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LONDON HOMES:

INCLUDING

THE MURDER HOLE; THE DROWNING DRAGON;

THE PRIEST AND THE CURATE;

LADY MARY PIERREPOINT; & FRANK VANSITTART.

BY CATHERINE SINCLAIR,

AUTHOR OF

“BEATRICE;” “MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS;”

&c.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1853.

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ADVERTISEMENT

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

THE unprecedented success of Miss Catherine Sinclair's works in America, has been known throughout that country these many years; but the reception given to "Beatrice," her last novel, has, in fact, exceeded that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in England. Above one hundred thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. A pamphlet was published by twenty-eight clergymen of New York, advising that each of their congregation should possess a copy. It has been recommended from the pulpit, a written testimonial to its merits has been sent to the American publishers by Father

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Gavazzi, and favourable notices of "Beatrice" have appeared in above five hundred newspapers and magazines, all of which testify to the deep interest of the story, as well as to the very important object it has in view.

P R E F A C E.

THE author having had an opportunity this year to attend the numerous May meetings held for various benevolent objects, became greatly surprised to observe that the worst attended of all these assemblages was one to improve the condition of the London Poor. Scarcely more than fifty spectators assembled in the room, while more speakers appeared on the platform, than listeners on the benches. It is hoped, nevertheless, that such discouragements, thrown upon home objects, may not extinguish that spirit of philanthropy which has recently influenced many young men of rank and talent to labour with patriotic diligence for the mental and bodily improvement of their own suffering countrymen, with as much enthusiasm as if they were savages or foreigners.

The remark is often made that in London every-

thing is found in its utmost perfection, where all the luxury, splendour and refinement of life appears at its highest pitch, but where also is exhibited the deepest perfection of human degradation and suffering, for no animal within his wild, forest den, breathes in a scene of deeper pollution than the miserable outcasts of humanity in their London Homes.

The author has received much information in respect to her suffering countrymen from the excellent Secretary to the Mendicity Society, and having also read several recent works on "The Rookeries of London;" she has been induced by that fervent desire of usefulness which is her sole motive in writing, to embody, to the best of her power, her own conception of the contrast which exists at present between the two extremes of luxury and wretchedness in our London Homes.

LONDON HOMES.

“ In age, in infancy, from other’s aid,
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind
That nature’s first, last lesson.”

YOUNG.

THE broad, glittering stream of the silver Thames, never adorned any more beautiful garden and house than the London home of a young baronet and his sister, who had recently settled for the season in town. Everybody liked Sir Arthur D’Arcy and Sir Arthur D’Arcy liked everybody. Distinguished at Oxford for accurate scholarship and conscientious application to study, he was early trained, also, by his own judicious mother to an elevating consciousness that wealth has its many serious duties, as well as its many pleasant privileges. Sir Arthur, in consequence of such maternal teaching, did not merely endeavour to follow at a distance in the footsteps of philanthropy, but he advanced the foremost in

every good work, and far from becoming a spoiled child of prosperity, the victim of his own high position, he retained that delight in the simplest enjoyments of nature by which the felicity of man can best be secured and perpetuated. Flourishing fields and happy faces were what he most desired to cultivate around him on his own property, and well did he succeed, for, with a strong sense of the bounty and beauty of nature, he had a deep insight into the constitution of his own mind, which led him on to a fervent love of God and most efficient love to man.

Intellect shone in the bright eyes of Sir Arthur D'Arcy, who looked noble but not arrogant, distinguished but not vain, and in all his actions it was evident that the heart as well as the head had been consulted, while in his manner there appeared a tranquil vivacity that enlivened without dazzling his companions, so that it was often observed of him, that he had no mere acquaintances as all his acquaintances became friends.

Sir Arthur had been gifted by nature with a most extraordinary cousin in his companion and cotemporary Lord Chobham, who possessed with great natural talents and a frame of iron, the most unrestrained and untameable spirits that ever astonished society. Quite as unsafe to his friends as to his

enemies, Lord Chobham's great delight was in petty mischief, and especially in practical jokes, played off without reference to time, place, or circumstances, as well as with a perfect indifference whether they were at his own expense or that of others. It became impossible to know when Lord Chobham was in earnest; indeed, he never was in earnest, and would have disdained ever to be thought so. To Lord Chobham the world was a stage on which to play his pranks and laugh at those who were "sold;" while his especial butt had long been, and seemed always likely to continue to be, an old school-companion, in mind and manners the greatest possible contrast on earth to himself.

Lord Avenal, wearied of the world at twenty-five, and apparently incapable of a single emotion, was a perfect specimen of a *blasé*, worn out, used up loungee through life. All London, Rome, and Paris were to him mere exhausted receivers; for though many successive seasons saw him trying every amusement of all these capitals, he yawningly complained of their monotony, while he gazed in languid astonishment at any one who had the vigour to be happy or even amused.

Lord Chobham accounted for his friend's helpless incompetency by saying, that like many young men now, his brains had been "bothered and puzzled"

by too much teaching till he had none left; and certainly there were small symptoms of any. The best joke drew from him only a dissatisfied smile, the most agreeable proposal for amusement scarcely brought a sparkle to his eye, the greatest public events were totally indifferent to him, and he had no domestic affections to render home-events interesting. In short, Lord Avenal, in his London home, seemed always endeavouring to endure existence, but as if enjoyment were out of the question. His was a life without love to God or man, therefore he could have no thought except what was painful, because in it there could be neither affection to warm the feelings nor admiration to ennoble them. His ears, in short, were stone-deaf to the poetry of life, and filled only with the idle buzzing of wearisome frivolity, while in the only science he ever studied, that of fashionable life, he had learned to know the different value of any one's position as accurately as he knew the relative value of a shilling, a sovereign, or a farthing.

“The ennui you complain of, proceeds from making life a whole holiday instead of a half-holiday,” said Sir Arthur D’Arey one day, in reply to a yawn from Lord Avenal, soon after they met in London for the season. “During a life all leisure, nothing is a relaxation. If you live entirely on sugar, nothing would taste sweet; but try a flavour of salt or

bitter occasionally and then you will discover the contrast."

"Sweet or sour, my appetite for everything, literally or metaphorically is gone—utterly extinct—" said Lord Avenal, in a desponding tone. "If it were not for a dozen cigars every forenoon and the ballet at night—."

The young peer shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at the world in general, and silently buttoned his glove.

"I positively believe that if we could all throw down our cards as soon as we tire of playing at the game of life, merely forfeiting the stake, many would gladly slip out of this wearisome existence to-morrow," exclaimed Lord Chobham, with a sympathetic yawn. "Might we but leave this world as we quit an evening party, calling our carriage, or rather our hearse, and bowling easily away, one would gladly escape the humdrummery of everything that is to be heard, or seen, or done in this monotonous scene. I wonder how they get on in the moon; and when we shall have an electric telegraph there to communicate with the inhabitants?"

"You are sufficiently lunatic already, Chobham, and really the world we inhabit is quite good enough for our deservings," replied Sir Arthur, strolling to the window. "Look at this beautiful landscape."

“Yes! yes! I saw it yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that; one cannot be looking at beautiful landscapes for ever. People are immensely praised who retire to live selfishly alone in the country; but I think it quite as idle, to stand gaping at a mountain, or counting your camellias, or devoting your days to producing a pansy larger than half-a-crown instead of a shilling, as it is to fight on in society, studying human beings, and tormenting them as I do. Give me the proper study of mankind, which we all know is man.”

“Or rather give me in the country, good moors this August,” said Lord Avenal, with a terrific yawn. “Really, if I were but a good enough shot, I would shoot myself, and then in this tiresome world there will be one deserving young man the less!”

“Deserving young men are a mere drug in the market, now, we have so many,” replied Sir Arthur smiling. “If you want something to do, take a parliamentary fit—or edit somebody’s biography.”

“Yes! give me yours to arrange; and then hereafter, if biographers are marshalled out of a room with precedence according to the estimation in which their heroes are held by an impartial world, I shall always walk off first.”

“You should have seen, yesterday,” said Lord Chobham, “the amusing *fracas* which took place

when my old Uncle Gerrard asked me to read him the 'Times.' I impromptued the most frightful description of an Irish murder, and made the whole circumstances and appearance of the victim so exactly tally with his own son, now quartered in Tipperary, that truly it was too diverting to watch, over the edge of my newspaper, how he fidgetted, grew pale, rose from his seat, sat down again, and really did the affectionate father extremely well. I described the young officer by the initial 'Henry G.,' said he was tall, slight, and red-haired; but when I mentioned his nose being all one side, the old fellow was foolish enough to faint! People will take one so literally!"

"I never do," replied Sir Arthur, smiling. "If you tell me you are yourself, then I feel certain you are somebody else."

"I wish I were! Make me any one else and it will be a variety. I liked this world uncommonly once, though now, I wish myself well out of it; but not with a tiresome, long, troublesome illness. I should hate to be literally at sheet-anchor, and would prefer pistols and coffee any morning."

"What has put you in this misanthropical humour, Chobham? I never saw your thermometer at zero before!"

"I mean to be buried under a weeping-willow—

the only chance of any one weeping over my grave, D'Arcy. Some people live too long, and some die when they can ill be spared; but mine shall be a sensible dying. Now, at this moment, no mortal will regret me."

"Come Chobham! this is a libel on your friends! I could not live or laugh without you, and neither could Madelaine."

"Convince me of that and I may condescend a little longer to endure life! Madelaine used, in her childhood, to be so kind to me; one would have thought I was a rich old uncle from whom she had expectations, but of late, I might as well go up in a balloon to look for the sun, as expect one of her old school-room cordial smiles. We used to agree so perfectly on every subject that it seemed scarcely necessary for us to talk; and there was nobody whose opinions I liked so well, because they never differed from my own; but now!—she positively contradicted me twice yesterday!"

"Lucky she is not a man, Chobham, for you used to be as angry at any one differing in opinion from you as if we had given you the lie," said Sir Arthur, laughing. "But wait five minutes; I shall see if Madelaine is at home and inclined to contradict you again."

"Five minutes! If any one entreats me to wait

for him five minutes, D'Arcy, he does not generally mean five hours, but it always turns out so in the end; however, go and ask her if she can amuse a stupid cousin."

"That is her *forte* always, and you give her abundant practice."

"Yes! now I have spent my whole stock of spirits and need to have them replenished by the presence of my merry cousin Madelaine."

"But, Chobham, why do you never try the road that leads to peace and quietness?"

"To dulness and desperation, you mean! I tried country felicity last week at my Uncle Gerrard's little villa at Twickenham. After breakfast, he always said to me, with a hospitable, self-satisfied look, 'Now, I leave you to amuse yourself!' What could I do? There were a garden, a lawn, a six-yard wide gravel-walk, and a dusty high road, few books, and no society; yet my uncle was always praising the superior rationality of country retirement; but I say, 'The more fools, the more fun.' Instead of conversing with all the clever men at my club, he thought my time would be better spent in gazing at primroses and pruning roses, in walking up and down with my hands in my pockets, and in staring the moon out of countenance!"

"Our pleasure in the beauties of nature rests on

two pillars—love to God, and admiration of His works,” replied Sir Arthur; “but in respect to society, give me the man or woman who will good-humouredly bear all the little rubs and small mortifications of intimate association, without sulkily retiring, as your uncle has done, to feel himself in a state of self-satisfied superiority alone. I consider that individual in a very inferior state of mind and heart, who can do without sympathy and association.”

“People who live very retired generally become great eaters, trying all day to get an appetite, and thinking chiefly of what they shall eat! I get shockingly irritable too, when I am long alone! Now, where is Madelaine? I guess she will not appear! I was sure something would go wrong with me to-day, because, in leaving my uncle’s this morning, I saw that most unlucky of all birds, a magpie.”

“You should not look at magpies, if they bring you ill-fortune.”

“I was glad to see anything alive there; even a crow was better than nothing. Like all people in rural cottages, my uncle has a thermometer, and never speaks of anything else. He composes a sentence about it for the day, and repeats it to every one he meets afterwards. The house was so cold, that a place on the hearth-rug there should be let for so much an hour. I wished myself living in

the planet Jupiter, where you tell me there is no winter."

"I should like to see the person who could say that there is. The climate there is so fearfully hot, that you would need to do like Sidney Smith, who said he left off his flesh, and sat in his bones; and that he met empty suits of clothes walking about, the owners having melted entirely away."

Madelaine D'Arej appeared to those but slightly acquainted with her as the merriest elf who ever escaped from the trammels of school-room discipline, but she was, in fact, also a girl of most refined taste, of deeply poetical temperament, and of the most exquisite beauty. Her every thought was full of cheerful kindness; yet wherever sorrow dwelt, there she hastened; and whenever a benevolent action was named, she became the first to admire, and if possible to imitate it. From earliest childhood, an object of most devoted and even respectful attachment to her eccentric cousin, Lord Chobham, they treated each other with a sort of lively caprice, very amusing to spectators, but rather perplexing to those, like Sir Arthur, who had an anxious desire that no mistake on either side should give to one or other the pain of an unrequited attachment. It was impossible to penetrate through their almost brother-and-sister intimacy, their pretended quarrels and

pretended indifference ; but any man would rather have taken Lord Chobham's chance of gaining the fascinating Madelaine's affections than that of Lord Avenal, who professed, in his own languid, non-chalant, care-for-nobody way, to admire her, but whose life seemed to consist, as Lord Chobham remarked, of two dreams—the one when he was asleep, and the other when he was by way of being awake.

It was a subject of annual lamentation in the pretty rural village of Arrowfield when Sir Arthur and Miss D'Arcy paid their periodical tour of farewell visits among the humble cottages of their tenantry, where even the poorest dwellings were all adorned with a tapestry of flowers. Though the gardens appeared scarcely larger than a school-boy's slate, it was astonishing upon how small an allowance of soil the country-people contrived to raise very beautiful plants destined to appear in the competition, at which Madelaine awarded a gown for the finest geranium, and a set of China tea-things for the best roses. In the gigantic world of London, she felt it a great diminution of enjoyment to be cut off from the possibility of personally superintending the poor, and the giving of her alms through charitable societies was, to a heart like Madelaine's, comparatively cold and unsatisfactory ; when she con-

trasted this with her self-taught schools, her clothing societies, and the joyous hay-making festival, which annually closed her residence at Arrowfield.

The most unwilling farewell of Madelaine was at the house of a much-respected old cottage-farmer, named Watson, a tenant of Lord Deloraine's, whose only son had for two years been employed as secretary and reader by a neighbouring proprietor, Mr. Hargrave; and whose only daughter, a blooming young village beauty, had received a sound, excellent English education by means of Madelaine, who herself taught Fanny Watson much, and who had in former years prevailed on her worthy governess to teach so docile a pupil much more. Fanny, however, learned no superfluous accomplishments unsuitable to her humble station; for few regretted more than Miss D'Arcy, that now the daughters of small farmers have substituted the piano for the churn, and the speaking of very bad French for the good English common-sense of their grandmothers. Fanny, in the department of music, merely sung her own native ballads and the hymns in church with natural taste and expression; while she likewise assisted in all the matter-of-fact household arrangements of her father's cottage-farm, churning or washing in time to her own gay, lively tunes.

Like Miss D'Arcy, any one might have had great

pleasure in conversing with pretty Fanny Watson, as her natural good sense and religious principles were totally without pretension, while she expressed herself with quiet, unadorned simplicity on whatever subject within her own sphere might happen to be discussed between herself and Miss D'Arcy or any other casual visitor—and these were very few—to her humble country home. Fanny had lately thought herself extremely presumptuous, and the dreadful truth was buried in the very depths of her own innocent heart, that Lord Deloraine's new factor, Mr. Hartfield, had become an object of very secret and of very deep interest to her. He was such an honest-hearted, straight-forward, thoroughly good man, his age not much above five-and-thirty, that now and then a thought stole into her unsophisticated mind, and could not be banished, whether his exceedingly frequent visits could be always intended for her father, especially as they were generally paid when her worthy parent was notoriously known to be engaged at the plough or at the market. Be that as it may, the sound of Mr. Hartfield's quick, animated step approaching never was mistaken by Fanny for any other, and his knock at the door sounded like no other knock; while her eye instantly sparkled with gladness, her lip quivered with a smile of anticipated pleasure,

and her marble cheek became steeped in crimson. There was in Fanny's face all the innocent joyousness of childhood, and in her figure the round contour of earliest girlhood, while her features expressed the loveliness of character, no less than of form, as she had an aspect of thought occasionally far beyond her juvenile years, and at times her azure eyes, beaming with intelligence, had a melting expression of pathos—a look that seemed appealing to those who observed her for protection and sympathy.

Only one living individual might ever be heard to lament what he was pleased to call “Fanny Watson's want of finish,” and this was a very important personage who would willingly have “finished” her on a plan of his own. Mr. Duvoisier, the travelling servant and general factotum of Lord Deloraine, was quite an “Admirable Crichton” among valets. He had become a perfect Isidore for hair-dressing, and equal to any silversmith for cleaning the toilette ornaments; while his complaisance and activity were such, that his master often said, in a tone of consequential approbation, “Duvoisier goes through fire and water every day to serve me.”

Lord Deloraine seldom condescended to reside at his own magnificent residence near Arrowfield, being himself a nobleman who lived not for the domestic

affections, nor for any pleasures of the heart, but for the pictures, statues and *bijouterie* of Paris and Rome, for the Italian Opera on week days; and on Sundays, as Lord Deloraine was a recently-caught pervert to Romanism, his little atom of intellect found gratification occasionally in the stately ceremonials and exciting music of the Popish Church. Here Lord Deloraine's languid senses were lulled into a state of dreamy unconsciousness, while he sat as if at a morning concert or a sort of Sunday-opera, feeling himself exceedingly good and pious, in partaking for some hours of melodious sounds and intoxicating perfumes, as well as in watching the bowing, and pirouetting, and processions of the magnificently-dressed priests.

Lord Deloraine never kept up more than a temporary establishment, hurriedly gathered together from London, as a mere make-shift, during his short and unwilling residences at the castle of his ancestors; and Duvoisier continued always Premier, as well as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Very profitable sinecures he contrived to make them both. He beguiled his many hours of leisure more and more frequently by picking his steps towards Arrowfield, where, on pretext of having some indispensable commission for Farmer Watson, he called when there could not be a chance of finding him at home,

and delivered his message to Fanny, who blushing received the great man's commands relative to butter, pigs, poultry, eggs, ham and bacon.

“What a change from all I remember in the late Lord's time!” observed honest Jack Hartfield, meditatively, switching his top-boots, and looking at Fanny, while addressing her father. “We used to have six gigantic footmen in livery always about that deserted-looking, ill-used house! We called the men canary-birds on account of their state dress being yellow, and there were three men in plain clothes to superintend the footmen in doing nothing.”

“What a dairy you had then!” added Farmer Watson, condolingly. “Sixteen Alderney cows to supply the Castle!”

“Yes! we might have filled the cistern, and turned the spout one way for milk and the other for cream. There was no need then for a strutting foreigner, in yellow gloves and moustachios, to purchase farm produce from the small tenants. We had a self-contained establishment, with baker, butcher, carpenter, gamekeeper, and what not, all handsome and complete; an English chaplain also, who gave us prayers every morning and night; but my late master was every inch of him an English Lord.”

“Ah, Master Hartfield,” answered Watson, sorrowfully. “Them foreign ways are the ruin of my Willie, ever since Mr. Duvoisier began to keep company with him. The silly lad thinks it stylish to copy that grand-looking man in his filthy habit of smoking; and his wages, that he used to spend in good, sensible books or clothes, now find their way to Lundy Foote.”

“Nature seems to warn young men against that extravagance, by making it sickening and loathsome at first,” said Hartfield; “but woe to those who overcome that salutary impediment! Duvoisier is a bad companion for your son, Mr. Watson; and I suspect he has an object in trying to ruin him.”

Hartfield glanced anxiously towards Fanny, who was, with her beautiful arms bared, and up to the elbows in flour, baking most delicious bread, yet evidently listening intelligently to all that passed. “From smoking, Duvoisier has led Willie on to drink; from drink, it is but an easy step onwards to poaching; and from poaching, few stop short of robbery.”

“Oh no, Sir!” exclaimed Fanny, turning hurriedly round, her very soul in her eyes; “there can be no fear of Willie! He would burn off his right hand, rather than poach or steal.”

“Yes, Fanny, till Duvoisier took him to the gin-shop, and that is the grave of all honesty or hap-

piness," answered Hartfield, mournfully; and then he added, with friendly earnestness, "Keep Willie away from Duvoisier to-day. Let them not be another evening together. He is a deep, bad man. He has Lord Deloraine's ear; and he is plotting for Willie's ruin, and for your destruction, Fanny. Let not your brother go back this day to the Castle. More than life depends on your keeping him to-night at home."

"Tell me more," said Fanny, unconsciously grasping the arm of Hartfield, and looking up at him, her face scarlet with emotion. "Tell me all!"

"You see, Fanny, the only very English feeling his Lordship has remaining, is about preserving his game; and there are poachers out here every night. I have my own dark suspicions about who they are, and have traced them to his Lordship's very gate. Mr. Duvoisier sends boxes to a poulterer in London regularly by the carrier, and he makes a point that Willie shall be the person to deliver them. Duvoisier will ruin all your family, Fanny, in hopes to pick you out of the wreck for himself."

Fanny sat down pale with apprehension, while Hartfield continued: "He is one of those, only of late known in England, who believe they may do any evil, provided good come to themselves and their Church! See how he has given you that grand new edition of

the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' altered by the Papists to suit themselves; so that honest John Bunyan, the Puritan, is made to talk rank Popery."

"Yes," replied Fanny, smiling, "there will soon be a Roman Catholic edition of 'Goody-Two-Shoes,' and a Popish reprint of 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Every night at the Castle," continued Hartfield, "Mr. Duvoisier has drinking and dice till morning. His Lordship's cellar stands wide open to Mr. Duvoisier's friends, and none of them are on the water cure; they prefer the port-and-sherry cure, the gin-and-whisky cure, and nightly steep their sense of right or wrong in drunken forgetfulness. Take Willie away this very hour, for Duvoisier's conduct must be investigated to-morrow."

"I wish we could keep Willie here, Mr. Hartfield, and many thanks to you for the friendly advice," replied Fanny with tearful earnestness. "It was a dark hour of sorrow for us all when that frightfully grand Mr. Duvoisier first cast his evil eye on this house."

"I am glad you think so, Fanny, very glad indeed," said Hartfield, with an extremely approving glance at her lovely young countenance, for he thought there never had been a more sensible observation. "There is a sort of a something in my mind—call it magnetism or what you will—that

warns me against an evil man, and I never felt the instinct so strongly as in looking at Duvoisier."

"The power gained by one person's mind over another's is very unaccountable," said Fanny, thoughtfully. "Mr. Duvoisier first got hold of poor Willie's vanity by saying he was much too good to be nibbing pens from morning till night. Then he knocked up an intimacy with him at the racket-court, and as soon as Willie was enticed into the gin-shop all hope became destroyed. Instead of coming home in an evening to walk with me and to read together, he goes with Mr. Duvoisier to a penny concert of very bad music; and the wicked foreigner presses glass after glass on him, saying in joke: 'If you get into the watch-house I'll bail you out.' Willie is always complaisantly ready to split his sides at any joke of Mr. Duvoisier's, and so it all ends in drunkenness and misery that breaks our hearts at home. If Mr. Duvoisier thinks such conduct would recommend him to me, he is frightfully mistaken."

"I warned Willie against Duvoisier in vain; but I am glad, Fanny, that your own good sense has warned you! I have lived five and thirty years in this pleasant old world, and must appear quite a Methuselah, I fear, to a young girl like you, Fanny, but in all these years I never saw an eye less to be

trusted than Duvoisier's. He is a bad and thoroughly dangerous man."

"His power over Willie is like that of the cat over the mouse! If Mr. Duvoisier but looks as if he wished my brother would do or say anything, it is done."

"Well, Fanny! keep yourself to yourself, and keep Mr. Duvoisier at the greatest distance you possibly can. That is the advice of a sincere friend, and of one who would be more than a friend if he dared make you the offer," said honest Jack Hartfield, unwillingly rising to go. "Lock up your brother in a cellar or garret if you can, to keep him from Mr. Duvoisier's arts. Your father, who owes all his prosperity in life to avoiding the gin-shop, would die of a broken heart if he knew all that I know already, and all that I dread to discover to-night. Send an express to that den of iniquity the gin-shop, now for Willie. Make any pretext; take to your bed and be ill, but entice your brother away and make him prisoner, or he may soon be a prisoner in less agreeable hands."

Fanny's trembling might almost be heard, as she listened with grief and terror to the earnest language of Jack Hartfield, which tallied only too well with her own previous apprehensions, and hastily throwing a dark shawl over her tidy gingham dress, she

changed her neat house-shoes for very substantial boots and hurrying to where her father was at work, proposed that they should walk together instantly to the village, and that there, the respectable old farmer should himself be seen for once in his life entering the gin-shop.

To bring Willie away in their own affectionate custody seemed to Fanny's sanguine young heart no difficult task, as she walked with a light springing step by her excellent father's side, picking up a brilliant collection of wild flowers, listening to the bird-concert of a thousand songsters all singing their evening hymn among the overhanging oaks, and thinking, with eyes that sparkled and cheeks that glowed, of the first distant hint she had ever received from Jack Hartfield, that he might one day be more than a friend and dearer than a brother to her.

There was not a single article of any value in the cottage at Meadowburn, therefore, though Watson's only servant had gone to the nearest market-town, Fanny merely closed the door on the latch, leaving her clean little home, with its wooden chairs, horn spoons and pewter dishes, to take care of itself. For what possible object then could it be, that Mr. Duvoisier concealed himself behind an old thorn-tree, till the farmer and his daughter were out of

sight? Why did he then carefully inspect the stack-yard and then glide noiselessly into the house? Nothing ever appeared within these homely, respectable walls that Mr. Duvoisier would naturally have condescended to cast his eye upon for a moment, except pretty Fanny herself, yet there he remained during a long half-hour, and on coming out, Mr. Duvoisier, looking extremely pale, no longer carried in his hand a packet which had accompanied him into the cottage, and which had seemed of a bulk and weight not likely to let itself be forgotten. Mr. Duvoisier gave a final glance at the thatched roof of the pretty farm-house and at the enormous haystack, then having devoutly kissed a little crucifix that hung round his neck he stealthily departed, without once again venturing to look round.

Every position in life has its duties, and the sooner a man finds out his own, and acts up to them, the happier he is, but the absentee Lord Deloraine, who knew nothing of his tenantry, and seldom kept the same servant as long as a year, could little conceive how much any man is his own enemy who does not make humble friends of all who serve in his house or live on his estate. He merely considered himself a privileged idler with no reciprocal duties, therefore he received his rents with apathetic indifference, and a supercilious unconsciousness that his tenants had

any claim in return. In his aimless existence, Lord Deloraine thought he had done the whole duty of man, and considerably more, when he surrounded himself with all the baubles of superstition ; and very soon indeed, if he died, no evidence would be left of his reign over the extensive estates, except his portrait in the family gallery and his tombstone in the family burying-ground. Lord Deloraine had the very worst opinion of the lower orders, and took every opportunity to express it. They were only honest as long as they were not detected thieves, and only truthful till their lies were found out.

Nothing is more dangerous than to diminish the self-respect of servants and of children ; but for the slightest offence or omission, Duvoisier had to stand silent and respectful while Lord Deloraine indulged his humour by the most angry vituperation, accusing the whole establishment of every imaginable crime. Had Lord Deloraine actually believed Duvoisier guilty of half what he said, Newgate would have been much too good for him ; yet, though his Lordship was a man of furious passions and uncontrollable tongue, there was an anger more formidable, because more deadly than that of Lord Deloraine, merely venting itself in curses and imprecations. Any one who had watched the still, cold, imperturbable demeanour of Duvoisier, while his

lips became white, his eyes flashed, and his hands clutched the chair behind which he stood, might have said that the storm and tempest which raged externally were mere child's play to the burning volcano concealed under snow.

In spite of his imaginary accusations against Duvoisier, all dictated merely by ebullitions of temper against a man who dared not retaliate, Lord Deloraine was completely taken by surprise late one evening, when the news of his own household reached him, that Duvoisier had been detected in the fact of bagging fifteen pheasants for the London market, and that with his supposed accomplice, Willie Watson, he was in custody. The struggle to arrest these criminals had been desperate, indeed; and Jack Hartfield was reported severely wounded by a gunshot in the right side. An examination immediately took place of the splendid gold plate long kept under the care of Duvoisier, when it appeared that some very valuable racing-cups had been abstracted, of which the chief criminal could or would give no account; and both culprits were at once locked up, in safe keeping at Deloraine Castle until the proper authorities could be summoned for taking them into legal custody.

The patents of Chubb and Bramah would be of little use if all men were as skilful blacksmiths as

Duvoisier, and next morning the astonished servants awoke to the consciousness that their office of turnkey had not been sufficiently performed by those left in charge, as the watchers were sound asleep, the door wide open, and the two prisoners absent without leave.

Instantly the whole neighbourhood became roused ; an active pursuit took place, electric telegraphs were set flying in every direction, placards were hung on every wall, and it seemed impossible that Duvoisier should escape the Argus eyes of the police or their Briareus hands, yet no tidings came of the felon Duvoisier, evidently practised in every ingenious device to escape justice. His boxes were, however, stopped at the railway-office, where they had been lodged the day before ; and it was evident that the villain had meditated an early flight, as even his clothes were all found in readiness for a sudden departure.

Old Watson and his pretty daughter Fanny, were finishing an early peep-of-day breakfast, when two men suddenly appeared at the window, and after reconnoitering to ascertain that no strangers were there, Willie Watson strode into the room, followed by Duvoisier. The wretched young man betraying every evidence of recent intoxication, seemed to have been sobered by intense suffering ;

and with a face livid as death, and an expression of dream-like horror, stood before his father in melancholy silence, while Duvoisier, with such a countenance that any judge might have been justified in finding him guilty of any crime without a trial, broke out into a painful laugh as he looked contemptuously at his miserable companion, saying :

“You must get the duck-pond filled with gin, to satisfy this jovial fellow ! He is a perfect sand-bag for imbibing the right stuff—the fire-water, as Indians call it.”

Fanny turned hurriedly away, and, to hide the starting tears, pretended to busy herself in tidying the room, rinsing the breakfast things, sweeping out the hearth, and clearing off imaginary dust from the large old Bible ; while Duvoisier secretly watched her active proceedings, which had in them a native grace, that belonged he thought to nobody but Fanny Watson. Never had she shrunk more manifestly from his approach than now ; and a dark frown gathered upon Duvoisier’s face, as he said, in an accent of gloomy reproach, “Have you not one word this morning for your brother’s friend ?”

“His *friend* !” exclaimed Fanny, with a sudden burst of irrepressible indignation ; “his worst enemy and mine. Till you misled Willie, Mr. Duvoisier, he was the pride of our hearts, and now he is

breaking them. My poor father! This grief will kill him."

"I wish it would," muttered Duvoisier; and then added aloud, "You shall never want a protector, Fanny."

"I want one to protect me from your visits," replied Fanny; while a deep blush, that loveliest ornament of nature on a girl's cheek, gave new beauty to a countenance, young and bright as early morning. "You are the dark cloud that has come between us and happiness! Look at Willie to-day—more like a drunken poacher than an honest labourer! Oh! to think of what he was, in his sober, industrious days, at Mr. Hargrave's, only two short months ago!"

"You are very fierce with me to-day, Miss Fanny! Your brother is certainly of the persuadable class; therefore, think what he may be two short months hence, if you treat me as you do," said Duvoisier, approaching Fanny, who stood with mournful firmness, steadfastly looking at him, till a dark, red flush overspread his whole countenance. "Willie's character for life is in my power."

"Not now. His character is destroyed for ever," answered Fanny, bursting into an agony of tears; "and it is not in your power to restore that."

"True enough," replied Duvoisier, maliciously;

“and if the jail had its due, where would Willie have been this morning?”

“He would have come here without you,” said Fanny, emphatically, while her heart throbbed with indignant agitation.

“Then listen!” exclaimed Duvoisier, stamping his foot with rage, till the very floor quivered; “Willie Watson’s life is in my power—and yours—and your father’s!”

“Impossible! quite impossible! My excellent father is under the safe protection of his own good conduct; and though Willie has been foolish lately in his choice of a companion, whom it is needless to name, I am sure you cannot make him criminal.”

“As the man said, Miss Fanny, who cut down a mountain with a pickaxe, ‘Little by little,’” answered Duvoisier, in a surly tone. “Innoculate any man with a love of drink, and the whole eruption of sins will follow of course. A lion is scarcely a wild beast till he has tasted blood, and a man is his own master till he has got a thirst for gin; but then he is the willing slave of whoever will supply his craving. Make a man drunk, and the beasts that perish are his superiors.”

“True!” observed old Watson, mournfully shaking his venerable head, as he gazed at Willie’s disorderly aspect. “The first drop too much that a man

swallows is his first taste of hell; and the only reformed drunkard in my long life I ever knew, told me that the habit once acquired, no hell on earth is so torturing as the sensations of those who try to leave it off."

"As for Willie," continued Duvoisier, furiously, "if search were made in this house, enough would be found, Miss Fanny, to hang more than one. Appearances have hung many an honest man than your brother."

"What can you mean?" exclaimed Fanny, starting with a look of grief and apprehension. "I wish Mr. Hartfield were here."

"Hartfield! Let me tell you Hartfield is dead?" replied Duvoisier, watching with ill-concealed malignity the withering effect of his announcement on the startled Fanny, who scarcely knew for a moment whether her head were on her shoulders or not. She clenched her trembling hands together, and listened with agonized astonishment, while Duvoisier added sternly, "He was shot in an affray with poachers last night. I wish they could kill him again, for he cannot be too dead!"

Fanny at these dreadful words sank into a chair; an ashy paleness was on her cheek, while she covered her face with her hands, in a mute and boundless consternation of grief. At this moment, the heavy

tread of many footsteps was heard on the road; suppressed voices became audible, as if approaching, and Duvoisier, crunching his teeth with fury as he observed the intruders, made a hurried signal to his companion, sprung himself at a single bound out of the window, and disappeared into the shrubbery, followed closely by Willie Watson.

Fanny never afterwards forgot the look Duvoisier gave as he left her; his dark brow contracted into a heavy frown, his teeth rivetted on his under-lip till the blood seemed ready to start, and his eye gleaming with excited passion; but scarcely was he gone before a troop of the villagers from Arrowfield rushed into the house. They came in pursuit of the two fugitives, and being irritated at having so narrowly missed capturing them, they proceeded minutely and almost angrily to inspect the cottage. There at length the vigilant searchers succeeded in finding a packet, concealed apparently with much skill and caution among the articles of Fanny's wardrobe, and loud shouts of astonishment greeted the discovery of a cup and other articles recently missed from Deloraine Castle. The glittering treasure was hurriedly displayed, and looked to the simple villagers like a Californian mine suddenly brought to light.

Fanny and her father felt their eyes blasted at

beholding what seemed even to them an indisputable evidence of Willie being a guilty felon; but it was long before the most distant idea occurred to these honest heart-stricken beings, that any suspicion could attach to themselves of having knowingly received these stolen goods. In the long and silent pause which ensued, however, there were invidious looks exchanged among the spectators, which soon led to more invidious whispers; and Fanny suddenly awoke to the overwhelming consciousness that her father's character and her own were perhaps involved in this dreadful and most unaccountable discovery.

There are times in the existence of every living mortal, when it seems the Divine Will, in His own inscrutable wisdom, to try the heart of each individual by a rapid succession of heavy blows, as if to test what is the utmost power of human endurance; that the Christian may thus find, not only how feeble is every support in this world, but also that he may experience what abundant strength may be given by right principle, to steer safely, as well as cheerfully, through the storm.

The silent sorrow of Farmer Watson was more sad and hopeless than any passionate burst of grief, while Fanny seemed to herself in a dream of anguish, such as must extinguish life itself, when she perceived what was suspected by the villagers, and when

she thought of Mr. Hartfield's sudden fate. Feelings that she had scarcely allowed herself to indulge, now told her how deeply and truly she had loved him, and how faithfully he would have befriended her father and herself now.

There is nothing so melancholy as to look in the face of any one who has suffered some great misfortune, of which he is not yet conscious; and as Fanny saw her father quite unaware that a breath of suspicion could rest on his honest name, and reflected that her own character for integrity might perhaps now be suddenly and most unjustly blighted, all combined to weigh her down in utter hopelessness, had she not looked to the right source of comfort, inwardly praying for help and direction; while she hurriedly prepared to go to the Castle, and there deliver up the missing plate, as well as relate her own simple story.

Who is that dark and gloomy man, lurking alone about the garden at Meadowburn, and again gliding into the empty house, his face bloated with recent intoxication? What has he rifled from old Watson's desk? and whence come those flames, bursting suddenly from the thatched roof and stack-yard, spreading destruction around on every side? Should the aged farmer now be released, he has not a farthing left, a roof to cover him, nor even his well-

earned character, untarnished, to console and support him!

Had Lord Deloraine been an English Peer of the good old school, he would have known something of his own tenantry, small and great; but being a continentalized foreigner in heart and in feelings, conversant with pictures and statues more than with human sympathies or with simple minds, he took but one view of the evidence against old Watson and Fanny. Duvoisier he denounced as undeniably a villain of the deepest dye. He had trusted the rascal with untold gold, of which Duvoisier never had to trouble his indolent master with any account, as the confidential valet merely laid down an empty purse on his Lordship's table when it needed replenishment, and came for it again when reloaded with sovereigns. It never occurred to Lord Deloraine that if this easy arrangement did not turn out advantageous to both parties, some blame might attach to himself for leading another into such fearful temptation; but he inveighed generally against the ingratitude of Duvoisier, as well as against servants in general, and poor people in particular; after which, Fanny and her father had the anguish to hear themselves included in one sweeping condemnation, as having encouraged Duvoisier's addresses, and received his stolen goods. Lord

Deloraine remarked, in conclusion, that he knew the Italian peasantry well; and that the banditti between Naples and Rome made their women most willing, as well as most efficient agents in concealing their booty, and in disposing of it.

Lord Deloraine's dignified indignation made a deep impression on the listening villagers. They had always, till now, thought well of Farmer Watson, who seemed afraid of nothing but to do wrong; while Fanny appeared modest and industrious to excess. "But," observed Mrs. Gresham, the grocer's wife, and chief oracle of Arrowfield, "his Lordship knows best, and has inquired into the business. I had a bad opinion always of foreigners in mustachios! Give me good English broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

This worthy woman was one of those personages with bustle and noise enough for any six ordinary people, and if her marvellous activity had been turned to its legitimate objects, she might have been happy and useful; but Mrs. Gresham looked so far out into the world for supernumerary duties, that she unfortunately never had time for the nearer domestic concerns belonging to that situation in which God had placed her. Engrossed with "telescopic philanthropy," it scarcely ever happened that she was busy about her own especial sphere of

action. Mrs. Gresham's children were the most ignorant and unruly in Arrowfield, but she assisted most diligently to teach an infant-school in the suburbs; her own house was filthy, and her own husband's dinner ill-cooked, but Mrs. Gresham superintended a soup-kitchen in the neighbouring street; and though her own boys appeared in dresses only fit for the rag-shop, Mrs. Gresham was vice-president of a clothing society. While, therefore, she superintended a temperance coffee-house, her husband was seldom at his own comfortless home, and still seldomer sober when there; and some village-gossips hinted that Dick Gresham would much rather have gone to any prison on the silent system than to his own house, where Mrs. Gresham daily took the trouble to show him that everything he said was foolish, and everything he did was wrong.

Mrs. Gresham's religion was not like the sun's rays, shining warmest and brightest on the nearest object, yet extending their beneficial effects more widely, though more faintly, to their farther extremities; but with her, the duty of Christians seemed so generalized over the whole earth, that her interest was coldest within the focus of her own family, and even of her own heart. "Home! home! look at home for your first duties and pleasures," had been the frequent but utterly vain exhortation

of Sir Arthur D'Arcy to Mrs. Gresham. "Let your Christian charity begin at home, but let it not end there."

About a month after Duvoisier's escape, Sir Arthur walked down St. James's Street, surrounded as usual by as many lively, good-humoured friends as could reasonably monopolize the footpath, and all were in a rallying state of most animated discussion.

"I quite agree with you, D'Arcy," exclaimed Lord Chobham, "that there is no club in the universe to compare with yours, and I would give the head off my shoulders—no great gift after all—to be a member; but ones name must be down for five years, and in this odd, changeable world, it is useless to care what shall happen to any of us in five long years! For my own part, I seldom look forward five days!"

"It is amazing how rapidly any fixed time, however distant, seems to come round," replied Sir Arthur, in a pleasant tone of mingled seriousness and humour. "Do you recollect, Chobham, our walking on this very pavement, the day I was elected a member of my club, exactly five years ago, and our then having precisely this conversation. I recommended you to become a candidate, and you said, that this very time, now arrived, was such an eternity off, you could not stretch forth your thoughts so far."

"I believe you are right, D'Arcy, as you always

are ; but it is of no use to lament over spilled brandy. Those past five years are fled, and nobody the better for them, least of all myself, yet I am more than ever disinclined to prepare for a long-distant future."

"Then, what would you say, Chobham, were I to announce that my first act on entering the Club, five years ago, was to put your name down as a candidate, that you were ballotted for to-day, that the most agreeable man in London was not black-balled, and that my honourable friend, if he will permit me to call him so, is now a member."

"D'Arcy! Do you mean to say that I need only pay my subscription and walk in? You were always the very best fellow on earth! Well, I am sure the oldest inhabitant of the club—of my club—remembers nothing more extraordinary."

"The new member will rather astonish us, sometimes, Chobham. In our school-days, it would have taken ten commonly mischievous boys to make one Chobham, and now, as a lively, rattling, too-happy-for-this-world *attaché*; you really do startle one sometimes."

"No wonder! most of your other friends come into society looking more as if they had tired of staying at home than as if they expected any pleasure from coming out; but I defy any one to make me dull. The Club has done a wise thing in admit-

ting me, and they shall know it! In our family at home, when an intimate friend dies, we immediately have a ballot to see who shall succeed him, and a vacancy is likely to occur soon, therefore, one of your members shall be appointed successor."

"I hope the first vacancy will be caused by your discarding that rather scampish friend of yours, Mr. Hargrave."

"Why, I cannot quite defend him. He certainly is too bad, running into debt on so liberal a scale; but as long as he keeps so incomparable a cook, I must put my opinion of the man himself in my pocket. It certainly is a perfect Mystery of Udolpho how Hargrave puts his creditors to sleep; but he calls his father always 'the Relieving Officer.'"

"Hargrave is one of those regardless-of-expense men always living on his own last shilling, and always squandering other peoples," observed Sir Arthur, gravely. "His last failure ruined all his own tenants and several of Lord Deloraine's. One respectable family, the Watsons, between a fire and that bankruptcy, became utterly penniless, and have disappeared altogether; but I am trying to trace them out, for they were most deserving people. How strange that Hargrave should have given so splendid a ball last night; and had you no scruple about going?"

“ Oh dear no! The creditors all got a dividend in ices and champagne. One of the malcontents, very ill-naturedly put a paragraph in the newspapers next morning, to this effect: ‘ We are happy to announce, that owing to his having found a bottomless purse of gold, Mr. Hargrave proposes paying one shilling in the pound, partly to defray that enormous debt of £70,000 which he still owes to those defrauded tradesmen of London who trusted him.’ ”

“ That was giving Hargrave a dig in the side! His honourable-minded son, too, declined being bought into the Guards with money gained by the last fraudulent bankruptcy; but there is not sufficient moral indignation now in the world against those who cannot pay their just debts, if they can pay, however dishonestly, their way into society. I am told Hargrave has produced only sixpence in the pound ! ”

“ So much! I wonder where he borrowed it! Now, D’Arcy, you are dull enough to be talking sense, and that is a crime I never encourage. Hargrave, poor fellow, says he is the victim of circumstances, and that he is ruined by his taste for the beautiful. He gives me a very bad account of his wine-merchant. The fellow actually sent in his bill, yesterday! Such conduct, as he remarked, must

not be allowed while this world is a world, and we must discard him from serving our club if he maltreats the gentlemen who belong to it."

"Is Mr. Hargrave a gentleman? That I deny."

"Order! order! He is my friend, and right or wrong I must fight his battles."

"With any weapon, I suppose, from a pin to a cannon-ball."

"Yes! I defend my friends; but you may take your will of my relations, D'Arcy. Hargrave would never do so ungentlemanlike a thing as my old uncle Sir Peter Gerrard, at his own table, yesterday. He is that mean sort of man who would lock up his money, and he muddles it all away in paying his debts. Sir Peter grudges himself everything. If health were to be sold for so much a yard, he would not allow himself above half-a-yard! and he grudges one a pinch of snuff from his box. At table, he gives ferociously bad wine, and actually when we called for another bottle of Madeira yesterday, he sily touched the cape of his coat to show his butler that it should be Cape Madeira. I shall never forgive him—never! It would have been equivalent to ordering my coffin had I drank such trash!"

"You would become quite a connoisseur in water, that day."

“I consider it a perfect cheat if any one has my society at his table under a bottle of claret, for I am well worth that; but Sir Peter would not, if he could help it, give me a glass of toast and water—plain water, perhaps, but even that with a grudge. He would save the grease on an engine till it blew up! Sir Peter, at above eighty, has recovered from the influenza, therefore I shall never believe in illnesses again. He must be the Wandering Jew! You might buy an annuity yet on the old fellow’s life! One is constantly hearing of people being very ill now; but they never seem to die. In fact, nothing ever happens. Even in politics, people make a great outcry for a short time, and then everything stagnates down into quietness again. I do wish something extraordinary might happen to stir us all up.”

“You would not mind if the wheels of a revolutionary car were to go a little way round, for mere excitement, Chobham, provided only you held a check-string to stop our progress when the joke looked at all serious. Do not forget, however, that while you and I have much to lose, there are thousands within a ten minutes’ walk to whom any change must be for the better—desperate men, who rise every morning not knowing where to obtain a meal, who would find a cell in Newgate, luxury compared

with their own London Homes, and who are very naturally reckless of all consequences. If a revolutionary riot once began in London, it might become perfectly unstoppable, as a rock descending a hill grows every moment more unmanageable, for we are heedlessly forgetting how the dangerous classes are becoming every day more numerous, more wretched, more given to intoxication, and more desperate.”

“Yes, thanks to those gin-palaces, and their cheap concerts every night, the poor man spends his last penny and the starving man his last farthing on getting deliriously drunk every night, and purchasing a moment’s forgetfulness. I go into these places often, merely as a study of human nature in its lowest degradation, and sometimes wonder whether hell itself can furnish a picture of greater misery, than that of a trembling wretch staggering in all the horror of *delirium tremens*, and his still more wretched but equally drunken wife abusing him, while he retaliates by beating her.”

“What a contrast to such men as Farmer Watson, Lord Deloraine’s good, worthy tenant, of whom I am now in search. Till he was ruined by a wicked drunkard, who misled his son, that cottage-home was a very model of sober, industrious felicity. When I think of his trim little garden, his tidy

parlour, his thriving poultry, his very pigs so clean, and his active, pretty daughter, watching her old father with an affection that never slumbered, while night after night they read the Bible together, my heart burns with indignation to think that in my absence, the poor souls were ruined and intimidated by a heartless villain, till they have wandered away, no mortal can guess where. I greatly fear they must have been ensnared by forged letters, or by some villainous trick; but if Farmer Watson be above ground, he must and shall be found. I have employed all the detective police to trace him, as if the honest man were a criminal of the deepest dye; and if one could hope that he ever saw the 'Times,' I would insert an advertisement to-morrow, desiring him to communicate instantly with his inconsolable neighbour. He certainly would then hear something very much to his advantage. Good, honest Watson! where are you? and where is your excellent industrious daughter?"

"Ah! that anxiety comes of living on your own property, D'Arcy. You hear too many romances of real life, and you are always in trouble about some of these people! They have sons to be provided for, or daughters to be married off; but my uncle at Deloraine Castle knows no more of his tenants as individuals than of his sheep upon the mountain-

side. Whether they get fat or starve, is no matter to Lord Deloraine at Florence, provided he only receives his whole rent, to pay the Italian Operasingers, and the Italian priests—who are rather the most expensive, we find, of the two. The one would leave my uncle with little, but the other would leave him with nothing.”

Madelaine D’Arcy, who had all the pretty ways of a comic child, jestingly told Lord Chobham next day that he certainly had what the Scotch call “a bee in his bonnet,” but that his bee rather tended to a wasp. Lively as she always was, it became impossible for her not to be startled at the strange tricks he delighted in describing, as having been played off by himself, generally on the impromptu spur of the moment. These he related to his audience at the D’Arcys with a buoyancy and spirit irresistibly amusing, even to those like Madelaine and her brother, who did not quite approve, but who found that “to be grave exceeds all power of face.” Lord Chobham had travelled all over Ireland recently on foot, accompanied by a party of congenial friends, while he pretended to be their tutor, with two refractory pupils, whom he attempted to keep in the strictest order. At another place they were strolling-players, looking out for an engagement; and at a third fortune-tellers, when most

extraordinary were the fortunes they prophesied to credulous listeners, and most romantic the history of coming lovers, who were coming by express-train next day, in a first-class carriage, at 4.30—Lord Chobham being as exact as Bradshaw, in naming an hour, while he always assumed a look of the most conscientious accuracy.

“I mortified my aunt, Lady Traffield, delightfully yesterday,” said Lord Chobham, laughing. “You know how absurdly fond she is of my cousin Maria, who is to be introduced at Court to-morrow, so I said to her that morning at breakfast, with a look of confidential remonstrance: ‘My dear aunt, you surely do not mean to let Maria be seen! She did very well for the country, but in London she is really out of the question. It will not do! The sooner you send her home the better!’”

“Too bad, Chobham!” exclaimed Lord Avenal languidly. “I admire your cousin immensely; and I heard an admirable trait last night of her benevolence. The six pups of her favourite little spaniel were about to be drowned, and she desired the water to be warmed, that they might die comfortably. It was so very amiable! Really, Chobham, I did not think you could be so ill-natured!”

“To redeem my reputation then, I have done a very good-natured thing this morning. Poor

Dunford's very dull book of 'Travels in the East' seemed never likely to sell. Eastern descriptions are a perfect drug in the market now; therefore, I have hired thirty men to-day, clothed them all in various second-hand liveries, borrowed from Monmouth Street, and sent the whole party, separately, from shop to shop, anxiously inquiring for 'Dunford's Wanderings.' These men have my instructions to continue persecuting the circulating libraries, by rushing into every one and expressing the utmost amazement that any library can be without such a book. I expect it to run through a new edition immediately. So, you see, I can be a friend in need; for truly Dunford was in great need. No one bought his book; nor read it, if they did buy it."

"The usual standard of merit is success; therefore, Mr. Dunford will rise to a very high pedestal now. But you should be prosecuted for imposing on a confiding public," said Madelaine, laughing. "I wonder that you never got into a serious, Bow Street scrape, by amassing that wonderful collection you exhibit of knockers, umbrellas, fans, and walking-sticks, which have been most feloniously appropriated. You could steal this ring off my finger!"

"I would much rather put one on! I do intend, however, one day to rob you," replied Lord Chob-

ham, fixing his eyes very mischievously on one of Madelaine's bright sunny ringlets. "I never take the trouble to resist any temptation, and I see a very great one now. Did you ever read Pope's 'Rape of the Lock?'"

"Forewarned is fore-armed! I shall hereafter continue as watchfully on the watch, to protect myself, as Lady Eccleston, who searched under her bed in terror of housebreakers every night, during nearly half a century. When last week she discovered one, she called out, 'Are you there at last? I've been looking for you these fifty years!' If any ring, ringlet or *bijou* of mine disappears, you shall certainly be taken up on suspicion."

"Agreed, provided only you imprison me in this house. I got famously out of a scrape at my grand-uncle, the Bishop's, lately. Some of his people were coming to complain against me for fastening a donkey to the church-bell, so that it rung all night. I got my Episcopal uncle out of the way, slipped on his wig, spectacles and dressing-gown; imitated his voice, and completely bamboozled the complainants by heartily approving of all my grand-nephew had done; and by lecturing them, as a set of interfering donkies themselves, for troubling me with such trash. It was admirable fun!"

"How could you!" exclaimed Madelaine with

laughing indignation. "It was much too bad in you to make so venerable a relative be party to any such jest!"

"He was my unconscious partner in a most diverting scene yesterday, and the recollection kills me yet with laughter! When the Bishop and I were walking down Oxford Street, he felt so annoyed with his usual deafness on one side, that I proposed he should consult the famous Dr. Arden. We proceeded there in sober earnest; but the great aurist, when he came in, looked so intolerably pompous, that I could not resist a sudden impulse to have a rise out of him. Gravely and most respectfully, therefore, I asked what was his charge for examining a pair of ears. He told me two guineas; so then I said with a consummate air: 'This gentleman is deaf in the right ear, and I am deaf in the left, therefore we wish you to consider us a pair!' You should have seen the consequential man's contemptuous indignation as he bowed us out of the room; and I slyly enjoyed the Bishop's perplexity to imagine what had happened!"

"But Chobham!" interrupted Lord Avenal languidly, "all these stories are nothing—are tame and hum-drum compared to the impromptu scene you got up with that most respectable-looking, and very much astonished stranger yesterday," interrupted

Lord Avenal smiling. "It was probably the first adventure that such a matter-of-fact looking man ever met with during his very respectable life. You did him capitally! I never saw a better piece of acting than your's on any stage. The crowd soon became immense, and I was afraid, at last, that the mob would have torn that worthy agriculturalist to atoms."

"No story loses the gilding by your telling it, Chobham, so pray condescend upon the particulars of this," exclaimed Sir Arthur with a smile of anticipated amusement. "There ought to be a strong check-string on you, to be pulled when your merriment is degenerating into mischief."

"I am glad the string is not in your hands to pull, or I should have lost all my inimitable fun yesterday," observed Lord Chobham, his eye blazing with triumphant glee. "Avenal and I were strolling down some of those undiscovered regions about the Strand, when we perceived a thoughtful, steady-looking, very worthy man of about forty, walking hurriedly along, in country-made top-boots, with a sensible matter-of-fact umbrella in his hand, and spectacles on his nose. He was just the looking man who is everybody's uncle, and evidently the oracle of some thriving market-town, an hundred miles from any railway station."

"He was obviously deep in the rotation of crops,

a determined foe to poachers, and he knows a pack of hounds by sight," interrupted Lord Avenal, ambitious to take up the narrative, "a perfect Sir Roger De Coverley."

"I know nothing of Sir Roger; never heard of him; but whoever the stranger might be, his extremely un-Londonized look in the very heart of the Strand, roused all my love of frolic."

"Yes!" exclaimed Lord Avenal, his words broken into fragments by excessive laughter. "When I pointed the agriculturalist out, Chobham suddenly exclaimed: 'I'll be his son!' Before I had time so much as to wink, our friend there had rushed across the street, like a human express-train, and within hearing of a dozen pedestrians, who stopped to wonder at his excited manner, he grasped the honest country gentleman with both hands, exclaiming: 'My dear kind father! Have I found you at last! Never let us part again!'"

"I never saw astonishment before! It was worth £1000," interposed Lord Chobham in ecstasies of laughter. "The worthy man was too breathless with amazement to speak, while I ranted on, in tones of the most piercing entreaty, saying, 'You wish to cast me off again! Pardon your only son! Say, my good, excellent father, that you are glad once more to see a most sincere penitent!'"

“The whole street now became blocked up with excited-looking people, quite touched at Chobham’s tragical state,” added Lord Avenal, “and waiting impatiently to see him forgiven.”

“At last,” continued Lord Chobham, “my adopted father found voice enough to say, with angry vehemence, ‘I never saw this fellow before! never in my life! He must be one of the swell-mob!’ Then I clasped my hands, and turned up my eyes, in a style that Kean might have envied, saying, with a heart-rending slap on my forehead, ‘You told me so! You threatened not to know me when we met again; but could I believe you thus obdurate? Forgive me this once. Forgive and forget, or plunge a dagger into my heart!’”

“The whole crowd was affected to tears,” exclaimed Lord Avenal; “and one or two fatherly-looking old gentlemen began anxiously remonstrating with the enraged agriculturalist, telling him, in an admonitory tone, that he should make up and be friends; that he had been young and heedless himself; that his poor son seemed willing to reform, and that it would be wrong to drive him desperate. I remained aloof, dying of laughter. At last, the respectable stranger called so vociferously for the police, that two constables came forward; but instead of assisting him, they were so fascinated with

Chobham, that they also began interceding with the obdurate parent, and begging that he would be 'more conformable with the young 'un.'"

"If that scene had been played on the stage, now, we should have condemned it as an improbable fiction. But how did the mad-cap frolic end?" said Madelaine, trying not to laugh. "I suppose the persecuted stranger went off in an apoplexy with rage?"

"No; he went off in a cab, which luckily held up its whip at the moment," replied Lord Chobham; "and I was rather glad to be rid of my angry parent, not knowing exactly how to back out gracefully from the adventure. Like the beef-eater in Sheridan's 'Critic,' I could not well go off on my knees, and my powers of burlesque were nearly exhausted. I had become quite encumbered with my own popularity! My admiring friends, the mob, hissed the stout gentleman vehemently, as he shot into the humble vehicle which conveyed him and his astonishment away; while they seemed quite inclined to chair me, like a popular member, as I walked on, deeply affected, with a pocket-handkerchief at my eyes, to conceal a convulsion of laughter."

"What a much-ado-about-nothing affray!" exclaimed Sir Arthur, with grave astonishment. "I am sure you get up early every morning to compose

a set of wonderful exploits for the day! Your last odd trick is in the same school of wit, as the mischievous one you played on that short-sighted Englishman in the Highlands, when you fastened the bare branch of a tree on the head of his own favourite pony; so that he stalked the poor animal for a mile or two, till he finally shot him by mistake for a red-deer."

"And I put the same cockney against eating every dish on the dinner-table! I showed him our black-faced sheep, saying we kept them thus ready-singed for eating. I asked him once, in a warning voice, if he did not see something white on his plate, like a maggot? so with an alarmed look, he sent it away; and the vermicelli soup was made, I told him, with a well-informed look, of an Italian insect called *worm-acelli*."

"Now confess, Chobham, that you delight in seeing the very servants behind our chairs in such uncontrollable agonies of laughter, that they are obliged to rush out of the room," said Madelaine, reprovingly. "You deserve to be frightened to death yourself every day, as I think each individual should endure a retribution in kind for whatever suffering he has uselessly caused."

"If I have broken the hearts of half-a-dozen young ladies, then you consider that my heart

should be broken six times! Well, then, you are the only personage who can break mine; and if my debts are as ill-paid as Hargrave's, I am to suffer all the agonies of an ill-used creditor. By the way, Avenal, you are to be at Hargrave's to-night, so let us consider at what hour we choose to dine."

"The party is to assemble at eight," replied Lord Avenal. "Hargrave named his hour."

"His hour! When you and I are in Hargrave's house, what right has he to name hours? No, no; I never allow myself to be dictated to! Suppose we settle not to go till nine? Will that time suit you, or shall it be later? The Marquis of Aberfeldy, in the Highlands, never expects his guests to dine before ten; and with all possible deference to your opinion, I shall not go much sooner."

Sir Arthur, being one of the Commissioners for emigrating a detachment of paupers to Australia, was at this moment interrupted by the information that a person wished to see him on business; and Madelaine laughingly declared, that it was months since her brother got safely to the end of his egg at breakfast, without having to rise and receive some messenger. Lord Chobham having then moved an amendment that the stranger be ordered to walk in, a shabby, swaggering, insolent-looking, half-intoxi-

cated individual appeared at the door. He announced himself as Daniel Forgill, the landlord of a low, wretched lodging-house, known by the name of "Rag Castle," from which it was intended that some of the most penniless inmates of that London home should be drafted off to the comparative luxury of a steam-boat and a crowded cabin.

This non-prepossessing individual had brought with him a long list of candidates, eager for a passage; and among the rest, he gave a history of one young girl, who would have been a most eligible person, he said, to enlist, had it not been for a dying old father, whom she would not leave, though he might not probably survive till the ship sailed. This girl had evidently gained considerable respect from the ruffianly landlord, but he complained in no measured terms of her pride, as well as of her poverty. "She has seen better days," he added; "indeed, she never could have seen worse; but her father was beggared by the failure of Mr. Hargrave's saving-bank. I offered that she should have a bed in my second-best room, where not above thirty women lodge, and as many boys, all thankful for such a home. Her old father might have been comfortably accommodated in a garret, where the crowd is not much greater. He would have shared the floor with fifteen other men; but the girl's colour went and came as fast as the shadows in a breeze, when I described the people she

would sleep among; and her father shook his grey head, and turned away, saying, 'Before we come to that, let our beds be in the grave.' "

"No wonder!" exclaimed Sir Arthur, feelingly, as he turned aside to Madelaine and Lord Chobham. "His house is a regular London rookery for thieves, and worse than thieves. I went to that filthy den yesterday, within a stone's throw of Grosvenor Square. The crumbling walls looked like an old cow-house, that had not been cleaned for weeks. There were rags instead of glass for the windows; a clay floor, surrounded by undrained gutters; and a mouldy old door, swinging on its broken hinges. Within was a complete 'Beggars' Opera!' The room carpeted with dirt, in which thirty people existed, was like the cabin of an ill-regulated ship, the beds piled one above another to the very roof; and there I heard swearing, cursing, groans and hacking coughs, that told of the church-yard itself! Oh! the wretchedness of human life, as you see it in those haggard children, reckless women, and wolfish men; all brought to the lowest bathos of human degradation, chiefly by intoxication."

"True enough, Sir," said Forgill, attempting to look very sober. "Whenever I have a particularly wretched lodger, more destitute than the rest, gin is at the bottom of it."

"When I see any pauper's grave," said Sir

Arthur, "I often think that if the question could be asked at the tenant of every beggar's tomb, 'What laid you there?' one universal groan would arise of anguish and repentance, for all would confess that they never could have fallen into the deepest pit of misery but for strong drink, which unfits them for work, destroys their intellect, and drains away their last penny."

Forgill then added, in a very conscientious tone, that he had let, on the lowest possible terms, to that industrious girl and her father, a stall in the cow-house, where pigs and rabbits were usually kept. The stone-floor had been sprinkled on the occasion with straw; and for permission to use this dormitory, the poor creatures were made to pay rather more than for the common room, as the price demanded was sixpence per night, a sum which the girl earned by incessant, ceaseless sewing. "She gets from a slop-shop, to which I charitably recommended her, two-pence per shirt, and a penny for each pair of trowsers," added Forgill, in a benevolent tone; "but how the girl and her father manage about bread, I cannot guess. They seem to live upon air, and not much of that either, as twenty cows and other live-stock share the atmosphere with them."

Lord Chobham had an intense curiosity about

human life in every rank and circumstance, and always declared that the book of human society is the only book worth reading ; therefore, he insisted on accompanying Mr. Forgill back, on a tour of inspection to his rookery, where such a sight met his eye as the imagination of man could not picture. It was a human warren, full of filth and desolation, intoxication and woe, such as no mortal pen could describe ; and Lord Chobham stood at the door perfectly panic-struck with astonishment. The beds were piled one above another, five tiers high, all round that wretched room ; and rope-lines, black as if covered with crape, were stretched from side to side, on which the miserable inmates, when they retired to rest, hung their filthy rags. In this frightful pandemonium, those who could not afford to share a bed with one or two others, paid a trifle for leave to sleep on the bare floor, festering and rotten with filth ; while the only sound distinctly audible consisted of oaths and imprecations. It seemed impossible that any one apartment could have contained one half the crowd that jostled and elbowed each other in this den of misery, but among them were some who had once known all the refinements of luxury. Women were there who formerly had reigned for a short season in homes, the remembrance of which was now like a vanished dream of

fairy-land ; men too, who once had the education, the manners, and the society of gentlemen, but were now leading a life of intoxication, forgetful apparently of all language, but what was profane and blasphemous. Who would not have envied, in comparison, the wildest savage, sleeping under a tree, and bathing in the nearest stream ? or even the Earthman of South Africa, burrowing like a mole in the ground, his bed lined with fresh leaves from the neighbouring tree, and his food the wild roots of his native plains ?

“ This is not all we could wish, Sir,” said Forgill, in an apologetic tone ; “ but you see the naked truth !”

“ Very naked, indeed !” muttered Lord Chobham, gazing aghast at the thievish-looking multitude. “ Many a purse and pocket-handkerchief of mine must have found its way here.”

“ You see, Sir, they are taught nothing,” said Forgill, apologetically ; “ the Irish priest comes here once a week to absolve my people ; and the only crime for which there can be no absolution is, if they have not prepared money to pay for his blessing. A man steals a purse, and if he gives half the money to Father O’Shaughnessey for absolution, he keeps possession of the other half with a safe conscience, and drinks himself drunk for the rest of the week.

Gin and Popery are the two expenses that ruin them all."

Sickened and shocked, Lord Chobham turned away wondering that the sun ever shone on a scene of such utter wretchedness, where men must probably bring all their worst habits to maturity and leave all their virtues behind. On requesting at last to see the old man and his daughter, of whom Forgill had given so interesting an account, the young peer found with some astonishment that the cows and lodgers were not, as he expected, on the ground-floor, but that they all lived up two pairs of stairs, to which the animals were raised, once for all, in a horse-box. never to touch *terra-firma* again.

Lord Chobham, on his entrance, gazed with unwonted pity at the venerable old man who reclined there on the straw, leaning his aged head on the shoulder of his pale and worn young daughter. She stitched on unceasingly, without once looking off her work, while the father and daughter conversed together in accents of the most tender sympathy.

"My own dear child," said the old man sighing heavily, as he took off his spectacles and laid aside his well-worn Bible, "it was here that we were told poor Willie conceals himself; but I watch the rooms below in vain. None of my letters to Sir Arthur and other old friends bring any answer. They have

believed all the worst reports against us ; I am nearly hopeless. I was too proud of you both ! My darling Fanny, the bright smile that everybody loved to see, is gone from your lips for ever, and now the bright eyes are fading fast. Your sight cannot long stand this night-and-day work ; it is impossible ! Stop, Fanny, stop ! Let us starve and die at once."

The disasters which overthrow a man into the very dust, which strike his very soul to the earth, arouse a new spirit in woman's generous nature, and living as she does for affection, she becomes in extremity the prop of those once powerful minds about to sink beneath their calamities. Lord Chobham, heedless as he usually was, felt that there could not be on earth a more affecting sight than that of a strong-minded man thus bent by the weight of calamity, shrinking before the bitter blast of adversity, and actually strengthened by a gentle, timid girl, always probably till now the object of his tenderest care, yet nerving her spirit to meet the worst and to afford in great trials that assistance which formerly she required in the smallest sorrow.

"Father!" she said, without pausing a single stitch, "it was easy for us in happy days to speak of contentment and to pray that God's will might be done ; but now is our time for proving we were in earnest. It seems as if the voice of Divine Provi-

dence said to me now, 'Be still and learn your lesson!'"

"My dear child! The world seems to me this day only a great burying-place, and every hope of happiness has been blotted out with our tears. Life appears all a dream, and death only a reality."

"No, dear father; these sorrows are but the spur applied to keep us onward in the journey of life. God never afflicts unnecessarily; therefore, we needed these humbling trials to hasten our faltering steps towards a better life; but I am convinced that you and I shall yet go back to Meadowburn together, where we shall again pray and meditate, with the birds singing their morning hymns of praise, and the glorious sun looking gladly down upon our happy home. Let us be thankful, dear father, that I have got work; and oh! how thankful that our cruel enemy has not found us again."

"That bad man has pursued you, Fanny, with fearful perseverance!"

"Yes, father," replied Fanny, in a tone of mournful earnestness; "my own danger from Duvoisier often recalls to memory what I once saw at a menagerie. A poor, helpless white pigeon, which reminded me then of a little girl in a white frock, had been put into a serpent's cage, some hours before, in order that it might be devoured alive.

The terrified creature, trembling with death-like fear, turned its back to the enemy, and with its bill thrust against the stone-wall, seemed a living image of hopeless terror. The keeper said that the snake seldom pounced on its prey till night; and I was haunted for hours after with a thought of the coming darkness, the midnight struggle, and the horrible death which awaited that unoffending victim. Dear father, you must live to protect me from the villain who has ruined us all; but I feel sometimes as if, like that poor white pigeon, there were no escape from Duvoisier's more than human cunning, and more than human wickedness."

Fanny for one short moment clenched her hands over her face, in an agony of apprehension; then hurriedly snatching up her work, she tremblingly endeavoured to proceed with it; while old Watson wrung his hands, exclaiming, in a tone of intense anguish, "My all of earthly happiness rested on my children, and the wreck is total. You will be blind in a week, Fanny! What shall we do? I could be a beggar all over this wide and dreary world, for your sake. Let us wander into the open fields, and breathe once more! Any savage is better off than we in this London Home, for he has the mountain stream and the mountain breeze. I used in happier times to say, that as poor people have air

and water for nothing, it is a pity that the earth is not eatable, and then no mortal need starve, as we are doing now. It matters nothing for myself! Old and weary, I could go up to the very jaws of death without shrinking; but, my poor Fanny, to see all your hopes in life blasted by a villain—torn and rent—”

“Never mind, dear father, as long as I have escaped his snares, let us trust on from day to day; and as for suffering bodily hardships, am I not better off than the girls in a convent? They not only starve, scourge, and lacerate their bodies, but live also with scarcely any sleep; and, worst of all, they are at the mercy of priests, whose vices are all hushed up in the perpetual silence of a nunnery.”

“Yes, unless they apostatize, and then the priest becomes openly accused of all his crimes, carefully till then kept secret,” observed old Watson, sagaciously. “In a trial which took place some months ago, for defamation, it became revealed what a long course of infamy a confessor may carry on, and still remain in that Church—trusted, praised and honoured; but when he changed his creed, then his brethren became his accusers, bringing women from Italy to prove the vices that for years had been hid under the cloak of Romanism, till he threw that cloak off; and then it was told on the very

house-tops, and in the courts of law, what a confessor may be for years with impunity, if he only remain true to Popery.”

“Father, I am better off here than in the state to which many girls of birth, fortune and family are now voluntarily consigning themselves. I escape here that worst of sorrows—guilt; and while we suffer, let us be thankful that we suffer together; ‘Better in all to be resign’d than bless’d.’”

“Dear child, I used to be annoyed at the little trifling interferences of friends and neighbours with our small affairs at home; but now there is no one to interfere, or even to care if we both die in this dunghill of a lodging. All my hopes of finding Willie seem vain, and nothing comes straight with me now. Like a nail that the carpenter is hammering into the ground, it seems as if each blow fell on me heavier than the last, and I feel myself now driven into the very wall.”

“We are in a deep and stormy gulf, indeed, father. Wave after wave is rolling over us, but that Bible is our plank of safety, which will lead us at last into a haven of happiness. The longest night has a morning to follow at last.”

Lord Chobham had a perfect and unalterable conviction, that giving to beggars in the street, or to begging-letters, was bestowing a premium upon

idleness ; but his heart was touched by such a reality as he saw now. Sir Arthur had said often that, indiscriminate alms given freely, is the abuse of humanity, as injudicious as if a man were humanely to walk along the street, carrying a bottle and a glass, to fill out a bumper of gin for all who asked him to treat them. He would just receive the same volley of thanks, and do about an equal amount of good ; but here in befriending this old man there could be no such mistake.

Lord Chobham was capable of very generous impulses, and within an hour, by his arrangements, old Watson, with his daughter, had been conveyed in a cab to respectable lodgings ; while he hurried off himself to tell the D'Arcys that he had found, in all probability, those poor villagers of whom they had been so long in search, but whose letters had evidently been for some time unaccountably intercepted. Lord Chobham was deeply impressed with all the misery he had witnessed, and was full of warm-hearted, but almost insane projects, for its immediate relief. Everybody should be placed at once in a state of cleanliness and comfort. He would knock down all these miserable rookeries ; he would place fountains of water in the filthiest districts ; he would raise a self-acting air-pump in the confined streets, to bring in a supply of east

wind from Brighton; he would lay a tax on every parish; he would make the board of guardians answerable; he would open a manufactory to employ all the wretched people; he would plant Church missionaries among them; he would burn down all the gin-palaces, and raise in their places temperance coffee-houses; and, in short, everything seemed to Lord Chobham's eager nature possible, except to go home and do nothing.

"Chobham," interrupted Sir Arthur, "you are talking so easily of hundreds of thousands, that you will never be able to fall back on mere commonplace pounds, shillings and pence again!"

"I despise your miserable shillings and half-pence! Formerly, I thought I had done the whole duty of man, and rather more, if I gave half-a-crown a-week to an old servant; but to-day I feel myself a perfect Howard and Mrs. Fry thrown into one."

"It is the greatest of earthly privileges to do real good, and also the greatest of earthly difficulties," observed Madelaine. "People's faith must be tried to see whether they will do their duty as philanthropists, without hope of reward in this world, not even the reward of thanks or of success; for very seldom indeed do those who labour for the good of others, meet with gratitude, or witness their

own wishes realized. It is a god-like privilege to do good; and from God only should we look for any reward, not on earth, but in Heaven."

"Well, I, who generally laugh as if twenty clowns and harlequins were amusing me, have had enough to-day to make me grave, or even melancholy; but I never was a victim-to-circumstance man; therefore, I will not give way to the dismal. Now, good people, take care all of you, for I am going to be witty."

"How very disagreeable and dangerous!" said Madelaine, pretending to make for the door. "Are you going to try the sublime or the ridiculous?"

"That depends upon what song you sing to me now. Give us 'Withered Leaves.' The music takes me back to those days when we used to sing duets together."

"Together! Oh no; we never kept together for a single bar. You always disdained the trammels of time, or any trammels whatsoever."

"I was a reckless truant then, Madelaine, stealing off from school to get one glimpse of you; an untamed colt, not worked into idiotcy by too many lessons, but with my whole boyish being 'one mighty heart of joy.'

"Oh! golden time of youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again?"

“Your boyhood had its annoyances too, Chobham,” observed Sir Arthur, reflectively. “I often wonder at the equality of all states with respect to happiness; and nothing shows me so clearly the hand of a directing Providence as the obvious fact, that no age or station escapes for one day the universal doom of sorrow, in some shape or other, to discipline our minds. There are joys too for every period; and I am a great believer in the superior felicity of middle-age, after the eager anxieties of youth are tamed, and before the infirmities of age are begun.”

“Say what you will, my old companions, but give me back the days of our nonsensical childhood,” exclaimed Lord Chobham, with a grimace of buoyant humour; “for as good as you are now, Mrs. Madeline, can I ever forget the delightful novel you surreptitiously concealed within your pocket in the school-room, and daily read, peeping in at the pocket-hole.”

“How very ill-natured of you to remember that!”

“And can we ever be as joyfully excited about our own marriage when it happens, and the sooner that day comes the better, as we were on my seventh birthday, when you had attained the advanced age of half-past-five, and we celebrated a wedding between our dolls.

My little Highland chief to your waxen bride in a pink and silver frock, after which we sat down to a splendid entertainment of sugar-plums and to a concert of music on my barrel-orgau."

"It seems like a diverting dream now," replied Madelaine smiling and colouring. "Any one who could make us as merry in these our older and wiser days, would deserve a handsome reward!"

"Years afterwards, on my return from Eton, do you remember how very superior I thought myself to Orpheus on the flute. I am celebrated for praising myself, therefore it may be as well to say, that my performance was rather supernatural, and Jullien wished I was poor that he might engage me as an ornament to his orchestra; but when I serenaded you one evening in most romantic strains under your window, did you not mischievously and of malice afore-thought, pretending to take me for the usual hurdy-gurdy man, throw up the sash and shower down halfpence in a perfect hailstorm on my devoted and indignant head?"

"It was not penny-wise to pay you so handsomely. I am afraid you thought the donation meant as a bribe to bring you back every day."

"So I determined to hope! One of the halfpence I keep for the donor's sake, and because it is the only honest penny I ever earned."

“ I hope you never earned a dishonest one? Now pray, Lord Chobham, tell me in two minutes, all about your tour on the Continent. Do you remember when we had a party here, the day you took leave, for Tea and Tears.”

“ Yes, and I recollect the exact spot on that carpet where you stood when we said farewell. My eyes were never dried again till I got to Mount Vesuvius.”

“ Well! what sort of looking creature is he?”

“ A very fine fellow indeed! He is five hundred feet higher than Highgate Hill; he smokes at times immensely, he gave some very respectable puffs while I was looking at him. He is exceedingly difficult to ascend; the crater seemed rather hot when I peeped in, and the whole place was confused and disorderly with cinders and trash lying about.”

“ A most luminous description, indeed! Your journal would be worth publishing.”

Next day Lord Chobham called again, saying he could think of nothing but those hundreds of poor creatures in Rag Castle, who seemed to have a choice only between theft, starvation, and death, and many of whom steal often, that they may be committed to the comparative luxury of a prison. At Sir Arthur's he found a perfect levee of the poor assembled, to receive advice or assistance, most of them clothed in

a mere remnant of dress, and some with bloated faces and a *souçon* in their breath of smoke or gin, though Sir Arthur always refused his aid to those whom he knew to spend their means on such sources of ruin to body and soul.

Among those who waited at Sir Arthur's door were street-sweepers, dog-stealers, water-cress-gatherers, bird-sellers, bill-stickers, and placard-carriers. In the very midst of these stood one man, taller than the rest, who wore a broken hat of the ragged species, and the torn remains of a coat, but the moment he saw Lord Chobham advancing, he started off at full speed and ran as if his very life depended on getting away. Lord Chobham, who never liked to be outdone in anything, instantly, without asking himself why, followed in pursuit. The race became frightfully eager, Lord Chobham running from a mere love of frolic, but in the other case it was very different. As the fugitive rushed into a house, and as he hurriedly slammed the door, locking and double-locking it with terrific vehemence, Lord Chobham recognized the alarmed countenance of his uncle's former valet, Duvoisier.

"D'Arcy," said Lord Chobham, "those who fancy a conscientious philanthropist's life easy, should go about for a week, arm-in-arm with you, who seem to hurry from street to street continually

and from house to house, consoling the afflicted or adding sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier."

"And when he is supremely tired, Arthur comes home to talk his work all over with me," added Madelaine smiling. "Those who would thoroughly enjoy rest must labour like Arthur."

"And who would not envy him?" exclaimed Lord Chobham, with a sudden burst of emotion. "The misery of my existence is, to feel totally useless? I often wish a committee could be appointed to teach everybody the true art of happiness, and also to legislate how people's spare hours can be most advantageously spent."

"Yes," observed Sir Arthur earnestly, "there are in London at this moment, hundreds of men with talent, energy, and abundant leisure, to whom your proposed committee might point out their own vast power to do good instead of harm. Many persons have never yet met with any obvious opportunities to draw them out, or they would astonish the world and themselves by exhibiting the noblest qualities, if a revolution or any other sufficient stimulant excited them to action."

"Let me hope it might be so with me. I have placed at your disposal, D'Arcy, myself and what is more efficient than my own very insignificant abilities,

my purse to second all your benevolent schemes," said Lord Chobham, earnestly, "and especially to relieve those poor, honest sufferers from the cowshed."

"The surest way of doing good is to help the falling," said Sir Arthur, thoughtfully. "A man originally ardent, hopeful, and industrious, once completely down, drops into the mental torpor of despair. Penury freezes the genial current of his soul, or desperation drives him to that worst of all resources, the gin-palace, till you see in him the listlessness of departed hope, or the indolence of a broken heart. A finger held out to the tottering is charity indeed."

"I remember, in respect to affording timely aid, a case in point," observed Madelaine, smiling. "When the ship in which I returned from Malta, last year, arrived near Portsmouth, we discovered that owing to a very low tide, she could not approach closely to the pier, but stopped about thirty feet distant. A plank without any balustrade was thrown across the chasm, and on this bridge we terrified passengers were invited to land. Never shall I forget my own giddy horror on discovering that it was expected of me to trust myself on this tight-rope. My first step would have been my last, I should so inevitably have reeled off into the gulf below, but

a stout, good-humoured, honest-hearted sailor, like the best of all good samaritans, offered to assist me over. There was not room for two, side by side on the plank, but I grasped his arms behind and followed Jack step by step, till we were safely across, I then burst into an hysterical agony of tears at my own escape, and often dream of it since; but from that day when I was assisted over the gulf, my motto has been, 'Help the falling.'"

When Lord Chobham was sitting with the D'Arcys that day at luncheon, the servant entered to say that a man below was anxious to see Sir Arthur immediately. This sounded very like a troublesome interruption to a very pleasant conversation, therefore, the young Baronet said impatiently :

"Is he a man that can wait, or a gentleman that must be seen immediately?"

"Rather between the two, Sir Arthur. A sort of half-quarter gentleman; a rural-looking man in top-boots, who speaks very Yorkshire, and wears a white wide-awake."

"That sounds very like Lord Deloraine's worthy factor, who was dangerously wounded in an affray with poachers, lately. He cannot surely be enough recovered to travel! Something must be very much awry at home, for to my certain knowledge Hartfield never was in London before."

“Pray have him up. It would be quite refreshing to see such a country-mouse come to town!” said Lord Chobham. “Pray wind up this Dorsetshire bumpkin to describe all he has seen lately.”

Hartfield entered hat-in-hand, making a comprehensive bow to the company, and Sir Arthur received him with friendly cordiality, saying, after the first stormy greeting of kindness was over :

“Have you come up to see the fashions, Jack? You used to say that new buttons were life to an old coat, and I would know this one of your’s even without yourself. Are you arrived to enquire about the Darby and the Oaks, or is the old report of your marriage come true at last, and are you here upon some tenderer subject? Now Hartfield, answer me truly.”

“It must be truly, Sir Arthur, if I answer at all,” replied the factor, with smiling respect. “I have but one business in London, and if that were settled the sooner I get home again the better. I abhor London life, and scarcely know my own name or nature here. Yesterday, an impudent young jackanapes, one of the swell-mob, I believe, in the street, pretended to be my son, and I wished for a minute he were, that I might give him a sound drubbing.”

At these words, Sir Arthur smilingly glanced towards Lord Chobham, who was leaning his head

on his hand so as not to be visible, and the young Baronet smilingly asked, "What was the fellow like?"

"I scarcely looked at the villain, but the mob that gathered round us declared he was very like me! No thanks to them for thinking so. I saved my watch and purse from him, however, but he lost me a precious hour, that was worth at the moment more than gold to myself and others. I had caught sight at a distance of poor ruined Willie Watson, skulking along the street, not quite so sober as he should be; and my object in coming here is to find him, and also his poor father, who wandered away, after Mr. Hargrave's bankruptcy, on foot to London, with poor Fanny, and I was too ill to overtake them. His son ruined, his house burned down, and his last farthing lost in Mr. Hargrave's savings-bank, old Watson hoped to regain something by coming here; but the poor things must be like bewildered mites in this great Babylon. I am a simpleton here myself, and what must they be, knowing no more of London than country sparrows?"

"And have you persuaded them to return home?"

"I cannot even find them, Sir. What poor Fanny must have suffered, and what may yet be to come, I dare not think of."

“Then let me compensate for all the foolish annoyance I caused you yesterday, by announcing that they are safely lodged with my housekeeper,” said Lord Chobham, rising and offering his hand to Hartfield, who started back as if he had seen an apparition. “I am shocked beyond measure to hear how serious has been the result of what I intended as a mere jest. I have read a lesson to-day among the London poor, never to be forgotten. I have seen the most romantic extreme of misery almost within hearing of my own fireside; and my greatest pleasure in life shall hereafter be, like Sir Arthur, to relieve it, and to seek out the afflicted.”

“Then you will not have far to search in any part of London,” replied Madelaine, earnestly; “and no virtue is so much its own reward as that of personally visiting the fatherless and widows; for I delight in seeing myself, like a good fairy, distributing my little gifts, and, like Cinderella’s god-mother, watching a transformation of rags into decent clothing, and of tears into smiles. You will need no cigars to banish thought on the days that your heart has expanded, like Arthur’s, in such scenes.”

On the 22nd of August, 1852, all London was aghast with horror and consternation. The most splendid and luxurious house in Grosvenor Square

had been made the scene of a midnight murder, and Lord Deloraine was discovered dead in his bed, while there appeared every evidence that a frightful struggle had previously taken place. The officers of justice were summoned, a coroner's inquest sat, and every search was made for a trace of the assassin. He seemed evidently some one well acquainted with the premises ; and as a great amount of jewellery was missing, a diligent scrutiny became instituted among all pawnbrokers and receivers of stolen goods, to detect whether any of the missing articles of value were brought there for sale.

Gaunt, stiff and silent, on its stately bed, lay the corpse—a fearful memorial of that scene respecting which no living ear seemed likely ever to hear the dreadful particulars. What a tale those lips could have told ! What a scene was the last on earth which these eyes had witnessed ! What sounds of terror had rung the death-knell on those ears, now closed for ever ! All the wisdom of man was at work to find out what had been the circumstances occurring in that very room only a few hours before, to him whose countenance was yet before the spectators ; whose hand they could touch, and who could so recently have commanded the aid of hundreds.

Lord Deloraine had retired in apparent safety

on the previous night, leaving his desk strewed with half-finished letters, never now to be concluded ; lists of dinner engagements, never to be fulfilled ; sketches of speeches, never now to be delivered in the House ; and outlines of a long tour on the continent, never to be travelled. On the drawing-room floor numerous matches, which had evidently been lighted by the miscreants in too much haste to burn, lay scattered about over the carpet ; and several gas-lamps, which the assassin had lighted, continued still to blaze brightly, mingling a ghastly glare with the daylight, which disclosed this scene of horror !

The police were excited to a pitch of energy, almost, if possible, beyond that of any former time ; and Lord Chobham performed prodigies of activity and ingenuity, while trying to ferret out the criminal. He suspected as strongly as if he had witnessed the deed that it was no English hand which had dealt this treacherous blow to his uncle ; and in his zeal for discovery, he caused every plank in the floors to be torn up, the skirting of the wall explored ; and from garret to kitchen, from roof to cellar, not a loose slate nor a rat-hole remained unexplored.

Whenever a misfortune happens, people always fancy, without in the least intending to say what is untrue, that they had a presentiment of it ; and

either the sufferer looked unusually melancholy the day before, or had become so marvellously lively, that it was quite alarming; and now every one remembered something wonderful, or something apparently prophetic that Lord Deloraine had said on the previous night.

Lord Chobham was not a man ever to be balked in any pursuit, and he succeeded at last in capturing Duvoisier, who, desperate and reckless, contrived means that very night to end his wretched life. By his means, a clue was found to Willie Watson's place of concealment; but it was a relief to all who knew his family, to find that the poor young man had sunk under the intensity of his remorse and shame, long before the murder of Lord Deloraine. He had expired on the filthy straw in a wretched hovel, some weeks previous to that on which the assassination was committed; and over Willie's remains had been placed, by his own desire, a nameless board of wood, bearing this inscription:

“THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.”

Six months afterwards, there took place a joyous wedding in the village of Arrowfield, for Lord Chobham was married in the rural parish church to his long-beloved Madelaine D'Arcy; and he jestingly remarked, in his exuberance of joy, that, on the

whole, he believed a marriage the most melancholy of all ceremonies, as at a funeral there is only one vietim to be pitied, but at a wedding there are two.

Fanny Watson gave her hand, with her best affections, to the benefactor and old friend of her childhood, Jack Hartfield.

The home to which he took her—very different indeed from her last London Home—was one which artists often delighted to paint. That porch, so luxuriantly clothed with jassamine, honeysuekle and roses, had appeared in many a sketch-book; for nothing could be more beautiful than the grassy mound behind, and the tall cedar, like a feather in its bonnet, that crowned the eminence. Arches of lilaes had been hung by the peasantry, and festoons of laburnums quite across the road, along which Hartfield, amidst cheers of welcome, with quiet self-possession, drove his willing horse; while Fanny, blushing and smiling, sat by his side.

“Well, Fanny,” said the happy bridegroom, turning suddenly to her as they drove up the short approach, bordered with flowering rhododendrons, which led to his handsome, red-briek house, “here is the home which you have promised to share with me.”

“May God grant me the power to make it a

happy one for you," exclaimed Fanny, with fervent emotion. "There is only one drawback to my happiness, and it is that I am so undeserving."

"Leave others to judge of that; but I am too glad to take you for worse as well as for better, indeed you could not be better, Fanny, and happy is the man who can gain such a heart as your's. We must make our home an earthly paradise to each other."

"As unlike, then, as possible to my London Home," added Fanny smiling. "Oh, how often I shall look back upon that scene of horror, and try to keep others from falling into such a black hole of despair. There should be a picture of Rag Castle hung up in every gin-palace and in every tobacco-shop! And now my own husband every wish I shall ever have beyond this pleasant home might be contained in a nutshell."

"How the richest and greatest in our land might envy me the happiness I shall hereafter enjoy, working early and late for you, Fanny. I find no bread so palatable as what I earn for myself; and with our few acres of garden, our many friendly neighbours, and our readiness to welcome the will of Providence in all events, what more can the heart of man desire till we exchange a happy world here for a still happier hereafter?"

“My only wish,” said Fanny, strangling a tear that sprung into her eyes, “my sole endeavour shall be gratefully to fulfil our destiny together, and in calm or in storm you must be my kind and safe pilot. Our lives, I trust and believe, shall be full of cheerful hopes, or at the worst of cheerful resignation,

“Till all our prospects, bright’ning to the last,
Our Heaven commences ere the world be past.”

THE MURDER HOLE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

Ah, frantie Fear!

I see, I see thee near;

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!

Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly!

COLLINS.

IN a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassillis, between Ayrshire and Galloway, about three hundred years ago, a moor of apparently boundless extent stretched several miles along the road, and wearied the eye of the traveller, by the sameness and desolation of its appearance; not a tree varied the prospect—not a shrub enlivened the eye by its freshness—nor a native flower bloomed to adorn this ungenial soil. One “lonesome desert” reached the horizon on every side, with nothing to mark that any mortal had ever visited the scene before, except a few rude huts that were scattered near its centre;

and a road, or rather pathway, for those whom business or necessity obliged to pass in that direction. At length, deserted as this wild region had always been, it became still more gloomy. Strange rumours arose, that the path of unwary travellers had been beset on this "blasted heath," and that treachery and murder had intercepted the solitary stranger as he traversed its dreary extent.

When several persons, who were known to have passed that way, mysteriously disappeared, the inquiries of their relatives led to a strict and anxious investigation; but though the officers of justice were sent to scour the country, and examine the inhabitants, not a trace could be obtained of the persons in question, nor of any place of concealment which could be a refuge for the lawless or desperate to horde in. Yet, as inquiry became stricter, and the disappearance of individuals more frequent, the simple inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlet were agitated by the most fearful apprehensions. Some declared that the deathlike stillness of the night was often interrupted by sudden and preternatural cries of more than mortal anguish, which seemed to arise in the distance; and a shepherd one evening, who had lost his way on the moor, declared he had approached three mysterious figures, who seemed struggling against each other with supernatural

energy, till at length one of them, with a frightful scream, suddenly sunk into the earth.

Gradually the inhabitants deserted their dwellings on the heath, and settled in distant quarters, till at length but one of the cottages continued to be inhabited by an old woman and her two sons, who loudly lamented that poverty chained them to this solitary and mysterious spot. Travellers who frequented this road now generally did so in groups to protect each other ; and if night overtook them, they usually stopped at the humble cottage of the old woman and her sons, where cleanliness compensated for the want of luxury, and where, over a blazing fire of peat, the bolder spirits smiled at the imaginary terrors of the road, and the more timid trembled as they listened to the tales of terror and affright with which their hosts entertained them.

One gloomy and tempestuous night in November, a pedlar boy hastily traversed the moor. Terrified to find himself involved in darkness amidst its boundless waste, a thousand frightful traditions, connected with this dreary scene, darted across his mind—every blast, as it swept in hollow gusts over the heath, seemed to teem with the sighs of departed spirits—and the birds, as they winged their way above his head, appeared, with loud and shrill cries, to warn him of approaching danger. The whistle with which

he usually beguiled his weary pilgrimage died away into silence, and he groped along with trembling and uncertain steps, which sounded too loudly in his ears. The promise of Scripture occurred to his memory, and revived his courage. "I will be unto thee as a rock in the desert, and as an hiding-place in the storm." *Surely*, thought he, *though alone, I am not forsaken*; and a prayer for assistance hovered on his lips.

A light now glimmered in the distance which would lead him, he conjectured, to the cottage of the old woman; and towards that he eagerly bent his way, remembering, as he hastened along, that when he had visited it the year before, it was in company with a large party of travellers, who had beguiled the evening with those tales of mystery which had so lately filled his brain with images of terror. He recollected, too, how anxiously the old woman and her sons had endeavoured to detain him when the other travellers were departing; and now, therefore, he confidently anticipated a cordial and cheering reception.

His first call for admission obtained no visible marks of attention, but instantly the greatest noise and confusion prevailed within the cottage. "They think it is one of the supernatural visitants of whom the old lady talks so much," thought the boy,

approaching a window, where the light within showed him all the inhabitants at their several occupations ; the old woman was hastily scrubbing the stone floor, and strewing it thickly over with sand, while her two sons seemed with equal haste to be thrusting something large and heavy into an immense chest, which they carefully locked. The boy, in a frolicsome mood, thoughtlessly tapped at the window, when they all instantly started up, with consternation so strongly depicted in their countenances, that he shrunk back involuntarily with an undefined feeling of apprehension ; but before he had time to reflect a moment longer, one of the men suddenly darted out at the door, and seizing the boy roughly by the shoulder, dragged him violently into the cottage.

“ I am not what you take me for,” said the boy, attempting to laugh, “ but only the poor pedlar who visited you last year.”

“ Are you *alone* ?” inquired the old woman, in a harsh, deep tone, which made his heart thrill with apprehension.

“ Yes,” said the boy, “ I am alone, *here* ; and alas !” he added, with a burst of uncontrollable feeling, “ I am alone in the wide world also ! Not a person exists who would assist me in distress, or shed a single tear if I died this very night.”

“ *Then* you are welcome !” said one of the men,

with a sneer, while he cast a glance of peculiar expression at the other inhabitants of the cottage.

It was with a shiver of apprehension, rather than of cold, that the boy drew towards the fire ; and the looks which the old woman and her sons exchanged, made him wish that he had preferred the shelter of any one of the roofless cottages which were scattered near, rather than trust himself among persons of such dubious aspect. Dreadful surmises flitted across his brain ; and terrors, which he could neither combat nor examine, imperceptibly stole into his mind ; but alone, and beyond the reach of assistance, he resolved to smother his suspicions, or at least not increase the danger by revealing them.

The room to which he retired for the night had a confused and desolate aspect ; the curtains seemed to have been violently torn down from the bed, and still hung in tatters around it—the table seemed to have been broken by some violent concussion, and the fragments of various pieces of furniture lay scattered upon the floor. The boy begged that a light might burn in his apartment till he was asleep, and anxiously examined the fastenings of the door ; but they seemed to have been wrenched asunder on some former occasion, and were still left rusty and broken.

It was long ere the pedlar attempted to compose his agitated nerves to rest ; but at length his senses

began to "steep themselves in forgetfulness," though his imagination remained painfully active, and presented new scenes of terror to his mind, with all the vividness of reality. He fancied himself again wandering on the heath, which appeared to be peopled with spectres, who all beckoned to him not to enter the cottage, and as he approached it, they vanished with a hollow and despairing cry. The scene then changed, and he found himself again seated by the fire, where the countenances of the men scowled upon him with the most terrifying malignity, and he thought the old woman suddenly seized him by the arms, and pinioned them to his side. Suddenly the boy was startled from these agitated slumbers by what sounded to him like a cry of distress; he was broad awake in a moment, and sat up in bed,—but the noise was not repeated, and he endeavoured to persuade himself it had only been a continuation of the fearful images which had disturbed his rest, when, on glancing at the door, he observed underneath it a broad red stream of blood silently stealing its course along the floor. Frantic with alarm, it was but the work of a moment to spring from his bed and rush to the door, through a chink of which, his eye nearly dimmed with affright, he could watch unsuspected whatever might be done in the adjoining room.

His fear vanished instantly when he perceived it was only a *goat* that they had been slaughtering ; and he was about to steal into his bed again, ashamed of his groundless apprehensions, when his ear was arrested by a conversation which transfixed him aghast with terror to the spot.

“ This is an easier job than you had yesterday,” said the man who held the goat. “ I wish all the throats we’ve cut were as easily and quietly done. Did you ever hear such a noise as the old gentleman made last night ! It was well we had no neighbour within a dozen miles, or they must have heard his cries for help and mercy.”

“ Don’t speak of it,” replied the other ; “ I was never fond of bloodshed.”

“ Ha ! ha !” said the other, with a sneer, “ you say so, do you ?”

“ I do,” answered the first, gloomily ; “ the Murder Hole is the thing for me—*that* tells no tales—a single scuffle—a single plunge—and the fellow’s dead and buried to your hand in a moment. I would defy all the officers in Christendom to discover any mischief *there*.”

“ Ay, Nature did us a good turn when she contrived such a place as that. Who that saw a hole in the heath, filled with clear water, and so small that the long grass meets over the top of it, would

suppose that the depth is unfathomable, and that it conceals more than forty people who have met their deaths there?—it sucks them in like a leech?”

“How do you mean to dispatch the lad in the next room?” asked the old woman in an under tone. The elder son made her a sign to be silent, and pointed towards the door where their trembling auditor was concealed; while the other, with an expression of brutal ferocity, passed his bloody knife across his throat.

The pedlar boy possessed a bold and daring spirit, which was now roused to desperation; but in any open resistance the odds were so completely against him, that flight seemed his best resource. He gently stole to the window, and having by one desperate effort broke the rusty bolt by which the casement had been fastened, he let himself down without noise or difficulty. This betokens good, thought he, pausing an instant in dreadful hesitation what direction to take. This momentary deliberation was fearfully interrupted by the hoarse voice of the men calling aloud, “*The boy has fled—let loose the bloodhound!*” These words sunk like a death-knell on his heart, for escape appeared now impossible, and his nerves seemed to melt away like wax in a furnace. Shall I perish without a struggle! thought he, rousing himself to exertion, and, helpless and

terrified as a hare pursued by its ruthless hunters, he fled across the heath. Soon the baying of the bloodhound broke the stillness of the night, and the voice of its masters sounded through the moor, as they endeavoured to accelerate its speed,—panting and breathless, the boy pursued his hopeless career, but every moment his pursuers seemed to gain upon his failing steps. The hound was unimpeded by the darkness which was to him so impenetrable, and its noise rung louder and deeper on his ear—while the lanterns which were carried by the men gleamed near and distinct upon his vision.

At his fullest speed the terrified boy fell with violence over a heap of stones, and having nothing on but his shirt, he was severely cut in every limb. With one wild cry to Heaven for assistance, he continued prostrate on the earth, bleeding, and nearly insensible. The hoarse voices of the men, and the still louder baying of the dog were now so near, that instant destruction seemed inevitable,—already he felt himself in their fangs, and the bloody knife of the assassin appeared to gleam before his eyes,—despair renewed his energy, and once more, in an agony of affright that seemed verging towards madness, he rushed forward so rapidly that terror seemed to have given wings to his feet. A loud cry near the spot he had left arose on his ears without suspending

his flight. The hound had stopped at the place where the pedlar's wounds bled so profusely, and deeming the chase now over, it lay down there, and could not be induced to proceed; in vain the men beat it with frantic violence, and tried again to put the hound on the scent,—the sight of blood had satisfied the animal that its work was done, and with dogged resolution it resisted every inducement to pursue the same scent a second time.

The pedlar boy in the meantime paused not in his flight till morning dawned—and still as he fled, the noise of steps seemed to pursue him, and the cry of his assassins still sounded in the distance. Ten miles off he reached a village, and spread instant alarm throughout the neighbourhood—the inhabitants were aroused with one accord into a tumult of indignation—several of them had lost sons, brothers, or friends on the heath, and all united in proceeding instantly to seize the old woman and her sons, who were nearly torn to pieces by their violence.

Three gibbets were immediately raised on the moor, and the wretched culprits confessed before their execution to the destruction of nearly fifty victims in the Murder Hole, which they pointed out, and near which they suffered the penalty of their crimes. The bones of several murdered persons were

with difficulty brought up from the abyss into which they had been thrust ; but so narrow is the aperture, and so extraordinary the depth, that all who see it are inclined to coincide in the tradition of the country-people, that it is unfathomable.

The scene of these events still continues nearly as it was three hundred years ago. The remains of the old cottage with its blackened walls, (haunted of course by a thousand evil spirits,) and the extensive moor, on which a more modern *inn* (if it can be dignified with such an epithet) resembles its predecessor in everything but the character of its inhabitants ; the landlord is deformed, but possesses extraordinary genius ; he has himself manufactured a violin, on which he plays with untaught skill,—and if any *discord* be heard in the house, or any *murder* committed in it, *this* is his only instrument.

His daughter (who has never travelled beyond the heath) has inherited her father's talent, and learnt all his tales of terror and superstition, which she relates with infinite spirit ; but when you are led by her across the heath to drop a stone into that deep and narrow gulf to which our story relates,—when you stand on its slippery edge and (parting the long grass with which it is covered) gaze into its mysterious depths,—when she describes, with all the animation of an *eye-witness*, the struggle of

the victims grasping the grass as a last hope of preservation, and trying to drag in their assassin as an expiring effort of vengeance,—when you are told that for three hundred years the clear waters in this diamond of the desert have remained untasted by mortal lips, and that the solitary traveller is still pursued at night by the howling of the bloodhound,—it is *then only* that it is possible fully to appreciate the terrors of THE MURDER HOLE.

CAPTAIN DAWSON;

OR,

THE DROWNING DRAGON.

CAPTAIN DAWSON, of the heavy dragoons, having fallen desperately—and, it is to be hoped, disinterestedly—in love with a young lady of large fortune and extensive property, the attachment was not, unfortunately, reciprocal on the part of the richly-endowed heiress, Miss Grey. Her country cousin, however, and humble companion, Miss Davenport, having been fascinated by his merit and his moustachios, viewed him with partiality, which she showed by generously promoting his happiness, and recommending him on every occasion to the heiress.

One day, the whole party having embarked in a boat on Duddingston Loch, it was unfortunately

upset, and Captain Dawson, finding himself able to save one of the ladies—but only one—hesitated for some time between gratitude and love, till at length he finally saved Miss Davenport ; and, then rushing back headlong into the lake, he drowned himself with Miss Grey !

This improbable incident having been related once by an officer of dragoons as a perfectly credible every-day fact, the narrator observed, with indignation, that the story occasioned laughter rather than tears ; but one of his auditors obligingly offered to dramatize the incident, so that it should end well, and he should himself be induced to laugh.

The result was as follows :—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN DAWSON attached to MARIANNE.
 MARIANNE GREY, an heiress attached to No-BODY.
 CAROLINE DAVENPORT, cousin to MARIANNE, attached to CAPT. DAWSON.

ACT I.

Scene opens, and discovers a magnificent drawing-room, superbly furnished, and littered with musical instruments, worsted work, flowers, new novels, and china ornaments. — MARIANNE seated on a sofa, and turning her back to CAPTAIN DAWSON.— CAPTAIN DAWSON on a chair, with his back to

MISS DAVENPORT. — CAROLINE seated between them, and looking straight before her.

CAROLINE (*in a tone of diffident inquiry*). Tell me, Marianne, how do you like the new regulation changes in Captain Dawson's uniform?

MARIANNE (*yawns, and answers without looking round*). Changes! I did not happen to remark them; but any change is, I dare say, for the better.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON, *sighs deeply, and pensively contemplates his new epaulettes.*)

CAROLINE (*politely*). I understood that before now you expected to be a major, unattached.

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*glancing expressively towards Marianne*). I never now can be unattached—never!

CAROLINE. Marianne, have you read those verses of Captain Dawson's, beginning,

“My blighted hopes at one fell stroke
Destroyed and lost, cashiered and broke.”

They are charming!

MARIANNE. *Chacun a son goût!* I generally detest manuscript verses.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *smothers a sigh.*)

CAROLINE. Suppose we try a little music? Captain Dawson will perhaps accompany you in “Waiting with despair.”

MARIANNE (*drily*). The piano is out of tune.

CAROLINE (*aside*). And so are you! We were planning a walk in the garden this morning! Perhaps Captain Dawson will be so obliging as to escort us.

MARIANNE. It is but lately that you have found an escort necessary within the four walls of our garden, where I have always hitherto been perfectly safe without one.

CAROLINE. Perhaps, then, under Captain Dawson's protection you may venture to try something more hazardous, and we might make a boating excursion on Duddingston Loch?

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*sentimentally*). In such society all places are alike to me.

MARIANNE (*satirically*). And to me!

CAROLINE. (*inaudibly*). And to me!

[*Exeunt, all sighing deeply.*]

ACT II.

Scene opens, discovering Duddingston Loch, with a flock of ducks on it, and a small boat rowed by CAPTAIN DAWSON—CAROLINE guiding the helm, and MARIANNE gracefully reclining in an attitude of abstraction, from which, however, she suddenly rouses herself, exclaiming, with evident terror :

MARIANNE. How the wind rises!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*in an insinuating tone*). Were my hopes as much raised as the wind, what a storm of joy it would occasion; but, alas! they are shipwrecked, as I fear we shall ourselves be. The very ducks are seeking refuge!

MARIANNE (*imperatively*). Land us, then, instantly! Oh, hasten to the shore!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*mournfully suspending the oars*). Ah! thus drifting along the stream of life, and braving hardship or danger in your service,—thus would I wish to spend the rest of my life!

MARIANNE (*sharply*). Our lives will not be very long, sir, if you don't row a little better!

CAROLINE (*with spirit*). The fault is in my steering! Captain Dawson rows—as he does everything—well.

(*The boat strikes!!!* MARIANNE, *terrified, seizes hold of CAPTAIN DAWSON'S arm, exclaiming, in accents of terror,—*)

MARIANNE. Help! help! Is there any fear?

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*majestically*). There may be danger, but let there be no fear! This hand, which you have hitherto rejected, shall save you, and then, I trust, it may acquire some value in your eyes!

MARIANNE (*frantically*). Save my life, and I'll live only for you!

CAROLINE (*with emotion*). Though I live not to see it, may you both be as happy as you expect and deserve !

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *seizes MARIANNE'S hand, while he offers his arm to CAROLINE. They form a group, and the boat gradually sinks !*)

ACT III.

Scene opens, and discovers CAPTAIN DAWSON floating in the Loch, and supporting both ladies by the hair of their heads. He looks at them alternately with an air of extreme irresolution, and sighs.

CAPTAIN DAWSON. Alas ! to rescue both is impossible ! and thus, like a pair of scales, I am balanced between gratitude and love.

MARIANNE (*eagerly*). Save me.

CAROLINE (*magnanimously*). Yes ! bravest and best of men, let me sink !

(CAPTAIN DAWSON, *in a transport of admiration and gratitude, seizes CAROLINE'S hand, and drops her Cousin's. Exit MARIANNE below the water.*)

(*Song by CAPTAIN DAWSON.*)

Adieu, Miss Grey !—a long adieu,
My heart, alas ! has sunk with you ;
Six weeks in vain your love I sued,
Disdain was mine whene'er I woo'd.

CHORUS.

You 'll ne'er again look dry on me,
Nor say I need not die for thee.

Adieu, Miss Grey!—once more adieu,
Long days of coldness now you'll rue.

At last the hand I must resign
Cold water oft that threw on mine.

Then ne'er again look dry, &c.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON reaches the shore, and places CAROLINE on a rock, while she distractedly wrings her hands—and wrings out her dress—exclaiming, in accents of tenderness and despair,)

CAROLINE. Oh! that I were at the bottom of that loch, and you happy with Marianne! Why am I here!—why! oh! why? Permit me, nevertheless, to admire, sir, the coolness and presence of mind with which you have saved my life, as well as your own!

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*with dignity*). Madam! we did get on swimmingly!—and now—excuse my leaving you—but, having obeyed the dictates of my gratitude, I must follow the impulse of my love.

[*Exit, plunging headlong into the water.*

(CAROLINE rushes off, with dishevelled hair, screaming for assistance.)

(*A flourish of trumpets. Enter the Humane Society.*)

(*Chorus by the Humane Society.*)

Air,—“Blow gentle gales”

In the river have you sunk, sir?
Too much water have you drunk, sir?

Still she sent with propriety
For the Humane Society.

(CHORUS by CAROLINE.)

Still we've sent, &c.

Above water keep your head, sir,
Or full soon you will be dead, sir ;
While the wind and rain fly at ye,
Trust the Humane Society.

Now your friends need not deplore ye, sir,
If there's life left, we'll restore ye, sir ;
See in danger how we fly at ye !
Trust the Humane Society,

(*They drag CAPTAIN DAWSON out of the water, who
sings,*)

Alas ! she's gone, I fear, past hope !

(*Humane Society sing,*)

Yet we shall throw her out a rope !

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *tears his hair,*)

Alas ! alas ! I see she's drown'd !

(*Humane Society in full chorus,*)

But her body shall be found.

(*They continue singing, with a polite glance towards*

CAROLINE,)

And in the water, without doubt, sir,
There's better fish than e'er came out, sir.

(CAPTAIN DAWSON *listens intently, then suddenly
starts up, and casts himself at the feet of CAROLINE,
exclaiming,*)

CAPTAIN DAWSON. You are right ! Let me no
longer be blind to so many sterling good qualities !

Accept, Miss Davenport, of my hand and my heart.

CAROLINE (*despondingly*). Alas! these have long been devoted to my cousin.

CAPTAIN DAWSON (*in an insinuating tone*). But, since you succeed by inheritance to all the other possessions of your cousin, why not succeed to this also! (*Lays his hand on his heart, and drops on his knees.* CAROLINE, *blushing, puts up her fan, and the curtain drops amid*

CHEERS FROM THE HUMANE SOCIETY!)

THE
PRIEST AND THE CURATE;
OR,
THE TWO DIARIES.

P R E F A C E.

DURING the ensuing year, it is intended by the Author to publish a series containing twelve "Common Sense Tracts" on various subjects of general interest, especially connected with the Protestant Faith. In human life, as in a gallery of pictures, how varied are the subjects of contemplation presented to spectators! In the proposed little cluster of stories, the object is, to be as diversified as the Dulwich Gallery, where visitors inspect first a cheering representation of humble piety in Wilkie's picture of "A Cottar's Saturday Night," and turn next to observe a red-hatted Cardinal proudly bestowing his benediction on a prostrate suppliant kneeling in the gutter; or the amateur passes on to a sketch of little Samuel praying

alone to an unseen God, in his own childish simplicity.

Such scenes are all promiscuously mingled in a gallery, as these Tracts are intended to be, with gayer subjects. Human life is never all light, or all shade—all joy, or all sorrow; but in the diversity of incidents, thoughts and characters, the scene changes at a glance from pleasure to pain, from carelessness to anxiety, just as, to continue the comparison, a spectator sees in the Dulwich Gallery, the rural “Fête Champêtre” of Watteau; side by side with Popish saints in torture, by Guido; Haymakers, by Wouvermans; Sportsmen, by Landseer; Flower-girls, by Murillo; Shepherdesses, by Teniers; or ladies and gentlemen in a drawing-room, by Watson Gordon and by Francis Grant.

JANUARY, 1853.

THE
PRIEST AND THE CURATE.

For as the vassals of his will,
Such men the Pope selected still,
As either joyed in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain.

SCOTT. ?

Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't.
There is no Dives in the Roman hell—
They boast the gift of Heaven is in their power;
Well may they give the God they can devour!

DRYDEN.

THE
CURATE'S DIARY.

AFTER a peaceful night of unbroken sleep, awoke thankful to God for this necessary refreshment. Studied my Bible for an hour with renewed strength of mind and body. May I never degenerate into a mere empty formalist, or into a mere philosopher—nor to being a mere Church-worshipper, nor a mere brain-worshipper, but serve God, as He commands, in Spirit and in Truth, with a free Bible, free worship, free judgment, free homes, free institutions, and all the blessings with which “*Christ has made His people free.*”

Washed, shaved, dressed and breakfasted. Having thus performed every service that is due to the body,

THE
CONFESSOR'S DIARY.

LAY wide awake all night on the floor, and hope soon entirely to conquer sleep. Prostrate on the bare stones, I told my beads over incessantly before the image of my Patron, St. Dunstan.

Feel very rheumatic and most sinfully sleepy this morning, but the beautiful portrait of St. Theresa looked benignly on me as I rose before sunrise, and there seemed a misty radiance all round that lovely picture. I almost thought it smiled on me, and that a tear was in its eye.

Have refrained entirely all this month from washing, or shaving. Put on my usual hair-shirt and the

resolved to forget that I have a body at all, in respect to thinking of its necessities. With a pleasant feeling of enjoyment proceeded to seek out what are my duties this day towards God and man. I wish to look at nothing but my blessings, and to me the sense of existence is in itself a delight. All men are bound to cherish as well as to value it; for is not long life represented always as a desirable boon in Scripture? It is promised as the greatest of rewards for keeping the fifth commandment, being distinctly a favour which God, the giver of life, desires that we should all prize.

Before my desire for the sacred duties of my profession induced me humbly to enter the Church, how deep and devoted was the mutual attachment between Lady Jane Acton and myself. But principle impeded our union, as we had no income to render it prudent; therefore her mother, Lady Deptford, forbade us to meet. She sent for me to-day, being ill, and expressed her grateful consciousness that I had so honestly stated all my circumstances and so honourably refrained from any clandestine attempt to influence Lady Jane. Lady Deptford's health being very uncertain, and her mind agitated, I urged her to read her Bible with

belt with spikes through the breast. Scourged myself severely, remained silently looking at the wall during three hours and ate no breakfast. My mind now most sinfully engrossed by the sense of acute hunger. Surely death will soon relieve me from the burden of life, and then how great the reward of all my voluntary suffering. My body and soul seem scarcely held together now by a thread, but that enables me to see visions and to dream dreams such as no ordinary mind ever enjoys.

Before my disappointments as a lawyer drove me into the Roman Church, how deep and devoted was the mutual attachment between Lady Mary Seton and myself! Since her marriage to Colonel Dermonville I have heard nothing of her till this morning, when Lady Penzance, her mother, being ill, sent for me as an old friend. Did not feel it necessary yet to mention that my profession and my religion are both changed. Talked to the old lady as if I were still an Anglo-Catholic, and persuaded her to promise me that she will give up reading the Bible. Brought her own copy away with me in case of a relapse into Scripture-reading, and left on her table

prayer. Marked several appropriate chapters, and left her attentively studying them.

Bought a great bargain to-day—a copy of the Bible in very ancient type. The binding rather soiled, therefore sent it to be newly bound by Heyday, before placing the precious volume on a reading-desk in my study, that all who come there may read for their everlasting advantage.

When I remarked to Lady Deptford that as our souls and minds are invisible, with which we worship an invisible God, so we require no visible object of adoration before us when we pray, she expressed her surprise that if the deluded votaries of superstition must see something to receive their prayers, they should choose idols, the work of their own hands. “Now,” she said, “I can better understand the fire-worshippers, because they fall prostrate before the noblest object of God’s visible creation; but that a baker should take a wafer out of his oven and adore it as the Host of Heaven, or that I, when modelling wax fruit, should model a wax doll, put one of my own old dresses on it, and then fall down

instead "The Glories of Mary."* Lady Penzance is not yet come to idol-pitch, or I should have liked to leave her an image also of St. Dominick.

Bought a great bargain to-day—an image of St. Theresa in old mahogany. The red satin robe rather soiled; therefore sent it to be newly dressed, before placing it in a niche at our new chapel. Saw a strange old carving in Roslin Chapel last year of a monkey in a pulpit preaching to the Pope.

After I showed Lady Penzance the beautiful little picture for our Chapel of "the Mater Dolorosa," she asked with a look of stupid astonishment why we represent the Virgin Mary wearing a crown of thorns. When I expressed my dislike of Rubens' picture of "the Assumption" because Mary is not so young or so very beautiful as in many other pictures of her that I have a pleasure in praying before, Lady Penzance, in her usual matter-of-fact way, asked if the Virgin Mary had not been above sixty before she died, and said that as Our Lord is called "her first-born son," she must have had others, who were probably those mentioned in St. Matthew,

* See Appendix.

and worship the manufacture of my fingers, is beyond lunacy itself." I told her of the Indian who was lately converted from idolatry by reading the description in Isaiah* of the carpenter planting a tree and hewing it down. "Then shall it be for a man to burn: for he will take thereof and warm himself; yea, he kindleth it, and baketh bread; yea, he maketh a god and worshippeth it; he maketh it a graven image, and falleth down thereto. He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh, he roasteth meat and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself and is satisfied, and the residue thereof he maketh a god: he falleth down unto it and worshippeth it and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me: for thou art my god."

Went to that large shop near Grosvenor Square, in which there used to be so splendid a collection of Bibles and Prayer-books, wishing to select some copies, but not one will ever be found there again! On my first entrance it seemed to me that I had gone by mistake to a toy-shop, for the whole counter was covered with strings of beads, little stucco images, and a coinage of trash that looked like temperance medals for charity children. Aghast with surprise,

* Isaiah, c. 44, v. 16.

when Christ is told that his mother and his brethren stood without "desiring to speak with him." I wish Lady Penzance could forget her Bible, or I shall be in continual difficulty to keep her in our Church! That obstinate heretic, Colonel Dermonville, seeing that Lady Mary has a taste for excitement, has been travelling her about all over the Continent to keep her away from Romanists, as if there were any quarter of the globe where he could elude our vigilance. A person likely to be converted is hemmed in on every side, and he may take Lady Mary to Kamschatka or China, but the news of her approach will precede her there, and our emissaries be ready to welcome her. There is no protection from our snares for any woman but in herself.

When I told Lady Penzance to repeat fifteen Ave Marias every morning and evening, she asked me to explain the meaning of that text, "Use not vain repetitions, as the Heathen do." She also requested me to tell her when the publican smote upon his breast saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" whether he had a rosary in his hand, and what image he knelt before. She was also anxious to know, when the jailer asked the Apostles, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" whether the answer

I read the shop-bill, and took a copy of it as follows, being an actual advertisement in London during this present year.

“Rosaries of the Seven Dolours, very neat, 9*d.* each: also the crown of the B. V. M., 4*d.* A very strong brass crucifix, 4*d.*, or 3*s.* 6*d.* per dozen, (3½ inches long). Scapulars of all kinds, 1*d.* on linen, or beautifully made up, 4*d.*, or 3*s.* 6*d.* per dozen, and upwards. Good strong beads, in a *nice red colour*, 1*s.* 4*d.* a dozen. Better qualities at all prices, with the usual allowance per gross. A beautiful image of St. Joseph, after a new model, 26 inches high, to match the images of Our Lady, already on sale in coloured plaster, 7*d.*, painted and gilt.”

Visited my school. The children had arranged, as I desired them, all the texts in Scripture which forbid idolatry, and they are legion. It was delightful to see their young minds and hearts so pleasingly occupied in learning from the word of God himself to give a reason for the hope that is in them.

Took them all as a holiday treat to see that wonderful conjuror the Wizard of the North, who brought twelve different kinds of liquid out of one bottle. It is lucky the Papists have not engaged him to perform on their behalf, as the blood of St. Januarius in a

was not simply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She had looked in vain at this passage for any mention of the Virgin and Saints. Those ladies who have read a Bible are very difficult to convert, and are sometimes in the habit of remembering Dr. Chalmers' advice, which would put an end to our influence. "Believe, and do what the Bible bids you." Told Lady Penzance that, as a good Catholic, she is bound to give over thinking for herself or asking questions, but must implicitly receive the infallible teaching which it is my office to bestow.

Visited my school. The children had been for some days as I desired, sitting with their eyes fixed on a white-washed wall, therefore now they are ready to believe anything. Shall get up a few visions next week, and exhibit a bleeding picture, which is easily managed by fixing behind the canvas some leeches, saturated with blood, from the hospitals.*

In Ireland, at the last election, I actually persuaded an Irish constituent that we priests had the power of turning all his children into goats, if he

* See Appendix.

bottle, at Naples, would be mere child's play in comparison of what this clever juggler could do,*

As God spreads abundance of food for all animals in every field, it is only man who has to prepare what he eats, and to eat it with a thankful remembrance of the bountiful hand which gives us all things, so "richly to enjoy." After my own simple dinner, distributed all that remained among some orphan children who have no mortal friend to provide for them, and were in danger of actually tasting no food all day! Those who pray like us for daily bread, must take care that others do not want theirs.

Felt particularly energetic and wide-awake when dismissing my school. Told the children previously some improving little stories of every-day life, but avoided all that is supernatural or exciting. That old Popish maid of Lady Penzance, who was supposed to have such ecstatic visions, turns out to have been in a state of *delirium tremens*, from having long

* See Appendix, No. 1.

voted against our wishes, and he yielded up his vote from terror of that threat. In Ireland now the mode of canvassing, literally, is, "Your vote or your life!"

Having eaten no breakfast, felt most sinfully hungry as I hurried past a baker's shop, and could think of nothing else for an hour, being so haunted by the smell of new bread. Could have relished a mouldy crust, or picked any bone that a dog would have despised, but resolved to complete my meritorious penance. Enjoined a total fast on the children tomorrow. Several burst into tears on hearing this, and that sickly girl Jenny Pratt fainted. She evidently cannot live long, and why should she? one of her eyes is blind already.

Having kept myself awake all last night, fell asleep standing to-day while I was dismissing the school, and retired to scourge myself wide awake again. Thought that I became supernaturally suspended a few inches off the ground for several minutes, and told the brethren of it, who were much pleased at this result of all my watchfulness and fasting. Read that beautiful new book, "The Dark, Dark Night,"

secretly practised the habit of becoming drunk with spirits of wine. (A fact.)

Called on old Sir Simon Pigot, and was sorry to find him still bitter against his sons. Succeeded in pacifying him so far that he has consented to see the eldest. Sir Simon is to continue him in the succession, rather than endow some ostentatious institution, as so many foolish old men do now, meaning it, not for the good of others, but as a monument to themselves—and a monument it often remains of their malignity, selfishness, or vanity. When I brought young Pigot to his dying father, and saw them embrace with tears of restored affection, how strongly did my own feelings tell me the truth of that text: "Blessed are the peace-makers!"

Visited that dying convert, David Connell, and showed him that each sinner must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, for, as the wise virgins could not spare any oil for the foolish ones, no more can any mortal man have any works of supererogation with which to endow his neighbours. Told him not to trust in grovelling heathenisms but

and "The Wet, Wet Weather," to keep me wide, wide awake another night, but they had the contrary effect, as I am more than half asleep all day now.

Called on old Sir Joseph Wilton, who continues tolerably bitter against his two eldest sons, whom I have every hope that he will disinherit in favour of our Church. The only obstacle is, that unluckily the third having been on foreign service these many years, we can bring nothing very tangible against him. Sir Joseph is, however, almost at disinheriting pitch, for I refuse him absolution if he leaves more than a shilling to those heretics, his sons, and the papers are ready for signature in his first paroxysm of ill-humour.

Spent an hour with that dying profligate, Patrick Martin, who has a most unsilenceable conscience. Relieved his mind by promising to take the guilt of his sins upon myself, on condition that he appoints me trustee to his will and bequeaths his whole possessions to our Church. The wretched creature is thoroughly frightened, but hesitates about whether

to pray for the grace of repentance, to look hopefully to his Saviour, and to do justly by all men. Connell thought of leaving all his possessions to charity, but as God appoints us our duties as relatives, I objected against his beggaring those young children. I shall get the wife some employment, and put the boys to school.

Pointed out to Lady Deptford that the Bereans wisely searched the Scriptures daily, and that the strongest witness on earth against idolatry is the Bible, therefore who can wonder that idolaters forbid so indisputable a witness to appear at all in court. The Popish priest boldly asserts that the only infallible guide is HIMSELF, but a Protestant clergyman declares that infallible teaching is only in the Bible. Showed her that St. Peter's alleged supremacy is only a precedence among equals, and that he was the only Apostle to whom our Lord spoke with severity, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

Gave Jane Connell a few rational and pious tracts, advising her at the same time to take the advice of her deservedly venerated mother as to what she shall

my bail be sufficient, and about begging his young family. I must persuade the widow to become a nun, and entice the boys into La Trappe.

Saw Lady Penzance again, who asked me why in the second commandment it is said "thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." She thought if images were not even to be made, how much less are they to be worshipped. I explained that in our Church we have expunged the second commandment entirely, and divided the tenth in two so as to make up the difference in point of number. Finding her questions often difficult to answer, I have enjoined her to take a vow of silence, for unless her mind be put to sleep, it may turn out, as our Cardinal said, that "every one trusted with a Bible becomes a Protestant."

Summoned Fanny Martin for the first time to confession. Found her wonderfully ignorant on some subjects. A girl of fifteen in our Church

read, but above all, to shut up at once any book containing any impropriety, as well as to relinquish instantly any friendship with those whose conversation is not strictly correct. I told her mother, Mrs. Connell, that as the best feelings of girlhood will at once teach her daughter to avoid the society of any man who talks too freely, there is less danger from such persons in society, than from the ill-directed conversation of silly or profligate women; but that as the modesty of girls is like the butterfly's wing, which must not even be touched, she should give her daughter the safest books and companions that her own anxious judgment can select.

Six Irish reapers came to my morning lecture, for whom I got employment from farmer Dixon, and exhorted them to use all Christian diligence in whatever honest labour they undertook. Not one had any respect for truth, and when they take an oath in any court of justice, the priest gives them his testament, with a paper cross pasted on it, to be kissed by each witness, as an evasion!

Had a visit from our M.P., and explained to him that I can take no part in the coming election, as it is not for such purposes that influence is entrusted

knows more than a Protestant girl ever learns in the longest life. Appointed Fanny a penance of sitting alone with her face to the wall all day for avoiding to give me direct answers. She professed not to understand my questions, but I saw by her colouring and stammering that she did, and at all events I made my meaning so plain at last, that the girl can never pretend any ignorance of evil again. The girl was brought by her own mother!

Insisted on her taking home the Book of Confession, in which I marked the passages she must particularly study, and on which I shall examine her most particularly next time. She blushed deeply, and looked certainly very pretty when she turned away to hurry out of my presence; but what a change an hour has wrought in putting her mind through that mental dung-hill!

Six Irish reapers came to confession. Ordered them to spend all Wednesday on bare knees at the Holy Well of St. Bridget, telling their beads, and to fast till sunset.

Had a visit from our M.P., to consult as to the best means of intimidating voters at the coming election. Promised to terrify them at confession,

to me. It is never good for the parishioners when the clergy allow religion and politics to clash their chariot-wheels.

My whole fortune in life depended on my using an equivocation to-day, but it was not even a momentary temptation, as there is a Divine sacredness in genuine truth never to be tampered with. The Hardenstone estate was left to me by an uncle, who omitted half my four Christian names in the will. When asked for my legal signature, I could not deny that omission, which invalidates the deed, but acknowledged at once, that having been christened "Thomas John Edward Henry," and being only named as Henry, the estate must go to my cousin, contrary to the evident intention of our uncle. This prevents me giving the thousand pounds I had conditionally promised to our new church, but I hope never to have a heavy purse if accompanied by a heavy conscience.

and to denounce from the altar all those who oppose his being returned.

Detected Pat Donovan in having bought a winter-cloak for his mother with the money he owed me for masses for his father, who died ten years ago.

Was asked point-blank by Lady Penzance whether I had heard that story Lady Mary told me yesterday, but I positively denied having ever heard a word of it, and would have sworn ignorance had that been necessary, as Alphonso Lignori says, "in a just cause we may equivocate, and a Confessor may declare, even upon oath, that he knows nothing of a fact heard in confession," by understanding "as man, not minister of Christ." My vows bind me to "vagrancy and profitable mendicity," therefore, before setting out, exchanged confessions with Priest Oldhem, when we absolved each other. We both acknowledged having become infidels ever since we attempted to believe the Romish miracles as certainly as the true miracles of Holy Scripture. The stone and lime Chapel of Loretto flying through the air to Rome was a great stumbling-block to my belief, and seeing the consecrated wafer in a state of corruption like any other bread. In Scripture, none of the miracles are contrary to our senses.

Told Lady Deptford that as no one in the present day seeks health of body in the good old way, but all are trying hydropathy, homœopathy, or mesmerism, so people are equally eccentric in seeking health to their souls by becoming Latter-day Saints, or Papists, or anything but Bible Christians, in safe and simple adherence to their only Saviour. “By their fruits ye shall know them ;” and those who trust in a risen Saviour, will best imitate His character by strict moral virtue, by truth, by meekness, gentleness, charity, and honesty in all our actions.

Spent an evening with the Bishop, who received me in a most friendly manner, and seemed pleased with the account I gave of my young candidates for confirmation. The girls come twice a week with their mothers for instruction, and are writing down their thoughts on confirmation, that I may judge whether the whole solemnity is clearly before their minds. Told the Bishop my opinion that the religion of some apostate ladies in the parish seems returned to its second childhood : they are become so fond of beads, dolls, flowers, processions and theatrical kneelings, and of everything in short, but a reformation of heart.

Told Lady Penzance she was wrong to have dismissed her abigail for stealing some stockings and shifts, as the rule is ("Overbury," p. 79,) that all servants who think their services inadequately remunerated "are excused from sin and from restitution, if they only take an equitable compensation." Convinced Lady Penzance how wrong she is ever to think for herself, as I am her infallible guide, and that she must even believe everything that is incredible.

Went to his *Eminentissimo's* levee, knelt, kissed hands, and reported progress in confiscating Bibles, &c. Asked directions respecting the visits of wives without the knowledge of their husbands, and of daughters without the knowledge of their parents. Met a number of excited-looking young ladies, evidently somewhat delirious, who are soon about to be "received." Lady Mary seemed much pleased with the novelty of kneeling and kissing a diamond ring instead of wearing one. It is singular that the proudest and most exclusive ladies are those most delighted with this unusual prostration to one more exalted and assuming than themselves!

Attended at St. Paul's, the sermon for the Sons of the Clergy, a society most deserving of encouragement. Those who wear out their time, health, and income for our sakes deserve that their children should be taken care of when orphans, and how often do they become so from the unsparing zeal of their parents to do all the arduous duties of a parish.

Had every hope till yesterday of being able to marry Lady Jane, but now that I have lost the Hardenstone estate, Lady Deptford very naturally objects to our attempting to live on "a starving" like my curacy. Saw Lady Jane probably for the last time, in her mother's presence, as it is a useless trial of our feelings to meet, though nothing can alter our attachment; and she has refused, her uncle tells me, to marry Colonel Holford, M.P., preferring comparative poverty with her mother, and the diligent exercise of all her home duties.

The Popish Church is the greatest monument of human talent and of human wickedness in this world: she keeps her votaries in constant excitement, and I am sorry to see my cousin, Lady Mary, continually with her former lover, who so recently apostatised into a

Old Mrs. Martin asked me the meaning of Cæsar Borgia and other historical men being called "The Pope's Sons." Had no idea of any Pope having had a wife and family. She inquired also about Rome having been "under petticoat government," with Pope Joan during two years and five months. Her real name was Gilberta, but she took the name of John English when delivering public lectures, and became unanimously elected Pope John VIII.

When Lady Penzance, the mother of Lady Mary, objected to our mutual attachment on account of poverty, we were both nearly heart-broken; but she was since persuaded, from prudential motives, and against her will, to marry Colonel Dermonville, M.P., a Protestant. Now that she is privately converted without his knowledge, she has a dispensation to keep it secret, and I have got myself appointed her Confessor. Thus I shall have clandestine access to her at all hours, and be more in Lady Mary's confidence than that obstinate heretic her husband. Lady Mary looked more beautiful than ever when I questioned her very closely as to her feelings in respect to Colonel Dermonville, whom she positively detests.

Described to my people the Holy Well, near West-

Church which bribes its votaries by very strange licences. It was well said that the Pope gave to Charles II. mistresses, and to his graver brother James, confessors !

Nothing is in general more unpalatable to a young person in a state of high excitement than being advised to do her home duties of God's appointment; but I cannot sufficiently admire the quiet, unpretending, domestic life of Lady Jane, sitting day after day beside her aged mother, to whom she reads the Bible. She also studies Hooker, Pearson, Leighton, and other standard authors of our Church, whom we reverence, but do not worship. She was smiling with good-humoured cheerfulness when I left her mother's boudoir yesterday, and I could not but think with a sigh of regret what a wife so affectionate a daughter would be.

Lady Jane keeps off *ennui* by many innocent amusements, and leaves herself no time for idle thoughts. She educates her late brother's little boy, to whom she seems devotedly attached. Her music and painting are great resources, and she has a

port, Ireland, in which lives a sacred trout who operates miraculous cures! If the patient sees the trout floating on his back, he dies; if otherwise, he lives!

Poor Lady Mary! her chief subject of confession is, the misery of living with a husband in whose sympathy she can no longer confide, while he has no notion that her faith is different from his own.

The Colonel has surrounded her with every means of worldly enjoyment, but much to her credit she is miserable. Prostrate on the floor sometimes for hours in the dark, unable to care for her child, and in constant terror of Colonel Dermonville finding me with her. None but a heretic would be jealous as he is of one in my office. She fainted the last time I left her boudoir, and is evidently wasting away with misery, so that my sympathy seems her only consolation; and I give her absolution every day for everything.

Lady Mary, unable to endure the society of her heretic husband and his heretic friends, agrees with me that she must get rid of all family ties, but complains of *ennui*; so I advised her to try some innocent amusements, such as the girls enjoy at our Retreat,

number of well-chosen friends, with whom she frequently converses on books, and with whom she is associated in many plans of usefulness ; but above all, her family ties at home involve the most obvious duties, and are the source of her greatest happiness. Her religion is better exemplified than by sackcloth raiment, a crucifix, and philippics against the Bible !

Heard that the carnival at Rome this year is to be without masks, and most heartily wish the religion of Rome were also without a mask.

My cousin Lady Mary's religion seems to consist in "will-worship," dismal dress, and eccentric food. Her whole expression of countenance is an affectation of lugubrious solemnity, and I really fear the best prescription for her will soon be a cab to the nearest lunatic asylum. If I fixed that my religion was to consist in wearing a grey coat instead of a black one, and in eating boiled beef rather than roasted, how scrupulously I might observe these rules without being one atom the more religious for doing so. The whole fable of Romanism is a blasphemous as well as a most cruel imposture, and like a false diamond, the greater its pretensions to worth, the more

to make a procession with her maid, and nursery-governess, round the house, to string arbutus berries, for a cross, to have up the kitten and the Skye terrier, to embroider an apron for St. Bridget, to weave a garland of snowdrops for St. Theresa, and to try how many times in a day she can count over her beads. We must keep her excited or put her mind to sleep, for otherwise she will grow untractable.

Heard Lady Mary, as I left her room yesterday, say to her sympathizing maid, "I shall keep a strict fast and take no dinner to-day." Felt pleased, as in general her appetite is sinfully good; but she added, in a tone of mournful reflection: "Tell Mrs. Jobson to send me a severe tea at six, with fried sole, omelette, muffins, poached eggs, scolloped oysters, and several kinds of preserves."

As soon as I entice her to take the vows, this will all be curtailed, and she shall know the conventual meaning of a fast; but meanwhile we must not show the rod nor pull the reins. Lady Mary says the music and processions in our Church are quite equal to the Italian Opera.

Lady Mary has thought of an admirable plan! Her husband, suspecting that she and her married

desirous every one should be to proclaim the fraud, and to rescue the intended victims. It is, in Parliamentary phrase, "wise, just, and beneficial," so to do ; therefore, I hope that our greatest of all debating clubs, in the House of Commons, will now assert the Protestantism of England in unmistakeable terms.

When I gave Lady Deptford that text to meditate on : "There is no other name given under Heaven, whereby a man may be saved, but the name of Christ," pointed out to her the sin and folly of imagining that such a Saviour can want either the power or the will to save her, therefore why do the Romanists ask for any one to mediate with Him ? That Church flaunting in purple and gold at Rome always reminds me of the rich man in the parable, and ours in humiliation and suffering, of Lazarus.

Lady Deptford complains that she is tired of hearing about the Popish Aggression. She wishes

sister, Lady Anne, talk Romanism together, said he would allow them still to meet constantly, provided they promised never to mention religion to each other at all. He took her most solemn assurance on the subject, and said he could still trust to her truthfulness, therefore she told me that she and Lady Anne have agreed not to speak to each other on the forbidden subject, but to appoint that I shall come daily and talk to them, while they listen together. Surely they will both soon join our Church, for which this incident shows them so fitted.

When I gave Lady Penzance "The Glories of Mary" to study, she asked whether there were any books recommended by our Church in which she could read of the Saviour Himself, as she never now heard His name. I appointed her a penance for presuming to think independently, and told her she must forget all she ever read formerly in the Bible, as for my own part I never read any of it except the few fragments contained in the Mass-book.

The Protestants having talked much and done little about the Popish Aggression, seem all going as

people would think of something else and forget it, but the Roman candle is not so easily snuffed out as she thinks. The more people talk of their danger and think of it, the better ; or the lighting of candles may very soon be followed by the lighting of fires—candles on the altar are the light-houses to give warning of fires at Smithfield, and the confessional is *avant courier* to the Inquisition. The old Popish rule was, “ Put to sleep the enemies you cannot kill.”

A lady of the Popish persuasion invited me to visit her clandestinely, as she wishes to be instructed on religious subjects in the absence of her husband, while he is attending at his office. Declined any such underhand proceeding, being resolved never to steal into a dwelling-house on false pretences. A Protestant minister must always appear in the truthful and open character of his sacred office. I would no more act a lie than speak one.

Lady Jane, with exemplary devotion, has been trying to convince poor Fanny Martin that there is but one Saviour for sinners. The child showed her a list of those she is taught at the Popish Chapel to

soundly and comfortably to sleep as they did at Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew. Our progress is as quiet as the digging of a mine under a besieged city ; but in hundreds of families now we have the sons or the daughters, the servants or the governesses, either doubting Protestants or unacknowledged Papists. Minds ungarrisoned by previous knowledge are easily captured, and then go round their own axis for ever afterwards in blind, mechanical, unquestioning obedience.

Attended a meeting of the Religious Equality Society. It is a capital farce to keep up, but our Church will soon put all heretics on an equality of total extinction. Being ourselves united as one man, drilled to our work, and unrestrained by any law, moral or civil, from doing and saying whatever shall advance our Church, we must soon build up a splendid edifice on the ruin of every other.

Lady Mary, with, exemplary devotion, has lent all her diamonds to be worn by the image of St. Theresa, at the festival in our Chapel to-morrow, and I assisted her to decorate the shrine with flowers. Lady

waste her prayers on. St. Barbara is to protect her during thunder; St. Lucia will heal the disease brought on her eyes by staring at white-washed walls. St. Nicholas is the saint who obtains husbands for those who wish to marry; St. Polonia preserves the teeth; St. Domingo cures fevers; and St. Blaise cures disorders of the throat. The doctors in their green chariots will be quite superseded, if Popery become established.

Colonel Morgan, M.P., intending to have a splendid establishment in London now, has proposed to Lady Jane, but on account of the difference in her religious principles, she would not have accepted any Papist, even had he been in other respects deserving. Lady Jane said she would never consent to preside over any house, unless she could devote her best earthly affections to him with whom she was to share it, and deserve his unbounded confidence in return for her own. To enter a home where a confessor was to stand between the confidence of husband and wife she considers out of the question, and Lady Jane has no sympathy with Colonel Morgan's love of candles, crosses, and genuflections, knowing that much more is required to make a saint than sackcloth, gold crucifixes, and kissing diamond rings.

Mary ought to give the jewels entirely ! She must be made to do so at last, but she has the weakness to be afraid of her husband, who presented them to her on her wedding-day. That obstinate heretic has discovered that I visit in the house, and forbidden the servants to admit me, but luckily the butler has secretly become one of my flock. The Colonel is a most un-get-at-able man in argument !

Colonel Dermonville intended remaining in the school-room last night, as formerly, to hear his little boy's hymns and prayers, but the child cried outrageously, saying he would rather papa did not stay. On being pressed to give a reason, he said that when papa was not in the room he was allowed to pray before that beautiful doll in the closet. Colonel Dermonville instantly rose, and before Lady Mary could invent any story to prevent him, opened the door, and there was my St. Theresa, wearing all his family diamonds. Instead of storming, as he used to do, the obstinate heretic inquired into this business so closely, that he discovered the secret of Lady Mary having been "received" into our Church, and when the whole truth came out he fainted.

Found good old Mrs. Connell contented and happy, though bed-ridden and poor, with no companion but her Bible. Surely a verdict of wilful misconception may be brought against those who say God's word is only for the Priests, when it is so evidently intended to solve the whole mysterious riddle for us of human life, which no unassisted mortal can do.

Lord Hampstead has in the kindest manner informed me, that from a feeling of cordial friendship he has long intended bestowing on me his chief living, now vacant, "Oakfield Vicarage." He had heard of the circumstances under which I lost the Hardenstone estate, and said in the handsomest terms, that originally he proposed to do me a favour by settling me in Oakfield, but that now he feels himself doing a favour to his family and to the village. Lord Hampstead invited me to meet his cousin Lady Jane, at dinner, and made some pleasant allusions to the loss of all my curate-comforts, and his hopes that I would make up for that at the Rectory, and imitate the Apostle Peter by marrying a wife. The kind old man evidently sees my attachment to his young cousin and approves of it, therefore if Lady Deptford consents,

Detected Mrs. Martin in having a Bible, and in having become a pervert to Protestantism. She was confined only three weeks ago, and is still in bed; but when I found she had got her child christened by a Protestant clergyman, struck her three times with my umbrella. Those persecuting heretics, her relations, threaten to prosecute me, but had we been in Ireland they dared not complain. Lord Eglinton seems putting every string of the Irish harp in tune now!

Lady Mary, as I expected, has not waited for a legal separation. She wisely came to me this morning, that I may conduct her to my own convent of St. Theresa, where I am myself the Confessor. Lady Mary brought the precious image with her, and all that she could lawfully claim. Her husband, like a true heretic, tried to take Lady Mary to her parents, but this cruel attempt was frustrated. Lord Penzance is the very worst person to have charge of her, as he reads the Bible constantly, and actually has family prayers twice a-day. Lady Mary and I had a delightful conference for several hours alone together, during which we exchanged ten thousand congratulations on her escape. I have mentioned that it is now her duty to say that she never knew happiness before, and that she has not a wish un-

but not without her permission, I shall propose to Lady Jane. Our domestic duties do not rest on the shifting sands of human tradition, but on the laws of nature, of the Bible, and of God Himself.

Lady Jane is exactly the person to exemplify Protestant principles. She considers that to fulfil her own family duties is the task in life obviously portioned out for her by the Divine Creator, and that therefore she best fulfils her duty to God by fulfilling them. Well and diligently does she minister to the comfort of her aged relatives, to the happiness of those who are her contemporaries, and to the instruction of the young. Unlike those foreign ladies, who seem scarcely to know there is such a place as home, she seems scarcely to know there is any other, while her most trusted friend, and only Confessor, has been her own sensible, excellent mother. To take the first place in the affections of a mind so pure and a heart so true as Lady Jane's, is felicity indeed, and now, united in every thought and feeling, for time and for eternity, we gratefully accept the happy lot that God has appointed us to serve Him together, and to consider every mortal a friend of our own who is a friend of religion.

gratified, as well as to be always smiling with a look of beatitude, but nevertheless to wear a religious bonnet and a very mournful dress, as well as to give up curling her hair, or washing her face.

Lady Mary is exactly the person for us, having always hated home as she needs continual excitement. She says her parents were humdrum, everyday people, her husband so good-natured that there was no interest in trying to please him, and she never cared for her little boy. We shall at last, I think, bring round Englishwomen to the principles and practice of the Spanish and Italian ladies, which will be an immense improvement—masks, confessionals, cicisbeos, duennas, carnivals, processions, assignations, convents, &c.

I have half promised Lady Mary that she shall at last be canonized, so her vain and ambitious spirit will be in full work to gain this distinction, and she shall soon exceed any *Faquir* in the desert, for filth and starvation.

I see her much astonished at the infantine silliness of the nuns, but we shall soon bring her to the same level. I must now go and scourge myself for an hour, and then prostrate myself on the floor for the rest of this evening.

I trust the day may long continue when the homes of England are acknowledged as the happiest, because the most domestic and religious, the sacred tie being recognized and respected of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, all in accordance with Scripture and with the teaching of our pulpits. How strange that some men think it an instance of piety towards God to undervalue the privileges He has given us, and to speak as if it were a condescension to live on this earth at all. The pleasures of this world are asserted to be incompatible with those of another, as if all were not parts of one grand system. We should make the best of this world, as well as of another. It is not by disparaging and despising God's works and dispensations in this world, that we shall be taught to think more reverently of His works and dispensations hereafter. Our Divine Saviour did not show us an example of standing with folded arms looking disdainfully at existence and its objects, nor to look upon life as so much time lost, but to value it, to enjoy it, and yet be ready to lay it down rather than sacrifice conscience, principle, or patriotism.*

* See Popish Legends.

I trust the day is not far distant when there shall be no homes in England, but the men all living in monasteries, the women in convents, and only the priests at liberty. We shall then have all the broad lands of Britain for Church property, and unbounded incomes to the priesthood, with power that no one shall question. As Confessors to all the ladies, we shall visit them constantly, teaching the necessity of never opening a Bible, the evils of marriage, and the whole code of Lignori, who shows that the entire moral law may be set aside at the bidding of any priest, and that with his sanction, theft, lying and all other crimes are commendable.

We shall soon have our Popish friends, the Emperor of Austria and the new Emperor Napoleon here, to assist us. The one is never to be at rest till he has avenged the injuries of Marshal Haynau, and the other declares that the memory of his uncle, Napoleon I., will haunt him like a nightmare till he has revenged himself upon England, by an invasion, and then Great Britain shall become one vast monastery.

A P P E N D I X.

PAGE 6.

*Extract from "The Glories of Mary," recommended
and re-published by the Papists.*

“On the mountains of Trent there lived a famous robber, who being one day warned by a monk to change his mode of life, replied, that for him there was no hope. ‘No?’ said the monk. ‘Then do this that I tell you! Fast on Saturday in honour of Mary, and on that day molest no one.’ The injunction not to rob was thus limited to only one day in the week, with free licence for all the others. ‘The good robber’ made the vow, and not to fail, he went unarmed on Saturday. It happened one Saturday the robber was caught by the officials of justice. He was beheaded, and a ditch being dug, he was buried with small honour. Then the Mother of God was seen, who, with four holy virgins, made his body be

taken from that place and wrapped in a rich cloth wrought with gold; and having themselves carried it to the gate of the city, the Virgin said to the guards, ‘Tell the Bishop from me that he give honourable burial in a church to this defunct, because he was my faithful servant.’ And it was done.”

The notes of the Douay Bible assert the right and duty of Papists to coerce heretics and *exterminate* them.

“During Lent we used the discipline twice a-week—we made ready by uncovering our shoulders—each sitting in his bed—and seized the whip—and then, oh! then, if the thing edifies you, gentle reader, be edified! if it make you laugh, laugh to your heart’s content, at the sound of twenty whips cracking like a hail-storm on the twenty backs in question.”—*The Jesuit in Training*, p. 261.

From “*Practical Working of the Church in Spain*,”
as noticed in *Blackwood’s Magazine*.

“At Malaga, bigotry is the order of the day, and it is so insolent that it absolutely prohibits all places

of Protestant worship; not even in a private house may 'two or three be gathered together.' The only place where they are suffered to meet is the Consul's house, where of course, the Spaniards look upon the meeting as an affair wholly civil, or as we should look upon a meeting of negroes for the performance of an Obeah woman—the Consul's flag being the only protection.

“In the cathedral of Malaga, the ladies had books of the service, yet they talked and played with their fans all the while. They have the art of shutting their fans with a tremendous crack, and in the most solemn parts of the service, one fan after another would go crack, crack, all round. The motion and buzz are like a bee-hive.

“The image of the 'Virgin de los Reyes,' which was carried about by Ferdinand and Isabella in their conquest of Granada, was now raised by four men in surplices, and the procession moved. The progress was to the Vittoria Convent, where there is another image of the Virgin, called, 'De la Vittoria,' *which this image went to see!*—The helpless way in which the image shakes about, as it is carried, reminds one rather painfully of some of the chapters in Isaiah.

“An especial feature of this awful absurdity was the appearance of the 'Nazarenes.' These are a brotherhood whose zeal is applied to getting up pro-

cessions. They were robed in dark red velvet, with *gilt* crowns of thorns, and veiled faces, and ringing large bells. The lady writer, a tender *Protestant*, says: ‘I do not think that any, with the feelings of the day, could have looked at the image without reverence and love!!!’ (*Blackwood.*) If the Almighty, in the most solemn display of His presence ever given to man—the descent on Sinai—has forbidden the making of an image, not only of Himself, but of anything in Heaven or earth, for worship of any kind; if He has declared that such worship is equivalent to *hating* Him; and if He has ordered that no toleration of variety of opinion on the subject, or scepticism whatever should be permitted to the Jew—the Jewish idolater being put to death as a heathen and a rebel—how can man suffer himself to conceive, that this guilty, irreverent, and irrational practice is not equally forbidden to the Christian.”

From “Lord Roden’s Tour.”

“In the South Island, near Ireland, has been religiously preserved and worshipped, a stone idol, which in appearance resembles a thick roll of home-spun flannel. It is the custom to dedicate a dress of that material to the image, which is sewed on by an old woman, its priestess, whose peculiar care it is. This

flannel-covered god is invoked when a storm is desired to dash some helpless ship upon the coast, and again to calm the angry waves that the natives may fish."

Father Felix Macabe, author of a grammar of the English language, preached a sermon in which was the following sentence: "At the last day the Great Judge will say, 'Well, Father Felix, and how have you fulfilled the duties of your office among the people?' and I shall reply, 'I preached to them and gave them my blessing.' 'Well, Father Felix, and how did they *trate* you? Did they pay their dues, and bring you their offerings?' And then, you villains, what am I to say? You know you do nothing but chate me!"

"Protestant Britain has, at this hour, seven hundred and eight chapels, in which incense is offered to images, ten times the number that existed in the beginning of the century."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"In Spain, the Virgin, instead of being shown as a majestic and sacred form, is represented often by

the most contemptible dolls, sometimes as a Black-moor; and on high occasions, in the flighty and tinsel costume of an opera-dancer. In another instance, her head is on one side, but with a fashionable *lace pocket-handkerchief* in her hand. The head has probably been carved from one of those handsome women more known than respected.”—*Blackwood*.*

From “The Eclipse of Faith,” page 6.

“No doubt you were startled to find from the French papers that reached you from Tahiti, and on no less an authority than that of the ‘Apostolic Letter of the Pope,’ and Cardinal Wiseman’s ‘Pastoral,’ that this enlightened country was once more, or was on the eve of becoming, a ‘satellite’ of Rome. Subsequent information, touching the course of the almost unprecedented agitation which England has just passed through, will serve to convince you either that Pio Nono’s supplications to the Virgin and all the English saints from St. Dunstan downwards, have not been so successful as he flattered himself that they would have been; or that the nation, if it *be* about to embrace Romanism, has the oddest way of showing it. It has acquired most completely the Jesuitical art of disguising its real feelings; or as the

* See Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes.

Anglicans would say, of practising the doctrine of 'reserve.'

“Too many of the clergy were easily converted to a system which confirmed all their ecclesiastical prejudices, and favoured their sacerdotal pretensions, which endowed every youngster upon whom the Bishop laid hands with ‘preternatural graces,’ and with the power of working ‘spiritual miracles.’ But the people generally were in little danger of being misled by these absurdities; and *facts*, even before the recent outbreak, ought to have convinced the clergy that if *they* thought proper to go to Rome, their flocks were by no means prepared to follow them. Except among some fashionable folks here and there—young ladies to whom *ennui*, susceptible nerves, and a sentimental imagination, made any sort of excitement acceptable; who turned their arts of embroidery and painting, and their love of music, to ‘spiritual’ uses, thus displaying their piety and their accomplishments at the same time—except among these, I say, and those among the more ignorant of our rural population, the failure of the thing was often most ignominious. No sooner were the candles placed upon the ‘altār,’ than the congregation began to thin, and by the time the ‘obsolete’ rubrics were all admirably observed, the priest faultlessly arranged, the service properly *intoned*, and

the entire 'spiritual' machine set in motion, the people were apt to desert the sacred edifice altogether. It was a pity, doubtless, that when such admirable completeness in the ecclesiastical equipments had been attained, it should be found that the machine would not work, that just when the Church became perfect it should fail for so insignificant an accident as the want of a congregation. Yet so it often was. The ecclesiastical play was an admirable rehearsal, and nothing more."

Blackwood on "The Church in Spain."

"Preaching in Spain is (in the instance at least of popular preaching) a description of future torment—a matter of which man *can* know nothing, and which substitutes vague terrors for the motives of natural duty—the fear which casteth out love, for the 'love which casteth out fear'—the great impulse which reigns in the whole revelation of Christianity. But excitement is here the universal object. On the day of All Souls, the writer went to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject was Purgatory, and the Church was crowded, chiefly with women. The sermon was—'A long prayer for those in the flames of purgatory.' First, for all Cardinals, Bishops and Priests. To which the congregation answered, with

a suppressed, but unanimous voice, ‘*Requiescat in pace.*’ Then he reminded them of fathers, brothers, wives, husbands, and children *suffering still*, and partly through their *neglect*. And you might hear suppressed sobs run through the church, joined with often-repeated prayer, ‘*Requiescat in pace.*’ But the impression did not last long. I went out and watched the people leaving the church, and saw them wipe away their tears, and exchange salutations, as light-hearted and as quickly moved either way.”

When Henry VIII. was informed that the Pope intended to bestow a Cardinal’s hat on Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, he angrily exclaimed: “Then let him wear it on his shoulders, for he shall have no head to put it on.”

The life of St. Rose, by Faber, was pronounced, even by Dolman’s Popish Magazine for 1848, to be “a mass of incredible and inimitable austerities, painful to read, impossible, nay, sinful to imitate—a series of charnel-horrors.”

The feeling of many recent perverts in adorning the churches, may be said to resemble that of children

building a baby-house. Dr. Baines described one chapel thus : “The Blessed Sacrament was suspended from the ceiling by a chain in a silver dove! On Good Friday, the consecrated Host was inserted in the breast of a full-sized wooden figure of our Saviour in the tomb!” It was by a feast of remembrance, not by a tomb that our Divine Lord commanded that His victory over sin and death should be commemorated.

A Priest not long since incurred the anger of the Inquisition, which is now as active in Rome as ever, but that tribunal must not arrest an anointed Priest. To obviate this difficulty the Jesuits cut off the skin of his hands and of his head, those being the parts touched by the sacred oil of consecration. Having thus un-ordained the wretched victim, he was carried off to the Inquisition, and there tortured to death.

At the Propaganda in Rome, it is well-known that these many years past, a catalogue has been kept of all the English likely to become Popish converts. The plan is now extended all over Great Britain, and a lady lately saw the list kept at Glasgow, in which were two rich widows, enrolled as being “immensely wealthy, and persons proper to

be looked after." Tidings may very soon be expected of at least one in that opulent and hitherto very Protestant neighbourhood, having sold all that she had, to give, not to the poor, but to "*the Priests!*" When the book of instructions respecting the Jesuits was found at the destruction of the Inquisition, the minuteness of detail respecting intended converts was marvellous. Whether one young man liked best a dog or a cat, what wine he preferred, what colour he admired most, &c.

Dr. Duff records the opinion of a Jesuit Dr. that "it is lawful for a son to rejoice at the murder of his parent, committed by himself, in a state of drunkenness, on account of the great riches thence acquired by himself." Upon such "killing-no-murder" principles, Eugene Aram would have been an exemplary Jesuit, as he destroyed his aged victim merely in order to use the old miser's money more advantageously to the community. Thus the Jesuits inculcate that if any man be about to commit a sin, he must direct his attention from the evil to the benefit which he may reap from it, and, "then the action is safe!"

The law of Theodosius confiscated any house or

land where idols were honoured by the lighting up of candles, burning of incense, or hanging up of garlands. For several ages, even in Pagan Rome, idolatry was thought detestable, and by the first Christian Emperors forbidden on pain of death.

Timothy calls celibacy "a doctrine of devils," and St. Ambrose records that all the Apostles, except two, were married. In Ranke's "History of the Popes' Lives and Vices," it is said of Alexander VI., "His only care was, to seize on all means that might aid him to advance the wealth and dignity of his sons, on no other subject did he seriously bestow a thought. Rome trembled at the name of Cæsar Borgia, the Pope's son! In 913, John X. became Pope, through the influence of an infamous woman, named Theodora, with whom he lived in sin."

Ranke mentions that at the court of Pope Leo X. "it was ever considered characteristic of good society to call the principles of Christianity in question." "One passes," says Bandino, "no longer for a man of cultivation, unless one put forth heterodox opinions regarding the Christian faith." At Leo's court, the ordinances of the Catholic Church and

passages from Holy Scripture, were made subjects of jest; the mysteries of the faith had become at Rome matters of derision.

“Every sun must sooner or later set, and Cardinal della Somaglia, State Secretary of Pius VIII., said, after the restoration of Pius IX.: ‘When the Pope was seized in his own capital, and dragged through Europe by *sbirri*, without a protest being raised against the outrage, we were taught a lesson which we must remember, though we would wish others to forget it.’ The *prestige* is gone, and we must conceal our weakness by seeming to concede what we have not the power to resist.”—*Quarterly Review*.

Prince Hohenlohe’s miracles ceased as soon as he was only allowed to perform them before very competent witnesses; but there is an account in Mr. Glassford Bell’s “Life of Mary Stuart,” of a miracle quite in keeping with the Prince’s “lying wonders.” “There was, in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, a chapel dedicated to the Lady of Loretto, which from the character of superior sanctity it acquired, had long been the favourite resort of religious devotees. In this chapel, a body of Popish priests undertook to put their religion to

the test by performing a miracle. They fixed upon a young man who was well known as a common beggar in the streets of Edinburgh, and engaged to restore to him, in the presence of the assembled people, the perfect use of his eye-sight. A day was named on which they calculated they might expect this wonderful interposition of Divine power on their behalf. From motives of great curiosity, a great crowd was attracted at the appointed time in the chapel. The blind man made his appearance on the scaffold erected for the occasion. The priests approached the altar, and after praying very devoutly, and performing other religious ceremonies, he who had been previously stone-blind, opened his eyes and declared he saw all things plainly. Having humbly and gratefully thanked his benefactors, the priests, he was permitted to mingle among the astonished people and receive their charity. Unfortunately, however, for the success of this deception, a gentleman from Fife, of the name of Colville, determined to penetrate, if possible, a little further into the mystery. He prevailed upon the subject of the recent experiment to accompany him to his lodging in Edinburgh. As soon as they were alone, he locked the chamber door, and either by bribes or threats contrived to win from him the whole secret. It turned out that in his boyhood,

this tool in the hands of the designing, had been employed as herd by the nuns of the Convent of Sciennes, then in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. It was remarked by the sisterhood that he had an extraordinary facility in 'flipping up the lid of his eyes, and casting up the white.' Some of the neighbouring priests, hearing accidentally of this talent, imagined that it might be applied to good account. They accordingly took him from Sciennes to the monastery near Musselburgh, where they kept him till he had made himself an adept in this mode of counterfeiting blindness, and till his personal appearance was so much changed that the few who had been acquainted with him before, would not be able to recognize him. They then sent him to Edinburgh, to beg publicly, and make himself familiarly known to the inhabitants as a common blind mendicant. So far everything had gone smoothly, and the scene at the Chapel of Loretto might have had effect on the minds of the vulgar, had Colville's activity not discovered the gross imposture. Colville, who belonged to the congregation, instantly took the most effectual means to make known the deceit. He insisted upon the blind man's appearing with him next day at the Cross of Edinburgh, where the latter repeated all he had told Colville, and confessed the iniquity of his own con-

duct, as well as that of the priests. To shelter him from their revenge, Colville immediately afterwards carried him off to Fife, and the story, with all its details being speedily disseminated, exposed the Popish clergy to more contempt than ever.”

When the monasteries in Spain were destroyed, a glass bottle was discovered, quite opaque on one side, and transparent on the other. It was filled with blood, so that the people were taught to believe it became red miraculously when the transparent side of the bottle was unobservedly turned to the spectators, and that it faded into white when they acted amiss. It is probably somewhat on this plan that the blood of St. Januarius appears to liquefy.

Popish Legends, from “The Church in Spain.”

“A man died in mortal sin ; but as he had once been a worshipper of the Virgin, she cannot let him go into final ruin. But then came a dilemma. Of course he cannot enter heaven, nor can he, with mortal sin on him, enter purgatory, that being only the place for venial sins. The affair was puzzling. However, it was managed at last in this dexterous way : ‘Our Lord *could not* reject His mother’s

petition,' and so the man was sent back to earth, to earn money enough to pay for his iniquities, and thus work out his own salvation.'

“ In society, the lighter conversations were of the prettiness of the nuns, to whom one of the priests was Confessor !”

“ Popery has produced the effects in Spain which it long since produced in France, every man of any intellectual vigour being an *infidel*. Not that his infidelity is loud and loquacious, as everything was and is in France ; but it is sober, sneering, and smiling, as becomes a country in which the times are remembered when a *look* brought a man into the jaws of the Inquisition. The Inquisition is no more, but the grown man has been so long trained in terror, that he still trembles at the ghost. The Spaniard is still cautious of speaking of the ‘ Church,’ but he exhibits his liberty in scoffing at the Scriptures ; which, however, not one in two thousand ever reads.”—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Formerly confession was required before any man could hold an office under Government ; but the

annoyance of submitting to confession was easily obviated, the certificate being sold for ten-pence.

“The Papacy is the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave. It is a shuttle-cock kept up by the differences between princes.”—*Thomas Hobbes*.

Quakerism ; or the Story of My Life. By a Lady, who, for forty years, was a Member of the Society of Friends. 1851.

“We were in Cork on All Souls’ Day ; and my mother, accompanied by some of her friends, went in the evening to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, having heard that there would be a curious exhibition of the efficacy of prayers for the dead. She told me that on going in, the chapel was dazlingly lit. Wax candles, three feet high, blazed upon the altar, and every one of the numerous priests in attendance carried in his hand a lighted taper. One of them gave an oration, or sermon, on the inestimable value of masses for the souls in purgatory ; and assured his hearers that that very evening they should behold the souls of their own dead ancestors, who, having spent years in torment, were now, thanks to the

masses offered up in that chapel, emancipated from their misery, and going to enter into the regions of glory. When he ceased speaking, the prayers for the dead were chaunted. The lights gradually went out, until the whole chapel and its vast congregation were in total darkness; then, a sickly glare was visible around the altar; and in that dim light was distinctly seen a number of small, bright-red, queer-looking objects passing over it. One of the priests, as if in ecstasy, then gave thanks for the answer to his prayers, and called on the people to be no longer faithless, but believe, as they now saw with their own eyes, that souls were indeed released from purgatory by the prayers of the Church.

“This curious exhibition interested me greatly, and we were all guessing and puzzling ourselves to understand it, but in vain. However, before leaving Cork, my mother went to pay a visit to her old nurse, and took me with her. The old woman was delighted to see her foster child, and called her as of old, ‘my own dear Miss Mary.’ They chatted together for a long time, giving each other intelligence of their different families. At last my mother asked for James, her own foster brother. Nurse said, he was well, and had now got a fine situation in the Cathedral. He was most cordial in his welcome; and my mother, with her usual tact, set him at his ease. In a few

moments he joined in the conversation, but I forget all they said, except one part, that no one could ever forget that heard it. My mother told them of her visit to the chapel, and of the queer things she had seen crawling over the altar; and she asked James what they were? ‘The souls to be sure, Ma’am,’ said James. But my mother laughed, and said, surely he knew she was only a heretic, and he might gratify her by telling what they really were. ‘Indeed, then,’ said James, ‘when you were a child, like myself, I never could refuse you anything; and I am sure I won’t begin to deny you now; and besides, as you say, you are a heretic; and I wish I had half as good a chance of Heaven, for all that, as you have; but at any rate there is no chance of the priest ever knowing that I told you; so you may as well hear it. It was I myself that got them for him; I got all the crabs I could lay my hands on, for love or money; and Father Kelly and I put the little red cloth jackets on them; and we had a thread fastened to every one of them; if they did not choose to walk right, to make them. And, you know, it was so dark, you could not see much about it; and now, Ma’am dear, was it not a capital clever delusion for the poor ignorant creatures that believe everything?’”

The late Sir John Sinclair used to mention that

he dined once with a Roman Catholic acquaintance, when no other gentleman was present except an individual in black, who seemed the most complaisant of human beings. The stranger coincided in every opinion of his host, took whatever was offered him, and retired at a sign given. In the course of conversation afterwards, Sir John said to his entertainer: "It appears to me that you are less anxious for Catholic Emancipation than I should have expected."

"Nothing I dread more," replied the Papist, earnestly. "Did you see my Confessor to-day? He had not an opinion of his own, and retired at my bidding; but if we are emancipated, I become his slave for life. He and I would then completely reverse our positions."

Such is still the feeling of many Papists. The establishment of a Popish hierarchy in England, has been a severe blow to the liberty of English Romanists. Formerly, all interference with their habits or families had to come from Rome, but now there is a grinding tyranny established at their very doors and peeping through their very key-holes. It is a tyranny that places a fool's-cap on the head of every mortal but the priest, and would, as Victor Hugo says: "extinguish Conscience, and Providence, and God."

In 1587, the fort of Deventer, in Overysse, was surrendered to the Spanish by Sir William Stanley, a Papist. His excuse was this, and the plea was deliberately defended by Cardinal Allen: "My conscience does not allow me to fight for heretics."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Pope granted a free pardon of all their sins to English subjects who should join the Spaniards in attempting to depose their Sovereign.

LADY
MARY PIERREPOINT.

P R E F A C E.

THE present state of Ireland being a perfect exemplification of Romanism in its public and domestic influence on society, the Author has felt desirous in these pages to paint its effects, in the degradation of the poor and the danger of the rich, arising from the irresponsible power of the priesthood. Those who think that the hue of Rome can be represented in too scarlet a colour, are much to be envied for not having yet painfully experienced the blighting influence of superstition on every home it approaches; and as the Pope is despotic master of all his myrmidons in Ireland,

there can be no doubt that he is himself deeply responsible for those evils in that country, resulting from the priests, which a single Bull from the Vatican could terminate at once. The mania for Popery among excited or disappointed young people, is now on the decline in Britain; but an attempt was made to revive it lately by His Eminentissimo, the English Pope, who went a tour in state last month, starrng it among the provinces. In one great mercantile city he paraded through the streets in a showy carriage-and-four, accompanied by brass bands of music. The procession resembled those with which Franconi sometimes favours the public; and it had an immense effect on the Irish beggars. One old woman, in a rapture of admiration, exclaimed: "Here comes the King of the Catholics! The clergy must give up their churches to him." May all such attempts to Ireland-ize England and the English, prove as it

did then—a signal failure ; for Popery in this free country is as yet only like a wasp upon the window of a drawing-room, all the inhabitants wondering how it got there, wishing the intruder away, and afraid to encounter its sting.

FEBRUARY, 1853.

LADY MARY PIERREPOINT.

CHAPTER I.

“To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her maiden, gladness for a name and for a ring.”

On the 25th of July, 1852, in the splendidly-furnished drawing-room of Connemara Castle, beside the Lake of Killarney, the exterior adorned with ancient turrets, and the interior Louvreized with ancient pictures, sat Sir Cosmo Pierrepoint, padded, stuffed, and George-the-Fourth'd to the utmost pitch of imaginable fashion; and beside him stood his mother, Lady Pierrepoint, dressed in the costume of a corpse—a *bandeau* of white linen concealed her forehead, a black cloud of draperies floated around her figure, and a prodigious rosary dangled in her hand.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*sternly*). Cosmo! have I then left my convent in vain? Within its walls is peace indeed, because there no one dare oppose my wishes for the fraction of a moment! My rules, when I take the veil and become lady abbess, shall be strict, and most strictly shall they be obeyed by nuns, novices, and lay-sisters.

SIR COSMO (*aside*). Poor wretches! I pity them!

LADY PIERREPOINT. Father O'Murphy, that best of men, is my right hand.

SIR COSMO (*vehemently*). He is fiendishly clever! I told you so from the first, mother; and though your confessor himself never unbuttons his mind to me, he and his myrmidons will do you out of every shilling. He makes all his cats catch mice! If Father O'Murphy said it was your duty to give up the skin on your face, mother, you would begin the next minute to peel it off for the priests.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*with a solemn laugh*). Not if you obey me! Only say that little Ida, my granddaughter, shall be educated under my own eye at the Convent of St. Theresa, and every atom of my large income shall go, first to yourself and then to your child.

SIR COSMO. What would Father O'Murphy's ever-gaping treasury say to that arrangement?

No, no! I am situated like the German poet, who was not summoned into the world until all its treasures had been divided. It stretches my imagination to conceive that there exists in all Ireland such a sum as the five thousand pounds you lately lavished on that meek-looking, unwashed priest! One does hear people speak of such sums, but—

LADY PIERREPOINT (*muttering angrily between her set teeth*). It was my pleasure to give it.

SIR COSMO. Of course! You are not the person ever to do anything on earth you did not like. In that respect I can do you justice! You do conscientiously consider nothing but your own will and pleasure.

LADY PIERREPOINT. Then, do you consent to the very simple condition on which I offer you an inheritance, which is undoubtedly worth a thought — these broad acres and this old castle of my ancestors?

SIR COSMO (*meditatively*). I certainly am, like most Irishmen, not violently rich! Money has its advantages, and I should be sorry to forfeit your—a-hem!—your *good-will*—a-hem! But you know, mother, the thing cannot be! It is past hoping for! These atrocious lawyers, with their marriage settlements, tied up our hands about a daughter, if I had one—

LADY PIERREPOINT. Pshaw! Who cares for such trash? Why, in every Russian marriage settlement it is stipulated, that the wife is not to be struck, beaten, or kicked; but do you suppose that these promises are ever kept? If you tried some of the discipline we use in our convent, with refractory nuns, who pretend to have any rights, your wife would not dare to endanger your succession to my estate. Try her with a little severity. For my sake do! She is very timid; and I wish you saw how we manage the nuns.

SIR COSMO. But old Lady Dublin has the obstinacy of ten heretics, and would interfere on her daughter's behalf, if I forced my wife to give you up our child.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*who seems entirely occupied with arranging her black veil in folds; and is evidently as occupied with her lugubrious dress, as Malvolio with his cross-garters*). Then your influence over Lady Mary is entirely extinct now? She used to care for you, and would have sacrificed something to please her husband; but love does not always last for ever. Your day is over, I perceive, for ruling in your own house.

“I know not which have most unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands or commanding wives.”

(*Turns contemptuously away.*)

SIR COSMO (*hesitating*). I am not quite sure—

LADY PIERREPOINT. Pshaw! Were you ever quite sure of anything in the whole course of your life? Think what a brilliant career is before you, Cosmo! Father O'Murphy promises to bring you into Parliament at this election, and you are the very picture of a public man! I long to hear of your brilliant maiden speech!

SIR COSMO. I must swallow a speaking-machine first.

LADY PIERREPOINT. No, no! Leave off all domestic nonsense about being happy at home, and join our Irish Brigade, which is to be held together, as Father O'Murphy says, with Roman cement. You have been lately as motionless and immoveable as the neighbouring steeple, a mere Jerry Sneak, afraid of your own wife; but now Father O'Murphy will enlighten your political conscience, by an appointment in the ministry.

SIR COSMO. If I join this administration, the arms on my carriage should be a turning-lathe for the crest, and two men with coats turned, proper, for supporters. I dare not listen for another minute to your too tempting offers; and though my wife is complaisance itself on all ordinary occasions, yet about Ida she is firmer than any rock.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*muttering angrily*). Very

self-willed submission indeed! I wish we had her in the convent. Cosmo! why do you not keep all her heretic relations from the house?

SIR COSMO. So I do; but the great wall of China could not keep out opinions and thoughts. In the solitude of her own room, where Mary is of late solitary enough sometimes, she remains resolute, as if surrounded by a whole congregation of heretics. No, mother! There is no evading those parchment deeds of settlement.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*with a very artful smile*). If that were always the case, my son, how came you to be of my faith? Your Protestant father thought he had secured you to his own church, but was it so? What device did I leave untried to secretly circumvent him? You remember how very privately I introduced you to the Sacred College? He even extracted a promise from me, on his dying-bed, that you should have a Protestant tutor, and was it so? Was Father O'Murphy, the Star of Maynooth, a Protestant or not? I decline any recollections that interfere with my duty to the Pope, and all my promises are given to the winds if they do so.

(*Sir Cosmo shudders and turns away.*)

LADY PIERREPOINT (*sternly*). Consign Ida to my care to-morrow, or relinquish for ever the succession to this roof that covers us, and which has been the roof of my ancestors for eight noble generations. If your only child is to be a Protestant, the parchments are ready for me to sign that transfer all these broad lands to the Papal Church. You know me, Cosmo, and that I am not one merely to threaten.

SIR COSMO (*mutters*). That I do know, as every nun must experience in your miserable convent. Mother, it will break Mary's heart—indeed her heart takes a great deal of breaking, or it would have been broken long ago. You were always a true chicken of the Mother Cary breed, thriving only in disaster, knowing no rest yourself, and an omen of ill to others! When I looked at poor Mary's parched lips, haggard cheeks, and distended eye-balls, after you had last drawn the trigger of your tongue upon her about Ida, I positively asked myself if ours could be a right religion, that enjoined such doings. Her sigh, as you left the room, sounded like the extinction of every earthly hope!

LADY PIERREPOINT. Nonsense! Who minds the sorrow of an obstinate heretic?

SIR COSMO. Mary has been taught to consider

the Pope as the successor, not of St. Peter, but of Julius Cæsar, at Rome. The apostle had no such magnificent palace as the Vatican, and neither gorgeous dresses, guards, soldiers, courtiers, nor policemen. Pius IX. is the reigning Cæsar at Rome, who punishes people as the old Roman Emperors did, for not worshipping idols, though St. Peter forbade men to do so. Pius IX. would condemn Christians to the flames, as his predecessors, the Roman Emperors did, for not worshipping a plurality of saints and deities; and his Holiness claims supremacy over the whole world, which Peter never assumed, but Cæsar did. The Pope, like Cæsar, also places his image on the tribute-money, which Peter never attempted, as he possessed, like his Master, "neither silver nor gold."

(Lady Pierrepoint remains angrily silent.)

SIR COSMO. It seems but yesterday, and it is but a few years, since Mary and I agreed at the altar to make each other happy, and we succeeded until—but no matter! It is what people must all come to, sooner or later! One cannot be happy for ever! Poor Mary! neither she nor I thought much about the difference of our creeds when we married. Her young mind, when a girl, was as transparent as

crystal, and filled with kind affections as well as with good intentions ; but now, since my mother has interfered,

“She weeps in silent solitude, and there is no one near
To press her hand within his own and wipe away the tear.”

BAYLEY.

CHAPTER II.

At the United Service Club, Dublin, two officers in uniform are stretched full-length on a divan, meditatively smoking their cigars. Captain Compton enlivens himself with a luxurious yawn, exclaiming: [*“Apropos, Davenant! I have an idea.”*—

MAJOR DAVENANT (*rousing himself*). You an idea! that is a rarity! Now reveal what you have been so deeply meditating on lately.”

CAPT. COMPTON. I have an idea that the pole-piece of your drag is better cleaned than mine.

MAJOR DAVENANT. I perceived you were in a misanthropical, done-with-the-world state of mind, to-day; but is that all?

CAPT. COMPTON. Why, truth to say, I am wearied now of Club-land and all its pleasures. We who are born to sun ourselves on the highest pinnacle of the hill of prosperity which others are

toiling up till they die, are killed with too much leisure. Talk of criminals being condemned to hard labour for a month, but that is nothing to the fatigue of doing nothing.

MAJOR DAVENANT. The most arduous labour on earth is to be lively and entertaining from morning till night, trying to leaven the dull weight of society, when you feel as I do, completely used up—like a gas-ball with a pin through it. Let us do something desperate to enliven ourselves. Now that all the nobility are giving public lectures, suppose you announce a course on flirtation in all its branches—or set up a yacht?

CAPT. COMPTON. I have a requisition from all my uncle's tenantry in Ireland, to try this contested election. What do you say to that, or shall I marry?

MAJOR DAVENANT. Could you possibly prevail on yourself at last to think seriously of any one? Say, for instance, Miss Tremayne?

CAPT. COMPTON. There you are, coming the grandfather over me! Miss Tremayne is a mere nugget of gold! She is always dressed *à l'outrance*, and every inch an heiress.

MAJOR DAVENANT. All rouge and teeth.

CAPT. COMPTON (*laughing satirically*). I never saw any one so saturated with self-importance; and should Miss Tremayne ever write her own memoirs,

it will be with a peacock's pen. The last time she came to live at my uncle's, I made the whole party promise to indulge her egotism by talking for an entire day about nothing but her. From dawn till midnight any mortal mentioning any other subject whatever, was condemned to pay a fine; and moreover, I promised the company that if she appeared conscious of monopolizing more than her due share of notice, she should receive a proposal from me that very hour; but do you think she did?

MAJOR DAVENANT. No! You might have carried on that joke against Miss Tremayne for a month unsuspected. The secret of society is always to think yourself, as she does, the principal person present. It takes amazingly. What do you say to Lady Adelaide Morgan?

CAPT. COMPTON. If I consulted the Herald's Office, she would certainly be recommended there; but I would as soon marry an opera-singer and make my home in the stage-box. Her dancing and dressing are beyond all praise; but her conversation is in such a head-over-heels style that there is no following her. I must have some mind and heart.

MAJOR DAVENANT. You!

CAPT. COMPTON. Poz! The last thing on earth, I see, that you would have supposed me likely to

value. Have I no more heart and feeling, do you suppose, than a brick-bat? Promise not to die of astonishment, and I shall tell you a great fact—I am in love!

MAJOR DAVENANT. How! When! Where! Tell me all in a single word. Is it Lady Susan Dormor, or, as we call her, Dormouse, because she is never quite awake—or Lady Jane Fitz-Eustace—or the beautiful Lady Oxford—or—

CAPT. COMPTON. Drop the peerage, and travel your imagination a hundred miles from Dublin before you guess again. But there is an insuperable bar.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Impossible, if you love in earnest!

CAPT. COMPTON. Listen, then. I have proposed twice, and twice been refused. It may seem to you a flat impossibility; but such is undeniably the case! The objection is merely that I am a Papist.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Phoo! phoo! No girl could be obstinate merely on that score.

CAPT. COMPTON. No other girl! No regimental girl, such as you and I are accustomed to dance and flirt with; but there are principles and feelings, Davenant, such as, till lately, I had no conception of. The loveliest girl on whom that glorious old

sun ever shone, loving me as she acknowledges with her whole heart, is resolute to—

MAJOR DAVENANT. To take a vow of celibacy, and weep her eyes out of her head with repentance ever after.

CAPT. COMPTON. No! She neither takes vows nor sheds tears, but she occupies herself unceasingly in doing good.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Oh-h!!—a young Mrs. Fry! a Howard in petticoats! a heretic! Well! to quote the only fragment of Latin that still remains with me, *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

CAPT. COMPTON. If all heretics were like Nora Donnington and her father, I should wish nothing better than to be like them.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Your lady-love is not surely the daughter of Dr. Donnington, that great Protestant divine, and the chief opponent of sisterhoods? Only consider what I owe to those establishments. Two hopelessly plain sisters of mine, who were always in my way, wanting balls, operas, the park, and every sort of insane excitement, having both met with disappointments, suddenly wished for the excitement of rushing into that Retreat at Cork, where they are locked up for life. I only wish my pretty sister Adeline would follow them, as it is an easy provision for superfluous ladies; but she was

always of a domestic, happy, contented disposition, not anxious to gain notoriety. Adeline has no genius for the picturesque in attitude and dress, She told me a great deal about your Dr. Donnington and Co., for Adeline is more than half-inclined to desert over to the enemy.

CAPT. COMPTON. Dr. Donnington is the enemy of no one, but the friend of all whom he can serve. He calls himself the enemy of our superstition, but not of our persons. You have been a great observer of life from the windows of your club, Davenant; but you know much less than nothing of a Protestant clergyman. He never goes about, like Father O'Murphy to-day, followed by a drove of armed reapers, in corduroys, unbuttoned at the knees, drab frieze coats, blackthorn cudgels, ready for any row, and a wisp of straw round their waists.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Then Parson Donnington is not a bad style of man?

CAPT. COMPTON. Never did you see people so kind towards those who differ from them as the amiable inhabitants of Southdown Parsonage, where I have lately been located for a month.

MAJOR DAVENANT. A month! It would be no Irish house if you did not feel at home in it before the first day, or the first hour was over. There should be a statue of hospitality at every door in

old Ireland, holding out her hand to weary travellers. Some great author says—I forget who, but no matter—that one's warmest welcome is at an inn.

CAPT. COMPTON. Not in the neighbourhood of Southdown Parsonage, where the inhabitants are quite a Strangers' Friend Society. I had gone to visit my uncle's confessor, Father O'Murphy, about the election, when he was suddenly seized with malignant fever. His house being small, Dr. Donnington called to offer me a bed in the Rectory, which turned out the happiest home I ever entered—happier than any I can ever see again.

MAJOR DAVENANT. I cannot speak of happiness from experience; but surely, Compton, you do not mean seriously to act the despairing swain? Look at Ponto begging you to be consoled! Give him a morsel of biscuit. In your place, I would not let hope be kicked out of doors even by Cinderella in her glass slipper. For my own part, if I heard myself say that any girl had refused you, I would disbelieve the evidence of my own ears. I do not really suppose you in earnest now. Positively I do not! One has heard of Messrs. Tag-rag and Bob-tail being rejected, but the gem of my regiment! Tom Compton of our's! Impossible!

CAPT. COMPTON. Perhaps I thought so once,

but we live and learn. Nora Donnington acts for something beyond this world, and for something deeper than even its best affections, much as she values these. Davenant! I have thought more during the last month, than in all my previous life. My boyhood was one incessant steeple-chase among dictionaries of the dead and living languages, and the consequence is a perfect book-ophobia. I never was allowed time to know which way the wind blew, nor to observe whether the sky over my head were pink or green, nor how many moons adorned the firmament. After my emancipation from school, no author could have hired me at so much a day to read his works; but at Southdown Rectory, for Nora's sake, I used to steal away every book she read, in order to get up the subject for a delightful discussion with herself. She is the prima donna of the world!

MAJOR DAVENANT (*gives a long incredulous whistle*). Ah, Compton! yours is the inevitable fate of every deserving young officer doomed to country quarters; but you must positively throw the waters of prudence over this unlucky flame. First impressions and second thoughts are always best; so let this fair daughter of the shamrock "look out from her lattice high" for you in vain. I grant every per-

fection under the sun, and a great many more, to your fascinating unknown, small Irish jokes, and hearty Irish laughter; but only reflect how very nearly you are disinherited already, and what vague unsettled notions your arbitrary uncle has about who shall be his heir. Think of losing Killarney Castle, with its nine-and-forty rooms.

CAPT. COMPTON. There are but forty-eight. Your statement is erroneous.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Well! as many boudoirs and bed-rooms as any reasonable house need desire. "Och!"—as your Irish friends would say—"How's every inch of you? Sure an' it's airy to spake your intintions, when it's 'cute ye are, Captain!" Take no more romantic strolls along the banks of Killarney, no more hops at the Tipperary assemblies, discourse no more sentimentalisms over the cold turkey and maringles at supper, where the tay-boy is in attendance; but keep up your spirits, and above all, do not commit yourself for life a prisoner in the jail of matrimony.

CAPT. COMPTON. Davenant, you jest at scars that never felt a wound.

MAJOR DAVENANT. I shall never get myself into "a fix" for the sake of any parsonage girl, merely because we have sung Moore's melodies, and other outlandish songs together in an Irish

bog, or because she can mangle my favourite airs in "Norma" on the Irish harp. You'll soon be toired, honest boy, so do not thry that dodge. It is mad ye are. More the deponent sayeth not, except to express my firm conviction that if you marry a duke's daughter, Sir Ronald will settle five thousand pounds a-year on you, if only an earl's, four thousand five hundred, and if an untitled heiress, he will pay down guinea for guinea as an equivalent for all she brings you. Remember the old saying, that riches are long in coming, but have wings to fly away; and probably this Rev. Miss Donnington is, in common phraseology, "worth nothing."

CAPT. COMPTON. You mercenary man, Davenant! Your eye is always on the till. With people like you it has become an established barbarism, that the love of money is the root of all good.

MAJOR DAVENANT. Surely, Compton, you will not so thoroughly play into the hands of Father O'Murphy, as to announce an undying attachment for the daughter of a Protestant parson, with a pedigree as long as the King of Connaught's, an empty purse, and a rich Irish brogue! I should like to see Sir Ronald's face—or rather, I should prefer to be a hundred miles off, looking at him

through a telescope. He would give you the most terrifying "No" that ever was uttered!

CAPT. COMPTON (*laughing*). In a voice like a steam-whistle.

MAJOR DAVENANT. It's daring him ye are! A wild boar would be safe company in comparison; for even at his best, I sometimes walk cautiously round Sir Ronald, as if he were some wild untameable hyena from the zoological gardens! What did old Thunderbolt say?

CAPT. COMPTON. He first became red in the face, then perfectly livid. His eyes looked like burning lenses, his very lips were white, and he hurriedly motioned me out of the room. I would sooner have stood at the cannon's mouth than remained, and so we parted! Father O'Murphy poisons his dear old temper; and now he has probably cut me off with an angry shilling. Sir Ronald is a rough diamond!

MAJOR DAVENANT. Very rough, indeed! You never see such men now, with a "frame of iron and a soul of fire!" I have always wondered at the sort of terrified attachment with which, as a boy, you clung to that hurricane of a man!

CAPT. COMPTON. Positively I would rather have pleased him, than any other six of my relatives!

CHAPTER III.

At Pierrepont Castle, Sir Cosmo and Lady Mary are seated at breakfast. She looks flushed and nervous, her hand visibly trembling while she makes the tea, and her voice, while she attempts to speak cheerfully, quivers with agitation. SIR COSMO, averting his eye with a frown that no one would wish to encounter, reads the newspaper, looking gloomily self-dissatisfied and peevish, till at length he throws it on the floor, exclaiming: "What is the use of a newspaper without any news in it? There is wind enough coming under that door to turn a mill!"

LADY MARY (*timidly*). It has been said that the wind, when it enters our dwellings, emits a melancholy sound always, as if in sympathy with the sorrows of the inhabitants.

SIR COSMO (*wrathfully*). We have neither sun-

shine nor cooks in Ireland! This tea is perfect trash! You have some good qualities, Mary, but the making of tea is not your forte. Will you never take the trouble to learn how I like my breakfast? It is probably the simplest thing on earth to please me, and yet you never take the slightest pains to do so.

LADY MARY (*looking frightened*). It never used to be difficult, Cosmo; but times are sadly changed. I hope your tea is like the Frenchman's soup, only boiled "a bubble too much!" I really did my little best—

SIR COSMO. Perhaps you did. Or perhaps you belong to some anti-black-boy association, which forbids the use of sugar, as you have it McAdamized to such morsels as these.

LADY MARY (*in a mild, deprecating tone*). I belong to no such associations. I scarcely ever leave the house, Cosmo, and am very seldom further off from this room than my nursery.

SIR COSMO. Whose fault is that? Who asks you to be on such a stay-at-home system? Who asks you, I say?

LADY MARY. Only my own inclination.

SIR COSMO (*assuming a yet more sullen and ill-used air*). Then, in studying your own inclinations, pray think occasionally of mine. Let me have

my meals in comfort at home, or I must take them elsewhere. You have perhaps heard that St. Alphonso Lignori was ordered a diet of rotten eggs, and adhered to it; but Father O'Murphy has not yet thought of that for me, or I should obey.

LADY MARY. Whatever is amiss, pray excuse it. I have made some great mistake—

SIR COSMO. Now do not torment me with that *eau sucré* manner, for I hate people to be so happy and so sorry all in a breath. Your conversation has no more spirit of late than the white of an egg and you speak in a voice like a consumptive penny-trumpet. One would fancy your head was only fit to hang a cap upon! But why look red in the face, and exaggerate my words? I did not say you had made a great mistake. I merely say, that if you live a hundred years, you seem never likely to learn how home can be made endurable.

LADY MARY (*endeavouring to compose herself*). It has been of late my misfortune—

SIR COSMO (*bitterly*). Not your misfortune, but your fault. Now spare me a scene, pray! I hope you are not intending to try the hysterical dodge—

LADY MARY (*endeavouring to smile*). No,

Cosmo! I know you better than to attempt that; but tell me what has changed you so? Ever since your mother left her convent to attempt my conversion, your temper seems to have been stroked the wrong way, and your manners too. I see your features the same, Cosmo—I hear the same voice as in better days, yet all is changed, and my heart feels desolate as death. If our happiness was but a dream, why did I ever awake! Once I knew of sorrow only as an evil which must some day reach me, and we could have been happy together in the poorest Irish cabin. Then the joys that brightened my existence could scarcely find a cloud on which the rainbow of hope might be displayed; but now, I do not know my own husband.

SIR COSMO (*savagely*). Nor I my wife. You are of late dull as a catacomb, and your mind seems to live in a cellar.

LADY MARY. No, Cosmo! my heart still lingers among the ruins of our former love. I remember reading, when a child, of two fairies, who employed their whole lives, the one in throwing sun-beams at every mortal she met, and the other in throwing snow-balls. Now Cosmo, you have lately forgotten your basket of sun-beams, and you owe me a great many, which I am quite willing to receive.

Lady Mary lays her hand gently on his arm, and smiles with a look of tearful sensibility ; but SIR COSMO starts angrily off, saying : “ I abhor scenes ! Do you consent that my daughter shall accompany her grandmother back to the Convent of St. Theresa ? There the abbess promises a system of non-interference with Ida’s faith.

LADY MARY (*bursting out into a tone of unmeasured and unmeasurable contempt*). She promises ! Oh, Cosmo ! spare me the sorrow of another quarrel on that subject. You cannot break my resolution, but you may break my heart. Am I not now quivering in every nerve of my body with agitation at having to oppose your wishes ? Grief is gnawing my very heart-strings ; but you see one here, Cosmo, who could die at the stake for her child. I suffer the far worse martyrdom of losing a much-loved husband’s affection, rather than sacrifice my child to Moloch. You have hitherto seen me timid as a hare ; but I can have the courage of a lion for Ida. On every other subject my spirit seems in a state of palsied weakness ; but if my heart break in the struggle, let it do so. Ida then legally falls to the care of my own pious mother, who solemnly foresaw all that has now come between us, Cosmo, and warned you against what she called “ a piebald marriage.” Till Lady Pierre-

point came I never knew the whole evil of our differing in faith.

SIR COSMO (*ferociously*). It is all owing to your absurd obstinacy.

LADY MARY. When your mother would teach my child all the foolish eccentricities of a fanatical superstition, to worship canonized assassins, such as St. Dominick, and to sympathize with those Papists who are more sorry for having spared Luther's life than for having murdered Huss, is it not time to protect my Ida? Now that I have lost your affection, Cosmo, if it were not for my duty to our child, I might well ask myself for what earthly purpose I exist. "Alone," is now inscribed on every feeling of my mind; but my lips shall be sealed from all farther complaint till this breaking heart can bleed no more.

SIR COSMO (*aside*). My conscience goads me to agony; but I dare not yield, or Father O'Murphy ruins me! Her very soul seems convulsed; but my duty to the Church in giving up Ida must be done. [*Exit.*

Lady Mary covers her face with her hands and sinks back in an agony of tears. Enter Lady Pierrepoint, with a slow, solemn, conventual step, and looking as religious as crape and bombazine can

make her ; a rosary in her hand, her mouth buttoned up, and her eyes on the ground. Inaudibly advances, and stands for several minutes contemplating the bitter anguish of Lady Mary with evident contempt.

LADY PIERREPOINT. Good morning! In former days, Lady Mary, I was unaccustomed to the insignificance of standing unnoticed in my son's house ; but when he placed a heretic at the head of it, what had I to expect ?

LADY MARY (*rising, and in a tone of polite respect*). We heretics are taught that every duty of relative kindness should be most sacredly observed—

LADY PIERREPOINT. Yes, yes! All very fine ; but give me deeds, not words. Is Ida to accompany me to Cork ?

LADY MARY (*in a tone of solemn earnestness*). Never! oh never! Lady Pierrepont! Within this month I have suffered every sorrow that the heart of woman can endure, and live. The extinction of my husband's affection, the death of my boy from the hardships he suffered in a Jesuit College. (Lady Mary convulsively clasps her hands together, pale with anguish, and exclaims in accents of piercing grief) I have lived to be thankful that he died! All—all that I suffer is deserved, because of having sacrificed my principles, for the love I bore Sir

Cosmo ; yet, Lady Pierrepont, the charge of Ida's education is mine by every law human or divine. May she and I both be laid together in our graves before I relinquish the dear-bought privilege.

LADY PIERREPOINT. Quite a flare-up! A country-barn actress could scarcely rant it better. For a meek, submissive wife, you can be on occasion tolerably determined.

LADY MARY (*with a deep, struggling sigh*). On one occasion, but on one only. Lady Pierrepont, the very lowest animals can become courageous in defence of their offspring. If my husband please, let him take from me the very light of day, but let him not take my child. That is the only arrow in his quiver that could kill me.

LADY PIERREPOINT (*turning contemptuously away*). You have an enviable facility in weeping! There shall be no peace in this house, however, till you yield up Ida.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY MARY entering her nursery, finds the Protestant nursery-governess reading aloud to Ida, and commenting as she proceeds; while the child eagerly listens with flushed cheeks and distended eye-balls. "Good, trustworthy creature! she is preparing the child's lessons for me." Listens, and starts in consternation.

MRS. MORGAN continues reading: "St. Maria Francisca, canonized in 1839, walked unassisted, when only six months old, to a holy picture, and with many signs of reverence, remained, as if enchanted, before it." Seeing her mistress, hurriedly conceals the book, and becomes of an ashy paleness, Ida rushes into the arms of her mother, while LADY MARY advances, saying, in a voice trembling with agitation: "Mrs. Morgan! what are you reading to my child?"

MRS. MORGAN (*stoutly*). The Arabian Nights, my Lady.

LADY MARY. Not when I heard you, though something quite as marvellous and untrue. Show me that book now in your basket. I came here intending kindly by you, Mrs. Morgan, as your own child is ill. Mothers should feel for each other; and since your little Jane has a fever, I wrote this morning to request that my mother would supply her amply with winter-clothing, and send for Dr. Hutton; but have you deserved my kindness?

MRS. MORGAN (*signs for the nursery-maid to leave the room, and says, in a low, agitated whisper*): My Lady, since I came here, Father O'Murphy has so addled my brain with his bewildering talk, that I do not know right from wrong! My mind seems in a curious state of half-and-half-ism; but surely, after all, it cannot be a right religion that would bid a governess rob her mistress of the child she is trusted with.

LADY MARY (*nervously clasping Mrs. Morgan by the arm*). What, what? Tell me all you mean. As you ever hope to see your own child again, tell me—tell me what you mean.

MRS. MORGAN (*in tears*). Your kindness to my own little Jane, brings it all out, my Lady.

Sir Cosmo has gone to stay to-night at Father O'Murphy's, to prepare for his election to-morrow.

LADY MARY (*astonished*). My husband departed! Impossible!

MRS. MORGAN. Yes, my Lady; and you are left in a sort of custody, under Lady Pierrepont and Father O'Murphy. They are to suppress your letters, to keep you from all intercourse with Protestants, to take away your Bible, and to leave you nothing but their own books. You will find the Bibles gone already from the library and boudoir, and—and—

LADY MARY (*gasping and pale as death*). Go on, Mrs. Morgan! Why do you hesitate? I am quite composed—able to bear anything—why do you hesitate?

MRS. MORGAN (*turning away*). Because, my Lady, I am ashamed to tell the rest—ashamed to confess that I have been made as treacherous to you as midnight itself. This evening, after you go to bed, Sir Cosmo's carriage is to take me, with my little charge, first to Father O'Murphy's, and then to the convent.

A dead pause ensues. LADY MARY looks for some moments as if turned into stone, but by a sudden

effort recovers herself, and says, with a look of impressive earnestness, her white lips quivering with emotion, her whole countenance assuming an aspect of dignity, and a solemn depth apparent in her eye and voice: "Mrs. Morgan! If I forgive you all the nefarious past, you must help a mother in her extremity. Tell me what I can do? Force will be used by Father O'Murphy if cunning fail. What can I do? This house belongs to my husband's mother, and as he has left me here, I am no longer under his protection; therefore, this very night I must escape. Speak, Morgan! advise me! How can I rescue myself and the child?"

MRS. MORGAN (*whispers*). Beware of Martha. Father O'Murphy has persuaded the girl that her face shall become miraculously seamed with the small-pox if she betray his scheme. We were to carry little Ida down the back-stairs, to avoid your room, and the two Irish footmen are to deliver us to Father O'Murphy in the village.

LADY MARY. Morgan! I feel at this moment the ingenuity of perfect desperation. If you save my child, and release myself this night, I promise that my mother shall provide a home where you can live in comfort. Take me in the carriage instead of Martha; make the footmen stop to deliver some

message at Dr. Donnington's, as the carriage passes ; and though I never saw that good man, my heart tells me, that if he were to be denounced for sheltering me to-morrow, and shot over a hedge next morning, he will give me the protection of his house this night.

MRS. MORGAN. Yes, Madam ! he is of the right sort ; and I have learned in this Popish house that it takes more than a black coat to make a man holy, and more than a scarlet one to make a man brave.

LADY MARY. Very true, Morgan ! The fiercest-looking man in a regiment is sometimes the greatest coward ; and the most downcast looking confessor, like Father O'Murphy, the greatest impostor. There are bullies in an army, and hypocrites in many a monastery, if they were known.

CHAPTER V.

In the drawing-room of Southdown Rectory, Nora Donnington overhears the grinding of carriage-wheels along the gravel, and soon after a loud, cheerful voice becomes audible in the passage, saying: "Ah, Donnington! I guess you had forgotten an old school-fellow. You were always at the top of our class, and I—no matter where! I was passing this way on my road to—pshaw! who ever remembers names?—but—in short, here I am; and if you have not a warm welcome and a hot beef-steak for an old friend, you are no longer Tom Donnington."

DR. DONNINGTON. It makes me a boy to see you again, Sir Ronald! The sorrows of twenty years have not chilled my heart since we parted—

SIR RONALD. Then let me share, for a few days, the happiness of your happy home; and not to inter-

fere with your clerical duties, I shall stay for the inside of a week, from Monday to Saturday. So you had no idea young Compton was my nephew, and if he conducts himself well my heir? He wrote me a heroic epistle before he came here yesterday, discarding the whole inheritance of Killarney Castle, as if it had been a football. He announced, that comparing your character to that of Father O'Murphy, had led to the comparing of your creeds, in consequence of which he abjured Romanism. I had secretly reached pretty nearly the same conclusion myself; and therefore here I am, Donnington, owing my earthly life in boyhood to your courage, and now led towards a better life by your example.

DR. DONNINGTON. Dear Jerningham! always the same!—honest-hearted, impulsive, and generous, you never grow old.

SIR RONALD. Older, but not much wiser, as you will say when I explain the scheme that brought me here. Father O'Murphy has shown so very cloven a foot in urging me to disinherit my nephew merely for doing what I did at his age—falling in love—that I utterly abjure the superstition which sanctions such clergy. Before giving my heart-felt consent, however, to Tom's choice, which I am prepared gladly to do, let me indulge a whim by putting him to the test. We must see how he will act towards your

Nora under a certainty of being disinherited, and how she will act towards him. If they deserve each other, Tom need not go the Diggings for a fortune.

DR. DONNINGTON. Well, Jerningham! I promise to take no part. Act your own farce or tragedy with our young people on your own plan, and satisfy yourself. I shall be a mere looker-on, though by no means an indifferent one.

SIR RONALD. There is a strong requisition for Tom to stand for our county in opposition to Father O'Murphy's member, Sir Cosmo, who is about to join a coalition of the Humbug and Humdrum administrations. It would take the courage of ten Hannibals to oppose the Papists here; but Tom has nerve to withstand all the Ribbonism in Munster, and has actually accepted the dangerous honour of being nominated.

In the conservatory, at Southdown Rectory, Nora Donnington is laughingly holding up an immense bouquet of exotics, which CAPTAIN COMPTON vainly attempts to name, saying: "I know this perfectly—the Aurora Borealis, and that is the—Delirium Tremens."

NORA. No! It is the Habeus Corpus Specio-cissima. Really Spring has put out all her flower-pots for us to-day, making this quite a gay and

gaudy world, fit for nothing but happiness and good-humour.

CAPT. COMPTON. Then I wish my old uncle, Sir Ronald, were here, and that St. Patrick would now take all the venom out of him. When absent from Father O'Murphy, he really is the best of uncles and the best of men—so popular among the tenantry, that his health is always drank three times three at the Irish Funerals.

Looks up, and seeing Sir Ronald, starts in an ecstasy of astonishment, exclaiming: "My uncle!"

SIR RONALD (*sternly*). So! Mr. Captain of the Fusileers! You no more expected to see me than a mermaid! I have come by express train from Dublin, ninety-nine miles, to convince Dr. Donnington, as I have now succeeded in doing—

CAPT. COMPTON (*interrupting*). I trust not, Sir Ronald. You are quite entitled to withhold your property, or to banish me from your house; but farther than that, even a father could scarcely feel entitled to interfere. I already see a vision of Killarney Castle, the oaken corridors swarming with monks, and Father O'Murphy seated like St. Simon, on the top of a pillar; but for myself, Sir Ronald, the spell of Romanism is broken, and my whole earthly happiness depends on becoming the son-in-law of Dr. Donnington.

SIR RONALD. Listen first to the terms on which I am willing to purchase the vacant majority in your regiment to-morrow.

CAPT. COMPTON. If anything could make me conformable to your wishes, Sir Ronald, it would not be any hopes of pecuniary advantage, but the remembrance of all your past kindness. After you have signed away every acre and every shilling to Father O'Murphy and his myrmidons, if you ever regret the sacrifice of your personal liberty, come to me, and receive the return of kindness due to the benefactor of my boyhood. You shall always be the most welcome of guests under any roof that calls itself mine.

Sir Ronald turns away to conceal his emotion, and is about to reply, when the door is hesitatingly opened, and enter Lady Mary Pierrepont, leading by the hand her little girl. She looks anxiously round, saying, in a low, diffident voice: "I asked to see Dr. Donnington alone." He advances with polite alacrity, and after glancing at his unexpected visitor, exclaims, in an accent of astonishment and uncertainty: "Do I see Lady Mary Pierrepont?"

LADY MARY (*hurriedly*). This must seem a most unwarrantable intrusion. Excuse me, Dr. Donnington. I have suffered deeply to-day from mental distress. My little girl is worn out with fatigue.

Her governess is in the passage, and will you afford us a shelter for the night? I am quite unfit to go through any explanations; but I am assured that, from the friend and benefactor of his parish, no one can need any kindness that will not be generously bestowed.

DR. DONNINGTON. My dear Lady Mary, if I were to choose a pleasure in this world, it would be to receive the daughter of my old friend, Lady Dublin, in this house, and you need only look at my girl's face to see how delighted she is to welcome you here. You do, indeed, look worn and wearied. Nora! show Lady Mary at once to your best spare, and put this dear child to bed immediately.

Some time afterwards, Lady Mary rushes hurriedly into the drawing-room with Ida and Mrs. Morgan, exclaiming, in a tone of agonized terror: "Stop the music! There have been several shots fired on the other side of the house. We hear voices, oaths, groans, and cries for help! The sound of carriage-wheels too!—"

SIR RONALD (*impetuously*). Oh, impossible! Our county is perfectly quiet now.

DR. DONNINGTON (*very seriously*). I fear not, Jerningham! All this week I have been beset with threatening letters and warning notices. The fiery cross has been sent through my village, and—

Piercing screams, shouts and imprecations, heard without. Several shots fired almost simultaneously, and loud groans of agony.

MRS. MORGAN (*vehemently*). Bar the windows! lock the doors! You are a doomed man, Dr. Donnington. I was in chapel yesterday, when Father O'Murphy pronounced the Pope's great curse against you, and there was death in the faces of all around him. Fasten every window and door.

DR. DONNINGTON. No! There are cries for help, a sound that no human being should hear with his door closed. Gentlemen! there are arms in that cabinet. No Protestant house in Ireland can be safe without such protection; and now let us go forth.

MRS. MORGAN (*grasping his arm*). It is certain death, Sir! We shall all be massacred! The Papists suppress contradiction by killing the contradictor; and I know that Father O'Murphy—

DR. DONNINGTON (*solemnly*). Duty must be done, though heaven and earth were passing away.

"Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death that comes at last."

SIR RONALD. The poor Irish are always made to attack their best friends; therefore, Donnington, you are the most likely man in this county to be

assassinated. Those philanthropists who give work to the able-bodied, and relief to the bed-ridden, who educate their children and comfort the sick, become at once marked men—marked, not for honour and gratitude, but for death. Donnington, if my life can save yours now it shall be sacrificed, and the world will be a gainer by the exchange.

CAPT. COMPTON. My professional duty is to lead the way, and I claim the privilege of advancing first. You, Dr. Donnington, are a minister of peace, you must remain to protect and comfort Nora.

DR. DONNINGTON. We are all immortal till our work is done, and my duty is plainly to accompany you in the defence of my home and family. The apostles did not fight for their religion, but they died for it ; and so shall I this night, if necessary.

The sound again of carriage-wheels, firing, cries, screams of murder, and shouts for help. Several shots pass through the shutter. The gentlemen all hurry out, while Nora and Lady Mary fall silently on their knees. Mrs. Morgan takes from her pocket a small wooden image of St. Dominick, which she kisses and reverently kneels before, while the child plays with her doll, unconscious of surrounding danger.

At the entrance to Southdown Rectory, the noise increases, while the mob stand with a forest of

cudgels, hallooing and beating in the door, which already shakes on its hinges. A crash of windows, and the conservatory is reduced to ruins. Captain Compton's animated voice is heard in command, directing the servants, and encouraging them; while Sir Ronald's, like a gong, is thundering above every other sound. Dr. Donnington calmly addresses the roaring and furious mob, who receive him with a ferocious yell. "Poor, misguided men! tell me what you want?"

PAT O'CONNELL (*the leader*). Ax them as answers questions.

DAN O'TOOLE (*insolently*). We'll have no tenants'-right bill now, but a peasants'-right bill! No dirty acres, belonging more to one man than another; no gates, no hedges, no locks, no watch-dogs, no impertinent tickets about prosecuting intruders; and our pigs shall be at free quarters in the fields and streets. Father O'Murphy is a go-the-whole-hog boy, and says we shall soon have in Ireland

"The good and simple plan,
That we should take who have the pow'r,
And they should keep who can."

PAT O'CONNELL. As King William said: "Every bullet has its billet," and Father O'Murphy orders us to kill our enemy or coax him. Now, boys! if ye get into throuble in the scrimmage, there's

twenty Popish houses ready to hide you; so, in the name of Father O'Murphy, "Fire!"

Cries of savage exultation, and a frightful struggle ensues. Sir Ronald and Captain Compton seize several of the mob as prisoners, and Dr. Donnington grasps hold of Pat O'Connell, whom he drags, after a desperate scuffle, into the house. They meet the footman of Sir Cosmo, rushing from the carriage, and dragging in Dan O'Toole by main force, exclaiming: "You murderous villains! May every hinge of your bodies be broken! Why did you not listen to me?"

PAT (*sullenly*). I'm not such a fool, as attend to a greater fool than myself.

FOOTMAN. You have shot my master and Father O'Murphy in the carriage. They were coming to claim the child. Did I not call out the name of Father O'Murphy, to stop you from firing?

PAT (*looks aghast, exclaiming*): None of your thricks, you English spalpeen, with that dog-in-office look! Sure it's the raal gintleman we shot! I'd know Parson Donnington round any corner; and we thought it were he and Captain Compton coming home in the carriage. Sure, I am bate, body and sleeves! The two's as dead in the carriage as Egyptian mummies.

DR. DONNINGTON (*earnestly*). Those who sow

thorns do not reap roses! Your priest has paid the just penalty of urging you all on to crime. Pat O'Connell, I pity you and all your delirious followers. The broken laws must take their course upon you soon; but I see you are severely wounded. Let the prisoners be all taken to the kitchen, Bradford; watch them carefully, but give refreshments to every one, and treat them kindly.

A large, cheerful fire in the Parsonage kitchen, cold meat, bread, and beer in great abundance on the table, and the prisoners all eating like hungry tigers.

PAT. This bates Bannaghar! Father O'Murphy used to say, we must hate the giver and take his gifts: but at his rivirence's own house ye may blow on your fingers to warm them. Sorrow a bite or a sup we ever got from his rivirence, let alone such an illigant fire. I'd as soon look for the Hill of Howth in a horse-pond, as for anything from him.

DAN. He's the fox that preached to the geese and devoured them. You may drive a tenpenny nail into the moon, easier than get a rap from the priest. Begging's their trade! His rivirence had reduced us, till wife and I had but a pea a day, and must give the husk to Father O'Murphy's pig. He's like the grave, for ever crying "give, give!" but he's got his fairin' now.

PAT (*with a dubious laugh*). Hold your long tongue, Dan! A fine quandary we'd be in, if Father O'Murphy's corpse there were to sit up and preach, as old Father Bruno's dead body did, when the priests themselves became so frightened, that they invented the order of Carthusian friars, to be all as miserable as vows could make them.

DAN. Father O'Murphy promised to take all our sins on himself, but he had plenty of his own, and I would not exchange burdens now. A bad end to him! If I'd a score like his, I'd be ashamed to bid good morrow to meself; but whatever his deserts were, he's got 'em now, and welcome.

In the Rectory drawing-room, Sir Cosmo is stretched on a sofa, supported by Lady Mary, and Dr. Donnington. After remaining long insensible, shows some signs of consciousness. LADY PIERREPOINT having been sent for, rushes into the room vehemently agitated. "What do I hear? My son wounded! Father O'Murphy cruelly murdered!—"

SIR RONALD (*sternly*). Your priest, Lady Pierrepoint, has fallen by the bullet prepared, at his instigation, for a better man than himself. (*Mutters*) She has long threatened herself with a fit of real hysterics! Now for it!

MRS. MORGAN. Father O'Murphy's last words, my Lady, were to pronounce a curse on his mur-

derers, though the murder was all a mistake, and they begged his forgiveness on their knees.

SIR COSMO (*having struggled and gasped into life again, languidly opens his eyes, and extending a diffident hand to Lady Mary, says*): My first and only love! Your religion teaches you to pardon. I have of late been a harsh and cruel husband, urged on—no matter how; but I see a generous forgiveness in your eyes.

LADY MARY (*in a tone of tremulous joy*). More than forgiveness, Cosmo—utter forgetfulness! I only now remember when I was the happiest wife in Ireland; and I heartily excuse any one who wished us less united.

Extends her hand to Lady Pierrepont, who turns angrily away, in all the dignity of being extremely ill-used, and exclaims: “Cosmo! if you adhere to heretics, you lose all. Those who will be beggars shall be so.”

MRS. MORGAN (*advancing*). You have more to forgive, Lady Mary, than either Sir Cosmo or yourself have an idea of! Mine is not a Popish penitence now—eating no roast mutton, and paying money to wipe out old sins that I may commit new ones—but mine is a Protestant penitence, which reforms the heart, and which shall be testified now, by public, not by secret confession. Search the pocket of

Father O'Murphy, in which is a deed, signed by Lady Pierrepoint, leaving every shilling to the priests unless Sir Cosmo part for ever from you ; but I have a parchment here of older date. When Father O'Murphy first heard that Sir Cosmo was about to marry a heretic, he made Lady Pierrepoint conceal about Connemara Castle being so entailed, that on her own eldest son coming of age he takes possession of the whole estate, while she is only entitled, like any other widow, to a small jointure.

Lady Pierrepoint hurries away, looking like a lincal descendant of the Furies, while MRS. MORGAN places documents on the table, saying : " I cannot believe that the Creator of this world is indifferent to the moral conduct of His creatures ; therefore, the vices of Father O'Murphy, and the virtues of Dr. Donnington, have convinced me in what Church divine and human truth are taught. I know them both now by their fruits."

Captain Compton and Nora are standing in the ruined conservatory, contemplating the broken plants and fractured glass, when SIR RONALD approaches, saying, in an under tone of stern decision : " Tell me, nephew ! Are you ready to comply with the conditions on which I offer you a settlement beyond recal, of Killarney Castle, and all my belongings ? May I name my own terms ?"

CAPT. COMPTON (*glancing towards Nora*). No, Uncle Ronald! Not for a million a minute would I break my own heart and hers.

SIR RONALD (*assuming a tone of fury*). Pshaw, Mr. Benedict! Do not look so like a theatrical bravo! If you have your will, I shall have a *will* too! Pray, Miss Donnington, are you resolved to accept my rebellious nephew for better, or perhaps for very much worse?

NORA (*blushing deeply over cheek and forehead*). We should greatly have preferred your consent, and—and—

CAPT. COMPTON (*smilingly interrupting her*). We have no particular preference for what you call beggary, which means in my case eight hundred pounds a-year; but in this good world of ours, Sir Ronald, people as romantically poor, may be happy on what money cannot purchase—health, cheerfulness, and devoted affection. Could we have pleased you, it would have been an additional interest in life to make your latter years happy; but if that can be done only by rendering ourselves miserable, then, my dear uncle, what can you expect?

SIR RONALD (*vehemently, and drumming fiercely on the table*). I do expect that you will both listen to the terms I offer, which neither of you have yet honoured me by doing! After that, make your choice, for this is the last time of asking.

CAPT. COMPTON (*respectfully*). We are most ready to hear you, Sir Ronald; but preferring our mutual attachment, and, our Protestant principles to life itself, I feel too certain that any offer must be unavailing.

SIR RONALD (*in a tone of bitter merriment*). Nephew! the treaty of peace offered by your stern old uncle is on these terms, that I shall now publish the bans of matrimony between Tom Compton, gentleman, and Nora Donnington, spinster, and that like any child's story-book, you are married, and live happily ever afterwards.

Captain Compton, with a shriek of rapture, seizes his uncle by the hand, while SIR RONALD continues saying: "Stay! you do not yet know half the cruelty of my commands; therefore, tighten the drums of your ears and listen. You must marry within a month; you must settle for the summer at Killarney Castle; you must keep a good table; you must winter in Sackville Street; and you must sometimes receive into your own house, with friendly welcome, a cross, irritable old uncle, who loves you both, who has seen the error of all his ways, and who abjuring the yoke of priestly tyranny in Ireland, would desire to see you become, at this election, a distinguished representative of our county."

CAPT. COMPTON. I am in a stupor of felicity.

All you say, Uncle Ronald, is as welcome as Spring after an Iceland winter! As for my coming into Parliament, you shall be indulged, though in priest-ridden Ireland any Protestant may probably attain his place only like a butterfly in the cabinet of a naturalist, with a pin through his body. You have made two deserving persons happy; therefore, my dear, kind uncle—

SIR RONALD (*in a storm of laughter*). Ah! that was always his way, Miss Donnington. Give into him entirely, and he claps the hands of approbation at me as the best of men; but venture on a shadow of contradiction, and he is off like a rocket. Take warning from my sufferings, Miss Nora. Be ready to marry him the very day he wishes, or I should not like to be in your place; but once that is over, we shall make a coalition to rule him with a rod of iron.

CAPT. COMPTON. It will be a most agreeable martyrdom for me; but the only rod of iron in Ireland is what was wielded by Father O'Murphy, and which being now broken, we must each, by general consent, have entirely our own way, and at the same time yield everything to our friends. Thus combined for public and domestic happiness, let us make you our chief, Sir Ronald, over this prosperous and happy community. You shall see that we all

take our share in the business and pleasures of virtuous life as united Irishmen and united Irishwomen.

A month has elapsed, and the village-bells of Killarney are pealing; the school children are in holiday attire; every window has its flag, every door is wreathed with garlands of flowers; horsemen, carts and gigs are all gaily adorned; and around the festive board Sir Ronald leads off a cheer, three times three, and nine times nine for Captain Compton, M.P., and his beautiful bride, who were married this morning in the old parish church. 'Tune—"See the Conquering Hero comes."

APPENDIX.

PAGE 661.

From the "Lives of the Haldomes."

Popery is not simply a religion; it claims power over all baptized, and a right founded on this usurpation, to punish heretics. Those who consider it a part of their religion to use the sword, ought not to complain if the civil power be employed to keep them within proper bounds.

It is the vaunt of Italian *liberals* that they belong to secret societies, that they are bound by secret oaths, and that they work by secret terror. They sow distrust in families, excite the servant against his master, the soldier against his officer, and use the sword, which no other religion does.

Thomas Aquinas, one of the standard theologians in the Church of Rome, says: "It is much more grievous to corrupt faith, which is the source and life of the soul, than to corrupt money, which but tends to the relief of the body. Hence, if coiners and other malefactors are justly put to death by the secular authority, still more may heretics not only be excommunicated, but even justly put to death!"* On that ground, the Inquisition is now actually and potentially in full action at Rome, and the Papists must be astonished at the Duke of Tuscany's clemency in not putting the Madai to death!

The priests' reign of terror in Ireland is supported by that intimidation which does not limit itself to this life, and freedom of election there is like other Papal delusions, a mere shadow. There are reverend touters in the sister-isle, who carry on a system of nocturnal *brigandage* by open-air meetings, and nightly visitations in the secret confessional, where they say to their white slaves: "Vote as we desire, or your children shall not be baptized—the rites of marriage for them shall

* See Popish Legends.

not be solemnized; when they are lying on their death-beds, they shall be denied the last consolations of religion—they shall be cast out from the sanctuary, and stand accursed among their fellow-countrymen.”

From the Church of England Homily for Whit Sunday.

If it be possible to be where the true Church is not, then is that at Rome.

The author, some years ago, had a young friend whose manner was peculiarly quiet, and with whom she frequently took lessons in painting, which brought them often together, and gave her many opportunities of observing the passive gravity of her companion's natural disposition, even when surrounded by a kind and cheerful circle at home, of brothers and sisters. This young girl became beguiled at length into a convent near Edinburgh; and the author, some time afterwards, went there, with two very young relatives of her own, to take a last farewell of her juvenile favourite. Great was the author's astonishment to find the newly professed nun's manner as

entirely altered as her dress. The silent, quiet girl of former days, now made a most extraordinary ostentation of smiling, laughing, and giggling vivacity, evidently put on for the edification of the two very young visitors, with whom she ran along the passages and made a great display of artificial felicity. As a nun on taking the black veil assumes the name of some Popish saint, and for ever parts with her own so that no one within or without the convent shall hereafter be able to discover who she was; and as, moreover, a black-veiled nun can never possess anything, even to the value of a thimble of her own inheritance, should not such individuals be considered dead in law? It is not the nun who is to inherit her own patrimony, but the monks who are to divide it; therefore, should not the next heir succeed in preference, and the artificial death which the nun acts over on entering a convent, be considered a real, *bonâ fide*, legal death, in which, besides her putting on a shroud, her relations shall put on mourning, and tearfully divide her succession?

PAGE 31.

From the "Cloister Life."

The year which saw Charles V. descend from his throne, at the age of fifty-six, to prepare for his

tomb, likewise saw a newly-elected Pope plunging, at the age of eighty, into the vortex of political strife with all the reckless ardour of a boy. The two men seemed to have changed characters as well as places. Charles, the most ambitious of princes, was about to turn monk ; Caraffa, the most studious and ascetic of monks, bursting from that chrysalis state, shone forth as the most splendid and restless sovereign in Europe. No Gregory or Alexander ever played the old pontifical game of usurpation and nepotism with more arrogance and audacity than Paul IV.

When the ambitious Juan de Regla, a brother of the order of St. Jerome, was appointed by Charles V. to be in the Monastery of Yuste with him as confessor, the father, on being introduced into the imperial presence, chose to speak in the mitre-shunning cant of his cloth, of his reluctance to accept so weighty a responsibility. "Never fear," said Charles, somewhat maliciously, as if conscious that he was dealing with a hypocrite, "before I left Flanders five doctors were engaged for a whole year in easing my conscience ; so you will have nothing to answer for but what happens here."

Joann de Napoli, the tutelary saint of bridges. His tongue was cut out because he would not tell the secrets of confession and thrown across the Bridge of Prague, where it was found two hundred years afterwards, quite undecayed, and glittering with glory.

Captain Trotter, in a speech at the Protestant Association, in London, mentions that a young lady of distinguished family in Florence had returned home from a convent where she had been educated for some years, and her brother having observed on a table a letter addressed by her to her confessor, had taken it up without any particular object, and after having read a few lines, his eyes were rivetted on certain words which appeared to him almost diabolical: "Do you suppose that, after having been under your instruction so many years, I have not been able to deceive my mother?"

The Jesuits are bound to vagrancy and profitable mendicity—to be "poor professed," or at least professedly poor. It was mentioned in the "Times"

lately, that an Irish landlord was surprised one day to meet one of his most respectable tenants at Liverpool, about to embark for emigration. "Surely," said the landlord, in a remonstrating tone, "the soil might maintain you, as it is two years since you have paid me any rent." "Och, your honour," was the reply, "we are bate off by the priest, or we'd do well enough; but if I have a penny, or a potatoe, no power 'll keep my wife from giving it to his Rivirence."

Jesuits. Nicolini.

It is notorious that the most diabolical tricks have been resorted to by Jesuits in the case of dying men. The sick chamber has been suddenly filled with flames and sulphureous vapours as a warning to the impenitent sinner, whose better judgment and natural sense of duty withstood their perfidious wiles to obtain his fortune. If he still resisted, the Evil Spirit himself, in the most frightful shape, has appeared to the dying man as if waiting for his soul.

When an infuriated mob threatened to throw Monsieur Lejoy into the Danube, he smiled scornfully, and calmly answered: "What do I care whether I enter heaven by water or by land!"

Sir Digby Mackworth mentions a case in Dublin, which occurred to a young man who had quitted the College of Maynooth, and become a member of the Church of England. Two Popish bishops waited on him, with a view to induce him to conform to the Romish faith; but their endeavours being vain, one of the bishops cursed him in this way: "The curse of a mother's broken heart be upon you! May God Almighty scald your heart on your dying bed, and command your soul to the lowest pit of hell." The young man remained firm, and said: "You may curse me, my Lord, but I will bless you."—*Morning Herald, February 12, 1852.*

At the Esecorial some monks were revered for their austerities, and a few for the visions which had

brightened or darkened their cells. Strangers were told how Father Paul had scaled the steep of spiritual perfections by making a ladder his nightly couch; and how Father Christopher resigned his meek spirit into the real and visible hands of Our Blessed Lady.—*Cloister Life of Charles V.* p. 266.

In the childhood of Mary Stuart, at Paris, she carried a taper in the procession on Candlemas, when a Popish devotee was so dazzled with the beauty of her countenance and the splendour of her dress, that she flung herself on her knees before the royal child, exclaiming: “Are you an angel?”

Queen Mary said of John Knox: “I fear that man’s prayers more than ten thousand soldiers.”

Papal Truthfulness.

Pope John XXII. took an oath at his election that he never would mount horse or mule, except to go to

Rome ; but he evaded his promise to the Italians by taking a sea voyage to Avignon, and walked on foot to the palace there, which he never afterwards left.

At Rome, where Christ never was, on the pedestal of a column in St. Peter's, in the chapel of the Picta, an inscription records, "This is that column against which our Lord Jesus Christ leaned while He preached to the people, &c. From the Temple of Solomon (which did not exist in our Lord's day) to the Temple of the Basilica, here it was placed. It expels demons, and liberates those vexed by unclean spirits, and performs many miracles *daily* ! By the very Reverend Prince and Lord, the Lord Cardinal Orsini, A.D. 1433."

Nicolini, in his history of the Jesuits, says : "Ignatius continued his life of penance, begged for his bread, often scourged himself, and spent many hours a day in prayer and meditation. What he meditated upon, God only knows !"

Saying of Bishop M^cIlvaine.

Wherever God has a true believer, I have a brother.

The three sons of Louis le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, imagined that their own father had been reigning too long, and accordingly, they seized the person of the Emperor. They compelled him to be shorn and to become a monk, and they then seized the Empress, and compelled her to take the veil and to become a nun, that they might reign in their stead.—*History of France.*

It is interesting to observe, in the third chapter of St. Mark's Gospel, that our Divine Saviour, in mentioning His relations, as if He had foreseen the false position to be assigned by subsequent generations to the Virgin Mary, speaks of them in the following order of precedence: "My brother, and sister, and mother!"*

* See "Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes."

PAGE 37.

From "The Cloister Life of Charles V."

The supply of Charles V.'s table in the cloister of Yuste, was a main subject of the correspondence between the major-domo and the Secretary of State. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route, that he might bring every Thursday a provision of eels and other rich fish for Friday's FAST!!! He ate so voraciously, that the saying of his attendants was: "From mass to mess." When, in spite of all remonstrances, Charles devoured some raw oysters, his attached attendant, Quixada, despairingly remarked: "Surely kings imagine that their stomachs are not made like other men's!" If the Emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse of it, the major-domo noted the fact with exultation. This office of purveyor was commonly exercised under protest, and Quixada interposed between his master and an eel-pie, as in other days he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

The things of earth were keenly scanned in the cell of Charles by eyes which professed to be wholly fixed on Heaven; and one of the Emperor's latest

acts was to charge his own son Philip by his love and allegiance, by his hope of salvation, “to take care that the heretics were repressed and chastised with all publicity and vigour, as their faults deserved, without respect of persons, and without regard to any plea in their favour.” (p. 261.)

Such is Popery! May God keep the eyes of Protestants open to its nature and tendency!

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P R E F A C E.

“At sixteen years I ah, friends, take warning.

Who thinks of sunset in the morning?”

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE author having, these many years, set herself the one only task in life, of doing any little good she can, careless of the consequences to herself, never more consciously sacrificed popularity to usefulness than now, when she would make an effort, feeble though in her hands it must be, to point out those errors which she has long seen and lamented in the present system of precocious education. For mature and profound scholarship, none can exceed the reverential admiration she feels, and in the circle of her own friends she can boast of many who are an honour to the age, but not one among these was the son of an over-anxious and over-educating parent; not one produced ripe fruit in the early spring, or exhibited a harvest before summer.

It is an established fact, which the most disputa-

tious cannot dispute, that no man understands the management of a wife so admirably as an old bachelor ; and it is equally incontestible, that single ladies have a patent for being the best managers of young people ; therefore, these pages are intended to exemplify the opinions of one who has long taken a cordial interest in the happiness of young and old, parents and children.

The author having received her ticket to occupy for life a reserved seat, as a pleased spectator, witnessing the great drama of life, while its busy scenes are acted by others, has long enjoyed her place with a cheerful sympathy in the happiness of those friends basking in their sunshine of prosperity, as well as with a heartfelt sympathy for all who are in sorrow. The deepest tragedies she has to lament in modern life are now to be found, however, in the school-room, where parents are too often mourning with wonder, as well as with grief, over the premature extinction of all their brightest hopes and proudest anticipations. Many a vacant seat in many a nursery, and many a small tomb in the neighbouring churchyard, could testify against the calamitous assiduity with which a leaden weight of disproportioned learning is laid on diminutive heads, too young to bear it ; while, meantime, the buoyant spirits and glowing affections of childhood have been

extinguished beneath a deluge of lessons, and a bushel of miscellaneous acquirements.

If these few pages could obtain for any over-educated child a single holiday, or even a half-holiday, in which the young mind and heart might expand with the unrestrained freedom natural to happy boyhood, the author would feel much more than rewarded for many an anxious hour spent in considering whether or not to intrude her thoughts before the public, with a desire, could she in the smallest degree succeed, to stem the present popular tide of headlong education. Providence has given one summer of youth and joy to every human being; but how few are now permitted to enjoy its brightest hours, which were apparently destined for the expansion of native energy and intellect, while the young were practically learning the affections, the duties, and the small acquirements suited to early years.

The author remembers a liberal subscription being raised many years ago in Edinburgh, to present the late celebrated tragedian, Edmund Kean, with a Highland broad-sword, in commemoration of his so admirably representing "Macbeth." The larger the subscription grew, the larger was the sword ordered to be made; but no reference appeared among those who acted as a committee to the fact

of Kean himself being so diminutive in stature that he could not by possibility use a two-handed broadsword, which it would have taken the stoutest and tallest of Highlanders to wield. When the overgrown monster was at last formally presented at a public meeting to the highly-honoured Kean, there was a general titter throughout the assembled crowd, after they had seen so small a man buckled on to so enormous and totally unmanageable a weapon.

Such is modern education. If the acquirements of any school-prodigy at fourteen could now take a tangible form and substance, there would then be seen a small brain withered away by premature, feverish excitement, accompanied by a monster memory, trailing heavily to the ground, and weighed down with an hundred-weight of grammars, dictionaries, facts, dates, nomenclatures, sciences, and arts, but not bearing one twig of native growth—all bran and saw-dust, laboriously collected from old timber, but no leaves and blossoms springing from the life-giving root of a living tree.

The most important, and the most difficult of all studies to men, or even to boys, surely is their own inward being as well as their own opportunities to serve God and man during life, by a course of energetic fearless duty. For this end, the conversation

of a wise parent, or of a judicious tutor, has often achieved more to fit a young mind to act and think aright, than could be done by the most laborious of night-and-day task-masters, or by swallowing whole an entire Bodleian library. Education has only a body without a soul, if it bestow merely solid acquirements without being brought also into animated existence by large views of duty, deep feelings of religion, warm-hearted sensibilities, and a fervent desire, at whatever personal exertion, at whatever personal sacrifice, to do all the good that can be done in that station of life into which it has pleased God to call each responsible being, that he may be of use in his generation,

“ And departing leave behind him
Footmarks on the sands of time.”

APRIL 2, 1853.

FRANK VANSITTART.

CHAPTER I.

“There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring o’er the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

“He sacrifices hours of rest,
To scan precisely metre’s attic ;
Or agitates his anxious breast,
In solving problems mathematic.”

BYRON.

In the splendidly-furnished drawing-room of a fine ancient castle on the banks of Loch Lomond, Mr. Drury, the old bachelor proprietor, a handsome, grey-haired man of about sixty, is standing with his back to the fire, in conversation with his three married cousins, Lady Jane Charnock, Lady Gwintheline Gascoyne, and Lady Eleanor Vansittart.

MR. DRURY. You know, now, all I choose to

tell! This totally unexpected succession has put me quite out of my way. Fancy an insignificant younger brother, accustomed to economise in my chambers at the Albany on five hundred pounds a year, becoming suddenly, in the afternoon of life, overwhelmed with a shower of gold, so that I might carry about in my pocket one hundred thousand pounds like a loose half-crown! My object is, in short, to retire—no matter where—perhaps to a lodging at Venice, perhaps to a snuggerly in Switzerland, perhaps to a monastery in Spain; but first I intend to make a gift of this property, so strangely become mine, to the most promising of my young relatives. I have, therefore, invited you three sisters, being my nearest kinswomen, to bring your boys here for a month, and after ascertaining which is the most promising model of perfection, I shall relinquish Forreton Castle to one of you in trust for her son. Your eldest boys being all three about fourteen, my choice shall be entirely decided by the idea of which will most creditably represent me in this wide world hereafter.

ALL THREE LADIES AT ONCE. How very generous! How very judicious!

LADY JANE CHARNOCK. I am truly delighted! My son is a most remarkable boy; the pride of every school he enters; head of every class for

every acquirement ; his memory is superb ! Several of the masters say at Dr. Harrington's, that they have nothing more to teach him. He had the medals for German, French, mathematics, classics, and all the ologics. Last half——

LADY GWINTHELINE GASCOYNE (*impatiently interrupting*). My boy Simon has immense testimonials ! He has only gone lately to Dr. Harrington's, where we hope he may convert some of his schoolfellows, having been brought up hitherto among the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, where that little fellow was the model boy for fasting, scourging, and sleeplessness ! I quite long for you to see him. Simon is like an old man already.

MR. DRURY (*in a tone of dry humour*). I dare say he is. Quite a pre-Raphaelite boy I suppose ; with his head bent down and arms pinned to his side, you might pack him into a thimble. I am proud of being second cousin to such prodigies. Now tell me, Lady Eleanor, of yours.

LADY ELEANOR, (*smiling intelligently*.) Why, really ! I have very little to say. My Frank is a boy of the old school, fond of holidays, cricket, and "The Arabian Nights ;" rather averse to lessons and full of frolic.

MR. DRURY (*brightening*). Indeed !——(*Adds in a tone of reproof*) : I fear you are like the father of

Sir Thomas Lawrence, Lady Eleanor, who said :
“ My son has such talents that he does not need education.”

LADY JANE (*in a tone of condolence*). It must be a great distress to you, Eleanor, that Frank is so decided an idler.

LADY GWINTHELINE. I can forget for hours that your Tom or my Simon are in the room, Jane ; but really Frank’s laugh would split the drum of any ordinary ears. He cannot so much as hold the candle to his cousins in Sallust, and is a hundred miles behind my clever boy in Ovid. I often feel for you, Eleanor, about Frank’s evident dislike to German grammars and Greek vocabularies.

LADY JANE. He is always trying to make a laughing-stock of my Tom, about the dear boy devoting his leisure to meteorology, optics, astronomy, electricity, and vegetable physiology, and because his play-books are easy introductions to geometry and botany——

MR. DRURY. Your son seems to have a bite from every apple on the tree of knowledge ; but does he make a full meal of any ? Those who are incessantly beating the bush, do not always snare the bird ; as for your Frank, Lady Eleanor, his seems to be not the march of intellect, but the march of ignorance.

LADY ELEANOR (*laughing*). His two cousins are on the gallop of intellect, and are, as an American author said, "educated on the run." Boys are now looking through the telescope of all Europe for acquirements and accomplishments, but I do not like the schoolmaster to be always abroad. There should be leisure given to children for the affections, the duties and the pleasures of home; therefore, my Frank shall have, like the celebrated Wilberforce, "a happy boyhood," with idle time occasionally, in which his heart may expand as well as his head. Frank thoroughly knows how to write, think and act in his own language, and can talk common sense in English; therefore, now I allow him a top-dressing of masters, to teach whatever it is essential he should know, without cramming his young head as full as the black hole in Calcutta. In preparing Frank for the long journey of life, the flannels and shirts must be packed in before the ruffles and trinkets. Frank's abilities are kept in healthy exercise, without his approaching the frontiers of excess; and an experienced schoolmaster told me lately that the boys most enterprising in the play-ground, are always the most energetic scholars in the long run, and that the boys oftenest down in the black book of transgressions are very often those who would be most

frequently down also, if a book were kept to record noble or generous actions.

Enter Simon Gascoyne, his eyes on the ground, his eyebrows elevated, his hair combed very straight, and walking in a sort of slow, minuet-step. Tom Charnock follows, a sickly, anxious-looking boy, his pale face looking as if cut out in lard, while he advances, reading a foreign book so studiously, never once glancing off the page, that he stumbles over a chair in his progress. Frank Vansittart comes last, his healthy, merry face beaming with fun and frolic, while he stealthily slips his own copy of "Sandford and Merton" into the pocket of Charnock and then recovering his gravity, walks forward with solemn step and pursed-up mouth, in imitation of Gascoyne.

MR. DRURY. Welcome to Forreston Castle, boys! Frank, you youngster, come forward. I've been hearing a very shocking account of you. I hope it is not true that you are fond of "The Arabian Nights," "Hajji Baba," "The Pilgrims Progress," and other time killing books? Are you not ashamed of such idle taste?

FRANK (*colouring and laughing*). No, Sir! I would be more ashamed of not liking my old friend Haroun Alraschid. Grandmamma says that Gibbon and

Charles Fox were both so fond of luxuriating in "The Arabian Nights," that in their very old age they still talked these stories over with delight. My grandmother and I enjoyed the "Forty Thieves" together last Saturday, and had a severe tea together afterwards.

LADY ELEANOR. My mother being blind, I allow Frank to spend part of all his holiday hours with her, and he tells me they discuss, like two aged *cronies*, old stories and new books, men and anecdotes, fashions and riddles, temperance societies and charitable coffee-shops, Dorcas clothing clubs and a bazaar, Frank's plans and her plans, politics and religion——

MR. DRURY (*laughing*). Quite a stunning medley! But does the boy really waste his time on a blind old lady, when he might be learning German or Italian vocabularies?

FRANK (*with gentle firmness*). As long as grand-mamma had eyes, Sir, she used to give me many pleasures, and after reading her my own favourite nonsense-books, I always give her some good, improving, old-lady-reading, which we are both the better for.

MR. DRURY. Charnock! I guess you never throw yourself away on a blind old grandmother?

TOM. Oh no, Sir! Never! I have no time!

LADY JANE (*delightedly*). Indeed he is right! From dawn till dusk, if Tom lost half an hour, he might lose a place in his class, and that never could be made up to him. When his grandmother was unreasonable enough to complain of not seeing Tom, I told her that the life of a boy at his age is a perfect whirl, a hurricane, a tornado! He must scarcely stop even to take breath, or to ask himself how he does!

MR. DRURY (*emphatically*). Of course. Old people should take care of themselves, and not be a weight on the young.

LADY JANE. Precisely. That is what I always tell Tom. Your first duty, I say, is to get on and to become distinguished, an honour to your family and friends.

FRANK. But mamma says we must not neglect our friends, even while we are doing them credit. When we were helpless children, grandmamma took care of us; therefore now, when it is her turn to be helpless, it is ours to be kind. I like hearing her old-world stories, and her description of the wonderful people she knew formerly; besides which, I am her spectacles every evening to read her a chapter of of the Bible.

MR. DRURY (*in a reproofing tone*). You return then to the old lady every evening?

FRANK (*carelessly*). If I have learned all my lessons, Sir, why not? Granny is a great tea-ologist and newspaper-ologist, so I tell her all the newest news about the elections, and we discuss the history of our own times.

MR. DRURY. What business is that of yours? You should be reading Cæsar's Commentaries, Xenophon, Plutarch, Herodotus, and Tacitus.

FRANK (*with a sly smile*). I attend to those gentlemen during school hours, Sir; but I never wish to see their faces when it can possibly be avoided. One must do lessons, and, as mamma says, do them thoroughly while they last, but the sooner my tasks are over the better.

MR. DRURY (*turning up his hands and eyes with a look of virtuous horror*). What a young profligate! Now, Charnock, give me your opinion of lessons.

TOM (*looking up for a moment from his "Terence"*). I like them much better than play. Nothing wearies me so much as leisure.

LADY JANE (*enchanted*). Tom takes his "Quintus Curtius" to the cricket-ground, and his "Ovid" always to bed with him. He is called at school "Multum in Parvo," and has established a little store of "Pinnock's Catechisms" in my carriage, that he may never be without an improving book

when we drive. I dare not speak to him during our airing, he so hates to be interrupted!

MR. DRURY. A most valuable boy! And you never disturb him by pointing out for his sympathy and admiration, the rural peasantry at their country occupations, or the animals at play in the meadows?

TOM (*emphatically*). Oh no! They signify nothing to me. I would always rather read about people than see them; and when I tire of a book in French or German, it comes out new in Italian.

MR. DRURY (*in a tone of panegyric*). You would be as much puzzled, Master Tom, what to do with an hour's leisure as the French valet, who being allowed a holiday, felt so perplexed how to employ it, that he put on leeches to fill up an hour or two. Now, boys, listen. I have brought here, from the Christmas-box-office, the handsomest writing-desk that hands can make, full of secret drawers impossible to find out, and one contains a five pound note! I offer this as a prize to whichever presents me in a month with the most sensible essay, entirely his own, on "The Duties and Pleasures of Human Life."

CHARNOCK. Oh, Sir! do let it be something about the classics! I am not well up in these English subjects, for mamma and I have no time to

discuss them together, as Frank and Aunt Eleanor do so constantly.

GASCOYNE (*in a sententious voice, with his eyes on the ground*). I never wish to know anything in life of its pleasures; and as for its duties, they are all summed up in one word—"Obedience!"

FRANK (*earnestly*). I shall dip my pen into my heart, and try what can be said. Grandmamma told me once that Fontenelle declared the best receipt for enjoying life is, to have "a good stomach and a bad heart;" but I shall try and find a better prescription. Tom and Simon are already so old and staid, it seems a mockery to wish them a merry Christmas, but I must do my best to make it one.

Mr. Drury and the three boys are about to take an excursion on Loch Lomond. A small light boat, like an Oxford wherry, lays off the pier, and Frank, in a perfect folly of delight, is alternately throwing stones into the water, and vainly enticing his two companions to join him, while he snatches away their books with good-humoured laughter.

FRANK. Come, Charnock, too hard study is worse for the health than too hard living! Virgil himself would have looked up from the Georgics at such a scene and described it! Do give us your own last new idea instead of Homer's.

CHARNOCK. I do not care for new ideas, and find plenty of much better old ones in these books.

FRANK (*laughing*). Could you find out for me in Virgil how many snowballs are required to light a furnace? As Monsieur Ude said when he made a force-meat ball: "Il faut un génie pour cela!" Now, Mr. Drury, may I pull an oar? I delight in rowing.

CHARNOCK. I hate the trouble, and besides it is a total waste of time.

FRANK. You would catch a crab and be pitched overboard at the first stroke, Tom; but not, probably, drowned, for it is only the fathers of large families who ever are. When I make a long voyage, the captain and sailors shall all be unmarried men, because whenever you hear of a boat being lost, the communicative newspaper adds: "We regret to say that the captain has left a widow and nine children destitute." The sailors generally average a family of about ten, and there is an invariable widow, for whom we all subscribe.

MR. DRURY. Gascoyne, are you alive?

CHARNOCK (*whispers*). He has a vow of silence till sunset. Simon has not slept nor eaten for twenty-four hours, but we must not disturb him. (*Suddenly screams out*): Oh! what shall we do? That tall man running along the shore has stolen

your purse, and picked my pocket of Homer! What can we do?

MR. DRURY (*eagerly looking round*). Well done, Frank! He is after the thief like greased lightning! Bravo! Charnock and Gascoyne, have you no legs? I am too old and stiff to follow; but, as old Homer himself says, Frank runs "as if he would leave his very life behind." There, he is within a yard of the rascal! Now he has him by the skirts of his coat! No! the villain will escape! He has knocked Frank down! Still the brave boy holds on! At it again! Ah! there are some ploughmen come from the field to help. The wretch is secured!

CHARNOCK. I'm afraid my prize books will be terribly spoiled, and all the marks lost that I had put in for the examination.

MR. DRURY. Pshaw! What makes you carry about "Homer," dressed like a militia officer in scarlet and gold? You have scarcely English language enough and English spirit, to say, Bo to a goose; and as for Gascoyne, he does not know chalk from cheese. Charnock, you were screaming like an oyster-woman, and Gascoyne standing in a fix, while Frank was fighting your battles, and now you seem, as Shakspeare says, "poor even in thanks." Did nature not tell you to thank your cousin?

GASCOYNE. I am forbid ever to follow any dictate of nature, Sir. We never do. I must neither love nor hate, neither eat nor drink, nor sleep, as nature inclines. Every dictate of nature is wrong.

MR. DRURY. Yet who gave you that nature? If we have a cough, are we not allowed to cough, and is a good honest sneeze to be suppressed? Our duty is, not to sacrifice our nature, but to sanctify it. You are a perfect Memnon, Gascoyne, that never utters. Listen to those birds that speak their Maker's praise in notes of joy, and are you only to be dumb? Positively, boy, you are a perfect impostor, looking so much wiser and better than any human boy ever really was. Ah! here comes Frank, running at such a pace that his shadow cannot overtake him! Well, my brave boy, so you caught the rascal?

FRANK. Yes, Sir, and now the ploughmen are acting as extempore police-officers, to keep him prisoner.

MR. DRURY. You have caught a black eye, too, I perceive!

FRANK (*carelessly*). Yes. My aunts were discussing to-day whether black or blue eyes are the most beautiful; but now the point may be decided by looking at me.

MR. DRURY. A black eye, got in a good cause,

shall have my vote. Thanks for regaining my purse, Frank ; and as it contains three sovereigns, suppose I divide them equally amongst you boys ?

FRANK (*laughing*). We shall require a slate and slate-pencil to calculate how much you kindly give to each.

MR. DRURY. Observe ! This is to be real nonsense-money for any boyish fancies you have. What holiday enjoyment shall you purchase ?

FRANK. Charnock will buy a few hours more time in which to study his "Terence" for the examination.

CHARNOCK. Please, Sir, there are several pages wanting in my old "Lempriere's Dictionary," and a new edition is advertised ; may I—

MR. DRURY. Admirable, boy ! Get it, by all means, on condition that it is used as a pillow every night to sleep on. And now, Gascoyne, ask your purse what you would like to buy, and tell me.

GASCOYNE *seems rousing himself from a state of somnambulism, and answers* : I am not allowed to use money myself, Sir, but it would be very acceptable to the begging friars at Southwark.

MR. DRURY. Pest ! The beggars at the Black Dog in Wapping shall have my money first, and return what they do not want. Now, Frank, out with your scheme for getting rid of a sovereign.

FRANK (*colouring, and laughing evasively*). It will be a novelty to hear the clink of gold at the bottom of my purse.

MR. DRURY. Then impart your plans for spending it to me. Why, you seem afraid to tell them! Do not get red in the face, and stammer in that way, but speak out, boy!

FRANK. Then, Sir, this is the truth. People who break the law, must of course be punished by the law; but, in the meantime, that wretched man who robbed you was in frightful want, and who can tell, in as dreadful circumstances, what any one might be driven to? When those ploughmen had seized him, they were so astonished and shocked, Sir, to discover an old friend of their own, who had always hitherto been industrious and respected! It was miserable to witness Binfield's shame and grief. It was heart-rending to hear his lamentations over his own fall; but he had been five months out of work, with a wife and children starving at home. He had tried to drown his wretchedness in drink.

MR. DRURY (*sternly*). And you wish to bestow my recovered money on such a reprobate as that? A drunken rascal! a robber!

FRANK (*earnestly*). Yes, Sir. Let us cover the multitude of his sins! Let us, if possible, reclaim him. All the time he spoke, I was chasing my only

shilling from one end of my pocket to the other. With that sovereign of yours, Sir, his starving wife, who is, they told me, a good, industrious woman, might be provided with bread. He may find, by your means, on coming out of prison, a home once more respectable. We might save a soul alive—

MR. DRURY (*extending his hand warmly to Frank*). Boy! you have a sensible, good-hearted *savoir faire* for all occasions, that might shame an older head. That thinking mind of yours exhibits the work of a good companionable mother, who may hereafter, to the last hours of age and infirmity, bless God that she has done a mother's part as only a mother can do. If you have not, like some boys I could name, a mere cherry-stone for a heart, let your warm, living, breathing sensibilities be their own reward, and thank your own friendly, judicious mother for cherishing them into action. Now come on board.

FRANK (*springing into the boat after Mr. Drury, and grasping an oar*). How glorious these mountains look! Reflected in the water, they seem as real and solid, as if the shadows were realities! Mamma read me lately Milton's noble description of the fallen angels hurling mountains at each other, and what a stupendiferous idea it was! Fancy Ben Lomond there, used as a mere foot-ball.

MR. DRURY. These are very Swiss-looking moun-

tains, indeed! Observe that noble herd of deer scampering up the side of Inch Merrin, while their shadows appear as if running down into the depths of the lake.* That cascade appears, when reflected in the water, to be falling perpendicularly upwards, and these dancing waves seem sprinkled with leaf-gold. How the sun is struggling and wrestling through the golden clouds, while we seem here as if hung in mid air, with that blazing sun above.

FRANK (*eagerly*). Yes, Sir! and below the water there, it looks like a red-hot poker. One might fancy the sun had been torn to fragments and scattered over sea and sky, to boil the lake and broil the hills. Well done, Scotland!

MR. DRURY (*enthusiastically*). This is indeed a Salvator Rosa picture started into life, or a Claude, worth five thousand pounds.

FRANK (*grasping the arm of Charnock*). Look, Tom! Look for one moment! Every time I dip my oar it seems to break a valuable mirror!

TOM (*impatiently*). Do not interrupt me! I must, before we return home, finish "Pinnock's Catechism on Geometry," and this essay on "Matter and Motion." Also I wish to learn the height of every mountain in Europe.

FRANK. You had much better study the motion

* See "Scotland and the Scotch," p. 193.

of our little boat, and examine the height of Ben Lomond. He is a fine old fellow and must be greatly astonished to see you, under his very nose, not admiring his enormous person. Standing on the summit, one would feel like a bewildered mite, contemplating the green mould on a Stilton cheese.

MR. DRURY. Your ideas are getting really too sublime, Master Frank. The ascent reminds me of human life, becoming steeper and more laborious, till the end is lost in mist, with sunshine behind. Will neither of you two boys pay that scenery the compliment of a glance?

FRANK (*laughing*). Gascoyne, I wish your eyes had no lids! Why are they always in custody? Look up, and feast them for once.

SIMON (*sententiously*). My eyes have other and better occupations than you suggest. Do not interrupt my meditations by idle talk.

FRANK (*gaily*). Tom and Simon, you are both looking for the farthings of knowledge when you might now be picking up the guineas. Instead of Anno-Dominizing there all day, let us look at these grand objects, not only of nature but of creation, and think how "the Heavens declare the glory of God and the Earth showeth forth His praise." You will soon be as learned, Simon, as an Irish priest that mamma heard preaching once, and he

ended his sermon by saying "the Romans were a famous people, a very famous people, but I cannot exactly tell you what they were famous for."

MR. DRURY. An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow sometimes for expanding the faculties. The great Sir William Jones had so much leisure, as a boy, that he wrote little plays and verses. The illustrious Webster became the distinguished scholar he was, though obliged to walk three miles a day through mire and mud to a hedge school, where he soon knew more than his more plodding companions. Sir Joseph Banks was known as a boy only for his love of active amusement, his face glittering with fun, frolic, and nonsense; and Sir Walter Scott lay basking in the sun, meditating for hours, as a boy. Enjoy yourselves now as all these celebrities did, and do not burn out the candle of your intellects in the first hours of morning.

FRANK (*jestingly snatching a book from Charnock*). You can have Pinnock any day in your pocket, Tom, but not Loch Lomond. There are things to be learned in this beautiful world besides Greek and algebra, so do give one glance round.

TOM (*peevishly*). You have interrupted me when I was counting the islands in the Greek Archipelago.

FRANK. Pshaw! Count the twenty-four islands

of Loch Lomond, and admire these many-coloured forests, like a harlequin's jacket. Even that world's wonder, Dr. Parr, had leisure, as a boy, to preach funeral orations over dead dogs, cats, and birds. Even Dr. Chalmers was such a frolicsome child, that he had to be imprisoned in the coal-hole! Do be a boy for one day only and by particular desire, Charnock.

MR. DRURY. There is Inch Calliagh, the tomb of the brave Macgregors; and that is Glen Fruin, where the Colquhouns and Macgregors massacred each other, until, like the Kilkenny cats, only a tail was left.

FRANK. This is nature's magic lantern displayed for our special benefit; but you care for nothing, Charnock, except what happened three thousand miles off and three thousand years ago.

TOM (*doggedly*). I care to know my lessons and to be at the top of my class, which you will never be, Frank, wasting your time in this way. Howard *primus* got above you, by knowing what you might have learned yesterday—instead of taking an idle walk with your mother—that the earliest civilizer of Greece was Cadmus.

FRANK. What does that signify? The Greeks were civilized by somebody; as probably by Cadmus as any one. But since we honour the existing cen-

tury by our presence, can you tell me, Charnock, who is now Lord Chancellor?

TOM. Not I. We are never called up on such subjects, or I would learn them off in a minute. The pamphlet my tutor has given me to study this evening is written to prove that the Roman wall, at Newcastle, was built by Severus, not, as some people falsely think, by Adrian.

FRANK (*in a state of vehement laughter*). It would be of more use to read a treatise on whether to break your egg at the large or the small end, because that might influence your future conduct daily, in a most important decision. I peeped over Gascoyne's shoulder yesterday, when, under his usual vow of silence, he was sleeping over a pamphlet, and the title was "On the Tippetts of the Clergy!" Fancy a real "live book" on such a subject!

MR. DRURY (*reprovingly*). And pray, Master Do-nothing, what pamphlet are you to study next?—"On the Origin and Progress of Birch Rods?"

FRANK. Yes! Also a treatise on the political economy of the moon—an essay to prove that a pound of feathers is as heavy as a pound of lead—and a discussion whether that king is the happiest who dreams every night he is a beggar, or the beggar who dreams every night he is a king. Grandmamma

let me read the parliamentary debate of last night to her, and we discussed it afterwards, when she told me all about her meetings formerly with Canning, and how, in his boyish leisure, he established an Attie Society for practising oratory. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, it would be delightful to attempt one!

MR. DRURY. Some boys have, as Sir James Mackintosh said of himself, "a great genius for learning everything useless," and he seems all his life to have enjoyed building castles in the air; but he certainly acquired his great oratory by early practice. If Charnock and Gascoyne would snuff out the candle of their studies, to speak and think for themselves sometimes, you could write essays and try debates among yourselves.

FRANK. Well, Gascoyne! Leave off looking so enormously sagacious now, and let us all agree to walk and speak like ordinary beings! You are both so uncomfortably clever that it would really air your minds to come away into present times from the world that belonged to our forefathers, and to think for a minute about the world we are living in. If either of you make a speech, I shall be afraid to wink for fear of losing a word!

MR. DRURY. Now here we are on beautiful Inchtavannock!

FRANK. How I wish mamma had been of the party to help us all in being happy and merry on the top.

CHARNOCK. It is lucky that my mother did not come, or she might have required help in climbing those hills; but as she is fortunately not here, I shall sit down quietly with my Virgil till you all return.

FRANK (*indignantly*). How I do pity such tepid feelings in such a scene! Charnock, you will look like Ceres, when seated on the sorrowful rock, though without the troop of girls to dance round you. Now, there is a touch of the classics for you, Tom. Never again feel ashamed of being seen in my company. Let us try a race to the summit of these rocks. Let us take a bird's-eye view as far as the eye can reach, and a mile beyond. Where is Gascoyne gone? Absolutely vanished into that cave, while we are drinking in the sunshine here.

MR. DRURY. That old turkey, almost fainting with the heat, has more sense of the beautiful than Gascoyne, who seems settled for the day with his face to that wall.

FRANK (*earnestly*). Mr. Drury, will you try a race with me to the top, and leave those two elderly gentlemen to their own devices? Once—twice—thrice—off and away!

MR. DRURY (*gravely*). Stop, Master Frank! You are as active as a pea on the top of a drum. Stop! I have one thing to say. Let us have a fair start.

They scramble rapidly to the summit, and Frank having gained it first, takes his hat off, and makes the echoes ring with a loud triumphant, "Hurrah!"

MR. DRURY (*in a petulant, impatient voice*). Nothing seems ever to make you afraid of me, Young Hopeless, and yet I am cross enough sometimes to frighten most people.

FRANK (*slyly*). Children and dogs always know when they are scolded in earnest. Though you can get up a severe face often, and speak very crossly, yet you look good-natured; and besides, once upon a time, you must have been a boy yourself—perhaps a mischievous one too. You never robbed birds' nests, I hope, Sir?

MR. DRURY. No; but once last spring, observing some crows building their nests on an old Scotch fir, I merely said to them: "You need not settle there, as I mean that tree to be cut down in autumn." Well, they all instantly discontinued, and departed.

FRANK. That is exactly like myself. When the hares or squirrels are scampering off in a panic, I always say to them: "Never mind! It is only me!" What a beautiful description mamma gave me yes-

terday of the gazelles in India—their movements so airy, describing a circle in a succession of leaps. They pirouette like Taglioni, feed on roses, delight in perfumes, and die if they have damp feet. Now for a race down the steepest bank, Sir.

MR. DRURY. Frank, I must have you measured for a cap and bells when we get home again, if we ever do land at Luss; but the lake has become very stormy and dangerous-looking.

FRANK. The lake would be quite peaceable and quiet, if the wind would only let him alone; but, like you, Sir, he is in riotous company. However, wind and weather permitting, or not permitting, we can shoot across in Greenwich time by six o'clock—barring accidents.

MR. DRURY (*stepping on board*). Now then, here we are; and, Gascoyne, pray do not disturb the fish by talking too much.

The little wherry flies like an arrow through the water, being vigorously pulled by Frank and Mr. Drury. Gascoyne has fallen sound asleep, when suddenly the boat lurches with a violent motion, and he is precipitated helplessly into the lake. The boat has shot far past, when Frank becomes aware of the accident, and in an instant, before Gascoyne has presence of mind to shout for help, he has sprung over-board, and is swimming rapidly to the

rescue of his drowning cousin, who has already sunk. Mr. Drury pulls the oars with vehemence towards the two boys, and Charnock, in an agony of terror, covers his face with his hands, dropping "Virgil" unobserved into the lake.

MR. DRURY. Come, Charnock, be alive! Rouse yourself! Have some action in you. Throw that rope to Frank. Haul in. Ah! he is grasping Gascoyne by the hair! Noble fellow! hold on there! Another minute and you are both saved! Charnock, you helpless idiot, why do you scream like twenty ravens, and never pull up that rope's end. There, drag them in—Gascoyne is lost! No, Frank has dived again for him, and here they both are! Pull in. Welcome, my fine fellow, and a kind welcome to your wet jacket, drenched in a good cause. You deserve the Humane Society's gold medal. You may say as Nelson did of himself, when apparently a mere idle boy—"I shall yet, perhaps, have a gazette to myself!"

FRANK (*laughing*). Gascoyne should have tried to swim as he believes St. Patrick did, with his head under his arm. He had a vow not to wash himself for a week, but he and I are both much the better for our dip.

CHARNOCK. Please, Sir, my "Virgil" has fallen

overboard. There it is, floating still. I have to repeat seven hundred lines to-morrow.

FRANK (*in a rallying tone*). Be a booby for once, Charnock; or be what an old woman once called Sir James Mackintosh, "a spontaneous boy!" It would be a pleasant variety for you to try the bottom of our class. In general I can only see you through a telescope, so pray be neighbourly at the examination and come down beside me. You shall have a certificate of boobyism to take home, or no mortal would believe in your fall. Virgil has gone to search for the lost books of Livy! Never mind, I'll prompt you—at least I would, if I only knew how.

The three boys, in walking home with Mr. Drury, are passing the house of their grandmother, Lady Harlech, when Frank makes a pause, saying:

"I have never for years passed granny's door without dropping in to see her, were it only during a single moment, or for the twinkling of a bed-post, as the old song says. If she's not gone, she is living here still, therefore do let us give her the agreeable surprise of a visit. She will be so pleased and happy. If people are in a hurry, grandmamma never finds

fault, as old ladies are apt to do with visitors, for making a short call, though she greatly prefers a long one."

CHARNOCK (*looking stupendously important*). Short or long, I have not three minutes to waste—not three seconds. My algebra is not prepared for to-morrow, and Howard *primus* will rise above me in Ovid, if I do not work harder than a mill-stone for at least three hours this evening. Euclid alone would require all the time I have left.

FRANK (*good-humouredly laughing*).

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew!"

Really, Tom, three in a gig are not so crowded as your head. You devour books so ferociously that no room is left in your brain for fresh air and nonsense.

CHARNOCK (*in a tone of superiority*). I hope not. Grandmamma's stories about the politics of her own particularly uninteresting times are nothing to me. How you can devour them, and about a hundred-weight of bread and butter besides, passes my comprehension.

FRANK. To do both is a delightful duty. I like all sorts of literary frivolities and the very smallest small-talk, rather than cram my brain like a pigeon-

pie, as your's is. As for Gascoyne, he is no more addition to our society than a marble bust.

CHARNOCK. Simon has to do penance to-night, lying on the floor for three hours in the dark, so we shall go home together.

FRANK (*impatently*). One might as profitably hammer cold iron as speak to either of you. If a troop of dragoons were practising their post exercise, they would cut both your heads off by mistake for the blocks.

Frank gently opens the drawing-room door at Lady Harlech's, and telegraphs Mr. Drury not to speak. She is knitting, but occasionally fingers her Bible, for the blind, to decipher a text. Lady Harlech looks scarcely fifty, her countenance still beautiful, and her expression full of cheerful resignation.

Frank gives an almost inaudible cough, and Lady Harlech starts up with an aspect of delight.

“ My own, dear, best of boys! Is that you? This is beyond my hopes! How did you manage to come?”

FRANK. “ Where there's a will, there's a way,” granny. Here is Mr. Drury intruding also, to see somebody that I love. He pretends to be exceedingly cross, but his bark is worse than his bite, and I think you will really like each other very well. Now shake hands and be friends.

LADY HARLECH. Mr. Drury, I am happy to welcome you. I wish I could say, happy to see you. In former times we were acquainted, but it is not for a lady to remember how long ago. Time flies—

MR. DRURY. Yes, Madam. But friendship stays, and I hope ours is not worn out. We shall have a strong bond of union if you agree with me in disliking this idle fellow, Frank. He is a sad scamp! Just what I was myself at his age; but the old species “boy” is extinct on the earth now, and I am ashamed to be in company with one who has not Demosthenes sticking out of one pocket, and Cicero out of the other. Charnock positively assures me Frank is never above tenth dux at his Latin, and is nowhere at all in German, meteorology, geometry, and geology.

LADY HARLECH (*with emotion*). Mr. Drury, if places were taken according to the degree of real head and heart, it is not for me to say where my grandsons Tom and Simon would be found. Those three boys were perhaps too much my idols in their childhood. I was not a mere gingerbread and lolly-pop grandmother, but in many a sickness I attended them, while all their holiday amusements as well their infantine possessions of books and toys were from me, yet were it not for this dear Frank, I should forget that I am a grandmother at all; or,

at least, remember it only with a pang for disappointed hopes, and for a debt of affection long owing to me, but never to be paid. It estranges me from life, when I reflect what this world becomes to those who have none left in it that love them—to those who have survived all with whom they began life, parents, brothers, sisters, and early friends; yet while this boy and his mother live, I need not leave off loving. (*Lays her hand on the head of Frank, saying in a tone of deep emotion*):

“I would not be a leaf to die
Without recording sorrow’s sigh.”

FRANK (*much moved, but endeavouring to conceal it*). Now, granny, we have made a rule, you know, never to be dull, and the very sight of you always brightens up everybody’s faculties.

MR. DRURY. Charnock and Gascoyne surely come in their spare hours?

LADY HARLECH. You might as well imagine that the passengers in an express train at full speed, shall have some spare minutes in which to shake hands in passing along, with spectators standing on the roadside. No, Charnock is brought up on that headlong system, all memory, with no time left for observation, intellect, fancy, or feeling. He has a heart, and gets his lessons by it.

LADY HARLECH. Dr. Chalmers recommends that those who reach the age of seventy, should make their last ten years a Sabbath of rest, and it is a beautiful idea; yet I have always dreaded a solitary old age. To me, Frank has lately been like the gay pennon that flutters over a sinking bark. I would give my ears for my eyes, that I might only see that dear boy's face once more—

“ His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stairs.”

FRANK (*deeply moved, but assumes a cheerful tone*). You always tell me, grandmamma, that it is an inferior state of mind and heart when people prefer to live alone, and I would much rather be one of those merry rooks cawing and gossiping and taking a mutual interest in each other, than the bird of wisdom, sitting silently selfish and self-satisfied alone.

LADY HARLECH. Many a kind-hearted survivor of past generations, struggles in vain to keep a place in the interests and affections of those in whose slightest vicissitudes she feels the deepest interest, and whom she would die to serve. Standing in the front ranks of life alone, her home blasted by sorrow and death, she sees the young too busy in the whirl of a thousand acquirements to care for the sympathy of old friends and well-wishers, pining to see

them, and withering away in heart-breaking solitude, until "the weary springs of life stand still at last." You see, Mr. Drury, I am become a regular old grumbler! But my serious opinion is, that the whole nature of mankind has degenerated, is degenerating, and will continue to degenerate under the existing overdone system of education. Nothing is popular now that requires thought in young people who are constantly devouring books but never digesting them, and are allowed no time to think. In the theatres, now, people prefer having their eyes feasted with mere processions; and in religion also, processions are again coming into vogue by means of Romanism, so that neither at churches nor theatres do people enjoy what exercises their minds, moves their feelings, or rouses their sensibility. These are all extinguished under a feather-bed of learning in their childhood, and the precious growth of human charities, of human affections, and of human genius are crushed and blighted for ever.

MR. DRURY. It is not good gardening to make a young tree before the age of maturity, bear all the fruit it can be forced to produce; but every young boy now must be an Admirable Crichton. His juvenile mind, stretched over the whole field of knowledge, is not concentrated on any one point.

LADY HARLECH. I have always observed in life

that whatever men are most eager to obtain, like the boy and the butterfly, they miss; and those parents who are over-anxious to have prodigies of children, urge their young people forwards in a head-over-heels pursuit of education, a sort of steeple-chase after every possible or impossible acquirement which gives a stretch to the brain—a sprain, rather, never afterwards to be recovered.

MR. DRURY. I lately offered one of my friends a penny stamp paid down on the spot, for every young man he could mention, under thirty, who is equal in calibre of mind to his own father, and the number he named, in two hours, did not amount to sixpence. Such a boy as Tom Charnock can have no large views of human duties and of human destinies, no extended sympathy with human nature, no faculties healthily exercised in grand thoughts which result in noble actions, and no supreme excellence in anything.

LADY HARLECH. Characters long ago used to be like grand pianos, but now they are like spinnets. Be the music good or bad, the tone is feeble, if it come from an over-educated dunce, like my grandson Charnock.

MR. DRURY. Even in the arts you see a marvellous mediocrity. Look at painters! You find one in every village, one who can execute staring likenesses,

and in every large town a dozen who exhibit hideous resemblances in the exhibitions ; but where are there men under thirty with genius to conceive and perseverance to execute such grand designs as Raeburn, Landseer, Lawrence, Watson Gordon, Francis Grant, or Wilkie ?

LADY HARLECH. Ah ! Wilkie had idle hours in his boyhood, during which his natural genius expanded in sketching heads of his companions on a slate, for which they paid him a marble each. He was not reckoned clever, but fond of harmless mischief, and of standing with his hands in his pockets watching the other boys. It was in such leisure moments that he gained celebrity, by doing his famous picture of a boy whipping his top.

MR. DRURY. Poetry, politics, and philanthropy, are all too much trouble for the used-up brain of an early prodigy, who soon becomes incapable of mental work, and naturally takes, when grown up, to smoking and other loitering resources for an exhausted brain.

Mr. Drury has taken leave and retired, when Frank hastily returns, and taking Lady Harlech's hand, says, in a tone of affectionate reproof :
" Granny, I have found you out ! "

LADY HARLECH. What do you mean, dear Frank ?

FRANK. Adamson told me at the door this moment that to-morrow you are to have the operation performed, which we hope is to give you sight again ; but why did you not tell me, dear grandmother ? It was not fair.

LADY HARLECH. Why should I distress you with anxiety till the worst is over ?

FRANK (*earnestly*). Because, my own dear grandmamma, I expect to be present with you. Mamma says I may, and as you often call me your best comfort, show that you think me so by letting me come. I shall not be at all alarmed or nervous ; but you must consent, for you know, grandmamma, I am a younger son of the positive family, who made it a rule always to do what they were advised not.

While Frank speaks thus with affectionate hypocrisy in a cheerful voice to his grandmother, she feels a hot tear drop from his eyes on her hand, and kissing it off embraces him, saying : “ No ! no ! my dear boy ! Such scenes are not for you ; but throughout all I may suffer to-morrow I shall look forward to my best reward in once more seeing you.”

FRANK. I shall be in a frenzy of joy when you do, grandmamma ; but mamma and I are both coming to-morrow, as she quite approves of my

doing so. I hope, dear grandmamma, that your many dark hours shall be followed by very bright sunshine in future.

Mr. Drury and Frank are gaily chatting on their way home, when in passing a small rose-covered villa by the road-side a lady hurries out, saying in accents of profound melancholy: "Vansittart! My boy has been pining all day to see you! Come in for a single moment, and it will compose his poor fevered mind! Spare us five minutes, and let me go to tell him of this visit."

Mrs. Armitage hurries into the house, and Frank turns mournfully to Mr. Drury, saying: "Will you accompany me, Sir, to see the most melancholy sight that this neighbourhood could show. Arthur Armitage, poor fellow! is the only son of his parents. He was of the keenest sensibility, and of the brightest genius imaginable. Arthur knew that his father could ill afford so expensive a school as Dr. Harrington's, and that he looked to being rewarded for many sacrifices by his own exertions to distinguish himself. Mr. Armitage boasted everywhere of his son as a prodigy, and no wonder, for he was far above Charnock in real intellectual eminence, triumphantly carrying off medals, honours, and applauses. At last this tension of his brain brought on a sudden collapse. Oh! never shall I forget the

last examination! Armitage took his place, the most honoured boy in our school; but suddenly his proud and happy father saw a change in Arthur's countenance, which assumed a look of idiotic vacancy. He, the show-boy of Dr. Harrington's class broke down that day on every subject. The masters were furious, and the parents thunderstruck. Suddenly Arthur rushed like lightning out of the school; we tried in vain to overtake him, and a week passed before his agonized father saw or heard of him again. Every pond was dragged, but at last I traced him in hiding at the house of an old servant. Since then he has never held up his head, and is apparently dying.

MR. DRURY (*mournfully*). Poor fellow! Char-nock's application is a mere dull, plodding, selfish, head-of-the-class ambition, but in Armitage's case, the straw that broke the overloaded camel's back seems to have been a generous anxiety to gratify his parents. Their affection, or their vanity was most calamitously testified, but I have already known three promising boys in families of rank, carefully trained up into learned idiots.

“——— Strain'd to the height,
In that distraeting rivalry for fame
Dazzled and spent, sink down, beyond repair.”

Mr. Drury and Frank silently enter the room

where Arthur is seated in an arm-chair supported by pillows. His beautiful young head is drooping, like a broken lily, and his whole expression is that of hopeless, trance-like vacauncy. Frank kindly takes his hand, sitting down silently beside his young companion, but too much overcome with sorrow at first to speak. Mr. Drury says, in a tone of friendly cordiality: "My young friend, I am truly sorry to see you thus. What is the matter?"

ARTHUR (*in a rambling, excited tone, which becomes gradually more delirious*). You are the doctor, I suppose! Can you mend a broken mind? Can you cure the Greek and Latin fever? I have an out-striking of algebra on my forehead, I am not sitting in a right mathematical posture—I— (*Looks totally vacant again, and as if he were in a state of somnambulism.*)

Frank grasps the hand of Armitage, saying in a tone of friendly command: "Arthur, listen to me. You and I agreed yesterday, that we are to be a couple of stupid fellows—the only two stupid fellows left in the world, but no matter. We did not make ourselves, and need only do our best. We have many kind friends who would love us, even if we did not know a single word of Homer, or a single problem of Euclid—"

ARTHUR (*in a low, agitated whisper*). But my

father and mother were so sadly disappointed. They sacrificed everything that I might do them credit, but I brought them only disgrace! Look how pale and miserable mamma is now. Yet I can repeat my Virgil perfectly, (*becomes vehemently excited*,) I remained awake last night to practise over five hundred lines from Ovid. Hear me now—

FRANK. Pshaw, Armitage! Do not spoil our holiday hours with these old fellows. Wait till school-time but I shall never venture to return, if you come Dr. Harrington over me in this way. Here are Waverley's "History of the Rebellion," by Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Malcolm's "Travels in Persia," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and other such books to rest your wearied mind upon. Read these, and next time I come, you shall be examined upon them for first class honours. We shall never be cleverer than Pope the poet, who confesses that from fourteen to twenty he read chiefly for amusement; and the great Dr. Johnson was scolded often for wasting much of his time in sliding in Christ Church meadow. Now, Arthur, till we meet again, obey Dr. Frank, and do not worry yourself, but be like Kirke White, who says :

"The lays of wild romance antique I'll scan,
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there."

Arthur's eye for a moment gleams with intelligence, and by an exertion of unwonted strength he suddenly rises, throws himself into the arms of Frank, and bursts into tears, saying: "Oh, that I could be like you, Frank! but I am ruined in body and mind by the vanity of attempting too much—"

FRANK. No, Arthur! It might be vanity in others who drove you forward at a pace which has broken your wind altogether, but your motive was a most dutiful affection. Let your mind remain at grass for some months, and its tone may perhaps yet be restored. All depends on your own contented submission to the decree of Providence, that neither you nor I shall be, before we are sixteen, a Dr. Parr in Greek, nor a Euclid in mathematics. We must keep each other in countenance, Arthur, and laugh at those who have no time to be happy. Men are not meant to be mere walking libraries, nor boys to swallow the Bodleian whole. Mamma has in view for us next summer, a pleasant, idle excursion over hill and dale, lake and river, when you shall fish and roll on the grass, while Charnock and Gascoyne are stupifying themselves in their old plodding way. Mr. Drury may, perhaps, go with us, and he was the idlest boy of his time, yet you see what he has become!

All smile; but Arthur drops into his arm-chair

quite exhausted, though perfectly composed, and his mother, hurriedly dashing the tears from her eyes, sits quietly down to her knitting by his side.

An examination is about to take place of Dr. Harrington's school. The day is gorgeously bright, and crowds of boys and their parents are strolling gaily about the park of Forreton Castle, and the neighbouring village, where Frank and some of his companions are hanging festoons of flowers over the school-room door, and fluttering flags at every window, saying to those who assist him, in accents of boyish glee: "What I say is this, a holiday means a holiday; but Charnock is to have seven masters during all the Midsummer vacation. He is the little Jack Horner of lessons, always in a corner; but instead of eating his Christmas pie, he is devouring a book."

MR. DRURY. Charnock will die at last as learnedly as Bonhours the grammarian, who expired saying: "Je vais, ou je vas mourir, car l'un et l'autre se disent." He is like Gibbon, who said when going to Oxford, that his stock of erudition might have puzzled a professor, while his

ignorance might have shamed the youngest school-boy.

FRANK. Charnock says that before he is of age his father expects him to learn all ancient and modern languages, all the sciences, all the ologies, all the stars, and all about physical geography. In short, he is to rival superiors, to outstrip equals, and to dazzle inferiors.

MR. DRURY. Let him learn how to keep his head from striking against a post, which neither Gascoyne nor Charnock are yet able to do. They are both masters of the art of being absurd, and remind me of a family of owlets that fancied themselves eagles. Neither know anything not learned in a book, and are as ignorant of all else as the gentleman who asked, "What has the sun to do with the dial?"

FRANK. Mamma says that the great astronomer, Fergussou, a poor shepherd-boy, invented, during his leisure hours, an orrery composed of beads on a string; but a mind like his could struggle on through every disadvantage.

MR. DRURY. Charnock asked me yesterday, in his usual hazy-headed way, who Bright and Cobden are? What would he have thought of me, if I had asked him who Pericles and Coriolanus were? Yet to his dry, matter-of-fact, unproductive mind,

history is in fact no better than an old almanack, being a mere dead-letter, without the addition of thoughts and reflections originated in his own mind.

The examination goes on, and Frank remains about twenty from the top, observing attentively all that passes. Gascoyne, looking like a sleep-walker, with glassy eyes and helpless arms, sits near Charnock, who is at the head of his class, supreme above every boy, and answering every question, on every subject, and in every language, during several hours. He looks heated, feverish, and excited, but his examination ends triumphantly; after which Frank leads off a bust of applause, during which Gascoyne alone remains mute and immoveable. During this uproar no one observes a distant door open, and the tall drooping figure of Armitage, with a lost and woe-begone expression of countenance, glides noiselessly up the room. He suddenly takes a place above Charnock, sinks exhausted on the seat, and bursts into a low idiotical laugh, saying: "Dr. Harrington has forgotten me! What would my father have felt if Charnock had got the medal? Poor mamma too! But they shall not be disappointed. Now Doctor, hear me! I know it all better than Charnock!"

Charnock shrinks apprehensively away, and all in the room look perplexed, till Frank, having hurriedly approached Armitage, lays a hand kindly on his shoulder, saying: "Come down beside me, Arthur! All the clever fellows are below. Even Sir Walter Scott used to be reckoned stupid at school, and said he glanced like a meteor from the top to the bottom of his class, therefore let us copy him now. Do not be a dungeon of learning like Charnock and Gascoyne, without any cheerful window to admit light or warmth. Be one of us, and we shall have such fun afterwards."

ARTHUR (*feverishly*). I have no time for fun. Think of mamma having no carriage, that she might send me to school. I cannot sleep at night for anxiety to do her credit. Hear me now, and I shall repeat a whole play of Terence; not that I understand a word of it, but no matter. (*Pauses, and adds dreamily*): I shall grow greater and greater, till I become a Roman Emperor.

FRANK (*assuming a cheerful tone*). Never mind your mother's carriage, Arthur, for she prefers walking, and I never saw Mrs. Armitage looking better. She is quite wearied of hearing about lessons now. She means to have a society for the suppression of books. She has turned Ovid

and Virgil out of doors. It is not necessary for every body to set the Thames on fire ; but you remind me of Lord Jeffrey, who is described as having been at school “a little anxious boy, who never lost a place without displaying his sorrow.” What does it signify, if your Greek has gone to the moon and forgotten to come back, provided only you once more recover your health of mind and body ?

ARTHUR (*deliriously*). Why do they not examine me ? Where is my Horace ? I can beat Charnock yet.

MR. DRURY. You are like Paganini, Arthur, constantly harping on one string. We could all beat Charnock in an examination on common sense, on right feeling, on noble intentions, on judgment, fancy, or observation. He is merely one gigantic overgrown cistern of memory, with no native spring in his mind to supply the reservoir. Allowed no leisure to ponder over any subject until the idea be implanted thoroughly, his mind is like a garden, stuck all over with foreign cuttings that have no living root. Even the Bible itself he considers as merely a book to be examined upon, and no one seems ever to have explained to Charnock or Gascoyne the duties for which they were born. Armi-

tage! Let not a single shake of Dr. Harrington's wig drive you to despair. A good tutor is like a skilful jockey, who holds back the willing horse and saves his speed for a brilliant career at last; so that the slowest boys, having leisure in which to grow manly and energetic, often astonish their contemporaries by acquiring a deathless fame at last.

FRANK (*turning to Armitage*). I keep a list of stupid boys who became wonderful men at last, as you and I shall do, Arthur. Item: Sir William Jones, a very slow coach, but his mother always said, hopefully, "He may ripen yet!" and so he did, for Sir William became the ninth wonder of the world. Ditto: Lord Mansfield, Sir Joseph Banks, and all the rest. They were like candles, spreading cheerfulness by blazing freely around, and consuming very slowly themselves; not squibs, that sputter away all their fire at the outset.

" But after all our care and pains, how few
Acquire applause, or keep it if they do."

At Lady Harlech's the whole party are assembled. She is languidly reclining on a sofa, greatly exhausted, but her sight restored and her eyes affec-

tionately turned towards Frank, whose hand is clasped in her own. His aspect is expressive of deep emotion and of heartfelt pleasure. Gascoyne sits doubled up on a chair in the corner, mute and motionless; while Charnock swaggers about the room, looking very self-satisfied and covered with medals.

FRANK (*with a hilarious laugh*). Now, Granny, you will be wishing yourself blind again, since you discover what a very plain, ordinary boy you have been so longing to see. I am thought, however, handsome in the ugly style. But, Granny, seeing you are made as good as new again, what shall I do now for employment? I must advertise for a situation as reader and agreeable companion to somebody.

MR. DRURY (*earnestly*). Frank Vansittart! if you want a situation, apply to me. I have one to dispose of, which you are very competent to fill.

FRANK (*in a tone of jesting self-depreciation*). Indeed, Sir! What can that be? If I am good for any office but a sign-post, you have made a most gratifying discovery. Pray tell me the qualifications?

MR. DRURY makes a very serious pause for

several minutes, then laying his hand solemnly on the head of Frank, he says, in a voice of deep emotion: "I have been young, and am now old. Once I was all that you are. It seems but yesterday that mine was the same ringing laugh, the same buoyant step, the same eager hope, the same warm affection. Time has already extinguished all except the recollection of what has been. It appears but yesterday since my boyhood; but life is already on its utmost verge for me, and the dark wing of death hovers over my path. In looking around, Frank, for those finer sympathies of our nature, which might cheer me along the rugged termination of life's long journey, I feel that some cheerfulness might be borrowed from yours—some hopefulness from the hope that such a heart as yours might be rendered happy and grateful. Frank, the situation I offer you is to be my heir. The qualifications are, to have good intentions, kind feelings, and Christian principles. Let your grandmother decide whether my choice be a good one." (*Lady Harlech smiles, and tearfully holds out her hand to Frank*).

LADY JANE. You cannot be serious, Mr. Drury! My mother becomes always quite hysterical in her praises of Frank; but at school, I call him "the

professor of stupidity." He is no more comparable to my boy than a hawk to a hand-saw! Look now at Tom! always well occupied!

MR. DRURY. Ah! yes! Comparing the German and Italian grammars. I dare say the world has not his equal, nor the universe his superior. At school, your boy is like the sun among the stars, eclipsing all competitors; but give me mind *versus* memory for my money. Lady Jane, it has become my never-to-be-altered opinion, that boys in the present day are becoming under-grown and over-educated; therefore, to be honest, I think Tom compared to Frank, is like pewter to silver, or a China orange to Lombard Street. I have this day made a settlement on your son of one hundred pounds per annum, which will keep him amply supplied with books. He evidently needs nothing else, for nothing for lively recreations, for generous actions, for charities.

LADY HARLECH. You are right, Mr. Drury, for Charnock's intellectual lamp is already almost burned out, and whatever does honour to human nature may be expected of Frank. Gibbon truly observes that every boy has two educations—one from his teachers and the other from himself; but to call Charnock's mere ponderous book-learn-

ing, intellect, is to call an oyster-shell an oyster. Those fast boys drink deeply at the fountain of human knowledge, but they should not dissolve the pearl of good feeling and reflection in the draught. The master of a great school once assured me that the boys most riotously energetic in the playground, were always the most vigorous in character and acquirements afterwards. Let boys be boys!

MR. DRURY. As for Gascoyne, he shall inherit nothing, because no one can reach him with a real benefit. I would not leave my idlest shilling to that superstition which is a fatal conspiracy against the happiness, the virtue, and the intellect of mankind. Even that coldest of creatures, a torpedo, gives out sparks occasionally, but Gascoyne has not a human throb in his heart. There is positively an iron mask growing over his very face!

LADY HARLECH. Charnock and Gascoyne are both seven feet high in learning, but dwarfs in heart and understanding; while we may say to Frank as Burns did to Walter Scott—"You'll be a man yet!" Frank's presence has long been to me like the streak of light thrown by painters across their darkest clouds, and I agree with Landor that

“the best results of human thought spring from a clear head meditating over a burning heart, just as the richest fruits spring from the sides of a volcano.”

MR. DRURY. Let every human being enjoy one bright summer of youth, enthusiasm, and sensibility ; and during my own old age, may I look back on the sunshine of happy young faces, with the fresh bloom of boyhood on their feelings and character. In the windows of every cheap shop now, I see strange-looking dresses, ticketed “Newest Style.” Now, in Charnock and Gascoyne, we behold the newest style of boys. Gascoyne, content to mortify the body, makes no use of his mind and conscience, which are purposely extinguished by Jesuit training. Devoted to his Church, rather than to the holy cause for which that Church was instituted, he follows out every vagary of superstition, and is plunged into the Pagan depths of idolatry.

LADY HARLECH. Yes! and Charnock’s heart and soul are smothered beneath a feather-bed of learning. I wish that in every large family now, the parents would select one of their boys to be brought up in the old style of gradual progress. Suppose him to be at first like Peter Simple, the stupid one of his family, I shall back him to attain a brighter

maturity than the rest, and to win the race of life before he is five-and-twenty.

MR. DRURY. In all that constitutes the real worth of man, heroic courage, noble aspirations, elevated principles, kind affections, and generous impulses, let me only see such a beginning as that of Frank Vansittart, and my own belief is that every mother and every grandmother of an over-educated prodigy, will scores of times have reason to envy Lady Eleanor her booby son, even though their own be a miracle of precocious attainment, "a model school-boy."

* * * * *

*Inscription placed over the tomb of Arthur Armitage,
at the request of his friend, Frank Vansittart.*

“Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science self destroyed her favourite son ;
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruits.
’Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low ;
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
Which winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

BYRON.

APPENDIX.

PAGE 140.

From " Wanderings in Europe," by an American.

At Rome, if any one dying signified to an attendant Cardinal his wish to leave him his estate, the Cardinal need only proceed to the Sistine Chapel and make oath to the bequest, when all other wills were set aside, and the Swiss Guards were ordered to put him in possession. Cardinals, at the dying hour, have authority to command all out of the presence of the dying man. The head of one of the noblest families in Rome, named Franjapanelli, was about to die. His friend the Cardinal (I cannot spell his name) called to "see him off," and administer the holy wafer. He had before solemnly disposed of his immense property among his children, the greater share to his eldest son, who had married an American. He died at night. The next morning the

Swiss Guards put the Cardinal into the family palace, and into all the other possessions, and thrust the family out upon the world penniless. This was just before the revolution. The eldest son became a republican, and died in defence of the city. His widow is pressing her suit in the ecclesiastical courts; but without hope. The court is made up of cardinals and priests, who are without soul or sympathy. Not having families, they know no tender ties of father or husband. They sit in frigid iceberg dignity, in the large marble palaces, and never warm except for power or profligacy. Yet the only tribunals of Rome are constituted of such. Bribery is their argument, and corruption the conclusion of their justice. The English Chancery is beatitude to litigation in such a place.

At the Basilica of St. John Lateran, the oldest Christian church in Rome, founded by Constantine, are numerous relics. The very table upon which the last supper was taken; the stone upon which the four soldiers cast lots; the impression of the Saviour's feet when he appeared to St. Peter, to warn him of his approaching death; the well of the woman of Samaria, with some crosses (?); the slab under which

the Saviour stood to measure his height ; and a hole in a board, made by the miraculous fall of a consecrated wafer from the hand of one who doubted the real presence. I had the audacity, lawyer-fashion, to cross-examine one of the monks as to the identity of the relics. A seraphic smile of pity for my incredulity broke over his Italian visage, as he assured me that there was no question as to the authority of those marvels.—*Wanderings in Europe by an American*, p. 144.

The popish superstition would keep people in a state of pagan darkness, yet God Himself has said : “ My people perish for lack of knowledge.”

Like the woman in Scripture who employed every physician and only grew worse, Ireland has been the subject of constant endeavours to cure her ills, though all in vain—except in the province of Ulster, where prosperity reigns ; and why ? Because, like the woman already alluded to, who came to Christ Himself for relief, the whole of that thriving province is Protestant. The worshippers of Mary are in the hands of a grasping priesthood, who terrify, threaten, and finally beggar them.

Ulster, naturally less productive than many other parts of Ireland, with a less luxuriant soil and a colder climate, has long astonished all tourists by the superior prosperity of its aspect, in which respect it is almost Scotch ; and no sooner does a stranger enter it, than he finds an almost total disappearance of beggars, rags, filth, and starvation, the suite that follows the footsteps of Popish priests wherever they are paramount.

The remark is common among the Irish, that “a priest’s money never wears well.” That system, which pretends to purchase Heaven by liberality and love, which has whole orders bearing such musical names as “Christian Brothers,” and “Sisters of Mercy,” and boasts of convents as sanctuaries of heavenly charity, astonishes people as much by the wealth of the priesthood as by the naked poverty of the people.—See “*Ireland’s Miseries*,” p. 143.

The Cashel Bench of Magistrates.

The following have been the gentlemen who, within the last few years, usually attended this bench : R. Long, father shot, himself twice fired at ; W. Murphy, father shot ; S. Cooper, brother shot ; Leonard Keatinge, nephew of Mr. Scully shot ; E.

Scully, cousin of Mr. Scully, shot ; Godfrey Taylor, cousin of Mr. Clarke, shot ; William Rowe, shot ; C. Clark, brother shot ; now, Mr. Rowe, shot !—
 “ *Miseries of Ireland,*” p. 130.

France praises liberty for herself and sends to kill it at Rome for others.

A SNUG LENT.

To the Editor of the “ Morning Herald.”

SIR,—For the comfort of all good Catholics, and the encouragement of all Puseyite aspirants after ecclesiastical amalgamation with Holy Roman Mother Church, I send you a bill of fare for the present Lent, carefully extracted from the “ Lenten Pastoral ” of the Prince Bishop of the present day, in this our English land of the Reformation.

Your obedient servant,

SAVOURY.

HOW ENGLISH PAPISTS MAY FAST.

(See Dispensation for Lent, 1853, in Wiseman’s
 “ Lenten Pastoral,” p. 29.)

SUNDAY.—Flesh meat, *ad libitum*.

MONDAY.—Eggs, cheese, dripping, or lard.

TUESDAY.—Flesh meat (*once*), in any quantity.

WEDNESDAY (except Ash Wednesday, Ember Wednesday, and Wednesday in Holy week).—Eggs, cheese, dripping, or lard.

THURSDAY (except Thursday in Holy week).—Flesh meat (*once*), in any quantity.

FRIDAY (except Ember Friday and Good Friday).—Eggs, cheese, dripping, or lard.

SATURDAY (except Ember Saturday and Saturday in Holy week).—Flesh meat (*once*), in any quantity.

“On the days whereon flesh meat is allowed, fish is not permitted *at the same meal!*”



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