aylmer was a man of better taste; and while De Lolme and Burlamaqui were thrown aside, the old dramatists and all the lighter literature of the day were more pleasantly and profitably substituted.

Never had a brilliant career closed more sadly and unexpectedly; one short year before, men envied and women worshipped Reginald Aylmer's then acknowledged heir. All that could intoxicate youthful vanity had assailed him, and whether he hurled in the park, or danced in the gay assembly, on him admiring looks were centred. To personal advantages, others which influence society were super-added. Aylmer had birth, position, and prospective fortune, and for him many a beauty sighed, and on him many a mother speculated; but he was love-proof—his heart was already preoccupied. With Irish gallantry, Aylmer returned the flattering incense abundantly offered him by the fair; and while all praised his agreeability, none asserted that a sentence had ever passed his lips which indicated a

warmer feeling than the customary homage which woman commands and man acknowledges.

Aylmer loved—not wisely, but too well—the beautiful daughter of a high legal functionary, who had fought his way to the judge's ermine. Let the reader not start at the phrase—ay, *fought*; for in those days, strange as it may sound to English ears, the pistol was the surest passport to the bench, and by personal intrepidity, rather than forensic talent, a friendless lawyer had thus made his way to fortune. The times were out of joint, daring was better than desert; and a man, in boyhood destined for the priesthood, at fifty saw a name, originally conferred upon a peasant's son, recorded proudly in the peerage.

No matter what profession he might have selected, in it Lord —— would have risen to eminence; the head was admirably gifted, but nature had sent him into the world without a heart. He possessed determined courage, with a conscience that owned no scruples; and the whole objects of his existence seemed centred in despotic power. To ready and efficient agents—and none others would he employ—he was ever a munificent patron, and place, pension, and distinction were showered upon minions whom he secretly and heartily despised. But it was the tool, and not the man that he rewarded.

Such was the celebrated Lord ——. There was but one being upon earth he was supposed to love, and that love was secondary to his all-engrossing ambition. The world did not hesitate to assert, that, had pride demanded the sacrifice, like another Jephtha, Lord —— would not have scrupled to find the victim in his daughter.

In every leading point of character, never was child so like a parent as Lady Caroline was like the judge. Sumptuously beautiful, could report be trusted, Ireland did not produce her peer. Under fascinating manners she concealed a masculine and imperious disposition; and, while she exacted homage, she despised it. Cold to the feelings of all beside, she trifled with those who worshipped at the shrine of beauty until she tired of the incense profusely offered, and then her delight appeared to lie in rudely crushing the hopes her smiles had fostered. But, cold as her worthless heart was, it owned a solitary impression; and, so far as a being like herself could know what love was, she felt that passion for Arthur Aylmer.

Never was man better fitted to become the dupe of dangerous beauty than Reginald Aylmer's discarded heir. In him every thought and act were open and impulsive; and when Lady Caroline listened with brilliant smiles to his tale of ardent love, and told him in return that

“All which his lips impassioned swore,”

was faithfully reciprocated, had an angel whispered a doubt against the fair one's constancy, Aylmer would have repudiated the suspicion. From personal observation, as well as the private admissions of his daughter, Lord —— was perfectly aware of the existing *liaison*, and, in the fashionable circles, a speedy union between the parties was spoken of as a settled affair. The very morning which preceded the fatal duel, Aylmer was engaged in writing a letter to his uncle, announcing the engagement and soliciting his approval.

When the old man's angry feelings towards his rash nephew became generally known, an evident coldness in Lord ——'s manner was remarked, and Arthur fancied that a change had come over the

bearing even of the lady of his love. But, when it was reported that the irritated uncle talked of disinheritance, increasing formality on the father's part and frequent "not-at-homes" by the daughter, confirmed what before had been mere suspicion. Too soon the *coup de tonnerre* descended; and the old man's marriage, by the same blow, annihilated every hope of pardon and extinguished the torch of love.

When brooding over loss of fortune one morning, a letter enveloped officially, and sealed with an earl's coronet, was delivered to the disinherited youth. It was from Lord —, and worded in the coldest language. It mentioned that, as idle reports had crept into circulation touching a non-existent engagement, and that as these must be particularly disagreeable to himself, and annoying to Lady Caroline, it was desirable that such idle gossip should be ended. Of course the means were in a nutshell. It was imperative that there should be a total cessation of visiting at his house; while in public, Lady Caroline and Mr. Aylmer should meet as strangers. Such, he continued, were his decided opinions, and in these, his daughter entreated him to say that she altogether coincided.

Before the next moon waned, a paragraph ran the rounds of the newspapers stating that a marriage in high life was decided on, and that the union would be immediate. The Earl of — was the successful suitor, the beautiful Lady Caroline the fair *fiancée*.

At last the long-expected announcement, that the happy day was fixed for the 23rd of June, appeared in the courtly column of the morning papers. "The happy day!"—and would the false fair one feel it one,

" Whose morning rose
To promise rapture in its close?"

No; all her love for Aylmer had returned; and, in secret bitterness of soul, she cursed the hour when she had consented to barter youth and beauty for titled wealth. And who was he who claimed her hand and fealty? The contrast between him and the rejected one was fearful, Aylmer, gifted by nature to exuberance—the earl—

" A dwarf in person, and in mind a dolt."

A strong presentiment that the bridal day of his faithless mistress should be the last that he would pass in the metropolis, haunted Aylmer's fancy, and some freakish impulse induced him to repair to Merrion Square.

"Yes," he muttered, as he buttoned his coat collar to prevent recognition, "I'll view the spot once more, where I wooed and won the lost one."

The square was crowded when he reached it, for the bridal *déjeûner* had been delayed by waiting for the Viceroy, who honoured it with his company, and hence, the departure of the happy pair had been made later than was customary. The flagways were crowded with lookers-on; the drive nearly choked with carriages; while conspicuous by the white favors worn by the postillions, the travelling chariot of the noble bridegroom divided popular attention with the vice-regal state-coach and its escort of light dragoons.

"Not yet departed!" muttered Aylmer: "I must not risk a passing glance at her, or by heaven! I think 'twould madden me." And pressing through the crowd, he hurried from the square.

He cleared the throng, turned from the earl's mansion into a street leading into fields long since built upon. A loud hurra announced that the bridal equipage had started; and he walked hastily on in an opposite direction to that which he imagined the false fair one and her lord would take. Fate had still an arrow in reserve; and the last, to feelings already lacerated, was not less deadly than those that had preceded it.

The route he had unfortunately taken, unknown to Aylmer, led directly from the square into the southern road, when, in a few minutes, a rush at speed of horses was heard, and the carriage he was so anxious to avoid came rapidly on. As it overtook him—strange and evil augury! the near-side leader fell, rolling over and totally disabling the post-boy. Alarm and confusion followed; the carriage blinds were pulled up, the bride was pale as marble, and her lord, to all appearance, still more agitated than his lady. The only person who viewed the accident was the discarded lover; and by the common impulse of humanity, he sprang forward, and endeavoured to extricate the boy from the pressure of the fallen horse. He succeeded; and as he raised his tall figure from its stooping attitude, his eyes met Lady Caroline's. At the recognition Aylmer's face flushed to the very brows, while the bride, uttering a wild scream, fell back in the carriage and fainted.

"I have seen enough, and lived too long," muttered the discarded lover; "and now to seek the shortest and surest cure for misery like mine—a grave!"

He said, and hurried to the city.

Muffled in his coat, with his hat slouched over his forehead, Aylmer again repassed the house of feasting. He paused, fond wretch! to take a parting look at what he once believed to be the home of love and constancy. His stop was momentary, for in undertones, a voice whispered in his ear, "Ah! Mr. Aylmer, is it you?"

The person thus suddenly addressed, started and looked round. A woman was standing at his elbow, one who was once a favourite attendant of her who had ruled his heart.

"You here, Kathleeine?"

"Yes, Mr. Aylmer," was the reply. "The last letter that you gave me, and which I delivered to Lady Caroline, was handed to the earl unopened in my presence, and in less than half an hour afterwards—"

She paused.

"Go on, Kathleeine; what then?"

"Why, I was discarded like yourself."

"And have I injured thee, too, poor girl? I fancied that fate had reserved her malice for myself."

"Think nothing of it, sir. Were aught that could serve you to be done again, trust me, that Kathleeine would not fail you. Have I forgotten the many times I brought my lady's billets, how you would wrap the answer in a bank-note, give me a kiss, and tell me to pay the postage?"

Aylmer smiled bitterly, while his hand impulsively sought his pocket. "By heaven!" he muttered, "not one solitary shilling." And pushing roughly through the crowd, he hurried from the spot.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE SAN' SPIRITO AT ROME,

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

It is in March, and, I think, upon the first day of the month, that a somewhat curious ceremony is observed at this great and useful institution in the Eternal City. This is an annual and a public anatomical demonstration. The *Locale* is an old-fashioned saloon, surrounded by a kind of balustrade, or railing. It is overlooked by a small gallery, and around the saloon and outside the railings are raised seats and standing-places for the visitors. It is not, like one of the ceremonies of the church in Easter week, attended by thousands of natives and strangers; on the contrary, it is but little known, and is attended almost entirely by the inhabitants of the quarter in which the San' Spirito is situated, and by a few whom curiosity, invitation, or accident, may bring together. As I enjoyed the acquaintance of one of the kindest and the oldest surgeons employed there, I gladly accepted the opportunity of witnessing—or, as the French would say, of assisting—at this ceremony.

Upon reaching the room, in which perhaps a couple of hundred persons were assembled, my attention was first struck by observing several young men dressed in a kind of college uniform, and handing round, upon trays, lemons, tied up in bunches with coloured ribbons. This beautiful fruit, still attached to its twigs, and surrounded by its leaves, was so abundant as to scent the atmosphere with a very agreeable odour. The persons occupying the gallery, said to be governors or officials of some sort, were first served; then certain persons in the crowd below; and, lastly, the remainder of the fruit, now separate and single, were distributed among the casual visitors.

While this ceremony was proceeding I had time to look about me, and observed that towards the upper portion of the circle there stood a large table, covered with a green baize, and upon it was placed an inclined plane of perhaps two yards long and one yard wide, bearing what appeared to be two large medallions, ornamented around with clipped and coloured paper, wrought into a kind of wreath in an oval form, and giving to the whole rather a pretty effect. On looking closer, however, it might be seen that the masses within these wreaths were parts of the human subject, very neatly dissected, and arranged in such a way as to be as little offensive as possible. A kind of lecture and demonstration, I found, was to be given upon the organs of deglutition, and the *preparations* were consequently made with that view. One of these exhibited the external, the other the internal or actual parts of the organs whose structure and functions were about to be explained. It is curious that the latter—the dissected and mangled portion—appeared to create no unpleasant sensation; but the former, the medallion, which was, in fact, the human head and neck, split through the crown down the forehead, nose, mouth, &c., and most carefully fastened flat upon a board, produced in a few persons, I observed, a very different effect. It was rather a handsome head, and the medallion, or *alto-relievo*, most

artistically executed; but, with its natural dark hair, eyelashes, and beard, it was by no means a pleasant object to look upon.

After a short delay, the lecturer and his assistant, apparently two students, advanced towards the table, and stood one at each end of it, with their faces towards the gallery and the mass of the spectators. After a brief prelude on the uses and importance of anatomy, one proceeded to read from a manuscript he held in his hand the names, situations, and offices of the muscles employed in the act of swallowing, and the other to point with a *stilus*, (a straightened wire,) to the parts and particulars as they were enumerated.

All this perhaps occupied half an hour, and terminated in a good deal of applause; but it was gone over too rapidly to be of any use whatever in the way of instruction,—an object that, in all probability, was not intended to be realized.

As soon as this part of the business was finished, another of a very different, and of an amusing character, commenced. Half-a-dozen persons among the visitors, perhaps more, had come prepared with copies of verses adapted to the occasion, and complimentary either to the subject or to the persons engaged upon it. For an instant all stood up, each holding his manuscript in his hand ready to read, and for a minute or so no one appeared disposed to give way; but at last the point was decided in favour of an old, cadaverous-looking man, who slowly mounted his spectacles, slowly unfolded his paper, and slowly set a-going some dozen laborious stanzas, stuffed with long words, and awfully inverted and involved sentences, of which I could make nothing, and at which everybody appeared puzzled. Then came another of a more lively character, which my friend, the old surgeon, complimented, by saying that some of the *conceetti* (conceits) “were not bad.” Then came another, and another; the merits of which were warmly and readily acknowledged. But the last, which created the greatest sensation, and was read with a good deal of effect by a very droll-looking fellow, having the appearance of a mechanic, and who, I afterwards found out was a carpenter, was a genuine example of Roman humour, broad, and even extravagant. For myself, I understood but very little of it; but it appeared to have been highly relished by a large portion of the assembly, who laughed and applauded most heartily. When I asked the surgeon for an explanation of some points and phrases I had caught hold of, he smiled, shook his head, and told me I must *take a degree* in the Piazza Navona, and prepare myself by studying the works of its hero, Meo Patacca, and the great Pansanera, his friend. It appeared from the surgeon’s account that a very large portion of this droll effusion was given in the *patois*, the slang rather, or, as a polite Roman would say, in the *linguaccio* of Trastevere, the St. Giles’s or the Wapping of Rome. It commenced by remarking, that whatever differences of opinion might exist as to the importance of anatomy, none could doubt the uses of the organs—all authorities were in their favour; they were employed by the first man, and were the first that men learnt to employ, and their antiquity was greater than that of science itself; that it was unnecessary to say much about the mode of employing them; that that might be seen every day at the Falcone or the Gensola (two renowned eating-houses in that quarter); that the throat was the road of all the good things of life—no disparagement to the *via sacra*; that it ought to be put under the special protection

of Bacchus ; and that the *via vino* would be a very good name for it, and save the trouble of learning so many hard words ; but the author had no doubt that the learned gentlemen were right in all they had said about it, since they spoke from a practical knowledge of the organs, no men being more assiduous in the cultivation of them than the students of the hospital. This appeared so good a *hit* that a loud and general laugh succeeded it, and thus closed this *scientific sitting* and ceremony of the San' Spirito.

Not so, however, was this little event *doomed* to end with me. I say *doomed*, because upon a hundred occasions I have observed, that however simple may be the nature of the occurrence, it is sure to involve some circumstance or thing of no ordinary character—distressing, pathetic, or touching, in some way or other. I might have gone forth at the door with the still-laughing crowd, and departed with a smile upon my cheek and the sounds of mirth in my ears ; but I turned with the old surgeon to look about me, and to see what was curious in the immense building over our heads. A few old paintings first detained me, some antique sculpture, and ornamental fragments found everywhere at Rome. We then stopped to look at a mass of dusty and disorderly anatomical preparations, which the surgeon explained and commented upon ; and, from dark closets and glass-cases we passed on to the lower wards, in which the convalescent sick were lying on their beds, or sitting about in thoughtful and pensive positions, or gossiping in little groups. All was orderly, calm, and exceedingly clean, reflecting great credit upon the management of this noble establishment.

From this we passed into the casualty wards, which presented a very different scene, being filled with objects that immediately arrest and rivet attention : the poor sufferers, writhing under some recent mutilation, with wounds fresh and smarting, or in the burning fever and delirium that so often succeed sudden and violent injuries. I had understood that, from the frequent quarrels in the wine-houses, the result of engaging in certain games well calculated to produce them, and the unhesitating use of the knife (the *coltello* or *stiletto*), on an average six or seven wounded were brought in daily or nightly for surgical succour into this hospital. I found, however, that this account was greatly exaggerated ; but that a day seldom passed in which one, two, and sometimes three patients of this kind were not admitted. It was curious to observe the state of disorder in which the bed-clothes of almost every bed in this ward were found, and how different to the appearances in the sick wards. In some of the beds large muscular and bandaged limbs were thrown half out and over the sides ; and as you approached glaring and bloodshot eyes were turned upon you. In many of the beds the patients were sitting up, resting their brawny arms, and pressing their dark visages against their knees. In others, they sat rocking themselves backwards and forwards, or beating impatiently with their hands and fingers, as if tired of restraint, and wishing for escape and revenge. There is something to me exceedingly touching in seeing a strong and resolute man reduced by sickness, and the indomitable spirit brought down to the meekness of the timid and the weak ; it brings the man at once within the pale of our sympathies, and we forget his disposition to violence, and regard his now prostrate strength as if it were native gentleness. It was difficult here,

however, to indulge such feelings, and to give the men before you such an advantage, for each looked unsubdued, sullen, and hardened by what had occurred. I was perfectly aware there was nothing to fear, as a matter of course; and I also know, from associating with men of the class around me, that their savage aspect was not an infallible test of their natures; but I must say I was glad to escape from their presence.

We passed through many other wards in which the victims of that terrible scourge of beautiful Italy, the *malaria fever*, were distressingly abundant; many who had been succoured, and set up in health and freedom, had again and again returned from the pestilential localities they were forced to inhabit, and many, as the surgeon said, had now found their last home. As we passed from room to room we lingered in the vestibules, and on the landing-places of the long flights of stairs, while the surgeon took occasion to explain certain matters which he saw interested me, and in this way some hours were consumed. Still we had many apartments to see, and he wished me to look, at least, into them all. I did not like to disappoint my good old guide, and so, with wearied legs, and feelings even more jaded, I continued to follow and to listen to him. Cleanliness and order reigned everywhere, but a certain closeness of atmosphere, a peculiar stillness, an oppressive silence, to say nothing of the painful sights that met me at every turn, began at last to master me, and I was forced to beg of the surgeon not to take me any further. We had now mounted to the highest rooms in the building, which were considerably smaller than the rest, and here, on coming to a passage, at the end of which were the last two rooms occupied by the patients, the surgeon was called by one of the nurses.

Apologizing for being obliged to leave me, which, he said, would only be for a few minutes, he led me to the end of the passage, at which another of the nurses appeared, and, committing me to her charge, the old man went where he was wanted. Finding myself in a comfortable room, I was glad to avail myself of a chair that was offered me, and to sit down. The nurse was an intelligent-looking person, and spoke with that clear and precise enunciation which renders a foreign language pleasant and comparatively easy.

I had not sat many minutes before I found a draft from the passage, a thing always to be avoided in Italy, and I moved my chair, therefore, so as almost to touch the side of a small, white, untenanted bed. When I had done so, I caught a view of a side-room, in which were four or five similar beds, all unoccupied. As the nurse was engaged in doing something at a drawer, I did not speak immediately, but sat looking towards the distant end of the vacant room. As the evening was closing in, and the windows were near the ceiling, all the lower portion of the little chamber was obscured in the sombre shadow, and as the walls and the beds were white, the only objects which caught the eye were the small black crucifixes and holy water vessels hanging at the heads of each. As I leaned back in the chair, glad of the rest it afforded me, I fell unconsciously into a reverie. My eye rested upon a patch of sunshine on the distant wall, which was gradually growing less and less, and fading in colour and in brightness. In the beginning of my musing I observed the nurse leave the room, I had nothing, therefore, to dis-

turb me, and I abandoned myself entirely to the thoughts and fancies that were taking possession of me. When I asked myself, did these little resting-places of disease and suffering lose their occupants, who were they, and how many living hearts were now bearing sad testimony of their loss? I don't know whether the surgeon had said as much, or any fancy of my own had suggested the idea, but a notion possessed me that this was the portion of the building appropriated to those who die—I may say, for few are cured of that disease, which may be regarded almost as the penalty of beauty—consumption.

If so, then no rejoicing relative had attended here to lead away from the unsparing grave the grateful convalescent, feeble in step, but strong in hopes and brightening prospects, returning once more to her welcome home, to the bosom of her friends, to freedom, to health, and enjoyment. No scene like this had been enacted here; death had claimed all, and his victims had been borne away by the *beccamorti* (bearers of the dead), and taken the path marked out and sprinkled by the tears of affection, dis severed ties, and broken hearts. Upon these meek couches of suffering, then, have beauty and health and hope faded away; and these have been the last holds of all that belongs to life, the slight barrier between this and another world. From these they have stepped one by one, each witnessing the other's departure! God of heaven! who can imagine the horrors of the last of these feeble and tender victims, whose gentle heart would quail with fears unknown to a rough nature, now made the witness of a succession of death-bed horrors; now compelled to listen to the sighs of a dying sister, and to hear the voice of the priest supplicating heaven to make smooth the path for the departure of her fellow-sufferer, and her sole earthly companion? Did the last unhappy creature left—the lone one—join in this prayer as much for herself as for another, and did she see the arrangements made for filling a grave whose dark and narrow limits were, with another's bones, to enclose her own? Dreadful thought! what human endurance could be equal to such a trial? and yet here, on this very spot, on this speck of the world's wide surface, covered as it is with human sympathies and sufferings, all this and more had taken place, and been enacted over and over again. What taunting ignorance, what drivelling philosophy it is, which tax poor human nature with the impatience of life, and with want of fortitude to grapple with its earthly destinies, its mortal fate!

At this moment the hour of the *Ave Maria* sounded—the end of another day—a point of time observed in all Catholic countries, and marked pretty generally by a very touching ceremony, in which all motion and conversation are suddenly suspended, and every one stops and repeats a short prayer. At this moment the nurse I had seen entered, and, approaching the bed, she reached over my shoulder dipping her fingers in the little vessel of holy water by the side of the crucifix just above my head, and sprinkled the *acqua benedetta* upon the bed, she then sank down upon her knees by its side, and buried her face in her hands. There was nothing surprising to me in this act, having frequently witnessed similar: but in what words shall I convey to the reader a notion of my astonishment and emotion when, turning my head, I observed that this little bed by which I had sat so long was occupied! Never, to the last hour of my life,

shall I fail to see distinctly in my mind's eye the object that now riveted and absorbed my attention, and actually, for the moment, bewildered my faculties. For a minute or more I gazed with wonder, unable to remove my eyes, or distinguish clearly the truth and reality of what was before me. I had seen so many objects within the last few hours similar in aspect and situation, that, for the instant, I believed my fancy had played me this trick, and, aided by my sympathies, had placed this beautiful and soul-touching phantom in the little bed by which I was sitting. But the nurse, rising from her knees, dispelled the illusion; her eyes were wet with tears, and she looked with a feeling of deep interest and sorrow upon the wasted form within it.

As soon as I recovered myself so as to speak, I remarked, in a whisper, "I thought all these beds were vacant?"

Without raising her eyes, and in a voice evidently affected by emotion, she replied, "They will be to-morrow!"

"No!" I ejaculated: "is it true; must it be so?"

The sympathising woman shook her head, and walked towards the other side of her own room, where, offering me a chair, she seated herself.

"Must this beautiful creature die?" said I; "if she really still lives, is there no hope for her; pray tell me who is she, and what, and where does she come from, from what country?"

"Ah!" said the nurse, with a sigh, "who knows, who can tell anything about her, dear patient girl, too good for this cruel world; who knows her birthplace, the land in which she first drew her breath, the hands that first tended her, the eyes that first looked upon, or the bosom that first warmed and cherished her, who knows, alas! who knows?" and here the kind woman wept bitterly.

Seeing that I regarded her emotion with interest and some surprise, she made a faint attempt to excuse her want of professional firmness, if not insensibility, and remarked, despondingly, "that this was the beginning of her career as a hospital nurse, that this was her last patient, and that when she was gone, her vocation should go with her!"

"And is it possible," said I, "that no one knows who she is, or whence she comes?"

"Not unless she has told her confessor," said the woman. "She knows not a word of Italian; and there is but one priest in the Propaganda, I believe, who speaks her language."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "is it possible?—no parent, no friend, no one to know the locality or the cause,—thus to die, poor creature, so young, so beautiful! Alas! alas!"

Seeing me look towards the bed, and hearing me speak in an undertone, the nurse remarked,

"O, you need not fear to disturb her; she has remained in this state for almost two days, and appears to know nothing. I think she sleeps; and I hope *now* she does not suffer. The *padre*, when he left her at *mezzo giorno* (noon), crossed her hands upon her breast, as you now see them. I expect him soon again, and he will find her as he left her; and to-morrow—to-morrow it will be over."

I now rose from my chair, and on tiptoe approached the bed. The light within the last few minutes had been lowered into gloom and obscurity, so that the chamber, the bed, and its beautiful tenant

appeared more visionary and affecting than ever; so much so that I felt my footing upon the floor unsteady, and a swimming sensation in my head. The bed appeared further from me than it had been, and I was obliged to stoop down in order to see distinctly what was within so short a distance of my eyes. Heavens! what powers of language are equal to convey an idea of that sweet vision, that image of all that is melancholy, touching, and sad on earth, or beautiful in heaven,—of all that is calculated to inspire serious thoughts, to burst the heart with its own sympathies, to break the bonds of earth, and to recal the soul from its mad career among the trifles of this trifling world? Who, to have looked on such a face, such a form, would not have given half his life to reanimate it? Alas! alas! that anything so beautiful should perish and be lost, or become but

“A flower of memory's sad and fickle clime,
Chill'd by the frown of all-destroying time;
Frail thing of thought, that with oblivion strives,
And, fanned by sighs, bedew'd with tears, survives!”

Fortunately at this moment I heard the surgeon's footstep at the door. On joining the kind old man, he apologised for keeping me so long; but, choked with emotion, I could make him no reply. I was ashamed of my weakness, and affected to cough to conceal it. It did not, however, escape his observation, and he remarked,

“Ay, these are sad scenes for those not accustomed to them, and sometimes for those, too, that are.”

It is very natural to suppose I made inquiries about this lonely and lost creature; but the surgeon could tell me nothing, except as to the appropriation of that part of the building; upon which point I found my conjectures were correct. The patients here did not come within his department. He, therefore, was not aware of any such a case as that I described; but he promised he would immediately make every inquiry for me. He knew some probationers and *padri* in the Propaganda; and, if any information was to be obtained, he promised I should have it.

Alas! alas! how little, and yet how much, of the history of this poor creature ultimately came to my knowledge. What a victim! what a fate! How often have I reproached myself that I did not speak a word of English to her. Perhaps I might have had some message, some mission, some wish confided to me, and my promised performance of any thing she could have asked might have given one glimmer of hope, one gleam of consolation to her sinking heart, in the terrible gloom that was fast closing the short and dismal day of her young life. Never can I cease to regret this, because now I know the country that gave her birth. No doubt the priest had reasons for communicating with her in her native tongue. Perhaps she might have known English but very imperfectly. Her home was in a remote part of Ireland. This victim of a cruel destiny was an Irish peasant girl.

PARA; OR, SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE
BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY J. E. WARREN.

Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendour of the torrid zone.—MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Excursion to Caripe.—Dawn of Day.—Character of Scenery.—Indian Huts.—Mountains.—Insects and Birds.—An Adventure.—A Halt.—Nesting-tree of the Yellow Orioles.—A Rio Negro Canoe.—Lovely Scene.—Arrival at Caripe.—A Stroll in the Woods.—Young Cocoa-nuts.—A Paca.—An Armadillo.—Farinha: its manufacture and value.—A Bath by Sunset.—The Caripe Hummer.—Shells.

ABOUT a week after taking leave of Nazare, we made an excursion to Caripe. This is a neglected fruit and sugar plantation, situated on a small island, nearly twenty miles from the city of Para.

Attracted by the flattering accounts we had heard of the beauty of the place, and of the rare birds and curious shells that were said to exist in its vicinity, we had determined to visit it. One morning, therefore, long before the sun had risen from his sleepless slumbers, we started in company with several choice spirits, on this interesting trip. The waters of the bay were calm as a mirror, and not a sound broke upon the solemn stillness of the scene.

Floating down slowly with the tide, by the glimmering light of the stars, we guided our singular looking canoe amid a labyrinth of fairy islands, until at last we turned into an embowered streamlet to our left; and were thus paddling slowly along, against a powerful current, when with a flood of light the glorious morning dawned! How enchanting now was everything around! The dew-drops on the overhanging branches, glistened like jewels in the bright sunlight, splendid birds flew from bough to bough, chattering merrily in the fulness of their joy, insects innumerable kept up a continual buzzing in the pure atmosphere, while flowers of every hue, studded the drooping foliage of the trees, that met in an arch of tropical magnificence, directly over our heads! The effect of such a scene, presented suddenly to the mind, is exhilarating beyond description, and none who have had the good fortune to experience it, will ever forget the delicious sensation, should an age of sorrow and of grief succeed.

The first impressions are always the most delightful and permanent, and often, ay often, when gazing enraptured on a lovely landscape, have I closed my eyes upon it for a moment, that I might again and again be startled by the sudden bursting of the beautiful vision upon my mind, and at last I have turned away with a feeling of melancholy, that the same degree of exquisite delight, could never be mine again, that the *charm* had vanished away for ever.

But to proceed. Gradually the streamlet became wider and wider, the trees on either bank receded further and further from each other, until at last several rods intervened between the opposite shores.

Although mountainous, yet the scenery along the banks was singularly wild and beautiful. Dense thickets lined the shores, and groves of bamboos stretched out to a considerable distance in the water. Here and there, an opening in the forest disclosed to us an Indian wigwam, at the same time giving us a hasty glimpse of its swarthy inmates. These huts of the natives are constructed by means of poles driven in the ground, over which a light roof, composed of bamboo canes and palm leaves closely matted together, is securely fastened. Being generally open in front, a good view of the interior is thus afforded to the passing traveller—who sees perhaps a group of natives seated on the ground, quietly smoking their long pipes, or lounging in their hammocks, thumbing with their fingers the strings of a species of violin or guitar, which they hold in their hand. A variety of domesticated animals and loquacious parrots completes the scene, which to the eye of a stranger always appears eminently picturesque and interesting.

As we proceeded onward, we met several small montarias manned by half-naked Indians, coming in the opposite direction. Nothing is more deserving of notice than the different varieties of water-crafts that one encounters in sailing up the rivers and streams of Para. The one in question was of the simplest construction, being made from the trunk of a tree, hollowed out by the aid of fire and rude instruments. Boats of this description are, some of them, so light, that they may easily be carried from place to place by the united strength of two persons. They are, besides, so narrow, and draw so little water, that they are of great use in navigating the smallest streams. It is a curious spectacle to see one of these singular crafts filled with Indians, paddling rapidly down the current of an arborescent stream in South America—the extraordinary formation of the boat itself, the strange appearance of the natives—the simultaneous dipping of twenty paddles, and the glistening of the silvery spray, is calculated to produce an impression upon the mind of the beholder so palpably distinct, so that it can never be erased.

Gigantic moths and butterflies of many hues were continually flitting near us, and, with the assistance of a long netted pole which we fortunately had on board, we captured several fine specimens. But this was not all,—with our faithful guns, we shot quite a variety of shining kingfishers and other birds, perched upon dry stems jutting out over the water, in anxious expectation of their prey, or slumbering away the day in the midst of their lovely sylvan bowers.

“Jack,” said my companion to me, suddenly, “look at these egrets along the shore—had n't we better try and give them a shot? They are now more than a rifle shot off, but by keeping perfectly still for a few moments, we can doubtless get within a suitable shooting distance.”

“By all means,” exclaimed I, with pleasure—“we must give these tall fellows a Yankee salute. How majestically they walk along the beach! how symmetrical their delicate forms! how snowy white their plumage!”

There they were indeed!—twenty as handsome birds as a naturalist might wish to behold—marching slowly along the shore, in quest of their favourite food, as naturally and unsuspectingly as if danger was not near.

Our men scarcely touched the water with their paddles, and so

smoothly did we glide over the placid surface of the water, as to leave no perceptible wake behind. We spoke not, but kept our eyes intently fixed upon our prey, expecting them every moment to take flight; at last I raised my gun, and took deliberate aim—but to my great chagrin, the cap alone exploded, alarming the birds by the sound, who rose instantly into the air. But a sharp report now rung on my ear!—the *shot whistled* in its unerring flight, and down came two of the charming birds stone dead, while another, who was merely winged, ran swiftly along the shore. As we were desirous of preserving this one alive, one of our men volunteered to leave the boat and pursue him. Stripping himself for this purpose, he jumped into the water, and was soon in rapid chase after his victim. The spectacle now presented, was, to say the least, decidedly ludicrous; and at this very moment we see the poor fellow in our imagination just as he was then, *in puris naturalibus*, running with surprising velocity after that ill-fated bird! Eventually the feathered biped was captured by our hero, who, having secured his prize, triumphantly started out for the boat, with the bird fluttering violently in one of his hands. As he was wading out towards us, through the shallow water, he suddenly sunk up to his shoulders in a quicksand, and was wholly unable to extricate himself from his critical situation. But the fellow acted bravely, and still continued to hold on to the legs of his white pinioned bird. Forcing our craft up to him, as near as the shallowness of the water would allow, we succeeded by the aid of a pole in relieving our unfortunate companion from his perilous dilemma, and in getting him once more on board. The bird was in excellent order, his delicate snowy plumage being almost unruffled. He proved to be an egret of the largest kind, and was characterized by long legs, eyes of a bright crimson, and plumes on his back of great length, and irresistible beauty. The bird manifested but little fear, and soon became so well reconciled to his new condition, as to eat food from our hands. He survived the excursion, and lived with us in a state of perfect domesticity for many days!

Perceiving a respectable-looking cottage peeping from amid the shade of the surrounding foliage on the bank to our right, we bethought ourselves of halting for a short time, in order to enjoy a few moments relief from the overpowering heat of the sun, and to refresh our envious palates with a taste of the luscious fruit with which the adjacent groves were bountifully teeming.

Guiding our boat into a little cove, we disembarked and secured it firmly to the trunk of a tree. The proprietor of the estate met us as we were walking up towards the house, gave us a cordial welcome, and invited us to partake of some fruit and wine under the shelter of his commodious verandah. This we gladly assented to, and forthwith proceeded to the house with our kind hearted host, where we regaled ourselves upon a sumptuous banquet of juicy oranges, delectable bananas, and sweet-flavoured mangoes, together with some delicious port, and a rich beverage prepared from the fruit of the cocoa plant. Having sufficiently refreshed ourselves, we strolled for a short time about the garden, previous to taking our departure. At last we bade farewell to our hospitable entertainer, and prepared to resume our journey.

Overhauling the water with its drooping branches, we noticed a

tree of prodigious size, literally full of the long nests of the yellow-rumped oriole. The novelty of the spectacle did not fail to attract our observation, and we halted for a few moments beneath its shade, in order to scrutinize the motions of the hundred gay-coloured birds who were chattering and fluttering amid the thickness of the foliage. The general colours of these birds were black and yellow, strikingly blended together, and their notes were shrill and discordant to the ear.

It is a singular fact, by the way, that birds of bright plumage, with few exceptions, are not endowed with the faculty of song, while, on the other hand, the sweetest warblers, such as the British nightingale and the American mocking-bird, have a dull and uninviting exterior.

It is almost impossible to drive these orioles from their nesting trees! If you have a heart so cruel, you may continue to fire at them for hours, and may wantonly destroy half their number, yet the remainder will still flutter around the sacred spot, vainly endeavouring to protect their helpless offspring, to whom they are strongly bound by those mysterious ties which death alone can sunder. The natives have a superstitious dread of killing these beautiful birds, and, like the robin redbreast in our own country, they are everywhere protected and beloved.

While proceeding onward, we fell in with a huge and fantastic Rio Negro Canoe, on her return from a long voyage far up the Amazon. She was truly a most comical craft, bearing not a little resemblance to a Chinese junk. Both stem and stern were square, and painted in a very singular manner. At either extremity was an apology for a cabin, over each of which was an awning, made of palm leaves thickly matted together. Seated on the quarter-deck, was the pilot or captain; on his head was a coarse hat, with an enormous brim—in his mouth, an Indian pipe of considerable length, while in his right hand he held firmly on to the tiller, thus controlling the languid motions of his very extraordinary vessel, in the most comfortable manner imaginable!

As the breeze was extremely light, at least a dozen powerful looking blacks were employed in rowing the canoe, by means of poles not less than fifteen feet in length, on the extremities of which were fastened circular pieces of wood of a foot or more in diameter.

A number of unfortunate natives on board of the vessel particularly attracted our notice. They were yoked two and two together like so many cattle, by huge blocks of wood, into which their feet were inserted. These pitiable beings, we understood, had been seized by the authorities of Rio Negro for some trivial offence, and were now being transported to Para for the purpose of enrolment in the army for life. The government of the province is in constant fear of a second insurrection, and takes this means therefore of adding to its strength; but there is little doubt, however, that this course, if much longer persisted in, will inevitably result in the very end which it is so desirous to avert.

In addition to the crew and Indians, we observed several beautiful Rio Negro girls, whose dreamy eyes and dark tresses, hanging in dishevelled masses over their handsomely rounded shoulders and well-developed bosoms, left an impression upon our *susceptible hearts* that was not soon erased—and often afterwards did we behold them

in our dreams ; but, alas ! it only served to quicken the scene of our misery, when we awoke to the sad consciousness that the originals had passed away from our optics—*for ever !*

There were besides on board a variety of rare monkeys and other nimble animals, who were amusing themselves in gambolling with each other about the rigging ; also a general assortment of parrots and long-tailed macaws, of which one of the latter was conspicuously perched upon the top of the mast-head itself, looking around on the picturesque landscape beneath him with all the pride and dignity of a sovereign !

We were now approaching the termination of our short but interesting voyage. We were sailing between two charming islands, whose alternate groves and plantations of sugar-cane, waving like fields of Indian-corn, gave a variety to the scene which was exceedingly pleasing to the eye. The grateful fragrance of the forest flowers perfumed the air ; the groves were alive with the joyful voices of birds ; and the surface of the rippling water was sparkling in the sunshine like a mantle of diamonds. So perfectly magnificent was the scene, that we were almost willing to believe that we were in the far-famed land of the fairies, or that the magic wand of the enchantress had created by its influence the lovely landscape we beheld.

Suddenly we emerged from the stream into the broad expanse of the river, which was here ten or twelve miles across to the next intervening island. This island was Maraji, concerning which we shall have something to say by and by.

Not more than a mile distant, to our left, the white sandy beach and red-tiled mansions of Caripe broke upon our view. It was a pleasant sight, and we gazed upon it earnestly, and with increased delight, as its distance from us became gradually diminished.

Arriving at the glistening beach, we disembarked, and leaving the boat to be secured by the men, we immediately sought the house. We found the building to be large and in good condition, with several commodious apartments, and a snug little verandah in front.

The surrounding scenery was wild and diversified. On one side was a dense forest, on the other an extensive garden, comprising flowers and plants of endless varieties, beyond which were groves of orange and other fruit trees, and thriving fields of tufted sugar-cane, while before us, the noble river of the Amazons expanded out like a sea of molten silver !

As soon as we had sufficiently rested ourselves, and dispatched a hastily prepared meal of boiled sapine and milk, we took a walk of exploration and investigation, through the extensive grounds of Caripe.

The estate was evidently in a sadly dilapidated condition, and so overgrown with gigantic weeds and thick shrubbery, that we were frequently obliged to use our long " wood knives," which we carried with us on all occasions, in order to effect a passage through them.

While walking through a pleasant grove, one of our men climbed a tall cocoa-nut tree, and threw down to us a cluster of its fine fruit. They were hardly ripe, but on breaking the shell of one of them, we found its contents extremely delicious ; in consistency, having nearly the appearance of cream, and in richness and flavour being

more agreeable to our palates than any species of fruit we had tasted before.

Hearing the sudden report of a gun near by, I turned my eyes in the direction from whence it came, and perceived, at the distance of several rods, my companion Jenks triumphantly holding a small animal in one hand, while with the other he grasped the barrel of his gun, the stock of which rested on the ground.

"Well done, Jenks!" exclaimed I, "what kind of an animal have you killed? You are truly a lucky fellow to see game, and when once you have your eye upon it, its destiny is told."

"The animal," replied Jenks, advancing towards us, "is called by the natives, I believe, a paca, and a very handsome little creature it is. He was running quickly through the thicket at the moment I fired, and I was then uncertain whether he was a bird or a beast. However, I determined to satisfy my curiosity, so I fired."

The animal was of a reddish brown colour, with rather coarse hair, and a head resembling in shape that of a guinea-pig. His sides were prettily striped with white, and his countenance was adorned with whiskers like those of a cat. He was about the size of a large rabbit, and very fat. The flesh of the paca is esteemed a great delicacy, and is as white and tender as that of a chicken. He is nocturnal in his habits, and sleeps during most of the day. They are perfectly innocent and harmless, and are often domesticated, in which state they are quite interesting and playful.

Strolling on through the woods, it was not long before one of our companions espied a small armadillo, to which we gave chase, and soon succeeded in capturing. He was a comical fellow, with a queer looking, sharp-pointed head, and a banded coat-of-mail almost equal to that of the tortoise in strength and solidity. Animals of this kind are harmless, and live chiefly on vegetables and insects, which they for the most part procure during the night. They are furnished by Nature with powerful claws, with which they are enabled to dig burrows with wonderful facility. Their flesh is much relished by the natives, who hunt them with dogs, and dig them out of the deepest recesses of their subterranean retreats. When attacked, they roll themselves into a ball, so invulnerable as to be secure from the assaults of most of their pursuers. Thus does an all-wise Providence provide for the security of these animals, who, without which special aid would be utterly unable to protect themselves, and for the preservation of a class of animals, which would otherwise soon become extinct. Verily, Nature is but the written constitution of a God, designed for the welfare and wise governance of the boundless universe!

Retracing our steps to the house, we could not but admire the exuberant foliage by which we were surrounded. The trees were in close proximity to each other, and formed an umbrageous canopy above us, by the meeting of their drooping branches. Brilliant parasites of every hue glittered like stars amid the emerald-like verdure, grotesque plants of mammoth size stood around us—glad birds chattered on the branches, and busy insects fluttered in the air—in a word, the whole scene was wild, romantic, and beautiful.

Arriving at the house, we observed a number of old slaves engaged in making farinha. As this article is a general substitute for

bread among the poorer classes throughout the province, a few remarks concerning its origin and manufacture, may not prove wholly uninteresting to the reader.

The vegetable (*Jatropha manihot*) from which the farinha is made is in its natural state considered quite poisonous, and is entirely unfit for the purposes of nutrition. The means, therefore, by which its pernicious qualities are expelled, and the nutritious principle retained, must always be regarded as a most extraordinary and invaluable discovery.

The plant is a native of Brazil, and was known to the natives on their first intercourse with the white men. No other vegetable, not even wheat, possesses an equal degree of nutriment, and, together with bananas and wild meat, it constitutes the principal item of the native Brazilian's bill of fare. The farinha is made from the root, which is first rasped with a piece of indented wood, until it is reduced to a pulpy consistency. The juice is then effectually expressed in the following singular manner. Large circular baskets of plaited rushes are filled with the raspings of the mandioca root, and then suspended from the branches of trees. By means of a considerable weight of stones fastened beneath, the rushes are drawn tightly together, and most of the liquid squeezed out. After this, the pulpy substance is exposed on skins to the rays of the sun, for the purpose of evaporating all the remaining moisture.

The juice being at length entirely expressed, the pulp is placed on large earthenware pans, and stirred over a hot fire until it granulates; it is then put up in baskets for use. The manner in which the natives eat the farinha is very amusing, and is besides perfectly inimitable. Taking a quantity of it in one of their hands, by a skilful motion of their arm they toss every particle of it into their mouths, and it seldom happens that any is wasted in this manner. I have frequently attempted to imitate them, but I found that the feat required more legerdmain talent than I was master of, and that on every trial my mouth was but little better supplied with the granulated material than either my nose or eyes.

A milk-white substance is deposited by the juice of the mandioca root, which being collected, and hardened by exposure to the sun, constitutes the article so well known as tapioca, from which such wholesome and delicious puddings are made. So very poisonous is the root in its natural state, that it has been found to occasion death in a few minutes when administered experimentally to animals, and it is said that the natives used it with great effect many years ago in destroying their Spanish persecutors. It has been ascertained by dissection that this poison operates by means of the nervous system, producing immediate convulsions and exquisite torments, as soon as it is introduced into the stomach. In some instances it has been used in the execution of criminals, in which cases death invariably ensued within from five to ten minutes after its imbibition. The fatal principle appears to exist in certain gases, which are dissipated by heat. This is conclusively proved, from the harmlessness and highly nutritious properties of the farinha, when the process of its manufacture has been completed.

It has been stated, on good authority, that a single acre of land planted with the mandioca root, will afford nourishment to more persons than six acres of wheat planted in the same manner, and my

own observation fully justifies this assertion. Is it not then very desirable, that this useful plant should be carefully examined by men of science, and suitable efforts made for introducing it into other countries? Perhaps it might prove, with proper culture, as great a blessing to the unfortunate poor of Ireland as it is now to the ignorant and untutored Indians of Brazil! Concerning the value of this plant, Southey remarks with truth, that "If Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected, who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioc!"

Being near sunset when we arrived at the house, we lost no time in going down to the river's side, to undergo a refreshing ablution in its pure and sparkling waters. For this purpose, there is no spot better adapted by Nature than the beach at Caripe. So gradual is the slope of the bank that, at high tide, a person can wade out for several hundred rods without getting beyond his depth. During the spring tides, the water rises and falls full fifteen feet. The strand is hard, and is composed of the finest white sand, and is as smooth and clean as the floor of a ball-room.

The water was remarkably transparent, insomuch that we could distinctly discern snowy pebbles and unique shells lying on the bottom at the distance of many feet. Its surface was mantled with all the splendour of the setting sun, and a beautiful sight was it for us to watch the mimic waves, tinged with the sunbeams, as they sportively broke upon the shore.

For nearly half an hour we plunged and swam and bespattered one another, as playfully and happy as a party of innocent mermaids bathing in their own enchanted lake. No ravenous sharks or ferocious caymans were here to molest us! No clawed monsters, not even a crab or a lobster did we see; but hosts of gold and silver-gleaming fishes were continually darting like so many little fairy sprites around us!

With spirits gay and our bodies all in a glow, we at last came out of the water. Parting day had sped; and when again we reached the house, bright stars were peeping from the sky!

It was evening, and never shall we forget it while the pulse of life throbs in our veins. The deep silence, the wild beauty of the scenery, the tranquillity of the river, spread out like a lake, and the reflection of the stars on its surface, together with the immense distance that intervened between ourselves and home, impressed us with feelings of strange solemnity, bordering on sadness; and such we opine, kind reader, would have been your own sentiments under circumstances as solemn and sublime!

CHARLES EDWARD STUART;

OR,

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF A ROYAL EXILE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MILITARY CAREER OF THE CELEBRATED
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH."

It is difficult to conceive, that within the comparatively recent period of two hundred years the dynasty, now so firmly rooted in the hearts of the people and the institutions of the country, should have been not only seriously threatened, but eminently endangered. The politics, prejudices, and passions of those days have now scarcely a name among us, and the loyalty which dared death and ruin for one race, has transferred itself, by the almost irresistible action of time and circumstances, to their successful rivals, untainted and undiminished, never again, we trust, to be tried in the furnace of adversity, or directed into another channel. The instinct of reverence is so strong in the hearts of our islanders, that it must ever find an object whereon to fix itself. The ivy which has for centuries ornamented the towers of some baronial pile, may droop and wither when first trained to the usurping walls of the modern mansion, raised on the venerable foundations of the former building,—but as the young sprouts shoot out, by little and little they attach themselves to their new support, and as years roll on even the tough and gnarled tree adapts itself to the change, and clasps its rude arms closely round its adopted lord. Fifty years after the last effort of the Stuarts, we find the national heart fixed upon the house of Brunswick with a firmness, which even the tremendous shock of the French Revolution could not disturb.

Much as we have reason to thank the Great Ruler of the Universe for the triumph of civil and religious liberty in the year 1745, a deep and mournful interest must ever hang over the brief history of the weak but chivalrous and gallant youth, who, in spite of false or lukewarm friends, and powerful and inveterate foes, made such a brave, though fruitless, struggle for his hereditary crown and faith. The devoted hearts that once beat high with loyal hopes for his success have long since returned to their native clay; their stirring songs echo no more among Scotland's rocky hills, the lovely glens where the clans gathered for their last generous effort are lonely and deserted now, while the descendants of their shepherd warriors toil in the dark and squalid purlieux of Glasgow, or seek a home among the snowy hills of Canada. Still at times, even amidst the anxious struggle of the present day, through the din of railways and spinning-jennies, the clamours of patriots, and the droning of economists,—when we hear some strain of Scotland's last anointed king,—our pulse beats quicker to the measure, and we wonder no more how the "bonneted chieftains" risked their life and land for "bonnie Prince Charlie."

Among the exciting and important events of later times, many have forgotten much of the story of that short period when Charles Stuart shook England like an earthquake; anxious and critical as was the day, it has left but little impress on subsequent events; the tale is nothing more than an episode in the great drama of England's history. Even

as such we trust that a brief sketch of the last struggle for royalty of the race of Stuart, may not be uninteresting and uninteresting to our readers.

Charles Edward Stuart was born in the year 1721, in the "Eternal City," the capital of the Roman Catholic world, fit birth-place for the prince who was to wage so brave a battle for the supremacy of the popish faith. Though the exiled court was a mere shadow, all the high-born men who still adhered to its ruined fortunes were summoned to attend the birth of their young prince. They readily heaped upon him the love and veneration which his father's incapacity had forfeited. His birth was to them the birth of hope, they fondly expected that his faith might be strong as that of his sire, without its puerile superstition, and through his means the triumphs of the future might erase the painful memory of the past.

Probably Charles Stuart was indebted to his mother for whatever portion of vigour he possessed, and the undoubted courage which he afterwards displayed; under her eye his character was first formed, and his earliest instructions received. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of maternal influence on the future career and disposition; in the plastic state of infancy impressions are readily received, which harden into the form and fashion of the manly mind. Buonaparte and the Duke of Wellington were both brought up under the care of widowed mothers, and have found cause to attribute to these gifted women the development of many of the rare and commanding qualities which distinguished their after lives.

The friend and pupil of Fénelon, the gifted Chevalier de Ramsay, was chosen as the instructor of the young Prince in the rudiments of education; we find that the boy made a quicker progress in the graceful and ornamental branches of his studies than in the more solid and practical acquirements; he delighted in music and poetry, but his imagination even in his very boyhood, wandered away from the blue skies and imperial memories of Rome, to the stern and misty land where he felt his future destiny was laid.

England was always his paramount interest; he eagerly sought the society of Englishmen whenever opportunity offered, and frequent allusions to his future enterprise were introduced in his conversation. When still a mere boy, he showed great disregard of personal danger at the siege of Gaeta, under the guidance of his relation, Marshal Berwick; many a hope was raised in the hearts of his adherents by his fearless bearing,—hopes to be finally extinguished on the bloody field of Culloden. The favourable impression given by his conduct at Gaeta, was confirmed by his graceful courtesy at Naples; and the next summer a short campaign in Lombardy continued his education as a soldier. He then visited many of the principal Italian cities, and met everywhere the reception of a royal prince. For several subsequent years he remained in Rome, having no occupation beyond the fleeting amusements of the hour; music and hunting filled up the measure of his time, and such success as these pursuits afforded he eminently gained. The boar-hunt of the Pontine Marshes well suited his active and daring temperament, the degree of hardship and even the danger of the chase afforded him a keener enjoyment than the softer pleasures of the Imperial City, and kept alive in his breast that spirit of adventure which in after times was so nearly rewarded with his ancestral crown.

The war of the Austrian succession seemed at length to offer the ardently hoped-for opportunity of making his attempt upon England. France was deeply interested in the struggle, and the most effectual means of paralyzing the British power was evidently to occupy it in preserving its very existence at home. Most sanguine hopes were entertained by the partisans of the exiled family, that the first summons of the Chevalier de St. George would raise all the bold spirits of the North, and warm even the doubtful loyalty of the English people. Marshal Saxe gave his illustrious name as leader of the projected invasion of England, and an army of fifteen thousand men was placed at his disposal for the expedition. The counsel and commands of the young Prince Charles Edward were, to regulate in Paris the progress of the scheme, but his departure from Rome, and arrival at the French capital were to be kept profoundly secret, and the necessary negotiations were carried on by two particular agents, the Bailli de Tencin and Cardinal Acquaviva, instead of by the accredited ambassador. Charles Edward made a hunting in the Pontine Marshes the pretext for his departure from Rome; under the plea of an accident, he separated from his companions, disguised himself as a courier, and rode night and day for Genoa, whence he embarked in a small vessel for Antibes. The winds warred against him even in this early stage of his career, he met with great delay and difficulty, and had a very narrow escape of falling into the hands of some English cruisers; upon these, enemies though they then were, he could not help looking with admiration and the pride of anticipated ownership. On the 13th of January, he and one companion reached Antibes, gave assumed names as Englishmen, and rode post to Paris without any further delay than an hour's interview with the faithful Duke of Ormond, at Avignon.

The disappointments, difficulties, and delays he encountered at Paris were triumphed over by his spirit and energy. At last he embarked on board the *Doutelle*, and after escaping the various dangers that beset his perilous *trajet* from France, Prince Charles Edward landed at Moidart in Scotland. His reception was most unpromising. The few Scottish chieftains who ventured to approach him, pronounced his enterprise hopeless, and positively declined to share in it, unless actually supported by the French succours, upon which the Jacobites had calculated. The spirit of the Prince, however, sustained him under all discouragement, and his irresistible personal influence not only kindled the spark of hope that lingered in the breast of some of the despondent, but succeeded at last in securing the active co-operation of many who looked upon his undertaking as desperate.

A little army was soon mustered by the waters of the Finnin, and at the first rendezvous of the clans, on the 19th August (1745), James VIII. was proclaimed king of Great Britain. His appointment of Charles Edward as regent of the kingdom was then read aloud, while many a wild shout, and wilder pibroch, echoed from the neighbouring hills, and the red and white standard of the Stuarts was unfurled on the mound above them by the Marquis of Tullibardine, the royal-standard-bearer of Scotland. He had accompanied Charles from France.

The retreat of Sir John Cope before the newly-raised forces of the prince contributed to excite their spirit and confidence; they appeared before Edinburgh, and the city surrendered without an attempt at opposition. James VIII. was proclaimed King at the City Cross. Here

Prince Charles was joined by several noblemen of distinction, and a large amount of supplies for his army was raised from the towns-people.

In the meantime Sir John Cope had repented him of his hasty retreat; he advanced towards Edinburgh, and took up a position near Preston Pans. The results of the engagement that here took place are well known. Never was any victory more complete; the military chest, cannon, camp equipage, baggage, and colours of the royal army fell into the hands of the victors. Charles lost but forty men at Preston Pans; on the side of his enemies ten times as many were left upon the field, and fifteen hundred prisoners yielded up their arms. Indeed, the infantry may be said to have been totally destroyed, and the dragoons were only saved by an early flight and the speed of their horses.

Had Charles, after this victory, marched at once upon London, he might probably have won his crown before the English government could have raised troops or recalled forces from Flanders. But, instead of taking advantage of this first brilliant good-fortune, he returned to Holyrood palace, and indulged in the vain but fascinating parade of royalty. His own wish, indeed, had been to enter England then, borne on the swelling tide of success; but his council advised differently, magnified the dangers of the undertaking, and doubted the prospects of meeting with support from any large body of the English Jacobites. In the end they carried their point, and Edinburgh became the Capua of Charles and his army. There, surrounded and intoxicated with the flatteries of admiring enthusiasts or needy expectants, and charmed by the devotion of the Jacobite ladies, who sought his princely notice, he wasted the precious time in issuing fruitless manifestos and conducting useless negotiations with doubtful adherents and concealed enemies. His half-civilised followers, meanwhile, exhausted their nerve and courage, either in vain efforts to reduce the castle, or in idleness and social indulgence. A considerable portion of the army, however, was encamped at Duddingstone, two miles from the city, where they lived in the open air, despising the shelter of the tents, which formed part of the spoil of Cope's army; here they loved to sit round their watch-fires, listening to the songs and tales of the days of Bruce and Wallace, and Scotland's early glory. Charles often visited them, and strengthened the strong affection they already bore him, by listening to and applauding their bards, and by words of kindness and interest: on some occasions he even passed the night among them in the camp.

The Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Pitligo, Eleho, and Ogilvie joined him with their followers; from the Lowland cities a few volunteers swelled his ranks, and several clans, that had for a time hesitated to join him, poured down from the mountains at the joyful news of his first victory. The arrival of the Marquis d'Eguilles from France with arms, ammunition, and abundant promises, though he was not actually acknowledged as an ambassador, helped to raise his hopes, and give confidence to his adherents. He then determined to delay no more his march into England. "I will raise my banner there as I did in Scotland," said he to his council; "the faithful subjects of my father will gather round it, and with them I will either conquer or die." The council yielded, and the advance commenced.

Charles's army numbered about six thousand infantry and two hundred and sixty horse; the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, who had both won high distinction at Preston Pans, commanded under

him. Seven guns and four mortars formed his artillery. The little army was earnest in the cause, inspired by hope and by the confidence of a past success ;—here lay their main strength. We may well be astonished at the audacity which prompted the invasion of England with such a force, and alarmed at the success which so nearly attended it. On the evening of Thursday, the 31st of October, Charles began his expedition, and left Holyrood House. He never saw it again. Placing himself at the head of one division of the army, he pushed on for Kelso; the Marquis of Tullibardine led another upon Peebles, while detachments were directed by Selkirk and Moss-paul. At Redding, in Cumberland, the little army was to re-assemble.

In the meantime England had not been idle; six thousand Dutch troops were landed in the country, the Duke of Cumberland led over the experienced battalions who had been engaged in the war in Flanders; the militia of every county were assembled. A generous trust was shewn in distributing arms to the people, and the spirit of the nation responded to the confidence of the government.

Charles's march into England was attended with alternate success and disappointment; unhopèd-for succour joined him, and those he most depended on failed of their adhesion. It was, however, at the very time his prospects appeared most favourable, that the chieftains who accompanied him were seized with sudden despondency, and insisted on a retreat into Scotland. The prince himself and the soldiers, who imagined themselves on the path of assured success, were equally astonished and disgusted at the decision of the war council; but it proved final, and the melancholy retreat commenced. At Derby the council had been held—from Derby the homeward march of the Scottish forces began.

When Charles returned to Scotland, with blighted hopes and disheartened and worn-out followers, he found that General Hawley had taken possession of Edinburgh, and that many of his former adherents had returned to their allegiance to the house of Hanover. Some favourable circumstances, however, still existed. During his absence in the south a considerable force had been organized at Perth, as a reserve to complete his expected success, or to form a rallying-ground in case of defeat. These, when added to Charles's former army, raised his strength to nearly nine thousand men. Thus reinforced, he marched upon Stirling, took the town in two days, and laid siege to the castle. In this he had undertaken a most difficult task.

General Hawley resolved to run the risk of a battle rather than incur the loss of this important post. He marched upon Stirling with the force he could at once assemble, amounting to about eight thousand men: he did not deem it necessary to await the arrival of reinforcements, then hourly expected. The event did not justify his confidence: on the field of Falkirk Charles Edward gained a brilliant and almost bloodless victory; but this was "fortune's parting smile" upon the house of Stuart.

Dissensions amongst his followers now proved the ruin of the prince's cause; the precious time was lost in idle contentions among themselves and vain efforts against the fatal castle of Stirling. The disastrous retreat from Derby had still left its demoralizing effect upon the army; it was impossible to keep this loosely organised body together in the excitement either of victory or defeat, and desertion became general, diminishing his little army to an alarming extent. Had he at once marched upon Edinburgh, while the roar of his conquering artillery still echoed

on the ears of the terrified citizens, there is but little doubt that he could have again entered his capital, and once more raised the hopes and confidence of his followers by directing their movements from the palace of his ancestors.

Charles Edward took up his residence at the castle of Bannockburn during the siege of Stirling; the neighbouring chiefs and gentry well affected to his cause took this opportunity of presenting their families to their beloved prince, keeping up as much as possible the semblance of a Court. Among the high-born Scottish maidens who came before him was one of a noble air and remarkable beauty, the daughter of the Baron of Baronsfield. She made a deep impression on Charles, and with her the devotion of woman's love was soon added to the loyalty of a faithful subject. From earliest childhood the name of the prince had been ever before her; his winning manners and graceful person realised all her anticipations, while the romance and danger of his situation awakened the tenderest interest in her young heart. In the many unemployed hours of a tedious siege the prince had abundant leisure for long interviews, without apparently interfering with his duties as a general. This association had such a charm for his ardent and romantic mind, that an unwillingness to break it was probably one of the main reasons of the delay before Stirling, in its results so fatal to his cause. He was sincere and earnest in his affection; the hope of placing her he loved by his side on the throne of Scotland became the most cherished feeling of his heart; her noble birth, the devotion of her family to his cause, and her powerful connections seemed, even in a prudential point of view, to justify his choice.

The lady's name was Clementine; she was the godchild of Charles' mother. The cause of this connexion is so blended with the history of the Stuarts, that it may not be here out of place to notice it. In the year 1719 arrangements had been completed for the marriage of the Chevalier de St. George with the Princess Mary Casimir Clementine, grand-daughter of Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland. Her father not having been elected to the throne, was living under the protection of Charles VI. in Austria. The betrothed were both exiled, and debarred from their ancestral dignities, but the princess was still thought to be the possessor of immense wealth. George II. of England addressed a strong remonstrance to the emperor on hearing of this projected alliance, which would so much strengthen the hands of the claimant for his throne, urging that its accomplishment should be prevented by the interference of the imperial authority. Charles VI. at once acceded to this demand; the young princess was arrested with her mother at Innspruck, while endeavouring to escape to Italy, and shut up in a convent.

The question of James's marriage was of deep interest to the Jacobite cause, and the steps taken by the English king to prevent it, aroused the partisans of the Stuarts to the most indignant anger. John Walkenshaw, Baron of Baronsfield, one of those who had been driven into exile in consequence of his share in the insurrection of 1715, was still the devoted adherent of the fallen king; this faithful noble determined to risk his life in the attempt to gain the freedom of the captive princess, having first vainly tried by every means in his power to induce the emperor to restore her to liberty. Captain Toolc, Wogan, Major Wissett, and his wife, were to assist him and share the hazard of the

enterprize. Under the name of the Count de Cernes, he obtained an Austrian passport for himself and his party, as pilgrims to Loreto. Lady Walkenshaw represented the Countess, Wogan, her brother-in-law. The services of a clever waiting-maid were engaged by the promise of a reward, and the prospect of an adventurous intrigue: her part was to pass as the Countess de Cernes' sister while on their journey, and to change places with the princess in her place of confinement should they be so fortunate as to effect the substitution. The adventurers reached Innspruck without having created the slightest suspicion. Means were found to inform the fair prisoner of their presence, who was delighted at the hope of escape. The quick-witted maid changed dresses with the princess, and took her place in the convent, while the liberated captive and her faithful friends made all haste for the Venetian frontier. They then passed on to the Papal States, and on arriving at Bologna the marriage of the Chevalier de St. George and the Princess Clementine was celebrated by proxy. The noble Baronsfield refused all offers of reward for his important and arduous services, but prayed that the princess would be sponsor for his child, should he ever have the happiness of being a father. Some time afterwards he had a daughter; Clementine was her godmother, and the child received her name at the baptismal font. This was the heroine of Charles Edward's mournful tragedy.

In Clementine's love for the young prince, no mean ambition of rank and splendour found a place; her clear and powerful mind, undazzled by his transient gleam of success, saw the darkness of the coming future. Her ambition was, to be his stay in misfortune, the solace of his exile. She sought him out in the darkest hour of his fate, when the nearest and dearest had deserted him, and, forsaking all others, united her destiny to his.

While the prince wasted his precious time, and broke the spirit of his adherents in unavailing and ill-judged efforts to gain possession of Stirling, the Whigs recovered from the panic of Falkirk's rout. The Duke of Cumberland was commissioned to command the army in Scotland, and strong reinforcements were placed under his orders; he had led the British forces with spirit and courage at Fontenoy, and, in spite of his ill-success, had won the love and confidence of the soldiery. This confidence was fully justified on the field of Culloden. Here Charles experienced a complete and final defeat, and the hopes of his followers were utterly crushed.

Thus ended this memorable insurrection, which, from a small and apparently desperate commencement, rose to a dangerous importance, and at one time almost threatened a revolution in the state. After the bitterness of the contest had been in some measure forgotten, a milder and more judicious administration diminished the hatred of the children of the mountains to their southern conquerors. But it was left for the genius of a Pitt to enlist the courage and devotion of these plaided warriors in the cause of Great Britain. Since then, almost every bloody struggle under the red cross of St. George—from that before the ramparts of Quebec, to the stubborn fight of Waterloo, bears witness to how they have fulfilled the trust.

* * * * *

In disguise, a wretched fugitive, wearied and disheartened, Charles underwent every variety of privation and suffering during the months

that elapsed before he could effect his escape from Scotland. For his final preservation he was indebted to a simple Scottish maiden, the celebrated Flora MacDonald. She was, at the time of our story, about the same age as the unfortunate Charles; she had received a homely education; the learning of the schools, and the accomplishments of courtly circles, were alike unknown to her; but her manners were gentle and graceful, her principles pure and noble, and above all, her spirit was imbued with a high-souled and devoted loyalty, unshaken by danger or despair, undiminished in death itself. By the courage and energy of this heroic girl the life of Charles was preserved.

It was while he was in South Uist, attended only by O'Neal, that Flora MacDonald was instrumental in effecting the safety of the prince. She was, at the time, on a visit with her brother at his house of Milton in that island. It so happened, that her stepfather, MacDonald of Annadale, commanded one of the parties of the militia engaged in the pursuit of Charles, in obedience to the wishes of the chief of his clan, although he rather was inclined to favour the Stuart cause himself, and on no account would have actually assisted in the capture of the princely fugitive; conduct and feeling such as his were by no means unusual in those troublous times. O'Neal, now Charles's only companion, seems to have been the person who suggested calling in Flora MacDonald's aid for the prince's escape, having been slightly acquainted with her in happier days.

O'Neal met the young lady by appointment, one night towards the end of June, at a cottage in Beubecula; after a little conversation, he told her that he had brought a friend to see her; she asked earnestly if it were the prince. O'Neal's answer was instantly to bring him in. Charles himself then appealed to her loyalty to assist him to escape; and represented that her stepfather's position would enable her to obtain a pass for the journey. She hesitated for a moment, not from any consideration of her own danger, but from the fear of implicating her kindred. To influence her decision, O'Neal put before her in the most vivid light the glory of saving her lawful prince; and to allay the scruples of feminine reserve, which also caused her to doubt, it is said that the light-hearted Irishman instantly tendered her his hand and fortune; the latter, under the circumstances, was no very brilliant offer. However that may have been, it is certain the lady did not accept the proposal. The interview ended in her undertaking the perilous enterprize.

The prince and his faithful attendant, now buoyed up with hope, retired once again to their place of concealment, while Flora repaired to Ormaclade, the residence of Lady MacDonald, whom she took into her counsels. On her way she was seized by a party of militia, and with her servant was detained in custody till the following morning. Her captors were under the command of her stepfather, whose surprise may well be imagined when he found his soldiers gave him such a proof of their vigilance, as his own daughter a prisoner in their hands. Of course he instantly ordered her liberation; it is scarcely doubted that he entered into her plans, although the only step he seems to have taken in the matter was granting her a passport to return to her mother's house in Skye, including the safe conduct of her man-servant, and Betty Burke, a young Irishwoman, for her mother's service. Flora's plan was, that this girl's place should be filled by the prince, and when she reached Ormaclade, she speedily arranged the necessary preparations for the disguise.

On the 27th, Lady Clanranald, Flora, and her servant, sought Charles in his wretched hut by the sea-side; they found him roasting a piece of coarse meat for his supper. The sight moved them to compassion. This prince, the hope of a royal race, whose proud ancestry was traced back in splendour to those misty ages of the past, when history was but a tale or vain tradition,—now worn and wasted in poverty and peril. Charles kept a cheerful countenance, and only remarked that the lesson of adversity was of great value to such as himself. Lady MacDonald was soon obliged to return home, as a military force had arrived at her house. Flora and her servant remained with the prince and O'Neal; this faithful Irishman was reluctantly forced to leave his lord the next morning, and soon afterwards fell into the hands of his pursuers.

Next day Charles assumed the disguise of the Irish servant girl, and with his companions made for the shore, where a boat awaited them. When they reached it, wet and weary, they were deterred from embarking by the sight of several parties of soldiers passing in wherries along the coast. It was judged necessary to wait till the shades of night should favour their escape. They then trusted themselves to the little boat under the guidance of one boatman, steering their course for the Isle of Skye. The dangers that beset them might well have appalled the boldest,—a night voyage in a little bark upon the stormy seas of the Western Islands, with the cruisers of their relentless pursuers swarming round on every side. But the anxiety of the heroic Scottish maiden was for her prince, not for herself. He seemed but little affected by his situation, and sang the wild songs that he had learned over the watch-fires of his brave highlanders, to cheer the drooping spirits of his companions. As the night advanced, the heavy clouds that had hung gloomily over their departure burst into rain; poor Flora, overcome with hardship and fatigue, sank to sleep in the bottom of the boat; the prince still sang on to aid her slumbers, and when she awoke she found him watching over her with respectful care. Day dawned upon them but to show the difficulties of their situation; land was no where in sight; they knew not where they were, but, trusting to a guiding Providence, steered on as nearly as they could judge, in the same course as they had hitherto pursued, and in a little time the lofty headlands of Skye gladdened their sight. Making the best of their way towards the shore, they first approached Waternish on the western coast, but as they drew near, a party of militia appeared in readiness to receive them; a boat lay on the beach, but, happily for the fugitives there were no oars. The prince's rowers on seeing the danger instantly put about, and strained every nerve to pull away; the soldiers called upon them in vain to come ashore and surrender: when threats failed, a fire was opened upon them from the beach, fortunately without any effect. Charles called upon the boatmen not to mind the villains. They answered "We fear but for you." "Oh, no fear of me," he replied, gaily. Flora MacDonald was with difficulty persuaded by him to lie down in the boat to be sheltered from the bullets; she only consented on the condition that he should do so too, declaring that his life was of far more value than hers. They were soon placed out of the reach of danger by the vigorous efforts of the rowers.

Harassed and fatigued, the wanderers put into a little creek some miles to the northward, to seek for aid and shelter; their hope was vain, the

people of the neighbouring village dreaded their dangerous presence, and constrained them to put to sea again. Finally they landed near the seat of Sir Alexander MacDonald, in the parish of Kilmuir. This chief was at the time with the Duke of Cumberland, but his wife, Lady Margaret MacDonald, was in the neighbourhood; she was the daughter of Lord Eglinton, a beautiful and accomplished woman, in her heart firmly attached to the house of Stuart. Lady Margaret had been informed of the prince's expected arrival by a Mrs. MacDonald, of Kirkibost, and when the fugitives landed, Flora, attended by MacEachan, sought her at the house, leaving Charles seated on his trunk on the beach, still in his female disguise. A militia officer, remarkable for his activity in the pursuit of the unfortunate prince, was at this time, with several others, enjoying Lady Margaret's hospitality. Flora displayed admirable courage and self-possession in her manner on this trying occasion, and successfully evaded in her answers the many perplexing questions put to her; such as, whence she came? where was she going? by whom was she attended? Although Lady Margaret was warned of the wanderer's coming, she was much alarmed when she heard of his actual presence in her neighbourhood. A man named Donald Roy MacDonald, who had fought and bled at Culloden, was taken into her confidence; it was arranged that this stout Jacobite should take up the guidance of the prince from Portree at the other side of the island; MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret's chamberlain, had directions to manage the flight to that place. The chamberlain found Charles on the shore, and at once conducted him to his house at Kingsburgh on the way towards Portree by the public road. Flora soon pleaded to her hostess the necessity of getting home to attend her mother's sick couch, who was alone in these troublesome times; after all the due ceremonies of entreaties and refusals had been gone through between Lady MacDonald and her guest, for the benefit of the bystanders, the young lady departed. Mrs. MacDonald of Kirkibost, with her servants, joined Flora and MacEachan for the journey. The party soon overtook Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far along the high road, but had soon after to turn off across a wild and trackless country. Flora hurried past them at a trot, that the servants might not observe the direction Charles was about to take, but she soon parted company with her fellow travellers, and turned to rejoin the prince. After some annoyance and anxiety, Charles and his companions reached Kingsburgh house at eleven o'clock that night, where they were hospitably entertained. By the advice of the lady of the house, the prince changed his dress the following morning, but lest the servants might entertain a suspicion from the strange alteration, it was effected in a wood by the roadside. When Kingsburgh had accomplished this object he returned home. Charles and MacEachan struck across the mountains for Portree; Flora took a different road to the same destination.

At this village, the only one on the island, Donald Roy had meanwhile made arrangements for carrying the prince to Raasay, where a safe refuge was expected, the proprietor being a strong Jacobite, but uncompromised by any active participation in the disastrous struggle. Donald Roy, with a few friends, met the prince in the evening at the mean village inn; they found him at a coarse meal, drinking out of a broken vessel, used for baling out a boat. Flora soon arrived, but only to bid a last farewell to him whose life she had so nobly preserved; she

had done all that lay in her power, and could serve him no more. Charles thanked her warmly for her generous aid. "For all that has happened," added he "I hope, madam, we shall meet at St. James's yet." He then saluted her tenderly, and they parted to meet no more. The noble devotion of this heroic girl won the admiration and esteem of all; she was soon arrested for the part she had taken in Charles's escape, but was treated with the highest consideration and respect. They carried her to London in a sort of gentle captivity; there she met with every demonstration of regard and consideration, which a generous people never fail to bestow on those whose virtues have been conspicuous even in the cause of their enemies. Subsequently she married the eldest son of MacDonald of Kingsburgh, and after a somewhat eventful life, died at the age of seventy years, in the house where she had effected the safety of her prince. The sheet which wrapped him on the night of his visit there, she had religiously preserved to be her winding-sheet; in it she was laid to rest, among her native islands, the scenes where she had won immortal honour. To this day the name of the noble Flora is often heard in the simple Highland songs, whose echoes still linger in the lonely glens of the north; and among the rocky solitudes of the Hebrides, as the traveller winds his way by the rippling burn, the memories of her brave deed spring up beneath his feet, like the wild flowers on the water's side.

A cousin of the laird of the district, named Malcolm MacLeod, who had served in the prince's army, now became his guide. After some days were passed on the island in a little hut, they went back to Skye, braving the danger of a storm. For some days they wandered about among the mountains, till, compelled by hunger, they sought aid from Malcolm's sister, the Lady MacKinnon, who received them very kindly in the absence of her husband. When M'Kinnon returned, MacLeod went to meet him with some anxiety. "What would you do," said he to the laird, "if the prince were to come to you for an asylum?" "I would give my life to save him," was the generous answer. MacKinnon furnished the prince with a boat. His usual fortune followed Charles, the dangers of a heavy gale were increased by the presence of two cruisers; after much hardship and risk the boat was at length moored at the southern end of Loch Nevis. They slept on the heather in the open air for the first three nights; on the fourth they found the shelter of a cavern, and then they wandered from hut to hut, among the wretched dwellings the Highlanders had erected on the ruins of their houses, for the soldiery had swept the country with ruin, in their fierce revenge. The MacKinnons shortly after handed over the care of the prince to MacDonald of Boisdale; he joyfully undertook the dangerous task, appointing his cousin Glenaladale as the guide. This was the severest time Charles had yet experienced; the English troops were in possession of the passes in all directions; he was obliged to hide repeatedly; on one occasion the pursuers passed close under a rock where he was secreted. Toil and hunger had worn out his frame, but not subdued his spirit, for when he chanced to see during his wanderings the people flying before the soldiery who mercilessly pursued them, keeping up a constant fire, his companions could scarcely restrain him from drawing his sword and rushing on the cruel assailants.

At length Charles sought shelter with the "seven men of Glenmoriston," outlaws, who had taken refuge in the wildest part of the Highlands, and by their knowledge of the country managed to hold their ground

against the English. These mountaineers received him with joyful respect, and spared no risk or fatigue to supply his wants. During three weeks of this wild life he had won completely the bold hearts of his hosts; and when, in quieter days, the survivors of this little band spoke of his sojourn with them, it was always with the deepest feeling, and with undying affection towards their prince.

Charles next found shelter in a cavern at Letternilich, on an almost inaccessible situation among the lofty rocks, till, after eleven days, Glendalade announced to him the stirring news that two French vessels of war had anchored in Lochnanaugh bay.

On the 19th of September, the prince repaired to the shore, accompanied by Lochiel and his brother, with many other friends and followers, who preferred the woes of exile to the dangers of retribution, which threatened them at home; a crowd of kinsfolk of those about to depart assembled on the beach to bid them farewell. The prince drew his sword, and cheered their saddened hearts for a moment as he spoke of future efforts; he promised soon to be among them again with a powerful army, to gain a certain victory. But his tattered garments and emaciated figure, with the melancholy sight of the departing exiles, soon turned the gleam of hope that for a moment lighted up the hearts of the bystanders into the darkness of despair. With sobs, tears, and sighs the farewell was spoken; for many among them it was the last earthly parting.

After a narrow escape from the English fleet on the French shore, in the friendly shelter of a fog, the prince passed in safety to the French coast, and landed at Roseoff, near Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 10th of October; the tedious and perilous passage lasted twenty days. The nobles of the province received him with a generous welcome; hospitably supplying his wants, and those of his unfortunate companions.

The prince set out for Paris after a brief repose; his brother, the Duke of York, advised of his approach, came out to meet him, and escorted him to the castle of St. Antoine, which had been prepared for his reception by the French Court. A few days after his arrival in Paris, he went in state to Fontainebleau to receive audience of the King of France. Everywhere he was received with interest and sympathy; his romantic adventures and chivalrous bearing excited the enthusiasm of all. Charles soon saw that, despite all this demonstration, he had but little to hope from a corrupt Court and a hesitating and timid ministry. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, soon after signed, confirmed his unfavourable forebodings; its results drove him from his asylum in France, with every humiliating aggravation to which the malice of his enemies and the unworthiness of his friends could subject him. Madrid, Avignon, and Venice were successively tried in vain as places of refuge for the wanderer.

Suddenly Charles disappeared from public notice, all traces of him were lost; he was next heard of in London. A number of his partisans in that city had made preparations for a revolt; the promises of support were numerous, the hopes of success strong. At a large meeting, called to discuss some news just received from France, the prince unexpectedly appeared among the conspirators. "Here I am," said he, "ready to raise my banner; give me four thousand men, and I will instantly put myself at their head." When tried in this manner, his partisans failed in the fulfilment of their boasts and promises; Charles then saw that the case was hopeless, and returned to the continent.

Would that the history of this unhappy man could be closed here, with the touching sentiment of Voltaire: "Let the man who, in

private station, groans over his light misfortune, contemplate those of the prince and his ancestors." The blight that withered his fortunes cankered his mind. His after-life formed, in every respect, a contrast to the patient endurance, high courage, and gracious and noble traits that had characterised him in his ill-fated expedition. Late in life he married the Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guèdern at Macerata, in the year 1772; from mutual faults, this union proved a source of unhappiness to both. Some writers attribute the degradation of his declining years to insanity; but it appears to have been solely the effect of intoxicating liquors. The Count of Albany, as he was then usually called, gave himself up to gross and unrestrained indulgence. His debauchery at length became dreadful; an old attendant said of him, "that no street-porter could equal him." Even during the day he rarely remained sober, and his usual allowance after dinner was six bottles of strong wine.

Disgusted at his besotted habits, his wife sought the society of the young Count Alfieri;—the customs of Italy at that time tolerated, and even sanctioned, a *liaison* of this nature, and her degraded husband seems to have regarded it with indifference. Cardinal York, Charles's brother, a man of high moral character and unspotted honour, saw with deep affliction this climax to the disgrace of his fallen family, and endeavoured, by all the means in his power to repress the injurious scandal. His efforts were vain, and his indignation futile; the unhappy marriage soon ended in a separation.

On the 7th of January 1788, Charles Edward sank under his enormous excesses; gifted by nature with an admirable constitution, he had borne up against disease for some time. On the 27th a paralytic stroke deprived him of speech and of the use of one side; on the morning of the 31st he died. To the last he was watched over with tender affection by the only person who latterly had the power of exciting an emotion of interest in his heart—Charlotte, his daughter by Clementina Walkenshaw, closed his eyes and soothed the pangs of death. By vain acts of powerless sovereignty, he had legitimized this beloved daughter, and created her Duchess of Albany.

In the church of St. Peter's at Rome there is in the left aisle a marble slab, which conspicuously commands attention as you enter; it is cut out so as to resemble the doors of a vault, with two figures on the sides, and two heads in medallion above. There is no very striking merit in these heads, although they appear to have been executed with the artist's greatest care, and are most elaborately finished; but there is something exquisitely touching in the two figures below, the forms graceful and delicate, the countenances sad and thoughtful. They stand with their torches reversed, and their faces turned towards the ground, with an expression rather of deep melancholy than poignant sorrow. On the tablet above, the names of the last three descendants of the unfortunate house of Stuart are engraved in letters of gold; below is a verse of Scripture, which would have suited any other tomb as well.

Of two of these history has but little to record, beyond the weakness and superstition of the father, and the benevolence of the younger son. But the third has left behind him an undying interest; for a brief season he seemed destined to redeem the errors and brighten the annals of his race. Then came defeat and shame, and the name of the Stuarts was blotted out for ever from the page of living history.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS IN PARIS (*April 1848*).

BY THE FLANEUR IN PARIS.

MUCH as the meaning originally attached in France to the word "club" may have been smoothed down and gilded over by the sense, very nearly tantamount to its real English signification, bestowed upon it by the Parisian *gants jaunes*, the *élégants*, the members of the Jockey Club, the *soi-disant* admirers and would-be imitators of English fashions and English comfort, the fashionable Anglo-maniacs, in fact, of a time gone by, and already a matter of remote history, although only of the last few years, the last few months, the last few weeks even, so great is the gulf that already sunders Parisian manners as they were from Parisian manners as they are; much as the term may have been drilled, and fashioned, and decked out into what they thought a proper, gentlemanly, exclusive, well-bred sense, it has no less returned all at once to one of terrible memory. The same revolution that overthrew a throne, has at the same time upset an Anglo-cism; and in this remark the bathos may not be so great as may be imagined. In this time of pell-mell frenzy, when newly revolutionized French heads seem to have no thought but that of subverting power, and no purpose—to use the words of the German poet Grabbe—but "to ruin, and with the ruins, at best build up a ruin;" when each party of men seems to have adopted as the inscription of their banner of liberty, "All for *our* will! down with that of every body else!" when, in the name of the people, of the sovereign people, whose voice, they tell you, is the "voice of God!" each faction, each expression of opinion, nay, each individual "dreamer of dreams," and newly arisen concocter of Utopian theories, each supporter of what are called Communist and Socialist doctrines, for the *soi-disant* welfare of humanity, and the real destruction of every old social tie, assert the right of alone directing the welfare and the rule of France,—when already the evident tendency of those who call themselves the only true republicans, is to give their own meaning, in their new republican dictionary, to the three great rallying watch-words of the day, and explain that "*Fraternité*" means "the bitterest hatred to all who possess not the same opinions;" "*Egalité*," "*we* up above, and all others down below;" and "*Liberté*," "liberty of thinking, speaking, doing, acting, crushing, destroying as it pleaseth *us*, but the most despotic suppression of all ideas, things, and men, that *we* acknowledge not;" when violent demonstration, demand, exaction, are growing day by day more clearly the avowed principles of "whole hog" republicans, and support of those principles "by *force* if necessary," their declared religion, in such times, shew the mere change in the meaning of a word may have a more awful prophetic signification than would appear at first sight. As it is, the late meaning of the word "hides its diminished head," ashamed and shrinking back from the restored one, that flaunts the red Phrygian cap of liberty on its head, seems already inclined to assume the more truly French and distinguishing term of "*cercle*," and very shortly the word "club" will wear in France the sense alone of a republican political meeting for the dictation of the

will of the majority,—what do I say?—of the more violent minority to the whole country.

It was at the commencement of the French Revolution of the last century, that the word was first imported into France by the Anglo-mania party of the day; the party that, headed by a prince of the blood, who, thinking to forward his own purposes of ambition, recklessly offered the first hand to open the sluices to an inundation that soon swept himself away in a torrent of blood, first commenced its opposition to the monarchic principle. The party was carried away and wrecked upon the angry waters, but the name of the vessel in which they had embarked for the traffic of their political opinions and their ambitious views still floated on the stormy sea, and was seized upon by the pirate wreckers to bear themselves forward on their own voyage of destruction and bloodshed. The word "club" became one, the memory of which may still cause many a heart in France to thrill with horror; and now, the veil thrown over it by those who fancied they were decorating it with its true sense of "exclusive association for social purposes, principally of relaxation and amusement in common," has been torn away on a sudden. There are still many who cannot look upon it without fancying they gaze upon a hideous spectre, and who ask themselves, with a shudder, what may hereafter be the fate of republican France, when the spectre shall grow to gigantic proportions, and shall stretch out its hundred hands to sign its bold letters, the hundred declarations of its violent will, or perhaps to seize, crush, destroy all that falls within its powerful grasp.

Upon the proclamation of that provisional French republic of which the violence of a usurping and despotic minority in Paris has declared the permanence, "whatever may betide," thus placing the appeal to the sense of the nation in the light of a mere mockery, when "liberté de réunion politique" was hailed by republicans as opening an arena for all licence, and a field for every frantic ambition, the clubs began to spring out of the blood-manned soil like heads of asparagus,—to-day, one or two; to-morrow, twenty; and then, under the brain-heating sun of French republicanism, a countless host. And now they wax the slender stems, except such as have already died of weakness, or fallen to the ground from their own *too early* prurient rottenness; and they promise, the thriving plants, to grow up into tall trunks and big trees, and they spread themselves abroad, vaunting that they shall stretch forth branches overshadowing the whole land like mighty oaks,—mayhap more like deadly upas trees,—and each stem strives to be the mightiest in the political forest, and to overtop the others.

In the commencement these clubs wore the physiognomy of a comedy, a child's play; an attempt to get up a wretched parody of the fearful earnest of '91. Men had all the air of children playing at soldiers. They played at "clubbists," and they played their part more or less with the conviction of the reality of their game; more or less with solemnity, more or less well. The children in this political play did not seem to know, at first, that they had really got sharp-edged tools in their own hands; they flourished them about like "make-believe" weapons; but lately they have found out, in their flourishing, that they have given a rent or two here, a gash or two there, and that when their blades are flourished in the face of their grown-up parents, the members of the Provisional Government,—

who, by the way, have themselves continually the air of playing at "make-believe" with a people's destinies, and only acting an unreal drama in the face of Europe, so recklessly do some of them play their game,—these ushers, in their republican school-room, only blinked their eyes, positively shut them sometimes to what they were doing, and promised them that, if they would only not flare their weapons about so, they should have all the poisoned sugar-plums they would like to swallow themselves, or force down their fellows' throats; and, like spoiled children who have learnt their power by over-indulgence, they may soon declare themselves grown-up men, turn their ushers adrift, at least those they think "too strict" in their restraint, and run loose in one great sweeping riot of revolutionary holiday. They are trying their hand at it already, and not only at home, if all tales be true; for, like Venice, there are many, it is said, which have not only their open senate, but their more secret Council of Ten, and their yet more mysterious and all-powerful Council of Three, in all their foreign underhand dealings. But the *Flâneur*, with his necessary character for superficial observation, has nothing to do with hidden movements and concealed workings in the body; his task is only to paint the physiognomy as he sees it, and, at most, judge the character by the visible expression flitting over the face; and to this task he will betake himself.

Even in this proceeding, however, he must claim indulgence. The name of the clubs in Paris is already legion. One and all consider themselves each as important as its neighbour. He finds himself turned adrift in a great gallery of portraits, and how make copies of them all? In truth, it would prove, could he even accomplish the task, a "weary show." He can do no more than turn himself round, pitch upon this or that physiognomy at random, sketch it off as best he may be able, and leave the others unattempted. As may be well supposed, also, there is a certain family likeness in all the pictures of the gallery, since they all pourtray the several members of one great family, born of the same parent, in racing language, "by Republic out of Revolution." There would be, consequently, a considerable monotony in any long series of "copies from originals!" True! there are all the varieties of expression which must be found in the various members of a family according to their several characters. Some are frowning, some are calm; some have a passionate knit about the brow, some a sneer about the upper lip, some have an air of despairing melancholy, that looks at all "on the black side," some a triumphant reckless look of optimism, some look steadily straight before them, like men looking into the distance, some squint atrociously, so distorted are visual organs, so distractedly askew do they take their view of things in general. But the family likeness is there after all; almost all have an impatient "kicking-up-a-row" look about them; and the outward attire of each individual portrait is also very similar, taking into account a greater or lesser richness of stuff in the dress. There is nothing to be done, consequently, but to pick out a physiognomy or two by chance.

The *Flâneur* turns himself round, then, like a stuffed conjurer spinning about on a child's lottery-tray. What is the portrait before which he finds himself placed?

The frame has already served in other times to far other and more harmonious purposes. It consists of the "Salle des Concerts" of the

"Conservatorio de Musique." The arts, however, must wholly give way, as futile matters, before the beck of republican politics; they must be even happy that they are not looked upon as *aristocrates*, and as such, *suspects*. They have fled, for the time, from their old haunts, and it's a wonder that frightened harmony should not fly away for ever from the spot where discord raises its voice so loud. The frame of the picture is a dingy one: four small passage-lamps alone make "darkness visible" in the amphitheatre; and they do well, for, where the eye has been accustomed to see grouped around the elegance of all that Paris contains of most distinguished in musical amateurs,—grace, richness, colour—it contracts spasmodically at the dim vision of rusty coats and dingy *blouses*, enlivened at most with the red epaulettes of the coarse uniforms of the National Guards, with which the well-known amphitheatre,—boxes, stalls, pit, every part, in fact,—is closely packed, as with stale herrings in a once clean cask. But these are changes the eye must get used to in these republican days, and not give itself fastidious airs of exclusive nicety; for if it mend not its manners in this respect, it may often find itself ill treated: and all the other organs of sense, by the way, would do well to follow its example.

In the stage upon which, in other times, sat in grave semicircle that admirable orchestral band so renowned in modern musical annals for its precision of harmony, there is another *band* now,—a band that hopes to be as renowned in the political annals of France for the force of its disharmony, for its powers of subversion and destruction. The picture represents a meeting of a club for the propagation of communist doctrines: its president is a famous leader of sedition, formerly imprisoned for "high misdemeanours," and now, consequently, a hero, however great his real incapacity, a demi-god, however doubtful his character. See! he is sitting, with his pale face, his pale beard, his pale cropped hair, his pale eyes, and his pale expression of discontent, behind an elevated table on the stage—the "leader of the band:" on either side of him, also, seated at the table, are his vice-presidents and secretaries—his first fiddlers: standing around and behind are the other members of his orchestra, his acolytes and supporters, and many of those desirous of playing solos, and addressing the assembly. Four dreary-looking candles throw a dim dirty light upon this mass of beards and frowning patriotic faces, and give a conspirator-like look to their groupings, that, probably, is by no means uncongential to the president. A little below, in front of the stage, is a rostrum, *soi-disant* Roman in its fashioning, to which steps ascend on either side. This is the *tribune de l'orateur*. A grave-faced man has got possession of it, and he is declaiming upon the measures to be laid before the government, as the expression of the high and mighty will of the club, for the remedy of the misery and dangers of the present financial crisis: the bank is to be taken from the hands of the privileged monopolizers who possess it, and given to the country for its direction: this is to be seized and confiscated; that to be taken from capitalists, "those spoliators of the nation," for the people's benefit; t'other to be claimed from aristocratic property-holders, as a people's right. How he goes on! But the audience is not yet sufficiently "advanced,"—as the proposers of such sweeping applications to their doctrines would call it,—to understand the complicated harmonies of a music that seems so full of discords. What a tremendous uproar greets the orator at almost every word! Denegations, expostulations, protestations, inter-

pellations—various, long, loud, and stormy—burst forth from the boxes, and even the more exclusive and partizan-packed, *claqueur*-provided, pit. Sometimes they come, like one sudden peal of unsuspected thunder, a great crash; sometimes in partial discharges, like a desultory fire from a besieging party; sometimes in a solitary yell from some bolder individual; and then, again, they rise *crescendo*, like a peal of thunder, that seems as it would never cease. In the midst of the general tumult, minor quarrels and disputes arise, in separate groups, from unknown neighbours, who are not of the same mind, and people jump up from their seats with gestures as were they about to butt their heads together like fighting rams, and every moment the crash of thick skulls in such collision is to be expected, and everybody cries “à la porte!” into the face of everybody else, until you are fully persuaded that everybody intends to turn everybody out of the *salle*, and thus clear it of everybody, upon the devouring principle of the Kilkenny cats, but without leaving as much as a tail behind; and in the midst of this pandemonium-like confusion, look! there is one little, broad-shouldered, young fellow, with a big black mane and fiery eyes, who is always springing up and sitting down, as if his seat were of heated iron, and who roars like a young lion, shaking his fist at the whole assembly, without exception: and hark! there is another, with a brow like a hyena, who is jumping up as incessantly, and says nothing but “Je demande la parole!” Nor is the president behind hand in the uproar; he bangs the table without a moment’s pause, and his fundamental agitation is as great as that of the lion, to whose roar his bellow responds in unceasing echo. There is one fiery black secretary, also, in a white paletot, who is constantly jumping off the stage into the stalls and pit, and flourishing about like a distracted policeman, determined upon arresting all the world, and making one great station-house of all society. Is such a scene to be the type of Republican France? One would almost suppose so, since its Parisian clubs,—and this is one of the most influential,—look upon themselves as the arbiters of its destiny.

But now the tumult has dwindled to a comparative calm, and the face of the picture is somewhat changed. The orator who has got into the rostrum is already known to the chief part of the assembly for the poetical vigour of his energetic language: he is in the dress of an artisan, and he has a fine bold brow and a keen eye. He is listened to with greater patience, for, however startling his doctrines, however bordering on blasphemy his bold allusions, however void of any real argument or demonstration his grand periods, he has the gift of that vigorous declamation, the facility of those clap-trap sentiments, that are sure to meet with applause among the theatrically-minded French, who are always ready to applaud “phrase-making,” however “full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.” He is left tolerably undisturbed, although “hyena-face” is still always getting up with the words, “Je demande la parole!” or rather, he is met with tremendous applause, when, in the midst of much startling poetry of language, he tells the club that Christ was a communist and *revolutionnaire*, how was it when He said, “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s,” and that in this day of privileges and monopolies, He would have been arrested for working miracles, because he was “practising without a patent.” “Immense roars of applause.” A little blasphemy seasons well a dish of French declamation.

But the *Flâneur* has not space upon his canvas to paint every accessory of the picture. Orator succeeds orator, and in the midst of rising or sinking riot and confusion, many are put down. A very flourishing gentleman, in the dress of a *Garde National*—he is evidently the low-comedy actor on this stage—put down! A poor weak man, with a strong foreign accent, put down! One man, who talks a little reason amidst all the hurly-burly of communist extravagance, of course put down! Hyena-face, with his incessant “*Je demande la parole!*” is at last forced up into the rostrum, and when he gets there, declares he has nothing to say—he puts himself down. Amidst such scenes of constant turmoil, the deliberations of the assembly are continued. It is declared, in spite of violent protestation from the public, that the select members of the club are alone to vote, and of course they carry their high measure, which is to dictate their will to the temporary rulers of the land, all their own way. They think to hold the destinies of France in their hand. Poor France! were it true,—should it ever prove true,—and who can tell how soon it prove not true?

Spin round again, *Flâneur!* His face turns to the Salle Valentino, in the Rue St. Honoré. Within that glittering popular ball-room, with its painted ceilings and its gilded columns, its wreaths of roses, now intermixed with tricolor banners, and its joyous *souvenirs* of frantic excitement, full of visions of masks and scampering bands of variegated dancers, is again a crowd, but a crowd that dances on the ruins of society, to the music of threats and denunciations, with a *bonnet rouge* as its sole costume. The estrade of the president and his acolytes, and the orator's tribune, are again upon the spot, where an orchestra lead on the dance,—and a pretty dance they would lead on, I trow. How striking is the contrast of the dark sweltering crowd to the bright painting and gilding around! The masks, however, are almost as various as at a carnival ball. Coats, *blouses*, cloaks, bonnets, gloved hands and gloveless, artizans and authors, men old and young, women and children, mingle pell-mell. The assembly is worthy of the name that calls it together: its convokers belong to the newly established violent “*Populaire*” newspaper. You may read its principles in the speeches of the orators; for those who are not of their mind are of course quickly put down. They are advocates for propagandism; the feelings of the country must be *travaillé* (“*tortured*,” *vid.* a French dictionary) to a republican sense, they say; the most arbitrary and despotic measures must be adopted for that purpose. All hail, then, to the reign of *liberty!* The picture, on account of its brilliant accessories, is a strange and novel one: but the doctrines grow stale upon the palled ear: they are to be heard in almost every other club, at every *al fresco* meeting at street corners: the picture is “*too much like the former.*” There is the same shouting, clamouring, protesting; the same tumult and disorder. The family likeness is too strong to render this portrait of any peculiar interest after the other.

Round again! The *Flâneur*, however, has not got far in his present turn. Close by is the Church of the Assumption. Attached to the church is an old chapel. A dim light from its windows invites the passer by. A dusky troop is mounting its steps in a desultory manner. Within, what a contrast do the accessories exhibit to those of the last picture! Nothing can be more gloomy than the aspect of the damp, dark, dismantled chapel. A few faint lamps give only a fune-

real air to the assembly. Beneath the semicircular vault, at the further end, is a scaffolding covered with black cloth: it occupies the spot where once stood the altar of the Lord. It looks like a scaffold prepared for the execution of a criminal; and, in truth, it is prepared for the execution "unto death" of all the social institutions of the country. It stands upon the ground of the Most Holy; and, in truth, those who have placed themselves aloft upon it, are the new divinities of republican France. So tells us, at least, a pale, dark, lanky-haired, squinting youth, who occupies, as orator, the lower black-behung "tribune," beneath the higher one, on which sit president, vice-presidents, and secretaries. The distracted youth has energy, and even eloquence enough: but what does he tell his hearers? That the republic is based upon "divine right," since it has been the work of Providence, and that, strong in this "right divine," the republican minority must take up arms against the constituent assembly, should it declare itself against the republican principle. A grey-haired old gentleman takes his place, and, to the surprise of many, his grey-haired wits go still farther than the inexperienced head of the youth. He tells his audience that the republic, "one and indivisible, is more than indivisible—is God!" With such rhapsody of republicanism ringing in the ears, how can we doubt that there, upon that spot, we have the new divinities of a new religion before our eyes? that they, and they alone, have justly erected their altar upon the once sanctified spot?

Strange anomaly! A circular declares that this club is founded by the leading men of a paper called the "Democratic Pacifique;" but nothing, of a surety, appears less *pacifique* than the principles of these divine gentlemen. "To arms! to arms! unless *our* will is that of all!" is the cry. Look at the president also! Does he expect himself to be regarded as a type of his pacific democracy? With what frantic ardour does he scratch back his scanty fair hair from his high half-bald forehead, that he evidently considers sublime! With what ferocity does he roll his little light eyes! How awfully, in his incessant bawlings, does his little round mouth open in the midst of that Jove-like profusion of fair beard! How despotically does he brow-beat every orator who is not of his opinion, or of the opinion of his party! With what stunning force does he bang his hammer on his presidential table! He must indeed be the superior divinity, for it is a miracle that the table is not shattered beneath his blows! With what stentorian voice does he bellow, at the beginning and at the end of the proceedings, "Vive la Republique!" Those who find not such exhibitions of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," to their taste, will be glad to turn their eyes away from the dusky group of these *soi-disant* "pacifics," and from the dark picture of the gloomy dismantled chapel with its riotous crowd.

Another picture comes before the eyes of the *Flâneur*. Through the courts of the palace, which has so long borne the misnomer of "royal," and has been now confiscated and proclaimed "national," hurry again dark groups of men. They are of all classes, and the *blouse* mingles in their masses with the coat. They hurry through marble halls, and up vast marble staircases, like a fresh mob taking a royal palace by storm: through gilded anti-rooms and painted apartments they hurry on. The picture represents a vast room, decorated with white and gold: hoards have been knocked up over each painted

representation of royalty. The crowd is intense, and noisy again, in the once quiet, long deserted palace. Presidents, secretaries, and supporters throne it grandly at the upper end. The throng is so great, that the picture is a confused one: it is almost impossible to distinguish its accessories in that "darkness visible," which seems to be a symbolical requisite of most of those clubs. But the ear can hear, and the heart may feel more or less bitterly, if the eye cannot see. The most vague and frantic Utopian fancies of the communist doctrines of the day, the *partage général* of property, the dissolution of the nation into one vast loving family,—I know not other theories besides,—are not sufficient here; although, sooth to say, they still meet with murmuring opposition from a minority. It is not enough that orators declare their doctrines *must* be adopted by the assembly which is to found the basis of a new constitution. Another follower of the same creed declares, that it is urgent to subvert all the old worn-out doctrines of retrograde philosophies and religions; that Christianity was "all very well" for *moyenage* use, but that it is now far *en arrière*, and unfit for the progress of mankind. In vain an aged priest, republican as he may be in his social creed, uses all his old energies to defend his religion. A minority of voices alone supports him: the clamour, the applause, are on the side of the would-be reformer of Divine revelation, and the predominant "Yes, yes," declares that Christianity ought to be flung aside like a garment out of fashion, and no longer wearable in such times. A former conspirator is again the president of this assembly: he is, of course, a hero now-a-days; but he appears to be no genius for all that. Let us turn away our eyes from the picture presented by the gilded halls of the ex-Palais Royal.

There is a vast profusion of others that may be lighted upon at random. What, then, is this to which the eye next rambles? At the further end of that quarter of Paris beyond the Seine which belongs more especially to the University, stands the vast old building of the Sorbonne—the seat of former ecclesiastical conclaves, the theological schools of the present University. Of course, in these days of general invasion of all public property, the lecture-rooms are given up to be the arenas of the political discussions of the students. Old dark courts, like those of some of our English colleges, are to be traversed, broad old stone staircases to be mounted. A distant clamour, that grows thicker and louder on his ear as he goes on, leads the inexperienced wanderer to the scene of the modern lectureship of those who have been once taught, and now would teach all France in their turn. The picture is enframed by one of the vast halls of the Sorbonne. An oblong amphitheatre of seats sweeps from one end of it to the other, and is crowded by a motley throng: men in smocks, artisans, and *hommes du peuple*, are mixed with students with long hair and bristling beards—women and little boys, who are men in their own conceit,—both one and the other mingle among the audience. In the length of the room, opposite this amphitheatre, are erected the *sine quâ non* accessories belonging to all these clubs, the president's tribune and the rostrum of the orator: on the former, men *en blouse* are mingled as secretaries with the students, who evidently endeavour thus to show their fraternisation with the people: if they had not a fitting artisan for the purpose, they would probably dress one of their own body in a smock to typify this touching unity. Above the dark fermenting mass of young republican spirits hangs the gaily decorated ceiling of the hall, painted

with scenes from the history of the Sorbonne: around, in niches, are the white statues of the ecclesiastical worthies of French history; one picture, that of the ex-king perhaps, is alone covered with a dark cloth, upon which is pinned a paper with the words "*Republique Française.*" All this aristocratic pomp of university grandeur forms a strange contrast to the mob of *clubbistes* that fills that once exclusive hall. There is noise and ferment as usual; but, be it said, for what is generally called "the tumultuous youth of the schools," it displays more order and propriety, and sense of parliamentary form, than is to be found in general in these assemblies of French democrats; there is more argument, too, among them, more reasoning, more solid instruction, and, consequently, more sense, less vapid declamation of "cut and dried" theatrical phrases, less applause of phrase-making, less Utopian nonsense. But, at the same time, they have got far beyond their contemporaries; and they discuss the future republican constitution of the country, and all its details, to be enjoined to the future representatives they intend to elect, with an *aplomb*, and decision, as if they themselves were the constituent assembly, and their dictates uncontroversial. The youth of the schools have, however, the soundest heads.

See! another picture! The scene is in a distant faubourg. It again represents a ball-room, but a rude people's holiday ball-room, such as France exhibits everywhere. It is crowded with the working classes; but they dance no longer. The orchestra is again replaced by the tribune: they discuss the interests of their country. But honour again to the *better* class of workmen in distracted France! and grant it, Providence, that they be not in a sad minority. Hark to them here! they have far more sense and reason, and form and method, than those vain men who deem themselves their leaders and instructors, and would mislead with frenzied Utopian dreams. Let us do the picture honour, and pass on.

A *last* picture, for the *Flaneur's* sketch-book is nearly filled. It is a confused one, confused as a fleeting nightmare—slurred over as soon as sketched, and haply never to be painted again; or, if it be hereafter, it will be in blood-red colours, and not as the fleeting caricature as which it was painted lately. The scene is now a narrow dirty room—a district school-house. A burly red-faced man, with a Phrygian cap of liberty upon his head, a red scarf round his waist, and a pike in his hand, stands surrounded by a few friends upon an elevation at the upper end of the room: he tries to speak—a tumult chokes his voice; he bellows—a hundred voices bellow louder still: he waves his pike, the screams of execration nearly shatter the poor room. It is with difficulty you can learn that this blood-red patriot is desirous of re-establishing a club of Jacobins. But the very name, the least recollection of a fearful past is odious to the better thinking. In vain his friends assert that the honest, stout-hearted artisans who fill the room are all salaried agents of aristocrats: they cry, "Down with all Jacobins! down with all terror! down with the blood-red scarf!" They mount the benches: they invade the tribune like an angry tide: they drive the would-be Jacobin leader from his post, and with scornful mockery, the candles from the president's table in their hands, they follow him to the door, through which he passes to return no more. Honour to these artisans again! they have triumphed in the cause of humanity. But again, how long will the better thinking among the lower classes be able to maintain their sway?

WELCOME, SWEET MAY!

WELCOME, sweet May ! whose hand has strewn again,
 O'er bower and plain,
 Odours and hues, a balmy store,
 Which breathing lie on Nature's breast ;
 Nature herself so richly drest,
 That we, of heaven can ask for her no more.

May ! who now putteth forth the hawthorn's hue,
 And woodbine too,
 The harebell, lily cup, and rose ;
 Wild thyme and eglantine art spreading ;
 And where thy fairy footstep now is treading,
 Their dark blue eyes the violets unclose.

To thee the birds now warble through the grove
 In melodies of love,
 The grateful tribute of their little lays ;
 And shall this gladsome heart from thee withhold,
 Sweet season ! that such beauties doth unfold,
 The happy contribution of its praise ?

How sweet to view thee at the opening day,
 Laughing the clouds away,
 Thy golden tresses streaming to the morn,
 Startling the dappled lark from his moist bed,
 And kissing into bloom each pendant head,
 That folded sleeps upon the spangled lawn !

How sweet to find thee by the noontide dell,
 Cool grot, or forest well,
 Thy locks all motionless, thy music still ;
 At eve to woo thee by the crimson'd stream,
 And watch the stars that in its bosom gleam,
 While the young moon peers o'er the distant hill !

Oh ! let thy slanderers call thee a coquet,
 I'll love thee yet,
 As I from boyhood loved thy beauteous smile,
 When bounding with thee over mead and mountain,
 Or lingering beside some mossy fountain,
 Whose low mellifluous music charmed the while.

For I remember how we used to meet,
 And cowslips sweet
 I've plucked for thee ; daisies and purpling heath,
 And pinks and primroses at early dawn ;
 And thy sweet namesake from the flowering thorn,
 Charged with the balmy fragrance of thy breath.

Those days are gone—yet (rail they as they will)
 I'll love thee still
 As I have loved thee, spite of all they say—
 Beautiful, morning, noon, and eve, art thou !
 Come ! let me seal my truth upon thy brow,
 And vow to love thee ever, beauteous May !

SOME CHAPTERS OF THE LIFE OF AN OLD
POLITICIAN.

CHAPTER I.

IMPARTIALITY is what I may term my vanity. I have through life prided myself upon maintaining it: no matter who was concerned, what I really felt, I was in the habit of expressing. If I thought my friends wrong, I said so, and opposed them; if I deemed all parties in error, I was equally sincere, and acted upon my opinion. The result may easily be foreseen,—being of no use as a party man, I was universally decried. The regular politicians called me *impracticable*, and set me aside in all their calculations. The House listened to me sometimes for amusement, which in various ways I afforded them,—sometimes even for instruction, which, upon difficult occasions, they not seldom fancied I could afford; but still, my advice was never taken. How many times have I heard men exclaim around me, “Upon my soul, I believe the old fellow right, but it is impossible to do what he proposes.” Why it was *impossible*, was what I never could discover. Difficult, disagreeable, not flattering to ministerial or statesmen’s vanity,—these attributes I could see belonged often to the course I pointed out; but *impossible*, never. Still the result was the same; I appeared a beacon, set up to light a path in order that it might be avoided.

This quality, however, which thus destroyed all hopes of power or influence, peculiarly fits me to be the gossiping historian of the scenes through which I have passed. I have no party—few personal predilections; I can blame without pain, praise without any feeling of jealousy. I may often be in error; but no one will, I think, have reason to charge me with intending to deceive.

For obvious reasons, much of what is to follow will consist of *historical* pictures, not actual portraits. Of men whose names have become matter of history, I shall speak openly and without reserve. In other instances, I shall describe general characters, give accounts of classes, and not individuals; and thus attain my end of producing a picture of the times without betraying any confidence or wounding any personal vanity.

Of myself and my own history, more than a very slight sketch is not needed by way of preliminary. After a life of strange vicissitudes, after sojourning during my youth in many lands, I resolved, and carried out my determination, to establish myself at home, and became an active politician. To this end, I acquired the *status* of a barrister—added the mere technical lore, which is called a knowledge of English law, to the heap of somewhat undigested information and learning already crammed into my head—ate my terms—spent many months in the chambers of a pleader—took chambers in the Temple—went sessions and circuit—and became acquainted with that vast variety of men and manners which a lawyer’s way of life brings before him.

Before I rush into politics, let me say a few words of the profession to which I belong, but for which, nevertheless, I have not that regard which success inspires—which a peculiar, profound, though narrow knowledge is but too apt to create. *My* mind certainly has not been

cramped by exclusive attention to legal learning—*my* regard has not been won by golden acquisitions. In this case, as in most others, I believe I can speak *impartially*. My besetting *vanity* here, even, is manifest!

It is the fashion, more especially among the political class, to speak of lawyers as narrow-minded, in the words of Mr. Pitt, as “unequal to the grasp of empire.” When I run over in my memory the men whom I have seen enacting statesmen—when I gauge their mental capacity, and compare it with that of the class which is thus stigmatized as narrow-minded, I confess myself puzzled and amazed. Nevertheless, the saying, that there is usually some truth at the foundation of all generally-received opinions, holds good in the particular instance. The injustice of the opinion lies in its special and exclusive application. Lawyers are no more unfit for the business of government than any other class. Unfortunately for themselves, their unfitness becomes more apparent to the public, because they are brought more directly and prominently before the public gaze; and being by habit able to talk, they more rapidly than other classes make manifest their ignorance.

In our present state of society, success in every station is attended with violent competition. To gain a mere livelihood, whether as a carpenter or a lawyer, requires undivided attention. The physician, who is not to be found at every time of the day and night—the lawyer who is not, with untiring regularity, at chambers and in court—the merchant whose whole soul and time are not devoted to his business and his counting-house—the tradesman whose life is not spent in his shop—will not succeed. There must be no dallying with this, the main business of life. This direful industry does not, indeed, always succeed; but without it, failure is certain.

The necessary result of this great necessity is to confine a man's thoughts to a fixed and certain routine. He often within his sphere, under the powerful stimulus of modern competition, acquires an almost supernatural ability; but beyond that sphere he has seldom the wish, still more seldom the capacity, to advance. Any country girl could walk Taglioni or Elsler to death in a day; yet these *artistes* have, by constant labour, acquired a power almost superhuman: they are unrivaled dancers, but can hardly walk a mile.

The labour of a lawyer is, besides, wholly intellectual, and any other mode of intellectual exertion hardly proves a relaxation. With the merchant, the tradesman, artizan, or *politician*, this is not the case. Much of their labour is routine, and literature may supply them with pleasureable occupation, which serves to unbend their thoughts, and is, in fact, a relief. The *mind* of a lawyer is, therefore, more completely confined to one mode of action, to one species of knowledge, than that of the other classes of society. This tendency is, however, counteracted, more especially among the men of the common-law bar, by the variety of human transactions with which they are compelled to be conversant—the many classes with whom they come in contact. They are, for the most part, shrewd and active-minded, amusing generally as companions, because of their dexterity in unraveling evidence and detecting the working of human motives in particular cases; but, from the very nature of their employment, unfitted to discover and appreciate the probable effects upon a community of new combinations of circumstances, whether brought about by chance or the direct

will of the legislature. To learn from many combined decisions, and from the conflicting, vague, and varying language of Parliamentary law, what the law actually is,—to ascertain whether, in a given case, that law has been violated by one party or the other—this, which is the ordinary business of a lawyer, is a very different thing from *prophesying* what will be the effect on the well-being of a community from a change in their law or in their general policy. The one office is that of the lawyer; the other, that of the statesman. With a few brilliant exceptions, English lawyers have not shone as statesmen.

To those unacquainted with the House of Commons, this failure on the part of lawyers appears wholly unaccountable. The life of a lawyer is passed in speaking. All his success depends, it is supposed, upon his power of winning juries and judges to his view of a subject. He must be ready of resource, endowed with much learning, have facility, at least, of speech; and in instances of great success, he is usually endowed with great eloquence: nevertheless, possessed though he may be of all these, and many other advantages, the most successful advocates have almost invariably been without influence in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt's sarcastic observation, as above quoted, was made when speaking of the greatest and most successful advocate that ever graced the English bar—of Lord Erskine. He, though the most eloquent and effective of advocates, never shone with anything beyond a secondary lustre in Parliament, whether in the House of Commons, or afterwards in the Peers. Any one who has addressed a court and jury, and passed a session in the House of Commons, has *felt* why this is so; though, perhaps, he may not be quite able to *explain* the phenomenon.

Lawyers usually have passed middle age before they succeed in forcing their way into Parliament. Prudence suggests to the ambitious barrister that his first great care and duty is to place himself beyond the reach of want. Independence he must attain before he attempts to win political renown. But independence can only be won by years of steady labour, and by great success. By the time that a man is rich enough to venture into politics he has grown grey in the harness of a lawyer; he has become too old to acquire new habits, and cannot unlearn his old ones. He enters the House, perhaps attended by a great legal renown. Much is expected of him; and, on a sudden, the actual moment has arrived in which he is to justify a high-wrought expectation. The probability is, that many a time and oft, while yet the addition of M.P. was but a dim vision of the future, he has indulged in many contemptuous flings at the Honourable House, its mode of proceedings, its doings, and its heroes. He has often vindicated his own superiority in ideal debate; grappled in fancy with the great leaders of party, and shewn a patient and admiring audience how to conduct an argument. The vision of his youth and his ambition has become partly a reality. The occasion for which he has long sighed has at length been granted, and he for the first time in his life sees the finger of the Speaker pointed at himself, and his own name loudly and gravely pronounced by that imposing personage. He looks around:—How different the spectacle which meets his gaze from that to which he has been hitherto accustomed! In place of the calm, grave, and studied attention of the court, its enforced, yet generally bland courtesy,—instead of the obedient, and usually stolid yet respectful jury,—he sees before, around, about him, wheresoever he turns his eyes, an expectant,

eager, and, in a large section of the assembly, an hostile audience. Quiet and attention are there, because to a stranger prescriptive courtesy always affords both precedence and a willing hearing; but no judicial dignity subdues the real hostility,—no notion of inferiority enforces respectful attention. He feels that he is about to address the most powerful body of men which the world ever beheld assembled. Of these, he knows his friends to be anxious, from the fear of failure, and the hope of his success. His political opponents he perceives upon the watch, with keen looks surveying him. Over their countenances he can detect the passage of a polished yet bitter sneer, as if in the enjoyment of anticipated triumph; and the very cheers by which he is, as a new member, greeted from all parts of the house, create in him a sense rather of inferiority than of ease. The cheers are hearty, intended well; but they are plainly *patronising*. Away flies all his fancied superiority; fear enters his soul; a mist is over his eyes, and his parched mouth almost refuses to utter the words of customary deprecation with which a new member usually commences. His friends become more anxious; his opponents more full of hope. The cheers on all sides grow louder, and his courage more perceptibly falters. So soon as he begins what is really his speech perfect silence succeeds; and in that strange assembly which he is now addressing he finds a critical acumen far above that possessed by any individual of those composing it. By a species of divination they arrive at a judgment concerning the new speaker. In five minutes have I often beheld new men, coming with a promising reputation, consigned for ever to a hopeless and miserable mediocrity. Received with perfect attention and courtesy for the first minutes, he sees his friends become alarmed, and casting down their eyes, while the *patronising* pity of his opponents becomes more apparent. The leaders evince, what they make every body perceive to be, a forced attention; while friends and foes at length equally seek a relief in talking each to his neighbour. For the moment they are evidently talking of the unfortunate member on his legs. This theme is quickly forgotten, and the noise becomes greater; when the Speaker, as if of malice aforethought, but really from pity, cries, "Order! order!" Perhaps an angry, injudicious friend cries "Order!" also, and thus embroils the fray. The hubbub continues, increases. Friends creep, foes stalk away. In parliamentary phrase, the new member "has broken down."

From this first decision, which is almost always a just one, there is often an appeal; when by care, real ability, and reiterated efforts, success is attained. But the man who is great elsewhere, the successful advocate, is just the person not to make this effort. His wounded vanity, consoled by forensic success, shrinks from a second attempt. If he speak at all, it is simply on professional subjects, without pretension, and therefore with sufficient effect. Into the great arena of party strife he does not again descend; its dazzling glory he never attempts to gain. He may attain the woollen sack without having acquired a statesman's renown.

I had for some years been admitted to the bar, and was gradually being drawn within the current of its influence, and began to waver in my first and long-cherished resolution to become a politician. The society of my legal brethren was to me in the highest degree agreeable; the honours of my profession appeared within my reach; its emoluments I hoped also to win, and began highly to prize. At this critical

moment, when my more prudent friends thought me fairly engaged in what they believed would be a successful career, and when a few months more would indeed have thrown around me the chains of habit and engagements, Lord Liverpool was struck with paralysis,—the whole political world was stirred even to its profoundest depths,—and a powerful and startling excitement extended itself rapidly throughout the whole community. A great change had been silently wrought in the public mind since the time

“ When George the Third was King.”

The liberty of the press had gradually been completely won ; political science had by daring thinkers, and sagacious ones too, been materially advanced, and widely discussed. The doctrines of commercial freedom had found their way into the cabinet, and were beginning to be manifest in the enactments of the legislature. The uncouth mass, which had been honoured with the name of law, was subjected to inquiry and to change, and the great principles of religious freedom were adopted, in fact, by a majority of the House of Commons. So long as Lord Liverpool was able to retain the premiership, political parties appeared little affected by the great moral and intellectual changes which had occurred in the public mind. The Tory party still seemed a coherent and united body, and the Whigs a respectable, but by no means a formidable minority. The changes and improvements which from time to time were proposed and carried in our laws, came as voluntary ministerial proposals ; the result of their own enlightened will, not the effect of popular demands and pressure from without. The exterior surface of society never appeared more unruffled. The aristocratic dominion never seemed more secure. Nevertheless, its foundations were really sapped, and many of the old institutions of our land were tottering to their fall. Mr. Canning, by a strange fatality, was the first to make manifest the mighty change that had occurred. The vehement, virulent opponent of change ; he who in his youth had been the most eager ally of Mr. Pitt in his grand crusade against regenerate France and political liberty, was destined in the last days of his career to be, as it were, a sign and signal of the futility of his early struggles ; to head the more liberal section of his party ; to separate the hitherto compact body of the Tories, and thus to deprive them of that overwhelming majority with which they had hitherto resisted all reform. Mr. Canning, indeed, did not live himself to effect any great change. He lived, nevertheless, long enough to create a fatal dissension in his party,—to sow the seeds of that jealousy and hate which have rendered any cordial reunion impossible, and which eventually led to that utter subversion of all the old party landmarks, which we have seen take place. Politics now became an exciting game ; into which, with inconsiderate ardour, I heedlessly rushed. Every day brought some change, and held out the prospect of still greater reforms. Catholic emancipation excited the kingdom from one end to the other. In spite of our ancient hate of popery,—in spite of the wishes of the numerical majority of the people of Great Britain, political freedom was granted to the Catholics of the whole empire. Then came the repeal of the Test and Corporation Laws ; and now was seen the real and mighty effect of these unexpected changes. The actual freedom acquired was not much. The composition either of the House of Commons, or of the corporations of England would, in fact, have remained precisely what it had been, had

no further advance been made. A painful badge of inferiority, and the shame and irritation attendant on it, had been in some measure removed from the Catholic and Dissenter; but nothing had been really and directly done for the good government of the people, but much had been indirectly gained. Mr. Canning's elevation, though a serious, was not a very apparent shock to the Tory party. His friends, although distinguished men, were not numerous; and their separation from their old friends did not appear at first much to diminish the strength of the Tories. But, when the Duke of Wellington determined to grant Catholic emancipation, and Mr. Peel declared that he was prepared to be the instrument by which the law itself which effected this change was to be proposed and carried, a violent rent split the whole temple of Tory power in twain, and rendered all hopes of its reconstruction vain and impossible. The Whigs threw themselves, as supporters, into the ranks of the more liberal section of their old opponents, and, by thus mingling in the strife, added to the strength of that jealousy and hate which already seemed sufficient to prevent any chance of reconciliation. In the midst of this turmoil and confusion two events occurred, that served greatly to increase the excitement and hostility,—George the Fourth died, and the French Revolution of 1830 fell like a bomb upon startled Europe.

After the accession of William IV., and during the fervour and admiration caused by the three days at Paris, a general election occurred in England. This parliament was destined to witness great events. A strong feeling of discontent was manifest among the labouring classes throughout the country. Fires blazed along the southern coasts, the vast manufacturing districts sent forth their thousands in great meetings, to make loud complaints. In London, the same discontent was as loudly expressed, and alarming crowds gathered in, perambulated and obstructed, the chief thoroughfares. At length came the famous 9th of November, on which the Duke of Wellington advised the king not to be present at the grand banquet of the city, because of the *danger* to his royal person, that would exist while passing from his palace to the Guildhall. Advice that took the world by surprise, and which certainly the character of the people, and the events of the time did not justify. The gentry, the manufacturing classes, tradesmen, and all persons possessed of property, became now seriously alarmed. The Whigs as a political party promptly took advantage of the condition of affairs, and for once in their career, proposed a bold measure on the side of good government. Sir Henry Parnell's motion* had given them a majority against the ministry; the Duke of Wellington and the whole Tory party resigned in a body. The king sent for Lord Grey, and the Whigs, after a quarter of a century of exclusion, found themselves once again possessed of office. During the many angry discussions which had occurred out of doors, the wish of the united people had been plainly manifested. The extraordinary composition of the House of Commons, was a byword of derision, and a reform in parliament was now universally demanded. The first great measure proposed by the new administration was in consequence the celebrated Reform bill.

Throughout the agitation which occurred out of doors, I took an active part in the London proceedings, and became thoroughly initiated

* The Whig party acquired power by professing economy; they will lose it by reckless waste. Political promises are, we suppose, like lovers' vows—and that at both Jove laughs.

in all the art and mystery of managing public meetings. Getting up a useful excitement, concocting, printing, and properly publishing inflammatory placards, patriotic resolutions, and what are called spirit-stirring appeals. I look back in my present calm, when age and satiety have crept upon me, with absolute wonder, at the *real* excitement which I then felt. This excitement was indeed shared by thousands, nay millions of my countrymen, and we had certainly a fertile field for our exertions. Yet to attain our end, much was said, that no one really believed; much was done, that no one would like to own. In every revolution (and this was a revolution), the unscrupulous, idle, and designing have necessarily an opportunity for the employment of their various arts, which quiet times do not afford. Luckily, however, affairs never came to violence, though the danger was often threatened. In fact, often, when there was no danger, the cry of alarm was raised to keep the House of Lords and the aristocracy generally in what was termed a state of wholesome terror. When the *BILL* proceeded with ease, and its provisions were to our taste, all was sunshine, quiet, and order, and a grave calm was preserved in our demeanour and writings. But when some recalcitrant Tory attacked the Bill, when its provisions were threatened either with destruction or even mutilation, black clouds rose obedient to our call, as regularly as on the stage at the scene-shifter's command; our language grew violent, we stormed, we threatened and *prophesied*, and, like some other prophets, we were determined to accomplish our own predictions. Processions, meetings, harangues, revolutionary resolutions, banners, mobs, assemblages both by night and day, all like a furious hurricane, swept over the face of the political waters. They who pulled the strings in this strange puppet-show were cool-headed, *retiring*, sagacious, determined men. *They* were never the noisy orators who appeared important, but were men studiously avoiding publicity; not that they wanted courage. If there had been an appeal to force, I am certain that the very men whom I saw at this time keeping in the back ground, would have been foremost in the fight. They all, or most of them, had been active during the stormy days of '93, knew well the character of their countrymen, and therefore perceived that their *names* were of no use, whatever might be the real utility of their experience and ability.—They directed everything, but never came before the public as leaders. They determined what meetings should be held, what resolutions should be proposed, who should preside, who should speak, and not seldom what should be said. They got around them men of various ability, some could write, readily and well; some could put a striking placard skillfully together; some could off-hand compose an eloquent address; others a well-reasoned logical argument; some, on the other hand, were eloquent, and some were simply audacious. Every kind of ability was useful, and all were in due season effectively employed. The machinery of what is now known as peaceful agitation, is a thing quite worthy of a philosopher's regard, as a part, and very important part of modern constitutional governments. Had M. Guizot understood it, and looked upon it as the safety-valve of the political steam-engine, he would not now have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. Let any one who is curious in this sort of speculation attend the first great public meeting that is called together in consequence of any real political excitement, and he will quickly ascertain, that what is done openly and before, and *for*, the public, is but a small part of

what actually takes place. I do not mean in mere meetings of ceremony, but those which are the result of some strong public feeling. Let the inquirer go to the place of meeting an hour before the time appointed, and he will be sure to hear of a committee sitting somewhere, into whose room he may find some difficulty in obtaining admittance. By properly proceeding, however, he will succeed; and when there, let him carefully watch what is going on. In every case, whether small or great be the object, he will find some one or two ruling minds, to the public unknown. The chiefs in council, but not the men set before the public. These men use the others as their instruments, employing the vanity, cleverness, interests, and passions generally of those around them, to work out the purpose for which they are met. So it was in the political agitation of 1830, whether in London or Birmingham; the noisy men of note were not the real actors and managers in those scenes, as was made plain after the passing of the Reform Bill. Men who had swelled into importance by the agitation, who had, unknown to the public, been instruments in the hands of others, were by popular acclaim sent into the House of Commons. There, dependent on their own ability only, they quickly fell from their high estate, into contempt first, then derision, and at last into entire neglect, serving as a puzzle and wonderment to those who were ignorant of the secret history of the agitation by which the Reform Bill was carried through an unwilling parliament.

One of the most curious of the scenes which occurred in the very agony of the bill, just when Lord Grey and his colleagues began to falter and to be frightened at the spirit which they had evoked, will serve as an illustration of the secret history of those times, with all their strange doings, and strange results. Late one evening, news came to the committee sitting *en permanence*, that Lord Grey and his ministry were about to give up the bill, and yield to the opposition of the aristocracy, who had so long enjoyed undisputed sway in a corrupt House of Commons. Great was the hubbub and rage at this announcement, and all seemed hopeless confusion, portending defeat. Watching closely, I saw one or two of the quiet yet commanding men I have endeavoured to describe make significant signs to each other, and they gradually, quietly, and unobserved by the noisy, raving talkers, who were creating and maintaining a useless confusion, stole away into a sort of small *sanctum sanctorum*, upon the door of which was pasted a slip of paper on which was written the word *private*. This door was always locked, usually on the inside. It was never fairly opened, but when upon knocking, some one came to inquire what was your business, a space just enough to admit a human head appeared, and the head, not body, was thrust through, to receive your message, or answer your question. These men retired, and I followed, was admitted, and saw how real business was conducted. We drew our chairs round a small table, with a coarse green cloth over it, upon which were pens, ink, and paper. One of the party, a dark, old, stern fellow, with a slight cockney accent, desired another to take a pen. This one so commanded was a gentleman, young, enthusiastic, educated. It was well understood he was the writer of most of the more important papers issued. He was honest too, and trusted by the men of the people, and respected by them. And he on the other hand, gave his more educated mind to be directed by the experience of these ancient agitators.

"What are we to do?" was anxiously asked.

"*We must frighten them,*" was the answer.

"How?"

"What is the time? Nine (at night). Well, then, after twelve, we will send a deputation to Lord Grey. They must insist upon seeing him."

"Let us all go, then."

"No, no," was the sagacious reply. "No reality we can create will be sufficient for our purpose. We must work on Lord Grey's imagination. We must pretend to be frightened ourselves. We must send him a parcel of London shopkeepers,—men who are, many of them, really frightened,—who will tell him they cannot answer for the safety of the city if the just demands of the people are trifled with. Lord Grey will get frightened, by looking upon their fright."

An address, full of terror, was arranged; a list of names for the deputation made out, and the tradesman most audacious in speech that could be selected, was made spokesman. When everything was properly settled, the deputation was sent off, two and two, in hack carriages, to Lord Grey. About three in the morning, I was roused by a friend coming, according to promise, to tell me the result. He burst into my room in a paroxysm of laughter. The real contrivers of the scene he knew as well as I, and their pretended alarm, with the genuine and extravagant *funk* (the word he used) of the well-selected deputation, was the richest contrast of farce that chance ever threw in his way. The pretenders kept an eye on the real men. When the last groaned and sighed, and turned up the whites of their eyes in their honest fright, the former groaned and sighed louder and longer, and almost cracked their eyes with shewing the whites thereof. The spokesman, too, was perfect. So admirable an agony was never exhibited. He talked, he sweated, he turned red, white, blue,—he implored, threatened, stormed, and wept, all in a breath, until Lord Grey, who had been suddenly called to receive this remarkable deputation out of his bed,—who received them in a half-lighted room, knowing none of them, but seeing before him a set of men, evidently tradesmen, in an absolute agony of terror,—got frightened himself, and promised everything. He would be firm. He had great reliance on the good sense and *loyalty* of the people of London. He besought the deputation to use their *powerful* influence to maintain peace and order; to check all sedition, and to trust to constitutional methods! This was precisely the point to which our contrivers, or conspirators, wished to bring him, and one of them, who had not yet spoken, here took up the word, and nailed the noble lord.

"Do your part, my lord, and we will do ours. Peace will be maintained if you be firm, and his Majesty hold to his benevolent intentions; if you waver, we cannot be answerable for the consequences;" and with this ominous sentence they all withdrew.

"Hurrah, my boy!" shouted my friend, shying his hat up to the ceiling. "The funk of Lord Grey will save the Reform Bill!"

"So I think," I answered; "and now let me go to sleep: we meet at ten o'clock. Leave me, that's a good fellow." I laid my head on the pillow, saying to myself, "what historian of this eventful period will relate or know this important incident in the drama now being acted? None; and yet we read history, and believe it."

THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

No. V.—THE BATTLE OF TOURS.

THE broad tract of champaign country which intervenes between the cities of Poitiers and Tours, is principally composed of a succession of rich pasture-lands, which are traversed and fertilized by the Cher, the Creuse, the Vienne, the Claine, the Indre, and other tributaries of the river Loire. Here and there the ground swells into picturesque eminences; and occasionally a belt of forest land, a brown heath, or a clustering series of vineyards breaks the monotony of the wide-spread meadows; but the general character of the land is that of a grassy plain, and it seems naturally adapted for the evolutions of numerous armies, especially of those vast bodies of cavalry, which principally decided the fate of nations during the centuries that followed the downfall of Rome, and preceded the consolidation of the modern European powers.

This region has been signalized by more than one memorable conflict; but it is principally interesting to the historian by having been the scene of the great victory won by Charles Martel over the Saracens, A.D. 732, which gave a decisive check to the career of Arab conquest in Western Europe, rescued Christendom from Islam, preserved the relics of ancient, and the germs of modern civilization, and re-established the old superiority of the Indo-European over the Semitic family of mankind.

Sismondi and Michelet have underrated the enduring interest of this great Appeal of Battle between the champions of the Crescent and the Cross. But, if French writers have slighted the exploits of their national hero, the Saracenic trophies of Charles Martel have had full justice done to them by English and German historians. Gibbon devotes several pages of his great work* to the narrative of the battle of Tours, and to the consideration of the consequences which probably would have resulted if Abderrahman's enterprise had not been crushed by the Frankish chief. Schlegel† speaks of this "mighty victory" in terms of fervent gratitude; and tells how "the arm of Charles Martel saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all destroying Islam;" and Ranke‡ points out as "one of the most important epochs in the history of the world the commencement of the eighth century; when on the one side Mahomedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and on the other the ancient idolatry of Saxony and Friesland once more

* Vol. vii. p. 17, *et seq.* Gibbon's sneering remark, that if the Saracen conquests had not then been checked, "Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet," has almost an air of regret.

† Philosophy of History, p. 331.

‡ History of the Reformation in Germany, vol. i. p. 5.

forced its way across the Rhine. In this peril of Christian institutions, a youthful prince of Germanic race, Karl Martell, arose as their champion; maintained them with all the energy which the necessity for self-defence calls forth, and finally extended them into new regions."

Arnold* ranks the victory of Charles Martel even higher than the victory of Arminius "among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind." But by no writer has the importance of the battle of Tours been more emphatically or more eloquently recognized than by Hallam. I quote with peculiar gratitude that great historian's expressions, because it was by them that I was first led to the consideration of the present subject, and first induced to apply to the great crises of military events the test of the *Media Scientia* of the schoolmen, which deals not only with the actual results of specific facts, but also with the probable consequences of an imagined change of antecedent occurrences.

Hallam's words are† "The victory of Charles Martel has immortalized his name, and may justly be reckoned among *those few battles, of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes*; with Marathon, Arbela, the Metaurus, Chalons, and Leipsic."

Those who have honoured with perusal the preceding numbers of this series of papers, will observe that its list of decisive battles of the world differs in two instances from that of Hallam's, so far as regards ancient and mediæval history. Nor will the great battle of modern times, with which this series will conclude, be the battle of Leipsic. I hope at another time and place, when these papers will be laid before the public in a collected and ampler form, to explain fully the negative tests which have led me to reject Arbela, Chalons, Leipsic, and many other great battles, which at first sight seemed of paramount importance, but which, when maturely considered, appeared to be of secondary interest; inasmuch as some of them were merely confirmatory of an already existing bias; while the effects of others were limited to particular nations or particular periods; and of others, again, we may safely predicate that, had they terminated differently, only temporary checks would have been given to an inevitable current of events.

But, the more we test the importance of the battle which is our present subject of consideration, the higher we shall be led to estimate it; and, though all authentic details which we possess of its circumstances and its heroes are but meagre, we can trace enough of its general character to make us watch with deep interest this encounter between the rival conquerors of the decaying Roman Empire. That old classic world, the history of which occupies so large a portion of our early studies, lay, in the eighth century of our era, utterly exanimate and overthrown. On the north the German, on the south the Arab was rending away its provinces. At last the spoilers encountered one another, each striving for the full mastery of the prey. Their conflict brings back upon the memory the old Homeric simile, where the strife of Hector and Patroclus over the dead body of Cebriones is compared to the combat of two lions, that in their hate and hunger fight together on the mountain-tops over the carcass of a slaughtered stag; and the reluctant yielding of the Saracen power to the superior might of the

* History of the late Roman Commonwealth, vol. ii. p. 317.

† Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 3, note.

Northern warriors may not inaptly recal those other lines of the same book of the Iliad, where the downfall of Patroclus beneath Hector is likened to the forced yielding of the panting and exhausted wild-boar, that had long and furiously fought with a superior beast of prey for the possession of the scanty fountain among the rocks, at which each burned to drink.*

Although three centuries had passed away since the Germanic conquerors of Rome had crossed the Rhine never to repass that frontier stream, no settled system of institutions or government, no amalgamation of the various races into one people, no uniformity of language or habits had been established in the country at the time when Charles Martel was called on to repel the menacing tide of Saracenic invasion from the South. Gaul was not yet France. In that, as in other provinces of the Roman empire of the West, the dominion of the Cæsars had been shattered as early as the fifth century, and barbaric kingdoms and principalities had promptly arisen on the ruins of the Roman power. But few of these had any permanency, and none of them consolidated the rest, or any considerable number of the rest, into one coherent and organized civil and political society. The great bulk of the population still consisted of the conquered provincials, that is to say, of Romanised Celts, of a Gallic race which had long been under the dominion of the Cæsars, and had acquired, together with no slight infusion of Roman blood, the language, the literature, the laws, and the civilization of Latium. Among these, and dominant over them, roved or dwelt the German victors: some retaining nearly all the rude independence of their primitive national character; others, softened and disciplined by the aspect and contact of the manners and insitutions of civilised life. For it is to be born in mind, that the Roman empire in the west was not crushed by any sudden avalanche of barbaric invasion. The German conquerors came across the Rhine not in enormous hosts, but in bands of a few thousand warriors at a time. The conquest of a province was the result of an infinite series of partial local invasions, carried on by little armies of this description. The victorious warriors either retired with their booty, or fixed themselves in the invaded district, taking care to keep sufficiently concentrated for military purposes, and ever ready for some fresh foray, either against a rival Teutonic band or some hitherto unassailed city of the provincials. Gradually, however, the conquerors acquired a desire for permanent landed possessions. They lost somewhat of the restless thirst for novelty and adventure which had first made them throng beneath the banner of the boldest captains of their tribe, and leave their native forests for a roving military life on the left bank of the Rhine. They were converted to the Christian faith, and gave up with their old creed much of the coarse ferocity which must have been fostered in the spirits of the ancient warriors of the north by a mythology which promised, as the reward of the

* " Λιονθ ὄς, θρηινθήτην,
 "Ὡτ' ὄρεος κορυφῆσι περιεπταμένης ἰλάφοιο,
 " Ἄμφω πυνάοντι, μίγα φρονιόντι μάχισθον."

Il. II. 756.

"Ὡς δ' ὅτι σὺν ἀκάμαντα λίον ἰβήσατο χάσμη,
 Τῷ τ' ὄρεος κορυφῆσι μίγα φρονιόντι μάχισθον
 Πίδακος ἄμφ' ὀλίγησ' ἰβίλονσι διείμιεν ἄμφω"
 Πολλὰ δὲ τ' ἀσθμαίνοντα λίον ἰδάμασσι βιβῆφιν."

Il. II. 823.

brave on earth, an eternal series of fighting and drunkenness in heaven.

But, although these and other civilizing influences operated powerfully upon the Germans in Gaul, and although the Franks (who were originally a confederation of the Teutonic tribes that dwelt between the Rhine, the Maine, and the Weser,) established a decisive superiority over the other conquerors of the province, as well as over the conquered provincials, the country long remained a chaos of uncombined and shifting elements. The early princes of the Merovingian dynasty were generally occupied in wars against other princes of their house, occasioned by the frequent subdivisions of the Frank monarchy; and the ablest and best of them had found all their energies tasked to the utmost to defend the barrier of the Rhine against the pagan Germans who strove to pass that river and gather their share of the spoils of the empire.

The conquests which the Saracens effected over the southern and eastern provinces of Rome were far more rapid than those achieved by the Germans in the north, and the new organizations of society which the Moslems introduced were summarily and uniformly enforced. Exactly a century passed between the death of Mohammed and the date of the battle of Tours. During that century the followers of the Prophet had torn away half the Roman empire; besides their conquests over Persia, the Saracens had overrun Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain, in an unchequered and apparently irresistible career of victory. Nor, at the commencement of the eighth century of our era, was the Mohammedan world divided against itself, as it subsequently became. All these vast regions obeyed the Caliph; throughout them all, from the Pyrenees to the Oxus, the name of Mohammed was invoked in prayer, and the Koran revered as the book of the law.

It was under one of their ablest and most renowned commanders, with a veteran army, and with every apparent advantage of time, place, and circumstance, that the Arabs made their great effort at the conquest of Europe north of the Pyrenees. The victorious Moslem soldiery in Spain,

“ A countless multitude ;
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian, and Copt, and Tartar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoined—strong in the youth
And heat of zeal—a dreadful brotherhood,”

were eager for the plunder of more Christian cities and shrines, and full of fanatic confidence in the invincibility of their arms.

“ Nor were the chiefs
Of victory less assured, by long success
Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming strength
Which, surely they believed, as it had rolled
Thus far uncheck'd, would roll victorious on,
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's name ;
And pilgrims from remotest Arctic shores
Tread with religious feet the burning sands
Of Araby and Mecca's stony soil.”

SOUTHEY'S *Roderick*.

It is not only by the modern Christian poet, but by the old Arabian chroniclers also, that these feelings of ambition and arrogance are attri-

buted to the Moslems who had overthrown the Visigoth power in Spain. And their eager expectations of new wars were excited to the utmost on the re-appointment by the caliph of Abderrahman Ibn Abdillah Alghafeki, to the government of that country, A.D. 729, which restored them a general who had signalized his skill and prowess during the conquests of Africa and Spain, whose ready valour and generosity had made him the idol of the troops, who had already been engaged in several expeditions into Gaul, so as to be well acquainted with the national character and tactics of the Franks, and who was known to thirst, like a good Moslem, for revenge for the slaughter of some detachments of the True Believers, which had been cut off on the north of the Pyrenees.

In addition to his cardinal military virtues, Abderrahman is described by the Arab writers as a model of integrity and justice. The first two years of his second administration in Spain were occupied in severe reforms of the abuses which under his predecessors had crept into the system of government, and in extensive preparations for his intended conquest of Gaul. Besides the troops which he collected from his province, he obtained from Africa a large body of chosen Berber cavalry, officered by Arabs of proved skill and valour; and in the summer of 732, he crossed the Pyrenees at the head of an army which some Arab writers rate at eighty thousand strong, while some of the Christian chroniclers swell its numbers to many hundreds of thousands more. Probably the Arab account diminishes, but of the two keeps nearest to the truth. It was from this formidable host, after Eudes, the Count of Aquitaine, had vainly striven to check it, after many strong cities had fallen before it, and half the land been overrun, that Gaul and Christendom were at last rescued by the strong arm of Prince Charles, who acquired a surname,* like that of the war-god of his forefathers' creed, from the might with which he broke and shattered his enemies in the battle.

The Merovingian kings had sunk into absolute insignificance, and had become mere puppets of royalty before the eighth century. Charles Martel, like his father, Pepin Heristal, was Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the bravest and most thoroughly Germanic part of the nation, and exercised, in the name of the titular king, what little paramount authority the turbulent minor rulers of districts and towns could be persuaded or compelled to acknowledge. Engaged with his national competitors in perpetual conflicts for power, and in more serious struggles for safety against the fierce tribes of the unconverted Frisians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Thuringians, who at that epoch assailed with peculiar ferocity the Christianized Germans on the left bank of the Rhine, Charles Martel added experienced skill to his natural courage, and he had also formed a militia of veterans among the Franks. Hallam has thrown out a doubt whether, in our admiration of his victory at Tours, we do not judge a little too much by the event, and whether there was not rashness in his risking the fate of France on the result of a general battle with the invaders. But, when we remember that Charles had no standing army, and the independent spirit of the Frank warriors who followed his standard, it seems most probable that it was not in his power to adopt the cautious policy of

* Martel—The Hammer. See the Scandinavian Sagas for an account of the favourite weapon of Thor.

watching the invaders, and wearing out their strength by delay. So dreadful and so wide-spread were the ravages of the Saracenic light cavalry throughout Gaul, that it must have been impossible to restrain for any length of time the indignant ardour of the Franks. And, even if Charles could have persuaded his men to look tamely on while the Arabs stormed more towns and desolated more districts, he could not have kept an army together when the usual period of a military expedition had expired. If, indeed, the Arab account of the disorganization of the Moslem forces be correct, the battle was as well-timed on the part of Charles, as it was, beyond all question, well-fought.

The monkish chroniclers, from whom we are obliged to glean a narrative of this memorable campaign, bear full evidence to the terror which the Saracen invasion inspired, and to the agony of that great struggle. The Saracens, say they, and their King, who was called Abdirames, came out of Spain, with all their wives, and their children, and their substance, in such great multitudes that no man could reckon or estimate them. They brought with them all their armour, and whatever they had, as if they were thenceforth always to dwell in France.*

"Then Abderrahman, seeing the land filled with the multitude of his army, pierces through the mountains, tramples over rough and level ground, plunders far into the country of the Franks, and smites all with the sword, insomuch that when Eudo came to battle with him at the river Garonne, and fled before him, God alone knows the number of the slain. Then Abderrahman pursued after Count Eudo, and while he strives to spoil and burn the holy shrine at Tours, he encounters the chief of the Austrasian Franks, Charles, a man of war from his youth up, to whom Eudo had sent warning. There for nearly seven days they strive intensely and at last they set themselves in battle array, and the nations of the north standing firm as a wall, and impenetrable as a zone of ice, utterly slay the Arabs with the edge of the sword."†

The European writers all concur in speaking of the fall of Abderrahman as one of the principal causes of the defeat of the Arabs; who, according to one writer, after finding that their leader was slain, dispersed in the night, to the agreeable surprise of the Christians, who expected the next morning to see them issue from their tents, and renew the combat. One monkish chronicler puts the loss of the Arabs at 375,000 men, while he says that only 1,007 Christians fell:—a disparity of loss which he feels bound to account for by a special interposition of Providence. I have translated above some of the most spirited passages of these writers; but it is impossible to collect from them anything like a full or authentic description of the great battle itself, or of the operations which preceded and followed it.

Though, however, we may have cause to regret the meagreness and doubtful character of these narratives, we have the great advantage of being able to compare the accounts given of Abderrahman's expedition by the national writers of each side. This is a benefit which the inquirer into antiquity so seldom can obtain, that the fact of possessing it

* "Lors issirent d'Espagne li Sarrazins, et un leur Roi qui avoit nom Abdirames, et ont leur fames et leur enfans et toute leur substance en si grand plente que nus ne le prevoit nombrer ne estimer: tout leur harnois et quanques il avoient amenent avec eulz, aussi comme si ils deussent toujours mes habiter en France."

† Tunc Abderrahman multitudine sui exercitus repletam prospiciens terram, &c. *Script. Gest. Franc.* p. 785.

in the case of the battle of Tours makes us think the historical testimony respecting that great event more certain and satisfactory than is the case in many other instances, where we possess abundant details respecting military exploits, but where those details come to us from the annalists of one nation only, and we have, consequently, no safeguard against the exaggerations, the distortions, and the fictions which national vanity has so often put forth in the garb and under the title of history. The Arabian writers who recorded the conquests and wars of their countrymen in Spain, have narrated also the expedition into Gaul of their great Emir, and his defeat and death near Tours, in battle with the host of the Franks under King Caldus, the name into which they metamorphose Charles Martel.*

They tell us how there was war between the count of the Frankish frontier and the Moslems, and how the count gathered together all his people, and fought for a time with doubtful success. "But," say the Arabian chroniclers, "Abderrahman drove them back; and the men of Abderrahman were puffed up in spirit by their repeated successes, and they were full of trust in the valour and the practice in war of their Emir. So the Moslems smote their enemies, and passed the river Garonne, and laid waste the country, and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. Prosperity made those warriors insatiable. At the passage of the river, Abderrahman overthrew the count, and the count retired into his stronghold, but the Moslems fought against it, and entered it by force, and slew the count, for everything gave way to their scymetars, which were the robbers of lives. All the nations of the Franks trembled at that terrible army, and they betook them to their King Caldus, and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem horsemen, and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bourdeaux, and they told the King of the death of their count. Then the King bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the 114th year† he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon everything except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valour of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But (the Arab writer remarks) such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and the cruelty of the Moslems towards the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest, adds the Arab, that God's chastise-

* The Arabian chronicles were compiled and translated into Spanish by Don Jose Antonio Conde, in his "Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabos en Espana," published at Madrid in 1820. Conde's plan, which I have endeavoured to follow, was to preserve both the style and spirit of his oriental authorities, so that we find in his pages a genuine Saracenic narrative of the wars in Western Europe between the Mahometans and the Christians.

† Of the Hegira.

ment was sure to follow such excesses; and fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

Near the river Owar* the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and his men were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the grey of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp: whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the hundred and fifteenth year."

It would be difficult to expect from an adversary a more explicit confession of having been thoroughly vanquished, than the Arabs here accord to the Europeans. The points on which their narrative differs from those of the Christians,—as to how many days the conflict lasted, whether the assailed city was actually rescued or not, and the like,—are of little moment compared with the admitted great fact that there was a decisive trial of strength between Frank and Saracen, in which the former conquered. The enduring importance of the battle of Tours in the eyes of the Moslems, is attested not only by the expressions of "the deadly battle" and "the disgraceful overthrow," which their writers constantly employ when referring to it, but also by the fact, that no more serious attempts at conquest beyond the Pyrenees were made by the Saracens. Charles Martel, and his son and grandson, were left at leisure to consolidate and extend their power. The new Christian Roman Empire of the West, which the genius of Charlemagne founded, and throughout which his iron will imposed peace on the old anarchy of creeds and races, did not indeed retain its integrity after its great ruler's death. Fresh troubles came over Europe; but Christendom, though disunited, was safe. The progress of civilization, and the development of the nationalities and governments of Modern Europe, from that time forth, went forward in not uninterrupted, but, ultimately, certain career.

* Probably the Loire.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF L. E. L.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was born on the 14th of August, 1802, at No. 25, Hans Place, Chelsea. Her ancestors, early in the eighteenth century, possessed a landed estate at Crednall, in Herefordshire. Sir William Landon, Knt., had been a gainer by the South Sea Bubble; but he was afterwards unsuccessful in some speculations, and lost nearly the whole of his property. One of his descendants was rector of Nursted and Ilsted in Kent, and the great-grandfather of L. E. L. A tablet erected to his memory in the chancel of the church of Tedstone Delamere, near Bromyard, Herefordshire, bears testimony to his zeal and abilities. His son, the Rev. John Landon, was presented to the last-named rectory in 1749, the duties of which he discharged for nearly thirty-three years. He had eight children; the eldest of whom, John Landon, was the father of the subject of the present sketch. Early in life he made two voyages, one to Jamaica, and another to Africa—to that quarter of the globe on the western shores of which a sad catastrophe was one day to befall his most gifted daughter. Subsequently he became a chief clerk in the firm of Adair and Co., Army Agents, in Pall Mall, and eventually succeeded to a partnership in that profitable business. He was fond of agricultural pursuits, and in gratifying his favourite inclination was a loser of several thousand pounds. In the reduced state of his circumstances, he took a house in Old Brompton, near Gloucester Lodge, immediately beyond that now occupied by Jenny Lind.

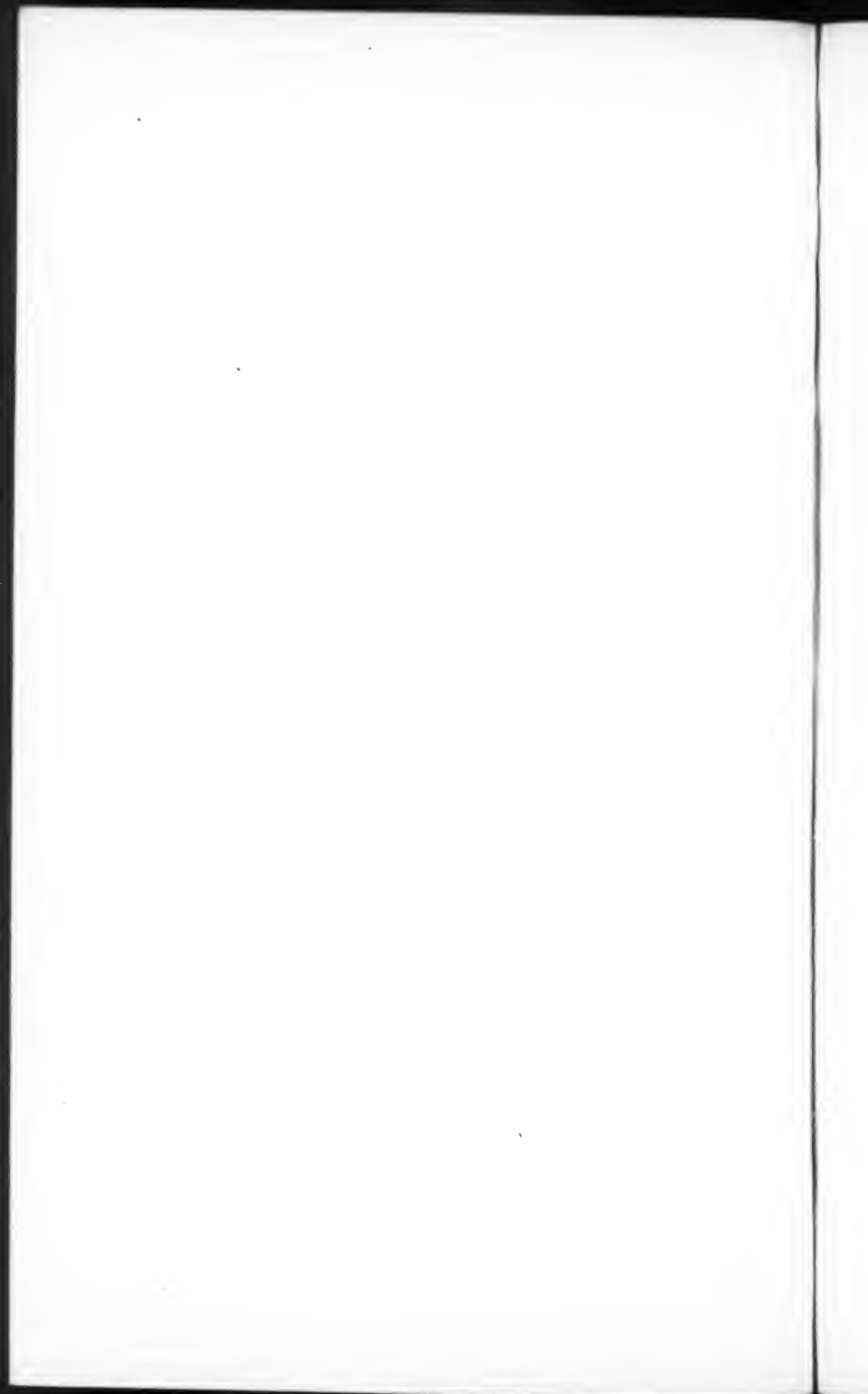
Mrs. Landon was the daughter of Mrs. Bishop, and lived in the closest intimacy with Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Bishop, who was of noble descent, was most strongly attached to her grand-daughter, who resided with her in Sloane Street for some time before her death.

Miss Landon was the eldest of three children. Her sister lived only to the age of thirteen.* L. E. L. when six years old, was placed at a school kept by Miss Rowden, afterwards Countess St. Quentin, at No. 22, Hans Place, at whose establishment Miss Mitford was educated, and in which house the young pupil was at a later period to spend a great portion of her days. She was, however, soon removed to Trevor Park, East Barnet, where her cousin took charge of her education. Her family seemed to have stayed about six years at Trevor Park, whence, in her thirteenth year, they returned to London, which she could never again quit but with regret; for, in common with the great lexicographer and Charles Lamb, she cherished the strongest attachment to town habits and associations.

She early evinced remarkable quickness of understanding, and possessed a most retentive memory. Her proficiency was astonishing in everything but music and caligraphy. The use of the pen, which was destined to give so much to the world, seemed beset by almost insurmountable obstacles. Books were her delight.

* The Rev. Whittington Landon, M.A., the cherished companion of her childhood, and friend in maturer years, still survives.





Her first literary efforts consisted of the adventures of Captain Landon, her cousin, who had then just arrived from America; and she was in the habit of submitting portions of them to her family circle. In a little time her mind took a bolder flight; and she ventured to show some poetical effusions to the well-known editor of the "Literary Gazette," who was not slow in marking his appreciation of her genius. Under his auspices, at first a few occasional scraps from her pen made their appearance in the columns of his journal, under the signature "L." Of these, probably the earliest was a piece entitled "Rome," which was published in March 1820, in her eighteenth year. In August, 1821, appeared her first work "The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Romantic Tale, and other Poems;" which, but for the failure of her publisher, would have produced her fifty pounds. If, however, she suffered pecuniary disappointment in this instance, she obtained what was dearer to her, the encomiums of the critics; and these were so encouraging that she was inspired to achieve greater and increasing triumphs. Thenceforth she became for several years a constant contributor to the "Literary Gazette," in which her magical initials first appeared, September 22, 1821. From this period her literary career was most active and brilliant. Besides a large collection of minor poems, &c., she published "The Improvisatrice" in 1824; "The Troubadour" in 1825; "The Golden Violet" in 1826; "The Venetian Bracelet" in 1829. Her first prose work, "Romance and Reality," which we are glad to see now forms one of the many entertaining volumes of "The Standard Novels and Romances," was first published in 1830. In 1831, and the seven successive years, L. E. L. edited Fisher's "Drawing-room Scrap-Book." In 1835 were published "Francesca Carrara," and "The Vow of the Peacock;" and, in 1836, "Traits and Trials of Early Life," and "Ethel Churchill." During this period she also contributed largely to periodicals and annuals, and edited various illustrated books. Her writings are characterized by that true test of genius, originality, by vividness of imagination, by considerable depth of feeling and penetration into the workings of the human heart. In facility of composition she has been rarely equalled, for few writers were more fascinated with the genuine love of authorship.

The personal history of L. E. L. partook of sorrows as well as joys. If her success in the literary world gratified the natural craving of her mind, she suffered afflictions by the loss of some of her nearest relations; but, worst of all, her gentle spirit was made to feel the most poisonous shafts which malevolence can direct against the honour of a woman. The world is too prone to believe any scandalous assertions that are put forward; and the reparation it makes for its false opinions is often tardy, and never equal to the injury it inflicts. Let us hope that the many able pens which have borne testimony to Miss Landon's purity and worth have obtained her entire and perfect justification.

On the 7th of June, 1838, L. E. L. was married to Mr. George Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast, at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. assisted at the ceremony, and gave away the bride. On the 5th of July she sailed with her husband from Portsmouth, and on the 15th of August they landed at Cape Coast. Her calamitous fate, only a few months later, is well known.

On the 15th of October she was found on the floor of her own room, dying, with a bottle of prussic acid in her hand. The painful mystery that shrouds her fatal end must ever remain unexplained. There is no evidence on record to show that her married life was unhappy; on the contrary, her late husband stated, on oath, that no unkind word had at any time passed between them. It cannot be proved that the act was wilful on her part; and perhaps the best solution that can be offered is, that it was the result of accident.

Thus died, in her thirty-sixth year, the highly gifted being who had been so long a favourite with the public. The following description of her is derived from the "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L., by the late Laman Blanchard."

"Her hair was darkly brown, very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure slight, but well-formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white, and finely-shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears also were observably little. Her face, though not regular in any feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and colour of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character; and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not even excepting her *bon-mots* and aphorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it."

WHAT IS A SIGH?

It is the sound
 Raised by the sweeping of an angel's wing,
 As through the air
 It bears a prayer
 Of the soul's uttering!

It is the sweet
 Melodious echo of some thrilling thought,
 Retold by sadness
 Unto gladness,
 Which memory hath brought!

It is the hymn
 Breathed ever by the votaries of love,
 Whose dulcidence,
 Soft and intense,
 Soars dreamily above!

It is the sign
 Of Earth's fraternity. The only tie
 That links us all,
 Both great and small,
 In common sympathy!

It is the heart
 Issuing from its prison house of clay,
 Perchance gladly,
 Perchance sadly,
 Wending on its way.

W. R. C.

THE LEGEND OF FAIR AGNES.

FROM THE DANISH OF OCHLENSCHLAGER.

Alone, alone, fair Agnes sits upon the wild sea-shore ;
She marks the dancing sun-bright foam, she lists the billows roar.

The salt waves meet beneath her feet, the spray around her flies,—
When, lo ! she sees a merman from the ocean depths arise.

A coat of mail enclosed his form, of scales all silver-bright,
Glistening beneath the setting sun's efulgent, rosy light.

A spear, pluck'd from the coral beds, his graceful arm did wield,
Brown, arched, and strong, a tortoise-shell supplied the place of shield.

His face was fair, and soft his hair, bold hero of the main,—
Like music rung, the words he sung, a sweet alluring strain.

"Thou fairest of earthly dwellers ! my song is sung to thee,
Wilt thou hear of the nameless wonders that hide beneath the sea ?"

She answered, "Nay, thou merman gay ! that sing'st so blithe and well,
I 'd rather know what weal or woe awaits me,—can'st thou tell ?"

"What gallant youth shall plight his troth, and woo me for his bride,
To quit my home with him to roam, whatever fate betide ?"

"Oh, hear me, Agnes, hear my song, despise not thou my vows !
Be thou my queen,—in me, I ween, thou 'lt find a loving spouse.

"Below the sea is deck'd for thee, a palace fair and light,
Pearls gem the floors, both walls and doors are framed of crystal bright.

"A pearly car shall bear thee far, o'er ocean's depths to ride,
Full swiftly thro' the watery fields thy chariot shall glide ;

"Within my bowers, bloom fragrant flowers, of every clime and hue,
So gently fluttering to and fro, amid the waters blue.

"Then plunge with me beneath the sea, my regal state to share,
What earth-born lover can'st thou find who may with me compare ?"

Her blue eyes glistened while she listened, oh, maiden fair and frail !
Her cottage home seemed dull beside the merman's flattering tale.

"If they be true, thou merman bold, the words thou say'st to me,
I 'll gladly leave the world above to reign beneath the sea."

Her hand she gave, he through the wave, fair Agnes safely bore ;
For eight long years she ne'er again beheld her native shore.

SECOND PART.

Fair Agnes sits within her bower, all weary and alone ;
She hears the sounds that call to prayer, the church-bells' distant tone.

Of sad full memories, she seeks her husband, weeping sore,
"Oh ! let me worship God within my village church once more !"

—"Then go, but, Agnes, hear me ! make not too long a stay,
Return before the rising sun shall light another day.

“ Forget not thou, thine early vow, which thou didst pledge to me ;
Forget not our young children, whose life depends on thee.”

Fair Agnes treads the shore again, she sees the bright blue sky,
The warm sun streams his golden beams upon her from on high.

Fair Agnes seeks the friend she loved, who nursed her in her youth,
“ Oh, mother dear ! know'st thou not me ? I am thy child in truth ! ”

All turn'd away ; “ We know thee not, no Christian dame art thou,
“ Back to thy demon lover to whom is pledged thy vow ! ”

Fair Agnes went into the church, the pictures hung within,
Turn'd round unto the walls—alas ! they knew her sin.

She trembled sore, her hope was o'er, she dared not kneel to pray ;
Lest her despair should taint the air, the sinner went her way.

'Twas evening hour, both tree and flower with sparkling dewdrops shone,
When once again, towards the main, fair Agnes walk'd alone.

Clasping her hands, she weeping stands, that miserable wife !
“ Lord, pity me, mine anguish see, and take this wretched life ! ”

Fainting, she sunk upon the grass, among the violets blue,
Believe my tale, those flow'rets pale, grew paler still in hue.

The wild birds fluttering o'er her head, sing sadly as they fly,
“ Alas ! for thee, the fair Agnes ! thine hour is come to die ! ”

When darkness gathered o'er the shore, her eyes had lost their light,
Her trembling bosom throbb'd no more, her soul had taken flight.

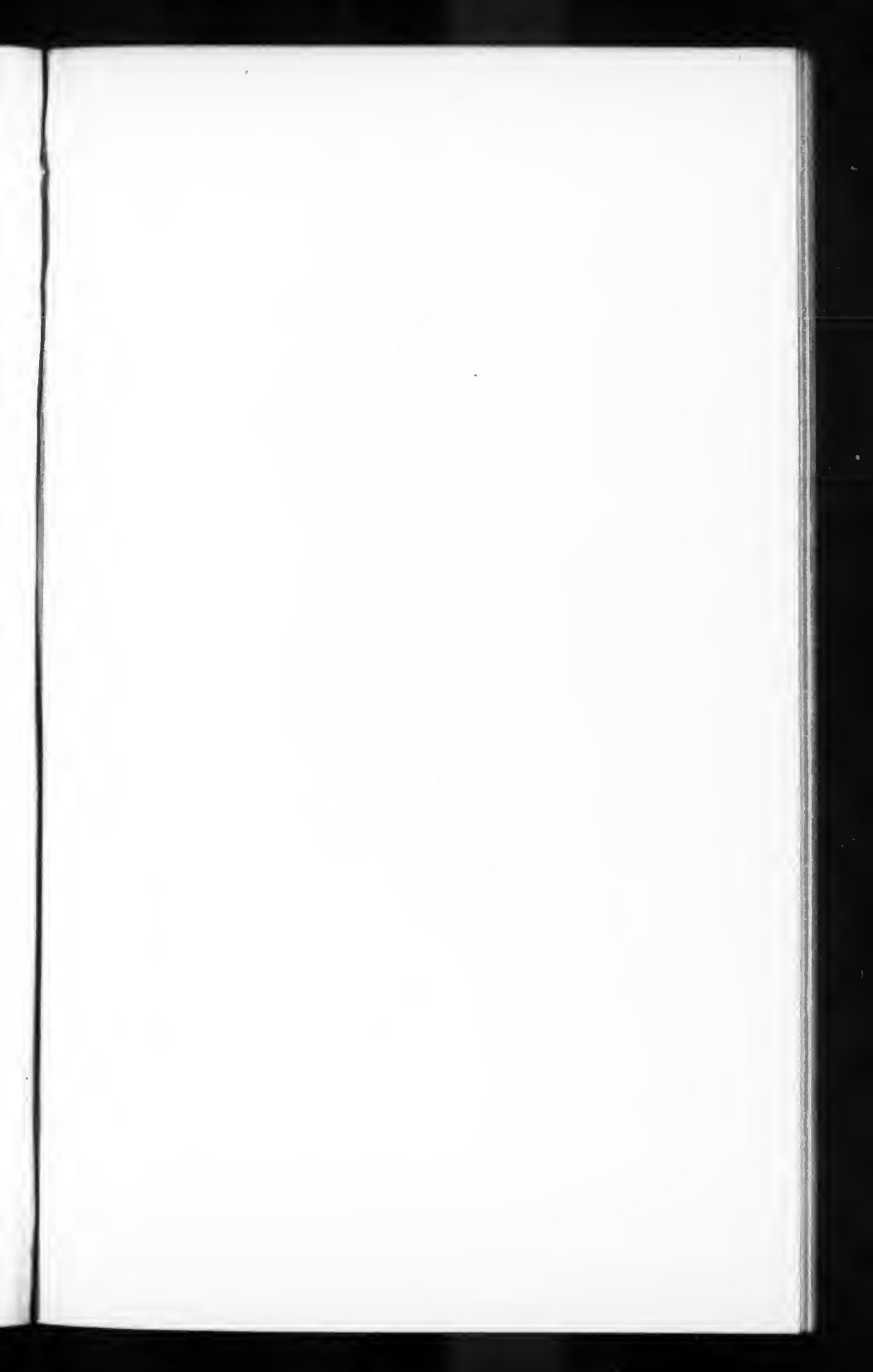
The crested billows onward roll with murmurs soft and low,
They gently bear the corpse so fair unto the depths below.

Beneath the tide in beauty's pride, three days her corpse had lain,
The restless waves then bore her forth upon the sand again.

A shepherd-boy discover'd her, whilst roaming on the shore,
Her face was calm, no fear of harm disturbed the smile it wore.

Deep in the sand beneath a stone, her wearied limbs repose ;
Her troubled spirit hath found rest from all its earthly woes.

The stone is salt and wet they say, both morn and even tide,
For here the merman weeps each day in sorrow for his bride.





WILLIAM LUTHER PIERCE

GAETANO DONIZETTI.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE good town of Bergamo, incomparable among the picturesque cities of northern Italy, in right of the view across the plain from its upper town, liveliest, too, among the markets of Lombardy, in right of its great fairs; holds, also, a distinguished place in the records of operatic art. It has given to the Italian theatre some of its most famous personages. Not to speak of Harlequin (type and prototype of the *Scapins* and *Figaros* since introduced in modern comedy), who was a Bergamask, this same magnificent town, though remarkable for the cacophony of its dialect and the harsh tones of voice in which its inhabitants bargain or scold, has been fruitful of great singers. As the last and greatest among these we may name Rubini, whose intense feeling and profound skill have founded a school and a tradition among artists, no less than created a passing frenzy among the European public. From Bergamo, too, comes Signor Piatti, one of the best contemporary violoncellists. But insomuch as the creative faculty exercises a longer-lived and a wider influence than any executive perfection, the musical illustration, by which Bergamo will, perhaps, be the longest known, is to be found in the operas of Gaetano Donizetti:—who was born there in the year 1797, and whose body died there on the 8th of April last. His mind had died within the body some years earlier.

No very precise record has reached us of Donizetti's parentage. His education began at the Lyceum of Bergamo, under the guidance of Simon Mayer. This master, who is best recollected as the composer of "*Medea*," because Pasta sang in that opera, was possessed of little genius, being precisely one of those eclectic writers whose appearance neither forwards nor retards the progress of Art. But he must have been valuable as a teacher, from the unimpeachable correctness which marks all that bears his signature and this very absence of individuality. An Albrechtsberger "turns out" much better pupils than a Beethoven; a Reicha than a Rossini. And we are accordingly told, that the young Donizetti, who passed from the hands of Mayer into the no less estimable ones of Padre Mattei, of Bologna, (a learned contrapuntist,) and Signor Pilotti, another professor there, was early able to produce "overtures, violin quartettes, (flimsy enough it may be presumed,) *cantatas*, and church music." For again, it may be observed, that the sound tenets of old musical instruction in composition, professed to enable the *tyro* to turn his hand to anything. The subdivision of occupation, which is comparatively of a modern date, must be taken, wheresoever it occurs, as a sign of incompleteness or imperfect training.

The boy's *estro* is from the first said to have been fluent rather than brilliant or characteristic;—to have shown itself in construction more signally than in invention. A French journal tells us that shortly after his return from Bologna to Bergamo in 1816, the young Donizetti was "taken for a soldier," and was only able to deliver himself from military thralldom by gaining a success in his own vocation. This he accomplished in 1818, by the production of his first Opera,

"Enrico di Borgogna," at Venice. His biographers, however, assure us, that, of the nineteen (?) operas which Donizetti produced within the next ten years, only one, "Zoraide in Granata," sung at Rome in 1822 by Donzelli, and the sisters Mombelli, was admitted to have made "a hit." There is no need, then, to enumerate them; enough to say that scattered pieces from "Olivo e Pasquale," have been formerly sung in our concert rooms. A somewhat washy duet, "Senza tanti complimenti," from "Il Borgomastro di Saardam," is still in request among our mediocre singers of Italian. Moreover, a year or two since, "L'Ajo nell Imbarazzo" was tried at her Majesty's Theatre; but the music was not original enough to induce the public to endure a story full of the most puerile buffooneries, in spite of the best efforts of Lablache to give them life and character.

It might have seemed, then, that after ten years' experiment Donizetti's place was irretrievably fixed among the mediocrities who manufacture poor music for the second rate theatres of Italy—to meet the popular craving for perpetual variety, good, bad, or indifferent. Such, however, was not the case. Something like originality and individuality (marking that he had come to years of musical discretion,) broke out in his twenty-first Opera, "L'Esule di Roma," which was given at Naples in the year 1828, with Mlle. Tosi, MM. Winter and Lablache, in the principal parts. Some of our amateurs may recollect it as the work with which Mr. Monck Mason opened his disastrous, but enterprising one season of opera management, that of 1832. Such will recall the *terzetto*, in which a certain novelty of structure is evident. The next work in order which has made "any stand" (as the phrase runs in the green-room) was the "Regina di Golconda," an Opera containing no music to compare with Berton's sprightly melodies to the original "Aline," but to which such *cantatrici* of Italy as have a touch of the *Dugazon* in them still recur, from time to time. And that the *maestro* was looked to as *promising* is evident by his being commissioned to write for Pasta:—for whom his thirty-second Opera, the "Anna Bolena," was produced at Milan in 1831.

The work is performed still, when any *prima donna* appears who is strong enough to contend for Pasta's succession. Though it is not clear of the usual amount of platitude warranted, nay, courted, by Italian audiences; though it be full of the rhythms of Rossini, it has still touches which assert the individuality of its composer; and these, it may be noted, occur in the critical places. The duet, in the second act, betwixt the Queen and her rival, may be mentioned in proof; as also the final *bravura* "Coppia iniqua,"—which, though merely written as an air of display, is still full of deep tragical dramatic passion; the last frenzy of a breaking heart!

From this time forward the place of Donizetti was assured as next in favour to that of the more *sympathetic* Bellini, and superior to that held by the less impulsive and more scholastic Mercadante. Thirty-three Operas followed the "Anna Bolena," and they gradually became better in staple, more original, and more popular. To name them one by one would be tedious. It will suffice to touch lightly upon those which still live in the Opera Houses of Europe.

There is "L'Elisir,"—from the first to the last note a spontaneous utterance of *pretty* music, weakest where Rossini would have been

strongest, in the part in the charlatan, *Dr. Dulcamara*, whose grand *aria*, even a Lablache cannot rescue from insipidity. There are "Parisina," "Torquato Tasso," and "Belisario," none of which stand beyond a chance of being revived by the dramatic singers of the new school. With them also may be mentioned "Gemma di Vergy," "Roberto Devereux," and (of a later date) "Maria de Rohan,"—the last never to be forgotten in England, because of the magnificent tragic acting of Ronconi. Better music than in any of the above will be found in "Lucrezia Borgia," and a more taking story. One rich concerted piece and a notable *finale* for the tenor in the "Lucia di Lammermoor," have won for this Opera the most universal popularity gained by any of its master's works. According to our own fancy, Donizetti has never written anything of a higher order, as regards originality and picturesqueness, than the night scene in Venice, which makes up the second act of "Marino Faliero," including the *Barcarolle* and the grand *aria* which no singer has dared to touch since Rubini laid it down. We there find, for the first time, an entire emancipation from those forms and humours originated by Rossini (or, to be exact, *perfected* by him from indications given by Pæŕ) by the imitation of which all the modern Italians (save Bellini) have commenced their career as dramatic composers.

"Marino Faliero" was written expressly for that incomparable company, including Mademoiselle Grisi, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and Ivanoff, which was assembled in 1835 in Paris. For the same year, and the same artists, Bellini's "I Puritani" was composed: and since it is a certain theatrical law, that two great stage successes cannot come together; and since the latter work made the *furor*, the former was, by mathematical necessity, sure to be comparatively disregarded. But after poor Bellini's untimely death, which followed hard upon his triumph, it became evident to the *impresarii*, that there was no Italian composer who could please (most especially on our side of the Alps) so certainly as Donizetti. Accordingly he was called to Vienna, and there wrote the "Linda di Chamouny," which became so popular that its composer was rewarded by being nominated to a lucrative court appointment. The management of the Grand Opera of Paris, too, disappointed of a new work by Meyerbeer, and in distress for music more vocal and pleasing than the clever *head-combinations* of M. Halevy,—invited the universal *maestro* to write for that magnificent theatre. Unlike most of his predecessors, Donizetti seems neither to have hesitated, nor to have taken any extraordinary amount of pains or preparation on the occasion. He came as requested, but after his appearance in Paris in 1840, we find his name within a curiously short space of time to "Les Martyrs," and "Dom Sebastian,"—two grand five-act Operas, both of which failed—(though still given in Germany and Italy); and to "La Favorite," a *four-act* Opera, (written for Madame Stoltz, MM. Duprez and Baroilhet) which may be regarded as his best serious work; to "La Fille du Regiment," for L'Opera Comique, in which Mademoiselle Borghese made her *début*. The last Opera and the lady were found wanting by that most fastidious company of judges, a Parisian audience. Everywhere else, however, the gaiety of the music (containing the most fresh and *gaillard* of Donizetti's sprightly inspirations) has placed it in the first rank of favour among comic Operas. We surely need not remind

the Londoner how it has furnished her most delightful and characteristic personation to the most famous vocalist of our day—Madoiselle Jenny Lind.

It might have been fancied that the calls on the *maestro's* invention from every corner of Europe, would appear to have distanced the powers of the most *fa presto* writer. But Donizetti seems to have been almost fabulously industrious, and ready to the moment. Apocryphal tales are told of his having scored an Opera in *thirty hours*,—of his having, at an earlier period, composed a "Rosamunda" in a single night, under the pressure of banditti, by whom he was captured. But these are, probably, mere tales. We believe it is more certain that "Don Pasquale," one of the blithest as well as one of the last of his works, was commenced and completed for the Italians in Paris within three weeks. This, in itself, would be amazing enough: but Donizetti spared himself in no respect. He seems never to have retired from the world to work. On the contrary, being a cheerful, fascinating man,—he not only chose to write music as fast as other men can talk about it, but to fill up every leisure second with all the wasting pleasures of a *viveur*. To these, it is understood, he addicted himself with as much impetuosity as to the supply of the theatres of Europe.

There is, however, a limit to fertility and revelry, even so long and joyously maintained as his: Donizetti's sixty-five Operas (to say nothing of masses, *misereres*, chamber-compositions, &c., unnumbered and uncared for,) could not be thrown off without a heavy score being run up against him; and to this the strain and drain of a life of Parisian gallantry and dissipation added a momentous item.

It is four or five years since his health began to give way in the most painful form of illness, loss of memory and intellect. Life was spent, and there was no calling it back. Retreat and rest were tried, at first by his own will and pleasure, but, ere long, by the necessary supervision of the *maestro's* relatives. It was too late—the composer sunk into imbecile and hopeless melancholy. For a time he was retained in a *maison de santé* at Paris, without the slightest remission of any painful symptom; thence he was transferred, in the course of last year, to his native town, in the hope that a more genial climate and the presence of familiar objects might work the charm of revival. But this expedient also failed; life was spent, and, as has been said, expired not many weeks since. It is idle, perhaps, to say that, under a wiser ordinance of his life and energies, the composer might have pursued his career of invention, popularity, and enjoyment for another score of years.

A good deal of foolish criticism and wholesale contempt have been thrown on the Operas of Donizetti by those who, by way of vindicating their knowledge, think it incumbent on them to mistrust all popularity, and to frown upon everything that does not "smell of the lamp."

Generally, indeed, imperfect reasoning and foolish assumption have been more liberally based and vented on nothing than the subject of "fertility." Cavillers have too pedantically assumed that, by restriction, concentration, and similar trammelling processes, creative genius could be *forced* into becoming something far more precious than it may have originally been. "Facility"—doomed by the epithet *fat al*

—has been too largely confounded with “feebleness.” Now, in Music at least, this is a huge and untenable fallacy. Dangerous though it seem to afford encouragement to idleness, to presumption, to invention by chance, to a spirit of money-making cupidity, the perpetuation of falsehood is yet more dangerous:—and there are few falsehoods more complete than the reproach conveyed in the above assertions. With very few exceptions, all the great musical composers have been fertile when once taught,—and capable of writing with as much rapidity as ease. Bach, Handel (whose “Israel” was completed in three weeks,) Haydn (more of whose compositions are lost than live), Mozart,—all men remarkable as *discoverers* and renowned as classics—held the pens of ready writers. Rossini’s “Il Barbiere,” again, which has now kept the stage for two-and-thirty years, was the work of thirteen days: the *insouciant* composer being spurred to his utmost by a disparaging letter from Paisiello, who had already set Beaumarchais’ comedy. It was the empty Connoisseur, who thought to gain reputation by declaring that “the picture would have been better painted if the painter had taken more trouble.” Nor will it ever be forgotten that the “Bride of Lammermoor,” the masterpiece of Walter Scott (whose defence of fertility, *apropos* of Dryden, might have been quoted as germane to the matter,) was thrown off when the Novelist was hardly conscious of what he wrote, owing to racking bodily pain. Those, we believe, on whom the gift of fertility has been bestowed, run some danger of becoming “nothing if not fertile.” Their minds are impulsive rather than thoughtful—their fancies strengthened by the very process and passion of pouring them forth. In the case of Donizetti, at least, it is obvious that his invention was, year by year, becoming fresher with incessant use and practice. There are no melodies in any of his early works so delicious as those of the quartett and serenade in “Don Pasquale;” no writing so highly toned, characteristic, and dramatic as the entire fourth act of “La Favorite.” His instrumentation too, always correct, became richer and more fanciful in each successive effort. It has elsewhere been remarked (and the remark is significant to all who are used to consider the subject), that, considering Donizetti was called to write for particular singers, an unusual number of the Operas thus fashioned to order have become stock pieces: thereby proved to be essentially superior to the generality of works of their class. In short, it may be said that, though there be no startling beauties in the Operas of Donizetti,—none of those *electrical* melodies which, like “Di tanti,” or “Largo al factotum,” or “Assisa al pie d’un salice,” ring through the world,—neither such intensity of sentiment as reconciles us to the very limited alphabet in which Bellini wrote,—they contain so much of what is agreeable, so many happy combinations and excellent opportunities for vocal display, such frequent harmony between the sounds and the situations to be portrayed, as to justify musical annalists in giving the Master a high place in the records of his time: and in sincerely regretting his loss. Would that any signs could be discerned of a successor! But, for the present, the solitary originality which Italian musicians manifest lies in excess and exaggeration.

REPUBLICAN MANNERS.

BY THE FLANEUR IN PARIS.

Paris, May, 1848.

It is only repeating what has been said so often, to remark that the French are the best actors in the world, in all pieces, grave or light, that may be designated by them *comédies de mœurs*. Put them into the costume of the part, and they will act it to admiration; impose upon them a new *rôle*, and they will assume it as if they had played nothing else all their lives; give them a new coat, and they will find themselves at home in it at once, or at all events, should it be too tight in the arm-hole, or sit uncomfortably across the back, they will take care never to let you know it. If, then, in the new parts now given them to play in a new-old comedy of the Republic—or tragedy—how shall it be? let us call it drama, then, which has a vague and hybrid sense accommodating to all circumstances; if, then, in their new parts they act not to the life, it is not for want of ability, but *tout bonnement*, because they refuse to play them. In this respect, however, France, or Paris at all events, is divided into two distinct categories; those who, always looking back to the old republic as the only true model, and continually striving to imitate the past, as if the only salvation for their idol were to be found in the self-same track which formerly led to its overthrow from its pedestal, seem to think that, by assuming all the outward distinguishing forms which marked the dress, manner, and social intercourse of that epoch, they must indubitably secure its everlasting enthronement upon the basis they desire; and those who, equally as anxious to set aside and obliterate from the memory of their country-people all reminiscence of the same bloody and hateful past, as strenuously avoid the external forms that have the least appearance of a desire to return to it; those who truckle with their consciences in dress and manner, the “half-and-halfers,” in fact, of modern republicanism are but the few.

A republican government, then, may issue a clap-net edict to please the fancy of the mob, and make it rub its hands with gratified spite by abolishing distinctive titles, until it prohibits the adoption of them by penal law it will have done no more than a puerile act; and dukes, and counts, and marquises will call themselves duke, count, and marquis as much as before; nor can the post-office refuse to transmit letters because they are addressed with a titled direction. In fact, as long as they choose to act the old part, they will act it with as much state as ever, and, in many cases, purposely with a little more. Among this set may be found, however, many of the “half-and-halfers” already alluded to, men who whisper their titles under their breath in the streets, and cover the arms upon their carriage-panels with a thin coat of paint, that makes believe to obliterate them, while it leaves them very visible below. But these are the *peureux*, as popular phrase now has it, who are affected by a false, or, at all events, premature fear of exhibiting the old distinctive marks, and who walk the streets, get into their carriages, and go to bed at night with a wholesome fear of the *guillotine* before their eyes and in their dreams.

A republican government, too, may decree that, in future, there should be no *messieurs* and *mesdames* in France, and that nothing should exist but *citoyens* and *citoyennes*; people, as long as they do not choose to act the part of republicanism to this extent, will yet be to one another *monsieur* and *madame*. It is not because they lack any ability to get up the part to perfection, but because they do not choose to play it, although in this last little detail of social life habit may have some influence; for in one of the very government edicts that enacted this mode of salutation anew, the address to the mayors of Paris, enjoining them to admit no other denomination than that of *citoyen* in official acts, the first words are *Citoyen Maire*, and, half way down the handbill, *Monsieur le Maire* slips out, as if unconsciously, in the very official declaration itself against that illegal term; and a furious "out-and-outer" has been even heard to let fall the *monsieur* by accident, although he afterwards humbly begged pardon for having offered the insult of this dreadful and obnoxious title.

In what, then, is to be found the distinction between Parisian manners under a republican form of government and those under the late reign?—in a thousand little floating shades, too difficult to catch as they flit by and daguerreotype upon paper, *nuances* too fine to paint in good, strong, visible colours, in a thousand delicate traits which it is almost impossible to embody in a decided form, but which the sense may comprehend, the heart feel, and even the eye see, although the mouth may be unable formally to express them, or the hand clearly to trace them. Perhaps, there is not a soul in Paris to whom the revolution of February does not appear like a past history, acted years and not months ago, to whom an age, a long, long age, does not seem to have passed since those days, to whom a wide gap does not appear to sever, as a yawning gulf, the present from the past—sundering the one from the other by an abyss so wide, at a distance so great, that the present bears no resemblance whatever to the past. This impression is one difficult to convey to the minds of those who have not been upon the spot to feel it, but the gulf exists no less in the minds of those who have; and they must feel the change, not only in new institutions, in a new course of things, in new aspirations, new tendencies, new ambitions, new hatreds, in all the new political, social, and moral state, in fact, but in habits, manners, physiognomy, and the general aspect of every day life. It seems to be in the air, as well as upon the earth; there appears to be a changed look in all things; it is impressed upon every face and almost in every gesture. But these are exactly the undefinable *nuances* which are to be felt but not to be expressed, and which the *Flâneur* must renounce any attempt to put into any tangible form.

Traits enough of change are to be found, however, sufficiently broadly marked to be distinctly noted down; and these be it the task of the *Flâneur* once more to sketch. These traits of republican manners may be divided into three categories,—those that pervade all classes of society, and are to be seen in the every-day aspect of general life; those that are purposely put on by the "out-and-outer" republican, the worshipper of the past already mentioned, he, in fact, who thinks that his own salvation and that of the *res publica* depend upon his own individual assumption of a certain garb or emblem, his making an uncompromisingly ferocious face, or his thundering forth

certain "cut and dried" phrases, borrowed of old conventionalists, and handed down, worn out, half-rotten, and considerably stained with those marks of blood which ages wash not out, to be used by new oracle-deliverers of old ravings,—in short, the new actor of the old part, who thinks it a mighty fine thing to act it to the life, or rather to the death; and, lastly, those that are assumed, half in earnest, half in sport, by persons who seem to think that playing at old or new republicanism is only an amusing farce to play, and that they can, unconsciously as it were, permit themselves such a harmless affectation, as they might any other new mode likely to become the general fashion; while, in truth, like dandy shop-boys with a new flaring waistcoat-pattern, they only get up a caricature, and are totally ignorant that their sport, their playing with these affectations of the past may not prove so harmless as they deem, and that they may burn their fingers at the torch they light in play.

Of the change that has taken place in general manners, one of the most striking is the habit—which was adopted in the first days of the revolution, the days when all was doubt, confusion, and alarm, and when all individual as well as general interests were involved in the rapidly running and uncertain course of events, when all, in fact, had one thought, the thought of the politics of the moment, if not their hopes and fears, in common—the habit of mingling and speaking pell-mell. Everybody speaks to everybody; unknown individuals accost each other; friends or enemies, who never met before, are sudden enemies or friends, according as their sentiments concur or differ. Is there the least appearance of a commotion in the streets, a good friend with a face you never saw before, will ask you, with a "hail-fellow-well-met" air, what is going on, and enter into a discussion, if you are inclined to listen to him, upon the movement, whatever it may be, or whether it may have or have not an importance: if, eager to know the last news, you are reading the evening paper under a gas-light at a street-corner, or at a well-lighted shop-window, a workman will touch his hat, and ask you the result of the last topic of interest. There is a "free-and-easy," but certainly neither insolent or unpleasant manner in all this, which Parisians dreamed not of three months ago. In the knots and crowds that form along the Boulevards or on the principal public places, by night as well as day, the politicizing disputants in the midst have no knowledge of each other. Your neighbour turns to speak to you upon the subject under discussion, and perhaps you find yourself unexpectedly the centre of a new group of listeners or argufiers. If the topic of the day is one of peculiar interest or excitement, the voices raised in these *improvisés*, *al fresco* clubs, may be louder and more animated than usual; but, generally speaking, the friends or enemies of the moment, whatever the sympathy or dispute, will touch their hats to one another as they go asunder, and a collision or a movement is rare among the disputants, although in a few instances angry passions have come to hustling. The *homme du peuple* talks with the *élégant*, the workman with the exclusive of the Faubourg St. Germain or the Chaussée d'Antin, the *blouse* with the *redingote*, as the modern distinctionary phrase goes, the legitimist with the republican of old date, the noble, the *bourgeois*, and the *proletaire* all mixed together. This state of things is perfectly new to Paris, and it has a curious and not an unamusing look. It is

one of the best forms of republicanism, as visible in external general life ; and, as long as moderate principles still maintain the supremacy, and the violent republicans of the "blood-and-thunder" school have not succeeded in leavening with the bitterness of the gall of hatred, they take such pains to instil between classes, the good understanding that at first seemed to be disposed to exercise its influence among them, this new trait of modern republican manners can only tend to have a beneficial and conciliatory effect.

The first symptoms of this spirit, when all exclusion was thrown aside on the one hand, and all mistrust and ill-will on the other, seemed in truth for a time to work their salutary spell. Woe, then, to the men who use all their energies, and spend every moment of their restless lives in exciting, with all the venom of their tongues, hatred, spite, malice, and suspicion, when, in the new order of things, a mutual good feeling among classes was gaining the ascendancy, and in raising aloft the torch of discord to burn and to destroy, when the light of reciprocal intelligence and appreciation had already begun to enlighten ! woe to them ! May they alone reap the harvest of the deadly seed they sow. The change in manners of the upper towards the lower classes, was marked and striking after those days, when circumstances threw men of both together, and taught each to know the other better ; in the lower towards the higher it was no less remarkable ; and people still mix upon the above-described best approved republic equality principle in the streets, accosting and conversing with each other, heedless of any distinction of rank. But the better spirit is no longer what it was. The government itself has gone along the foolish path of sundering classes in its official acts ; it proclaimed the sovereignty of the people, and declared its voice the voice of God, and then, applying afterwards the word "people" to the lower classes alone, taught them thus that they alone were the sovereigns, and that, in those days of equality, their will and their pleasure was not equal, but paramount to that of all other classes in the state. Never was flattery addressed to the greatest autocrat by the basest of courtiers, that could vie with the flattery bestowed, by government edicts, upon the people, thus severed and sundered from the rest of the nation. The food crammed to excess down its throat, instead of being good, sound, healthful, plain bread, was buttered on one side, honeyed on the other, and treacled over all. How could the people's stomach stand so rich a treat ? If its stomach, however, did not turn at it, its head did ; and by degrees the lordly air, the insolent manner, the "make-room-for-me" gesture, and the imperative words began to be heard among those who were so sedulously taught that they were up above, at the summit of all social systems, and that all others were done below and beneath them. How with this feeling will mix the acrimony, the hatred, the malice, the sourness, the bile, that existed not before ; and that a desperate faction, whose ambition relies for its success but on the force of a people's evil passions, instils so carefully and works up with so much restless energy ? But with the future the *Flâneur* has nought to do. Still, as he writes, that more genial trait of republican manners, the fusion and the reciprocal politeness, may be found in the streets of Paris, although in a lesser degree than in the first times that followed on the revolution.

One influence that has caused a very material change to come over

the "spirit of the dream" of Parisian life, is the establishment of the many hundreds of clubs. Men's vanity leads them to renounce any other occupation or amusement than their nightly club meetings, far more than any real zest they may have for such an employment of their time; and what more powerful incitement can the Parisian have? The "clubbist" imagines that his mere presence at his club, and the important vote he is to give upon the matters discussed, must influence the direction of affairs in the whole country; the welfare of all France depends upon his nod. Can you wonder, then, at his attendance? True, the clubs, and especially those of a more violent description, may yet have their influential part to play in the great drama of the day; but the clubbist, as yet, somewhat overrates his vast importance. Be that as it may, the club mania, which extends to the softer sex also, materially contributes to change the manners of Parisian life. People seem to think a gay air unworthy of them: they grow grave and magisterial in manner; they talk as if they were spouting; they walk as if the burden of the nation's weal was on their shoulders. Their discourse is of the merits of their club and its speakers, and the designs and tendencies of other clubs. The theatres are abandoned,—the theatres, those true arenas of the Parisian *bourgeois*, his real home and his delight, abandoned for the clubs, and private theatricals on a large scale, in which he himself may act a part. At first the disputes on this subject waxed warm in domestic life between spouses; but for once the interests of the country prevailed against petticoat power; and *madame*, instead of dragging *monsieur* to the theatre or the ball-room, followed him to the club and the debating-room. The change which this important event then has produced in manners, habits, physiognomy, and expression of Parisian society, in a variety of ways, may easily be understood.

Another great change in Parisian manners, which a revolution and a republic have produced, is the bastard military air that pervades all classes. In spite of its manifesto of peaceful intentions, the republic seems resolved upon making as martial a face as possible. The streets of Paris are thronged with uniforms, every tenth man shoulders a musket; bayonets gleam all day long in masses in the sun; and pickets, and patrols, and flying battalions are marching and countermarching in all directions. In the first confusion and the first alarm that followed upon the days of the revolution, all that was young and ardent rushed to inscribe itself in the ranks of the National Guards, as a means of general and individual defence; the mania was catching; the government decreed that every citizen was a *garde national*; and all male Paris donned the uniform, clapped the red epaulets on his shoulders, and snatched up the musket. Fraternity *fêtes*, and reviews, and ceremonies, and elections, and demonstrations, and manifestations, and conspiracies, and rumours of conspiracies, and sudden alarms of insurrections, real or false, have contributed to keep the martial spirit of the citizen-soldier in a constant flame. And then the legions of the raggamuffin, but quickly disciplined *Garde Mobile*, that has caught up the military look with true Parisian ready inspiration, swell the numbers of the old troops of the line, again readmitted into Paris, in spite of the jealous manœuvres of the ultra party; and there are new republican guards in old re-

publican uniforms, and civic guards, and *Montagnards*, whose mission or legality no human creature seems distinctly to understand, all armed to the teeth, with pistols, and sabres, and poniards, and what-not, in the way of truculent weapon; and the military show and vision of uniforms, and plumes, and cockades, and epaulets, and arms, stretch to the "crack of doom." And the new republicans of old fancies, who connect republican ideas with vague notions of battle and bloodshed, and glory, and fighting, and the constantly screeched phrase, "*mourir pour la patrie*," although they disdain the National Guards, and strive to persuade the lower classes that the National Guards must be their natural and born enemies, get up a martial air on their own private accounts, and wear big red scarfs, and knit their brows, and look marvellously furious. No wonder, then, that all Paris should cultivate moustaches more than ever, and curl them with a military twist of the hand, and cry "*aux armes*," and "*Vive la Pologne*," or *vive* something else, at every two words, after the inflation of a fraternizing banquet; and talk of wondrous exploits and deeds of glory, and of shooting everybody and everything; and that shop-boys should exchange the measuring wand for the musket, and that even members of the government, with very civil functions, should hold up their heads and do "the military" to the life, when they pass troops in review. The vision of bayonets is the day-dream of Parisian life; and it is impossible to close the eyes to it. If it comes not in overwhelming torrents, it comes in little desultory fever-fits before you; but absent is the apparition never. Spite of all its peaceful assurances, also, so martial has grown the spirit of the government, that it has positively given orders for all the little boys in public schools to be clothed in military fashion; and, possibly, the littleurchins may soon learn their lessons with musket on arm, under the superintendence of military-looking ushers with moustaches a foot long.

If, then, among the many other traits, for which he has no space, the *Flâneur* hastily records the constant cry, newly adopted by the lower classes—the cry born of a people's arbitrary triumph, when it so often bid a whole city illuminate in its honour,—the cry to be heard at every moment, the cry of "*des champions*," which has now come to signify not much more than "Go it!" or any other such polite popular phrase of an English populace, and is used upon every occasion of its reckless merriment; if he alludes also to the constant recurrence of "*ex*"s and "*ci-devant*"s in palaces, and streets, and nobles, and names, and attributes, and allocations, that confusion "twice confounded" of all things, in which a poor mortal knows no longer the name of his own street, or of his best acquaintance, or of the quarter of the town he now seeks in vain; if he were to trace—and the task were impossible—all the transformations which a republican revolution has produced in men and things, in general, it may be seen, that, in the general external aspect, there is change enough in the last modern Parisian manners, to give them a colour and character of their own.

If the *Flâneur* turns now from the general to the partial, he has still far more to note. If he attempts a sketch of the violent republican, the "out-and-outer," before alluded to, the dreamer of the past, the deifier of the "*Montagne*," him of the destructive organ,

whose constructiveness must be marked by a hole instead of a bump, he will find colours enough to paint with, and pretty glaring ones too. As yet the violent, the ultra, the *exalté*, or whatever name he may bear in popular altercation, or the only true, the only pure, the only one and indivisible real democratic republican, as he calls himself, finds himself in a minority in the face of the majority of moderatism. But he is so active, stirring, restless, omnipresent; he sticks his banner up so high; he makes so much outward parade of his opinions; he flares his blood-red scarf so flauntily abroad; he takes such pains to stamp his individuality by garb and emblem, that he may well be taken as a prominent figure in a picture of republican manners.

Besides, who would not recognise, at once, his studied and purposely assumed air of uncompromising ferocity? his frowning, would-be terrible, discontented face? He wears expressly the blood-red cravat, because Lamartine, whom he denounces as a *traître à la patrie*, for his moderate opinions, mounted on high the tricolor banner: if he is of the lower classes, he may, perchance, stick the ugly cap of liberty on his head. Listen to him as he declaims, in the open streets, to a knot of chosen few: he will openly declare that "if the National Assembly does not work his will, he has a band ready to *lever des barricades*, and march against the traitorous representatives of the people." If you ask him his opinions, he will seriously tell you, though not perhaps in as many direct words, that "a republican form of government means a state of constant and violent revolution," and that "he who desires a more quiet progress, or a semblance of stability and order, is a *réactionnaire*, a *contre-révolutionnaire*, a *traître*, a *suspect*." The revolution of February was but the prologue to a bloody drama in his eyes: he has paid the price of his life's blood, he will tell you, for the rest of the performance—although perhaps he never stirred out of his nest during the fighting—and the rest of the performance, be it of five acts or fifty, have he will. It is for this purpose, although his logic does not appear very clear, that he is as stern, and ferocious, and disagreeable, and unpolite as possible: if he does not call himself yet, "Brutus," or "Spartacus," as men did in old times, he intends to do it shortly, or perhaps does already in his own little circle.

He it is who denounces the man who dares to say "monsieur," as an *aristocrate*: he considers himself dishonoured by the appellation: he interlards every other word with *citoyen*; and he even calls his wife or his mistress *ma citoyenne*! He it is who puts on mourning, or parades the streets with a crape scarf upon his arm, because in an insurrection in a provincial town, got up by the discontented ultra party, because of the triumph of the moderates in the elections, the rebels were repulsed with loss. He declares that his *frères* have been assassinated by the barbarous and bloody-minded National Guards, who had the audacity, the vile wretches, to defend their own lives against the attack of the insurgents: he denounces the government that will not have them all arrested as murderers; and *en attendant*, he puts the black crape over the red scarf, to shew the emblem of what he calls "a national mourning." He it is whom you may see, at street corners, trying to excite the workmen of Paris to a similar spirit of insurrection by the distribution of incendiary proclamations; but praise be yet to the last lingering spark of good sense in the majority of the Parisian

working classes!—he is often repulsed by them as a pest to society. He lives but in the bloody recollections of the past. He wears the *gilet à la Robespierre* as a sign of his sympathy for that great and glorious man, and of his attachment for the great and glorious opinions he advocated. and he flings back the broad lappels upon his coat to flare abroad his principles with as much outward evidence as possible. French actors were always famous for getting up their parts with the nicest attention to costume: these actors of a dangerous drama are determined to dress the part to the life, after the best approved old model. On the stage of the revolution their company is comparatively small at present; or it is to be hoped so; although they choose to enumerate upon their bills of the play all the working classes among their “guards and attendants;” but, probably, this may prove only a deluded, but not delusive, puff. They themselves, however, have their parts as *premiers rôles* to play; and they will probably play them out, sooner or later. For a moment, these good gentlemen, who hold much to outward appearances as rallying signs of their party, thought that their course had wonderfully gained in strength, because the government, led astray by an ill-omened influence in its own body, decreed that the representatives of the people should wear, in their Assembly, the costume of the old heroes of the Convention. What bloody-minded patriotic bosoms might not have beaten under the *gilet à la Robespierre*! Unfortunately, for their glory, the representatives of the people had more good sense than the government: they refused to wear the hateful costume of evil memory. But is not that sufficient for them all to be denounced as *traîtres à la patrie*? The men, who would refuse to wear the glorious waistcoat of such a man, could be nothing else than traitors. The *gilet à la Robespierre*, the red cravat, the Phrygian cap, and all the other emblematic trumpery of a past time—the ferocious air and the agitation of the street corner—the angry declamation in the crowd, and the would-be Roman air—may all enter into the second category of modern republican manners. Paris as yet rejects them from its first: and in general they are looked upon with scorn or fear, according to the characters of men—even although a pair of the ultra-party members in the late government itself may surmount their names upon their visiting cards with caps of liberty, and banners, and joined hands, and rays of glory, emblematical of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and the Republic, one and indivisible—and another may institute a *fête*, teeming with the theatrical Grecian trumpery of the old ceremonies of the old republic.

In the changes that Parisian manners have undergone, under a republican form, there remains the third category—that of those amusing gentlemen, who seem to think it “fine fun” to play at republicanism, as a new fashion, and who get up republican affectations, as they would get up a lisp, if lispings were the mode. In the first days of the revolution many were influenced by the more cogent reason of fear: they dreaded an imaginary ferocious mob, that was to be appeased by demonstrations; and provincials, probably, still come to Paris filled with similar fancies. But your affected republican knows that, in the present state of things, such fears are needless; and he only affects “for the nonce.” The trite and vulgar comparison of frying-pan would ill convey the idea of the wonderful

tricolor cockade he sticks upon his hat or on his bosom: he wears a tricolor nosegay in his button hole: he wreathes a tricolor riband round his cane: he wears a tricolor breast-pin upon a tricolor cravat. He sometimes sticks a short pipe in his mouth, to have an air *aussi bien canaille que possible*. He says *tu* and *toi* to all his acquaintances, in order to do the thing *comme il faut*, in a republican sense. He glories in the name of "workman," and, as he cannot take the aristocratic title of the day from any personal or ancestral precedent, he calls himself *ouvrier de l'intelligence*, although he may probably have never written a line in his life, and the second part of the title may, like many other *ci-devant* ones in France, be, at all events, very questionable. He has had some thoughts of standing for representative of the people in the National Assembly; perhaps he has even gone to the expence of printing a list of popular candidates, to be distributed, in which his own name was adroitly niched in between two heroes of the day, with hope that, amongst the rest, he might slip in by mistake. A representative of the people would have been a charming part to play: and besides, with five-and-twenty francs a day, as wages from his country, he might or might not have paid his debts. In several of the voting sections of Paris, there were countless quantities of candidates, who had one vote a piece (an historical fact!) probably these republicans, in sport, each voted for himself. As, in spite of his manœuvres, his chance of election has been so small, his next affectation will probably be, to declaim in violent opposition to the Assembly. He may *poser* again after this fashion: and it is a part to play at all events. Meanwhile, he goes on wearing his Phrygian cap at home, "bethou-ing" his acquaintances, and swearing "by the soul of Danton."

In the same class as these good gentlemen, and perfectly on their level, may be reckoned the little children in the Tuileries gardens, who cease not to play "at revolution" in the alleys, flourish penny drums and trumpets, and make barricades of the chairs, or the little *gamins*, on the Boulevards, who wait in swarms at the theatre doors, in the hopes of begging a cheque from those who came out, and who formerly, under a monarchic *regime*, interlarded their entreaties with the cajoling appellations, *mon baron! mon marquis! mon prince! mon ambassadeur!* and now think to do so much honour by screaming *mon citoyen! mon camarade!*

Parisian manners have, then, undergone a change, and, taken several good long steps in the way of republicanism. Will they stop short now? or will the "out-and-outers" ever gain the upper hand, and, in their principles of destruction, sweep away all the past, only to reconstruct in manner, emblem, and costume? That is for time to shew. At all events, the *Flâneur* will have no desire then to trace fresh sketches of an order of things, which has already filled many a sad and serious page in history, and which will need a more vigorous pen than his to record.

ROBERT EMMETT AND ARTHUR AYLMER ;

OR, DUBLIN IN 1803.

BY W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," &c.

THE 23rd of June, 1803, formed a memorable epoch in the history of the Irish metropolis. Apprized that an explosion might be expected, the authorities took no measures to counteract the popular disturbance. Neither the police force was increased, nor did the military receive any addition; the usual number of constables occupied the watch-houses, and the same weak pickets patrolled the streets. Strange as it may appear, from the suddenness of the *émeute* and the supineness of the executive, the seat of government might have readily fallen into the hands of the conspirators; and little doubt exists, that, had the wild and visionary leader of the insurrection led his tumultuary followers at once to attack the castle, the attempt would have proved successful. But evanescent as the blaze of stubble, the flame of rebellion sparkled, scintillated, and expired. No daring act of reckless gallantry flung the mantle of Quixotic chivalry over the hopeless attempt, and within half an hour from its commencement, the story of the mad essay was closed. Its duration was marked only by the murder of unoffending individuals, its suppression achieved by a subaltern's picket, and a few loyalists and watchmen.

It was afterwards remembered and remarked, that, from an early hour in the afternoon, the bridges over the canal which connect the adjoining county with the capital, had been crossed by an unusual number of the Wicklow peasantry, dressed in the grey frieze coats which distinguished them from other passengers. As evening approached, groups of these men were seen lounging in the lanes and alleys of the Liberty; and when dusk came, under the direction of two or three individuals, they closed up to the immediate vicinity of the rebel dépôt. Suddenly the doors of the malt-house were flung open, musquets, blunderbusses, and pikes, were indiscriminately landed out, and every man seized whatever weapon accident presented, without any consideration as to whether he could use it effectively or not.

Dressed in the uniform he had selected, green with yellow facings, the wild enthusiast joined the rabble he had armed, and issuing from the lane, they entered the chief thoroughfare through the Liberty, called Thomas Street. Emmett must have been actually mad, for without any defined plan of action, settled purpose, or ulterior object, he rushed with his banditti on the town. Their proceedings appeared rather to resemble the muck of a Malay, than the operations of a regulated conspiracy. The first victim they encountered was Colonel Brown of the 21st Fusileers, and without a cause or even a question, they pulled him from the saddle, and piked him to death. Would that their atrocities had ended with a solitary murder. A travelling carriage was met, stopped, and its occupants

dragged out. One passenger, a young lady, was permitted to escape without injury or insult; but the mildest judge who ever tried a criminal was mortally wounded by these savages; and his nephew, an estimable clergyman, murdered on the spot.

“ He, the wretched cause of all, saw too late
The ruin that his rashness wrought,”

and found that to evoke a lawless mob was easy, as to repress their ferocity was impracticable. In vain he appealed to his ruffian followers, in their tumultuary roar of savage exultation, his remonstrances were drowned, his voice unheard. He witnessed the white-haired veteran, the merciful dispenser of the law, the blameless minister of religion, all ruthlessly done to death. Half fainting at the horror of the scene, he staggered against the shutters of a shop window, when, like the pressure of a smith's vice, an arm grasped his own, and the well-known voice of Aylmer fiercely exclaimed, “Villain! have you banded me with murderers?” Conscience makes cowards of us all, and so do circumstances occasionally. The close of Emmett's wild career, his prison hours, his bearing when on trial, and the last sad scene of all, evinced a Roman fortitude. But now, horror-stricken at barbarities he could not restrain, while the fearful consequences of his mad attempt burst upon him in their terrible reality, these annihilated the self-possession of a man who, with the devotion of a Decius united a gentleness of disposition that recoiled from the effusion of one drop of blood, and, totally unmanned, the enthusiast muttered in a broken voice, “Ah, Aylmer, that, the unkindest cut of all, was not wanted. I am wretched, desperate, degraded, but still no murderer in intention. Arthur, I am no villain.”

Rapid as lightning glances across the sky, the true state of mind of his weak and misguided friend flashed upon his warm-hearted countryman, and a kindly pressure of the hand, and a voice that had lost its recent bitterness replied, “No, no, forgive me, Emmett. You know that my temper has never known control. And—curses on the ruffians! that old man's butchery would—hut see here, too,”—and as he spoke, a girl rushed wildly towards him. At a glance, dress, look, and manner, all proclaimed her to be a gentlewoman. It was the niece of the murdered judge, the sister of the butchered clergyman. As she hurried wildly past, a ruffian more brutal than his fellows, and half intoxicated, caught hold of her light dress. Her scream was answered by an imprecation, when Aylmer sprang forward, struck the fellow to the ground, and while the mob made a forward movement in one direction, the fair captive escaped in the opposite one. Heedless of an attempt made by the prostrate culprit to discharge a pistol at the lady's deliverer, Aylmer wrenched the weapon from his hand, tore away the frieze great coat which was hanging loosely across his arm, and flung it to his friend. “There,” he said, in a low voice, “Conceal that gaudy dress, and let us hurry from this scene of butchery.”

“How can I leave these wretched people, brutal as they have proved themselves?” returned the unhappy man, who felt that he had been the means of producing this sanguinary *émeute*.

“If you do not leave them, they will soon leave you,” was the sarcastic reply. “The first flint snapped by loyalist or soldier in

their front, will be the signal for a general dispersion. Rest assured that villains who slaughter unresisting victims, will never stay to look a brave man in the face. Come, let us hurry off."

"And whither? Where can we head to?"

"My purpose leads to Wicklow," returned Aylmer; "and in the mountains you may find temporary shelter, and possibly escape from the kingdom, when the vengeance of the executive shall be gorged."

Emmett, whose self-control seemed altogether fled, mechanically obeyed his bolder comrade, and flung the grey *cola-more* over his showy uniform; but, ere he had made a second step in the direction that Aylmer pointed, a voice was heard in front of the mob to holla "Stand!" Half a dozen spattering shots instantly followed the summons, and the effect upon the rabble was precisely what had been anticipated by his adviser; for, in headlong flight, stragglers from the main body hurried rapidly to the rear.

As it appeared afterwards, this check to the insurgents was but a momentary one. A police magistrate, hearing loose reports of a popular disturbance, hurried to the scene of riot, and with ten or twelve assistants only, and these indifferently armed. Finding himself placed unexpectedly in the presence of a formidable band, he boldly became assailant; and, before the mob had recovered from the surprise a sudden attack produces, the stout functionary and his myrmidons effected an able and a safe retreat. The boldest ruffians, as might be supposed, were now in front; and, encouraged by the numerical weakness of their opponents, pressed forward themselves, and called upon their panic-stricken comrades to "Come on!" Some obeyed the call, but others were already beyond the range of hearing. For a few minutes more the flame of rebellion might be said to scintillate, but another and more sanguinary collision followed, and the insurrection ended, as it commenced—in blood.

Although more than three years had elapsed since the suppression of the rebellion of '98, the Irish capital presented appearances of a military occupation. Pickets at stated hours patrolled the streets, and detached parties of regular infantry in different quarters had guard-houses, either intended to connect their barracks, or, in the remoter districts of the metropolis, keep *surveillance* over those who were still considered as being disaffected to the government. On the evening of the 23rd of June, a picket of the Welsh Fusileers were going their customary rounds, when, attracted by the firing in Thomas-street, the officer in command hurried to the spot, and, on debouching from Mass-lane, encountered the insurgents. A bold ruffian, who appears to have assumed the command, called in a loud voice, "Musketeers, to the front!"

"But none did come, though he did call for them,"

while the officer commanding the picket, like a stout soldier, and one who "understood his trade,"* instantly commenced street-firing.†

The rapid and sustained fire of the soldiery was answered by half-

* A favourite and expressive phrase of Napoleon.

† Street-firing is practised by troops in small numbers, who can only show a narrow front. When the first files fire, they wheel round the flanks of the party, re-loading as they retire. The succeeding files also fire and fall back, and before the leading files have discharged their muskets, the rear-most have reloaded. Hence, the fusillade is never abated.

a-dozen straggling shots, when the mob broke totally, and *saute qui peut* became the order of the evening.

As the rabble rushed tumultuously past, flinging their weapons away, and each man adding terror to his companion's speed, which an unexpected volley from a dozen yeomen and loyalists they encountered at a corner had fearfully augmented, Aylmer whispered to his friend,

"Said I not truly, Emmett?"

No answer was returned; but a bitter groan, that bespoke hopes prostrated and air-built castles levelled to the earth, told what the inly feelings of the miserable and misguided enthusiast were.

They reached the canal-bridge unchallenged by any of the patrols, and found there six or eight of the better order of small farmers, who had ridden that evening to the scene of action; but, wise in their generation, they had left their horses outside the *cordon* of the pickets, and in charge of two or three peasants. Fortunately for the rebel leader and his companion, a couple of unclaimed nags were herded with the others, their proprietors having been so much confused with firing, fear, and whiskey as to lose themselves among the narrow streets and blind alleys of the Liberty. No time to raise any question touching right of property remained. The *beat-to-arms* was heard, repeated, and re-repeated; the trumpet "turn-out" came sharply on the ear through the calm of summer evening; and Aylmer and the leader of the mad *émeute* mounted the spare horses, and rode rapidly off in the direction of the Wicklow mountains, the whole party not exceeding a dozen men.

Where were the masses of disaffected men who had risen, or were expected to rise, when the tocsin of freedom sounded?—where were they? Well might echo answer, "*Where?*"

Never did a party, who had determined to annihilate a settled government and "reform the state," exhibit a more crest-fallen appearance than poor Emmett and his rabble escort, as they spurred towards the Wicklow hills by the most unfrequented roads. Their speed was that of heartless fugitives; but, as if to add burlesque to misfortune, the leader of "a broken host" was still addressed as "general;" and now and again, when the coarse frieze *cota-more* was blown aside, the flaunting uniform underneath presented its ridiculous contrast.

It was extraordinary how long after the suppression of the rebellion of '98 the embers of disaffection smouldered in the mountain-ranges of Wicklow. Within a dozen miles of the metropolis banded outlaws found a shelter, and with impunity plundered the low country, and levied, like the Highland caterans of old, a black mail from the farmers who were located in this dangerous vicinity. In vain had the Irish executive fulminated proclamations, and offered large rewards for the persons of these brigands, dead or alive. But, with extraordinary fidelity, the mountaineers resisted monetary temptation; and in every case the outlawed chiefs who fell within the grasp of justice could refer their captivity to accident alone, or their own want of common prudence.

It was past midnight when the fugitives reached a lonely farmhouse in one of the wildest of the mountain glens. Hours before the arrival of the party, the family had retired to rest; and, when awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, they felt no alarm, considering

it a thing of no unusual occurrence, namely, a night-visit from royalist dragoons in search of some of the proscribed. At the first knock the family were instantly in motion, the door was opened, the embers, smouldering on the hearth, were heaped with fresh fuel, numerous rushes were lighted, and preparations promptly made to offer to the wayfarers any refreshment that the house contained. The latter, indeed, was considered a matter-of-course affair; for, Tyrian or Trojan who sought the glen, claimed hospitality alike, and the trooper's scarlet and outlaw's necessity rendered the demand equally imperious. Of the twain, the trooper was the more unprofitable customer. Were the horseman in good temper, and the peasant-girl pretty, a kiss might be given in full acquittance of all demands in law or equity, and "he laughed, and he rode away;" while the outlaw, if he did not pay in meal would pay in malt, as the old saw goes. If this night a desperate onslaught was made upon the herdsman's fitch by half-a-dozen half-starved freebooters, on the next, a fat wedder was left in the barn, with directions to whip the skin off with the least possible delay; and many a tenant, when driven for rent, obtained the money which released his impounded cattle from the pocket of some generous outlaw. No wonder, then, that the wild peasantry of the hills, to the desperate men who sought shelter there, bore true allegiance; and, though every robber-haunt was known to hundreds, to personal punishment or rich reward the mountaineers proved equally impassive.

Had the belated visitors proved royalists, the same alacrity to meet their wants would have been exhibited. The broadsword, the shoulder-belt, and the rope,—and in those days all were freely used in cases of contumacy,—stimulate men's exertions marvellously; but when, in half the party, old acquaintances were recognised, right cheerfully the whole family applied themselves to prepare a substantial supper. Emmett, Aylmer, and a few others were conducted to an inner room, the others remaining in the kitchen; and while the good-wife and her daughters took post beside the frying-pan, on which many an egg and rasher hissed, the fugitives detailed, in under tones, the strange and tragic events of that disastrous evening.

Presently, supper was served in the inner apartment, plainly, but comfortably. Nothing sharpens the appetite more keenly than a night-ride in the mountains; and, indeed, it would be hard to say whether the rebel chief or the deserted lover did ampler justice to the refreshments placed in rude abundance before them. Emmett, fevered throughout the day, as hope and apprehension obtained the mastery by turns, had felt ill-inclined to eat; and, when the coarse table in the rebel arsenal was roughly spread, would the recollection that, at that moment, the bridal *déjeuner* of the false fair one was crowded by the *élite* of fashion, and she, "the cynosure of wondering eyes," in all the brilliancy of beauty, enhanced the banquet's revelry with wreathed smiles; would these, recalled to memory, provoke poor Aylmer's appetite? Both freely drank their wine; but desperate excitement and blighted love alike set the grape's boasted influence at defiance.

When the meal ended, an earthen grey-beard, filled with illicit whiskey, was placed upon the table; and, after a portion of its contents had been poured into a smaller vessel, it was removed to the kitchen to refresh the subordinate insurgents. In a few minutes

afterwards, those who had supped with their leader and his friend rose, quitted the apartment, and left them *lête-à-tête*.

"How goes the night?" said Aylmer; "it is now two months or so since I have been delivered from the encumbrance of a watch. I wonder who the devil calls himself at present master of mine? *Mine*?—no, 'twas fairly purchased; and, faith, it cost me a pang or two to part with it: for when my poor mother's initials on the case met my eye, I was half-prompted to snatch it from the counter. But—I had not dined for a couple of days;—damnation!"

He sprang from the beechen chair, and made a stride or two across the chamber; then, as if a moment were sufficient to restore that awful composure which despair so frequently possesses, he resumed his seat, and, in a low calm voice, continued.

"Two o'clock—ha! morning is well advanced, and I have some fifteen miles to travel. Fare thee well, my dear Emmett—better fortune attend thee! Should a chance present itself, hasten from the hands of the Philistines, and rest assured that none will more gladly receive the tidings of your escape than I."

"Of that no hope remains," returned the poor enthusiast with a sigh; "my history will soon be closed. Well—death is a penalty entailed upon existence; and, in the poet's words,

‘I set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.’

But you, Aylmer, all favours your escape; your knowledge of the mountains, your family influence, your—"

"Stop!—I will anticipate the rest; the uncle's loyalty would be, forsooth, a set-off against the nephew's treason!" exclaimed the young man, passionately. "You misunderstand me altogether, Emmett; think not that, for a moment, I fancied your hair-brained *project* could succeed. Bah! the thought would have been close akin to madness. Why, compared with yours, Jack Cade's was a promising attempt. No!—even my private feelings politically tended in an opposite direction. I am a rebel—a rebel from revenge; and yet the blood that courses through my veins is orange to the drop."

"Then, under what strange and conflicting impulse did you act?" inquired the enthusiastic leader of the wild *émeute*; "why join a cause alien to your own principles?"

"I'll answer you, in our national mode, by interrogatories," said Aylmer, coolly. "By what right did that capricious old man invest me with imaginary wealth, and place me in high position, and then, when fancy changed, shatter the clay-constructed puppet into potsherds? What was the head and front of my offending?—I received an indignity, and resented it. Could I have brooked offence, and mingled in society with gentlemen—Irish gentlemen? 'Twas but a flimsy pretext—a mere apology to cast me off. Before my uncle had reached my years, he had been twice upon the ground himself; ay, and in both cases he was the challenger. 'Twas dotard love that wrought my ruin; an artful girl played her game too well, and the old man fancied that sixteen could love sixty. I was in the way; a scapegoat was wanting for a hymeneal sacrifice—I was rendered at the altar, and youthful beauty swore fealty to old age. Heavens! could the driveller but know that she, the idol of his love, six months

before she placed her hand in his, had hung upon the bosom of the discarded nephew, confessed the secret of her heart, and— But, hold! what followed must never pass these lips. Enough—vengeance before now has been exacted before the injury was inflicted.”

Again he leaped from the chair, and strode through the apartment. Emmett for a minute remained still; but Aylmer, by a sudden mastery of himself, controlled his feelings, replenished a full tumbler, drank the diluted alcohol, and then calmly continued,—

“Emmett, the parting hour is come.”

“But what is your purpose? What will you do?” inquired the rebel chief.

“Change the house of feasting into one of sorrow. This evening the heir of Castle Aylmer receives the rite of baptism. Half-a-dozen of the peerage will grace the ceremony; and could I, a loving cousin, at this high festival absent myself?”

“And do you thus coolly rush, into danger, and seek a halter?” asked his wondering companion.

“No—no,” was the calm reply, “Jack Hangman will never assist at my toilet, nor hemp enclose this throat.”

“Then you will ape the Roman,—and suicide—” Emmett paused.

“Pish! I scorn the thought. Oh, no; I am a fatalist; and at three periods of life—at seven, fourteen, and twenty-one—my destiny was foretold. Lead—lead—lead! I hoped the bullet would have reached its mark last evening; but we must wait the fatal time. What ho! without there! Come, honest host, my horse.”

“So late, sir? Nay, rest a bit. After this uproar in the city—which I have heard of but now—idle people will be a-foot,” said the landlord, with kindly courtesy.

“No fear for me,” said Aylmer, with a bitter smile; “a line of honest Juvenal ensures my safety,—

‘Contabit vacuus coram latrone viator.’

There is sound Latin for you,—ay, and sound sense.”

The host departed.

“Aylmer, are you acting wisely?”

“Did you ever hear of anybody since the days of Solomon who did so?” and he laughed; but that laugh was one of bitter import. “Farewell!”

The word struck ominously on the ear to which it was addressed.

“Farewell!” returned the young enthusiast. “Shall we not meet again?”

“Never—in this world!” and each word was deliberately pronounced.

“Your horse is ready,” said the landlord.

Both hands were again interchanged by the fugitives, and in another minute hoof-tramps were heard without, until a bending in the road shut out the sounds of the receding traveller.

With Aylmer, and not with Emmett, our story lies; and a brief paragraph will tell the latter’s history.

For a few days he remained under safe keeping in the Wicklow hills; but, wearied of restraint, he returned to the outskirts of the metropolis. Sirr, a man of infamous celebrity—the Vidocq of the Irish executive, discovered his retreat, and found it fit time to take

him. Unlike the lion-like spirit of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmett's was a dreamy and romantic courage, which unfitted him for fierce aggression. He made a bootless effort at escape; was easily captured; and led, in quick succession, to Newgate, the court of justice, and the scaffold.

If ever man was monomaniac, that man was Robert Emmett.

Before Aylmer had ridden half-a-dozen miles morning began to break, and hills and valleys, with which from boyhood he had been familiar, in the grey haze of dawning day gradually became visible. Every feature in the opening landscape brought with it a painful recollection. On that moor he had shot grouse, and in yon lough had often filled his fishing-basket. Then manhood's cares had not assailed him. He was springing into life, with all the personal and accidental advantages which are supposed the stepping-stones to human happiness. He topped a rising ground, and an expansive surface of champaign country lay beneath. He started at the view. The wide domain,—the towering chimneys of a mansion, peeping over woods the growth of centuries,—younger plantations extending far as the eye could range,—rich meadows interspersing corn-lands; all these, but one year since, he believed to be his own inheritance. What was he now? Ruined, in the very opening of manhood,—a skulking fugitive at this moment,—and, by noon, a proclaimed traitor; not one solitary shilling in his purse, and the ownership of the horse he rode unknown!

"Is this a dream, or is it sad reality?" he muttered as he sprang from the saddle, and threw himself upon a rustic bench; hours passed in reckless dreaminess. Gradually the household bustle increased; window-blinds were withdrawn; and servants passed and repassed the casements of the castle. With every apartment he was familiar; that, had been his play-room when a boy,—this, his chamber when a man. The breakfast-bell sounded. How often had he answered to that well-remembered summons. Another hour wore on. The hall-door opened; a nurse-maid and an infant came out from beneath the vestibule; a lady followed, and, next moment, the tall, spare figure of his uncle caught his view. He saw the old man fondle the baby- heir, and tap his young wife's cheek most playfully. Aylmer's brow darkened; his lips were colourless, but his eyes flashed fire. He turned from a sight that was blasting. Again he involuntarily looked. The nurse and child were pacing the sweep before the house, while the proud father was toying with his lady's hazel locks, and evincing all that ardour of affection, which, scarce excusable in youthful love, in chilly age becomes disgusting.

"By heaven! I shall go mad," exclaimed the disinherited one. "Oh! could I not dash thy raptures, old drivelling dotard!—But, hold! who comes spurring at fiery speed? A dragoon. He presents a letter. The old man starts back a pace, and my gentle aunt assumes the attitude of astonishment. 'Tis intelligence of last night's *émeute*, and probably announces, head of the Aylmers! that he whom you once regarded with so much pride is now a fugitive, an outcast, and a traitor!"

As Aylmer spoke, his uncle signed to the horseman to repair to the stables, and, in evident confusion, hurried into the house, followed by his youthful dame.

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

To those who rule themselves on the Epicurean principle of "*After us, the Deluge!*" it is of small consequence whether or not some Gold Key or Gold Stick, some Lord President, or honourable Clerk of the Privy Council be taking notes of our own time for the edification of Gowers, and Percys, and Howards still unborn. It may possibly be merely a touch of the bilious humour of the quadruped who declared that the "grapes were sour," which induces our fancy that the present days are less favourable to this species of composition than those when a Suffolk was succeeded by a Walmoden, or when a Walpole had an Ossory to write to. Such, however, is in some measure our creed. Public affairs, we firmly believe, are managed with more integrity and openness than formerly: private scandal has grown a vulgar thing, been brought into discredit by the —, and the —, and the —, also by the floggings and the legal proceedings which have wasted to nought the sarcasm of their editors. Mr. Rowland Hill has bidden the letter shrink into the note. The Railway King and "his faction" have destroyed the remoteness and provincial air of the country-house. The electrical telegraph shoots news "as rapid as an echo," from court to court, till political intelligence is diffused throughout Europe sympathetically, as if a Michael Scott ordained it.

"—when in Salamanca's cave,"

Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

All these characteristics and inventions are so many possible dissuasions to the writer of memoirs. Matter can never be wanting, but it may be otherwise discussed and disposed of than in "sealed boxes" which are not to be opened for a century. At least such flattering unctious "that their children will fare worse than themselves" may be laid to their souls, by those whose curiosity with regard to their contemporaries must needs die unsatisfied. It has also the valuable effect of heightening the zest with which we fall upon records of the past century, over which the two works here coupled range widely.

Yet never did books less deserve to be classed among the library of dead letters than these meditations of Hervey (not among the tombs, but in drawing-rooms and royal closets) than these epistles of Horace addressed to no *Lælius*, (still less to a *Lælia*; "the Chudleigh," his favourite antipathy, monopolizing that name,) but to the graceful, fashionable, kindly Anna, Countess of Ossory. The coincidences they illustrate between the last century and this, are many and curious; the vivacity of their writers is a spirit, the aroma of which no bottling up "in an ancient bin" can transmute into dullness. Progressives and Retrospectives (to use the class jargon of the day) must alike rejoice in the disinterment of chronicles so full of

* Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John Lord Hervey. Edited, from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. Murray.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from the year 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole, Lord Orford. Now printed from original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. 2 vols. Bentley.

persons and portraits,—of warnings and corroborations. They also possess a special charm for the literary student and artificer, to linger on which for a moment is not superfluous.

It is impossible to read these Memoirs and Letters, without feeling the charm of their style, by contrast. "The genteel" in writing has of late been too largely laughed at; "the unwashed" (to avail ourselves of Voltaire's "*dirty linen*" simile applied by him to the king of Prussia's MSS.) has been too blindly mistaken for sense, nature, and manhood in authorship. The coarse words and indelicate anecdotes which *speck* the pages of the dainty Lord Hervey and (more sparingly) the letters of the still finer Wit of Strawberry Hill, must not be cited in contradiction of our assertion. They belonged to a period when chaste and virtuous ladies (as Sir Walter Scott has recorded) could sit with pleasure to hear the shameless novels of Aphra Behn read aloud to a society less nice in its reserves and concealments than ours. These admissions and commissions have nothing to do with the old art of writing. We should be the last of critics to defend them. Too thankfully would we see *this* revived. The dislocated, ill-balanced, fragmentary fashion of talk, which Sir Bulwer Lytton has so pungently satirized in his "England and the English" has been too largely allowed "to obtain" among our fashionable authors; nor only among those who aspire to ephemeral success, but also among those who think, teach, legislate. Are we not justified, indeed, in recommending Lord Hervey's elegance and purity of English when we find accomplished historians and profound philosophers unable to content themselves, save they can give their chronicles and reasonings the dye of translations,—compounding strange words after the fashion of one foreign humourist, mystifying simple thoughts according to the cloudy canons of another? In such a time of cosmopolitan licence, mistake, carelessness, or affectation, the easy, polished, epigrammatic English of these Gentlemen of the last century becomes doubly welcome. They knew how to drive their meaning home without needless circuits:—how to report a good story without being thrown into spasms of diversion at their own drollery. Above all, they knew *when to stop*. They impress by the charm of being *readable*: a charm, sad to say, increasingly rare of occurrence in contemporary literature, and for which we at least shall never cease to sigh, till we fall irretrievably and for ever, under the republican reign of Bad Grammar!

Nor had the Herveys and the Walpoles the monopoly. A like virtue pervades the *belles lettres* of the earlier part of the century. Pope's prose periods were *not* like his willows, dishevelled and hanging down "something poetical." Lady Mary Wortley's letters are charming in the ease and brilliancy of their manner. The sophistications of Chesterfield were more naturally delivered than we dare deliver our truths now-a-days. Lady Hervey's communications to Mr. Morris have the "grace of propriety" which, as Horace Walpole assures us, never forsook the writer to her dying day. Selwyn, though one might have thought he had left himself no spirits, shows in his correspondence the same gentlemanly vivacity and explicitness as pointed his *bon mots*. Nay, to take an extreme and neglected instance, let us turn to the correspondence of two ladies of quality, one common-place, the other pedantic,—we mean the letters of the Ladies Hertford and Pomfret, including the Italian tour of the latter, —and we shall find them better written than many a subsequent book

of travels by a professed *littérateur*. In fact, the good English of this quality was the rule, not the exception, until Johnson changed the fashion of style. But we must not be seduced into a lecture on taste when our design was merely to illustrate a coincidence between the two writers before us;—and to prove that the family resemblance, which is so remarkable in these memoirs and letters, may be ascribable, not to blood relationship on the part of their authors (as gossips have asserted, with what authority it were fruitless here to enquire,) so much as to the general influences of their times.

Opening Lord Hervey's book, we can merely touch upon one or two points calculated to interest the general reader, apart from the political gossip which they contain. The name of Mr. Croker, as editor of the Ickworth manuscript, is a guarantee for care and diligence, if not for that absence of prejudice which is, also, so desirable a quality in all cases of literary superintendence. But the Memoirs, by what is omitted, as well as by what is given, speak for themselves. They are "full as an egg" of character. The King, himself, pining for Hanoverian pleasures, till one wonders how he would condescend to rule "the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland" (as the simple parson of the Hebrides was used to call them),—the Queen, who checked Lady Suffolk, her husband's mistress, and was checked by Lady Sundon,—who governed the King, and was governed by the King's *gros homme*, his coarse man of business, the redoubtable Sir Robert Walpole,—the Prince of Wales, with his headstrong and heinous impertinences (all traces of his personal quarrel with Lord Hervey having been carefully removed from the manuscript,—if, indeed, they were ever allowed a record there,) are all living and breathing portraits. Then, the Excise riots, the Westminster and Edinburgh mobs, and the long and elaborate tissue of home and foreign, parliamentary and household intrigues are described with all the vivacity and minuteness of personal experience, if not with all the judicial calmness and reserve of truth. Not merely historical research proves, but instinct also secures to them, a larger share of credibility than belongs to the efforts of many a more pompous historian. And, though it may be all very well for the scholar in the closet to talk of personal influences warping the sympathies and powers of observation; and, though the politics and philosophy which are studied by state adherents,

"Upstairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber,"

are open to—nay, demand—the minutest scrutiny ere they are to be admitted among a country's valuable monuments and records: they have still one advantage, that of opportunity enjoyed by their writers, which the falsehood of *Belial's* self, did he hold the pen, could not utterly neutralize, nor the most active spirit of Revenge, did it point the attack, render valueless.

If, again, we give ourselves up to these Memoirs, as a mere book to read, without demanding that the writer shall have "kissed the Book" betwixt chapter and chapter, where shall we find novel so full of character, or serious comedy richer in situation, or picture more complete in colour and more exquisite in finish? Perhaps the world has never been favoured with a drearier picture of court life than the one with which Lord Hervey presents us. The "Maintenon Letters" sufficiently showed us what lay beneath the "glitter of the gold" of Versailles, under the empire of him who played the King

better than most monarchs. The Burney diary, in even the portions selected for publication, told us enough of the dismal monotony which lies like a spell on the palace,—enough of the tendency towards distortion which the best affections of nature must encounter when power and party-spirit come between parent and child. But, this record of Lord Hervey's is unparagoned. What a picture do we derive from it of that striking and stately woman, Queen Caroline!—what a story of a life of secret misery and outward show,—of wearing, incessant intrigues, to be counteracted by measures no less wary and ceaseless!—what an exhibition of violent passions trained into a degrading submissiveness, which could almost mistake itself for extinction!—what a revelation of a strong will moving puppet-like at others' pleasure! What family groups are revealed, of a son without duty,—of daughters at variance,—of a husband, whose infidelities the wife must needs encourage! And consider the framework of all this! The age, in general, was one of anxiety, unsettlement, and expectation. There were plotting Papists in corners, who might at any moment turn up in the heart of London, following a Stuart on his bold way to St. James's. There were the 'prentices of the City, impudently disaffected and disrespectful; by no means satisfied to hear in silence of money voted to old favourites, or given secretly to new Hanoverian mistresses:—there were a race of eager, rapacious intriguers and suppliants, who choked every avenue to every public office, and threw an ugly, warping spirit of party and self-interest into the best-devised and most liberally-executed measures. Yet we see no one, after reading the records of the time, as written by half a hundred pens, whom "affairs" and casualties must have ground with so heavy a weight, as the first Lady in England!

With regard to the cruel hardships of the Court Servitor, we are, generally speaking, less compassionate. Every now and then we come upon some genuine example of love and loyalty,—of implicit faith urging its possessor to implicit duty, which makes the heart ache when we read of the amount and manner of its repayment; but, for the most part, we believe, that those who have made anti-chambering the pursuit of their lives, do not suffer from it, that they must have parted from their independence at so early a period as to move glibly through service, unaware of their mutilation. In all their memoirs and confessions will be found a touch of gratulation and conscious importance (even when grievances are in question) which calls to mind the tone of the upper servant in Crabbe's inimitable "Delay has danger,"

"He saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there,
And said to Johnson, 'Johnson take a chair,—'
True, we are servants in a certain way,
But in the higher places so are they;
We are obey'd in ours, and they in theirs obey.'
So, Johnson bow'd, for that was right and fit,
And had no scruple with the Earl to sit."

Nor is even Lord Hervey exempt from this (shall we call it?) obsequiousness, all high bred as he is. To be in council with the Queen's griefs (discreditable to womanhood though some of them were), to bring her the earliest intelligence,—to manage her by hints of his own originating, repeated as the rumours and opinions of "the town,"—to make conversation for her when she was *distrain*, to find mirth for her when coarser comedy tired,—and all this while to be laid under the "soft impeachment" of having kindled a deep and

tender passion in the breast of one of the Queen's daughters, her own namesake,—never seems to have been felt as a hardship, or burden, or waste of life, and power, and intelligence. All this seems to us a position at best rather pitiful for a man of "parts," accomplishments, and high station : the husband of

" Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel,"

and the friend, or the foe, of some of the finest spirits of our Augustan age. In one page, it is true, Lord Hervey apologizes for the triviality of the incidents he chronicles; but that is, as it were, behind his fan, in order that, the apology once made, he may be at liberty to discharge a fresh volley of "strokes" against his most Gracious Majesty's tenderness and brutality "towards his never-wearied and much enduring wife,"—or, to blacken with his blackest distillation of gall the unfilial and unfeeling behaviour of the heir-apparent,—or, to laugh at that great girl, the Princess Royal, whose approaching marriage with a Prince Hunchback—Him of Orange—could not so absorb her but that she had "time, and time enough" to concern herself about Handel "her music-master," and the opera, as the matters of consequence closest to her heart.

So much for the "History of the Court of George the Second, by the Queen's old Courtier." The "Times of George the Third by *Nobody's Courtier*," is not the worst secondary title which could be affixed to the delightful book here coupled with my Lord Hervey's. Let us not whisper that there are now-a-days no more fascinating Lady Ossorys, for whom a correspondent might chronicle "the Lind fever;" or the humours of the National Convention hard by Fitzroy Square, or other topics of the moment. But, on turning to this treasury of bright things, we must feel that if even we have among us memoir-inditing lords or "Cynosures" innumerable to whom gentlemen of taste could pay suit and service, we cannot pretend to a letter-writing Horace!

The present collection contains some of Walpole's gayest letters, thrown off with the utmost ease, confidence, and certainty of sympathy, and in his highest strain of courtesy. "Lady Ossory," says Mr. Vernon Smith, in his preface, "was said to have been gifted with high endowments of mind and person; high-spirited and noble in her ways of thinking, and generous in her disposition. She was a beautiful woman,—her mental faculties superior; she possessed a lively imagination, ~~quite~~ discernment, ready wit, great vivacity, both in conversation and writing. In her last illness, which was long and painful, she evinced the greatest fortitude, strength of mind, tenderness, resignation, and patience." Add to this, what we have gathered from former "Walpoliana,"—a certain airiness,—a willingness to play at dissipation perpetually, often to be remarked among those endowed with high animal spirits (totally distinct from the serious pursuit of pleasure as often to be observed among the phlegmatic), and it will be easily understood how precious the gay Duchess of Grafton of Horace Walpole's loo-days became, in their maturer life, as a recipient of his anecdotes, speculations, and reminiscences. The old, confidential, philandering tone could be maintained between a pair of friends so equal in rank and in pursuit, without any "inconvenience to any Lord Castlecomer." In a case where there was no very serious interest or tie to introduce restraint or passion into the correspondence, who could appreciate Mrs. Hobart's oldest cotillon step as intimately as "our Lady" of Ossory

who could understand so thoroughly as herself the absurdity of Lady Mary Cope's newest and most desperate effort to display herself advantageously in the eyes of Royalty?—who so perfectly enter into the “fairytism” which was the true tone (as its master once described it) of Strawberry Hill?—who so exquisitely relish George Selwyn's “dismal stories” or smart sayings about Mrs. St. Jack? Then, though Lady Ossory was too highly bred to be herself *bluc*, she seems to have loved to learn, in a sort of lady-like way, what “the Town” thought of the great new play or the sweet new poem. Thus, too, if we are to judge by the letters addressed to her, she seems to have tasted of politics, like Lady Grace “soberly,”—but with a discernment of flavours totally different from the hearsay patriotism or parrot-like republicanism of one unable to choose or to judge for herself,—who echoes “the gentlemen.” To such a lady the newest French fashion, the newest Twickenham robbery, the newest court rumour, were alike welcome. That she prized her correspondent's letters highly is evident from the last of the series, written only six weeks before his death, in which he declares that she distresses him “infinitely by shewing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody.” And we repeat that the above sympathies and congenial tastes give a charm and a fulness to these letters, which justifies us in ranking them below no former collection in the variety of their topics or the sparkle of their style. We are warned, too, that they are the last series, by Walpole, which is likely to be laid before the public.

We commended Lord Hervey's Memoirs for the four or five very striking pieces of character they contain,—rich and elaborate gallery pictures, the size of life, which seem to speak from their frames. Here are some four or five score, at least, of yet brighter portraits; not, however, of such august personages as Kings and Queens, and done enamel-size. “Cabinet gems” they might be called, had not the orators of the order of the Hammer made the praise somewhat vulgar. In particular, we do not remember, in any former letters, so many vivid sketches of famous women as the *virtuoso* of Strawberry Hill forwarded to his “sovereign,” as he loved to call the Lady of Ampthill. Like other devout courtiers, he seems to have had no objection to show her, besides their roses and lilies, the flaws and specks which their charms possessed. We will take two of the portraits at random:—

“I received a little Italian note from Mrs. Cosway this morning, to tell me that, as I had last week met at her house an old acquaintance without knowing her, I might meet her again this evening *en connoissance de cause*, as Mdlle. La Chevalier Deon, who, as Mrs. Cosway told me, had taken it ill that I had not reconnoitred her, and said she must be strangely altered,—the devil is in it if she is not!—but, alack! I have found her altered again. Adieu to the abbatial dignity that I had fancied I discovered; I now found her loud, noisy, and vulgar: in truth, I believe she had dined a little *en dragon*. The night was hot; she had no muff or gloves, and her hands and arms seem not to have participated of the change of sexes, but are fitter to carry a chair than a fan. I am comforted, too, about her accent. I asked Monsieur Barthelemy, the French secretary, who was present, whether it was Parisian or good French. He assured me, so far from it, that the first time he met her, he had been surprised at its being so bad, and that her accent is strong Bur-

gundian. You ask me, madam, why she is here? She says, *pour ses petites affaires*. I take for granted for the same reason that Francis was here two years before he was known.

"Nor was this all my entertainment this evening. As Mdlle. Common of Two's reserve is a little subsided, there were other persons present, as three foreign ministers, besides Barthelemy, Lord Carmarthen, Wilkes, and his daughter, and the chief of the Moravians. I could not help thinking how posterity would wish to have been in my situation, at once with three such historic personages as Deon, Wilkes, and Oghinski, who had so great a share in the revolution of Poland, and was king of it for four-and-twenty hours. He is a noble figure, very like the Duke of Northumberland in the face, but stouter and better proportioned.

"I remember, many years ago, making the same kind of reflection. I was standing at my window after dinner, in summer, in Arlington Street, and saw *Patty Blount* (after Pope's death) with nothing remaining of her immortal charms but her *blue eyes*, trudging on foot, with her petticoats pinned up, for it rained, to visit *Blameless Bethel*, who was sick at the end of the street."

"Miss Hannah More, I see, has advertised her '*Bas Bleu*,' which I think you will like. I don't know what her '*Florio*' is. Mrs. Frail Piozzi's first volume of '*Johnsoniana*' is in the press, and will be published in February."—Vol. ii. pp. 253-4-5.

What an assemblage of notables to be packed away in a single letter! the Londoner may well cry: with a complaint against our degenerate days as producing nothing one half so edifying or special. Let us be just, however. We imagine that Lady Cork's rooms, to the last, would have displayed menageries as choice and curious to any painter with the true *Landseer*-touch. Do those who mourn over the brave days of Lions as utterly gone, forget that our saloons have in our own times enjoyed visits from such wondrous persons as a Countess Vespucci and a Princess of Babylon (how far different from De Grammont's!)—that we have had Nina Lassaves smuggled about from one great mansion in May Fair to another—Bush Children served up *au naturel* at aristocratic Belgravian luncheons—mesmeric ladies telling us the wonders of the sun, moon, and seven stars, in the back drawing-rooms of Harley-street and Russell-square? not to speak of such more honourable and legitimate objects of curiosity and enthusiasm as a Lady Sale, a Rajah Brooke, &c. And who need mourn over our epoch as not offering marvels enough for even the most *blasé* "man about town,"—when we have lived to see the newest of Napoleon "Pretenders" acting as special constable on the *pavé* of London on the day of a republican riot;—when the Archimage whose name like a charm for so many a year held all Europe in awe, Prince Metternich himself is here—without one single Trollope to trumpet his *whereabouts* or *thereabouts*. As for the Hannah Mores and the Mrs. Frail Piozzis, can we not match—can we not exceed them by the thousand, whether as regards the benevolence, the wit, or the learning? But we must return for yet an instant to the Strawberry store-house. Even within the compass of a very few pages, including those whence our extract is drawn, the amount of stores and stories is distracting. We dare not meddle with Mrs. Barnard, "the hen quaker," and her cows so much coveted by her gracious and somewhat covetous majesty Queen Charlotte,—neither with young Madame de Choiseul, "who lougèd for a parrot which should be a miracle of

eloquence,"—neither with "our Madame de Maintenon," Mrs. De-lany, whose establishment at Windsor by royal command, is bitten in with a very strong wash of *aqua-fortis*. But here is a sketch of a wandering *educatrix*, who, like many other enterprising and eccentric persons, seems to have proved far tamer and more like other people, when met face to face, than could have been expected :

"I will read no more of Rousseau," (cries Walpole, indulging in one of those bursts of petulance and prejudice, which are so doubly amusing in one so versatile, so liberal, and so far in advance of his time.) "his confessions disgusted me beyond any book I ever opened. His hen, the schoolmistress Madame de Genlis, the newspapers say, is arrived in London. I nauseate her too; the eggs of education that both he and she laid could not be hatched till the chickens would be ready to die of old age."

Ere half a dozen pages are turned, we find something like a change of note. We must be allowed, too, to transcribe the earlier portion of the letter, for the sake of its sprightliness, though irrelevant to the vivacious French lioness.

July 23d. 1785.

"I am very sorry to hear that the war of bad seasons, which has lasted eight months, has affected your ladyship, too. I never knew so much illness; but as our natural season, rain, is returned, I hope you will recover from your complaints. English consumptions are attributed to our insular damps, but I question whether justly. The air of the sea is an elixir, not a poison; and in the three sultry summers which preceded the three last, it is notorious that our fruits were uncommonly bad, as if they did not know how to behave in hot weather. I hope I shall not be contradicted by the experience of last night. Mrs. Keppel had, or rather was to have had all London at her beautiful villa at Isleworth. Her grace of Devonshire was to have been there, ay, you may stare, madam! and her grace of Bedford too. The deluge in the morning, the debate in the house of commons, qualms in the first duchess, and I don't know what, certainly not *qualms* in the second, detained them, and not a soul came from town but Lady Duncannon, Lady Beauchamp, the two Miss Vernons, the Boltons, the Norths, Lord William Russell, Charles Wyndham, Colonel Gardiner, and Mr. Aston, and none of these arrived till ten at night. Violins were ready but could not play to no dancers; so at eleven the young people said it was a charming night, and went to paddle on the terrace over the river, while we ancients, to affect being very hot too, sat with all the windows in the bow open, and might as well have been in Greenland, &c.

"You surprise me, madam, by saying the newspapers mention my disappointment of seeing Madame de Genlis. How can such arrant trifles spread? It is very true that as the hill would not go to see Madame de Genlis, she has come to the hill. Ten days ago Mrs. Cosway sent me a note that *Madame* desired a ticket for Strawberry Hill. I thought I could do no less than offer her a breakfast, and named yesterday se'nnight. Then came a message that she must go to Oxford, and take her doctor's degree; and then another, that I should see her yesterday, when she did arrive, with Miss Wilkes and Pamela, whom she did not even present to me, and *whom she has educated to be very like herself in the face*. I told her I could not attribute the honour of her visit but to my late dear

friend, Madame du Deffand. It rained the whole time, and was as dark as midnight, so that she could scarce distinguish a picture: but you will want an account of her, and not of what she saw or could not see. Her person is agreeable, and she seems to have been pretty. Her conversation is natural and reasonable, not *precieuse* and affected, and searching to be eloquent, as I had expected. I asked her if she had been pleased with Oxford, meaning the buildings,—not the wretched oafs that inhabit it. She said she had had little time; that she had wished to learn their plan of education, which, as she said sensibly, she supposed was adapted to our constitution. I could have told her that it is directly repugnant to our constitution, that nothing is taught there but drunkenness and prerogative, or, in their language, church and king. I asked if it is true that the new edition of Voltaire's works is prohibited. She replied, "Severely," and then condemned those who write against religion and government, which was a little unlucky before her friend, *Miss Wilkes*. She stayed two hours, and returns to France to-day to *her duty*."—Vol. ii. pp. 231-2-3.

The above are but mere average specimens of the matter and manner of these delightful letters: to talk about which, with annotations, comparisons, elucidations, &c., as we could like, would furnish us with pleasant subject-matter to the end of the year, making the widest *miscellany* too narrow for the publication of our gossip. And, not only does the variety of topics embraced, ranging from "pre-destination to sea silk" engage us; and not only are the notes on the great events of the time (from which we have reluctantly refrained) full of suggestion, because pregnant with interest, shrewd mother-wit, and widely-nurtured experience;—and not only are the glimpses at contemporary literature and art curious (though these, being taken through Claude Lorraine glasses tinged with a thousand modish dyes, demand some knowledge of the writer, his sympathies, and his associates, ere we can translate them into the natural and trustworthy testimony,)—but the character of the Man, too, brightens, deepens, and widens, as we read them, in conjunction with the former series of letters from the same prolific source. On this it is a pleasure to dwell—nay more, and a duty.

It was for some years a fashion to treat Walpole as a trifling Macaroni, to accept the disclaimers he was somewhat too fond of tendering when *accused* of sound sense, learning, genius, or philosophy, as so many truths beyond dispute. All the world knows how hard it is for the mediocre, the dull, and the ill-mannered, to forgive wit and high-breeding; and this difficulty, also, had its part in the popular judgment of Horace Walpole. Latterly, however, the mistake has been gradually rectified. His clear head, his kind heart, his gay spirits, his amazing memory, have come to be admitted. His works are no longer treated as trifles by "a person of quality," but valued as substantial and classical contributions to English literature. And it may be questioned whether such a desire to know how the world was really going on, when the *Philosophe* upset France and the Blues dispensed literary immortality in England, can find a work more valuable for the purposes of study, apart from its admirable fascination and entertainment, than the letters, thoughts, and anecdotes of Conway's cousin, and Du Deffand's friend, and Lady Ossory's *cicisbè*,—the gay, gifted, graceful architect, antiquarian, and Amphitryon of Strawberry Hill!

NOTES OF AN EXCURSION FROM LISBON TO ANDALUSIA, AND TO THE COAST OF MOROCCO.

BY HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE LÜWENSTEIN.*

The Tagus and its Banks.—Picturesque Scenery, and fine Climate.—Arrival at Cadiz.—First Aspect of the City.—Streets and Promenades.—Beauty of the Andalusian Women.—Male and Female Costume.—The Cathedral.—The Capuchin Convent.—The Orphan Hospital, and Lunatic Asylum.—Traits of Spanish Character.—A Tertulia.—Spanish Ladies.—Window *Rendezvous*.

I HAD been sojourning for some time in Lisbon when my friends M. de S—— and Herr E—— prevailed on me to accompany them on an excursion to the south of Spain and Morocco. The time fixed for departure was the 12th of March, 1845, and on that day we went on board one of the Peninsular company's steamers, then lying in the harbour.

About eleven in the forenoon we weighed anchor, and favoured by a fresh breeze from the east, we dropped rapidly down the river. The custom-house, the Sodre quay, the palace of the empress (Don Pedro's widow), and the Necessidades were soon left in the distance, and a series of splendid prospects rose successively before us as we glided along the picturesque banks of the Tagus. This enchanting scenery has repeatedly been the theme of glowing description, both in prose and verse; but the magical effect of the glorious climate defies description. It must be felt to be understood.

The tower of Belem stands on a projecting tongue of land, and, viewed from a distance, it looks as if built in the midst of the water. A battery with the Braganza frigate stationed in front of it, commands the river both up and down. The situation of the tower is highly picturesque. As we passed by it, we saw on the battlements the Duchess de Terceira with her lovely nieces, and they waved their handkerchiefs as the signal of farewell. The duchess is the wife of the distinguished general who rendered such important service to the cause of Don Pedro, and she is one of the few Portuguese ladies who can justly be called beautiful. Generally speaking the women of Portugal are distinguished for intelligence, and for refined tact of manner; but they have few claims to personal beauty. In this respect they challenge an unfavourable comparison with their fair neighbours of Spain.

A feeling of melancholy is created on beholding the now deserted state of the Tagus; that noble river, over whose bosom so many ships might float, and along whose banks the city of Lisbon extends to the distance of several miles. But the appearance of the river is in perfect accordance with the desolate aspect of its shores on either side, and indeed with the whole face of the country. Ruined churches and convents speak of the fallen clergy; whilst deserted castles and dilapidated country-houses denote the poverty of nobles and landowners. Even yet there remain visible traces of the great earthquake of 1755; and the ravages of the last civil war are still

* First Secretary of Legation to the Prussian Embassy now in London.

conspicuous. That war visited Portugal with disasters, from which she will not speedily recover. In the middle of the bar at the mouth of the Tagus, stands the light-house of Bugea; the waves of the Atlantic wash its base, and the entrance of the river is guarded by several forts.

On rising from our berths on the morning of the 14th we found we were rapidly approaching Cadiz Harbour. Masses of building became gradually discernible through the morning mist which overspread the sea, and as we advanced we beheld the white city rising above the waves, like a colossal swan, floating in majestic repose over its own watery domain. The slip of land on which Cadiz is built is so narrow, and it stretches so far into the sea, that when the horizon is overhung with clouds, the mainland is not discernible, and Cadiz seems to be an insular city like Venice. The rising sun, dispelling the light mist, soon unveiled the verdant shores of the bay, and enabled us to obtain a clear view of the town. The roofs of the houses are flat; some being castellated, and others having towers which serve as belvederes. One side of the town is protected by a range of chalky rocks which rise along the shore. Against these rocks the waves break with considerable fury, often scattering their foam over the wall which bounds the *Almeda*. This place is the summer promenade of the inhabitants of Cadiz, and here the coquetish *Gaditana* enjoys the cool sea breeze, half concealing her face by the folds of her mantilla and her ever-moving fan. Along the wall of the *Almeda* are planted some old rusty pieces of cannon, venerable witnesses of past glory, but now somewhat vauntingly turning their mouths towards the sea.

On one side of the *Almeda*, and at some distance from the promenade, are several ranges of buildings, consisting of store-houses, the custom-house, and barracks. Here and there are scattered groups of neat-looking private houses, having balconies filled with garden pots, and windows shaded by green Venetian blinds. In the middle of the quay, which runs along the side of the harbour, there is a vast circular building, the use of which is immediately understood by the traveller when he recollects that he is in Spain. It is the circus for bull-fighting, and, like the theatre, the building is public property. Every considerable Spanish town contains a similar edifice. Cadiz is celebrated for its bull-fights; for owing to the peculiar construction of the circus, the *toreros* are exposed to great danger, for, when pursued by the infuriated animals, they cannot save themselves in the usual way by leaping over a barrier; they can only escape by getting into little recesses made in the inner wall of the circus.

We observed but little bustle in Cadiz harbour, for the trade of the place has long been in a declining state. It has been transferred partly to Gibraltar, which is the central point of smuggling, and partly to Puerto Santa Maria, whence all the Sherry wine is now shipped. Nor is the trade of this once flourishing commercial city likely to revive as long as the existing system of custom-house duties continues in force. The question of making Cadiz a free port was at one time brought under the consideration of the Cortes; but it fell to the ground through the opposition it encountered from the deputies of the manufacturing districts of Arragon and Catalonia. We were assured on very good authority, that the city of Cadiz

might, for the sum of 30,000 dollars, purchase the silence of this opposition. I will not venture to doubt the possibility of this fact in a country where so many objects are effected by corrupt means.

We had no sooner set foot on the quay than we were surrounded by a troop of noisy porters, who one and all seized our luggage in their eager emulation to serve us. Neither these men nor the custom-house officers behave in a way calculated to produce a very favourable impression on foreign visitors. Slipping a piece of money into the hand of one of the officers, I said, "Señor," (for in Spain every man is addressed by the title of Señor,) "take that for your trouble." M. S——, who neglected this precaution, had several articles taken from his portmanteau and forfeited.

A crowd of strange thoughts and feelings rushed to my mind when, for the first time, I found myself on Spanish ground. From earliest youth one is accustomed to regard Spain, and especially the south of Spain, as the native land of romance and adventure. Memory involuntary conjures up visions of the grandeur and glory of the ancient dominion of the Moors; and the chivalrous conflicts they maintained against the Christians, until the period of their final subjugation and expulsion.

On first entering Cadiz, the visitor is struck with the general air of order, neatness, and cleanliness which pervades the whole city. The streets are paved with free-stone, and notwithstanding their narrowness and the loftiness of the houses, they are more pleasant than the streets of many northern cities. There is, it is true, but little traffic of carriages and horses, a circumstance which very greatly facilitates the task of keeping the streets clean. The Spaniards attach much importance to the outward appearance of their houses, and they have them whitewashed regularly every year. The windows extend down to the flooring of the rooms, and are fronted by balconies filled with flower-pots; the balconies being shaded from the sun by broad awnings. As we proceeded from the quay to our hotel, we were struck by the gay and animated appearance of the streets; everything seemed to wear a sort of holiday aspect, which was exceedingly pleasing.

The hotel at which we took up our abode was a building in the genuine Spanish style. We entered from the street into a long passage, which led to a small court-yard, paved with white and grey marble, and refreshed by a fountain. The interior of the house, however, presented no traces of the eastern luxury which the marble court and fountain seemed to promise. The apartments were plainly fitted up, and contained merely indispensable articles of furniture; but all was particularly clean; indeed the only luxury of the house was its perfect cleanliness. This hotel, called the *Hôtel Français*, was the best I met with in Spain; and I may add that the charges were exceedingly moderate, being about one dollar per day for each person. Within the court yard, a gallery extended along the first story of the building; and in this gallery were the doors which opened into the apartments. Some of the rooms received light from windows opening into the court-yard; but our windows looked into the street, and it afforded us no small amusement to look out and observe the passers by. The fair *Gaditanas*, their heads enveloped in their mantillas, tripped gracefully along the pavement, light of foot, and to all outward appearance, no less light of heart. Most of the

women we observed were of small stature and well formed. Their dresses were sufficiently short to shew the elegant feet and ankles of which the Spanish females are so justly proud.

Having rested and refreshed ourselves, we went forth to the Paseo. The winter promenade is the sunny Plaza della Constitución, situated in the central part of the town, and well sheltered from the wind. Along the sides of the Plaza there are plantations of trees, and the middle part, which is the promenade, is paved with large flagstones. On this pavement the inhabitants of Cadiz throng together in such numbers, that each person involuntarily jostles his neighbour, whilst all other parts of the Plaza are empty and deserted. In summer the promenaders assemble on the Alameda, which is above the city wall, on the sea-shore.

On the Plaza della Constitución we found assembled a considerable portion of the *beau monde* of Cadiz. The promenaders were pacing to and fro in groups. Many of the ladies were remarkably beautiful; but their beauty consisted not so much in regularity of features, as in an animated and piquant expression of countenance, the charm of which was heightened by large dark eyes, black hair, and a graceful deportment. All were habited in black; those of the richer class being distinguished only by the superior quality of their silk dresses and mantillas. The mantilla is worn by all females save those of the very poorest grade. It consists of a sort of scarf of silk, fastened at the back part of the head, and falling over the shoulders. Attached to this scarf is a veil, or deep border of lace, which may be turned back, or drawn over the face at pleasure.

The men have long ago laid aside their national costume, and adopted the dress worn in other parts of Europe. The Spanish national dress is, however, partially retained by men of the poorer class; the short hose, the embroidered jacket, and the profusion of ornament which once characterized the picturesque costume being now discarded. The dress, as worn at the present time, consists of a broad-brimmed felt hat, called a *sombrero*, ornamented with two feathers on the left side, a coloured handkerchief being usually bound round the head, and partially seen under the hat. The jacket is of coarse brown cloth, having on the collar and sleeves, ornaments made of party-coloured cloth. The young beaux of the plebeian class, who are called *majos*, wear an under-jacket or vest of silk or fine cloth, adorned with silver buttons. The other portions of the dress consist of small clothes, trimmed with light-blue braiding, and gaiters of black or yellow leather, extending no higher than the calf of the leg, so as to shew the white stockings; a red or yellow neck-scarf, and a Spanish mantle complete the costume.

We called on our respective consuls, and on the following day the son of Herr Uthhoff, the Prussian consul, accompanied us in a stroll through the city, for the purpose of shewing us some of its curiosities and wonders. We visited the cathedral and several of the churches. The cathedral is a colossal building; but its internal magnitude is less remarkable than the massive structure of its external masonry. The roof is crowned by a cupola, but in other respects the building is in the *renaissance* style. It is characterized at once by poverty of taste, and by a total ignorance of the laws of architecture. The date of its structure is traced to that period when architecture declined in Spain, in consequence of the suppression of the

free-masons, who kept within their own body the knowledge of that science. Michael Angelo has been justly reproached for an undue predilection in favour of the gigantic and the fantastic styles; with still greater justice this reproach may be applied to the architect of the cathedral of Cadiz.

On first entering, the eye of the spectator is attracted by two pictures attributed to Murillo. They are decidedly in the style of that master; but, a want of transparency in the colouring, and a certain stiffness in the grouping, render their authenticity doubtful. Cadiz is not rich in treasures of art. The Capuchin convent contains three genuine pictures by Murillo. One of these, the "Marriage of St. Catharine," is unfinished. Whilst engaged in painting it, Murillo fell from the scaffold on which he was standing; and, in consequence of the injuries he received, he died at Seville six months afterwards. A peculiar interest is attached to this picture from the circumstance of its being the last work of the great master; but, in comparison with his best efforts, it betrays obvious traces of declining talent.

We visited the Orphan Hospital and the Lunatic Asylum, which are in different compartments of the same building. The little inmates of the hospital appear to be under admirable management; they are well-fed, well-clothed, and lodged in an airy and spacious building. The unfortunate lunatics, on the other hand, are shamefully neglected. Those whose madness was of a violent kind were confined in chains, and were only half-clothed; some were provided with hard beds, and others had no resting-place but the floor of their narrow cells, which resembled dens for wild-beasts more than habitations for human beings. These cells all opened into a sort of courtyard, in which the harmless class of lunatics were allowed to move about and amuse themselves. Our attention was particularly attracted by a man, who was declaiming in rhythmical metre. He could not be said to be reciting poetry, for what he uttered was sheer nonsense; but the lines were marked by rhyme and rhythm. He was exceedingly pale and attenuated, and he had an intellectual head, if one may say so of a lunatic. We were informed that this man had devoted himself very closely to study, and had been an enthusiastic lover of poetry. His unremitting mental application, by impairing his health, unfitted him for those exertions on which his subsistence depended. He was consequently reduced to poverty, which, together with an unfortunate love-affair, deprived him of reason. Books, his old companions, were now his only source of diversion. We were told that he was often earnestly engaged in reading, and that he appeared to understand what he read.

Another portion of this building is set apart as an asylum for aged married couples. Each couple has a separate set of apartments, and has one of the orphan children of the hospital for an attendant. In the spacious courtyard, common to all the inmates of the asylum, we saw several of the old men and women, accompanied by their youthful attendants. It was an exceedingly interesting sight, and we were assured that the old people usually exercised a powerful and salutary influence over the minds of their adopted children.

In the evening I had an engagement to one of those little parties which the Spaniards call *tertulias*. This afforded me an opportunity of observing the truly social spirit of the inhabitants of the south of Spain; for the *tertulias* which I subsequently attended in Seville

and Granada all presented the same character. The Spaniards do not enter into company with solemn faces and reserved manners. When they meet together in a *tertulia*, it is to enjoy a few hours of sprightly conversation, freely interspersed with jesting and merriment. The Spanish ladies, too, are exceedingly lively and unreserved in the company of gentlemen, and they possess a charming readiness in witty raillery, with which a stranger cannot help being pleased. In the *tertulias* a guitar is generally introduced, and without pretensions either to musical talent or a fine voice, any one of the party will readily sing for the entertainment of the rest. The little Spanish songs performed on these occasions owe their charm to the words rather than to any particular beauty of melody. At *tertulias* there are usually no refreshments; but sometimes glasses of sugared water and lemonade are handed about.

As soon as a stranger has made his obedience to the lady of the house, he takes a seat wherever he chooses, and during the whole evening he may be engaged in close conversation with one particular lady, without the circumstance attracting any notice. Both ladies and gentlemen call each other by their Christian names; and even on introductions between strangers family names are not always mentioned. This little trait is in itself characteristic of the tone of unceremonious freedom prevailing in Spanish society generally; a freedom which, it appears to me, is carried to somewhat too great a length, inasmuch as it tends to mar refinement. Young ladies, for example, often talk on subjects of which they should be supposed to be ignorant, and married ladies indulge in still greater freedom of discourse. This has given rise to a style of conversation in which many persons have arrived at an extraordinary degree of proficiency; I allude to an ingenious use of ambiguous double meaning, which there would be no need to resort to if things could be called by their right names. Spanish ladies are seldom highly educated; most of them, indeed, are exceedingly ignorant on all subjects, save those in which they are immediately interested. Their intelligence, like that of children, is limited to things and circumstances with which they are in immediate contact; and their literary knowledge is confined to the history and the poetry of their country. In their own narrow sphere they are truly charming; but transport them to the fashionable *salons* of London and Paris, and they would feel themselves out of place: in such society, indeed, they would probably never attain a footing. The Spanish women depreciate everything foreign, and never seek to identify themselves with things belonging to other countries. So far do they carry this feeling of exclusiveness, that they seldom seem to acquire an easy familiarity either with foreign languages or foreign fashions. Their fair neighbours of Portugal, on the other hand, though far inferior in personal charms, and retaining but little of pure Portuguese individuality, have unquestionably the advantage of them in all that relates to mental attainments and cultivation.

In the general intercourse of society, the Spaniards do not insist very strictly on the forms of etiquette. A stranger, after having been introduced to a family, may, if he chooses, call every day, or he may make his calls at very long intervals. But however seldom his visits, he is sure to be always made welcome. The Spaniards have a favourite phrase, which is constantly on their lips: they say,

"This thing or the other is quite at your disposal;" and they incessantly repeat the assurance to their visitors. But when the Spaniard uses this phrase in reference to his house, and says, "*Mia casa esta a la disposicion de usted*," it ceases to be the mere expression of courtesy, but is uttered in perfect sincerity. The politeness of the Spaniards is less than that of other nations a matter of outward form. There is an unfeigned earnestness in their expressions of kindness, and most especially in their assurances of hospitality. Of this I have had frequent opportunities of being convinced. In fact, the Spanish character is essentially imbued with a spirit of chivalry, which manifests itself even in the ordinary affairs of social life. In no country are women treated with such delicate courtesy,—such true gallantry, as in Spain.

On leaving the *tertulia* I have just mentioned, I had an opportunity of observing a trait characteristic of the free manners of the ladies of Cadiz. It was rather late in the evening, and as we were passing a large and elegant house; the residence of one of the principal families in Cadiz, we observed a gentleman muffled up in a cloak, with a guitar in his hand. He was not playing the instrument, but he was engaged in conversation with a lady at one of the windows of the first floor; and the lady, the better to hear what was said to her, was bending over the railing of the balcony. At our approach the conversation ceased, and the gentleman touched a few chords on his guitar. I learned from the friend who accompanied me (a Spaniard), that the lady engaged in this *tête-à-tête* was the daughter of the owner of the house; and that she was a young lady of great beauty, to whom Senor P——, the gentleman with the guitar, was offering the homage of his admiration.

"Then I presume they are betrothed lovers?" said I.

"I do not know," replied my companion.

"But are not these nocturnal colloquies detrimental to the young lady's reputation?"

"Oh! by no means," answered my informant. "This young lady is one of the greatest beauties in Cadiz; her parents know of and permit the nightly rendezvous of Senor P——. And after, all, where is the harm in any one conversing from a first floor window with a person in the street? The Senorita de M——, whom we met at the *tertulia* this evening, has a conversation with her lover every night regularly, at one of the ground-floor windows of her father's house. We are going to pass that way; possibly we may see her."

We did so. As we were proceeding through one of the adjoining streets, we saw a figure, enveloped in a cloak, standing before a grated window. As we advanced, a white hand, which was extended from the grating, was suddenly withdrawn.

"That is the abode of the Senorita de M——," observed my companion. "She has had several *novios*,* and she is a very pretty and fascinating girl."

These window rendezvous are affairs of common occurrence in other towns in the south of Spain, and they never call forth the slightest censure.

* *Novio*, signifies literally a betrothed husband. But, in Andalusia the word would appear to have a more extended meaning.

RATTERY BROWN ;

OR,

THE PRIVATEER'S CAROUSAL.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

“ Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ? ”
 “ No ! it's a sacrifice, and a hecatomb ! ”

THE rising generation, just now beginning to reap its first crop of mustaches, can have only a melo-dramatic, T. P. Cooke sort of notion of the class of men which manned our privateers during the last grapple with France, and it may seem treason to suppose that they could have been more reckless than their brother tars of the Royal Navy, who so gallantly muzzled the Frenchman's ports, and kept the yelping of the dogs of war from disturbing our slumbers at home.

Yet it must be admitted, that it required a *peculiar* courage to adopt a service in which, sometimes, no quarter was given, and, moreover, it must be borne in mind, while estimating the hazards the privateer's man had to encounter, that he was often as much an object of dislike to the British cruiser, as the foe whose trade he so completely destroyed. For “ the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,” and the king's best frigates were often outwitted, as well as outsailed, by some of those “ brass bottom sa sarpints,” which frequently snapped up “ a good tall ship,” that otherwise might have added to the prize-money of the royal cruiser.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the fitting out of private ships for the purpose of destroying the enemy's trade, was very popular, the right or wrong of the question was but little heeded on shore, such trifling distinctions were disregarded during the feverish excitement of the war, or were drowned in the death-struggle for foreign mastery. Besides, it required no great effort to equip a vessel for this field of predatory warfare. Almost every port had its lively brig or clipper-schooner, and the rough and ready populace of our maritime towns enjoyed the fun,—it was of the right sort, short cruises and plenty of prize-money,—the privateer's cargo, provisions, powder, and shot, was soon shipped, and then, hurrah for a leading wind and a lucky cruising ground, and, with these blessings, it was little short of a miracle if Jack didn't cut pretty considerable large thongs out of the enemy's hide. Three weeks, nay, often three days, prowling “ twixt Ushant light and Cape La Hogue,” easily supplied the funds for a month's debauch ashore, and when the money was gone, why, as the old song has it, “ he went to sea again.”

Among the many insignificant towns that sent these harassing vessels to sea, there is one down on the southern part of the coast of Devon, situated on a small and limpid stream, which, after dallying for many miles through a romantic region, discharges itself into the English Channel. The cluster of tempest-torn dwellings that figured the picturesque mouth of this pleasant river, was, during the war, the abiding place of a mixed population of pilots, fishermen, smugglers, and privateers. They were known as a bold and hardy race, and restless as the waters whereon they gained their daily bread.

As might be imagined, the orderly portion of this turbulent little town was that occupied by the pilots, but, in glaring opposition to this useful class, might have been seen the reckless privateers, ready to join any sea rover in quest of prey, while the aged remained at home, and employed themselves with deep-sea fishing; all, however, when occasion suited, had no scruples in going hotch-potch in a smuggling *lay*, and turning the wants of friend as well as foe to their mutual profit.

Thirty years of peace, if we may credit some of the old folks,—who still fondly cherish the remembrance of those *glorious* days,—have sadly altered this blissful state of things. For instance, a well organised coast-guard soon diverted the smuggler's gains into the national exchequer, and, of course, when the war ended, so did the roving of the privateer. The peace brought security, and the old weather-worn dwellings gave place to handsome marine villas, showy-looking hotels, and lodging-houses, wherein the present race of would-be young smugglers and privateersmen levy black mail upon all who happen to be bewitched by the charms of nature into loitering for a few days amongst them.

Let us suppose that I had read all the novels in the marine library, seen all the conjurors, and found out all their tricks, smoked all the good cigars in the town, and cultivated an acquaintance with every boatman on the beach, and at last found one, who, having nothing else to do,—no difficult task, by the by,—was willing to spin a yarn about the good old times above alluded to.

The object which introduced his dearly cherished luxury of privateering to our particular notice, was the skeleton of a vessel that had been at some distant day hauled high and dry upon the shingle beach. The old craft had apparently been used as a dwelling upon the land, after her voyages on the sea had ended, for the remains of a roof still partially covered her rotten decks. Her ports had also been fitted with sash windows, but the glass had all disappeared, and there was an air of desolation about her that denoted she had been deserted to the fury of the winds for a long period.

"Ah!" said my companion, giving at the same time a severe turn to his quid, "there's a queer yarn spun about that old brig."

"Indeed," said I, enquiringly.

"I b'lieve ye. Old Rattery Brown, what liv'd an' died aboard her, wos the rum'ist lookin' chap you ever sot eye on; he wos as thin as a shotten herrin', and his toggs hung about him like a purser's shirt on a handspic,—then, he carried his head all of a hoo, chin toppin' to port,—he'd lost his larboard eye, and t'other look'd as mi'st as a bil'd gooseberry."

By the time he had sketched this fanciful portrait, we had arrived at the old brig, and as it was sunny loitering weather, we sheltered ourselves under her shady quarter, when he thus went on:—

"Well, you must first of all know, it 'is exyactly,—let's see,—yes, exyactly two-and-thirty year come next Piffany* twel'month, that, one jolly fine evening, while I was down here to 'conitre, as the French calls it, a brig and a ship hove in sight, somewhere here-a-way to the west'ard. I 'members the time well, there was just enough wind to fan the duck of a dandy's yacht, and the sea was as smooth as Doll Coppice's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye.

* Epiphany.

"Well, you see I vos always counted summat 'cute in dissarnment, and so I soon diskiver'd that though the vessels vos a sailin' in company, it wurn't by their mutual consent, for they look'd to a sear:ar about as lovin' as a couple of pet devils. Well, what with the tide and the light whifflin' cats' paws, they cum up hand over fist and reported themselves; one vos this here old brig, then as smart a privateer as ever swum, and t'other vos a rich French Ingee-man, wot Rattery Brown had *captivated* in a most winnin' way, after a hard fight, when all but under the guns of St. Malo.

"Lor' a massy on us, what a nitty followed a'ter they fetch'd into port. Every chap in 'The Sea Hawk,' that vos the name of the privateer, when he'd took his share o' the prize, vos as fickle as a flaw o' wind in the horse latitudes. One day, p'r'aps, you 'd see 'em togg'd in a pair o' gaff to'sail boots, and breeks a taunto, and then the next, they'd ship a long-tail'd coat, and one o' your flush-built weskits, and a broad brim'd sky-scraper over all."

"And the captain's share vos enough to build a church or found a hospital, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know, for old Rattery wosn't exzactly the feller to let everybody into his secrets, but it must 'a pretty well fill'd his lockers, for he vos a hungry dog, and it so mollified him, that he never went to sea again."

"Perhaps, as the war had ceased, he had no opportunity of taking any more prizes."

"Well, sartinly, that did put a stopper over all, and so, d'ye see, he hauled the 'Sea Hawk' into this here berth, where her old bones are now rottin', detarmined, as he said, to die as he had liv'd, on the deck of the craft where he made his fortun."

"Besides, he saved rent and taxes by this novel arrangement," said I.

"Rent and taxes be damn'd; he needn't 'a minded rent and taxes, no, nor cesses, nor work'us rates either; no, he didn't jam the 'Sea Hawk' in this here no-man's-land sort of a place, for they,—no, no, that had nothin' to do with it,—there vos a screw loose about the prize, the rights o' which vos never logg'd; 'twas whisper'd she vos took a'ter the peace vos sign'd, and though the lawyers settled it all the right way for the captors, yet summut stuck in old Rattery's gizzard, for the rhino never did him no good whatsumever."

"How so?"

"How so?" my maritime friend went on spouting like a whale, "why just unravel me this if you can: afore he grappled with the Frenchman, he vos as fine hearted a feller as ever chipp'd a biscuit, but a'ter he'd finger'd their gold a bit, dam'me if it didn't transmogryf'n into a timid, gripin', sour, old miser; took to lendin' money at interest; had a reg'lar built lawyer chap always danglin' in his wake, who soon convart'd the 'Sea Hawk' into a sort of marine pawn shop, I tell ye."

"And all this time the Captain lived aboard the brig?" said I.

"Liv'd, no; I didn't say liv'd; he starv'd in her, if you like, for though he'd got the writin's o' half the town in his clutches, and plenty of *ready* to boot, yet he mess'd about as well as a rat in a ballast-lighter. Howsomever, 'twas n't banyan day with old Rattery always, one day in the year he treated hisself to a good blow out, anyhow."

"His birth-day," said I, hazarding a conjecture.

"No, no, not his birth-day; don't suppose he'd got one, or, what's the same thing, 'twasn't logg'd in his mem'ry. No, it was on the anne-wersary of his baggin' the French Ingee-man; then he did have a glorious shindy surely; dinner was reg'larly set out for a round dozen."

"A sort of sea-Waterloo banquet to some of his companions in arms," I suppose.

"Yes, they wos his companions in arms with a vengeance," replied old Sindbad, with a peculiar grin; "but, Lor' bless ye," he continued, "they wasn't human kreturs wot dined with old Rattery."

"Pray, who were his guests then?"

"The rum'ist you ever yeard on, p'r'aps. What d'ye think o' dining with twelve old eighteen-pounder guns for messmates?"

"Rather ironical companions, certainly."

"Well, old Rattery on that day always gave a grand feast to the twelve guns, that sarv'd his turn in winniu' the fight ag'in the French Ingee-man."

"Ah, I understand," said I; "the guns were always on board, and——"

"I means to say," said the old tar, interrupting, "that he'd a reg'lar built table made out o' the mainmast of the Frenchman, shipp'd fore and aft along his quarter-deck, flush up to which his guns was ranged chock-a-block, with their great black muzzles a frownin' and yawnin' over the crockery, as if they meant to bolt every thing afore 'em. Right under their mouths was piled on platters the sort o' shot best kalkilated for the nature of each partic'lar gun. The long eighteens had round, bar, and chain, as best suited to their digestive organs, and the carronades tickled their gums with langridge, grape, and cannister; lighted port-fires fizz'd and smok'd away at their breechin's, 'sides which there wos a dubble allowance o' powder sarv'd out on the centre of the table, and fire-buckets full o' water to slake the burnin' throats o' the guns, wos plac'd alongside of their side tackles, while fightin' lanterns, wads, ramrods, and sponges, wos spread about, just for all the world as if the signal for battle wos flyin' at the main. Well, then, by way of makin' all ship shape and brister fashun, the Union Jack was h'isted to a staff, as a sort o' vice-president to mad old Rattery, who sot at the head o' the table, with a spankin' bowl o' smoking hot punch, 'ticing enough to 'make a feller wish his throat wos a mile long, and every inch on it palate, right afore him; and then he'd stick a queer outlandish mundungo built pipe in his mouth, and puff away like a limekiln, I tell ye."

"What an eccentric fancy," said I.

"'Centric fancy, I b'lieve ye; but avast a bit, the queerest strand in the yard is yet unlaid. Well, in course, the guns had large mouths, and, as they'd been invited out to dinner, why, in course, they must be fed on summat 'sides their common fare, so, what d'ye think he cran'd into their iron jaws, by way of a treat?"

"Can't say," said I, "hav'n't the least idea."

"No, nor nobody else 'cept Old Rattery; why the fusty, musty yaller parchments wot sarv'd as duplicates for the money he'd lent—for half the town was pawn'd to him—Lor' bless us how the old feller used to grin at the notion of making his trusty guns first win the gold and then do duty as iron safes, and fire-proof deed boxes."

“Well, thus surrounded by his blazin’ bullies he’d larf an’ talk to them, and be as happy as if he wos in the midst of his rovin’ old sea-dogs of his young days. It wos as good as a reg’lar-built play to see the waiter at the hotel yonder—who always attended on these occasions—mimic the old miser when the punch had set his head-sails a shiverin’ three sheets in the wind. For then Old Rattery would rise on his hind legs as solemn as a judge, and, a’ter makin’ a grand salaam to the union jack, as in duty bound, he’d turn to his guns and begin with, ‘Here’s a bumper to you, Old Bone Crusher,’ for you must know,” said my companion, “that Old Rattery had christened his guns after a fashion of his own.”

“‘Here’s a bumper to you, Old Bone Crusher,’ says he, ‘I ve not forgot how you sarv’d out your grape and canister. Hurrah! here’s a full bumper to you.’

“‘Here’s to you, Old Sudden Death, ah! ah!’ and the miser always giggled at the remembrance of a desolatin’ shot from this gun, fired with his own hand, which scatter’d a bunch o’ chatterin’ Frenchmen to the winds.

“‘Here’s to you, my twin beauties, Slaughtering Bess and Tormenting Sue. Your sweet voices, loaded with weighty arguments, help’d to quicken the slow wits of the rascally Frenchmen. Here’s a bumper to you. Hurrah! hurrah!

“‘And here’s to you, Old Growler, think not you’re forgotten; nor you, Old Spitfire, nor you, Old Smasher, nor you, Old Blood and Thunder. No, no, you’re all faithfully logg’d here,’ laying his hand upon his heart, ‘hurrah! hurrah! here’s bumpers to you all.’”

“The heartless old viper!” said I.

“‘Twas a little skeery like, wasn’t it? Well, the day a’ter his anne-wersary carousal Old Rattery always treated his self to another lark. Early in the morning he used to go out for a ride in a reg’lar-built chaise and pair, always coming back to the hotel yonder, where he’d try to pass his self off for a stranger, and sham to know nobody. Well, of course, everybody humoured him, and, a’ter dinner, he’d stick hisself at the winder and pick his teeth, and loom as large as a pass’d midshipman about to dine with an admiral. ‘Who lives there?’ says he.”

“Meaning this old brig,” said I.

“Sartingly. Well, you might as well ’a clapp’d a blister on a wooden leg as try to thwart him, and so the landlord larfs in his sleeve, and says it belongs to one Rattery Broun.”

“‘Rattery Broun,’ ses he, appearing to overhaul his mem’ry. ‘What! does my old shipmate hang his flag out there?’ Up goes the winder, and he begins a hailin’, ‘Broun—Rattery—Old Broun, I say,’ in course nobody answers. ‘Well,’ ses he, ‘the old boy never would forgive me if I don’t give him a hail,’ so he takes his hat and stick, opens his own door, and goes on a starvin’ for another year.”

“And what became of this mad old privateersman,” said I, anxious to hear why he left his brig—

“Handsomely there,” said my companion; “small helm, no yawing, get on a wrong course if I don’t mind. Well, you see, we’d a larkly sprightly feller here, one Tom Collins by name, he’d been captain of the fo’ksle of the Sea Hawk when the Ingee-man struck to her sides, which he an’ Rattery had sail’d together bye and large, man and boy for years, until I’m blow’d what with being summat alike at startin’

if they didn't copy one another's action and speech, until at last they finish'd by being as like as a couple o' round shot. Howsomer, they parted company over the settlin' of the prize-money; for a'ter that, they couldn't coil their ropes together nohow. Tom thought he'd been diddled, and determined to have his spite out.

"Well, the time comes round agen for Rattery Broun to go through his annual tomfoolery, and Collins, who did everything with a sort o' sudden jerk—like when a man bites his own ear off—says nothin' to nobody 'cept one or two of his mates wot wos to be in the joke, and sliely slips into the brig through one o' the starn winders, and bides his time when Old Rattery hails the Sea Hawk from the hotel.

"Well, let's s'pose that the old miser had taken his annual land cruise, finish'd his dinner, and is a standin' at the winder of the hotel. 'A sung berth that,' meaning the brig, ses he, 'longs to some old tar, p'r'aps.'"

"'You're right,' ses the landlord a larfu', 'it's Rattery Broun's.'"

"'Deed, why he'd never forgive me if I don't give him a hail. What ho, there! Rattery Broun!—what cheer, mate!—Sea Hawk, ahoy!'"

"It was now Tom Collins' turn to have his joke, so openin' a winder in the brig, he shoves out his bald head a shinin' like a bladder o' lard in the dog days, with his whiskers trimm'd just like Old Rattery's, and answers in a loud voice, 'What d'ye want?—who hails, eh?'"

"Well, at the sight of his double, back the miser recoils like a rusty carronade, and you may be sartin there wos the devil to pay and no pitch hot when he found that somebody was aboard his brig over-haulin' his money-bags and parchments."

"'Are you Rattery Brown?' ses he, in a thick and husky voice, and turning as many colours as a dying dolphin."

"'In course, I am,' cried out Tom Collins, and he grinned and nodded friendly over. 'D'ye want anything?'"

"'I'm he, too,' said the miser sorrowfully, and he begun to wring his hands, and cut as many capers as wou'd a sars'd his legs o' mutton for a month o' Sundays."

"'You're out o' your reck'nin', my fine feller,' screech'd out Tom; 'you're only the thirteenth. Come over, and we'll have a broadside together.'"

"'Waiter, my hat and stick,' ses Broun, discomfolidated with his fears, and his voice sounded as holler as a southerly wind in an empty grog-bottle. 'The devil's boarded my brig,' so sayin', he left the room."

"Well, there stuck Tom Collins at the brig's winder, all the time lookin' as happy as a king. He watch'd Old Rattery hobble across the shingle, take his key from his pocket, unlock the door in the vessel's side and enter, and then down he dives to meet him."

"Well, those wot was in the joke larf'd, but the landlord, and the rest, who know'd nothin' about it, were quite flabbergasted, for I'm bless'd if Tom hadn't rigg'd hisself so like Old Rattery that if the devil had come to claim his due, he couldn't 'a told one from t'other. Presently, we hears a jabbering, and a noise like somebody a runnin' about on the decks o' the brig. Well, the confusion soon increases, and, while we wos wondering what it could be, we hears a most on-earthly sound, a sort o' cross 'twixt a creak and a scream, sharp enough to skin a feller's teeth, come out of the hull o' the brig."

"In course we all looks in the whites of one another's eyes for a minnit, for this screechin' and hollerin' wasn't in the bill o' the play. Well, presently, somebody said they see'd Old Rattery chas'd by Tom Collins rush past the open port, and then we hears a thunderin' smashin' o' glasses, and a heavy fall on the deck, and then all was as still as murder. We began to think that Tom had carried his joke too far, and somebody knock'd at the door, but the only answers was the echoes from the inside o' the old craft. At last it gets too tanterlizin' to stand any longer, and so I and one 'Punchy Abbot,' the stroke-oar in the 'Daisy' yonder, manhandles a heavy maul and smashes in the door, and up all sorts o' dark winding passages we rushes to the quarter-deck.

"And what did you see?"

"The wreck of Old Rattery's feast, with the guns still at the dinner-table, which was covered with broken wine-glasses and capsized bottles; on it, flat on his back, stretch'd right athwart ships, his one eye wide open, and ready to start out of his head, with his teeth clinch'd, and grinnin' like the bars of a helmet, lay Old Rattery Brown. He'd grappled some of his precious parchmints in his fright, and he gripp'd 'em as tight as a shark wou'd a dead marine."

"But you recovered him from his fit, I suppose."

"Fit, he warn't in a fit; no, his line had run out, his cable was at short stay peak, and afore the doctor could be fetch'd, he was as stiff as a horse mack'rel."

"What, dead!" said I.

"Dead," said my companion; "kill'd with fright at the thoughts of being robb'd,—for Tom never laid a finger on him,—sides, the doctor said there wasn't a scratch on his body."

"And what account did Tom Collins give of the affair?"

"Well, to wind up and make a finish on it, nobody ever could diskiver the right 'arnest joinetry o' the bisness, and Old Rattery's kinsfolk all got on the wrong course when they tried to fathom it to the bottom. The coroner's jury sot on the body, but nothin' partic'lar leak'd out then, though they reg'larly overhauled the consarn o' both sides, turn'd it ind for ind, and sides into middle, and took soundin's and bearin's o' Tom hisself."

"Cross-examined him, you mean."

"P'r'aps I do. Howsomever, the lawyers let loose their jawing tackle at him, and said they wou'dn't take his Typsy Dick Sitt, though, for the matter o' that, Tom was sober enough at the time, and so they swore him on his Bible oath. Yet, a'ter all their palaverin' and chatterin' they cou'd do nothin' with him, and the jury, driven at last to their wit's end, brought in a happy-go-lucky sort o' verdict, that nobody 'cept theirselves could understand, and what d'ye think it was, eh?"

"Manslaughter, perhaps."

"Manslaughter; no, no, worse nor that."

"Worse than manslaughter. What could it have been then?"

"Why,"—here my companion rolled his huge quid from one side of his mouth to the other, as though he wished to make room for the hard words he was about to utter,—"why, d'ye see," said he, "the jury said that the Old Miser died o' the powers o' conscience, brought on by fright, being at the time in a onsound state o' mind, or *Cobbler's Mentis*."

THE FAIRY CUP.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

MANY years ago, when the people on the earth were free, and it took less to make a prince or a princess than it does in the present day; when people were rich upon a little, and everything was rightfully their own that they could catch; either in the wild woods or in the silver stream: when a king was the positive representative and head of the people, and so independent as to care very little about any body, and, when plenty made governing easy: when no man had to pine after the possession of house or land if he happened to be strong enough to kick the envied possessor out—who, acknowledging might to be right, merely shrugged his shoulders and wended his way to pastures new, or sought one weaker than himself, and served him in like manner as he had been served by his stronger neighbour, when knocking out a man's brains was thought rather a spirited thing, and the murderer was rewarded accordingly by being called by anything but his real title.

Oh! happy "many years ago," called by us the Golden Age, for no other reason than for the great scarcity of that metal, which, in its abundance, with strange anomaly, has only produced this Iron Age, which appears every day to get more rusty.

Oh! that now was "a good while ago," when romance walked with stately step and a positive suit of tin, through the wild woods, and rocky passes, and you had a chance if you could knock hard of striking out some spark, and taking possession without question of his air-built castle. Oh, happy times, when you never went to law, that not being invented, but to loggerheads, which is much the same thing, only leaving more for the combatants.

In those days—when all the world lived by what we call, in the refinement of this age, robbery, merely because now everything seems, in the most unaccountable manner to be claimed by somebody. A man might ride through the luxuriant woods and lovely sloping glades, occasionally meeting with a fat buck that he could shoot down at his mighty will and pleasure, and dine thereon without asking my lord or my lady, then calmly take a nap under the spreading branches of some noble tree, upon a bed of most unexceptionable moss, and all without anything to pay for trespassing.

Even the authors and poets of that day were to be envied; for they had the power of publishing their own works, and getting a very good living by it. One of these envied beings was indeed a whole circulating library in himself; for when any impatient damsel or expectant coterie languished for some particular story, they were obliged to send for the author, who only yielded his treasures by word of mouth. They were also the great origin of our present newspapers, for through them alone, collecting, as they did, all the news in their wanderings, could be obtained the chit-chat and murders of the province: and, considering their opportunities, they did not lie more than their printed representatives of the present day, which is certainly a chalk in their favour. All this ability was rewarded with the warmest corner, the deepest flagon, and the finest cut from the chine. This is not often the

case with the poets of this miserable age, who foolishly print their effusions, and stay at home in their garrets, very often without any dinner at all.

Pleasant times, indeed, were they for all erring humanity. Young gentlemen of expensive habits, and irregularity in their cash payments, instead of being summoned themselves, summoned the devil, who immediately put in an appearance, took a little I. O. U of them, to be claimed at some indefinite period: and lo! they were again freer to run out the reel of their folly to the end.

Now, young gentlemen go to the devil in a very different way, certainly in one less romantic.

Fairies, of a kind and beneficent nature, took under their particular care, young handsome travellers, who did not travel as they do in the present day, for any particular house, but who went out to seek their fortunes—rather an indefinite term certainly. But in that golden time there were a great many waifs and strays, almost crying "come take me" upon every highway. So that a man blessed with a sharp wit and a sharp sword—for a little fighting was often necessary—might tumble, as it were, headlong into luck, and find himself the husband of some princess, and the owner of a castle of very respectable rubble and limestone.

Gold, then, was pointed out by amiable gnomes, who did not know what to do with it themselves, enriching some fortunate mortal who had lost his way and his inheritance. Kings and bank clerks are the only privileged ones now who are allowed to gloat upon so much collected treasure.

In fine, then, there was enough for every body and to spare. Those kind beings have all gone into some more refined sphere than this matter-of-fact world; railroads and bricks and mortar have desecrated their little shady nooks and gold-burthened caverns, and all that we have got left is the sweet remembrances of their freaks and goodness "Once upon a time."

Therefore I love to rake up the old stores of my memory, and introduce to my readers some few of those quaint mortals, for, that they did exist, and do exist now, there can be little doubt, or how otherwise could their private histories and actions have been chronicled in all our early works, or been the constant theme of the ancients, who are our authority in all learning and accomplishments, even in the present day? If we doubt their Nips, and gnomes, and fairies, why do we believe their Heros and Leanders, their Antonys, their Cleopatras, and a host of other historical beings?

I would not, for the world, tear out the early leaves from my book of life, for I have to turn to them too often to solace me for the many after pages of sorrow and gloom that fate has chronicled with her changeful pen. So, reader, you must let me lead you back into fairy land, and I will shew you pictures both pleasing and instructive. In my experience I have found that it would be as well if we could be children oftener than we are.

Without further lament over what has gone by, fix your eyes upon my erratic page and see what is to come.

The Fairy Cup.

"Once upon a time" there dwelt in the soft green shadows of a primeval wood a happy woodman, named Hubert, with his little wife and russet-cheeked children. It was the sweetest little nest the eye could rest on. Its peaked thatched roof was mossy and green from the early dews shed by the overhanging gigantic trees, that stretched their branches over its lowly roof, to shelter it from the storm, like the mother-bird spreads her wings over her callow brood. Its little twinkling casement caught the first rays of the morning sun, and sparkled in the most cheering manner, whilst the curls of the graceful smoke rolled playfully amidst the gnarled branches, and lost itself amidst abundant foliage, startling the young birds in their airy nests with its sweet odour. Oh, it was a happy-looking spot. It seemed the very dwelling of peace, who flies from the palace and the turmoiling crowd, to find only in the simplicity of Nature a fitting resting-place for her pure spirit.

And here she dwelt indeed; simple love pointed out the spot; peace sat upon their threshold, whilst contentment gave a zest to all their enjoyments. There could be no solitude there; for the ringing laugh of childhood disturbed the echoes in the deep vistas of the forest, and the birds answered from the high branches to the happy notes of the gambollers beneath them.

The mother watched them in their play as she plied her wheel, whilst a happy smile played in her eyes with a brightness so full of love and fondness, that the last ray of the sinking sun retired in dudgeon at being surpassed by the holy light.

The night stalked forth over hill and valley, stretching his long and shadowy arms afar and near as he gathered up the daylight into his dark wallet, when Hubert turned his weary footsteps to the home that has been pictured. He plodded through the tangled path with a heavy tread, but still he whistled out a blithesome air, for his heart was on the path before him, and he thought of nothing between himself and his home.

But there was something in his path that, envying his sturdy step and lightsome heart, cowered with spite amidst the underwood, and threw forth before him the twining thorny brambles to delay him on his way. It was one of the evil fairies of the wood, a spirit that gathered the deadly bright berries from the branch, and mixed them in a huge stone caldron in the deep recesses of the rocky ravine, always dogging the footsteps of mortals to persuade them with fascinating wiles, to drink from her fairy cup, which quickly destroyed the charm of all beside in nature; for so strong was the draught that it made the dark yawning precipice appear to the bewildered sight of the drinker a luring field of sweet-scented flowers, and bright rippling brooks, until, in his insanity, the poor deluded victim destroyed himself and all he loved, and found too late that he had sold himself as slave to his wily and deceitful tempter.

At a sudden turn of his path he started, on beholding at the foot of a gnarled tree, a beautiful female figure, with a dress of filmy texture, girded with a bright cineture round her yielding waist. Her beautiful limbs appearing and disappearing under the transparent folds like those of a swimmer who disports himself amidst the green waves

of the sea. She arose with downcast looks as he timidly approached. Her bright eyes fell as if with timid modesty, and the deep roseate tinge of her enamelled cheek grew deeper under his ardent gaze.

Hubert doffed his cap, as this beautiful being rose from her recumbent posture, but stood irresolute and embarrassed by the awe-inspiring charms of the creature before him. At last, after gazing for a moment more, he summoned up his courage and addressed her. "Lady," said he, "fear me not, I will not harm you; if you have wandered from your home, or missed your friends in the intricacies of the forest, you can have no surer guide than your humble servant."

A smile flitted like a bright light across the fair face of the fairy, her lips unclosed, and forth issued a voice as melodious and enchanting as the softest flute.

"Child of earth," said she, "these woods are my home; I am the spirit of perfect happiness. Behold my magic cup." As she spoke, she held up to his view a small cup of rare workmanship, formed in the fashion of the wild blue bell. It sparkled with a sapphire-like lustre at every movement, as drops of liquor fell like diamonds from its brim. "This cup," continued she, "was given me by the fairy Hope, who never looks behind her, that past sorrows and misfortune may not cast a shadow on the future. Without Hope mortals would all wither and die in the black valley of despair; she was sent to encourage them as a guiding-star through the troubles of the world, that they might reach the abode of perfect happiness. Few mortals meet with me while living. I appear occasionally, and let them drink of my cup, when I think they deserve from their goodness to participate in the godlike draught. You have I chosen to be one of the favoured; drink, then, and you shall become greater than a king; your burthen shall be as down upon your back, and your feet shall lose their weariness; your heart shall bound with the full pulse of felicity, and you shall be borne on your way upon wings stronger than those of the mighty eagle."

Hubert hesitated as the bright being held the cup still nearer to his grasp. His extended hand appeared as ready to clutch it, but doubts and fear withheld him from grasping its slender stem. Another moment of indecision, and it was pressed within his palm!

"Drink, mortal!" said she, "and become almost as immortal as myself. It will encase your heart with armour impervious to the shafts of care, and raise your crest to the bearing of the fearless warrior. You shall be no longer serf and vassal, but the lord of all that surrounds you; seeing through its influence the hidden treasures of the world that now unheeded sparkle beneath your feet; where the gnomes who hate mankind, have hidden it from the sight of all but those who have courage to face the dangers of the Fairy world. The fiends of avarice and ambition seized upon the heart of the simple woodman. To be rich! to be great! perfect happiness! what golden promises! The soft bewitching voice of the fairy still whispered with silvery tones in his ear the fascinating words. Foolish mortal! was he not already richer than a king in the love of his wife and children; was he not great in his honest simplicity; and had he not enjoyed perfect happiness beneath the roof of his lowly sequestered cot.

He looked for one moment upon the lustrous eyes of the being before him, and, as if fascinated, drained the magic goblet at a draught.

What gushes of enrapturing pleasure rushed through his bounding

veins—his stalwart frame seemed to dilate as he yielded the cup to the ready hand of his tempter.

The vistaed trees melted, as it were, from their rugged forms into towering pillars of shining marble of the most dazzling whiteness; the greensward rolled like waves from beneath his feet, and he stood, with the mysterious being by his side, upon a flight of porphyry steps that led to a palace of interminable terraces, towering in their magnificence even to the blue arch of the heavens.

The load fell from his shoulders, and was seen no more; the tremor left his heart as he gazed upon the wonders around him, and he felt as if he had wings that would carry him to the topmost height of that wondrous palace. Vases tempted him on either hand, laden with the treasures of the mine, whilst jewels invaluable were scattered at his feet in numbers vieing with the pebbles on the sea-shore. Music, soft and delicious, wrapped his senses in a delicious delirium, ever and anon swelling into a lively measure, prompting him to bound forward in a wild and rapid dance. As he progressed through the magnificent halls, the attendant fairy kept plying him with draughts from her bewildering goblet of sapphire; until he, grown bolder at every draught, tore it from her grasp and quaffed with a maddening delight the precious liquid; when suddenly the palace and its wonders quivered before his sight like motes in the sunbeam, and gradually melting into splendid rainbow tints, sunk into a black and sudden darkness—the rest was all oblivion!

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The voice of lament rang through the forest as Hubert's wife bent over his unconscious form; the cry of children arose shrilly on the night-air, and awakened him to a half-dreamy consciousness. A stare of almost idiocy upon his pale and haggard face, as he gazed at the miserable and distracted group that surrounded him, made their fond hearts turn cold.

They had sought for hours for him in the mazes of the forest, and at last discovered him apparently dead at the foot of an aged oak. With trembling and uncertain foot he accompanied them to his home, muttering strange words as he went, to the dismay of his fond wife and children. When they arrived at their hitherto peaceful home, he sank powerless upon the humble pallet, and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning harsh words, for the first time, answered to his wife's anxious inquiries as to what had been the cause of his strange accident. Without tasting the morning simple meal, he shouldered his axe, and wended his way moodily into the recesses of the forest, leaving a deep shadow over the brightness of his home. As he disappeared through the trees, his wife pressed her little ones to her breast and wept aloud.

Days and months, weary and sad, rolled on, and the noble form of the woodman became a wretched ruin. He saw his once-loved cot and its inhabitants withering daily before his eyes, yet still he sought the fascinating being who gave him a fleeting heaven for a lasting pain. The drooping wretch no longer raised his hand to labour, but lingered listlessly through the glades of the forest, craving for the appearance of the being who was to lead him, at such a fearful cost, to lands of vision and madness.

Morning, with her rosy fingers and balmy breath, opened the wild

flowers through the woods and valleys, shooting as if in sport her golden arrows through the whispering leaves, startling the birds from their sleep to sing their early matins.

Night gathered up the dark folds of her robe, and retreated majestically before the coming light, leaving her sparkling gems of dew trembling upon every stem and flower.

* * * * *

With downcast look and melancholy brow came the young mother; her eye beheld not the flowers that strewed her path, and her ear was deaf to the early songs of the birds; tears trembled on her eyelids, and fell unconsciously down her pale cheek. Her lingering step ceased as she approached a rustic basin, formed of rude blocks of stone, into which the water had been turned from some neighbouring springs.

As she raised the vessel which she carried in her hands to immerge it in the sparkling waters, she was startled by seeing them bubble and rise until they leaped over their stone boundary in copious streams to her feet. Hardly had she time to wonder at this strange phenomenon, when she beheld a dwarf-like figure rise from the midst. He was dressed in a quaint costume and looped-up hat, which was dripping with moisture, apparently not at all to his inconvenience, for he leaned upon the edge of the basin, while his little figure continued still half submerged, with a comfortable and satisfied look.

As she continued to gaze at the odd object before her, undetermined whether to stay or fly, he politely raised his hat, and bade her not be alarmed. "For I have come out," said he, "this morning on purpose to meet you, and to try and remedy the sorrow which is devouring you. I say 'remedy,' for you must understand I am the natural universal doctor. In fact," continued he, while a sly smile passed across his comic little face, "your human doctors apply to me upon all occasions; indeed, without me they could not exist, though they never let their patients know it, for, if they did, they would all, poor deluded wretches! come direct to me, and ruin the whole of the fraternity.

"I have more power than any sprite, fairy, or gnome that exists; the whole earth itself is under my control. These mighty trees would never raise their towering heads without me; no flower would bloom at their rugged feet, nor would the soft mossy carpet so grateful to your feet live for a moment if I did not sustain it by my magic aid. I am ordained to yield continual good wherever I am present. I creep amidst the wild flowers and bid them bloom; I climb the snake-like vine, and hang it with the rich clustering grape, and all the fruits of the earth await my summons to burst their bonds and yield their treasures to the human race.

"I wander into other lands, and bear back rich argosies laden with jewels and gold to deck the brow of noble beauty; I dash down from rocky heights headlong, to fertilize the teeming valleys; my voice is heard like the roaring thunder, and anon like the softest music in the shady solitudes, as I whisper on my way through the reeds and the water-lilies. Where I am not, all must droop and die.

"I have watched you long, when you sought me in your early days of happiness and love, until young blossoms like yourself sprung up around you, and padded with their tiny feet in my cool and crystal waters. Then your song was of the merriest measure, but now the echoes mourn in silence the absence of your melodious voice, and your sighs alone break the stillness. Your pale face has been reflected in

these waters, until I felt and knew that some blight had fallen upon your happiness which as yet had never shrunk under the cankering breath of care.

A little bright rill, that had wandered to play with the wild blossoms in this wood, returned to me, and, prattling by my side, told me of the dreadful delusion under which your hitherto good and stalwart husband laboured. I watched him as he came, with dejected look, so unlike his former self, to lave his burning brow in my cooling waters. I quickly saw what fairy demon's hand had so destroyed the goodly form and noble heart of my poor woodman. Here was the shadow that fell over your pure brow, drained your young heart, and silenced the song that made this no longer a solitude.

"Listen to me," continued he, "and I will endeavour to save him. If you can persuade him by the eloquence of your love, and the picture of the ruin that day by day encompasses your all, to attend strictly to my warning, I will rescue him from the overpowering spell of the fascinating demon that enthral him.

"I will give him a talisman so powerful, that the scales shall drop from his eyes, and his destroyer appear in her own proper hideous colours, when, if he has any love left for those whose sole dependence is on him, he will resolutely baffle all the attempts made to seduce him again into the world of vicious dreams and indolence."

As he concluded, he sunk beneath the waters. The young wife stood entranced, with hope beating in her heart, and her eyes fixed upon the bubbles as they rose to the surface, doubting almost whether what she had heard was not a delusion of her distracted brain.

Another moment, and the benevolent sprite again appeared, holding in his hand a globe containing a liquid that shone like a pure diamond.

"Take this, and let your husband keep it with him, and when the deluding demon approaches him, to mystify him with her machinations, let him drink from the small aperture in this globe, and he will instantly see her in her demoniac form. Let him persevere, and she will fly from him, and you and he will be saved and restored to peace. Farewell."

As she clasped the bottle with eager hand, he sank amidst a thousand sparkling bubbles, and she was alone. Quickly she sped through the tangled way, for her feet were winged by love, and by hope that had long lain drooping. The cottage door was soon reached, where sat the pale form of her husband, his bloodshot eyes turned languidly towards her as she approached. But he was soon roused from his listless posture by seeing the excitement of her manner, and listening to her strange tale, which he would have doubted, had she not shown him in triumph the bright globe given her by the sprite of the spring.

Her almost childish delight, strange to say, hardly met with a response in his bosom, for the charm of his daily enchantments he seemed to feel a hesitation to relinquish, they appeared to his bewildered sense all that was worth living for.

Her heart sunk with almost a death-like pang, but she bade him drink from the jewel-like bottle. A deep shudder shook his attenuated frame as he did so. One moment, and his pallid features flushed as he beheld, for the first time, the ruin and desolation of his home. He stood an abashed and guilty man before his loving wife and little innocent children.

* * * * *

Hubert, armed with good resolves and his stout axe, again entered the forest, his heart palpitating with an indescribable feeling, as if in doubt of the power of the talisman to shield him from the fascination of his deluder. Hardly had the stroke of his axe awakened the echoes of the forest, when, through a shady vista, he saw the light form of the fairy tripping over the greensward, with upraised cup and joyous laugh, as she recognised him at his labour. Strange thrills rushed through his frame as she approached nearer and nearer; strange thoughts hovered in his mind of throwing his wife's talisman from him, and once more clasping that tempting cup that shone even in the distance like a bright amethyst.

But a shadow fell over the bright form, and her resplendent eyes glared with a fiendish look as it approached nearer to the spot.

He seized the talisman, and drank of its pure and bright contents. On the instant, the forms of his wife and children encircled him in fond union, as a barrier between him and the evil spirit. Again he drank, and as he did so, shuddered with horror as he beheld a lambent flame rise from the hitherto craved goblet of the fiend.

The beautiful locks which played round the brow of the false one, twined into writhing snakes, and bright burning scales rose upon her fair bosom, her face became distorted with horrible passion. Hubert could behold no more; he placed his hand across his eyes to shut out the fiend, and in a moment he was alone.

* * * * *

That night, as the moon threw her silver tribute on the rippling waters of the lowly well, Hubert stood with his arm around the waist of his happy wife. They were silent and expectant. They both hoped to see the benevolent being who had given them the powerful talisman to free them from the destroying spirit.

They saw him not, but a voice fell on their listening ears, saying,
 "Go, Hubert, and be happy in the love of your wife and children. True happiness dwells only with the innocent and temperate. The talisman I gave you is the pure water of the earth, that yields it for the good of all nature, animate and inanimate, on its bosom.

"The Fiend you have escaped is called Intemperance."

GOD WILL BEFRIEND THE RIGHT.

BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

MAN, in thy Maker's image made,
 Born to a glorious heritage;
 Shall passion's voice thy soul invade,
 And blot the fair eternal page?
 Dismiss the tyrant from thy breast!
 Be pure and spotless in His sight;
 Whatever pangs prevent thy rest,
 Be sure, God will befriend the right.

Not wealth, but virtue has His care,
 The worldly great He passes by,
 Yet listens to the humblest prayer,
 And lifts the fainting spirit high.

The toiling one may suffer shame,
 May feel the world's hard blow and
 slight;
 Bring no dishonour on thy name,
 And then, God will befriend the right.

Above the fiercest storm of life,
 Pure peace awaits the soul's repose,
 Where, having conquer'd human strife,
 It dwells, and smiles upon its foes.
 To triumph in that cloudless sphere,
 Arm, for the bloodless mortal fight,
 Thy buckler *faith*, and *truth* thy spear;
 God sees, and will befriend the right.

CAREER OF LOUIS PHILIPPE AS A SOVEREIGN.

BY J. WARD.

WE shall pass over the incidents of the fallen monarch's early life, which everybody is presumed to know,—his long and bitter trials, which everybody commiserates,—the wisdom and sagacity which experience was said to have taught him, and which everybody used to extol,—and place ourselves in his presence on the eve of his ascending the throne of France, the facts connected with which are known to few, although they form the keystone to his after-life.

On the 31st of July, 1830, we were detained for an hour at Auxerre, on our road from Lyons to Paris. We had left much excitement behind at Lyons; but as we approached the metropolis the storm visibly increased. At Melun the whole population, men, women, and children, were anxiously looking out for the *diligence* southward. The definitive success of the revolution was known, but not the form into which the government would be resolved. The people were not only prepared for a republic, but expected it; and when the *conducteur* of the *diligence* informed them that the Duke of Orleans had accepted the *lieutenance générale* of the kingdom, they were evidently surprised, disappointed, and mortified.

But, how had Monsieur le *Conducteur* obtained his information, for he had by some hours anticipated the *dénouement*? It was not until the noon of the day that Louis Philippe and Lafayette came to an understanding; and up to the last moment the people in Paris were in the dark. How did it happen that the "coming event cast its shadow before" at a distance of fifty miles from Paris, while the Parisians themselves had no apprehensions of it? They do not appear even to have suspected such an event, until they saw Louis Philippe escorted by the deputies to the Hôtel de Ville, and even then they did not know in what capacity they were to recognise him. His reception was so cold and doubtful, that he well might have dreaded the *début* he was about to make as a king. Had there been one audacious demagogue to shout a *veto* upon his nomination to the throne, he would have been undone, for the public felt that they were about to be deceived. But the clap-trap was all on his side. Lafayette waved over his head the flag of the old republic, and the giddy people believed that by this idle spell he had reconciled monarchy with democracy. A bargain so lightly made was not likely to be much respected on either side, and it was soon broken.

That Louis Philippe had long speculated upon a possible revolution, which would offer him a chance of the crown, there can be no question. His close intimacy with the republicans, and the support which he lent to their cause both in purse and person, are facts known to all. For this he must have had some strong motive—love of his country, or love of the house of Orleans. That he had narrowly watched the conduct of the Hôtel de Ville committee during the three "days of July," is evident from the errors which he has since committed, and the false conclusion which he drew from their want of spirit and decision on that occasion. However ready the populace of France may be to precipitate them-

selves into a revolution, her professed politicians have usually shewn much caution in mistaking treason for patriotism; and in 1830 they especially betrayed a want of unanimity and decision. On the 26th of July, M. Laborde called a meeting at his own house, at which, with a few others, he contended for proclaiming the people absolved from their allegiance, by the King's violation of the charter; but M. Perier, on the contrary, maintained that, in point of strict law, the obnoxious *ordonnances* might be reconciled with the letter of the constitution. It was neither their privilege nor their duty to assert either the will or the rights of the people. He was for leaving the King and the people to fight the quarrel out between themselves. He and other leaders (?) of the people were content to hold what he termed *une position superbe*; but they kept aloof from the struggle, and contended that all would be lost if they abandoned the strict line of legality. This was a very convenient doctrine to preach.

M. Lafayette now appeared on the stage (on the 28th); but even his enthusiasm could not warm the *sang froid* of his colleagues. Guizot, Sebastiani, Dupin, and others, still refused to stir without the pale of the law, and dared not venture to compromise their own safety. They lingered on the safe side of the line of demarcation between loyalty and rebellion, afraid of quitting the neutral position of mediation; and even the greatness which they were destined to achieve in the course of the next twenty-four hours was thrust upon them by one of the most singular hoaxes on record. An ingenious person, M. Bérard, conceived that the people would be much more animated in their proceedings, if they had the semblance of some authority to back them; and he, therefore, boldly announced an imaginary provisional government of his own creation, consisting of Generals Lafayette and Gerard, and the Duc de Choiseul. This government of course had no existence; but the people believed in it, and their faith gave a new impulse to their fury, which before had betrayed some symptoms of exhaustion. The troops reeled under the shock—the throne trembled; and when Perier and Guizot saw what a charm there was in the name of a provisional government, though a fictitious one, they no longer withheld their assent from the formation of a real one.

There can be little doubt as to Louis Philippe being minutely informed of the vacillation and timidity of the liberal *hommes d'état* of France during the three days; and he must have been excessively provoked by the want of decision and spirit which kept him so long in suspense about his chance of the crown. Nor must we be surprised that, once safely seated on the throne (as he thought), he should ever afterwards feel a certain degree of contempt for them. He must have seen that he had little to fear from them, if he could manage the people by finesse and force; and he appears to have thought that the people themselves had only been successful against Charles, because they had been deluded into an unmerited confidence in their leaders, which was not likely to be repeated after their sorry performances in the great drama of July. His error consisted in not perceiving that he would be a loser instead of a gainer by the alienation of the people from such milk-and-water conspirators; that, if these men had retained their hold upon the confidence of the people, the proved incapacity of the former for

organizing another revolution, and their personal fears of the consequences of such an experiment, would have been the best guarantee of his security. He did not reflect that the people, on another occasion, might have other leaders, men more uncompromising and audacious, who would have much less to risk, and much more to gain, by a bold dash at the government than the hesitating gentlemen of the Hôtel de Ville.

The coalition of the republicans and legitimists against Louis Philippe commenced almost from the very first day of his reign; but it was effectually crushed in the *émeute* of 1832. The Duc de Broglie, Lafitte, and Perier had then successively essayed the task of forming a firm administration; but they had all failed, and Lafitte, hopelessly excluded from the cabinet while the king ruled it, began openly to organize an agitation for a republic. One hundred and forty deputies assembled at his house, and signed a *compte rendu* of their objects, but prudently confined themselves to constitutional means for their achievement. There were so many disturbing forces in action at that period, that it is impossible to define clearly the share which this *compte rendu* had in producing the outbreak at the funeral of Lamarque; but, although warrants were issued against M. Garnier Pagès and others of the party, it is quite certain that they abstained from personal compromise, as they did in 1830. Nothing could be brought home to them, and it is fair to assume that they did not know exactly what they intended to do.

From this time Louis Philippe threw off all affectation of attaching the republicans to his dynasty. He felt satisfied that he estimated their courage and power rightly; and, with this impression on his mind, as he had nothing to fear from them, he left them nothing to hope from him. Had he conducted himself otherwise towards them, it is possible that the republicans might have died away, as the Carlists did, in the subsequent ten years; but having declared his final separation from them, they boldly declared their utter detestation both of his principles and his ingratitude.

Louis gave a last audience to the republican leaders, MM. Lafitte, Arago, and Odillon Barrot; but it was not to reason with or soothe them. Paris was, at the moment, in a state of siege; the roar of artillery and the shrieks of the people were a fitting introduction to the conversation which ensued; and the monarch himself had just returned from the conflict animated by the consciousness of victory. Odillon Barrot began by deploring the fatal disorders which had taken place, and begged the King to put an end to the effusion of blood. Louis appeared unmoved, except that a flush of triumph passed over his brow, when Barrot assumed a different tone. "Deplorable as these disorders were," he desired to add, "the people were fully excused by the conduct of the government, which seemed to have forgotten the principles of July, and whose meanness had not only led to the calamities, but would lead eventually to anarchy and civil war." The King asked him to be precise, and explain intelligibly what he wanted. Barrot replied, "That he and his friends had come to implore the king to silence the cannon, which were even then hurling destruction among the citizens, and to prevent further calamities by an immediate and complete return to the principles which had placed him on the throne."

"No," replied the king, haughtily, "audaciously attacked by my

enemies, I am only exercising my legitimate right of self defence. The time is come, gentlemen, when the principle of revolt must be put down; and I employ cannon only to have done with it the sooner. As to the pretended engagements and republican pledges, into which it is said I entered at the Hôtel de Ville on the day of my accession, I know not what they mean. I have overfulfilled all the promises I made, and revived more than enough of republicanism in the institutions of the state. Those pledges exist only in the imagination of M. Lafayette, who is certainly under some delusion."

Barrot said that he was sorry to hear that they had *all* been under a delusion, and that he saw no hope of repose for France unless the administration was entrusted to those in whom they could confide.

"That is another delusion," retorted the king. "You blame my ministers; but it is unjust to give them either the blame or the praise of the system which I have followed. It is my own; the result of my own experience and reflection. It is founded on the principles upon which I would have consented to take the crown; and they shall hash me in a mortar before I will abandon it."

The two most arbitrary sovereigns by whom France had ever been ruled, Louis the XIV. and Napoleon, never asserted greater pretensions than did Louis Philippe at the meeting we have just described. Louis the XIV. had his *mot*, *l'état c'est moi*; Napoleon copied it, *je suis l'état*; and Louis Philippe very closely imitated it when he answered, *je suis le gouvernement*.

"Don't trouble yourself about my ministers, gentlemen," quoth the monarch, "if there is anything wrong, it is *I* am the author of it."

The king, however, and his friends of the "Three days" stood in a wrong relation to each other from the first. The latter never could divest themselves of the idea that Louis was under a personal obligation to them for his throne, and, presuming too much upon this, they soon made themselves disagreeable at Court. They hoped, also, to gain something for themselves by the revolution, and what were the loaves and fishes at the king's disposal—though in France the government is not without patronage—among so many? They also considered themselves entitled not only to beg, but, more odious still, to advise. Louis might have borne with their importunities, but their impertinences were intolerable; he became disgusted, and shook them off, to use M. Sarran's expression, "to starve under the eye of a throne of which they were the pedestals." Still, he did not behave well; he could not, because his professions of principle, and still more his promises of personal favours, had excited expectations which it was out of his power to fulfil.

After the suppression of the *émeute* in 1832, Louis reigned with tolerable comfort for nearly four years. He played with Dupin, but found him untractable. The crotchety lawyer refused to be made a political machine. Louis Philippe next tried his hand upon Soult, whose discipline under Napoleon, rendered him more manageable. With Guizot, Thiers, and Broglie, a working cabinet was formed, which struggled through many difficulties, until 1835, when the oppressive "laws of September" against the press were enacted, and the fall of the ministry was consummated.

From '35 to '40, when the re-establishment of Guizot in power was permanent, the government of Louis Philippe was continually in dif-

faculties and dangers ; but it is very evident that the king designedly contributed more to its embarrassment than any other person. He consented that M. Molé should try the experiment of conciliation, but with the thorough conviction that it would fail, and that the repressive system would then be submitted to as the only possible system of governing the country. How much secret service money was distributed by M. Molé's coadjutors, Montalivet and Salvandy, in the work of conciliation has never been made known ; but if we are to judge by the sum which M. Guizot required when he took the administration out of their hands, they had rendered it impossible for any minister to manage the chambers without the grossest corruption. M. Guizot, indeed, boldly challenged the chamber of deputies to answer whether it was possible for him to command a majority of their votes unless they granted him a supply of money for the purchase of them, and the chamber with unblushing effrontery answered the question in the negative by voting the sum required. Before a body could so disgrace itself in the face of Europe, venality must have come to be considered as a privilege ; and there can be little doubt, that, in addition to the enormous sums which the chambers voted for their own corruption, the King, from his immense private resources as well as his exorbitant civil list, materially assisted his Ministers in the work of political prostitution.

We now arrive at the last link in that long chain of corruption which Louis Philippe had so industriously forged for accomplishing his political aims. When M. Guizot seized the reins of power the political atmosphere was completely tainted, no man could breathe freely, or assume an independent attitude, every one felt afraid, as all were conscious of having received, directly or indirectly, some favour from the reigning influence of the day. Men viewed each other with distrust, as no one knew to what extent they were individually compromised ; but all felt a conviction that they were not sinless and untainted.

During the latter years of his reign, Louis Philippe affected little secrecy in the uses to which his enormous resources were applied for strengthening and extending the dynasty of his family ; and it is some palliation for his seeming selfishness, in letting his servants down the wind when he had done with them, that few of them had done anything for *him* which they had not been paid for beforehand. Under such a system as this, so rotten at the core, can we wonder that the ex-monarch had scarcely one friend in his extremity ? But he had sown the seed, and he had no alternative but to reap the harvest.

We have not space to detail the arts and contrivances by which Louis Philippe attempted to establish his dynasty. Every observing and reflecting man in Europe foresaw that Louis Philippe's system could at the utmost only last his own time, even if he did not precipitate its destruction by some blunder of his own. Society in France was becoming so thoroughly disorganised that it could not be held together when relieved from the pressure of his own hand, even could he have maintained his grasp during his life-time. Its reconstruction by a revolution had become a social necessity which must have been obeyed within the next ten years, and it adds something to the force of the lesson that he should have survived to witness the catastrophe of a drama in which he played so important a part.

A JOURNEY FROM SHIRAZ TO THE PERSIAN GULF,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

GAZELLE-HUNTING ON THE PLAIN OF BUSHIRE.

BY THE HON. C. S. SAVILE.

ON the 28th of March, we took our departure from Shiraz. Our first day's journey lay along a circuitous defile leading through the lofty mountains which bound the southern extremity of the plain of Shiraz; so rugged was the road along which lay our course, that it was not until long after sunset that we arrived at Cawal, a small and solitary village, nine fursoks (about thirty-two miles) distant from Shiraz. The howling and squalling of the wolves and jackals commenced immediately after dark, and continued without intermission during the night.

The following morning, when about a fursok from Cawal, we arrived at the banks of a very rapid river, which we crossed by means of a bridge, in such a ruinous state, that it appeared scarcely able to sustain the weight of our mules. It was fortunate, however, that it was passable, as it would have been completely impossible for us to have forded the river, on account of its rapidity and depth. We now arrived at the foot of a very steep and rocky cotall, (mountain-pass,) where we breakfasted beneath some almond-trees in full blossom. A quantity of beautiful flowers grew upon this spot, which was one of the most lovely I had seen, since leaving "the smiling Georgia." Having finished our meal, we proceeded to ascend the pass, which was rendered a task of no ordinary difficulty by the steepness and ruggedness of the rocks.

On arriving at the central point of the cotall, we came upon one of the most magnificent cataracts I had ever beheld, it was of greater breadth and depth than the falls of the Rhine; the scene, indeed, was most imposing, and the noise of the waters almost deafening. On descending upon the plain we were overtaken by a thunder-storm, the terrible effects of which will remain for ever engraved upon my memory. For about half-an-hour there was some interval between the flashes of lightning and the peals of thunder, but at length the storm broke just over our heads. The heavens became one blaze of fire, while crash followed crash so rapidly, that not even a momentary pause ensued between the peals.

Late in the afternoon we began to ascend a cotall, in comparison to which the mountain-passes we had previously crossed were as level plains. After great toiling we arrived at the summit, to look down from which made us giddy. We descended, however, in safety to the valley below, thanks to the surefootedness of our excellent horses, and shortly afterwards arrived at Firusabad, a village beautifully situated in the midst of date-groves. The inhabitants were most civil and hospitable, and having conducted us to an excellent lodging, they supplied us with milk, rice, and dates. The sheik soon afterwards paid us a visit. He was an Arab of exceedingly agreeable address and informed us that we were the first Faringees he had ever seen.

It would be well worth while for an antiquary to remain a few months

at Firousabad, as it presents numerous appearances of having in former days been a place of great importance, size, and strength. There are a quantity of ruins around it, bearing many signs and marks of fortifications, of which several watch-towers are in a good state of preservation. The village is surrounded on every side by mountains, exceedingly difficult of access, and is plentifully supplied with water.

Shortly after resuming our journey we arrived at the banks of a rapid river, or rather mountain-torrent, the bridge across which having been washed away, we attempted to ford it in several places, but without success, as it was far out of the depths of our horses, and the stream was of such force and velocity that to have essayed swimming across would have been madness. Just as we were beginning to despair of getting across that day, and were about to retrace our steps towards Firousabad, we espied some peasants on the opposite bank, whom having hailed, they directed us to a ford about a mile down the stream, the passage, however, was not performed without danger, and we were nearly losing all our baggage-mules.

We had ridden for several hours along the plain when, just as we were passing by a small grove of dwarf oaks, we started a wild boar, and as our guns were slung over our shoulders, we could not resist the temptation of chasing it, and away we galloped in pursuit. I soon succeeded in heading the monster, and in lodging a ball in his back, which did not appear to take much effect. One of our Persian servants now rode up, when the boar suddenly wheeling round, charged furiously at the steed, which was only just saved by the admirable horsemanship of the rider, from having its legs ripped up. The Persian having wheeled round, came again to the attack, and firing, the ball broke the foreleg of the grisly brute who, notwithstanding his wounds, held on at a rapid pace. I had, however, by this time procured a spear from another of the servants, and having again come up with the boar, I made a thrust at his left shoulder and was fortunate enough to pierce him to the heart, when he fell over with such force that the weapon snapped in my hand.

The scenery of the extensive plain over which we were journeying was most beautiful, and plentifully wooded with almond-trees and dwarf oaks. Some of the neighbouring mountains were covered to the very summit with these species of tree, which prevented them having that barren and rugged appearance common to the hills of the northern and central provinces of Persia. Quantities of rhododendron grew around, which gave the appearance of artificial shrubberies to portions of our route.

At the extremity of the plain of Firousabad we crossed another cotal covered with stunted wood and luxuriant grasses, and having descended to the opposite side of the mountains, we breakfasted near a rivulet flowing through a small wood. The ground was covered with thousands of flowers, and looked like a richly-ornamented carpet fresh from the looms of Hamadan or Yezd. The climate was very much warmer than that of Shiraz, as we were fast descending to the level of the sea. The plain on which we were now travelling was dotted with the black tents of many Eliaut encampments. For several hours after sunset we rode along, lighted by a most brilliant moon, and about ten o'clock we halted at one of the tents just mentioned, where we were plentifully supplied with milk and eggs, and having reposed for a while, we again resumed our journey.

The Eliauts, or wandering tribes of Persia, resemble the Turcomans, but are much more civilised. They have often been described, and one good picture serves for all, for they are little subject to change; and, while every tradition, and every work on the ancient history of Persia, proves that many of its more southern inhabitants, particularly those of the mountains of Kerman and Lauristan, have been nomade or wandering tribes from time immemorial, we find in the Turkish Eliauts, who have overrun the northern provinces, the language, the habits, and the appearance of the Tartar race, to which they belong. The qualities most prized amongst these tribes are courage in men and chastity in women.

About midnight we arrived at an isolated village, where we passed the remainder of the night, having, during the course of that day's route, performed the distance of fifteen fursuks, without counting the ground gone over during the chase after the wild boar.

Early on the following morning, we crossed another cotall, and then breakfasted at an Eliaut encampment, where our wants were attended to by some very handsome women, whose bright black eyes and cheerful countenances helped to enliven the repast.

Our route, during the greater portion of the day, lay along a valley covered with trees and thick crops of barley nearly ready for the sickle. The surrounding country was green to the very mountain tops, and it seemed to us that we were riding over a magnificent carpet of various hues and colours. I was fortunate enough in the afternoon to get within a hundred and fifty yards of a large antelope, which I killed with a shot from my rifle. This was a much more valuable prize to us than the wild boar of the previous day, as Mussulmans have no scruples with regard to the flesh of the deer.

In the evening, we halted at a village, the inhabitants of which consisted partly of Arabs, partly of Persians. The chief or sheik paid us a very long visit. He was an old man, and exceedingly talkative. Among other topics he introduced that of Hindostan, which country he had seen a little of, some thirty years previously. His notions, however, of geography were very imperfect, and all our explanations could not make him comprehend that England was not in India; and although he was too polite to say so, he evidently did not give the slightest credence to our assertions of London (which he knew very well by name) being more than four months' sea voyage from Calcutta.

The villagers having by some chance heard that one of our party was a hakim (doctor), began immediately to flock to the house at which we were lodging, and bring in their sick brethren. One of the first invalids whose case came under examination was an old man, for whom the doctor prescribed a moderate use of wine. Now the juice of the grape, and indeed all fermented liquors, are rigorously forbidden to Mussulmans by the law of their prophet; but should it be prescribed by a hakim, a dispensation can be granted by a moolah (Persian Mahometan priest). No sooner, therefore, was the remedy bruited abroad, than every one present seemed to have been seized with illness, and many persons of both sexes pushed themselves forward, complaining of low spirits, cramps in the stomach, and general debility, in the hope of obtaining the wished-for dispensation; for the love of wine and money, and the gratification of their sensual passions, are the prominent features in the Persian character. In the present instance, it was the first time that the villagers

had ever beheld a Frank hakim; and as in the East the medical skill of Europeans is magnified to a degree almost beyond belief, our arrival had occasioned a most intense degree of excitement among the inhabitants of this usually quiet spot. Much curiosity was also raised by our guns; some debating, however, took place about their being fit for use, as several veterans considered them as *serviceable* in the way of ornament only, notwithstanding we bore with us a trophy in the body of the antelope I had shot that afternoon. To convince the good people of their error, we took our fire-arms into the open air, and, having loaded some of them with shot and the remainder with ball, we fired the former at some sparrows seated upon a tree at a short distance, and made considerable havoc among them. This exploit caused great admiration, which was increased to absolute wonder, when we fired some bullets into a wooden board at the distance of eighty yards. What most, however, surprised the villagers was the depth to which the balls had penetrated. Our firearms were now lauded to the skies, and various hints were given that a present of a gun would be most acceptable, as it would serve to kill the wolves that infested the country during the winter; and much sadness appeared on the visages of all, when we replaced the much desired firearms in our lodging, without replying to the numerous hints given, the usual Persian phrase of "It is not mine, but yours."

I had been asleep for about two hours, when I was awakened by a slight noise, which seemed to be occasioned by some one stealthily creeping along the room. On my crying out "Who is there?" I received no answer, while at the same time the noise ceased. Having, however, my suspicions aroused, I struck a light, and made a narrow search through the chamber, when, on looking behind some yekdons (large trunks) and saddle-bags, I discovered a man concealed there. I immediately grappled with him, when he drew his cummar and made a stab at me, which fortunately missed my breast, and but slightly wounded me in the left shoulder. Seizing hold of the armed hand of the miscreant, I raised an alarm, when my companions and our servants came to my assistance; and in a few minutes the robber was securely bound with cords. On searching his person, we found a brace of pistols and a bag of keraunies, which he had just stolen from a portmanteau. The man now beseeched us to let him go, swearing by Allah and Ali that he would never be guilty of such a crime again. As, however, he had added an attempt at assassination to that of robbery, we kept him a prisoner until daylight, and then conducted him before the sheik, who of course appeared most indignant at what had happened, and talked of sending him to Shiraz for execution.

During the whole of this day, which was the first of April, we found the weather excessively hot, as we were fast descending to the level of the sea, and were besides in a very southern latitude. The country over which we rode was at times exceedingly rocky and precipitous, but at the same time covered with verdure of the most luxuriant freshness, and variegated with innumerable flowers. Here was a spot for a botanist to revel in! for such an one would be continually discovering plants hitherto unknown to European Linnæus.

In the course of our day's journey, we passed by many date groves, which give a very picturesque appearance to any spot on which they grow. Dates are so plentiful here, that the natives feed their horses upon them.

The following morning, having ridden for several hours under a very hot sun, we came upon a beautiful mountain stream, the very sight of which refreshed our thirsty souls. But, alas! all is not gold that glitters; for, upon taking a long draught, I felt as though I were poisoned, for nothing was ever more nauseous or bitter than the waters of this stream, which seemed a combination of Epsom, Cheltenham, Harrowgate, and every other spa that has existed since the world began. Every stream we now passed was of the same flavour; and, although almost raging from the effects of thirst, we were unable to appease our sufferings, as no villages lay along our path. All we could do, therefore, was to smoke the pipe of patience, until, after the lapse of several hours, we came upon an Eliaut encampment, where we procured some goat's milk, which appeared to our parched throats like a draught from the goblet of Hebe, although it was brought to us by a hideous old crone.

In the evening, we arrived at the brink of a precipice of almost perpendicular steepness, to descend which appeared, at first sight, totally impracticable. We reached the base, however, in safety, though not without having undergone much fatigue and incurred great danger. All the cotalls I had previously passed over, excepting that to the north of Firousabad, were as gentle descents in comparison; and it was to our great joy that we were informed that it was the last mountain pass we should meet with, as we were nearly on the level of the sea, and within six fursuks of the Persian Gulf.

Having reached the base of the precipice, we perceived at a short distance some Eliaut tents, to which we proceeded and requested a lodging for the night. We were, according to the usual custom of the nomade tribes, most hospitably treated, and the best of their simple fare was laid out before us. The condition of these Eliauts was far from being as happy as that of the wandering races we had hitherto encountered; for although they were encamped in a beautiful and fertile country, they were deprived of that chief necessity of life, good water. Their situation was that of Tantalus, for they were surrounded on all sides by limpid streams, of which they were unable to drink from their brackishness. Rain-water collected in pits formed their sole resource, excepting during the autumnal months, when melons and other juicy fruits abound. Their cattle, however, drink of the brackish waters, without sustaining any injury.

It is not out of place here to compare one pass with another; and indeed, after having for the first time crossed any celebrated range of hills, one naturally calls to mind the journeys which one may have made across other mountains, and the comparative interest with which such routes have been attended.

I have never crossed either Mount Cenis or the Simplon: I cannot, therefore speak of them. The most celebrated passes with which I am acquainted are,—St. Gotthard, Mount Albula, the pass by the source of the Rhine, the Rætian Alps, the Breuner, the limb of the Pic du Midi, the pass of the Pyrenées from Perpignan to Catalonia, from Gavarnie by the Brèche de Roland to Arragon, some of the mountain passes of Norway, the Spanish Sierras, the Caucasus, the northern Elborz between Meanah and Casvin, and the stupendous cotalls in the south of Persia, which I have just described. Now, it may appear singular that of these the lower passages should be the finest; yet so it is, in my estimation. Mount Albula and the Brèche de Roland are certainly lower than St.

Gotthard, and yet their features are more striking. And the truth is, that besides the causes I have already mentioned, arising from diversity in conformation and surface, the very lowness is itself the chief cause of superiority. Nor is this apparent paradox difficult to explain: for where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, there cannot be precipices above; and the mere fact that a road is necessarily led over the highest part of the range, is itself a proof that it is not indented by those deep valleys, clefts, and ravines, which, did they exist, would permit the route to be conducted across at a lower elevation. Where a road traverses the summit of a mountain, the views may certainly be extensive; but they must greatly yield in sublimity to those which are presented where the road conducts the traveller through the heart of the mountain, among its deep recesses, its forests and cataracts.

Looking back and upward to the mountains I had just traversed, the different passes I have just enumerated, were successively recalled to my mind; I again contemplated, as it were, the rocky grandeur and desolation of Mount Albula and the Northern Elborz; the icy horrors of the Brèche de Roland; the picturesque beauties of the Rhætian Alps; the wide pastures of the Pic du Midi, with its fields of purple iris; the gloomy sublimity of the pine-clad mountains of Scandinavia and the inhospitable Caucasus; the arid desert, and far-up solitudes of the Sierra Morena; and the rich variegated carpet that overspreads the passes of the western Pyrenees. More sublime than some of these, more beautiful than others, the mountain-passes between Shiraz and the Persian Gulf, have their own peculiar charms; they could easily bear a comparison with the western Pyrenees, and hold an equal, and even superior, place in my memory with the passes of Switzerland.

On the 3rd of April, after a short ride over some uneven ground, we reached the northern extremity of the plain of Bushire, when, leaving our mules and baggage to follow us, we pushed on rapidly, intending to arrive at Bushire early in the day. The weather was almost broiling; indeed, I had never hitherto felt such heat during the same season of the year.

We had arrived within four fursuks of our journey's end, when we perceived before us a very large encampment, some of the tents forming which, were of the most gorgeous appearance. At this moment, several horsemen came up and informed us that the Prince-Governor of Bushire had sent them to us with an invitation. We accordingly accompanied the messengers to the royal tent, where we were most graciously received by the prince, who was seated on some magnificent cushions of cachemere. He was a very handsome, fine-looking young man, of about two-and-twenty years of age, and was the eldest son, by his chief wife, of Hussein Meerza, Farmoon Farmah of Shiraz, and son of Fath Ali, King of Persia. His royal highness had been for several days on a hunting expedition, and was about to proceed on the following morning to Bushire. He invited us to stay that night with him, and to accompany him afterwards on his return homewards, informing us at the same time that we should enjoy some excellent gazelle-hunting and hawking on the way. Although we were much fatigued with our long and tedious journey from Shiraz, we accepted of the invitation, and the more willingly, as we were aware that it would afford us an opportunity of witnessing a royal eastern hunt in all its splendour. Hussein Ali Meerza, for that was the name of the prince, entertained us during the remainder of the day most hospitably, and did us the honour of personally

conducting us over his hunting and hawking establishment, which consisted of above a hundred fine Arab horses, eighty-four greyhounds, and ninety-three hawks, besides a quantity of yaboos (hacks), of an inferior quality, for the use of the camp-followers. In the evening he ordered out his body-guard to practise at a mark, which consisted of a large he-goat placed at three hundred and fifty yards distance from the marksmen, who fired with huge, unwieldy matchlocks, about twelve feet in length, and so heavy that they could not be used without a rest. The men shot tolerably well, several balls striking the ground close to the goat. Two tofinckchis hit the stake to which the animal was tied, which pleased the prince so much that he immediately ordered a kalaat (dress of honour) to be given to each. Having returned with us to his tent, he directed a bottle to be placed at a hundred paces distant at which he fired about twenty shots; he did not, however, prove himself a very good marksman, or rather the rifle he used was so very unwieldy, that he did not go near the mark. The prince, although evidently somewhat annoyed at the ill-success of his attempts, laughed at his awkwardness, as he termed it, and asked us to try our skill. Upon which having sent for one of my rifles, I was fortunate enough to break three bottles in as many shots; but, in order that his royal highness should not be vexed at being beaten by me, I hinted to him that his want of success was owing to the hardness of his gun-locks, and proposed that he should make a trial of my rifle. Whether it was the result of accident, or that he was really a better shot than I gave him credit for, he hit the mark at the third shot, and appeared so delighted with the gun, that I could not help making use of the sentence, "It is not mine, but yours." In return for this present, Hussein Ali Meerza sent me afterwards, a beautiful Nedjee Arab, perfectly white, and which, I believe, became in the following year one of the chief favourites of the Bombay turf, to which city it was taken by an Arab horsedealer, to whom I sold the animal on my quitting Persia,

Around the royal tent were pitched several others, belonging to the chief khans and meerzas of the province. The assemblage of Arabs and Persians, composing the retinue, was very numerous, and presented more the appearance of an army on a campaign, than that of a hunting-party. A traveller in the East can, indeed, easily understand how Nimrod of old, "who was a mighty hunter before the Lord," became a powerful monarch. The most warlike Persian kings have always been great hunters. The illustrious eunuch, Aga Mahomed, uncle and predecessor to Fath Ali, was the best horseman and most expert marksman of his day, as well as being the best general, the most valiant warrior, and the ablest statesman.

After sunset the prince sent for his musicians, who played and sang before us for several hours. One of their songs was composed in honour of Mr. Littlejohn, general of the forces at Shiraz, and was replete with praises of his great martial deeds and military skill. The performers, indeed, with all the licence of Persian poetry, went so far as to say, "that Zaul and Rustum were great heroes, the very fathers of heroes, but that their exploits were as dirt compared to those of the brave, lion-hearted, eagle-eyed Faringee, whose voice was as the winds of Heaven, whose appearance was that of Eusoff, whose limbs were as graceful as those of an antelope, whose strength was as that of an elephant, and whose agility was that of a Goorkhur."

On the following morning we started before daylight for Bushire, in company with the prince. Horsemen had been previously sent forward in different directions to look out for the haunts of the gazelles, and after we had proceeded for about a fursok, news was brought that several of those animals were close at hand. The arrangements for the chase were now so managed, that we soon surrounded the destined prey by a very large circle. The signal was then given, hawks were cast, and dogs loosed, and away we galloped as fast as our horses could carry us. The manner in which the hawks attack the antelope is most remarkable, for immediately on the bird being let free it singles out a deer, and having overtaken it, perches upon its head and flaps its wings over the eyes of the animal, until it is so blinded and baffled in its movements, that the dogs can come up and pull it down. In this manner about a dozen gazelles were killed, when, the rifle being brought into play, the hunt assumed a different aspect, and as the hunters were too much engrossed in the sport to take heed of where their shots might strike, in case of their missing the gazelles they fired at, the amusement was not unattended with danger. In the present case, however, all went off, for some time, without any further accident than the wounding of several horses and dogs, when an adventure occurred of which I was an eye-witness, and which, but for the promptitude of Oriental justice, might have been for ever enveloped in mystery. The episode of this day's hunt was as follows :—

I was lagging somewhat behind, after having assisted in killing a gazelle which had been pulled down close to me by a couple of greyhounds, when suddenly a horseman at my side levelled his gun, seemingly, at another antelope which was bounding along at some distance, and fired; the ball, however, did not strike the deer, but entering the breast of an Arab *considerably* to the right of the *apparent mark*, killed him dead on the spot. As may be imagined a general hue and cry arose, and in a few moments the greater portion of the hunters had crowded to where the corpse lay, weltering in its warm blood. "How did it happen?" "Who killed him?" "Poor Abdallah! ill luck to the careless hand that pulled the trigger!" "His father's grave is defiled, and he himself shall be choked with the filth of all uncleanness." "What an ass must he be, who knows not a man from a deer." Such were the exclamations that were uttered on all sides; as for the man, whose gun had sped the fatal ball, he sat motionless upon his horse, his face deadly pale, and his teeth clenched firmly together, while his eyes seemed immovably fixed upon the body of him he had just slain. I know not how it was, but a suspicion rose in my mind that the deed had not been entirely accidental, and the more I reflected, the more that idea became confirmed; for I remembered that when the shot was fired, the gazelle and the man who had been slain were by no means in the same line. It appeared, moreover, that these suspicions were not confined to myself alone, for in a few minutes a horseman rode frantically up, exclaiming, "My son! my son! where is he?" This last person was, as his words implied, the father of the dead Arab. I had never beheld a countenance so full of agony as that of the old man, as he gazed upon the corpse; a moment afterwards, however, it became convulsed with rage, for some one had whispered in his ear the name of the man by whose hand his son had fallen. As if animated by all the vigour of youth, he spurred his horse violently, and at the same time

drawing his sword, he rushed up to the slayer of his son and aimed a blow at his head, which the other narrowly avoided. Before there was time to renew the blow, the bystanders interfered, and attempted to calm the old man's rage, by observing that what had occurred was the effect of accident. "An accident," cried the Arab; "it was never an accident that turned the muzzle of the assassin's gun towards my poor boy's heart; had any other but Ali Acmah fired the shot, I might have believed it was accident; but Ali Acmah has long desired the blood of his victim; I am ready to swear on the koran that the murder was premeditated. But why do you hold me? let me strike at the foul heart of the wretch! let me send his soul to hell?"

It was in vain that his friends essayed to pacify the old man; in vain they attempted to hold him back, his struggles were so violent, and the horse he bestrode so spirited, that he would soon have disengaged himself from their hold, had not the prince rode up. His presence caused a momentary silence, which was, however, immediately broken by the old Arab, who, darting from his horse, threw himself upon his knees before Hussein Ali Meerza, and having loudly accused Ali Acmah of wilfully murdering his son, claimed the right of revenging the blood, as being the nearest relative to the fallen man. The prince having dismounted, proceeded to seat himself upon a nummud, which was spread for him on the ground, and bade both accused and accuser to be brought before him. The latter soon told his tale, which was, "That Ali Acmah and his victim had been at bitter enmity with each other for some time, and that the former had been more than once heard to say, that he longed for young Abdullah's blood; that, in fact, this was not the first attempt he had made at assassination, for a few months before Abdullah had been shot at while sitting under a date tree, in the vicinity of Bushire, and it was strongly suspected that Ali Acmah had fired the ball, which had then lodged in the turban of the young man."

To this accusation Ali Acmah replied, that he had never felt any hatred towards Abdullah; that as for the shot fired in the date grove, he wished that his beard might be plucked from its roots, if he knew from whom it came. "It was an unlucky fate," he continued, "that caused the ball from my rifle to enter the body of the young man, for I had aimed at a gazelle; as Allah is Allah, and Mahomed is his prophet, I speak no lies. I am ready to pay the price of blood, it is due from me, for I have slain a man, although unintentionally."

"You lie, vile wretch! foul swine! burnt father! goromsog!" cried the old Arab. "You are an assassin, you wished to kill my son. O most noble prince, issue of the king of kings, give me the life of this man;—let me slay him with mine own hand! Does he think that blood-money can ever repay me for the loss of my child? Oh, no!—may the ashes of my ancestors be defiled, if I accept of any ransom! Let me have blood for blood, vengeance for vengeance."

An investigation of some length now ensued: witnesses were called; the mutual positions of the dead man, Ali Acmah, and the gazelle, at the moment of the shot being fired, were examined into; and at length it became clear to every one present that the fatal event was the result of no accident, but of a premeditated vengeance. The prince had now no second course to pursue; and having asked the bereaved father whether he was inclined to accept of the price of blood, the old man returned in a firm and solemn voice:

"In no other manner but by the death of the assassin."

"Take, then, your due," said Hussein Ali Meerza. "I am here to administer equal justice to Persians and to Arabs, and can refuse it to none."

On hearing these words, the murderer threw himself upon his knees, and having confessed his guilt, intreated for mercy in the most suppliant terms, calling Allah to witness that he had received the grossest provocation from him he had slain. It was, however, in vain that he spoke. There was one man only present who had power to save his life, and that man was the father of Abdullah. Coldly drawing forth his sabre, the old Arab advanced towards the kneeling criminal, and exclaiming—"O Abdullah! thus do I revenge thy blood!" with one powerful blow, he severed the head of Ali Acmah from his body.

I had before this frequently been witness to the awful speediness of Oriental justice, but never had I beheld a scene more imposing than the one which had just taken place; for in the space of one short half-hour the murder had been committed, the accusation made, the witnesses examined, and the criminal condemned and executed. It must be observed that justice was meted out in this instance most impartially; for had not the crime been *clearly* proved, the murderer would have been acquitted. He would still, however, have been exposed to the vengeance of the dead man's family, who would have sought his life by every possible means.

The fatal event which had occurred having naturally put a sudden stop to the chase, the retinue of the prince collected together in good order, and we proceeded in the direction of Bushire, where we arrived about noon. At the entrance of the town we took leave of Hussein Ali Meerza, and proceeded to the Factory,* where we were most hospitably received by Mr. Blane, the English resident and political agent.

A few days after our arrival at Bushire, a revolution took place, and, after some bloodshed, Hussein Ali Meerza was deposed, and the government usurped by one Djumal Khan, an Arab. After having been detained prisoner for a short time, the prince was allowed to depart with his harem for Shiraz.

Djumal Khan did not long enjoy his usurped power; for a few weeks after he had assumed the reins of government, he was shot while feasting in a date-grove about a mile from the town, the day before the arrival of Timoor Meerza, second brother to Hussein Ali, with an army from Shiraz. Aided by this (for him) fortunate occurrence, Timoor Meerza soon put down the rebellion, and was in consequence appointed governor by the Farmoon Farmah, which situation he held until the death of Fath-Ali Shah, when, having been engaged with his father and brothers in unsuccessfully disputing the crown with Mohammed Shah, the present monarch, he was obliged to fly from Persia, when he proceeded to England in company with Hussein Ali Meerza and another of his brothers.

Those three Persian princes are now residing at Bagdad, and are in receipt of a pension from the English government.

* The English residence is so called.

† The right of Hussein Meerza, Farmoon Farmah of Shiraz, to the crown of Persia, was not altogether visionary, for he was born (of a different mother) on the same day as the late Abbas Meerza, father of Mohamed the present Shah. Had not the claim of Mohamed been supported by the English and Russian governments, there is every reason to suppose that Hussein would have been successful, as he possessed a very well-disciplined army, commanded by Mr. Littlejohn, a most talented British officer.

SHE'S GONE TO BATH.

BY GREENSLEEVES.

BETTY opened the door.

"Please, ma'am, she's gone to Bath.

The tea-table rose *en masse*.

"Gone to Bath!" echoed the party, amazed, and for three mortal seconds the tea-table was dumb. Nature could stand it no longer; the prisoned members broke loose, and the air was rent with exclamations and apostrophes.

"Well!" "There!" "Now!" "Could you!"

"I always thought it! I always said it! I always knew it!" said a little sharp-featured woman, striking the table forcibly at each announcement.

"Hush!" cried the lady of the house; but she cried in vain. All spoke; no one listened—certainly not the best way to gratify curiosity, or gain information. The stronger minds seemed suddenly struck with this conviction. "Hush!" cried they, and they made signs, nodded, opened their mouths, and pointed to Betty. The pantomime succeeded; all eyes were turned upon the round red face; all tongues attacked its owner.

"Are you sure?" "Did you listen?" "Can she be trusted?" "Looks stupid!" "And, may be, fibs!"

Betty had not her rival in S*****. She was housemaid, parlour-maid, laundry-maid, lady's-maid rolled up in one: the best cook and the kindest nurse in the parish, too. Betty was a treasure; Betty was a favourite: Betty was aware of it, and—Betty was saucy. Her mistress, old, weak, and a little fidgety, would have doubled her wages rather than lose her.

Betty heard the "impudent observations," twirled the door-handle, and gazed stolidly at the bald mandarin on the mantel-shelf.

"You don't speak, woman," exclaimed the vivacious lady who had so oracularly declared her intelligence.

"I ain't no woman at all, Mrs. Wiper," said Betty, exploding. "I ain't so stoopid as some folks think; I never tells no lies; and, thank my granny as larnt me better, I knows it ain't genteel to talk when somebody else is speakin'."

"What 's that she says?"

"Did you ever!"

"Such a very extraordinary licence of speech!"

"Hold your tongue, Betty," prayed Mrs. Willetts; "it's only her way; and, to be sure, I never *knew* her to make a mistake. Who did you see, Betty?"

"The old lady."

"Mrs. Maunder?"

"There ain't no other old lady at Helen Cottage as I know on."

"Not now, certainly, Betty," interposed her mistress; "but, remember that common courtesy——"

"I never was no hand at curtseyin'," muttered Betty, dropping an awkward bob; "Granny took a world o' pains a learnin' me, but I can't do no better."

"You may withdraw, Betty," said her mistress, mildly; "when I ring, bring up the kettle."

Betty was gone off "without leave."

"An oddish temper, but so faithful and trustworthy," remarked old Mrs. Willetts; "and then she can't bear, poor thing! to be checked by any one but myself." She glanced rather resentfully at Mrs. Viper.

"Check her, my dear Mrs. W.! I caught your look, and I call these ladies to witness I only dubbed her woman; and, upon my word, under our present excitement, I cannot see any great harm in the phrase. But who's that?"

There was an impatient knock at the street door: two ladies ran to the window and peeped over the blinds.

"Miss Cramshaw!" cried they, in ecstasy.

The door was opened. Miss Cramshaw rushed into the room.

"Have you heard it?" gasped she. The tea-table sprang up.

"Yes!—no!—what?" cried the members.

"Miss Danvers!"

"Good heavens! to be sure;—have you?"

"This very moment."

"Gone to Bath!"

"To Bath?"

"So artful!"

"So sly!"

"So close!"

"So clandestine!"

"Gone to Bath!—and I met her yesterday, asked her how she did, and she never hinted it!" Miss Cramshaw spread out her hands, then her eyes up to the ceiling, and herself into a chair.

"Very surprising!" quavered Mrs. Willetts, "Betty went to the cottage this afternoon and saw old Mrs. Maunder. 'Where's Miss Danvers?' said Betty. '*Gone to Bath,*' said the old lady."

"The very thing that she told me. I saw her watering her geraniums as I passed by; 'Where's your niece?' said I. 'Gone to Bath,' stammered she. 'Gone to Bath!' said I; 'bless me! how sudden!'—'Ay,' said the old dame. And she bent her head aside, and put her hand up to her ear;—a trick only; 'how sudden,' said I. 'Lor', is it?' mumbled the old lady; 'well, I thought it was rather chilly.' Stuff! said I, but I saw at a glance the thing was mum! for the old lady went into the cottage and shut the door. Let the cat out of the bag, plain enough."

Miss Cramshaw squinted and looked wise.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Spoonbill, a matron whose daughter hung on hand, "this is a warning for George Benson: *he* shall know it, please God. My Mary Anne never could bear that Miss Danvers. 'Mamma,' says she, 'she's so artful, and such a flirt!' If you'd seen, ladies, how the hussy angles for George—I'm sure it's shameful!"

"I always foresaw how it would end," cried Mrs. Viper, whose volubility bore down all before her; "such extravagance,—such folly—such absolute disregard of—I may almost say common honesty. First, to rent an elegant little cottage fit only for gentlefolks."

Old Mrs. Willetts shook her head and took snuff. "Very imprudent!" chorussed the ladies.

"Imprudent!—UNPRINCIPLED!" retorted the censor; "had she money in hand—a husband—a shop—or means to pay for it? No! What is she? a poor officer's daughter. What is her aunt?—a purser's widow. They've nothing between them,—nothing at all to live on."

"Mrs. Maunder has a pension," ventured a good-natured young lady, hitherto silent.

"A pension—fiddlestick!" cried Mrs. Viper, snapping her fingers, "I wouldn't give that for it: Viper gets more in fees in a summer-month. I wonder they're not ashamed to go on as they do! Rent a beautiful house, buy furniture, carpets, and chairs, and tables, and mirrors. I never heard of such infamous proceedings." The lady's rapid enunciation exhausted her breath.

"Possibly they hope to increase their income by boarders," suggested the good-natured young lady.

"Do they, Miss Vernon,—hum! And what right have strangers to come to this favourite watering-place and rob the old inhabitants of their profits and the preference due to them? I've been unlet half the season, so has Mrs. Swasher,—and poor Miss Agrimony."

"If she's gone to Bath, it's to be hoped she'll stay," said Mrs. Spoonbill.

"Gone to Bath," sneered Mrs. Viper; "ah! that's the end of it,—that's the wind up and finale. A fortnight ago, had in a new sofa covered with green velvet, carved *à la renaissance*,—last week I saw a large chimney glass go up to the cottage, neat, gold and burnished. Lord knows *what* price: and no later than Monday, a dozen fashionable chairs, that I'm sure Viper couldn't afford me, and the influenza raging. I knew how it would end; and as to George Benson—"

"He's a fool, that's all," snarled Mrs. Spoonbill.

"It's a sad thing," sighed Mrs. Willetts, tapping her snuff-box.

"Sad! it's shocking. Philips sent in his bill three months ago; the baker received a promise instead of payment; and as to Bull the butcher, I pity the man! he's a sick wife and eleven children."

"Is Miss Danvers in his debt?" asked the good-natured young lady; "I was told she paid ready money."

"Ready money," hissed Mrs. Viper; "I don't think much of that coin passes into her hands, and of course it would be hard to expect it to pass out. Why, she's not let her apartments or had a boarder, to my certain knowledge, these six months."

"Six months!" said the good-natured young lady; "who was the Mrs. Mountjoy that went away last week, after staying the summer?"

"A friend, I believe; one that paid nothing, or next to nothing, as friends mostly do. George Benson was always going in and out of the house then; one would have thought he was paying court to the old lady instead of the young one."

"But who was she? she had the manners and appearance of a gentlewoman."

"Nobody knows and nobody cares, I dare say," cried Mrs. Viper. "She was a very unpleasant, sharp, satirical old woman, I'm sure. Visited nobody—spoke to nobody; and always eyed them as if they were dirt."

"She took the wall of me twice," said Mrs. Spoonbill: "and was

very high and mighty, when my Mary Ann looked over her shoulder as she was reading on the sands."

"I can't say but that I liked the look of the old lady; a little stately perhaps; but I liked her the better for that," observed Mrs. Willetts, in a quiet tone.

"I remember meeting her near the Castle, leaning on George Benson's arm," said Miss Vernon; "she had an ebony crutch-stick in her hand, and as she passed, it caught in my skirt and tore the flounce; the old lady stopped and spoke to me, apologising for the accident, and her voice, though a little tremulous with age, was so sweet, her regard so kind, and her manner so gracious, that I have thought of them ever since."

Mrs. Viper laughed derisively: Mrs. Spoonbill imitated her.

"Very romantic, Miss Vernon," said the former; "quite an incident and a picture. Perhaps the old lady happened to know that you're an only child, and has a son she wishes to settle."

"No, no, Mary," cried Mrs. Willetts, shaking her head; "Mary will not forget my poor Dick, though he's far away. God bless him!"

Mary Vernon blushed, but cast her young eyes so assuringly, yet timidly on the speaker, that all fear of a rival for "poor Dick" was laid at rest.

That Miss Danvers could not meet her engagements, and was furtively gone off to Bath in the hope of evading her creditors, was carried by a majority. What the landlord would do—what the tradesmen would do, and what Goody Maunder would do, were about to be canvassed, when the street bell rang.

"That's the butcher with a sweetbread," said Mrs. Willetts; "I saw him pass the window."

"Have him in," cried Mrs. Viper, "it would be only Christian to warn him."

"Bull was shewn in, and, making his best bow, stood close to the door, cap-in-hand.

"We wished to see you, Bull," began Mrs. Viper, very readily.

"Yes, ma'am," said the butcher.

"We wish you well, Bull." Bull "made a leg." "And, from a pure feeling of charity tell you that Miss Danvers is *gone to Bath*."

"Gone to Bath, is she, ma'am; Lord love her pretty face! she's a sweet young lady," wheezed Bull, with a ray of animation in his huge ox-eye. There was some surprise.

"Do you understand, Bull? SHE'S GONE TO BATH," said Mrs. Viper, laying extraordinary emphasis on the words.

"To Bath—mind to BATH," chorussed the rest of the company, always excepting the good-natured young lady.

"To drink the waters?" said stupid Bull; "much good may it do her, ma'am; she's as fair spoken a young lady as ever I had to deal with."

"Soft words butter no parsnips," cried Mrs. Spoonbill, forgetting her gentility of speech. "My Mary Ann hates palaver."

"Allow me to speak, Mrs. Spoonbill, if you please," said Mrs. Viper, with dignity. "Fair speaking is one thing, Bull, but fair dealing's another. You're a man saddled with a sick wife and eleven children, all hearty four-meals-a-day boys, I believe?"

"Just so, ma'am," sighed the puzzled butcher.

"You ought to know your duty."

"I humbly hope I do, ma'am," cried Bull, still more perplexed; "I fear God and honour the queen; damn the French, and go to church of a Sunday; pay tithes and taxes, send the young 'uns to school, keep a nuss to wait on my missis, and never backbite nobody."

"Bless me! how intensely stupid you are, Bull," screamed Mrs. Viper. "Miss Danvers, I tell you, is GONE TO BATH."

"What's that to me, ma'am?" said Bull, growing surly.

"Doesn't she owe you money?—hasn't she run a long bill with you?—*isn't she gone to Bath?*—and do you flatter yourself she'll come back to pay you, eh?"

"In course, Mrs. Viper," said Bull, "when a customer's honourably paid a bill once, he's a d—d rogue that hopes to get it twice. Beg pardon, ladies, Miss Danvers paid me yesterday morning a little bill she owed me, and what's more gave young Bob a shilling. Any orders, ladies? Good evening, Mrs. Willetts—Mrs. Viper, your sarvant."

Bull rolled out of the room, and shut the street-door rather roughly after him.

"Paid him!—well I'm sure!—Miss Danvers paid him!—can't believe it!—very odd!"

Another ring: Betty came in.

"Please, ma'am, Mister Philips is stepped up to know if you'll have the cabinet, as a lady thinks of taking it if you don't."

"Tell Philips I don't wish it," said Mrs. Willetts.

"Goodness me! don't send him away," cried Mrs. Viper; "let him come in, my dear Mrs. W. Good evening, Mr. Philips: how is Miss Philips?"

"Quite charming, Mrs. Viper," smirked the upholsterer. "I hope I see you well, ladies," and he swept off his hat, and bowed all round, "quite charming, I thank you."

"By the bye those were uncommon stylish chairs you sent in yesterday to Elm Cottage."

"A slap-up article, ladies, London-made—solid rosewood—silk damask, nine-and-threepence a yard."

Up went the hands, eyes, and noses of the majority.

"And the sofa, you sent that in, too?"

"I did, ma'am; very handsome thing. Genoa velvet—all carved—light and tasteful, yet durable as steel."

"I am truly sorry, Philips."

"The chimney glass!" squealed Mrs. Spoonbill: "my Mary Ann took particular notice of that."

"Ah! that," said Philips, "Ashby supplied; I had not one large enough—magnificent plate from Ravenhead, sixty inches by thirty-six—matchless frame—splendidly moulded."

"Hum! ha! upon my word, she has grand notions," writhed Mrs. Viper; "but are you and Mr. Ashby aware that Miss Danvers has gone to Bath?"

"Gone to Bath!" shrieked all but the good-natured young lady and old Mrs. Willetts.

"Gone to Bath!" said Philips, very tranquilly.

"Yes, gone to Bath! suddenly and secretly. Don't look as if it meant nothing—the thing means much—it speaks volumes—folios,

I may say, and ought to be a landmark to tradesmen how they encourage wanton wickedness in strangers."

"I don't exactly comprehend," stammered Philips, running a finger through his left whisker, and gazing helplessly at the speaker.

"You see nothing fraught with significance in this stealthy flight to Bath?"

Philips started.

"Really, you don't say so! Well, upon my soul! if it be so, I wish them joy," simpered Philips, and the fellow half winked as he spoke.

"Wish them joy! what do you mean, sir? some persons will find it a very fearful trouble, I think," said Mrs. Viper, bitterly.

"God bless me!" stuttered Philips, turning very red, "I hope not—most sincerely and respectfully—I hope not. Mr. George is a fine frank-hearted young gentleman, and I'm quite sure wouldn't deceive any young lady."

"Mr. George! what has he to do with the matter?"

"I understood you to mean, ladies—excuse me—that Mr. George and Miss Danvers were gone to Bath to get married."

There was a general murmur.

"We mean no such thing; we mean that you had better get back your carved sofa and fine chairs," added Mrs. Viper, wrinkling her nose awfully, "if you don't the landlord will step in."

"I'm truly sorry to hear it, ladies; but I'm happy to say as far as Ashby and I are concerned, we're safe."

"Safe!" shrieked the censors.

"Mr. George Benson brought the money in his way from the bank, and then went over and settled with Jones."

"The silversmith?" clamoured the party, in unspeakable excitement.

"Exactly, ladies; handsome tea-service ordered by Miss Danvers, solid silver, and newest style."

Fearful looks were exchanged at the tea-table: one lady turned faint, and another sick, so much were they shocked at this discovery."

"Good evening, Mr. Philips," said Mrs. Viper, gravely, while Mrs. Spoonbill and Miss Cramshaw put on a staid yet troubled air; "your story is true, I suppose, and as you're paid, the matter's ended, unless, indeed, Messrs. Forester should find—should consider—should be legally compelled to—arrest Mr. George Benson for embezzlement. But, however, good evening!"

Mr. Philips, though considerably flustered, forthwith went into the fifth position, bowed low, and backed out of the parlour.

"A silver tea-service! it's pretty plain why Miss Danvers is gone to Bath," groaned the ladies, in a voice of terrific import.

"Poor George Benson! I feel for him," wailed Mrs. Spoonbill; "my Mary Ann was, and is, partial to him still. This will be a dreadful blow to her, dear child. A silver tea-service! That depraved hussy never ceased her wicked manœuvres till she lured him away from my daughter; and you see the end of it—a silver tea-service!—vice and involvement!"

"Robbery and forgery?"

"Jack Ketch and Tyburn tree!" added a clear mellow voice, that caused the ladies to jump from their chairs and nearly upset the

table. A handsome manly face looked in at the parlour-window: "brighter curls or merrier blue eyes, ruddier lips or blither smile, never claimed a glance of favour," so said Miss Cramshaw.

"Jack Ketch and Tyburn tree!"

"At seventeen I took a wife,
She was the glory of my life,
And to maintain her fine and gay,
A-robbing went on the highway."

So carolling, George Benson pushed aside the dwarf Venetian, and vaulted in at the window. "There, I've furnished you with a rhyming illustration of your text, showing in right lamentable strain how a 'prentice bold, snared by the golden locks of a loving damsel, jumped over the broomstick, and then full gallantly took to the road to buy her baubles."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Viper.

"Oh!" sighed Miss Cramshaw.

"Eh dearee me!" chirped Mrs. Spoonbill.

Mrs. Willetts was silent; Miss Vernon alone looked trusting and cheerful.

"But heyday! what's the matter, ladies?" cried George Benson, half seating himself on the pier-table, and looking gaily round.

"Mrs. Willetts, I hope you have no bad news. Poll's well, I see; Pug better?"

The old lady bowed.

"How is Miss Danvers?" inquired Mrs. Viper.

"In high health and spirits, I trust," replied the young man, "I've not seen her to-day."

"I dare say you have not," said Mrs. Viper drily.

"But, I'm going up now. Have you any message or three-cornered note?"

"O dear, no," bridled Mrs. Viper. "Mrs. Willetts, ladies, have you?"

"O dear, no; thank you."

"That is fortunate; for, I rather think that if we had," continued Mrs. Viper, "you would find some difficulty in delivering it, Mr. Benson."

"Indeed! why so?"

"You are not aware, then,—you really do *not* know—" the speaker paused.

"What, my dear madam?"

"That you can't see Miss Danvers?"

"Can't see her—by Jove! not I. Kate's always at home to me when her aunt's with her."

"Ah! very proper, of course; appearances must be consulted."

"Appearances, madam!" cried young Benson, with flashing eyes.

"Miss Danvers is purity itself."

"No doubt, sir," said Mrs. Viper coldly.

"And carved sofas, rosewood chairs, silver tea-sets, and chimney-glasses, may for a time keep up appearances too," chimed in Mrs. Spoonbill.

"This passes a jest, ladies," said the young man sternly.

"So I think, sir," replied Mrs. Viper; "so do these ladies; and it pains me much to be first to tell you—"

"Speak, for God's sake, madam!" cried George Benson, quivering with emotion.

"That Miss Danvers is—"

"Gone to Bath!" shrieked the ladies, rising hastily from their chairs.

George Benson seized his hat. "Gone to Bath! impossible! No such thing! You've been hoaxed and fooled. Who told you this audacious lie?"

"Mrs. Maunder," said Mrs. Viper.

"Mrs. Maunder," echoed the ladies.

"Kate's aunt!" shouted the young man, and he rushed out of the house."

"You should not have told him," said Mrs. Willetts.

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Spoonbill, "my Mary Ann would not have served him so. Oh, she's a vile, hardened, hypocritical creature!"

And, despite of the lady of the house, and of the good-natured young lady, the tongues were let loose, and the tempest again raged, and poor Kate Danvers' good name was knocked to sawdust. "Adventuress,"—"swindler,"—"fortune-hunter,"—"impudent,"—"shameless,"—"artful,"—"upstart,"—"nobody,"—"beggar were phrases that flew from mouth to mouth.

"God bless me! who's that?" said Mrs. Willetts.

"Miss DANVERS!" bawled Betty, opening the parlour-door. The ladies leaped to their feet.

"You don't say so?" cried Mrs. Willetts.

Miss Danvers! Yes, there she was bodily,—as fair—as delicate—as really lovely and innocent-looking as if George Benson had not paid her bills by "robbery and forgery." A cloth cloak and a shepherd's maul, strong shoes, and a stuff-gown, might have told of a railway expedition. Miss Danvers did not display them. She was dressed in a simple muslin, with a plain black scarf, and a cottage-bonnet; her dark hair was in smooth bands; her mien calm, her air cordial and kind. She looked so incomparably lovely, lady-like graceful, and gracious, that something like compunction smote the breasts of all but Mrs. Viper and the mother of Mary Ann.

"Good evening, Mrs. Willetts," said Kate Danvers, moving gracefully forward, and presenting her hand to the old lady,—“good evening, ladies!” and she cast her charming eyes round the circle, “I heard that you had sent your maid to my aunt, my dear Mrs. Willetts, and that you favoured her with a call, Miss Cramshaw.”

No one spoke articulately; but looks of wonder and inquiry,—of confusion and annoyance, travelled from face to face. The silence and constraint of the company struck Miss Danvers.

"I am afraid that I have interrupted you," said she, very sweetly, "if so, I shall regret my unceremonious intrusion. But I was really impatient to be the bearer of good news, my dear Mrs. Willetts. Your grandson is promoted; his name is gazetted." Kate Danvers drew from her reticule a London paper.

"Oh, thank you! bless you, my dear child!—thank you! thank you!" cried old Mrs. Willetts, taking the journal with trembling hands, and looking with sudden tears on the fair face of the young girl. "Where is it? Where is my Richard's name? But, no; I can't read it now,—and you—you kind gracious creature!"

"Nay, see. I know it will give you pleasure," and Kate Danvers unfolded the paper, and laid a white finger on the paragraph. "En-

sign Richard Sutton Willetts, —th Foot, to be Lieutenant without purchase, *vice* Warrington, deceased."

"So it is!" cried the old lady, in smothered accents,—“and you, you darling child! were coming to give me this pride, and joy While I, poor wicked old creature! was letting spite and malice backbite and slander you. Will you—can you forgive me?”

Miss Danvers gazed on the pleader in alarm and surprise.

"You are too trusting, Mrs. Willetts," warned Mrs. Viper. "Have you forgotten?" and she put her hand on the old lady. Mrs. Willetts impatiently shook it off.

"Go!" she said sharply,—“go! every one of you, but that sweet-tempered Mary Vernon.”

"Lor! Mrs. Willetts," exclaimed Mary Ann's mother, "did you not hear it yourself?"

"I did, and more shame to my old ears to listen to such evil tongues."

"Betty!—where's Betty? Here! come in, this moment!" cried Mrs. Viper, fiercely, calling in the maid, "What did Mrs. Maunder tell you to-day of Miss Danvers?"

"As she was gone to Bath."

"Gone to Bath, you hear!" cried Mrs. Viper, casting a quailing look at Miss Danvers. "Ellen Cramshaw, *what* did Mrs. Maunder tell *you*, I beg to inquire."

"That Miss Danvers was gone to Bath."

"To BATH!" said Kate Danvers, springing up with a silvery laugh.

A fly dashed up to the door: there was a thundering rap, that knocked the plates off the dresser, woke Pug, and frightened Poll.

"George Benson!" cried Mrs. Spoonbill. The parlour-door was flung wide, and two old ladies entered the room, followed by young Benson.

"My dearest aunt! My dear—dear Mrs. Mountjoy!" said Kate, flying forward, "when did you return? What has brought you here?" and she kissed the old lady on the cheek.

Mrs. Willetts pointed to chairs.

"My darling Miss Danvers, beg your aunt and the stranger-lad to be seated. I am happy to see you, ladies."

Mrs. Mountjoy cast a quick glance at the speaker.

"Child! present me to Mrs. Captain Willetts," said she to Kate.

Her order was obeyed. The two old ladies exchanged stately courtesies, and Mrs. Mountjoy, with a look of peculiar benevolence at Miss Vernon, sat down. Mrs. Maunder was deaf, and heard but half of what was said; but she seemed very excited, and would not take a chair.

"It's my fault!" she cried,—“all my fault! but, could I ever have supposed that mischief would be made of it? Oh, for shame! for shame!”

"Never mind, aunt," cried Kate; "don't put yourself in a passion now; it can be so easily explained."

"I will explain this terrible mystery," said George Benson, speaking in a tempered, cheerful tone, for Mrs. Maunder appeared chagrined.

"Mrs. Spoonbill—my dear Miss Cramshaw, if you are ready, we may take leave, I think," said Mrs. Viper.

"Stop, ladies!" cried George Benson, and he placed himself at the door, "our explanation will not detain you many seconds, and it is the *moral to the play*. Mrs. Maunder and her niece, the orphan daughter of a gallant soldier, lived at Bath Easton before they came to S*****. Bath Easton is two miles from Bath, and Kate Danvers, like a good, dutiful little girl, as she was, went twice a week with her aunt's maid, to market—"

"To BATH," cried the old lady, who listened hard, and heard the full, manly tones of George Benson.

"Yes; *went to Bath*, remember," said George Benson, "and, by degrees, *to go to market* and *to go to Bath* became synonymous phrases in the mouth of Mrs. Maunder. Kate Danvers was gone to market, Mrs. Viper, when Betty called, and when Miss Cramshaw asked for her, my venerable friend, true to old times, to old habits, and to old associations—may we all be so!—answered, unluckily, as it seemed 'SHE'S GONE TO BATH.' I blush to say that her innocent forgetfulness of her present locality was made the source of, I fear, cruel imputation on a spotless name."

Mrs. Willetts rang the bell.

"Mrs. Viper, Mrs. Spoonbill, Miss Cramshaw, I shall wish you good evening, and a final adieu."

"Stay!" cried Mrs. Mountjoy, in a tone of command, "let all be cleared up before the company take leave. *I* sent in the plate and furniture, which awakened so many apprehensions for the unfortunate tradespeople in the minds of these benevolent ladies. *I* paid for it: it is my poor present to my chosen grand-daughter, Kate Danvers, in three days, God willing, wife of my dear grandson George Benson. George Benson, give your arm to your future wife."

The command was promptly obeyed.

"*Your* grandmother! and you never told me!" murmured the blushing and astonished Kate.

"Dearest! forgive me. I was bound to secrecy," whispered the happy lover, as he drew her arm through his, and exultantly sustained her in the midst of the wondering circle.

"I am a proud and a wilful old woman," continued Mrs. Mountjoy. "Care for my grandson, anxiety about his attachment, and an obstinate determination to judge for myself, brought me *incog.* to S*****. I came without servants expressly, took up my abode in the quiet home of Kate Danvers and her worthy aunt, and commanded George to regard me as a stranger, and to preserve secret our relationship."

The evil geniuses shrunk discomfited from the room as she concluded, and the good-natured young lady glanced very joyfully at Mrs. Willetts, who returned her look with equal gladness.

"Lord a mussy, wot a comfort!" cried Betty, blubbing. "Dear old soul! *I'll* know her meaning fast enough when next she says—"

"SHE'S GONE TO BATH!" repeated Mrs. Maunder.

FRANCE AND HER NATIONAL ASSEMBLIES.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MIRABEAU.

BY JAMES WARD.

WHEN we read the accounts of the National Assembly in France, and bear in mind the singular events which have called it into existence, to say nothing of the heterogeneous elements of which it is composed, we are naturally induced to compare it with its great prototype of 1789. History is continually repeating herself; and, with a slight variation of facts, the features of the present age are but a fac-simile of the past, the principles of human action being uniform and unchangeable. It is that *slight variation*, however, which we ought to note, as it forms the only test by which we can measure the onward or retrograde movement of a people.

After fifty years of schooling, during which period she has passed through almost every phase of political instruction, France has come round to the very point from whence she started; and, although her first lesson cost her so much labour, and so many agonizing efforts, to thoroughly understand, it was apparently all thrown away upon her. She appears to-day as really ignorant of its spirit and import as she was half a century ago; and ere she reaches the *pons asinorum*, even of her present course, we venture to predict that she will abandon it for some other, which we earnestly hope may be more congenial to her tastes, and better adapted to her peculiar capacity.

The French are delighted with a *bon mot*, which they bitterly pointed against the old Bourbon dynasty, "that they had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing;" but, does it not strike our lively and sensitive neighbours that the sarcasm would lose none of its severity were it applied to themselves? After all the experience of the last fifty years what have they learnt, and what have they forgotten? They have passed through the ordeal of a republic, a consulate, an empire, a restoration, a republican-monarchy, and are once more in the midst of a republic; and have they, with all this instruction, forgotten the empty follies, the theatrical tomfooleries, the showy and wasteful displays of their progenitors? Not a bit of it. Again, what have they learnt during that period? Their political proceedings at the present moment; their internal state; their whole industrial condition—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial,—will afford the readiest answer to that question.

It is a great pity, and a serious loss to mankind, that a nation like France, with her active and lively mind, with her vast and inventive resources, should not take a more practical, sagacious, and enlarged view of her political necessities; that she should fritter away her time and strength in galvanic efforts to establish the Utopian nonsense of "liberty, equality, and fraternity." After all her efforts, gigantic and splendid as they really are, she finds herself simply whirling round and round in a vicious and destructive circle. It is the old game of "labour in vain," although played out on a grand and magnificent scale. But, this is the foible of France, and she must be fooled "to the top of her bent." Flattering herself with the notion that she is the great political laboratory of the age—the *experimentum crucis*—through which must pass all social

regeneration and improvement, it is very natural that she should think, although she may not proclaim it aloud, that she is entitled to the first place among the political pioneers of the age. If we may divine the thoughts of a people from their actions, she would seem to have these words continually on her lips :—" We are the instructors of the world, —we make grand experiments for their advantage,—we alone are deserving of admiration among nations." And, to blind her eyes, and flatter her senses with these fine notions more effectively, she commands her drums to beat, her cannons to roar, and her flags to flare in the wind ; and, when all this " sound and fury " have died away, and the measured tramp of her battalions—that " music to her soul "—has for a moment palled on the ear, what sort of figure does she present to the eyes of the thinking, sensible, and reflective portion of mankind, — we mean those who can value precisely empty show and vulgar excitement, —those who are busied in creating new sources of improvement for mankind, not in devising destructive means for their abasement and misery ? Like a beggarly spendthrift, disporting herself in the tawdry trappings of destruction—a showy victim of vanity, wasting her fine energies upon foibles and follies which the wise and practical have scouted long ago as empty, hurtful, and aimless.

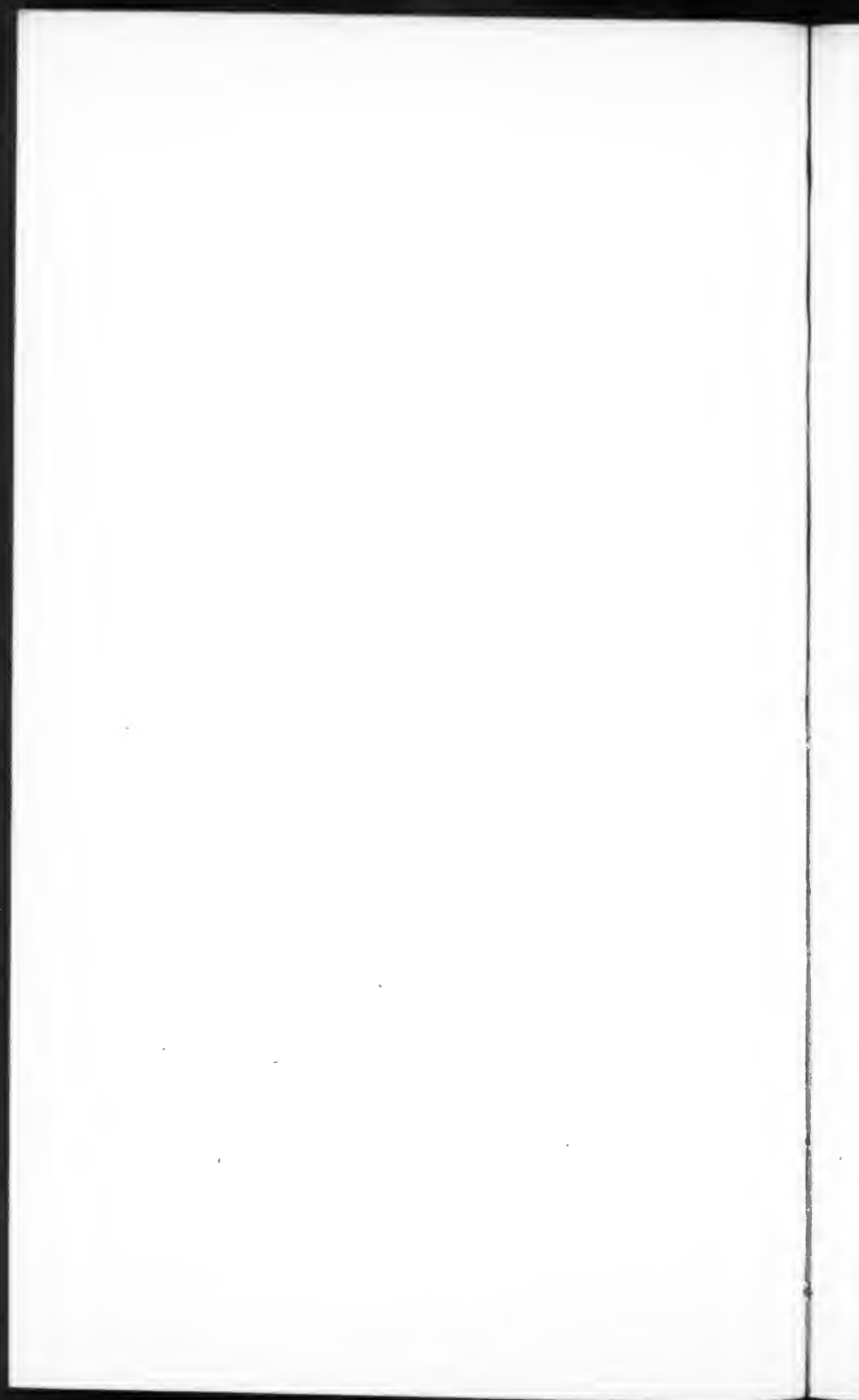
Before France can hope to extricate herself from such a position, we believe that she must undergo a thorough social revulsion ; and that the state of her property, and the laws which regulate it, must be placed upon a different footing. As long as the present law of *partage égal* exists, she must always be a nation of needy paupers, and the mass of her people on the very verge of existence ; and, as a natural result, disaffected and diseased in mind, ready for any revolt against social order, and ripe for any resistance to legal authority.

The law of *partage égal* aims a deadly blow at social progress, as it prevents the accumulation of capital, and without the accumulation of capital, which serves as a fund for the constant employment of labour, and gives a new impulse to the industry of a people, it is impossible that wealth can increase—which, after all, is the nest-egg of a nation's peace and prosperity. We have not space here to enlarge on the moral bearings of this important question,—of the healthy stimulus which it imparts to man in his social capacity, by flattering his ambition,—or, it might be demonstrated to almost mathematical precision that the law of *partage égal*, the fruit of the Assembly of 1791, and which was deemed a master-stroke of policy at that period, has been the prurient cause of the present diseased and unsettled state of France.

Mirabeau, with all his genius and foresight, committed an egregious blunder when he proposed to the Assembly the abolition of the law of *primogeniture*. Had the laws of political economy, and their bearing upon property, been as well understood in that age as they are at present, he would have shrunk back with dread at the prospect of France being divided into millions of petty *propriétaires* ; with barely sufficient for a scanty subsistence ; with the great mass of their live-stock eaten off the land ; with a harpy race of usurers haunting the poor cultivator—the nominal proprietor—while he himself was plunged chin-deep in debt and mortgage, and all this misery to be endured under the delusive notion that he was to be independent of a " lord."

Still the *propriétaire* sticks to his bit of land with great tenacity, notwithstanding the heavy burden which it entails upon him ; but he has





always this hoꝝ — somewhat vague, and not distinctly defined to himself, much less expressed to others — that something will turn up, he cannot tell what, to ease him of his load, and free him from his burden. The land he loves with all its sterility,—it is a bit of property which he can cling to in the event of any fresh whirl or upset in the state of things, many of which he has witnessed with his own eyes, and more that he has heard of from his father's lips; and let the worst come to the worst, he has only to *shake off* the usurer and mortgagee—the fiends that nightly haunt him, the tyrants, infinitely more oppressive than the “lord” of whom he has a traditional dread,—then the bit of property will be his own. And to this condition France must come at last. The thirteen millions of landed proprietors will shake off the annual interest of twenty-eight millions sterling some of these fine revolutionary mornings, with as much ease as the dew-drop is shaken from the lion's mane. In imagination it is already done by a great many of them—nine-tenths—and then comes the struggle, compared to which the knocking-down of a dynasty, or her Parisian *émeutes*, will be but mere milk-and-water. Nothing, in our opinion, can avert this frightful catastrophe!

The consideration of this question brings us naturally to the recent elections in France. Many have expressed surprise, taking a mere superficial view of the question, at the *conservative* tendency of the National Assembly, and seem to augur a better future for France than circumstances would have led them to infer. With the new experiment of universal suffrage, and the supposed influence of republican opinions, so openly expressed and so industriously inculcated, it was confidently affirmed that the representatives of the new assembly would be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of republicanism; and that their legislative labours must naturally terminate in producing alarm, confusion, and something a great deal worse! Well; these anticipations have neither been realized nor falsified. Wait awhile; they are just as likely to be the one as the other. The *conservative* feeling in the Assembly arises from the fact that three-fourths of the electors of France are possessed of a *bit* of property, and that they have chosen their representatives from their own class, from an identity of interest; and the mass of those representatives have this notion deeply engraven on their minds, that whatever may be done in the legislature, they are determined to protect their “bits” of property, and those of their constituents. They have been sent there more to watch over their *parcelles* of land, than to consult the general interests of the country. This was the cause of the circulars of Carnot, and the emissaries of Ledru Rollin, meeting with so much opposition in the provinces.

The term “republican,” with the mass of the peasant-proprietors, is synonymous with spoliation; their ignorance and indifference not attaching any importance to political distinctions,—the one is as good as the other so long as they are left untouched. They imagined that the old game of confiscation was going to be played over again; hence their dread of republicanism. But, let any question of a general nature come before these conservative representatives, which involves any financial, commercial, or manufacturing interests—about which the majority know as much as they do of the antipodes,—then you will see the value of their conservative tendencies tested; and you will learn, also, the real nature of their legislative dispositions, when any deficiency in the revenue is to be made up, or any new levy of troops to be provided for.

Whatever interest the impost may fall upon, they have made up their minds that their "bits" of land shall not bear it. In the meantime, although thus much may be predicated of them, let us hope for the best; but, knowing France, and the character of her people, from long study and experience, we must confess that we are hoping almost against hope.

The functions of the old and the new assembly are essentially opposed to each other; the old was purely destructive; the new will be purely constructive. The first had comparatively an easy task; the last will have an Herculean labour to perform. To knock down an old dynasty, already tottering to its fall from innate decay, is not so difficult a job as to build up a new system from old materials, especially when those materials have little vitality and cohesion in their nature. But before we can estimate fairly the relative difficulty of the destructives that have passed away, and the constructives who are just commencing their labours, we must glance at the work already completed; then we may possibly arrive at something like a clue by which we can measure the nature and extent of the work to be done.

On the 5th of May, 1789, the great National Convention met at Versailles, in the magnificent hall of the palace—*la salle des menus*. This body had not met for a hundred and seventy-five years before this date. The legislative and executive powers of the state were invested in the monarch, his grandees, and his "beds of justice;" and the people found this a peculiarly oppressive and exacting piece of state machinery, which they were determined to reconstruct; and if they could not succeed in reconstructing it, they were equally determined to break it to pieces. They did break it to pieces, and with a vengeance, too, which may afford us some idea of the weight of its pressure and the cruelty of its exactions. It is the last straw that breaks the back of the burdened beast; and even that would have been added to the load, had not the poor creature, in very despair even, flung it off altogether. The people of France were literally ground to the dust by arbitrary taxation, exacting privileges, and oppressive monopolies. Her rulers were blinded by ignorance and prejudice, or swayed by the most debasing passions; and, whenever a transient light broke in upon them—like Turgot, with his salutary views and practical reforms—it was instantly extinguished, which shewed the darkness in which, apparently, they were content to dwell. The whole fabric of power, in short, was undermined, and everything denoted a thorough and speedy break-up.

"Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

The result might have been predicted from the causes that had long been in operation. Louis XIV. cost millions in playing the "stage-trick of royalty" with effect; Louis XV. had his mistresses, his wars, and his other costly items, all of which plunged the country deeper and deeper in debt; and when Louis XVI. ascended the throne—a comparatively good and harmless prince—everything was culminating to the point of dissolution. Had the latter monarch been less swayed by his confessor and his Queen; had he been what he really was not,—a firm and decisive character,—he might have passed through the fearful crisis of his reign with more credit to himself and with greater advantage to the country. But every element of his mind told against him in action; and had the democratic party desired a prince ready made to their hands for furthering their designs against the throne, they could not even have imagined a better than Louis XVI. The ministers, too, in whose hands

power was placed, were utterly incapable of grappling with the difficulties which stared them in the face; and the reins dropped from their paralyzed hands in rapid succession. Brienne was a vain, weak-minded prelate, who ruled the King through his bigotry, and the court by pandering to its unscrupulous demands. Calonne was a dexterous administrator, but reckless and extravagant, and completely neutralized his otherwise able powers by his indolence, his pleasures, and his rapacity. He augmented the financial difficulty by his administrative extravagance, and left the country more deeply involved than he found it. Necker was the idol of the day, and, from the simple fact of his being a successful banker, it was ignorantly argued that he would make a good minister of finance; as though the knowledge of the details of a trade, which are invariably simple and uniform, would enable a man to comprehend the principles by which that trade is governed. A mere dealer in money does not necessarily understand the laws by which it is regulated; a greater reasoning power and a higher range of intellect are demanded for such a purpose. Yet Necker was as incompetent to master the difficulties as his predecessors, and quitted his post with a deficiency in the budget of 115 millions of livres, or about £4,750,000—an enormous item, which swamped the government and crushed the crown.

At this stage of the crisis there appeared upon the scene one of those daring and energetic spirits who instinctively take the lead, and are as instinctively obeyed. Mirabeau was the man of his age. It was his undaunted and capacious mind that gave a direction to the National Assembly in every critical emergency, and has left the impress of his genius upon all its proceedings. The life of that extraordinary man was a perfect reflex of the revolution; of the causes which led to it, in the corrupt and disorganized state of society; of the characters who played a prominent part in it, and the peculiar ability required to direct it to a right end. In dwelling, therefore, upon his character and movements for a short space, we shall be enabled to give indirectly a sketch of that remarkable epoch, which forms the model of the comparatively moderate movements in France at the present moment.

It would be a waste of time to dwell upon the follies of his youth, which, in great measure, were caused by the eccentric conduct of his father, and the general depravity of the times. His intrigues in after life, and his infidelity to his wife, are only to be palliated on the ground that the moral injunctions of the time hung loosely about society, and that his strong passions and eccentric character gave a more than ordinary prominence to his vices. Great men have seldom little vices. The persecutions of his father were cruel, unnatural, and detestable; yet they gave a peculiar turn to Mirabeau's mind, which augmented its power and shaped his subsequent action. His flight to Holland to escape the cruelty of the former, and the vengeance of the law, compelled him to work for a Dutch bookseller from six in the morning till nine at night for a bare subsistence; and his subsequent imprisonment at Vincennes threw him upon his mind for resources, which naturally quickened its thought and disciplined his intellect. But these irregularities of his youth—elopements, dissipation, and imprisonments—prepared him for the part he was afterwards to play in the great drama of the age.

That Mirabeau had long foreseen the time when the people would assume their proper position in the legislature, may be inferred from his

letter to Calonne, which he wrote from Berlin. "I should," he writes, "hold myself infinitely honoured in being secretary to an assembly of which I had the happiness to suggest the idea."

On his arrival in France, he started for his native province as a representative, but was rejected by the nobility on a mere informality, which exasperated his feelings, and flung him into the ranks of the people. His remonstrance upon that occasion embodies some fine truths, which are always seasonable, and sometimes pointedly applicable.

"In what, then," said he, "have I been so culpable? I have desired that the order to which I belong should give to-day what will infallibly be extorted from it to-morrow. Behold the crime of him who is called the enemy of the nobles and of peace! But I am still more criminal than you suppose, for I firmly believe that the people, when they complain, are always in the right; that they always wait the last extremity of oppression before they resolve to resist; that the people do not know the secret, that to be formidable to their enemies, they need only stand still; and that the most innocent, as the most invincible of all faculties, is that of refusing to act. I think all this. Punish me, the enemy of your order, and of peace."

This was the armoury from which O'Connell drew his weapons of "passive resistance," and had stereotyped, in his own mind, many of the practical truths which Mirabeau gave utterance to.

The fops and fribbles about the court taunted him with his new associates, and nick-named him the "plebeian count;" but he returned the compliment with threefold energy, and treated them with contempt. And when the title of the Assembly was discussed, having proposed that of "Representatives of the French People," some one sneering at the expression, he burst forth with one of those impromptu truths for which he was so remarkable:—

"I am told," he exclaimed. "that the acceptance of this word 'people' is mean and exclusive; I care little for the signification of words in the absurd language of prejudice. I speak the language of freedom here. I rely upon the example of the English, who have consecrated the word in their declarations, laws, and policy. . . . It is because the name of 'people' is not sufficiently respected in France, because it is pronounced contemptuously, that we should choose it—that we should not only raise, but ennoble it."

His object in this adroit proposition was to limit the democratic power; which clearly proves that, although he had doffed his nobility for the *nonce*, he had not lost sight of its spirit, and of the position that it really ought to occupy in the commonwealth. The proposition of National Assembly by Legrand was, however, preferred.

There was a prophetic forecast in most of his oratorical efforts, which will be found singularly applicable at the present time. In this respect he resembled Burke, who, from the storehouse of his opulent mind, flung out great truths which are always full of life, and almost always adapted to passing events. The well-known bankruptcy-speech of Mirabeau, which electrified the Assembly of 1798, reads as fresh at the present day as it did when uttered; and ought to be printed and placed upon every seat in the Assembly of 1848, to scare the nascent members of that body from the hideous gulf which already yawns to receive them, as it did their ancestors half a century ago.

"I would say to those who familiarize their minds with the contemplation of bankruptcy, what is bankruptcy but the most cruel, the most

iniquitous, the most unequal, the most disastrous of imposts? My friends, hear me a word—but one word. Two centuries of depredation and robbery have opened the gulf which is about to swallow up the kingdom. This frightful gulf must be closed. Well, here is the list of the French landowners; choose among the richest, in order to sacrifice the fewest citizens. Choose—choose, at all events; for must not a small number perish to save the mass? Come; there are two thousand notables, possessing the means of filling up the deficit. Restore order to the finances, peace and prosperity to the kingdom. Strike—immolate, without mercy, those unhappy victims; precipitate them into the abyss, and instantly it closes! You start back with horror! Inconsistent, pusillanimous men! Do you not perceive that in decreeing bankruptcy, or, what is still more odious, in rendering it inevitable without decreeing it, you cover yourselves with the infamy of an act a thousand times more criminal; for the sacrifice, horrible as it is, would not close the gulf. Do you suppose that, because you will not have paid, you will therefore cease to be in debt? Do you suppose that the thousands, the millions of men, who shall lose in an instant, by the terrific explosion or its rebound, all that was their comfort in life, and perhaps their sole means of existence, will leave you in the peaceable enjoyment of your crime? No, you will perish; and in the general conflagration which you do not shudder to light up, the loss of your honour will not save even a single one of your vile enjoyments. Vote, then, this extraordinary subsidy; and may it suffice. Beware of demanding time; calamity never allows it. You have heard pronounced, with rage, the words, ‘Catiline is at the gates! and they deliberate!’ Certainly, we have neither Catiline, nor danger, nor faction, nor Rome; but bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is upon us! threatens to devour you, your properties, your honour—and you deliberate.”

Let the members of the National Assembly bear this speech in mind, and make every effort to supply the deficiency in the financial accounts, by fair and equitable means; and not countenance the wild propositions of spoliators and plunderers. Increased taxation, fairly and justly levied, is the only plan to extricate France from her difficulties; and not by confiscating property, whether in the shape of railroads or the deposits of a savings' bank. The public credit, above all, ought to be kept inviolate, or the most hideous calamities must inevitably befall her.

Mirabeau took an active part in the proceedings of the Assembly, and his first appearance among that body, from his preceding reputation and character, made a great impression. “A movement arose,” says an eye-witness, “at the sight of Mirabeau; but his look, his step, awed the Assembly.” He vowed vengeance against his enemies, and entered the hall with an embittered feeling against the class which had tabooed him. A friend observed to him, as he took his seat, that he ought to conciliate them—that he ought to ask pardon for his preceding conduct. “I am come here,” he exclaimed with fiery energy, “to be asked, not to ask pardon.”

The bankruptcy speech made a great impression upon the Assembly, and enabled Necker to carry his point; and such was the excitement when the orator had finished, that, when a member rose and said, “I rise to reply to M. Mirabeau,” the whole body looked at him with silent wonder, and, after standing for a moment with his mouth open and his arm raised, he sat down without uttering another word.

It was under the influence of Mirabeau's mind that the first Assembly accomplished so much, and rendered such important services to mankind; for we find among the matters discussed some important facts and principles bearing upon society and government—such as the liberty of the press; the freedom of religious worship; civil and penal jurisprudence; and, with the exception of the division-of-property question—perhaps the most important of all, as every other in some measure is dependant upon it—we may safely point to that body, directed by that single mind, as forming one of the brightest and best assemblages that the history of the world records.

Unfortunately for the monarchy, for France, and, we must say, for the world, Mirabeau died at the early age of forty-two. He was supposed to have been poisoned, although nothing authentic is known of such a circumstance; but, on his death-bed, he gave utterance to a truth which was speedily realized: "I shall carry the monarchy with me," he observed to his surrounding friends, "and a few factious spirits will share what is left." His loss was looked upon as a public calamity, and a public funeral was accorded him, which was celebrated with great pomp; yet, within two short years—such is popularity—his ashes were exhumed from their resting-place in the Pantheon, and scattered to the winds; his bust was burnt in the Place de Grève, as an enemy to the public, and he verified in his remains a truth which he had uttered while in the prime of life, "that the Capitol was close to the Tarpeian rock, and that the same people who flattered him, would have had equal pleasure in seeing him hanged."

We look in vain for the "coming man" in the present crisis of France. All eyes are turned to that fine country, now tossing in the stormy waters of revolution, to catch the outline of him whose genius and capacity are capable of steering her to the destined port of safety and repose. Run over the list of her leading characters, who are "fretting their hour" upon the political stage, and ask yourself a few plain practical questions, such as the mind of an Englishman is accustomed to ask—is there one man, or two men, or half-a-dozen combined, could you melt all their minds into one, gifted with the requisite stuff; the sterling, practical knowledge, which sees even the real situation of France at the present moment? Who can fathom the depth of the disease, in the shape of the land-question, which is eating into her vitals, pauperising her in every direction, and must be, until arrested, the perennial source of future revulsions and crimes, of which it would be difficult to form a notion. We shall say nothing of her financial difficulties, which are already too gigantic for the puny pretenders who have been recently playing at accounts; they will force themselves on her attention, long before France is capable of dealing with them. But her land-question, with its minute subdivision of proprietors, is at the bottom of all her present difficulties. As long as the laws relating to property remain as they do at present, she will never rear up a class, which would be her salvation—a class of capitalists, who form in every industrious community the heart and soul of its existence. Without your capitalist you can have but little employment for labour; and the law of *partage égal* is daily striking down this class of men in France, to say nothing of the hair-brained schemes and wild projects of Louis Blanc, and that class of economists.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

THE BATTLE OF VALMY.

Purpurei metuunt tyranni
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam ; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet imperiumque frangat.

HORAT. *Od.* i. 36.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FEW miles distant from the little town of St. Menehould, in the north-east of France, are the village and hill of Valmy ; and near the crest of that hill a simple monument points out the burial-place of the heart of a general of the French republic, and a marshal of the French empire.

The elder Kellerman, (father of the distinguished officer of that name, whose cavalry-charge decided the battle of Marengo,) held high commands in the French armies throughout the wars of the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. He survived those wars, and the Empire itself, dying in extreme old age in 1820. The last wish of the veteran on his death-bed was, that his heart should be deposited in the battle-field of Valmy, there to repose among the remains of his old companions-in-arms, who had fallen at his side on that spot twenty-eight years before, on the memorable day when they won the primal victory of Revolutionary France, and prevented the armies of Brunswick and the emigrant bands of Condé from marching on defenceless Paris, and destroying the immature democracy in its cradle.

The Duke of Valmy (for Kellerman, when made one of Napoleon's military peers in 1802, took his title from this same battle-field) had participated during his long and active career, in the gaining of many a victory far more immediately dazzling than the one, the remembrance of which he thus cherished. He had been present at many a scene of carnage where blood flowed in deluges, compared with which, the libations of slaughter poured out at Valmy would have seemed scant and insignificant. But he rightly estimated the paramount importance of the battle with which he thus wished his appellation while living, and his memory after his death, to be identified. The successful resistance which the raw Carnagnole levies, and the disorganised relics of the old monarchy's army then opposed to the combined hosts and chosen leaders of Prussia, Austria, and the French refugee noblesse, determined at once and for ever the belligerent character of the Revolution. The raw artisans and tradesmen, the clumsy burghers, the base mechanics and low peasant-

churls, as it had been the fashion to term the middle and lower classes in France, found that they could face cannon-balls, pull triggers, and cross bayonets, without having been drilled into military machines, and without being officered by scions of noble houses. They awoke to the consciousness of their own instinctive soldier-ship. They at once acquired confidence in themselves and in each other; and that confidence soon grew into a spirit of unbounded audacity and ambition. "From the cannonade of Valmy may be dated the commencement of that career of victory which carried their armies to Vienna and the Kremlin."*

We can now, from what is passing before our eyes, discern even more clearly the importance of the conflict of Valmy, than could Kellerman in 1820, or than could the historian of Europe, from whom the last sentence was quoted, when he composed his great work only a few years ago. The impetus which that triumph gave to the French spirit, was not exhausted in a single career of victory, and was inextinguishable by the alternation of defeat. The restless energy inspired by it was never more fearfully manifest than it is at the present hour. The French Republic is again mustering her armed myriads from among her rural and civic population. Her troops, under the old banner, and with the old war-cry of '96, are again collecting near the foot of the Alps and the bank of the Rhine. Her generals, in their orders of the day, breathe the very spirit of the old bulletins; however temporising and pacific may be the tone of the statesmen who maintain a precarious ascendancy at Paris. With two European wars actually raging before them, with the elements of insurrection and strife in full activity throughout the continent, (and, alas, not on the continent only,) who can doubt but that thousands of the fiery youth of France are watching eagerly for the first pretext or provocation, that may justify them in coming forward as protectors or avengers, and in once more advancing the tricolor over Lombardy, to Rome and Naples, or to the Danube, the Vistula, and the Baltic? Look, too, at the risk of fatal dissension that exists on every sea where English and French sailors or settlers come into contact. Any hot-headed captain, any petulant commandant, any intriguing missionary, may at once create real or supposed cause of offence between the two proud and jealous nations, such as only blood will wash out. There will be no more proffers of apology, and votes of compensation in such cases,—at least not on the part of France. No statesman in that republic would dare risk the odium which the Pritchard indemnity brought on Guizot. Any French government might at once rise to the zenith of mob and military popularity by declaring war with this country. Good management and good fortune may, for a time, prevent such collisions, but they seem ultimately inevitable. And whenever, and with whomsoever revolutionary France declares war, that war will speedily become European and general. France is too clearly on the eve of a fresh cycle of invasions, conquests, military despotisms, and stern reactions, which must shake the old world to its foundations.

One of the gravest reflexions that arises from the contemplation of the civil restlessness and military enthusiasm, which the close of the

* Alison.

last century saw nationalized in France, is the consideration that these disturbing influences have become perpetual. This volcanic people seems destined neither to know nor to suffer permanent rest. No settled system of government, that shall endure from generation to generation, that shall be proof against corruption and popular violence, seems capable of taking root among them. And while we cannot hope to see France calmed and softened down by healing processes from within, there is still less prospect of seeing her effectively curbed, and thoroughly tamed by force from without. No hostile exertions, however formidably they may be organized, however ably they may be conducted, however triumphant they may be for a time, can trample France out from the list of the living nationalities of Europe, and dismiss her ambition and her power to the Hades of the Past, to the Phantom Memories of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Tyre, of Carthage, and of Rome. A compact and homogeneous nation of thirty-six millions,—all zealous adorers of military fame, and readily susceptible of military habits,—all intensely and arrogantly convinced of their own superiority to the rest of mankind,—all eager for adventure and display, and almost all scoffingly impatient of the control of ancient law or ancient faith—such a nation can never be brought to enduring submission by the results of modern battles; and the stern, exterminating spirit of ancient warfare can never be revived in Europe. Cæsar effectually subdued Gaul by slaughtering one-third of its population, and selling thousands of the residue into slavery. France has no such horrors to dread from any defeats, however disastrous, that may be the results of such wars as it may please her from time to time to inflict upon the world. As for dismembering her, like Poland, her geographical position, and that of her antagonists, would render such a scheme futile. The severed provinces would reunite, and the republic “one and indivisible” would re-appear, as soon as the gripe of the conquerors was relaxed by distance, or by disunion among themselves. Indeed, no Anti-Gallican can dream of seeing France more effectively broken down than she was in 1815. Paris was then for the second time in fifteen months occupied by triumphant invaders. Years of destructive, and latterly of disastrous warfare, had drained the land of its youth. Every region, from the sands of Syria to the snows of Muscovy, was strewn with Frenchmen’s bones. Every river, from the Dnieper to the Beresina, the Vistula, the Danube, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Tagus, the Douro, the Bidassoa, the Aube, the Marne, and the Seine, had been crimsoned with her defeats. Her flag had been swept from every sea. Powerful foreign armies were cantoned in her territory, and garrisoned her strongholds. A sense of common interest, the recollection of former joint sufferings, and sympathetic exultation for recent joint successes, banded the powers of the earth against her. They seemed knit together in stern watchfulness over the fallen oppressor, that lay chained before them, like the wolf Fenris beneath the Asæ of the Scandinavian mythology. Men judged of the future accordingly. They deemed that revolution had been for ever put down, and that legitimate authority was re-established on an immutable basis. But the power of France was like the tree of Pallas in the Athenian citadel, which, though hewn down by the Persian invader to the very roots, revived, and put forth its

branches with redoubled stateliness and vigour. A few years recruited the population of the land; and a generation soon arose which knew not Waterloo, or only knew it as a watchword for revenge. In 1830, the dynasty which foreign bayonets had imposed on France, was shaken off; and men trembled at the expected outbreak of French anarchy and the dreaded inroads of French ambition. They "looked forward with harassing anxiety to a period of destruction similar to that which the Roman world experienced about the middle of the third century of our era."* Louis Philippe cajoled Revolution, and then strove with seeming success to stifle it. But, in spite of Fieschi laws, in spite of the dazzle of Algerian razzias and Pyrenee-effacing marriages, in spite of hundreds of armed forts, and hundreds of thousands of coercing troops, Revolution lived and struggled to get free. France had no quiet, and Europe no security. The old Titan spirit heaved restlessly beneath "the monarchy based on republican institutions." At last, in the present year, the whole fabric of king-craft was at once rent and scattered to the winds by the uprising of the Parisian democracy; and insurrections, barricades, and dethronements, the downfalls of coronets and crowns, the armed collisions of parties, systems, and populations, have become for the last few months the commonplaces of European history.

It is inaccurate to speak of the first, the second, and the new French Revolution: as if they were distinct unconnected catastrophes, arbitrarily disturbing the regular course of events. There has been, and is, but one French Revolution; and its third and greatest wave is now bursting over us. There have been temporary lulls of the storm, but never any settled calm. The republic which was proclaimed in Paris last month, is the mere continuation by adjournment of the republic which was first proclaimed on the 20th September, 1792, on the very day of the battle of Valmy, to which it owed its preservation, and from which the imperishable activity of its principles may be dated.

Far different seemed the prospects of democracy in Europe on the eve of that battle; and far different would have been the present position and influence of the French nation, if Brunswick's columns had charged with more boldness, and Dumouriez's lines resisted with less firmness. When France in 1792 declared war with the great powers of Europe, she was far from possessing that splendid military organization which the experience of a few revolutionary campaigns taught her to assume, and which she has never abandoned. The army of the old monarchy had, during the latter part of the reign of Louis XV., sunk into gradual decay both in numerical force and in efficiency of equipment and spirit. The laurels gained by the auxiliary regiments which Louis XVI. sent to the American war did but little to restore the general tone of the army. And the insubordination and licence which the revolt of the French guards, and the participation of other troops in, many of the first excesses of the revolution introduced among the soldiery, were soon rapidly disseminated through all the ranks. Under the Legislative Assembly every complaint of

* See Niebuhr's Preface to the Second volume of his *History of Rome*, written in October, 1830.

the soldier against his officer, however frivolous or ill-founded, was eagerly listened to and partially investigated, on the principles of liberty and equality. Discipline accordingly became more and more relaxed. And the dissolution of several of the old corps, under the pretext of their being tainted with an aristocratic feeling, aggravated the confusion and inefficiency of the war-department. Many of the most effective regiments during the last period of the monarchy had consisted of foreigners. These had either been slaughtered in defence of the throne against insurrections, like the Swiss; or had been disbanded, and had crossed the frontier to recruit the forces which were assembling for the invasion of France. Above all, the emigration of the *noblesse* had stripped the French army of nearly all its officers of high rank, and of the greatest portion of its subalterns. Above twelve thousand of the high-born youth of France, who had been trained to regard military command as their exclusive patrimony, and to whom the nation had been accustomed to look up as its natural guides and champions in the storm of war, were now marshalled beneath the banner of Condé and the other emigrant princes, for the overthrow of the French armies, and the reduction of the French capital. Their successors in the French regiments and brigades had as yet acquired neither skill nor experience; they possessed neither self-reliance, nor the respect of the men who were under them.

Such was the state of the wrecks of the old army; but the bulk of the forces with which France began the war, consisted of raw insurrectionary levies, which were even less to be depended on. The Carmagnoles, as the revolutionary volunteers were called, flocked, indeed, readily to the frontier from every department when the war was proclaimed, and the fierce leaders of the Jacobins shouted that the country was in danger. They were full of zeal and courage, "heated and excited by the scenes of the revolution, and inflamed by the florid eloquence, the songs, dances, and signal-words with which it had been celebrated."* But they were utterly undisciplined, and turbulently impatient of superior authority, or systematic control. Many ruffians, also, who were sullied with participation in the most sanguinary horrors of Paris, joined the camps, and were pre-eminent alike for misconduct before the enemy, and for savage insubordination against their own officers. On one occasion during the campaign of Valmy, eight battalions of federates, intoxicated with massacre and sedition, joined the forces under Dumouriez, and soon threatened to uproot all discipline, saying openly that the ancient officers were traitors, and that it was necessary to purge the army as they had Paris of its aristocrats. Dumouriez posted these battalions apart from the others, placed a strong force of cavalry behind them, and two pieces of cannon on their flank. Then affecting to review them, he halted at the head of the line, surrounded by all his staff, and an escort of a hundred hussars. "Fellows," said he, "for I will not call you either citizens or soldiers, you see before you this artillery, behind you this cavalry; you are stained with crimes, and I do not tolerate here assassins or executioners. I know that there are scoundrels amongst you charged to excite you to crime. Drive them from amongst you, or denounce

* Scott. Life of Napoleon, vol. i. c. viii.

them to me, for I shall hold you responsible for their conduct."*

One of our recent historians of the revolution, who narrates this incident,† thus apostrophises the French general:—

"Patience, O Dumouriez, this uncertain heap of shriekers, mutineers, were they once drilled and inured, will become a phalanxed mass of fighters; and wheel and whirl to order swiftly, like the wind, or the whirlwind; tanned mustachio-figures; often barefoot, even barebacked, with sinews of iron; who require only bread and gunpowder; very sons of fire, the adroitest, hastiest, hottest ever seen perhaps since Attila's time."

Such phalanxed masses of fighters did the Carmagnoles ultimately become; but France ran a fearful risk in having to rely on them, when the process of their transmutation had barely commenced.

The first events, indeed, of the war were disastrous and disgraceful to France, even beyond what might have been expected from the chaotic state in which it found her armies as well as her government. In the hopes of profiting by the unprepared state of Austria, then the mistress of the Netherlands, the French opened the campaign of 1792 by an invasion of Flanders, with forces whose muster-rolls showed a numerical overwhelming superiority to the enemy, and seemed to promise a speedy conquest of that old battle-field of Europe. But the first flash of an Austrian sabre, or the first sound of an Austrian gun, was enough to discomfit the French. Their first corps, four thousand strong, that advanced from Lille across the frontier, came suddenly upon a far inferior detachment of the Austrian garrison of Tournay. Not a shot was fired, not a bayonet levelled. With one simultaneous cry of panic the French broke and ran headlong back to Lille, where they completed the specimen of insubordination which they had given in the field, by murdering their general and several of their chief officers. On the same day another division under Biron, mustering ten thousand sabres and bayonets, saw a few Austrian skirmishers reconnoitring their position. The French advanced posts had scarcely given and received a volley, and only a few balls from the enemy's field-pieces had fallen among the lines, when two regiments of French dragoons raised the cry "We are betrayed," galloped off, and were followed in disgraceful rout by the rest of the whole army. Similar panics, or repulses almost equally discreditable, occurred whenever Rochambeau, or Luckner, or La Fayette, the earliest French generals in the war, brought their troops into the presence of the enemy.

Meanwhile the allied sovereigns had gradually collected on the Rhine a veteran and finely-disciplined army for the invasion of France, which for numbers, equipment, and martial renown both of generals and men, was equal to any that Germany had ever sent forth to conquer. Their design was to strike boldly and decisively at the heart of France, and penetrating the country through the Ardennes, to proceed by Chalons upon Paris. The obstacles that lay in their way seemed insignificant. The disorder and imbecility of the French armies had been even augmented by the forced flight of Lafayette, and a sudden change of generals. The only troops posted on or near the track by which the allies were about to ad-

Lamartine.

† Carlyle.

vance, were the twenty-three thousand men at Sedan, whom Lafayette had commanded, and a corps of twenty thousand near Metz, the command of which had just been transferred from Luckner to Kellerman. There were only three fortresses which it was necessary for the allies to capture or masque—Sedan, Longwy, and Verdun. The defences and stores of all these three were known to be wretchedly dismantled and insufficient; and when once these feeble barriers were overcome, and Chalons reached, a fertile and unprotected country seemed to invite the invaders to that "military promenade to Paris," which they gaily talked of accomplishing.

At the end of July the allied army, having fully completed all preparations for the campaign, broke up from its cantonments, and marching from Luxembourg upon Longwy, crossed the French frontier. Sixty thousand Prussians, trained in the school, and many of them under the eye of the Great Frederick, heirs of the glories of the Seven years' war, and universally esteemed the best troops in Europe, marched in one column against the central point of attack. Forty-five thousand Austrians, the greater part of whom were picked troops, and had served in the recent Turkish war, supplied two formidable corps that supported the flanks of the Prussians. There was also a powerful body of Hessians; and, leagued with the Germans against the Parisian democracy, came fifteen thousand of the noblest and the bravest amongst the sons of France. In these corps of emigrants, many of the highest born of the French nobility, scions of houses whose chivalric trophies had for centuries filled Europe with renown, served as rank and file. They looked on the road to Paris as the path which they were to carve out by their swords to victory, to honour, to the rescue of their king, to reunion with their families, to the recovery of their patrimony, and to the restoration of their order.*

Over this imposing army the Allied Sovereigns placed as generalissimo the Duke of Brunswick, one of the minor reigning princes of Germany, a statesman of no mean capacity, and who had acquired in the Seven years war a military reputation second only to that of the Great Frederick himself. He had been deputed a few years before to quell the popular movements which then took place in Holland; and he had put down the attempted revolution in that country with a promptitude and completeness, which appeared to augur equal success to the army that now marched under his orders on a similar mission into France.

Moving majestically forward, with leisurely deliberation, that seemed to show the consciousness of superior strength, and a steady purpose of doing their work thoroughly, the allies appeared before Longwy on the 20th of August, and the dispirited and despondent garrison opened the gates of that fortress to them after the first shower of bombs. On the 2nd of September the still more important strong-hold of Verdun capitulated, after scarcely the shadow of resistance.

Brunswick's superior force was now interposed between Kellerman's troops on the left, and the other French army near Sedan, which Lafayette's flight had, for the time, left destitute of a commander. It was in the power of the German general, by striking with an overwhelming mass to the right and the left, to crush in

* See Scott. *Life of Napoleon*, vol. i. c. xi.

succession each of these weak armies ; and the allies might then have marched irresistible and unresisted upon Paris. But at this crisis Dumouriez, the new commander-in-chief of the French, arrived at the camp near Sedan, and commenced a series of movements by which he reunited the dispersed and disorganized forces of his country, checked the Prussian columns at the very moment when the last obstacles to their triumph seemed to have given way, and finally rolled back the tide of invasion far across the enemy's frontier.

The French fortresses had fallen ; but nature herself still offered to brave and vigorous defenders of the land the means of opposing a barrier to the progress of the allies. A ridge of broken ground, called the Argonne, extends from the vicinity of Sedan towards the south-west for about fifteen or sixteen leagues. The country of L'Argonne has now been cleared and drained ; but in 1792 it was thickly wooded, and the lower portions of its unequal surface were filled with rivulets and marshes. It thus presented a natural barrier of from four to five leagues broad, which was absolutely impene- trable to an army, except by a few defiles, such as an inferior force might easily fortify and defend. Dumouriez succeeded in march- ing his army down from Sedan behind the Argonne, and in occupy- ing its passes, while the Prussians still lingered on the north-eastern side of the forest line. Ordering Kellerman to wheel round from Metz to St. Menehould, and the reinforcements from the interior and extreme north also to concentrate at that spot, Dumouriez trusted to assemble a powerful force in the rear of the south-west extre- mity of the Argonne, while with the twenty-five thousand men under his immediate command, he held the enemy at bay before the passes, or forced him to a long circumvolution round one extremity of the forest ridge, during which, favourable opportunities of assail- ing his flank were almost certain to occur. Dumouriez fortified the principal defiles, and boasted of the Thermopylæ which he had found for the invaders ; but the analogy was nearly rendered fatally complete for the defending force. A pass, which was thought of inferior importance, had been but slightly manned, and an Austrian corps under Clairfayt, forced it after some sharp fighting. Du- mouriez with great difficulty saved himself from being enveloped and destroyed by the hostile columns that now pushed through the forest. But instead of despairing at the failure of his plans, and falling back into the interior to be completely severed from Keller- man's army, to be hunted as a fugitive under the walls of Paris by the victorious Germans, and to lose all chance of ever rallying his dispirited troops, he resolved to cling to the difficult country in which the armies still were grouped, to force a junction with Keller- man, and so to place himself at the head of a force which the in- vaders would not dare to disregard, and by which he might drag them back from the advance on Paris, which he had not been able to bar. Accordingly, by a rapid movement to the south, during which, in his own words, " France was within a hair's-breadth of destruction," and after with difficulty checking several panics of his troops, in which they ran by thousands at the sight of a few Prus- sian hussars, Dumouriez succeeded in establishing his head-quarters in a strong position at St. Menehould, protected by the marshes and shallows of the rivers Aisne and Aube, beyond which, to the

north-west, rose a firm and elevated plateau, called Dampierre's camp, admirably situated for commanding the road by Chalons to Paris, and where he intended to post Kellerman's army so soon as it came up.*

The news of Dumouriez's retreat from the Argonne passes, and of the panic flight of some divisions of his troops, spread rapidly throughout the country, and Kellerman, who believed that his comrade's army had been annihilated, and feared to fall among the victorious masses of the Prussians, had halted on his march from Metz when almost close to St. Menehould. He had actually commenced a retrograde movement, when couriers from his commander-in-chief checked him from that fatal course; and, continuing to wheel round the rear and left flank of the troops at St. Menehould, Kellerman, with twenty thousand of the army of Metz, and some thousands of volunteers, who had joined him in the march, made his appearance to the west of Dumouriez's position, on the very evening when Westerman and Thouvenot, two of Dumouriez's staff-officers, galloped in with the tidings that Brunswick's army had come through the upper passes of the Argonne in full force, and was deploying on the heights of La Lune, a chain of eminences that stretch obliquely from south-west to north-east, opposite the high ground which Dumouriez held, and also opposite, but at a shorter distance from, the position which Kellerman was designed to occupy.

The allies were now, in fact, nearer to Paris than were the French troops themselves; but, as Dumouriez had foreseen, Brunswick deemed it unsafe to march upon the capital with so large a hostile force left in his rear between his advancing columns and his base of operations. The young King of Prussia, who was in the allied camp, and the emigrant princes eagerly advocated an instant attack upon the nearest French general, and Kellerman had laid himself unnecessarily open, by advancing beyond Dampierre's camp, which Dumouriez had designed for him, and moving forward across the Aube to the plateau of Valmy, a post inferior in strength and space to that which he had left, and which brought him close upon the Prussian lines, leaving him separated, by a dangerous interval, from the troops under Dumouriez himself. It seemed easy for the Prussian army to overwhelm him while thus isolated, and then they might surround and crush Dumouriez at their leisure.

Accordingly the right wing of the allied army moved forward in the grey of the morning of the 20th of September, to gain Kellerman's left flank and rear, and cut him off from retreat upon Chalons, while the rest of the army moving from the heights of La Lune, which here converge semicircularly round the plateau of Valmy, were to assail his position in front, and interpose between him and Dumouriez. An unexpected collision between some of the advanced cavalry of each side in the low ground, warned Kellerman of the enemy's approach. Dumouriez had not been unobservant of the danger of his comrade, thus isolated and involved; and he had ordered up troops to support Kellerman on either flank in the event of his being attacked. These troops, however, moved forward

* Some late writers represent that Brunswick did not wish to crush Dumouriez. There is no sufficient authority for this insinuation, which seems to have been first prompted by a desire to soothe the wounded military pride of the Prussians.

slowly; and Kellerman's army ranged on the plateau of Valmy, "projected like a cape into the midst of the lines of the Prussian bayonets."* A thick autumnal mist floated in waves of vapour over the plains and ravines that lay between the two armies, leaving only the crests and peaks of the hills glittering in the early light. About ten o'clock the fog began to clear off, and then the French from their promontory saw emerging from the white wreaths of mist, and glittering in the sunshine, the countless Prussian cavalry which were to envelope them as in a net, if once driven from their position, the solid columns of the infantry that moved forward as if animated by a single will, the bristling batteries of the artillery, and the glancing clouds of the Austrian light troops, fresh from their contests with the Spahis of the east.

The best and bravest of the French must have beheld this spectacle with secret apprehension and awe. However bold and resolute a man may be in the discharge of duty, it is an anxious and fearful thing to be called on to encounter danger among comrades of whose steadiness you can feel no certainty. Each soldier of Kellerman's army must have remembered the series of panic routs which had hitherto invariably taken place on the French side during the war; and must have cast restless glances to the right and left, to see if any symptoms of wavering began to show themselves, and to calculate how long it was likely to be before a general rush of his comrades to the rear would either hurry him off with involuntary disgrace, or leave him alone and helpless to be cut down by assailing multitudes.

On that very morning, and at the self-same hour in which the allied forces and the emigrants began to descend from La Lune to the attack of Valmy, and while the cannonade was opening between the Prussian and the Revolutionary batteries, the debate in the National Convention at Paris commenced on the proposal to proclaim France a Republic.

The old monarchy had little change of support in the hall of the Convention; but if its more effective advocates at Valmy had triumphed, there were yet the elements existing in France for an effective revival of the better part of the ancient institutions, and for substituting Reform for Revolution. Only a few weeks before, numerous signed addresses from the middle classes in Paris, Rouen, and other large cities, had been presented to the king expressive of their horror of the anarchists, and their readiness to uphold the rights of the crown, together with the liberties of the subject. The infamous atrocities of the September massacres had just occurred, and the reaction produced by them among thousands who had previously been active on the ultra-democratic side, was fresh and powerful. The nobility had not yet been made utter aliens in the eyes of the nation by long expatriation and civil war. There was not yet a generation of youth educated in revolutionary principles, and knowing no worship save that of military glory. Louis XVI. was just and humane, and deeply sensible of the necessity of a gradual extension of political rights among all classes of his subjects. The Bourbon throne, if rescued in 1792, would have had the chances of stability such as did not exist for it in 1814, and seem never likely to be found again in France.

* See Lamartine. *Hist. Girond.* Livre xvii., I have drawn much of the ensuing description from him.

Serving under Kellerman on that day was one who has experienced, perhaps the most deeply of all men, the changes for good and for evil which the French Revolution has produced. He who now, in his second exile, bears the name of the Count de Neuilly in this country, and who lately was Louis Philippe, King of the French, figured in the French lines at Valmy as a young and gallant officer, cool and sagacious beyond his years, and trusted accordingly by Kellerman and Dumouriez with an important station in the national army. The Duc de Chartres (the title he then bore) commanded the French right, General Valence was on the left, and Kellerman himself took his post in the centre, which was the strength and key of his position.

Contrary to the expectations of both friends and foes, the French infantry held their ground steadily under the fire of the Prussian guns, which thundered on them from *La Lune*; and their own artillery replied with equal spirit and greater effect on the denser masses of the allied army. Thinking that the Prussians were slackening in their fire, Kellerman formed a column in charging order, and dashed down into the valley in the hopes of capturing some of the nearest guns of the enemy. A masked battery opened its fire on the French column, and drove it back in disorder, Kellerman having his horse shot under him, and being with difficulty carried off by his men. The Prussian columns now advanced in turn. The French artillerymen began to waver and desert their posts, but were rallied by the efforts and example of their officers, and Kellerman, reorganising the line of his infantry, took his station in the ranks on foot, and called out to his men to let the enemy come close up, and then to charge them with the bayonet. The troops caught the enthusiasm of their general, and a cheerful shout of *Vive la nation*, taken up by one battalion from another, pealed across the valley to the assailants. The Prussians hesitated from a charge up hill against a force that seemed so resolute and formidable; they halted for a while in the hollow, and then slowly retreated up their own side of the valley.

Indignant at being thus repulsed by such a foe, the King of Prussia formed the flower of his men in person, and, riding along the column, bitterly reproached them with letting their standard be thus humiliated. Then he led them on again to the attack, marching in the front line, and seeing his staff mowed down around him by the deadly fire which the French artillery reopened. But the troops sent by Dumouriez were now co-operating effectually with Kellerman, and that general's own men, flushed by success, presented a firmer front than ever. Again the Prussians retreated, leaving eight hundred dead behind, and at nightfall the French remained victors on the heights of Valmy.

All hopes of crushing the Revolutionary armies, and of the promenade to Paris, had now vanished, though Brunswick lingered long in the Argonne, till distress and sickness wasted away his once splendid force, and finally but a mere wreck of it recrossed the frontier. France, meanwhile felt that she possessed a giant's strength, and, like a giant, did she use it. Before the close of that year all Belgium obeyed the National Convention at Paris, and the Kings of Europe, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, trembled once more before a conquering military Republic.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

(Des Deutschen Vaterland.)

SUNG AS THE NATIONAL HYMN IN ALL THE RECENT MOVEMENTS IN
PRUSSIA AND OTHER PARTS OF GERMANY.

“Einmüthig sich verbanden, ‘das Reich, und ihre fürstliche Ehre, an der Kur des Reiches, an seinen und ihren Rechten, handhaben, schützen, una beschirmen zu wollen, nach aller ihrer Macht und Kraft, ohne Gefährde wider Iedermann ohne einige Ausnahme.’”

“They united with one mind, ‘for the purpose of managing, protecting, and defending the empire and their princely honour, in the Electorate of the empire, and in all its and their jurisdictions with all their might and strength, without fraud against every one without any exception whatsoever.’”

Resolution of the Assembly of Rense, 15th July, 1338.

“*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.*”—ARNDT (1813).

WHAT is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Preussenland? is 't Schwabenland?
Where, on the Rhine, the red grape gleams?
Or by the Belt the sea-mew screams?

Oh, no! no! no!
His Fatherland is greater! No!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Baierland? is 't Steierland?
Or where the Marsian bullock lies?
Or where the Marker's sword replies?

Oh, no! no! no!
His Fatherland is greater! No!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Is 't Pommerland? Westfalenland?
Where dunes* and sandhills shifting sweep?
Or Danube thunders to the deep?

Oh, no! no! no!
His Fatherland is greater! No!

What is the German's Fatherland?
Come tell me where 's that mighty land!

* Dünen.

Is't Switzerland? land of Tyrol?
 Land, men, I love with all my soul;
 But, no! no! no!
 His Fatherland is greater! No!

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Now tell me where's that mighty land!
 Of a truth it must be Oesterreich,
 In glory, conquest rich alike?—
 Oh, no! no! no!
 His Fatherland is greater! No!

What is the German's Fatherland?
 Come name at last that mighty land!
 Far as the German language rings,
 Where'er to God his hymn he sings,
 That land is his—that land divine!
 That land, stout German, call it thine!

That is the German's Fatherland,
 Where oaths are sworn by clasped hand,
 Where truth and trust flash from each eye,
 And warm in hearts love likes to lie.
 That is his land,—that land divine!
 That land, stout German, call it thine!

That is the German's Fatherland!
 Whence Scorn sweeps out all strange command,
 Where "false" and "foreign" say the same,*
 And "German" means the heart's strong flame,
 That land is his! land proud and free!
 That land all Germany shall be!

That land all Germany shall be!
 Oh God! from heaven look down on thee!
 And give us thorough German soul
 To love thee true, entire, and whole.
 Then shall it be, then shall it be!
 That land all Germany shall be!

W.

* The play of words in the original can scarcely be rendered in English:
 "Wo *walsch* und *falsch* hat gleichen Klang."

GOSSIP FROM PARIS.*

BY MRS. PERCY SINNETT.

PARIS, at the present moment, is one of the most delightful spots imaginable, for those who can manage to forget the past and close their eyes to the future. Spring has come in, in her most splendid full dress, to declare for the republic. The air is embalmed with flowers, the bayonets wreathed with lilacs, "grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," and the bright blue sky and the sun have declared themselves *en permanence*. For this week past the houses have been empty, all Paris preferring to reside *al fresco* upon the Boulevards; and whatever suffering or privation may be hidden within doors, all the faces one meets wear a holiday aspect; people pocket their private troubles, cry, "begone, dull Care," and come out to make a day of it, and enjoy their revolution—while they may. They say it's nonsense to talk of civil war, for nobody could bear to run the chance of being killed, and so losing his place at the next *fête*; just as at the theatres, whatever fierce quarrels may spring up between the acts, the heroes concerned take care to command themselves sufficiently to wait for the *dénouement*.

This is our security,—perhaps our only one. As long as the audience are amused, all is well, for woe betide us if they begin to yawn. It would not be long before our fraternal embraces would be changed into a fierce grapple for life or death, and it is impossible, as one looks around, to prevent the intrusion of some ugly reminiscences of the "Feast of Pikes," and other golden days of the first Revolution.

You know that Paris has not yet put itself to much expense for its revolutionary toilette, for not only the old red and tricolored ribbons, but our customs, language, and ideas have been, to a great extent, borrowed, provisionally, from the year '92. We have plagiarised wholesale from our papas, dressed ourselves out in all their old trumpery, and borrowed alike Phrygian caps, trees of liberty, and financial ruin. This is the second representation of the piece of the Sovereign People, but we have not been able to afford new dresses and decorations.

The admirers of curiosities used to think much of the Gobelin tapestry, but this is nothing to the historical tapestry that now decorates the walls of Paris in all the colours of the rainbow. Every corner is a People's Journal, and some houses exhibit from top to bottom confessions of political faith. You are called on to stop, in large type, at every two or three paces, and an incessant lively conversation is carried on between you and the wall. You read perhaps one bulletin concerning the health of the republic, that throws you into a dreadful fright; but a few yards further you are reassured again by—"CITIZENS! CONFIDENCE and COURAGE. Republican France is free, is happy, will be great!"

Some gentlemen, anxious to recommend themselves to electors, have written their autobiography all along the ground floors, and

* Our readers will please to observe, that in speaking of Paris we answer only for the passing day. We can only hope to "catch ere she change this Cynthia of the minute."

doctors in want of practice have affected to offer themselves as candidates, to remind the public of their address.

The Champs Elysées are in the occupation of an army of mountebanks, who have descended upon it in swarms, like the locusts on the land of Egypt. Hyenas roar from their cages under the trees, live fish jump out of their tubs and say "papa," and the eternal giantess offers to allow all the grenadiers in the universe to pass under her arm.

As evening comes on, candles sprout out of the pavement, and musicians by the side of the candles, old harps begin to promenade the streets, and in coming out of a dark passage you may chance to tumble over a piano which has taken up its position there, while, from all sides, your ears are regaled with melodies, "married to immortal verse," in which tyrants and chains and brandished swords are what actors call "stock properties."

One of the most favourite entertainments, however, is to be found in an old coach transformed into a magic lantern, where may be seen "Hell" and "Paradise;" in the former Louis Philippe and Guizot are most satisfactorily deposited in the flames; the latter, in a sky hideously blue, rejoices in the presence of Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, and General Lamorciere.

As for the Pont des Arts, it really seems as if, since the toll has been taken off, all Paris had done nothing but walk backwards and forwards over it incessantly, though some passengers have effected a lodgment; for you have to run the gauntlet between Savoyards with their marmots, rows of gentlemen who deal in walking sticks, and beggars with every description of deformity, and every "creeping thing" that moves on the face of the earth, including a terrible looking fellow without legs, who moves himself along on a piece of board.

Journalism of course goes on at an awful rate, some "Citizens" writing whole papers "out of their own heads," as children say, such as the *Journal des Honnêtes Gens*, the *Ami du Peuple*, &c. The political fever has also seized on the fair sex, and gives utterance to its delirium in the *Voix des Femmes*; George Sand has her own review, the *Cause du Peuple*, and under the porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, an old lady sits offering the *Eve Nouvelle*. Pamphlets descend in showers, but one has scarcely time to read even their titles. Some contain good advice to the government; others, poems smelling of the gunpowder of the barricades.

At the corner of one of the bridges, the eye is caught by a flaming placard of a "whole, true, and particular account" of the exchange of a young lady of the highest rank for a *boy of the vilest condition*,—videlicet, Louis Philippe. This pamphlet, we are told, was destroyed with the greatest fury by the agents of the late king, for in it the whole story of his life is "completely unmasked," and all the facts are supported by the most solid proofs "written in characters of fire!" Another of the same species is the amours of Louis Philippe with Madame Steplanie Durrest de Genlin. The correspondence of Louis Philippe and Abd-el-Kader, in which the *crimes of Guizot* are unveiled; and another, the resurrection of the Duke de Praslin, and his interview with the ex-royal family in London, "all for the small charge of one halfpenny." The eruption of this mud volcano is, however, less active than during the earlier days of the revolution.

The theatres can, I fear, make but wry faces at the grand national spectacle, which has left them with empty benches, and provided so many rival amusements; they cannot maintain their ground against the clubs, where a more exciting evening's entertainment is to be had for less money, and in many of which one pays four *sous* (the price of a quadrille at the *guinguettes*) for liberty to make a speech. It would be better, however, to pay one's four *sous* for a listener, if such a thing could be found. Generally the whole assembly talks at once, and the president's office is reduced to that of ringing his bell without ceasing. He has been compared to the hare's foot, which we see suspended by a string at the door of many apartments in Paris, as a simple and elegant substitute for a bell-handle.

One scene, witnessed a few days ago on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, is too remarkable to be passed over. It was the eve of the *fête* of St. Joseph, the patron saint of the carpenters. At a certain corner, a great fire had been kindled of sawdust and shavings, round which was assembled a crowd, seemingly of "the trade," who were engaged, amidst acclamations of joy, in burning a bust. It was not possible to obtain a distinct view of the features of the personage who had the honour of figuring in this *auto-da-fe* of the carpenters, but conjectures as to who it might be were thrown out in abundance by the passers-by.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed some, in a tone of consternation, "in what a time do we live! Here is '95 over again. The workmen are burning M. Guizot in effigy."—"No, it is M. Duchâtel,—I saw the face!"—"No, it is the bust of the organization of labour."

These and many other guesses were hazarded, and many were of opinion that the people were burning in effigy a personification of the National Guard. "Ah, if his poor wife were to pass by," said a spectator, pointing to the blackened bust, "it would be enough to kill her."—"And his children, too," said another tender-hearted passenger, in a pathetic tone.

At length, one who had been looking on in silence, determined to discover what unfortunate contemporary had thus incurred the displeasure of the sovereign people, managed to force his way into the centre of the group. But the features of the bust were by this time quite unrecognisable. Searching out, therefore, among the executioners of the decree of the Mob Majesty, for the one whose countenance bespoke the most affable and condescending temper, he ventured to ask the name of him who had been thus *justly sacrificed*; the assumption that the sentence was just, though he did not know on whom, showed his courtier-like skill, and was rewarded accordingly. He obtained an answer. It was the bust of—will anybody guess?—I am afraid you must give it up. It was the bust of Voltaire!!! Shall I leave your mouths open with astonishment till next month, or shall I give an explanation. It was not for his enmity to Christianity that he was condemned, but for an insult offered in a certain couplet* to the trade of a carpenter, which, in his own day, as carpenters did not then read, had escaped detec-

* The couplet occurs in the *Épître à Uranie*, where, speaking of the Saviour, he says,

"Long temps vil ouvrier, un rabot à la main,
Ses beaux jours sont perdus dans ce lâche exercice."

tion, but the schoolmaster has been abroad, and a young professor of the plane had just found him out. Singular that for this offence vengeance should have overtaken him after the lapse of a century. His attacks on throne and altar, his cold sneers at everything beautiful and sacred, might be forgiven; but an affront to the carpenters, a wound to our vanity, "*Jamais! Jamais!*"

THE PRAISES OF COLONOS.

Εὐπρεπῶ, ζῆνι, τᾶσδε χάρας.—ŒDIP. COL. 668—719.

I.

WELCOME, stranger! thou hast come
To the gods' well-favour'd home,
Where Colonos rears on high
Its chalky cliffs unto the sky;
Listen, stranger, and I'll tell
All the joys that here do dwell!

II.

Here are horses, that with pride
E'en a king would deign to ride;
Here the sweet-voiced nightingales
Softly tell their mournful tales;
Where the purple ivy's bloom
Shrouds the vale in twilight gloom!

III.

Here 's the leafy, pathless grove,
Which the Wine-god deigns to love,
Where the mighty trees have made
Gloomy aisles of unpierced * shade,
Where the tempest's raging breath
Stirs not e'en a leaf in death.†

IV.

Here, within the leafy halls
Roam the joyous Bacchanals;
The Nysian nymphs, who from the first
Never left the God they nurst,
But now with laugh and merry stir,
Crowd around the Reveller!

V.

Here, enrich'd by heavenly dew,
The golden crocus bursts to view,
And the sweet narcissus throws
All around its clustering shows;
The holy flow'r which erst, 'tis said,
Wreath'd a mighty goddess' head.

VI.

Here, the sleepless fountains ever
Stream into Cephissus' river;

Univ. Coll., Durham.

Earth enriching in their flow,
Nomad-like, they wand'ring go,
Loved by all the Muses mighty
And by gold-rein'd Aphrodite.

VII.

Here, I've heard, too, is a tree,
Such as Asia ne'er did see,
Unplanted by man's hand, the fear
Of friendly and of hostile spear:
For 'tis here the olive grows,
In the land where first it rose!

VIII.

Here, shall neither young nor old
E'er be impiously bold
To cut down the sacred grove,
For 'tis watch'd by Mosian Jove,
And the great Minerva too,
With her eyes of melting blue!

IX.

Here, (and this I reckon most
For the Mother-City's boast,)
Here, 'twas first the Ocean King
Bade the stately steed to spring,
And with bits did curb him then,
To be useful unto men!

X.

Thus our city's reached the height
Where true Glory sheds her light:
She 's the nurse of chivalry,
And the mistress of the sea;
And 'tis thou, O Saturn's son,
That this mighty work hast done!

XI.

Dashing through the briny sea,
The tall ship bounds on wondrously,
Tracking through the waste of waters
Nereus' hundred-footed daughters:
For our King is Saturn's son!
Stranger, now my tale is done!

CUTHBERT BEDE.

* ἀνήλιον.—Where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers.—MILTON.

† No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it lie.—KEATS.

THE DANISH SEAMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE DANISH.

"Kong Christian stod ved højen Mast," &c.—EWALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the high mast,
 In cloud and smoke,—
 With his axe he hammer'd away so fast,
 That helm and skull around he cast—
 Sunk every foeman's yard and mast,
 In cloud and smoke.
 "Fly!" cried he, "fly! who now fly can!
 Who stands for Denmark's Christian!
 In fight and smoke?"

Niels Juel, to storm and cry gave heed—
 " Now is the hour!"
 And hoisted up the flag blood-red,
 Flew blow on blow—fell head on head—
 As he shouted through the storm, "Give heed!
 Now is the hour!
 Fly!" cried he, "fly! who safety seek!
 Who stands for Denmark's Juel now speak
 In fight this hour!"

O North Sea! how our lightnings rend
 Thy murky sky!—
 There in thy lap chiefs seek their end—
 For thence their shafts death—terror send,
 —Shouts through the battle break, and rend
 Thy murky sky!
 From Denmark flames thy "thunder-shield;"
 Then cast thyself on heaven and yield!—
 Or fly!

Thou Danish road to fame and power,
 Thou gloomy wave!
 Oh, take thy friend, who ne'er will cower,
 But danger dares, where'er it lower,
 As proud as thou, in thy storm-power,
 Thou gloomy wave!
 And quick through shouts of joy and woe,
 And fight and victory, bear me to
 My grave!

W.

INDEX

TO THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

A.

- Abraham Elder's Lucky Grocer, 31.
Addison's (H. R.) Postman, 201.
Aliwal and Sir Harry Smith, by Charles Whitehead, 317.
Archduke Charles (Narrative of the Wreck of the), by a Naval Officer, 392.
"Are there those who read the Future?" A Tissue of Strange Coincidences, by the Author of "Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain," 340, 465.

B.

- Banks's (G. Linnæus) God will befriend the Right, 589.
Battles (The Decisive) of the World, by Professor Creasy. No. I. Marathon, 54; No. II. Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 125; No. III. The Metaurus, 250; No. IV. Arminius's Victory over the Roman Legions under Varus, 384; No. V. The Battle of Tours, 524; No. VI. The Battle of Valmy, 623.
Beethoven (Memoir of), by Miss Thomasina Ross, 115.
Blue Beard (Origin of the Story of), by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 136.
Boleyn (Anne) and Sir Thomas Wyatt, 233.
Brooke (Rajah) Visit to his Highness at Sarawak, by Peter M'Quhae, 65.
Burton's (W. E.) Two Pigs, a Swinish Colloquy, 216; Yankee amongst the Mermaids, 303.
By the clear silver tones of thy heavenly voice, 132.

C.

- C. A. M. W.'s What can Sorrow do? 191; Isles of the Blest, 455.
Captain Spike; or, the Isles of the Gulf, by J. Fenimore Cooper, 77, 193, 375.
Career of the Hero of Acre, 74.

- Chapters (Some) of the Life of an Old Politician, 515.
Charles Edward Stuart; or, Vicissitudes in the Life of a Royal Exile, 492.
Child of Genius (The), by Alfred Crowquill, 249.
Christmas Festivities at Rome, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, 247.
Cooper's (J. F.) Captain Spike; or, The Isles of the Gulf, 77, 193, 375.
Costello's (Miss) Summer Sketches in Switzerland, 150, 258.
Country Towns and Inns of France, by J. Marvel, 11, 143.
Creasy's (Professor) Six Decisive Battles of the World. No. I. Marathon, 54; No. II. Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 125; No. III. The Metaurus, 250; No. IV. Arminius's Victory over the Roman Legion under Varus, 384; No. V. The Battle of Tours, 524; No. VI. The Battle of Valmy, 623.
Crowquill's (Alfred) Search after Truth 9; Love's Desertion, a melancholy Fact, 124; Child of Genius, 249; Return of the Birds, 374; Three Nuns, 448; Fairy Cup, 582.
Cruikshank's (Percy) St. George and the Dragon; The True Tale, divested of its Traditional Fibs; (*a good way*) from the German, 311.
Curling's (H.) Ramble along the Old Kentish Road from Canterbury to London, 111, 266.
Cuthbert Bede's Reverie of Love, 110; The Water-Lily, 114; Praises of Colonus, 639.

D.

- Danish Seaman's Song, 640.
Difficulties in a Tour to Wiesbaden, by the Author of "Paddiana," 185.
D'Israeli (The late Isaac) and the Genius of Judaism, 219.
Donizetti (Gaetano), 537.

E.

- Eighteenth Century (Memoirs and Anecdotes of), 559.
 Elliot's (Mrs. Frank Mrs. Alfred Augustus Potts, a Tale of the Influenza, 289.
 Emmett (Robert) and Arthur Aylmer; or, Dublin in 1803, by W. H. Maxwell, 470, 551.
 Eventful Days (The) of February 1848 in Paris, by an American Lady, 408.

F.

- Fair Agnes (The Legend of), from the Danish, 535.
 Fairy Cup (The), by Alfred Crowquill, 582.
 Fatherland (The German's), 634.
 February, 1848, in Paris (The Eventful Days of), by an American Lady, 408.
 Fêtes at Madrid. The Montpensier Marriage, 44.
 Fête (A) Champêtre in Constantinople, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, 121.
 France and her National Assemblies, by James Ward, 615.
 French Revolution (Scenes from the last), by the Flâneur in Paris, 422.

G.

- German's (The) Fatherland, 634.
 God will befriend the Right, by G. Linnaeus Banks, 589.
 Gossip from Paris, by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, 636.
 Government Plan for the Defence of the Country, by J. A. St. John, 89.
 Gray (Characteristics of the Poet), by Edward Jesse, 133.
 Greensleeves's She's Gone to Bath, 605.
 Guizot (The Career of), by James Ward, 435.

H.

- Hardinge (Lord) and the Recent Victories in India, by Dr. W. C. Taylor, 1.
 Heiress (The) of Budowa, 174.
 Hospital (The) of the San Spirito at Rome. A Narrative of Facts, by E. V. Rippingille, 477.

I.

- I have heard of blessed isles, by C. A. M. W., 455.
 I saw him sitting on the dark way-side, by Alfred Crowquill, 249.
 Isles of the blest (The), by C. A. M. W., 455.
 It fell on a Sunday morning's dawn, by E. K., 246.
 It is the sound raised by the sweeping of an Angel's wing, by W. R. C., 534.

J.

- Jesse's (E.) Characteristics of the Poet Gray, 133.

K.

- Kenealy's (C.) Birth-day Dream, 88.
 King Mob, by Mrs. Romer, 325.
 Kirdjali, the Bulgarian Bandit, from the Russian of Pushkin, by Thomas Shaw, 337.

L.

- Legend (The) of Fair Agnes, from the Danish of Oehlenschläger, 535.
 L. E. L. (Biographical Sketch of), 532.
 Literary Notices:—Bohn's Standard Library; Illustrations of Instinct, by Jonathan Couch; Observations in Natural History, by the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, 323.
 Literary Statistics of France for Fifteen Years, 456.
 Louis Philippe (Career of, as a Sovereign), 590.
 Love's Desertion; a Melancholy Fact, by Alfred Crowquill, 124.
 Love was born one joyous evening, by Alfred Crowquill, 124.
 Löwenstein's (Prince), Notes of an Excursion from Lisbon to Andalusia, and to the Coast of Morocco, 568.
 Lucky Grocer (The), by Abraham Elder, 31.

M.

- M'Quhae's (Captain, R. N.) Visit to his Highness Rajah Brooke, at Sarawak, 65.
 Marvel's Country Towns and Inns of France, 11, 143; Pipe with the Dutchmen, 226, 417.
 Masanicello (Rise and Fall of), by the Author of "The Heiress of Budowa," 352.
 Maxwell's (W. H.) Robert Emmett and Arthur Aylmer; or, Dublin in 1803, 470, 551.
 Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, 559.
 Metternich (Prince), 431.
 Minstrel's Curse (The), from Uhland, 321.
 Mrs. Alfred Augustus Potts; a Tale of the Influenza, by Mrs. Frank Elliot, 289.
 My Birth-day Dream, by E. Kenealy, 88.

N.

- Napoleon (The Two Funerals of), by Robert Postans, 270.
 New Year's Eve, from the German of Richter, by H. J. Whitting, 73.
 Notes of an Excursion from Lisbon to Andalusia, and to the Coast of Morocco, by Prince Löwenstein, 568.

- O.
- Oh! that such bliss were mine! by Cuthbert Bede, 110.
- Old Man (The) and his Guests, by H. J. Whiting, 202.
- Old Man's (An) Recollections of the Pastoral Cantons of Switzerland, edited by Mrs. Percy Sinnett, 25, 366.
- P.
- Para ; or, Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon, by J. E. Warren, 17, 159, 239, 347, 484.
- Pipe (A) with the Dutchmen, by J. Marvel, 226, 417.
- Politician (Chapters in the Life of an Old), 515.
- Postans' (Robert) Two Funerals of Napoleon, 270 ; Rattery Brown ; or, The Privateer's Carousal, 575.
- Postman (The), by H. R. Addison, 201.
- Praises (The) of Colonos, by Cuthbert Bede, 639.
- R.
- Ramble (A) along the Old Kentish Road from Canterbury to London, by Henry Curling, 111, 264.
- Rattery Brown ; or, The Privateer's Carousal, by Robert Postans, 575.
- Republican Clubs in Paris (*April*, 1848), by the Flâneur in Paris, 505.
- Republican Manners, by the Flâneur in Paris, 542.
- Return of the Birds (The), by Alfred Crowquill, 374.
- Reverie of Love, by Cuthbert Bede, 110.
- Rippingille's (E. V.) Hospital of the San Spirito at Rome. A Narrative of Facts, 477.
- Romer's (Mrs.) King Mob, 325.
- Ross's (Miss Thomasina) Memoir of Beethoven, 115.
- S.
- St. George and the Dragon. The True Tale, divested of its Traditional Fibs (*a good way*) from the German, by Percy Cruikshank, 311.
- St. John's (J. A.) Government Plan for the Defence of the Country, 89.
- Savile's (Hon. C. S.) Journey from Shiraz to the Persian Gulf, 595.
- Search after Truth (The), by Alfred Crowquill, 9.
- Shakspeare Birth-house (Hoax of the) and Relic Trade at Stratford-on-Avon, by a Warwickshire Man, 279.
- Shaw's (Thomas) Kirdjälli, the Bulgarian Bandit, from the Russian of Pushkin, 337.
- She's gone to Bath, by Greensleeves, 605.
- Shiraz (Journey from) to the Persian Gulf, by the Hon. C. S. Savile, 595.
- Sinnact's (Mrs.) Old Man's Recollections of the Pastoral Cantons of Switzerland, 25, 366 ; Fête Champêtre at Constantinople, 121 ; Christmas Festivities at Rome, 247 ; Literary Statistics of France, 456 ; Gossip from Paris, 634.
- Sir Magnus and the Sea-Witch, by E. K., 246.
- Smith's (Sir Sidney) Career of, 74.
- Switzerland (Summer Sketches in), by Miss Costello, 150, 258.
- T.
- Taylor's (Dr. W. C.) Lord Hardinge, and the recent Victories in India. 1. Origin of the Story of Blue Beard, 136 ; The late Isaac D'Israeli, Esq., and the Genius of Judaism, 219.
- The earth lay dreaming, by Cuthbert Bede, 114.
- The golden Julian morn was gleaming, by E. Kenealy, 88.
- There stood in ancient times, 321.
- They return, they return, with their plumage so gay, by Alfred Crowquill, 374.
- Three Nuns (The), by Alfred Crowquill, 448.
- Two Pigs (The), a Swinish Colloquy, by W. E. Burton, 216.
- V.
- Visit (A) to the "Haunts" of a Poetess, by the Author of "Paddiana," 102.
- Visits, Dinners, and Evenings at the Quai D'Orsay, and at Neully, 297.
- W.
- Ward's (James) France and her National Assemblies, 615.
- Warren's (J. E.) Para ; or, Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon, 17, 159, 239, 347, 484.
- Water-Lily (The), by Cuthbert Bede, 114.
- Welcome, sweet May ! 514.
- What can Sorrow do ? by C. A. M. W., 191.
- What is a Sigh ? 534.
- What Tom Pringle did with a £100 Note, 167.
- Whitehead's (Charles) Aliwal and Sir Harry Smith, 317.
- Whiting's (H. J.) New Year's Eve, from the German of Richter, 73 ; Old Man and his Guests, 203.
- Wreck of the Archduke Charles (Narrative of the), by a Naval Officer, 392.
- Y.
- Yankee (The) amongst the Mermaids. A Yarn, by a Cape Codder, 303.

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